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Soldier of the Congo

Photo by André Courtois

December 1946



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The COMMISSION

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Three Pairs of Hands

By Chung Wang-fen

An Essay submitted in
English class. Univer-
sity of Shanghai. 1946

Courtesy
Margaret Stroh Hipps

Always, when at leisure, I like to sit in a chair and look at my hands, quietly and attentively. They are small hands. The skin appears a little dry and the surface is rather thin. They are not as smooth and as white as a young lady's hands should be.

When I am gazing and meditating I think of what mother told me about grandmother's hands, "You know that our house in the village was very large. We were considered the richest family there. There were a hundred servants in the house, including maids, men servants, cooks, gardeners, carpenters, and masons. A matron like your grandmother should stay in her room and be served. It was not even necessary for her to pour a cup of tea. It was said that she always hid her hands in her sleeves, and even in summer the servants could seldom see them. When I married your father she was already forty-two, but her hands looked like those of a young girl of sixteen. They were as white as snow and the palms were more delicate than one could possibly imagine."

I watched my mother's hands while she was talking and I would have said they were the best if I had not heard her description of my grandmother's. They are soft and tender. One feels comfortable in touching them. Since her father was a rich officer and her husband also could support her comfortably, mother has also had an easy life. She has never touched a kettle nor washed a towel. But unlike my grandmother she has had to go out and see the world. She has had to meet my father's friends and she has to take care of her children. Her hands have received the blowing of the wind and the beat of the sun. I believe what she tells me, "My hands are not half as beautiful as your grandmother's."

I am only twenty-five years younger than mother, but days again are different. Looking at my hands I recall my childhood days. Father and mother loved me very much. My only responsibility was to study hard and be a good girl. Food, clothing, shelter, and everything were provided for me. I had only to stretch out my hands and receive. Sometimes when I was not satisfied with the work which the servants did for me, I blamed them with irritation, "Why are you so silly? You have two hands and cannot even do simple work well!" I did not dream that days were coming when I should taste the work of a servant.

When the war came, the standard of living became higher. Educated people were no more as honored as before, and they began to feel the inadequacy of their income. Our family was no exception. Father was sighing at his honesty which rendered him poor, and mother was worrying about her hands which could not touch any hard work. Servants were reduced one by one. I learned to sew, to clean, to cook, and to wash. At first I rebelled, but later I became used to it. Now when my mind decides to do something, my hands are always the best approver.

Now my hands are no longer as beautiful as my mother's and are incomparable to my grandmother's. But I know that their days have passed and I am content that my hands are not as helpless as theirs. Those who are incapable of using their hands are as pitiable as those who are incapable of using their minds. When God created men with hands he wished us to use them. I am thankful to my two little thin hands which can guard me through the hardships and struggles of life, and in my heart I am proud of them really.



Photo by Moore

Home from the Front

Dr. M. Theron Rankin, who left Richmond June 24 for a three-to-six months' survey of relief and rehabilitation needs of Southern Baptist missions in the Orient, returned to his office October 16, just in time to make his pledge to the Community Chest and receive his red feather from Mary Elizabeth Fuqua of the office staff.

"I come back from China greatly encouraged and reassured concerning the Christian movement in the Orient," he said after his 30,000-mile missionary journey. "The things which have been achieved since the surrender indicate that the tremendous task of reconstruction will be accomplished."

Missionary Journey by Muleback

By Everett Gill, Jr.



Over Guanabara Bay we soared as the first rays of the morning sun reached Niteroi's hills and penetrated the mists enshrouding Rio. In the distance the "Finger of God" pointed heavenward above the Organ Mountains. Above the higher ranges we roared past the hills of Minas, landing two hours later at Pirapora on the Sao Francisco River, and again about noon at Barreiras. This is the main stop between Rio de Janeiro and Belem on the Amazon. It was the first lap of my journey to Brazil's remotest mission station—Corrente.

Leaving the high plateau in a truck, we snaked our way down the cliff to the town nestling along the banks of the Rio Grande in western Bahia. Pastor Paulo Sias and his family entertained us in their home. Supported by the Brazilian Home Mission Board, Pastor Sias leads the church and the school of 175 pupils. He is one of forty-six missionaries whom Brazilian Baptists maintain throughout the interior.

Before dawn the next day we were up to get ready for our trip to Corrente. At the breakfast table we read from First Thessalonians: "But ye, brethren, are not in darkness . . . ye are the children of the day." Through that little Christian home, church, and school is shining the only Light which can dispel the spiritual darkness of the interior.

Our gear for the long overland ride of six days included a khaki riding outfit, sun helmet, boots, and spurs. Ham-

mocks, food, and extra clothing were all loaded into leather trunks. When the pack mules were loaded, Luiz, our driver, mounted one. Then Missionary E. H. Crouch and I climbed aboard ours. After fond Brazilian farewells, we waved good-by, rode through the sandy streets of the town, crossed the Rio Grande on the ferry, and then struck northward along the rocky trail.

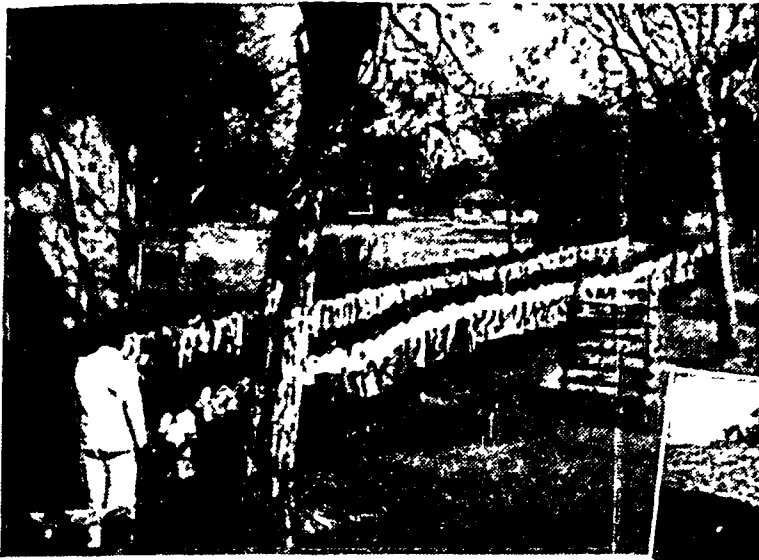
I began to feel an unusual interest in my mount, Negra by name, and soon discovered that a clash of wills was developing. Someone has aptly said that most mules are "Protestants." For some strange reason, while being saddled, they swing back their ears, bare their teeth, and limber up their hind legs; but at journey's end, when packs and saddles are removed, they become sweetness and light!

At noon daily we often camped under a spreading tree. I soon became accustomed to the camp routine: dismount, unload the trunks, remove the harness, lead the mules to water or pasture, fill the goatskin with water (the identical method used by Abraham), swing your hammock, start a fire, fill the kettle. We made camp twenty times on that trip.

The basic diet of the interior is rice, *farinha* (flour of the manioc root), meat and coffee. When vegetables are available, which is all too seldom, they are added. After being in the saddle from eight to ten hours, anything tastes good to a healthy adult, but this starchy diet partially explains the poor



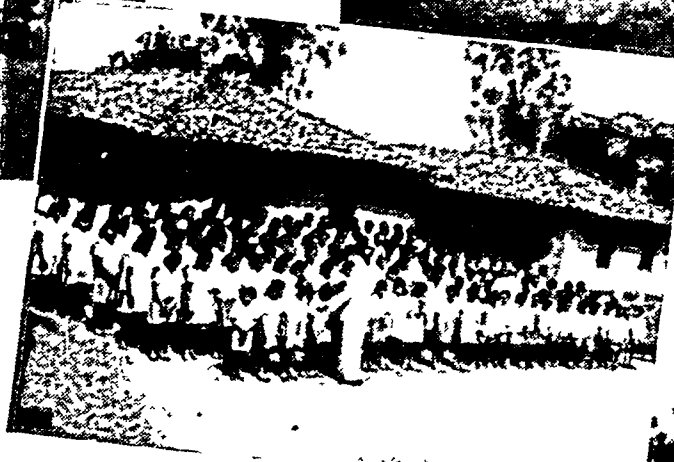
A cavalcade of Corrente friends came out to greet us on the last hour of a six-day trip, camping at noon, swimming our mules across rivers, and sleeping in the open. Snapshots (shown from top to bottom) were made at various stages of the journey.



The Institute pupils march into chapel.



The most modern of the buildings of the Baptist Industrial Institute at Corrente is the girls' dormitory.



Photos courtesy the author.

health of Brazilians in the interior, especially the children.

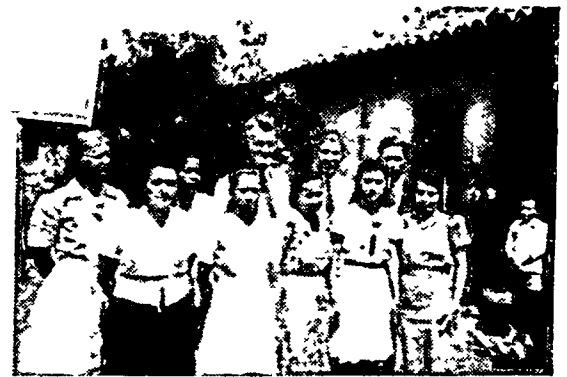
Day after day we followed the same schedule! Up at 4 A.M., in the saddle at six, on the trail until noon, camp, rest, ride until six or seven, make camp, sleep. We suffered from heat during the day, but we had to have heavy wool blankets at night to keep warm. Swinging in a hammock under the trees I could see the glittering stars overhead. In the early morning as we rode the cool trail, and saw the sun rise, I could not refrain from humming, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, early in the morning, our song shall rise to Thee."

The country of this vast interior is wild and rugged and mountainous, some desert, some fertile land along the rivers, most of it covered with low scrub trees. The second day we crossed the Rio Branco (White River), again unloading our mules, and swimming them while we held the halters from a dugout canoe. There are no bridges,

no roads—nothing but trails, sometimes wide enough for an oxcart.

Much of the land is given to cattle, herded by picturesque cowboys clad from head to foot in deerskin. In the river bottoms sugarcane, manioc, and corn are raised.

Scattered here and there are groves of mango trees, orange trees, palms and cajus. Flocks of parakeets and long-beaked toucans often shattered the silence with their raucous noise. Canaries and doves fluttered above trees where monkeys screeched, while far off the trail, jaguars prowled. We did not glimpse any of these marauders, but we got a fine view of a Brazilian skunk—who made us profoundly aware of his presence.



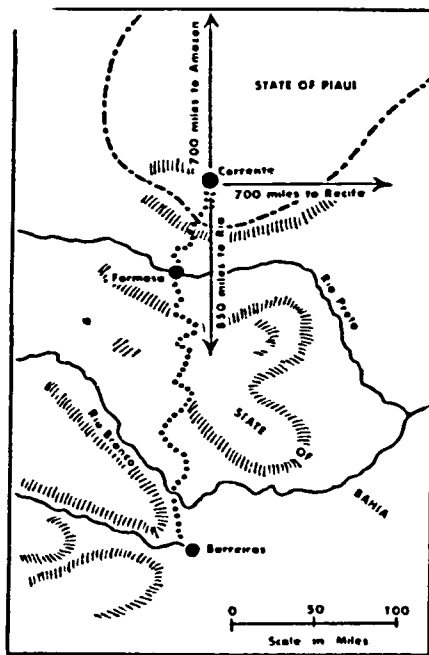
The faculty of Brazilians and missionaries.

In clearings along the trail we passed little homes made of sticks and mud, covered with thatch or tile, surrounded by skinny pigs, half-starved dogs, and hungry, half-sick children. With inferior soil, no medical care, and poor food, the people's struggle for existence is constant.

No one can ever forget the poverty and squalor of that long, long trail, a far cry from the wide boulevards of Rio; but in true Latin style, each little hut bore its name proudly—"Lovely Situation," "Liberty," "Red Lake"—and in spite of abject poverty and economic hopelessness, the people were unfailing in their hospitality, and smiled readily to strangers.

The afternoon of the sixth day, about an hour from our journey's end, a cavalcade of friends, missionaries and Brazilians, came out to greet us as in New Testament days: "And from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us" (Acts 28:15). They knew that the first representative of the Board's home office staff ever to visit this station during the twenty-seven years of its existence was in the party.

After six days of steady traveling



by muleback, it was good to rest in a hospitable missionary home, on the grounds of the Baptist Institute of Corrente. We had ridden as far as from Memphis to Nashville. The giant four-motored Rio-New York plane had passed overhead daily, covering in one hour the distance it took us a week to cover.

A mile from the little town of Corrente in Southern Piaui is the Baptist Industrial Institute which offers elementary and secondary education to young people in an area where illiteracy is extremely high. Ten degrees below the equator, the climate here is made bearable by a fair altitude in the Brazilian highlands. This institution established by Dr. A. J. Terry in 1919, has survived persecution, bandit raids, and depressions.

Dr. Terry believed that, because the centers of population were along the coast, it was logical for us to have our largest staff located there, but he felt called to devote his life to forgotten people in the interior—few in number but precious in the sight of God. From these people have come some of our best Christian workers. In proportion to the investments of missionary personnel and funds made at Corrente and similar stations, the returns have been gloriously worth while.

Here 250 boys and girls are given a chance at life, the only institution of its kind within a radius of hundreds of miles. The one-story, tile-roofed, ranchlike buildings are set on a rolling hill covered with scrub trees. The central mission home of the Crouches is flanked by the dining hall and boys' dormitories—simple, bare structures in which the boys swing their hammocks.

On the other side of the campus is the girls' dormitory built of brick, about an inner court—the most modern of all the structures. The open-air dining hall is called the "Vitamin House" where the children receive a supplementary morning meal. The attractive children's home near-by is named in memory of Mae Bridges of Jackson, Mississippi.

The chapel is the center of religious activities and worship. Here the students gather daily, led by Principal B. H. Foreman, form a line outside, then march in—the boys in their sky-blue uniforms, the girls in white blouses and khaki skirts.



Ready for the six-day return trip, Secretary Gill bids the student body good-by.

Perfectly disciplined, they marched in and stood before the backless benches to sing their national anthem and songs of praise. Painted on the wall back of the pulpit is a large Brazilian flag in brilliant green and gold, the brave letters emblazoned above: "Brazil expects each one to do his duty."

The "literary societies" of the fourth and fifth grades presented one of the long elaborate programs so dear to the hearts of Brazilians: Bible verses, choruses, playlets, readings, and poems. At the close of the impressive service, Evangelist Antonio Viegas, won to Christ by Missionary Solomon Ginsburg a generation ago, spoke appreciatively of all that Southern Baptists had done to provide this school.

During the week, two evening services were held on the streets of the little town. The entire student body attended prayer meeting on Wednesday. The Sunday morning and evening services at the town church were crowded with school boys and girls, who also attend an active Sunday school and Training Union. In the congregation sat young Dr. and Mrs. Misael Guerra, who had only recently arrived. A graduate of the Corrente school, of the Baptist Academy of Recife, and of the state medical school, he has dedicated his life to the area where health needs are tragic.

