

Dec- When Thomas died 1865-

London Missionary Society 10th
action: " Regret that he left
Peking & regret that he
went to P. G. such an
unpromising field -

unpromising field! Today,
50 yrs after, & best of any mission
field in all the world

1865

Not Dead Yet

King Yong-jong, who ruled Korea from 1724 to 1777, once desired to build a little palace to be called the Yuk-sang-gung. But when he gave an order on the public treasury the official who acted as controller of the treasury under the finance minister refused to hand over the money. The minister thereupon reported to the king to that effect. In great anger the king ordered the official, Kim Pok-san, to appear before him. When he appeared the king asked, "Why have you dared to refuse to pay out the money at my order?" The faithful Kim replied: "The money in the public treasury is for public use. This palace you would build is a private affair of Your Majesty's, and I cannot let the money go for this purpose."

The king was not able to answer the argument and dismissed the man, but immediately sent to the royal stables and ordered the grooms to pick out a horse that was sick and at the point of death and send it to Kim Pok-san's house: and at the same time he sent a message to Kim saying, "If in four days from now you tell me this horse is dead your head will be forfeited."

Promptly at the appointed time Kim was called to the palace and the king asked, "How about that horse?" "Well," answered Kim, "for three days the horse has refused to eat or drink or to breathe." "Aha; then he is dead?" Kim only bowed assent. "Your life is forfeit then." Kim bowed still lower and said: "I am quite prepared to die if orders, but you said my life is forfeit when I told you that the horse was dead. I have not done so. I have only said that the animal had ceased to breathe."

Christ may increase while we decrease. He who will lose his life shall find it. He is greatest who is servant of all.

7. Some Protestant churches whose theory of apostolic succession and priestly order and sacerdotal worship have much in common with the Church of Rome, have been embarrassed at the thought of attempting missions in lands where the Roman Catholic is dominant, since its formal creeds and much of its ritual have so much in common with what is to be found in their own Book of Common Prayer. Nor should we ever forget the fact that for so many centuries that was the only church and the custodian of the truth, as Judaism was in its day. Wherever there is a church or a religion that knows enough of the spirit of Christ to bleed and to bless, we dare not forbid them because they follow not us. But where after nearly four centuries,

as in Latin America, we find a kind of baptized paganism, where there has been little more than an exchange of one species of idolatry for another; where illegitimacy and illiteracy abound and the dominant church there is unable to correct either; where many priests are so notoriously immoral that wives are forbidden to attend the confessional and men ignore and despise the Church of Rome that has after centuries failed to command their respect and their confidence; where the state is so corrupt as to promote hired assassins to places of trust as a reward for their cowardly brutality; with such a state of confest and notorious debasement and immorality that smells to heaven, the duty of Christian missions is that of the good Samaritan, where priest and Levite passed by on either side. It is at once the parable and the example of our Lord.

"LET DOWN YOUR NETS"

Launch out into the deep,

The awful depths of a world's despair;
Hearts that are breaking and eyes that
weep,

Sorrow and ruin and death are there.
And the sea is wide, and the pitiless tide
Bears on his bosom away—away,
Beauty and youth in relentless ruth
To its dark abyss for aye—for aye.

But the Master's voice comes over the
sea,

"Let down your nets for a draught" for
Me;

He stands in our midst on our wreck-
strewn strand,

And sweet and royal is His command.

His pleading call
Is teach—to all!

And wherever the royal call is heard,
There hang the nets of the royal Word.
Trust to the nets and not to your skill,
Trust to the royal Master's will:
Let down your nets each day, each hour,
For the word of a king is a word of
power;

And the King's own voice comes over
the sea,

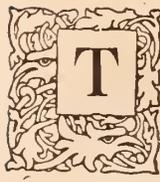
"Let down your nets for a draught" for
Me!

—Selected.

1913
Cummings Case

A KOREAN VIEW OF JAPAN'S POLICY IN KOREA

BY A KOREAN IN AMERICA*



THE American and European newspapers have lately chronicled the arrests and alleged torture of Korean Christians charged by the Japanese gendarmerie with conspiracy against the life of the Japanese Governor, General Terauchi. Even in the trials in the Japanese courts, the Japanese were unable to produce proof that this crime was attempted or plotted. The only foundation they could find for their charges consisted of confessions made by the prisoners, who afterward repudiated them in open court and stated that the confessions were wrung from them by continued torture.