From a little home of poverty and

squalor five hundred miles away came a young boy one day to enroll in this school. Having grown up in his floorless home made of mud and sticks, he was overwhelmed by the new surroundings: the clean buildings, the bright-faced pupils, the hours of study, and worship and play—its Christian teachers who demonstrated a spirit of love and friendship. Compared with some North American schools, the conditions were very primitive, but it was the best he had ever seen. Writing home to his mother he said: "I don't know exactly what heaven is like, but if it is anything like this school, I want to go there."

Since that 400-mile trip, many have asked the question: "How can missionaries carry on through the years in such far-off places, away from loved ones and friends and comforts?" I thought of the long, hard, dusty ride which lay ahead for Missionary Crouch, back across the mountains and rivers; of the months of waiting for mail; the loneliness and longing for dear ones and the home country.

How can they do it? Why do they do it? I believe that I found the answer in the Portuguese wall-text hanging in the little office of Principal Foreman: "*Eis que estou convosco todos os dias*" (Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world).

Kingdom Facts and Factors

Confusion and Confidence

By W. O. Carver

Chiang Kai-shek

"If when I die I am still a dictator I will certainly go down into the oblivion of all dictators. If on the other hand I succeed in establishing a truly stable foundation for a democratic government, I will live forever in every home in China." (September 2 *Life*)

Rulers of the world are today, whether they will or not, nearly all of them dictators. In the present confused state of every part of the world, no other form of government for the moment seems possible. President Truman seems to be trying nobly not to be a dictator. In the effort he is constantly getting into trouble because of the pressures from every direction in the confused condition of our own country, where probably there is less reason for confusion than anywhere else in the world. To every ruler the words of Chiang Kai-shek are to be commended. They should be graven on his heart, and deeply pondered every morning.

America Joins the World

There is reason for hoping that the Government of the United States is now definitely committed to full participation in the life of the world and in the family of the nations. In the midst of much confusion and strong counter-currents in political turmoil, our Secretary of State made a notable address early in September and gave an interview late in the month in which, with the definite approval of his President, he defines American policy as irrevocably committed to participation in producing and maintaining world order on the principles of justice and freedom. His declarations are strongly supported by clear committal of leaders of both principal political parties. Indeed, his declarations were made necessary because the bi-partisan co-operation in the conferences being held looking toward the solution of world problems demanded a clear

declaration at this time. Division in the ranks of the administration and the effort to play politics with foreign policy had resulted in a confusion which had to be clarified. Out of this situation grew a powerful nationwide demonstration of popular support for a policy of sharing in the life of the world.

The hope of world unity has been threatened by, and still finds its greatest danger in, a program for apportioning the world among several spheres of economic interest and political influence, with one dominant power being recognized as having primary interest and responsible supervision of each area. Mr. Stalin seems quite intent on this procedure, but apparently without any idea of limiting himself to any area which he might at present claim and be recognized. Secretary Wallace committed himself to the same doctrine, which for America could only mean a new form of isolationism combined with a greatly extended "Monroe Doctrine". Mr. Churchill got into the discussion with an address in Bern, advocating a United States of Europe.

A genuine United States of Europe is 500 years overdue. It is greatly to be desired. In the light of Mr. Churchill's previous speeches and of his present proposal that a united Europe be brought about and led by a combination of France and Germany, and all this in the light of British policy with reference to Europe during the modern era, the Churchill proposition was only a thinly concealed advocacy of the world partition theory. Thus he joins Smuts, Wallace, and Stalin in advocating the continuation of the "balance of powers" politics which have precipitated the world into wars one after another through the centuries.

The high statesmanship of today is calling for an abandonment of that policy. Unless it can be abandoned in favor of a policy of honest and over-all co-operation, another world war

will not be long delayed. The Christian idealism resting on the primary basis of one God and one human race, revealed and urged through the prophets of God from Abraham through Isaiah, Paul and the prophets of today, is more and more clearly the only realism that can possibly work in the world of today and tomorrow. That is the idealistic realism of Jesus Christ in the heart of which he placed himself and because of which his generation placed him upon the cross. He stands before the common people of the world and before the statesmen in their world conferences today and offers himself again, as in the Palm Sunday entrance into Jerusalem, to be crowned or crucified. What is to be the answer of our world today? His crucifixion then presaged the demolition of Jerusalem a generation later. His crucifixion today will lead the world to the ruin of all civilization within the generation which is now young.

Blocs, Pressures, Strikes

These are the news items that fill our papers today. They give expression to a most discouraging fact in current life. Temporarily at least the people of the world and of every part of the world are broken up into groups centering around specialized interests which the groups have exalted above every other consideration. Each group seems determined by threat, by strikes of one sort and another, and by force and violence, to compel the granting of its demands. Russia along with two or three smaller peoples drawn into her company goes on a sit-down strike every few days. In our own country federated interests of all sorts resort to pressure, threats, and actual violence to enforce their demands. We seem to forget that no group can long fare well apart from the welfare of all groups and all peoples.

In one issue of my daily paper, September 24, there were stories illustrating the discouraging situation from all directions. I name only some of the more outstanding.

In China the Communist leader was demanding that General Marshall promptly call a meeting of the Truce Committee on threat of dire results in the pursuit of the horrible contests between the two major factions in China.

(Please turn to page 25)

Have a Heart This Christmas!

By S. Kathryn Bigham

It is more blessed to give than to receive if you do it right. There is a wrong way to share with the underprivileged. This Christian social worker, an appointee for China, tells how to make your giving constructive, both for yourself and for others.

Thanksgiving and Christmas are seasons for examining anew God's goodness and mercy. As we consider the rich blessings we enjoy and attempt to express our gratitude to God, the great Provider, we naturally think of individuals and people less fortunate than ourselves.

Too often we are prone to give just to satisfy our consciences. In view of the intense suffering in our human family and in the light of our prosperity this year, we must weigh our responsibility to the needs of others. Christians cannot afford not to let the needs of others shape our plans for the observance of these holy seasons. Giving is not enough. Intelligent giving is required.

We should know the possible channels for assisting the underprivileged and choose the one which best utilizes what we give and best serves those who receive it.

Even when our motives are noble and constructive, we often fail to realize many of the implications of our methods of sharing with the underprivileged.

Consider the usual practice: Just before Thanksgiving, scanty information is gathered about several "poor" families in the community, groceries are purchased, and we rush out to a home on the other side of the tracks. Baskets filled with turkey, cranberries, pumpkin, nuts, fruits, and all the other things needed to make the perfect Thanksgiving feast are bestowed upon the miserably embarrassed parents and children. Our visit is brief, and we go away glowing with inner satisfactions. We have done somebody good.

But have we? Our interest in the recipients of our gift stops with the delivery of the baskets. We know little about the family the other 364 days of the year. We are beyond hearing distance of comments of overly inquisitive neighbors. We do not sense the bitter conflicts the father may experience in having part of his role as the adequate providing father assumed by outsiders.

We are not aware that lack of money is often merely one of the family problems, and that improper management of finances may be more of the problem than actual lack of money.

Giving cash is better than buying the food and clothing for a family that has not lost the ability to spend money wisely.

By our methods of giving we may push a family another block down the highway of chronic dependency when we should stimulate growth toward greater maturity.

I remember one Junior Sunday school department which saved \$15 for some "needy" family at Christmas. The department superintendent asked the social agency where I was then employed to provide the name of some worthy family whom the Juniors could help. She had definite ideas about the sort of family situation she desired: she wanted a large group of her children to deliver food, clothing, toys, and a Christmas tree to the "poor" family on the night of Christmas Eve.

What this superintendent wanted violated all the principles of good social work. Several automobiles filled with children and gifts would arrive at a poverty-stricken home in a slum neighborhood. The well-dressed children would push through the doorway of the home before being properly invited in, and would stand around rather awkwardly, not daring to sit down because of previous warnings against contamination. A remark or two would escape about the shabby furniture and the bad smells. The father and mother would not be able to keep from glaring at the well-dressed children contrasted with their own undernourished, ill-clad ones.

Appreciative though they may be, those parents would experience pangs of bitterness at their failure to provide a normal Christmas in their home. I could not conscientiously be a party to that kind of "Christian" giving.

The superintendent agreed to let me come and talk with the Juniors about assisting a family, although she hesitated. She seemed to feel that the children would be denied the joy they deserved if they could not see the "poor" family.

The next Sunday I faced the department. I described several family situations without telling who they were. The Juniors unanimously chose a family of five motherless children and the father, who had great difficulty managing his household on a very meager income. Unforeseen illness and medical expenses had so reduced the regular income that adequate food could not be bought, patched clothing had to be worn, and needed repairs on the small house were indefinitely postponed. Without outside assistance there could be no real Christmas.

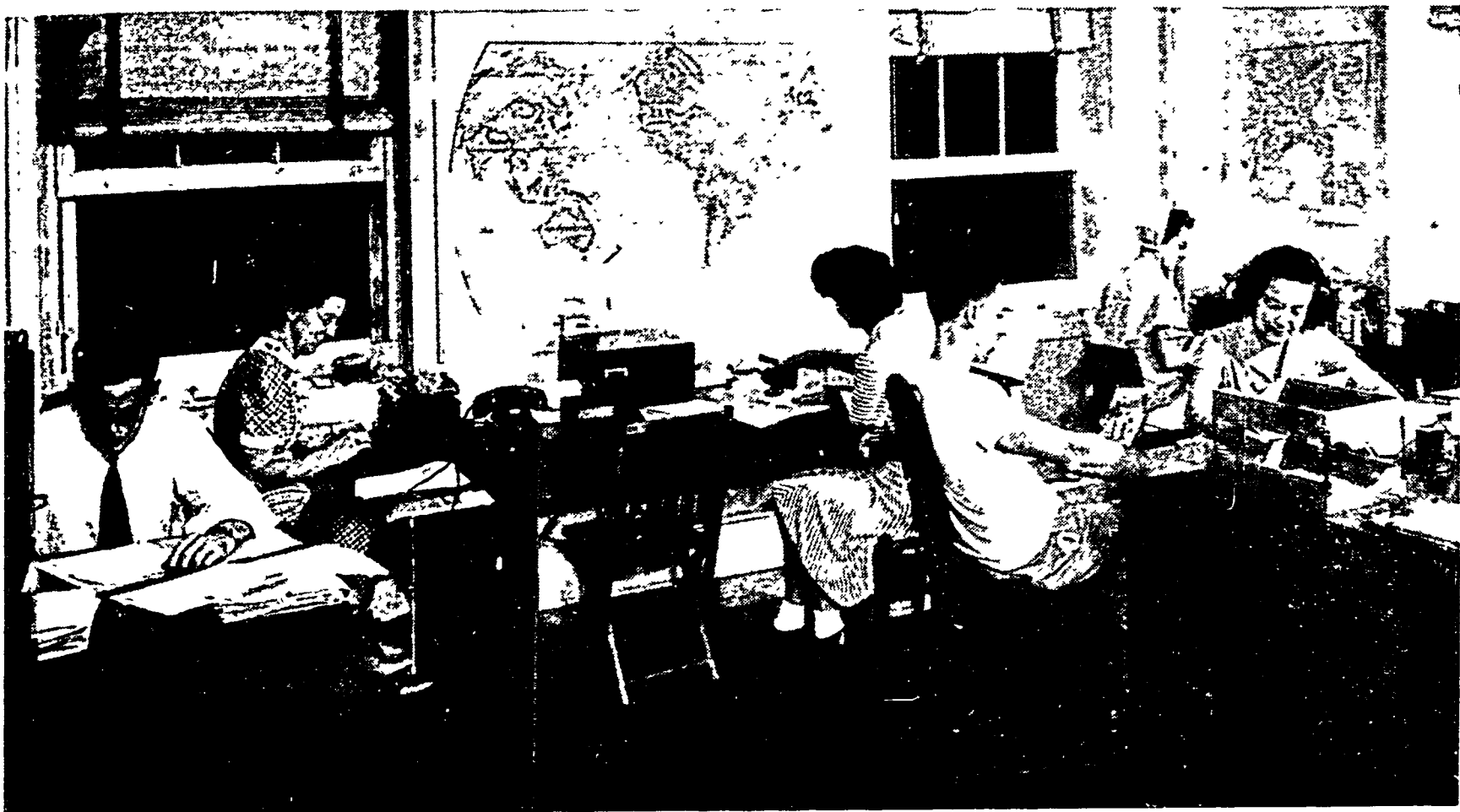
The Juniors agreed to furnish the money for the family to select their own food for Christmas dinner and to give the children in the home money to spend for buying each other gifts. The check was given to the father with some suggestions about the use of the money. He gave each child a small sum to spend for presents. Some of the money went for food for Christmas dinner. The father and children used part of the money for an offering in their church.

Christmas morning came with the usual excitement and surprises. Because of constructive sharing, the assisted family experienced a normal Christmas. The Juniors shared it in their imaginations.

The plan for sending parcels overseas to destitute families makes this kind of Christmas giving possible on an international scale this year.* Countless

*For the name and address of a European or Japanese Baptist family to remember this year, write the Baptist World Alliance, 716 Eighth Street, N.W., Washington 1, D. C. Specify the nationality you prefer.

(Please turn to page 26)



I Saw PEACEMAKERS at Work

By Marjorie E. Moore

Photos for this article courtesy Church World Service



An abandoned college campus in the rich agricultural area northwest of Baltimore, the Church World Service Center at New Windsor is a busy place this winter. At the right is the old gymnasium, now the clothing center. The white building is the administration building with work rooms and offices. On either side is a dormitory, with a chapel and a dining room, and living quarters for a hundred workers. The farm for heifers is six miles away.

Peace is being made at New Windsor, Maryland. While Secretary of State Byrnes and other representatives of the nations of the world struggled with international problems in Paris, I saw ministers of Christ hard at work creating good will and witnessing to their faith in a God of love. They work to relieve human suffering.

This peace center is a former college campus, forty miles from Baltimore. A hundred men and women do assorted jobs on eight-hour shifts, using whatever skills they happen to have—stenography, carpentry, typing, serving, cobbling, or just working. They are volunteers who responded to an invitation to do something real toward peace. Their compensation is bed and board—very simple fare, at that.

"In our churches we have largely concerned ourselves with man's relationship to God," John D. Metzler, the director, said to me when I visited New Windsor in September. "We have now waked up to the fact that man has a relationship to man. This is a spiritual ministry."

An ordained minister in the Church of the Brethren, Mr. Metzler undertook the New Windsor project more than a year ago because of this conviction.



He expects it to continue two more winters, and possibly five. "I would be happy to see it last seventy-five years," he said. "We ought to have many peace centers."

When I asked if he thought the acute relief needs abroad would require it that long, he hastened to correct my impression: "We wouldn't be here if it were purely a physical ministry. The governments can hand out clothing; we want to minister to people as Christians. What we are doing here provides the materials with which this ministry abroad can be sustained."

By that time I was eager to see the place.

Four substantial buildings and a farm compose this peace center. Two of the buildings include men's and women's dormitories, a chapel, and a dining hall. The former administration building of the college is the administration building of the center, with offices for director, publicity department, records department, and other business.

In the denominational files I found drawers full of cards recording gifts from Southern Baptist groups in Southeastern states. In the geographical file drawer, I looked for a record of clothing received from my own Sunday school class and found it carefully recorded.

In the basement is a fully-equipped shoe shop with three men at work. "The greatest demand is for men's shoes," they told me. "We get mostly women's shoes. Anything that has as much as six months' wear left in them can be fixed up and sent to Europe

Eight carloads of goods came in one day, to be weighed in, carefully recorded, acknowledged, then assorted. This factory of good will is manned by volunteers.



for some miner or farmer or carpenter to wear. With all livestock killed off, they have no leather for shoes, and without shoes they cannot mine coal or build houses."

The school's gymnasium is now a two-story clothing center. Daily big trucks unload cartons of every description from many parts of the country. Daily the same big trucks load bales of clothing, cartons of canned goods, and boxes of other equipment addressed to Asia and Europe. The goods often arrive and leave the same day; they never remain at New Windsor more than forty-

eight hours. The staff works till midnight when necessary to get it out.

Every carton that arrives is weighed and the date, weight, name of donor, and his denomination, and congregation are recorded on a card. A duplicate is made, and the two cards are filed, one by denomination, and one by city or town from which the package came. The office acknowledges every package that gives the name and address of the sender.

Some of those cartons arrive in bad condition, but the content is salvaged, and an accurate record kept with whatever information is found.

The gymnasium floor is filled with tables, most of them connecting. One man opens the carton and assort the contents. Men's garments go to one pile, women's to another, children's to another, babies' to another, bedding to another, and so forth. Workers at each place examine each garment. If it needs mending, it is put into another pile. If it is badly soiled, it is put into another. If it is not wearable at all, it is put into still another—to go to the Goodwill Industries.

Everything that is in good condition is folded according to specific measurements for its respective pile, and when the pile fills a drawer, it goes to the baling machine.

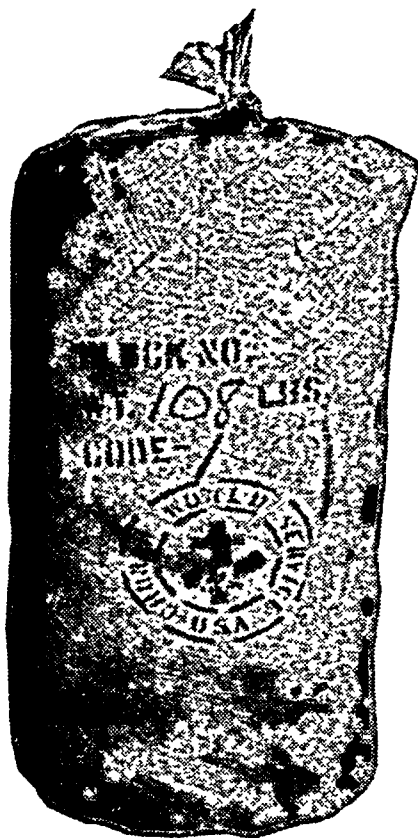
I saw two men operate the baler for a pile of fur coats. They padded the machine with corrugated board salvaged from the cartons in which the clothing arrives. Into the baler they put four drawers full of coats. Between each layer they placed naphtha flakes to keep out moths. They also put in a small pair of scissors, a package of needles, a box of a dozen spools of cotton thread of various colors, and a bag of buttons of many kinds—mostly large ones for these coats.

The baler pressed the four-foot stack of furs down to about eighteen inches. Tough wrapping paper, which is made with tar between two sheets, was placed around the bale, and four

Scientific methods and good equipment are guarantee that goods donated by American Christians will arrive safely.

metal strips were stapled tightly around it to hold it together. A two-inch metal band, the staple carries the insignia of the peace center—hands clasped at the foot of a cross—printed in black on yellow. Even people who can't read English understand that picture. The bale then went into bias, burlap sacking, and was tied together at each end with wire.

I have never seen such thoroughness or such efficiency. Those bales are absolutely waterproof and mothproof. They are delivered dry even when left on a waveswept dock for days.



The clothing bale is put into bias burlap bags, tied with wire, then stenciled with the emblem and the shipping data.

They are in good condition even when delivered through tropics or arctic weather.

The final step in preparing a bale for shipment is to weigh it, stencil it with the insignia, and mark on it a code for type of clothing inside and the destination of the bale. The day I was there three young men who were waiting for the strike to end so they could accompany a shipload of heifers to Europe were using the stencils to mark the emblem on their sweat shirts!

On the second floor of the gymnasium—a sort of temporary floor to take advantage of the space of a very high ceiling—men and women were at work on shoes, hats, candles, books, buttons, carpentry tools, kitchen utensils, homemade soap, bandages, and an amazing assortment of odds and ends. Things which seemed to me utterly useless were being packed for shipment.

The candles were all colors and all sizes. They had served at fancy dinner parties and at memorable candle-lighting services. They were all stubs, but in some cities in Europe where there is no light of any kind except the sun and the moon, even a stub of a candle is precious. Candles are made of animal fat and hungry people have to eat whatever fats they can get. Large quantities of discarded candles are coming in to New Windsor, as





Food is assorted by size and type, and shipped abroad in specially-made cartons.

American Christian young people have adopted the project of candle collection.

The hats were old felts. "They make excellent baby shoes for China and Japan," I was told.

Books included children's school-books, old and new Bibles, story books, novels, scientific works, dictionaries, picture books, commentaries, and numerous other volumes. The English language is spoken more widely than ever, and in Europe and the Orient, English books are at a premium. Where books were one time burned, people crave something to read. New Windsor takes in anything that is in decent condition, ex-

cept comic books, which are too fragile, and trashy books. Packed securely, good books are shipped overseas for hungry minds.

"We have constant calls from the Philippine Islands," one of the packers told me. "They use English altogether, and they can't get enough schoolbooks to teach the children."

In one part of the gymnasium I discovered a Spanish-American War uniform, and the uniform overcoat from a well-known military academy. I questioned a worker about them.

"Uniforms have the very best quality wool. We will ship every one we can get. Army or Navy or Marine uniforms without the official buttons are

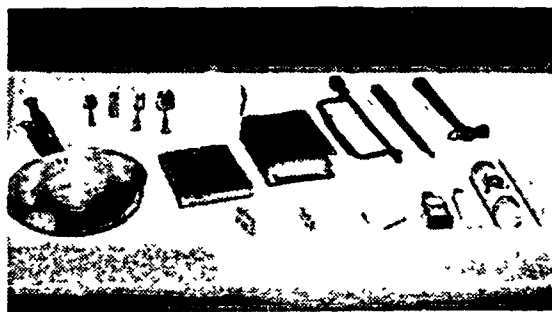
priceless for relief purposes," he said.

A huge stack of objects that looked like heavy pipes covered with paper aroused my curiosity. One of the men tore away a piece of the covering, to reveal scarlet red woolen material, fifty-four inches wide, and beautiful weave.

"This goes to our cut-garment department," he told me. "They cut it up for women to make into garments for Russians."

In the basement of the gymnasium, I saw men and women assorting canned and dried foods into various standard-size cartons, all of them especially made for rough handling and all-weather travel. The tar in the corrugated board holds the box together even in the rain.

"People *will* send us food," a young woman said. She picked up a box of



Not only clothing but these things are acceptable for relief: utensils, flatware, small tools, books, soap, brushes, candles.

dry cereal in a large flimsy box. She picked up another small compact box of specially prepared cereal. "This big box that you get at the grocery cannot be shipped safely and its food value is small. For 6¼ cents we buy a pound of special relief cereal which equals a pound of cheese in food value. It's delicious, too." And she offered to cook me a dish of it to show how good it tastes.

At last I visited the cut-garment department. Mrs. Earl W. Flohr is the department head, (one of the few paid employees) and she enjoyed my curiosity about the way she handles the huge bolts of cloth, the machine with which she cuts fifty layers of flannel or gingham at the time, and the patterns by which groups sew or knit identical garments for children or adults, with materials furnished by the big relief agencies. Some manufacturers in New England and in the South have donated remnants of beautiful woolen and cotton goods.

"Their wives are usually responsible for these gifts," Mrs. Flohr said.

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Mrs. Flohr (center) is in charge of the cut-garment department providing things for women's groups in U. S. Christian churches to sew or knit for relief overseas.

Committed to Your Care

By Tucker N. Callaway

Seven young men from the Wahiawa church in Hawaii are at this moment aboard a States-bound ship with wordless emotion, watching the island of their birth sink into an inky sea. They'll see it no more till they have completed their years of college preparation. Four are called to be ministers of the gospel, three to be Christian doctors. We were at the pier to see them off.

Surely there is nothing quite like a Hawaiian farewell: two thousand people pressed by pier walls into a solid living rectangle; steamy heat; the heavy fragrance of countless tropical flowers heaped around the necks of the departing travelers in brilliantly colored leis; the mumbled roar of the crowd gently threaded through by the silky music of steel guitars. It is something not soon to be forgotten.

Nearly the whole church was there to bid *aloha* to these young Christian leaders. After settling the details of baggage and cabin, they came out to us. That's when the leis began to pile up. Soon all you could see of Moriyoshi Hiratani was the top of his head to his eyes. From his shoulders up, he was a walking florist shop.

Having heard about the cold winters on the mainland, Tadaaki Kikagawa had bought himself a gray felt hat. This strange new fixture, plus the leis, plus his own particular brand of contagious good humor, managed to keep us laughing even through our tears. Somebody gave him a ukulele and assured him no one would believe he was from Hawaii unless he could play it. Clutching it firmly in his right hand he vowed to learn to play the thing on the trip across "or bust."

The warning whistle sent them scurrying aboard to stand at the rail with their five hundred fellow passengers. From their position some twenty feet above our heads they began to do what travelers often do—throw their leis to be caught by their friends below. In our group there were about twenty-five teen-age girls. They had a big time scrambling for those exquisite flower garlands which

Young Baptists from Hawaii are in Baptist schools on the mainland this year. Will their experience in the South weaken or strengthen their purpose to follow Christ?

came hurtling down. You have heard high-school girls squeal and yell at a football game. Well, that'll give you some idea.

Up until the last few minutes, though there had been an occasional moist eye, the general atmosphere had been festive and gay. Then, the gang-plank was hauled in and the inevitable moment of parting was at hand. In an instant there was a change. The boys began to wave a final *aloha*. Too full now to call to them, we returned the parting salute.

Perhaps you have heard that oriental people are without emotion. Near me stood Gilbert Gima's father looking upward steadily toward his son. True, his face was still as stone, but down those stolid cheeks unchecked and unashamed rolled warm human tears.

Next to Mr. Gima was C. K. Tom, Alfred Chong's half brother and guardian. I know something of the sacrifice C. K. is making to give Alfred this chance for an education. As he peered upward toward the deck he was smashing his handkerchief into a tight ball with his fist and blinking to fight back the tears.

Just then, Harry Kong, choir director of the church, began to sing "God be with you till we meet again." The young people caught it up; the fellows on the ship heard and joined in. Like wildfire it spread through the vast throng till hundreds of voices were singing that beloved hymn of parting. The music of the little Hawaiian band was drowned as stranger and stranger met for a moment in a brotherhood of song. It was an incomparable experience!

The ship began to move; the boys were on their way.

That's the story. Tarry a while to consider what it means.

These young men are yours. They are the product of the Southern Baptist foreign mission program, which you support. They are about to attend one of your denominational schools. The question is, what will you do with these boys when they come to your town, attend your church, speak to you on the street? For, you see, two of them are Chinese and five are Japanese.

They'll be homesick. I went to school among my own kind only four hundred miles from home, yet, I could hardly bear to wait the months till Christmas holidays to see my loved ones again. These young strangers to the United States, separated from their beloved by 2,000 miles of blue salt water, have no prospect of reunion either this Christmas or for several Christmases to come. They'll be homesick.

What will you do to ease their ache of loneliness? How will you encourage the faith that has sent them forth in the Master's name to prepare themselves to serve him? Will you invite them into your home? Will you offer your friendship to fill, in part, the place of comrades left behind?

With all my heart I pray the Lord to lead these consecrated young men, especially the Japanese, into the company of some honest-to-goodness, born-again believers in Jesus' teaching: that all of us are brothers and that the superior race is not the white nor the yellow, but the *HUMAN* race!

October 1946 BOARD MEETING



Dr. Everett Gill, Jr., flew from Rio to report on the first half of his two-year survey of Latin American missions. He delivered to Dr. George W. Sadler, director of the Board's Relief Committee, Brazilian Baptists' gift of \$2,500 for the Southern Baptist Convention's campaign to raise \$3,500,000 for relief and rehabilitation overseas. He expects to return in July, 1947.



Acting as executive secretary in the absence of Secretary M. Theron Rankin, at that moment en route to the United States from Shanghai, Dr. Sadler presented the charge to the new missionaries at the formal appointment session. The candidates were introduced by Secretary J. W. Marshall for the Board's Personnel Committee, whose chairman is Dr. J. G. Loving.



Visitor for a day during the Board meeting was Dr. W. O. Lewis, secretary of the Baptist World Alliance, shown here with Editor E. C. Routh. Dr. Lewis, who speaks three languages and understands others, expected to sail two days later for Europe, to help Baptist displaced persons in UNRRA camps in Germany find homes in North or South America where they can be free.



Newest Board member was Kentucky's H. Leo Eddleman, former missionary to Palestine, detained in the United States by the uncertain health of Mrs. Eddleman. He is shown (exact center) with Georgia's R. C. Gresham, during a luncheon given by President and Mrs. Howard Jenkins for out-of-town Board members and a few special guests of whom Walter Duranty was one.

The Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, consisting of thirty-six men and women, met in Richmond October 8 and 9 to transact two major items of business. It adopted a budget of \$2,276,206 for 1947, and appointed for life seven missionaries. A total of fifty-eight missionaries have been appointed this year, but due to retirements and death, the grand total is still only 564.

The appointees are pictured below in alphabetical order, left to right:

Edward Lamar Cole, M.D., and Oneita Henley Cole of Azle, Texas, for Mexico;

Mildred Irene Crabtree of Dumas and Kerrick, Texas, for Nigeria;

(Martha Tanner of Augusta, Georgia, approved as a contract worker for a three-year term in Nigeria);

Helen Nobles Turlington of Newport News, Virginia, and Henry Eugene Turlington, Th.D., of Gainesville, Florida, both now of Louisville, Kentucky, for China;

Sue Patrick Vernon and Vance Oral Vernon, B.D., of Scottsboro, Alabama, and Mitchell, Indiana, for South America, exact assignment to be made.



PHOTOS BY
MARJORIE E. MOORE

Uneasily awaiting the Board's verdict on their application for appointment to China, the Turlingtons try out the hand-carved furniture in the foyer.