The difficult problem for the American public to understand is, what are the underlying causes of all this trouble? No one can understand or believe the possibility of this "incredible" story of forced confession under torture by the gendarmerie, unless he gets down to the bed rock of it.

No Korean, regardless of how anti-Japanese he may be, can deny the fact that Japan has made some wonderful material improvements in Korea since she took possession of it. Altho it is true that the improvements are, as a rule, more for the advancement of their own military plans than for the benefit of the Korean people in general, no American, however jingoistic he may be, can deny the marvelous progress Japan has made during the past half century, nor would we overlook the religious freedom which the Christian

missionaries in that "Island Empire" have enjoyed. For this reason it is hard for those who do not understand the inner motive of the Japanese policy in Korea, to believe the "incredible" tale of the Japanese torture of the Korean Christians. Indeed, it would be absurd to accuse Japan of such crime, if the true motive of the Japanese policy in Korea is to educate and enlighten the Korean people as she has educated her own. In order to understand the nature of Japan's action in the "conspiracy" case, it is necessary to know the underlying Japanese policy in Korea. . . .

Ever since their occupation of Korea the Japanese have aimed to stamp out the spirit of nationalism among the Koreans. With this in view they have stopt the publication of all newspapers and magazines that tended to preserve the spirit of Korean nationalism and have put the few remaining dailies under censorship. Thousands of books on Korean history, those giving the traditions of the Korean people and western books translated into the Korean language—every piece of literature that would stimulate national pride and patriotism among the Koreans was collected from all over the country and *burned*. School regulations forbade the teaching in the common schools of general history and geography—in fact, everything that would give the student a broader knowledge of the outside world. The higher education among the Koreans is deliberately opposed by the Japanese authorities, and Korean students are no longer per-

* The writer does not reveal his name—not because of himself, but for the sake of his parents and relatives in Korea.

mitted to go to Europe or America to obtain their education.

Indeed, the Japanese have succeeded in separating Korea from the outside world as much as possible. When foreign visitors of influence come to Korea, they are turned over to pro-Japanese foreigners in Korea, who are always willing and ready to advocate the Japanese cause. The Japanese authorities have made ludicrous attempts to keep the foreign visitors from learning the facts, and to keep distinguished public men, like Vice-President Fairbanks, from having private conversation with missionaries in Korea.

When the New York *Herald* first published the stories of the Japanese treatment of the Korean Christians, the Japanese press denied the statements. If it were not for the protests of the missionaries and the disinterested reports of such correspondents as J. K. Ohl, I believe that the Japanese would have continued their ill-treatment of the accused Christians. It was the public sentiment of the enlightened world that induced Japan to give the accused Christians a public trial.

The method of Japanese espionage in Korea is incredible to the western people. Every letter that goes out or goes into Korea is liable to be opened and examined before it is forwarded to its destination. No Korean in America dares to mention anything about politics in his letters to his friends or relatives in Korea. He knows that his letter will probably be opened and that if anything unfavorable to the Japanese administration is found therein the letter will not be delivered. The receiver would also be charged with treason and may be severely punished. Indeed, one of the

prominent missionaries in Korea wrote the following letter to Mr. William T. Ellis, the editor-in-chief of *The Continent*:

"There will be no address or superscription in this letter for reasons known to the police, but you will know from whom it is when I tell you that (here follows a code phrase which indicates the identity of the writer and which had been agreed upon to convey the warning that the writer was in imminent personal danger). We do not dare to write the things we know, for we have good reasons to believe that our letters are very carefully watched, and any indiscretion on our part in reporting the things which we know the Japanese are doing might get our poor helpless Koreans into trouble. For it would seem that what the Japanese are aiming to do is to hamper our work so that we will have to leave. They have always been jealous of our influence and incredibly suspicious of our designs, and would, no doubt, be very glad to get rid of us. Then, too, they are smart enough to know that by making the people Christian we are making enlightened people of them, who will be harder to exterminate or to reduce to serfdom than the raw heathens.