Mildred Crabtree takes notes on Mrs. Sadler's suggestions of what the young lady missionary to West Africa needs.

Seven more missionaries were appointed and a contract worker (secretary) approved by the Board in semiannual full session.



The tens of thousands of American G.I.'s who took part in the conquest of North Africa in 1942-43 had no opportunity to know anything of the great continent which lay south of the narrow belt of Atlas States bordering the Mediterranean Sea. The Africa they saw was just one of five distinct geographical areas which make up this second largest continent of the world.

Equatorial Africa, where Southern Baptist mission work is located, is as far removed geographically, socially, economically, and racially from North Africa, as the latter is from our own shores.

I spent eight months in North Africa and eleven months in Equatorial Africa. The former is much like the Moslem lands of the Middle East and Arabia, while Equatorial Africa is the home of the black man. I had a close-up of two areas in this torrid zone, one located on the west coast, and the other in the interior of Central Africa.

On my first Sunday afternoon at the A.T.C. base in Accra, British Gold Coast, the chaplain of the base took a party on a visit to a native village. The trip into the "bush country" was made over a hard-surfaced highway which the British had built for military purposes. When we reached the village, we found the natives gathered in a clearing that was surrounded by mud huts with low, thatched roofs.

The chaplain sensed something unusual had happened, for the village drums were beating, while some of the people were dancing and others were moaning and shouting. He learned, through his own knowledge of the native dialect and the help of a villager who knew a few words of English, that a child in the village had been stricken with a fatal disease, and that they were going through one of their religious rites in an effort to drive away the evil spirit which had caused the affliction.

We remained only a few minutes, for it was apparent that some had imbibed too much palm wine, while others were working themselves into a frenzy by rhythmic dancing and chanting.

Contrast this picture with the greeting I received the night before as I entered my room in the officers' quarters at the base. There I was received by a good-looking black man, dressed in a white uniform, who announced in excellent English, "My

name is Lawrence. I am your house boy." I asked him where he had learned English, and he said he was a graduate of the mission school. When I asked if he were a Christian, his face lighted up with a radiant smile as he replied, "Yes, sir."

I soon learned it was not difficult to detect Christians, for once they become convinced that the spirit world is not inhabited by demons who are forever seeking to do them harm, but that God is a heavenly Father who loves them, it transforms their personalities, and even their appearance.

Lawrence and the other house boys used to love to sing the old gospel hymns, and the most homesick moments I spent in Equatorial Africa were those spent listening to them sing as they washed our clothes, polished our leatherware, and cleaned our quarters.

Lawrence proved himself so honest and industrious through the months, that I often spoke to him of coming to America with me. Although he liked to ask questions about my country, he showed little interest in my in-

manship of the finished product is amazing. A simple sketch of a design, or a picture out of a Sears-Roebuck catalog is all the artisan needs to make any desired piece of jewelry, or other object of the silversmith trade. The souvenirs brought back from these shops are the most prized of any picked up in travels over four continents.

Gold ranks second to cocoa as a product of export. The Gold Coast is the largest cocoa-producing country in the world. For ten years before the war it exported over two-fifths of the world's supply. And the most surprising part of the industry is that it is

EQUATORIAL AFRICA

Photos courtesy the author

Lagos, the capital of Nigeria, West Africa



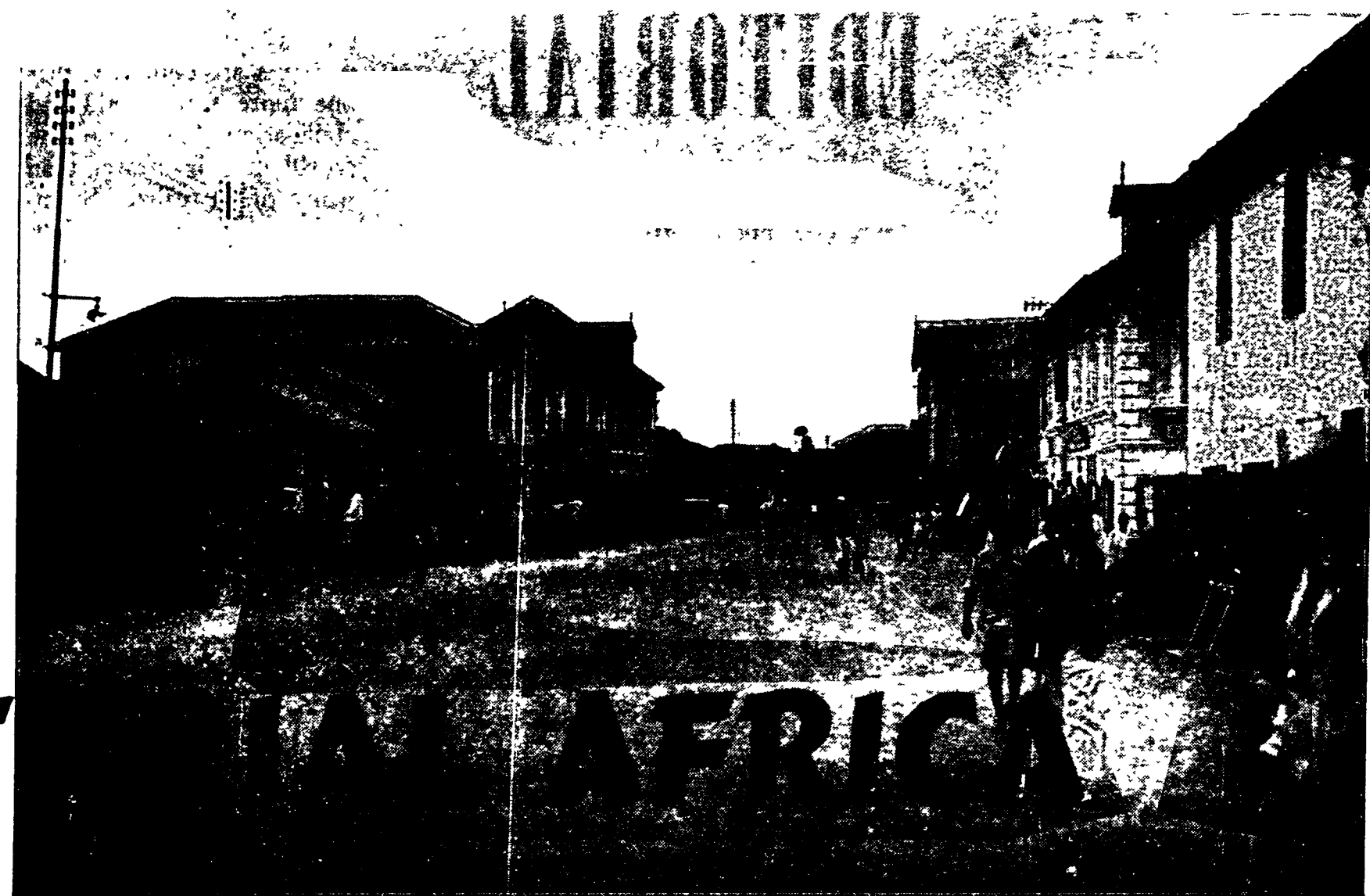
Kano is one of the ancient walled cities of Africa.



Chieftains wear mail armor dating from the Crusades, and citizens who have been to Mecca are permitted to decorate their homes in distinctive patterns. Here is one of them.

By John R. Sampey, Jr.

THE COMMISSION



operated and controlled by the natives. It is a challenging demonstration of what the black man can do for himself, for instead of being a product of big corporations financed by foreign capital, like the rubber plantations of Liberia, the coffee plantations of Brazil, and the sugar industry of Cuba, the cocoa is grown on one-to-five-acre

farms of the peasants, and exported by some fourteen different companies.

European imperialists who preach that the African has not developed to the point of maintaining his economic independence should study the cocoa industry of the Gold Coast.

Our second close-up of Equatorial Africa is Nigeria. In many ways the most important country in West Africa, Nigeria with its twenty million people is the most populous of all British possessions, save India, and like India, its people are demanding more independence politically and economically. A. A. Nwafu Orizu, member of a royal family which has ruled in Nigeria for hundreds of years, has given expression to this ambition in his book, *Without Bitterness*.

Kano is one of the ancient walled cities of Central Africa. The walls were once sixty feet high and thirty feet thick with a deep moat surrounding the twenty-five miles of the enclosure. Near the center of the old city is the king's palace, which is itself a big village. The king of Kano rules over an area as large as Belgium and as populous as Palestine. When his

chiefs make their New Year's visit to pay him homage, and to bring rich gifts, there is a season of wild celebration. Two of his chieftains wear at the festivities coats of the finest steel mail, reported to have been worn by the Crusaders of the Middle Ages.

All the inhabitants within the walled city are Mohammedans, and citizens who have made the holy pilgrimage to Mecca are given special privileges, and are permitted to decorate their homes after a distinctive pattern.

It calls for a strong stomach and a courageous heart to walk through the narrow, filthy, smelly streets of this city of 100,000 natives with no provision for sewerage or garbage disposal. Throngs of black men stream past herds of camels, goats, donkeys and cattle, with stray dogs, pet monkeys, and chickens and buzzards flitting in and out of the milling mass. By the side of the road lie the lepers, the blind, the lame, and the sick with all manner of tropical diseases. One skeleton of a girl, said to be demon-possessed, lay on a small rug where she is reported to have remained for three years. These wretched specimens of

(Please turn to page 24)



for December 1946

*"At Rome Also"—
and Russia, Too*

EDITORIAL

The eyes of the whole world are on Russia these days. Two or three definite facts should be kept in mind. First, the Russian idea of democracy does not accord with the American conception of democracy which guarantees freedom of assembly, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of worship, and freedom in travel. Russia's Government is totalitarian, with Communism as the controlling political and economic force. The Russian people are not free to live and move and have their being as are people in democratic nations.

In its attitude toward religion Russia has been for a number of years avowedly atheistic. The leaders of Russia, from Mr. Stalin on out, frankly assert that they do not believe in God. They have not yet opened the way for children and young people to be taught religion publicly. The Soviet Government has been compelled in recent years to modify its severe restrictions on worship; the Soviet leaders realized that religion was necessary to sustain the morale and courage of the Russian soldiers. There were no more patriotic people anywhere in Russia than in the churches. This was true of Baptists and other evangelicals as well as of many members of the Orthodox Church. The cathedrals and other places of worship which had been closed or used as storehouses and museums for material purposes were reopened and were soon filled with worshippers. The outstanding atheistic journal of Soviet Russia ceased publication. There was a clearer understanding and appreciation of the home. A few years ago divorces were granted on the slightest pretext; now, they are difficult to secure.

Since the war, especially while the United Nations have been endeavoring to find satisfying formulas for peace, the Soviet Union, with a "curtain of iron" between it and other nations, has frequently by its veto, obstructed or delayed efforts to reconstruct a shattered world. It insists on widening the buffer territory between the Soviet Republics and other nations all the way from west to east—with its control of all or large areas of Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Romania, Yugoslavia, borders of Turkey and Iran, Outer Mongolia, and Northern Manchuria. The situation is very acute and has frightening possibilities. The Anglo-American people do not want another war. We doubt if the Russian people want another war. Christians in America and around the world should make every effort to prevent another war.

Having stated these plain facts, we turn to our clear, unmistakable missionary obligation—to the only method by which war can be avoided. We have the

one message which can save the world from another war; we are confident that one more war would end civilization. The end of the world may be nearer than many of us realize. Scien-

tists, many of them, have greater respect for religious teachers who declare that the world will be destroyed by fire.

Whatever our opinions concerning the impiety of dictators and devastation wrought by godless men in authority, we are, like Paul, debtors to all men to preach the gospel to the people of every land, to make disciples of all nations, to be missionaries not only to the Chinese, and Latin Americans, and Africans, and to Italy, and Romania, and Japan, and Germany, but to Russia also. We dare not deny or evade that obligation. Russia is as much a part of our world mission field as any other country. Whatever the Russian ideologies—social, economic, religious, political, cultural—we cannot escape our responsibility to proclaim the name of Jesus, the world's only Saviour, to the Russian people as well as to all others. Southern Baptists should be ready as soon as doors are open to enter Soviet lands with the only message that can save the people. Some day God will open doors to Russia; he alone opens doors which no man can shut. He can remove iron curtains; he can break down walls of partition and make peace through Christ.

Heartening words are coming already from that land of might and mystery. Evangelical preachers who have been to Russia tell us that the people are filling the houses of worship. Messages which come to us from a number of sources concerning Russian Baptists agree in the statement that, so long as Russian Baptist preachers restrict their ministry and messages to their religious faith, they are, at least in these days, given freedom to worship God and to preach the gospel. Conservative estimates place the number of Baptists in Soviet Russia as being at least one million. We have no way of knowing how many there are or how many of their preachers are in exile or in prisons. We only know that in a number of cities Russian Baptists are worshiping the living God in their church houses and are rejoicing in their faith.

There are many things about Russia which we do not like—ideologies and practices which imperil world peace and human welfare. Never was a government more despotic than the Roman Empire, at least during the reigns of certain emperors who put multitudes of Christians to death. But in spite of that fact, Paul went to Rome and there, where Caesar was enthroned, dared to preach Christ. He could not do otherwise for his Lord had bidden him to preach the gospel "at Rome also." That gospel, the dynamite of God, changed the Roman Empire as no other force could have done. He lived to see the saints of Caesar's

household send their greetings to fellow believers in other lands.

Jesus Christ lived on earth under the rule of a totalitarian government. Jesus went to the cross and died for the whole world, for those who lived in the Roman Empire, and for those who live in Russia today. He is risen; he lives on high, and he must reign until he has put all his enemies under his feet. Some day, at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus is Lord to the glory of God the Father. Some day the kingdoms of this world, including Russia, shall become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ. Until that day we are to pray and labor that the will of God may be done on earth as in heaven, and that all men shall know that Jesus is the Saviour of the world.

"I Was a Stranger"

Recently in a study of the International Sunday School Lessons, we were reminded of the words of Jesus, "I was a stranger and ye welcomed me." Never were these words of Jesus more applicable than in our own day when, at an increasing rate, thousands of young people are coming to the United States from other lands as students, diplomats, business representatives, and skilled men and women representing every profession and trade. Here they come, from China, from Brazil, from Argentina, from India, from Africa, from every nation!

Will we, as professed followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, give them a hearty welcome? Sometime ago we read the experience of an outstanding Chinese educator who said that while he was here in the United States doing his postgraduate work, no one spoke to him about Christ. He was disappointed and disillusioned because of his experiences in "Christian America" and returned to China an unbeliever.

As these leaders of the future come to America, Christ is expecting us as his representatives to welcome them, to tell them about the Saviour of the world. If we have been interested in world missions, here is our opportunity. Think of what China and the world would have lost if when Soong Yao-ju (later choosing the name of Charles Jones Soong) came to the United States three quarters of a century ago, nobody had befriended him and had expressed an interest in his welfare! Because Christians, both laymen and preachers, did show an interest in him and made it possible for him to attend a Christian school, Charles Soong went back to China to found a publishing house for the distribution of Bibles, and through his family to become a mighty Christian force in China.

These words of Jesus apply also in our attitude toward strangers in our own communities who may have never lived in foreign countries but have moved to the town or city from near-by or more remote neighborhoods. They may be returned veterans, or

young people entering business or enrolling in schools. Never in the history of our country has there been so much moving about as in the last half dozen years. Here come hosts of them to our communities. Everywhere, living quarters are crowded. What are we doing about getting them into Sunday school classes, into churches, into our homes? Many young persons come to the city and are lonely and discouraged because Christian people have not, in the name of Christ Jesus, welcomed them to their hearts and homes.

One of the most significant paragraphs in Gerald Johnson's biography of Adolph Ochs, the great publisher of the *New York Times*, is that in which he describes the man who was more than a publisher. He was a friend who delighted to take into his home young people who needed counsel and encouragement. Into his library, a large room extending across the whole width of the house, his biographer tells, entered young people almost desperate when they went into that room, but came out steady and sane again; the sorrowing who found relief of tears there; young people who were dumbfounded to learn that their achievements had not passed unnoted; people of little influence in the world who at some crisis found in the presence of that friend tolerance, sympathy, and penetrating wisdom. We are reminded of some great soul of the past who, when asked for the secret of his success, replied, "I had a friend."

Passing our way are young missionaries, teachers, preachers. We are interested in foreign missions. How about starting now to be friends of missions in our own homes and communities? Let us learn "to live by the side of the road and be a friend to man." Let us hear and heed the words of Jesus, "I was a stranger and ye welcomed me. . . Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me."

Airways for Messengers of Peace

"All passengers for Air France go to gate two." When this announcement was made over the amplifier at LaGuardia Field, seven Southern Baptist missionaries bound for Nigeria, and fourteen other missionaries to Africa representing seven religious bodies, responded to that call. A few minutes later, at 10 A.M. September 27, the big plane rolled down the runway and presently was heading east, via Newfoundland and Ireland, to Paris, France, where it was due the next morning. The missionaries were to leave the following day for Monrovia, West Africa, thence on a connecting plane to Nigeria. One other missionary, for whom space could not be secured on the plane, left three days later on a ship going direct to Lagos, Nigeria.

There are two airports at LaGuardia Field, the one for domestic traffic and the other for interna-

(Please turn the page)

RIVER PLATE MISSION

Established 1903

Includes vast area drained by Paraguay and Parana systems, known as River Plate republics; from Cape Horn's frigid regions to the Chaco jungles. Population 16 millions; 43 missionaries working in 10 centers, in co-operation with River Plate Baptist Convention (organized 1908), representing 110 churches. Work inaugurated by European Baptist, Don Pablo Besson, leader, 1880.

Argentina

AREA: Equals all states east of Mississippi plus Texas and most of Oklahoma. Western Andes, cold southern desert; fertile central pampa, "bread-basket of South America"; northern Chaco tropics.

POPULATION: 13 million; 88 per cent white, 10 per cent mestizo, 2 per cent Indian. Large foreign immigration: Italian, Spanish, German, Russian. Influence of British in railroads and packing houses.

MISSION STAFF: 32 missionaries serve in eight centers. *Buenos Aires* (population 3,000,000), capital city, largest in Latin America, modern, progressive. Pastors and missionaries work with 20 churches; publishing center (three missionaries); seminary (three couples); W.M.U. goodwill center (2 missionaries).

Rosario (population 510,000), northwest of Buenos Aires. Large Italian population. Center evangelization Santa Fe province (one couple); Training School for Women (three missionaries).

Paraná (population 75,000), capital Entre Rios province; (one couple) general field work with churches.

Cordoba (population 270,000), provincial capital, about 500 miles northwest of Buenos Aires; (one couple) field work; one clinic; summer assembly.

Tucuman (population 150,000) provincial capital, 800 miles northwest Buenos Aires; sugar cane, citrus fruit center; one couple, field work.

Mendoza (population 80,000) provincial capital, 100 miles over the Andes east of Santiago, Chile; desert country irrigated; large vineyards. Center of evangelization Mendoza and San Juan provinces; one couple; one goodwill center in suburbs Mendoza, one single missionary.

Bahia Blanca (population 150,000), seaport 400 miles southwest of Buenos Aires, outlet of Pampa. Center of work in La Pampa and Buenos Aires provinces; one couple.

Cipolletti (population 5,500), 350 miles west Bahia Blanca on Rio Negro River; Patagonian desert irrigated, fruit country. Evangelistic center for Neuquén and Rio Negro provinces; one couple.

NEEDS: Couples for evangelistic field work; building of seminary and training school; development of goodwill centers, publishing center.

(Continued on the opposite page)

(Continued from the preceding page)

tional travel. We never saw so many transoceanic airships. On Friday—typical of other days—fifteen planes left LaGuardia bound for London, Paris, Amsterdam, Monrovia, Cairo, Buenos Aires, Stockholm, and other points. The lines represented were the Royal Dutch Airlines, British Overseas, Air France, Pan-American, T.W.A., American Airlines, Scandinavian Airlines—all of them symbols of the mighty forces which have made the whole world one small neighborhood.

A number of missionary boards are using airplanes in order to save time and to reach points hitherto inaccessible by other means of transportation. In some of the missionary conferences at Ridgecrest serious consideration was given to this phase of transportation, with testimonies by skilled Christian aviators who had already demonstrated the value of airplanes in missionary service.

In peace as well as in war, airplanes can be utilized to advantage. Already missionaries have been enabled to make trips in a few hours which hitherto would have required days and weeks. During the war Southern Baptists were enabled by airplanes to keep in touch with our work in Free China when all other channels were closed. For a long time it was our only method of getting missionaries to and from South America and to Africa. The expense of air traffic is very little more than other methods of transportation, with a vast amount of saving in time.

We have received from the Christian Airmen's Missionary Fellowship of Los Angeles, literature relating to missionary service which has been accelerated in various lands by aviation. In Alaska, in Bolivia, in Africa and Australia, around the world, missionaries are able to serve great areas by plane.

Recently we wrote some of the great commercial airlines engaged in international service—Pan American World Airways, Trans-Continental and Western Air, American Airlines, and Braniff Airways. All of these companies, realizing the contribution which air service can make to mission boards, sent definite information concerning schedules and rates.

T.W.A., for example, writes: "The far-flung mission posts have been brought closer to each other and to their headquarters by the rapid earth-shrinking services of the airlines. Traffic to distant outposts with the gospel has become an easier and more direct procedure. Return visits for conferences and rests are no longer prohibitive by reason of time and distance."

The children of light should be as wise as children of the world, and utilize every means to carry the gospel to every part of the world. This is the accepted time; now is the day of opportunity to make Christ known to all nations.

MISSIONARY

Tidings

Monsignor Ligutti, executive of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, is quoted in *Religion in Life* as saying: "We Catholics have the cities now. If you Protestants don't watch out we shall shortly have the country as well."

★ ★ ★

Of unusual interest was the recent appointment by President Truman of Dr. J. Leighton Stuart as ambassador to China. Dr. Stuart has been for many years an honored Presbyterian missionary in China. He was for a long time president of Yenching University and has enjoyed the confidence of both Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and the leaders of the Communist regime.

★ ★ ★

Temple Baptist Church, San Antonio, Texas, of which Dr. S. G. Posey is pastor, has voted to raise an Annual Bryan Memorial Fund of \$1,000 as a memorial to Dr. R. T. Bryan, to keep a missionary in China. Already \$1,200 has been contributed to this fund.

★ ★ ★

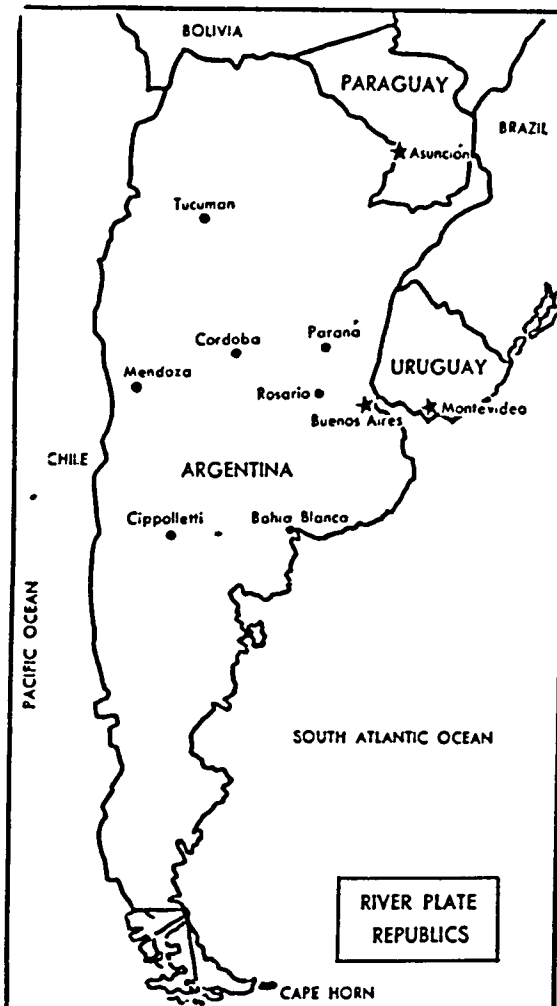
The *Sunday School Times* carries the story of the presentation to Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia of 1,000 copies of a new translation of the New Testament into Amharic. The Emperor accepted the gift with an expression of deep gratitude and expressed the desire to obtain a much wider circulation of the Scriptures throughout the land.

★ ★ ★

In the current number of *Religion in Life*, Norman Goodall, London secretary of the International Missionary Council, has an illuminating article on Christianity in India, in which he points out that there is in that great land a new and negative attitude to religion which is more difficult to the Christian missionary than the oldtime systems and superstitions of India. He sums up this temper in the word secularism, which is characteristic, in some measure, of the whole world. He believes that the most convincing presentation of the Christian religion must come from

Know Your Baptist Missions

(Continued from the opposite page)



Uruguay (Entered 1911)

AREA: About the size of Missouri, buffer state between Argentina and Brazil; rolling cattle country.

POPULATION: 2,000,000; 86 per cent white, 10 per cent mestizo, 2 per

cent Indian. One of the most democratic, progressive nations in Latin America.

MISSION STAFF: Three couples engaged in general evangelistic work, development of churches in the capital, *Montevideo* (population 700,000), with plans to return to Salto, and open work in other interior centers.

NEEDS: more evangelistic couples.

Paraguay (Entered 1945)

AREA: equal to Washington and Oregon, a tropical nation watered by the Paraguay River.

POPULATION: 1,000,000; 92 per cent mestizo, 5 per cent Indian, 3 per cent white; 97 per cent with Indian blood, speaking Spanish and Guarani.

MISSION STAFF: One couple in general evangelization in *Asuncion* (population 100,000), capital city; Baptist book center (one missionary) promoting literacy work; one nurse. Plans for establishment of modest hospital. Missionaries work in co-operation with River Plate Baptist Convention, whose Foreign Mission Board has workers in Asuncion, and in northern Argentina.

NEEDS: evangelistic couples; two nurses.

Twenty years ago a mother in Kentucky sent a check for \$85 to Dr. J. F. Love, the executive secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, explaining that this represented the savings of her little girl whom God had called home. She wished that money to be used for work among children around the world. All over the South Dr. Love told the story of that beautiful gift for world missions. Recently L. Howard Jenkins, president of the Foreign Mission Board, received from this mother a check for \$1,000 to pay the salary for one year of a missionary as a memorial to her mother who had recently entered into her heavenly inheritance. These gracious gifts by a missionary-hearted mother should stimulate many others to make their offerings in the name and spirit of Christ.

EPISTLES

FROM TODAY'S APOSTLES

Nigeria

OCTOBER 1, 1946

Perhaps you would be interested in a brief account of our trip to Nigeria. It was an unusual trip in many ways. This is the first trip Air France has made from America to Africa. It is quite unusual that the same group of people should make an entire trip such as this, all the way from America, via Paris, to Africa—a distance of 8,600 miles. This has been one of the quickest trips that has been made. We left New York at 9:30 Friday morning, September 27, and we are due in Lagos this morning (Tuesday at 11:15 A.M.). We spent twenty-eight hours in Paris and stayed overnight at Robert's Field, Monrovia, Liberia.

The personnel of this trip was very interesting. Twenty-nine of the forty-four passengers were missionaries and their children; the remainder were rubber company employees, except two, who were Negro vocational-education workers for Liberia. Of the missionaries and their children, nineteen were Baptists, six United Brethren, two Mennonite Brethren, one Lutheran, and one Presbyterian. The Southern Baptist missionaries were: the McKinley Gillilands, the C. A. Kennedys, Miss Edythe Montroy, and the Farrell Runyans, a total of nine with the children.

The ship on which we traveled was the *Ciel de Provence*, christened by Lily Pons, two months ago. She rode on its maiden flight from Paris to New York, and this trip to Africa is its second trip. Throughout the entire journey, we have had the most efficient crew Air France could offer. The pilots were of the best in the world. At each stop American and French personnel treated us with the highest regard. It was a thrill to see the joy of American servicemen at Robert's Field when they saw so many American civilians.

One unusual thing was the spirit which existed among the passengers, especially among the missionaries. The fellowship was of the highest possible. Barriers of denomination were dropped and our one bond in Christ prevailed. To lighten the heavy atmosphere during each take-off we sang hymns and choruses, and we sang during much of the flight time. What a thrill it was at 10,000 feet to hear "Rock of Ages," "Jesus, Saviour Pilot Me," and many other great old hymns. There were also several groups in prayer during flight. At Paris we attended the

American church and heard American hymns and a sermon in English. At Dakar we had a service in front of the air-drome, with all passengers participating.

An added thought—this plane was chartered by the rubber company but they could not fill it with workers, and missionaries filled the vacancies.



FARRELL E. RUNYAN
Nigeria, West Africa

China

AUGUST 30, 1946

The rumble of cannon fire has been heard from our compound as Nationalist and Communist armies have battled to the east and southeast of Kaifeng during the past three weeks. A shell landed in our compound, hitting two men, killing one instantly. The railway has been disrupted for a distance of nearly two hundred miles and we have had almost no mail from Shanghai since the fighting began. This is a time of great uncertainty, for one day we hear that the two factions have agreed to a peaceful settlement and then again we hear that an all-out civil war will soon begin.

Our compound is largely occupied by Chinese Nationalist troops and by CNRRA, (the Chinese subsidiary of UNRRA) which has a large force in this area. Of our entire force of missionaries to Interior Mission territory, only Wilson Fielder and I are on the field. We have been busy looking after repairs, doing some preaching and teaching and, most important of all, striving to organize the forces for the work that lies ahead.