"I would not mind having them arrest me—I would like to see them try it—but that is not the way they are working. They would bother the Koreans instead. Our only weapon is public sentiment on the subject in the United States and widespread knowledge of the facts. It was effective before in stopping the torture of witnesses. These Japanese, of course, deny having used torture, but it is absolutely beyond question that they do. Some have gone insane from the pain. One and all tell the same story, even those who have not at any time seen one another during confinement. They tie their thumbs behind their backs and string them up, or crush their knuckles in a machine like a nut-cracker, and plunge their arms into unbearable hot

water, and threaten them with red-hot irons."—(*Continent*, June 27, 1912.)

In spite of all the improvements in Korea attributed to the Japanese, the Korean people, outside of church influence, have fallen backward in their moral progress. Their time-honored traditions of the past virtue were wiped out, together with the repression of their national life, by their conquerors. They received no substitute. Instead, all forms of vice were encouraged, and in many cases were forced upon them by the Japanese.

Pastor Kil of Pyeng Yang, the minister of the largest Presbyterian Church in Korea, was arrested for preaching against the evil of cigaret smoking among boys. The analysis of the charge was: the manufacture of ciga-rets is a government monopoly; to speak against their use is to injure a government institution; to injure a government institution is to work against the government; to work against the government is treason; and therefore Pastor Kil was charged with treason.

F. A. McKenzie, the eminent British journalist who traveled all over the interior of Korea for independent investigation of the Korean conditions under the Japanese régime, gives the following account in his book, "The Tragedy of Korea":

"One act on the part of the Japanese surprized most of those who knew them best. In Japan itself opium-smoking is prohibited under the heaviest penalties, and elaborate precautions are taken to shut opium in any of its forms out of the country. Strict anti-opium laws were also enforced in Korea under the old administration. The Japanese, however, now permitted numbers of their people to travel through the interior of Korea selling morphia to the natives. In the

northwest in particular, this caused quite a wave of morphia-mania."

Thomas F. Millard, the distinguished American traveler and writer, sums up the account of his personal observations in Korea, in his book, "America and the Far Eastern Questions," as follows:

"Seizure of land and properties of Koreans by Japanese without proper compensation or legal warrant; exclusion of Koreans from participation in commercial and industrial development of the country; subjection of Koreans to abuse and indignities at the hands of Japanese immigrants, military and civil officials; the practical impossibility of Koreans to obtain justice in issues against Japanese; superior advantages of Japanese over Korean tradesmen and merchants, through the preferential treatment accorded by Japanese administration, debauchery of Korean morals by Japanese immigrants, by introduction of thousands of Japanese prostitutes and by the introduction of pernicious vices, such as opium and lotteries.

"The detriments so summarized are not based upon few and isolated facts, but are so numerous and widespread as to unmistakably indicate that they are partly the result of premeditated general policy and partly due to the laxity and indifference of Japanese administrators.

"The truth is that the Japanese in Korea demean themselves, not as ordinary immigrants, but as over-lords; and this is as true of the Japanese coolie in his sphere, as it is of the highest officials. The average Japanese in Korea assumes to regard Koreans a subject race. Moreover they are supported in this attitude by the policy of the Japanese government, and by the actions of Japanese officials in Korea. Indeed, the plight of a Korean in his own country is now a sorry one; yet curiously enough, he may not emigrate without permission of the Japanese authorities."

Taking all these things into consider-

ation, the Japanese treatment of Korean Christians, what might be expected in view of their policy to wipe out completely all that is distinctly Korean? In order to do so, it is necessary to keep the Koreans as subservient as possible. The Japanese know that Christianity will stiffen Korea's moral fiber, awaken the dormant intellectual life and revitalize the manhood of the dead nation. The most progressive, self-reliant and efficient of all Koreans are the Christians. While obedient to the Japanese laws—and admittedly the ones who prevented a rebellion at the time of the annexation, for they saw the hopelessness of trying to cope with their formidable foe—nevertheless they refuse to worship the Japanese emperor's tablet, or to keep heathen festivals. They submit to injustice, and they show how Christians can die for the sake of righteousness, but they will not deny their faith. Japan does not look with favor upon an agency which makes men of this independent sort. When one understands all these things, can he wonder why Japan is so jealous of the Christian influence in Korea?