There is much to encourage us as we look ahead. Our Christian group has been purified and refined by the terrible years since China was first invaded by the Japanese. The trials endured by the people of this district have been truly horrible. Over eight years of war, a devastating famine in 1943, the great Yellow River changing its course and tearing right through the center of Honan Province, guerillas—and now the poor farmers have to furnish supplies to both the Nationalist and Communist armies.

It is estimated that in one county alone the population has been reduced by 80,000 souls since the Japanese came. On top of all this there is almost incredible inflation of national currency. I bought a glass of milk in Shanghai at a cost of fifty cents United States money! A poor grade of sugar has been quoted here at a rate of \$1.25 per pound, American currency. All kinds of materials have advanced sky high. For example, lime costs almost as much as flour. In spite of all

this, the picture is not completely dark.

The Kaifeng Baptist district association held a helpful meeting and plans were made for increased activity. Our working force of Chinese Christians is almost intact. We lost one evangelist by bayoneting at the hands of the Japanese and one evangelist starved to death in the famine year. Others suffered but survived. There is a spirit of initiative among our people and an evidence of maturity manifest. Thousands of refugees are coming back with a broadened outlook. Minds that were formerly closed will be opened to the gospel as never before.

After the Kaifeng Association closed, the General Association of Honan-Anhwei Provinces had its sessions. To my mind this was the best session this body ever held and there were many in attendance. The discussions reminded one of a Baptist Association back in the homeland. More and more, responsibility is in the hands of the Chinese, while the missionaries are helpers and advisers rather than administrators. This is as it should be. Numbers of committees were appointed and many meetings of these committees held, in which a spirit of earnestness and unity was manifest. Preaching bands are in process of being organized and provided for.

Plans were made for the opening of a boys' middle school, a girls' middle school, and the Bible training school when the Communist attack came. We are still hoping to open these schools later. Our needs? We need missionaries, a number of them; we need peace; we need economic stability; we need a long-range training program. We need your prayers. Our God is mighty and can supply all our needs.



HENDON M. HARRIS
Kaifeng, Honan, China

SEPTEMBER 5, 1946

The regular Yu Wan convention for this year was scheduled to meet from August 6-9, on the Baptist compound outside of Kaifeng. I was asked to lead the morning devotions throughout the conference. I accepted the invitation and went.

The Yu Wan association includes the Baptist work in the two provinces of Honan and Northern Anhwei. It used to be called the Baptist Interior Mission. It has four main districts; namely, Kaifeng, Chengchow, Kwieteh, and Pochow. It is one of the five associations in China, the others being North China, Central China, South China, and Manchuria. There are over sixty independent churches in this association. During the war many of the church buildings were destroyed but not the work of churches.

For the past year the rehabilitation program of the association has taken a great deal of time and money of the churches. The mission through the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention has helped considerably toward the repairing of churches and the relief of ministers. More needs to be done, especially in such interior places as Honan and Anhwei.

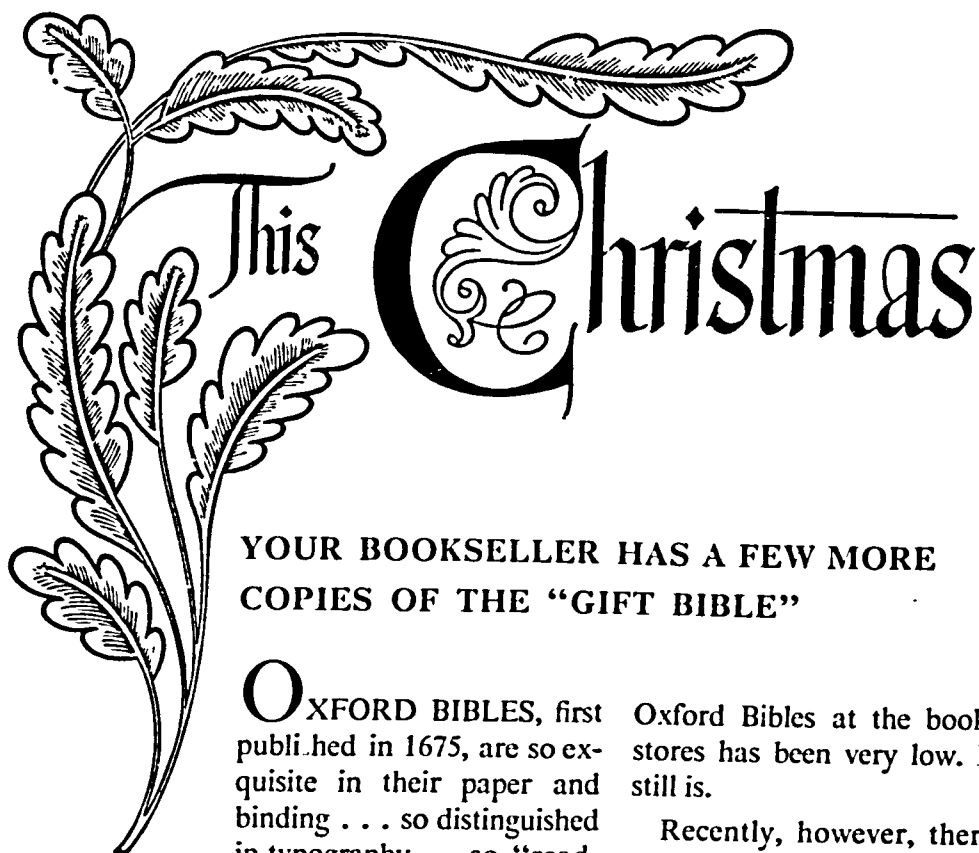
For the interest of the work this trip has proved to be a profitable one, but for personal comfort it has been one of the worst in all my travels. Before our departure from Shanghai invitation came from Pochow inviting my wife and me to visit that district on our way to Kaifeng. We consented to do that because it would mean only a short detour at Kwieteh. But when we got to Hsueh where we had to change trains we were told that it might not be safe to travel on foot or on native carts between Kwieteh and Pochow.

Right there at the station through meditation and prayer we decided to go straight to Kaifeng without going to Pochow. This proved to be a narrow escape through the grace of God because when we got to Kaifeng we found that none of the delegates from Pochow could come to the conference because of bandit and highway robbery.

We arrived at Kaifeng August 3, three days ahead of the meeting. We made good use of the time in visiting and making arrangements for the general convention. Many of the problems were ironed out this way, so during the four days we had a very satisfactory conference. For the first day, only the delegates from Kaifeng district and Kwieteh district were present, making the roll-call of eighty delegates—sixty from Kaifeng and twenty from Kwieteh. On the second day the delegates from Chengchow came, forty strong in one group. Those from Pochow never did come on account of local unrest.

Together with visitors from Kaifeng local churches the conference was attended by over 150 people. Topics taken in the conference were evangelism. Christian education, women's work, young people's work, medical work, seminary and Bible school work, and frontier missions. The effort for evangelism is a vigorous program with native and local support. The delegates present were very enthusiastic in purchasing some gospel trucks, possibly one for each mission district.

In regard to the support of preachers and pastors the Christians could not give much money but they could give grain from their farming crops. It was reported time and again that pastors received little salary but since their congregations gave them some wheat and other cereals, they are not in want.



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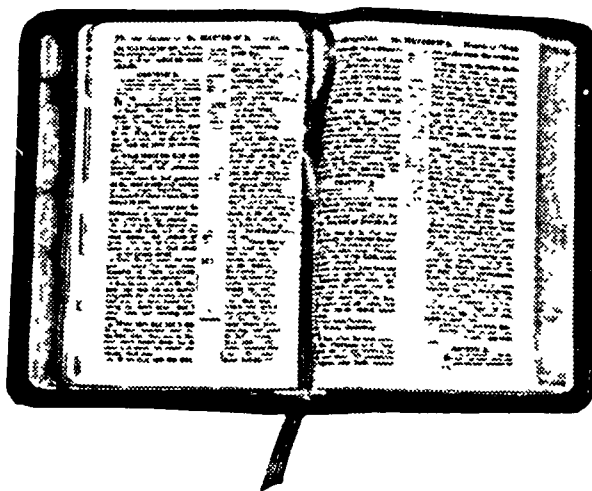
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1946

God has richly blessed the Yu Wan association in its frontier mission program. A big mission field about three hundred *li* long and one hundred *li* wide south of Ta-Yuen, Shansi Province, bearing the name of Hwang Lung Shan (Yellow Dragon Hill) was opened up during the war because many of the Christian families from the Yu Wan area have moved to that place as refugees. Many of the families settled there for good and they established a Baptist mission. Pastor Liu of Kaifeng is working there now.

Another new mission is in Sinkiang near Ha-Mi. That mission was developed in a similar way as the Yellow Dragon Hill and Paul Pei from Kaifeng is preaching there. So, if we link all the missions up from Kaifeng to Sinkiang with Hwang Lung Shan in Shansi, Si-An of Shensi where Pastor Fan Meng-Cho is preaching, then Kansu province where Dr. Hsu and Miss Tong are working and last with that of Sinkiang, the Yu Wan association has a great work in northwest China.

HOWSON LEE
Shanghai, China

Equatorial Africa

(Continued from page 17)

humanity keep up a continuous wail of "Dash me, dash me," to passing strangers, hoping someone will throw them a coin. The government and Christian missions have made only a small beginning in healing humanity's hurt, physically and economically, in this great needy country of Equatorial Africa.

The intellectual element in the youth of Central Africa is not satisfied to wait on the benevolence of an imperialistic government, and they are frankly critical of a Christianity which lends its support to such a government, just as the Russian peasant of a generation ago turned against the Orthodox Church for its stand with the czars.

Many follow the Indian leader, Nehru, in his statement of the case:

The Church (of England) has served the purpose of British imperialism and given both capitalism and imperialism a moral and Christian covering. It has sought to justify, from the highest ethical standards, British predatory policy in Asia and Africa, and given that extraordinary and enviable feeling of being always in the right to the English.

The Nigerian, Nnamdi Azikiwie, is the founder of a movement known as Zikism, which translated means, "The youth is overwhelmingly indignant," or "The new age is full of revenge." Orizu in his book, *Without Bitterness*, draws sharply the line which separates the old Africa from the new in the drive of his people toward the Four Freedoms.

Nigeria is the one country in Africa

where Southern Baptists have launched a missionary program. Shall we and our work fall under similar criticism, or will we respond in the all-out way the call demands?

The call for a three-fold ministry is loud and insistent. Africa is well named the Dark Continent educationally; the illiteracy rate is appalling. It is a sick continent; urgent is the plea for medical missions to combat the ravages of malaria, sleeping sickness, dysentery, and other tropical diseases. And Africa is a lost continent spiritually; Mohammedanism and the heathen religions of the black man cannot satisfy the intellectual and spiritual awakenings of the new age. Only Christ has the full and completely adequate answers to this call of Equatorial Africa.

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THE COMMISSION

Kingdom Facts and Factors

(Continued from page 7)

In India the Mohammedans were expressing themselves in a new phase of their persistent demand that they shall have their way in the proposed independent India, although they constitute not more than one-fourth of the population.

Russia was on one of her special sit-down strikes both in Paris and at the Lake Success Conference.

The National Conference on Lynching, in session in Washington, sent a committee to President Truman to demand that he adopt and carry out a program which they had planned for him. He must put this program through or "the Negroes will —" (just what, the committee failed to say).

In Louisville the American Federation of Labor was announcing a vote on a general strike in support of a policeman's union which was making certain demands on the city government. It was proposed to tie up everything and leave the entire city unprotected from fire and crime.

Even in religious spheres blocs, self-appointed "committees" and other agencies are too often adopting some of the same tactics.

These symptoms, terrible as they are, need not prevent progress toward unity and co-operation. They will make this impossible unless there can be a compelling principle of unity, and intelligent implementation of it. Religion is the only ultimate and effective source of such a principle. The current campaign for frightening the world into good behavior with the atomic bomb and the more recent poison, a cubic inch of which we are told will quietly kill all the people of the United States and Canada within an hour or two, will not prevent men from going on in their folly. Fears do not generate positive and constructive courses. Men must hear the voice of God, respond to the love of the Christ, and yield to the persuasion of the Spirit if we will build world peace.

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In Memoriam

James McFadden Gaston

BORN March 30, 1868, APIAHY, BRAZIL, SOUTH AMERICA.

DIED September 28, 1946, DELAND, FLORIDA, U.S.A.



In the closing hours of September, the Foreign Mission Board received tidings of the death of Dr. James McFadden Gaston at his home in DeLand, Florida. Dr. and Mrs. Gaston were appointed to China in 1908 and rendered distinctive service there until their retirement in 1935.

James McFadden was born in Brazil March 30, 1868. His father, a skillful surgeon in the Confederate army, had moved to Brazil after the close of the War between the States. The McFaddens were members of the Presbyterian Mission Church in Campinas. Concerning the Bagbys, our first missionaries to Brazil who went out in 1881, James Gaston wrote years later:

I was a boy of fourteen when Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bagby arrived in Campinas, Brazil. There being no Baptist church in the city, Mr. and Mrs. Bagby, while studying the language, had cordial fellowship with the Presbyterians and Mr. Bagby became my Sunday school teacher. One of my most cherished possessions is a Bible given to me by Mr. Bagby. When they welcomed their firstborn, Ermine, my father was the family physician and there is still in our family a token of appreciation presented by the grateful parents to their doctor.

Dr. Gaston was converted at seventeen years of age but for a number of years was a member of the Presbyterian church, being an elder in a Presbyterian church in Atlanta. Dr. John E. Briggs, at that time a beloved Baptist pastor in Atlanta, wrote the Foreign Mission Board: "He became a Baptist from conviction. I did not know of his contemplated step until while taking tea with him in his home he told me of his convictions and of his intention to follow his Lord in bap-

tism. He is my family physician. We have been praying the Lord to raise up missionaries from our church, but I did not dream that he would take away our physician."

Shortly after joining the Capitol Avenue Church, of which Dr. Briggs was pastor, Dr. Gaston and Mrs. Gaston, already for a number of years members of that church, faced the call of God to go to North China. A new hospital was being built at Laichow-fu. Dr. John W. Lowe, Miss Mary Willford, Miss Cynthia Miller, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Glass, and other workers at Laichow-fu were praying God to send reinforcements for the Mayfield-Tyzzler hospital.

About the same time that John Lowe was writing an urgent letter to the Foreign Mission Board pleading for another doctor, Dr. Gaston mailed his application to the Board for appointment as a medical missionary.

Dr. and Mrs. Gaston rendered notable service in Laichow-fu and other areas of desperate need in North China. One of the most dramatic chapters in the history of missions in China is the story of the building of the Warren Memorial Hospital at Hwanghsien, the first mission hospital opened in China in 1903, with Dr. T. W. Ayers in charge; the Oxner hospital at Pingtu, begun by Dr. Randle and continued by Dr. John W. Lowe and Dr. J. M. Oxner; and the Laichow-fu hospital begun by Dr. and Mrs. E. M. Huckaby and continued by the Gastons.

Mrs. Gaston, who before her marriage was Miss Annie B. Gay, a native of Fork Union, Virginia, now living at the home in DeLand, has the sympathy of a host of Southern Baptists in her bereavement.

DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS OF MISSIONARIES

2 Roberta Pearle Johnson, 466 Shing Road, Shanghai, China.

4 Lydia Green, Baptist Mission, Tungshan, Canton, Kwangtung, China.

6 Allie Roberts LeSueur (Mrs. D. H.), 241 North Dick Dowling Street, San Benito, Texas; Bettie Abernethy Ricketson (Mrs. R. F.), Baptist Mission, Soochow, Kiangsu, China; Elizabeth Barnett Runyan (Mrs. Farrell E.), Baptist Mission, Igede, via Ada, Ekitis, Nigeria, West Africa.

8 Robert Edward Pettigrew, 116 Cemetery Street, Corinth, Missouri.

9 Louella Houston Beddoe (Mrs. R. E.), Stout Memorial Hospital, Wuchow, Kwangsi, China; T. B. Hawkins, 1220 Washington Avenue, New Orleans, Louisiana; Jesse D. McMurray, Calle Colorado 1876, Montevideo, Uruguay; Elizabeth Felisenfield Mein (Mrs. John), Caixa 221, Recife, Pernambuco, Brazil; Damaris Elizabeth Jaccard Muller (Mrs. A. C.), 1805 Arizona, El Paso, Texas; Janet Gilman Ray (Mrs. Rex), 1203 North Cedar Street, Bonham, Texas.

10 Edith Ayers Allen (Mrs. W. E.), Caixa 2655, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; J. A. Harrington, Rua Ponte Nova 555, Bello Horizonte, Minas, Brazil; John Allen Moore, Howard College, Birmingham, Alabama.

11 Stockwell B. Sears, 2803 South 24th Street, St. Joseph 32, Missouri; Maxey G. White, Caixa 184, Bahia, Brazil.

12 Leslie Sands Williams (Mrs. W. J.), Baptist Hospital, Ogbomoso, Nigeria, West Africa.

14 E. Milford Howell, Box 132, Port Harcourt, Nigeria, West Africa; Pauline Gilliland Patterson (Mrs. F. W.), Box 1648, El Paso, Texas.

15 Louise Doyle Brantley (Mrs. M. E.), Box 5, Port Harcourt, Nigeria, West Africa; Sallie M. James, 1445 Rhode Island Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.

16 Frances Davis Tumblin (Mrs. J. A.), 2811 Marshall Street, Newport News, Virginia.

17 Z. Paul Freeman, San Lorenzo 1088, Tucuman, Argentina; Gertrude Weatherby Morgan (Mrs. F. A. R.), Al Barao de Piracicaba No. 73, Sao Paulo, Brazil; Sidney McF. Sowell, General Urquiza 186, Buenos Aires, Argentina.

19 H. H. Muirhead, 1660 East Elmore, Dallas 16, Texas; Margaret Johnson Porter (Mrs. P. C.), Sumare, Municipio do Campinas, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil.

20 Thelma Frith Bagby (Mrs. A. I.), Caixa 118, Porto Alegre, E. de R.C. do

For Your Convenience

If you use this list as a directory for mailing birthday greetings to missionaries, you will be glad to know that beginning with the January issue, THE COMMISSION will publish the birthday list a month in advance. M. E. M.

Sul, Brazil; Lindell O. Harris, 2323 University Avenue, Honolulu, T. H.; L. L. Johnson, Caixa 178, Recife, Pernambuco, Brazil.

21 Lois Hart, Casilla 81, Antofagasta, Chile.

22 T. W. Ayers, 978 Juniper Street, N. E., Atlanta, Georgia; Ruth Newport Carlisle (Mrs. R. L.), Wesson, Mississippi; Dorothy Elam Dailey (Mrs. A. R.), Apartado Nacional 713, Barranquilla, Colombia; Edward D. Galloway, Fleming, Kentucky; John L. Riffey, Caixa 1982, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; H. W. Schweinsberg, Apartado Aereo 862, Barranquilla, Colombia; William Henry Tipton, 706½ Eastwood, Houston, Texas; Ralph Lee West, Box 48, Benin City, Nigeria, West Africa.

23 Polly Love Morris (Mrs. John Glenn), 563 George Street, New Haven, Connecticut; Mary Ellen Wooten, 5 Collier Road, Atlanta, Georgia.

24 Ossie Price Littleton (Mrs. Homer R.), Igede, via Ada, Ekiti, Nigeria, West Africa; Olive Baldock Walker (Mrs. H. Glenn), 2026 Army Parkway, New Orleans, Louisiana.

25 Elizabeth Jackson Johnson (Mrs. R. E.), 118 Meadowdale, Warner Robins, Georgia.

27 William H. Carson, Box 132, Port Harcourt, Nigeria, West Africa; Roberta Cox, Baptist Hospital, Ogbomoso, Nigeria, West Africa; Ava Manning David (Mrs. V. L.), Cerro Las Rosas, Cordoba, Nigeria; Ruth Ford, Tungshan, Canton, China; Farrell E. Runyan, Baptist Mission, Igede, via Ekiti, Nigeria, West Africa.

28 Alfred Celso Muller, 1805 Arizona, El Paso, Texas; Ida Pauline Eaglesfield (Mrs. C. F.), Ibadan, Nigeria, West Africa; Frances McCaw Goldfinch (Mrs. S. L.), Casilla 186, Asuncion, Paraguay; Pearl Dunstan Stapp (Mrs. C. F.), Caixa 38, Maceio, Alagoas, Brazil.

29 Arthur R. Gallimore, Wake Forest, North Carolina; Carrie G. Lumbley (Mrs. W. T.), 24 St. Alban's Crescent, Bournemouth, England.

30 Eva M. Sanders, Ire, via Ikirun, Nigeria, West Africa; Mary Long Ware (Mrs. J. H.), Box 1581, Shanghai, China.

31 Bennie T. Griffin, Abeokuta, Nigeria, West Africa; Walter B. McNealy, Caixa 320, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

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Have a Heart this Christmas!

(Continued from page 8)

thousands of our European neighbors have lived merely above the subsistence level for many long months. They are victims of tragic circumstances over which they have had little if any control.

The vast majority of fathers in these destitute European countries grab at the slightest opportunity to earn an honest livelihood for their loved ones. The mothers welcome added sacrifices to benefit their undernourished, oft-diseased children. Clothing in poverty-stricken households is now a mass of rags.

The fundamentals of constructive giving in a local situation apply also to sharing with neighbors overseas. Family situations have been surveyed and adequate information is available about families in various areas of Europe and of Asia. By adopting a family in Italy or Japan, an American family can make Christmas a holy day. Mailing parcels has some of the same advantages as indirect assistance to a poverty-stricken family in a local community. A plan has been worked out to avoid duplication of effort. No one family receives help from several sources while another household is completely neglected.

Not out of pity, nor for the sake of duty, should we share but out of sympathetic concern and understanding for our fellowmen, and out of love for our Master who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

BOOKS

Any book mentioned may be had from the Baptist Book Store serving your state.

Every student of world missions will do well to read *Christian World Mission* (Commission on Ministerial Training, The Methodist Church, Nashville, Tennessee, paper \$1.08, cloth \$2.00), edited by William K. Anderson. This symposium of thirty chapters, most of them delivered at an annual conference on ministerial training, represents the views of the world's best known mission authorities on the three general themes: background; panorama after World War II; and modern methods and objectives.

The journalistic scoop of the year, in the opinion of many editors, was the August 31 issue of *The New Yorker*, whose entire editorial space was devoted to John Hersey's report entitled "Hiroshima." This 30,000-word "doomsday document," as *Time* called it, is now available in book form (Knopf, \$1.75). Mr. Hersey interviewed eight of the survivors—a business girl, a German Catholic priest, two medical doctors, a war widow, and the pastor of the Hiroshima Methodist Church among others—to get the story of what happened the day 100,000 men, women, and children were killed, and what the survivors did during the following days and months. *Hiroshima* makes possible a more intelligent approach to the problem of controlling atomic energy. It is considered by some to be the best piece of reporting of the war; it is certainly the first human account of the bombing.

One of the most practical books on preaching we have seen recently is Clarence E. Macartney's *Preaching Without Notes* (Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$1.75). Dr. Macartney, a great preacher and pastor, and author, expresses the opinion that the sermon which does the most good is the sermon which is preached without notes. But he warns his reader that preaching without notes is by all odds the hardest way, both as to preparation and as to delivery.

After the death of her husband, for solace in her sorrow, Mrs. Ramabai Ranade wrote down incidents of their

life together. The result, *Himself, the Autobiography of a Hindu Lady*, (Longmans, Green, \$2.00) as translated and adapted for Western readers by Katherine Van Akin Gates, is a touching story of devotion and respect, told with simplicity and restraint. When only eleven years old and utterly uneducated, the author was married to a university graduate of thirty-two, the marriage being arranged by their fathers against his will. This book is refreshingly different from modern novels.

Stuart Chase brings us face-to-face with the disillusionments of war and the challenging tasks of the days ahead in his *For This We Fought* (Twentieth Century Fund, \$1.00). It is a provocative study of war and peace economy.

Tibetan Voices (Harper, \$1.50) by Robert B. Ekvall, who spent twenty-one years in Tibet in missionary service and writing, is a rare expression, in verse, of the striving in Tibet for a knowledge of God.

Do not begin reading *Back to the Smoky Sea* (Julian Messner, \$2.50) by Nutchuk (with Alden Hatch) until you have time to finish this saga of a brave and gifted Eskimo's experiences. It is a heart-warming and inspiring story.

Brayton Case, sent to Burma in 1912 by the American Baptist Foreign Mis-

sion Society, won the admiration and affection of not only the Burmese people, but the world by his glorious ministry of preaching, teaching, healing, and leading in agricultural missions. His letters, gathered by Randolph Howard in a little volume, *Lazy-Man Rest-Not* (Judson Press, 75 cents) tug at the heart and give a new appreciation of the toils and triumphs of missionaries.

Vera Micheles Dean in *Russia: Menace or Promise* (Foreign Policy Association, 25 cents) has written a succinct, stimulating study of the great land about which so many questions are being asked. Many of them are answered in this item of the familiar Headline Series.

The Lance of Longinus by Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein (Macmillan, \$2.00), is the thrilling story of the experiences of the Roman officer who thrust his lance into the side of the crucified Christ; in looking at the cross after the crucifixion, he had a new understanding of the Son of Man. He rejoiced with others in the blessed tidings, "The Lord is risen."

The Wall Between by Elsie Oakes Barber (Macmillan, \$2.75) is an unusual description of the efforts of the worldly wife of a young minister to share his work with sympathetic and helpful interest.

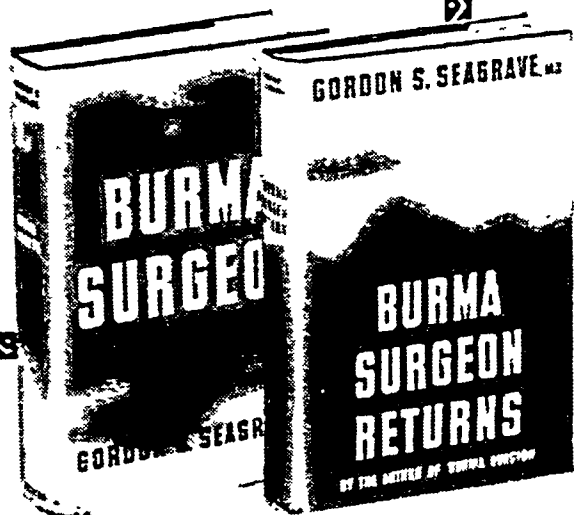
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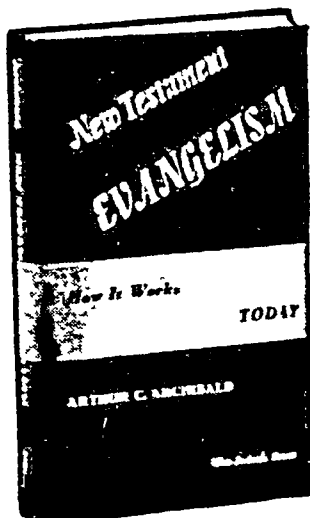
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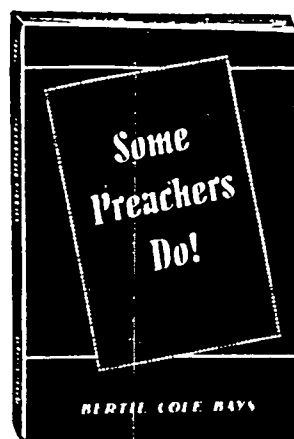
By Helen B. Montgomery

A refreshing and scholarly translation of the New Testament out of the original, that combines spiritual insight and literary ability with clarity. Here is an enriching book for daily devotional reading. **\$1.50**

SOME PREACHERS DO!

By Bertie Cole Bays

Its satirical humor, its intimate, revealing knowledge of the ministerial life, and its vivid portraits of the idiosyncrasies of church congregations make this little book one every preacher and his family as well as laymen, will read with profit and a consuming delight. **\$1.25**



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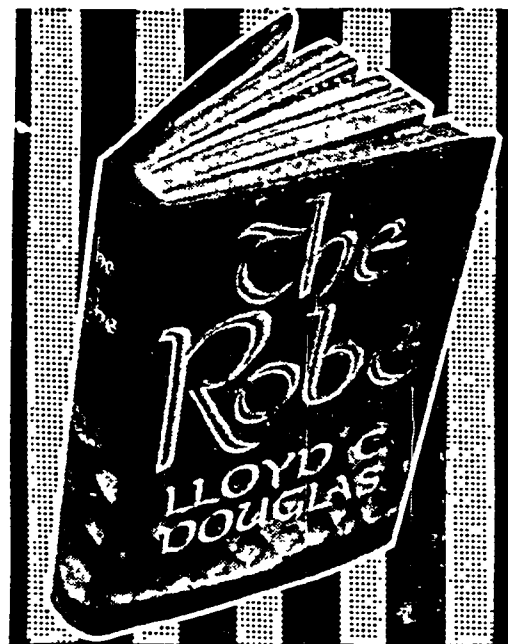
The Land and the Well, a novel by Hilda Wernher (John Day, \$2.75), has depth of feeling, understanding of the peasants of India, and wisdom in interpreting forces that move humanity. It is a fine story of struggle and

hope in the face of impossible odds. But the book will be banned from many reading tables because the author uses no restraint in portraying the dominating force of sex in the life of the Hindu.

Dorothy Clarke Wilson is the author of a dramatic service of consecration entitled "A Candlelighting Service" (Walter H. Baker, 35 cents). This may be the culminating feature of a worship service, an installation ceremony, or a special day observance. The cast includes the pastor or adult counselor, a reader, and a youth group with six speaking parts. The setting is any church sanctuary. This service is written in poetic form, and it is good poetry. In addition to the author's own poetry, several other appropriate poems are included. The service is interspersed with hymns which are also carefully and wisely chosen. It is a new and refreshing presentation of a theme often used.

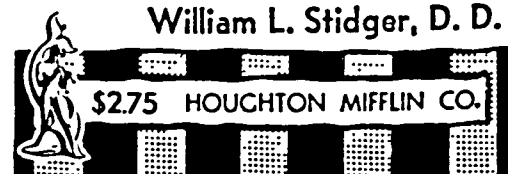
Charioteer (Eerdman's, \$3.50), by Gertrude Eberle is a wholesome story of Egypt in the days of Joseph. The thrilling recital of the chariot race reminds us of Ben Hur.

Life at Its Best (Van Kampen Press, \$2.00) by Roy L. Laurin is a stimulating exposition of the First Epistle of John.



"*The Robe* by Lloyd Douglas follows a great tradition. Each generation seems to bring forth a great book about Christ, his disciples, the early Christian Church, and those immortally dramatic days. This generation it is *The Robe*, and it is my guess that this is the climax book of them all."

William L. Stidger, D. D.



Studying Missions

By Mary M. Hunter

The following excerpts are from a letter published in the December, 1888, issue of *Foreign Mission Journal*, now *THE COMMISSION*. The letter was written by Miss M. E. McIntosh, president of the Baptist Mission Societies, and her corresponding secretary, Miss Annie W. Armstrong.

We have, dear friends, but to glance over our foreign mission fields, in order to see that the work is broadening, and that our missionaries, in attempting to keep up with it, often break down in health or sacrifice their lives. Doors are opening where there are none to enter in, and those who have already entered are failing in physical strength because overtaxed and unrelieved. These things have arrested our attention and have moved us to appeal to the Baptist women of the South to consider them with us, and see if we cannot do something at once, for at least one of these stations, where laborers are so much needed.

From Pingtu, in the province of Shantung, China, Miss [Lottie] Moon writes most touchingly of the needs of the field and begs for immediate assistance. The continuous work of more than ten years is telling on her and she ought to come home. But the manifestation of interest in the gospel is such, as to make her unwilling to leave, and she has determined to remain a little longer still, hoping that others may be sent before she is compelled to come away.

Our proposition is that we each make a Christmas offering for the Pingtu mission and have the two ladies sent out as soon as the Board can find them and secure their services. This, it is hoped,

will not interfere with our regular contributions to missions, but will be regarded as a special offering, suggested by the season and the emergency of the case.

In order to insure concert of action the following plan has been suggested: That one of the enclosed envelopes be given to each member of your society; that on Christmas Day she put her offering in it; that a meeting of your society be appointed for Wednesday after the first Sunday in January; that the envelope be brought in to this meeting and the contents forwarded to your State Central Committee with instructions to appropriate to the Pingtu mission. This meeting will occur during the week of prayer, when the spirit of intercession should be uppermost in every Christian heart. Let us try to prepare ourselves and others for it and have a large attendance and a spirited meeting.

Even the children, we think, if they catch this thought, will become interested in "Mother's Christmas Envelope" with a present in it for Miss Moon and the Pingtu mission—yea, and an offering also for Him to whom the wise men of the East brought such precious gifts as gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Thirty thousand envelopes were sent out to individuals and societies who desired to assist in that most worthy object.

The Foreign Mission Board promised that a separate account should be kept of the Christmas offering so that the women's societies, if successful, might have the definite satisfaction

Just off the press is the notebook size reproduction of the foreign-mission display at the Ridgecrest Summer Assembly, entitled "How Missionary Are We?" Designed for use in mission study classes, it is available for general distribution in any church group. Order by title from the Department of Literature and Exhibits, Box 5148, Richmond 20, Virginia.

Requests for *The Pathway to Peace* (the 1946 report of the Foreign Mission Board), the catalog of motion pictures and slides in the Foreign Mission Board Film Library, and other free literature, will be answered by return mail.

and encouragement of knowing that the object worked for was accomplished.

In answer to Miss Moon's appeal, Woman's Missionary Societies of the Southern Baptist Convention put into the Lord's treasury \$3,315.26 to be used to send two women missionaries to Pingtu as soon as the Foreign Mission Board could find and appoint them. Thus the overdue furlough for which Lottie Moon had waited was made possible.

Woman's Missionary Union has, since its inception, emphasized the privilege of prayer and gifts in behalf of foreign missions. It has, through the years, provided the Foreign Mission Board with an ever-increasing income. Today the foreign missionary enterprise is face to face with the most meaningful hour in its history. The Lottie Moon Christmas Offering scheduled this year for December 6 will help in many ways—not the least of which are the restoring or re-equipping of hospitals, schools, and churches where the suffering people of the mission fields can be healed, where they can be strengthened in mind and body, and where they can worship God in spirit and in truth.

A great offering will make possible larger achievement in the years ahead, and none will profit more than those who contribute sacrificially to missionary work around the world.

LOTTIE MOON CHRISTMAS OFFERING

1888	\$	3,315.26
1945	\$	1,201,962.24
1946	\$?

His Name Was Limpy

Limpy was not his real name, but since he could remember it had been the only name he had known. Early one spring morning twelve years before, mad elephants had charged into the village and left the little African baby crippled.

"When I grow up I will hunt and fish like the village men," he would say to his father. And always the big African chief would sadly shake his head and walk away.

Then Limpy would talk to his mother. "Why is one leg short and the other long?" he would ask. But before she could answer, he would pat his beautiful cane and say, "But I have such a wonderful cane to help me, haven't I, mother?"

It was at the mission school that Limpy was happiest. There the missionaries read to him from God's Holy Book words which soothed his heart . . . how Jesus of Nazareth went about doing good, and healing, for God was with him.

It was not long before Limpy gave his heart completely to the One "who went about doing good." Each day he quietly stored away in his heart new verses from God's Word. And when at last he learned to read, the missionaries gave him a Bible to call his own.

But Limpy found no way to express his new-found joy, for he was yet so ashamed of his crippled feet that he would not so much as mount the platform to share in the sing-song. Instead, day by day he sat on the back row of the schoolroom drinking in the stories and verses, but saying not a word. One day a runner came to the mission from a neighboring village.

"Our people wish to learn the Jesus way," said

he, "and there is no one to teach us. Please send us a teacher."

But the missionaries already had more than they could care for. The runner went away and the missionaries prayed for a new teacher.

Weeks passed—again the runner came with the same message; the third time he came, and each time the missionaries had to send him away.

And then, one day while the men and boys were away in the forest on a hunting trip, Limpy disappeared.

"He must have followed the men into the forest and lost himself—or perhaps he was eaten by a tiger," said his schoolmates. Days passed—and Limpy was almost forgotten.

Long afterward the missionaries made a tour of neighboring villages. As they journeyed along a thickly shaded trail they suddenly heard beautiful voices singing gospel hymns. What could it mean? Surely there were no Christian villages in this neighborhood! Was not this the village which had sent for a teacher many moons ago? But here were natives with happy faces—houses clean and neat—beyond a doubt this was a Christian village!

"Oh, you have missionaries here?" they asked with surprise.

"No missionaries," answered the natives, "but one honored teacher."

"What is his name?" they asked.

"We call him Good-News." They spoke the name tenderly. "Ah—here he comes now!" And hobbling toward them on his trusty cane came one with a glowing face whose name was Limpy.

MISSIONARY NEWS *Flashes*

Arrivals

Miss Ruby Daniel of Hungary, who has served as a teacher for the past year in Nigeria, arrived October 20 and is visiting her family at Oxford, North Carolina.

Miss Onis Vineyard of Brazil is on furlough at Del Rio, Texas.

On sick leave from Brazil are the Rev. A. E. Hayes, Englewood, Florida, and the Rev. J. A. Lunsford, 719 Creath Street, Jonesboro, Arkansas.

Departures

Miss Cathryn Smith left Miami October 10 by air for Recife, where she will be assigned to her permanent post of duty.

The Rev. and Mrs. J. Ivey Miller left New Orleans October 31 by air for Santiago, Chile. Their permanent station will be announced later.

Retirement

Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Christie of Brazil are en route to the United States to live. On November 1 they became missionaries emeritus of the Foreign Mission Board.

Next January 1, the following missionaries also retire: Miss Pearl Caldwell of China, Mrs. A. L. Dunstan of Brazil, the Rev. and Mrs. A. R. Gallimore of China, Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Muirhead of China, Mrs. W. E. Sallee of China, and Miss Annie Sandlin of China.

Birth

The Rev. and Mrs. Edward D. Galloway, appointees for China, announce the birth of a son, Mark Ellis, at Fleming, Kentucky, September 17.

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ELMO L. BATEMAN, Director
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"The Manger" is the religious card of the collection of Christmas cards offered this year by United Service to China (formerly United China Relief), 1790 Broadway, New York 19, New York. It is sold in a box of one dozen for \$1.00. As in previous years, proceeds from the sale of these cards will be used for educational, health, and child care programs to help China help herself.

I Saw Peacemakers at Work

(Continued from page 12)

After I had seen the campus, I was invited to visit the farm. Six miles across the country, a Maryland farmer has voluntarily given his farm and all of his time to the heifers for relief project.

The farmer or the hospital or orphanage in Europe who receives each heifer must agree to give away the first calf to somebody who has no cow.

This peace center is doing amazing things for peace on earth, goodwill among men. During the first half of 1946, two million pounds of clothing and three-and-a-half million pounds of food were shipped overseas. Clothing receipts slumped badly during the summer, but they have risen again this fall. Mr. Metzler told me they can handle thirty tons a day. Their biggest

day so far was eight carloads of goods received. They have packed as many as 404 bales in one eight-hour shift, and they are prepared to double that output if churches will send the stuff.

Here is no complex organization with staggering overhead expense, hamstrung by political and military skepticism, and high-salaried but half-hearted personnel. Here is no series of warehouses where moths consume, rust corrupts, and thieves break through and steal.

This is a peace center with a heart of love. It is the oldest and the best equipped of eight Church World Service Centers. It is turning out goods, cleaned, mended, and sometimes made over, for men and women, boys and girls, that they may have tangible evidence of Christian good will from American church people.

Diamond Ring for Missions

A diamond ring, donated to the Foreign Mission Board to be sold for what it is worth and the proceeds given to missions, has been appraised by a leading jeweler at \$1,000, including the Government excise tax of 20 per cent.

The annual salary of a foreign missionary is now \$1,000, and the gift of the ring will make possible the support of a missionary for a year if a purchaser can be found.

The ring is in the care of the treasurer of the Foreign Mission Board. Information or an interview to see the ring may be had on request.

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A new and better way for Japan? THE BIBLE POINTS TOWARD IT

THE Emperor of Japan has renounced his claim to divinity. *Will the Christian God replace him?* Will these Japanese children and millions of others like them find Christ and his way? Or will they fall prey to some false religion which may lead them astray again, to become a menace to world peace?

The answer is largely in the hands of Christian Americans. Today these youngsters are a clean white page upon which the name of Jesus Christ can be enduringly inscribed. The first essential task is to get to them the story of Jesus in their own lan-

guage as it is written in the Gospels.

Japanese Christian leaders have asked for 100,000 Bibles and 2,500,000 Testaments. Our military authorities have assured the necessary transportation facilities. These Scriptures are being sent as rapidly as they can be printed and the necessary funds secured.

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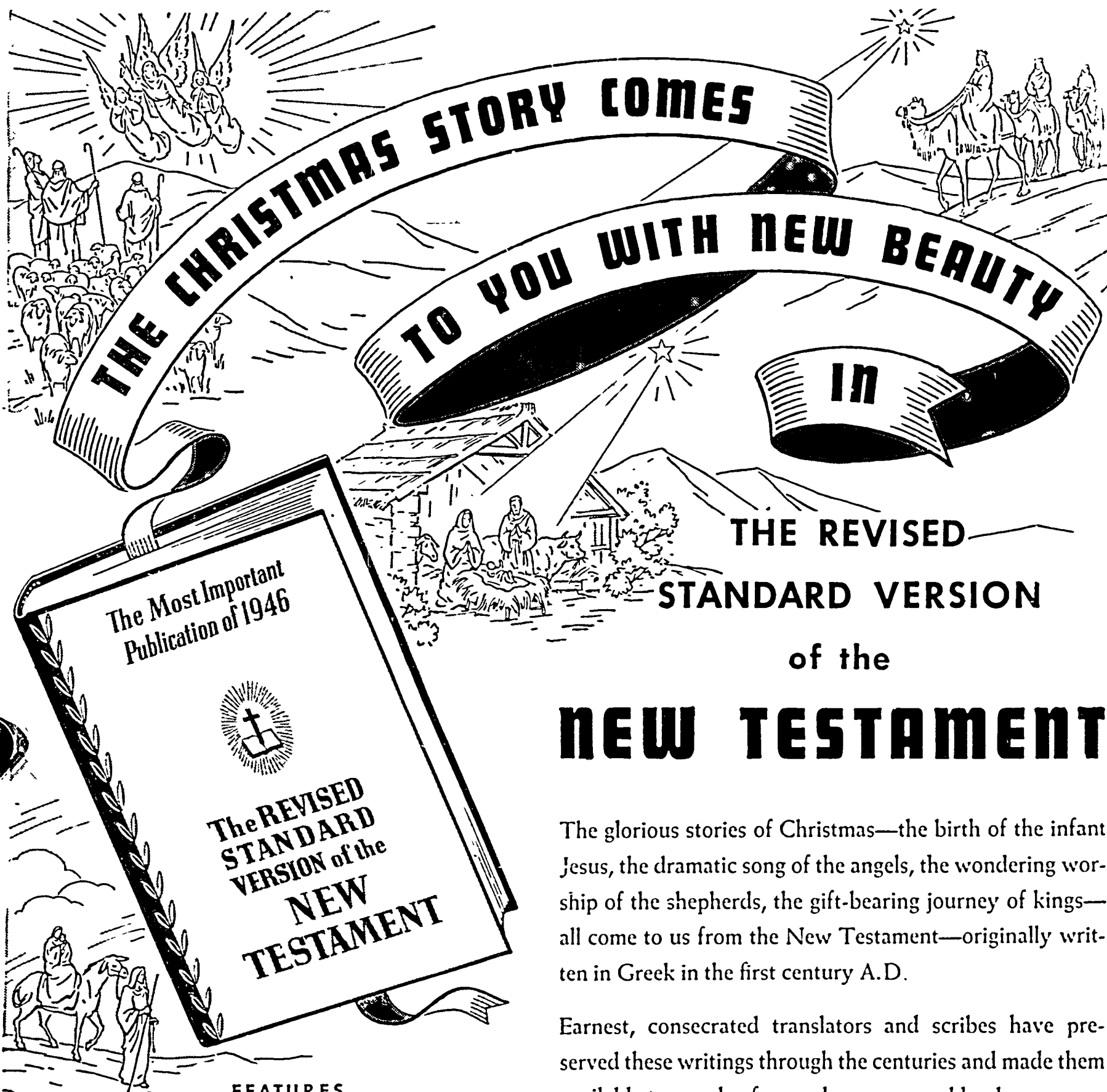
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FEATURES

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