The 106 accused "conspirators" are among those who prevented the rebellion against Japan at the time of annexation; condemned the assassination of Prince Ito and Mr. Stevens; and have opposed all the radical measures of the "hot-heads" among their countrymen. The accused Christians, including editors, professors, pastors,

deacons and elders of the church, are the leading men in Korea, who firmly believe that the only salvation of their country lies in the complete education of all the people in the peninsula.

Baron Yun Chi Ho, who was charged as the ringleader of the conspiracy, is a graduate of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, was the vice-minister of foreign affairs under the Korean administration, a Korean Methodist delegate to the Edinburgh conference, and the president of the Methodist College at Song Do. So conservative and non-resistant was he in regard to politics, that many of the Korean radicals falsely charged him as being pro-Japanese. Indeed, it is just as absurd to believe that men like Baron Yun or Pastor Kil forming a conspiracy to murder the Governor-General Terauchi, as it is to assume Dr. Eliot of Harvard, or Cardinal Gibbons plotting the assassination of the President of the United States. Japan has no prejudice against Christianity as a religion, but she does oppose the effects of it upon the Korean people—the awakening of national consciousness, the rapid growth of intellectual and moral life and building up of genuine manhood.

An American writer, who is well informed concerning Korean affairs, well express the truth when he said, in regard to the trials of the Korean Christians, "It is not religious persecution of Christianity, but it is political persecution of the Church."

"BLEACHER CHRISTIANS"

Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery says that "too many church-members are sitting on the bleachers watching the game and are not down in the dust and struggle of it." What a lot of "Bleacher Christians" there are! Some did not even pay the gate money, but climbed over the fence. They watch the game, and many are not even good "rooters." Suppose we get down off the bleachers and go onto the field, or if we can not do that we can cheer with our "Rah-rah-rahs" and amens.

THE PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY

Portrayed by Stereoptican Slides at Presbyterian Church Sunday Night.

The little brown church on the corner was comfortably filled Sunday night to witness the beautiful pictures on the land of Chosen which was known as Korea the "Hermit Kingdom" until 1910. The province now is a Japanese Empire. It is a rugged land with precipitous hills, and the scenes were very vivid especially those around Seoul.

The lecture which accompanies the slides prepared by the Presbyterian Foreign Mission Board, was read by the pastor of the church.

Today a great modern railroad traverses the heart of the land, forming a thoroughfare from Fusan, the port just opposite the main island of Japan, to Manchuria and the vast population and resources of China. Strange people, things, methods, ideas ideals and institutions are pouring in. The Koreans are in the throes of a mighty and complete readjustment of all their life.

Chinese influence is very evident in Korean architecture. It is said it is even stronger in the language, the literature and religion of the land. In the past Confucious religion has formed the base of Korean education. The influence of Confucious is waning during the past few years. The teaching of Christ is becoming more and more imbeded in the Koreans.

The pictures showed how early in life the children are burdenbearers, caring for the large family while father and mother are toiling.

The travel, until recently, has been very crude. The donkey being the conveyance.

The home of an ordinary man in Korea is a humble affair. It is a one story shack usually built of mud or rubble. It is a one room affair. The house is heated by flues which are under the mud floor, the heat passing from the stove under the floor.

One of the favorite foods in Korea is "Kimchi", a pickle made from a variety of cabbage. Even the schools declare a holiday when the "Kimchi" is to be prepared for their winter use.

The father, mother and all the children all wear white the year round. This necessarily makes a large amount of washing which is usually doone in a nearby spring.

Agriculture methods are primitive. In the market grain is displayed in large baskets from which it is measured out to the consumer, who takes it home for the women to grind between flat stones.

The picture showed how the Koreans, when death visited their home would bury their loved one and then sing and dance over the grave to drive away the evil spirit.

The sldies showed the progress in education. How the hospitals were caring for the leper and those who were sick with minor ailments. Trained lady nurses were being graduated.

Athletics are being taught in the day schools as is also manual training.

We could not help but think of Rev. and Mrs. Swallen who have been missionaries in this land for several years and tried to pick them out from the pictures as they were thrown on the wall.

We feel that we are safe in saying that all present enjoyed the evening in Korea in the little brown church on the corner.

FLORIDA LEADS

WHEN IT COMES TO SHOWDOWN IN NEWSPAPERDOM—MIAMI HERALD GETS RIBBON

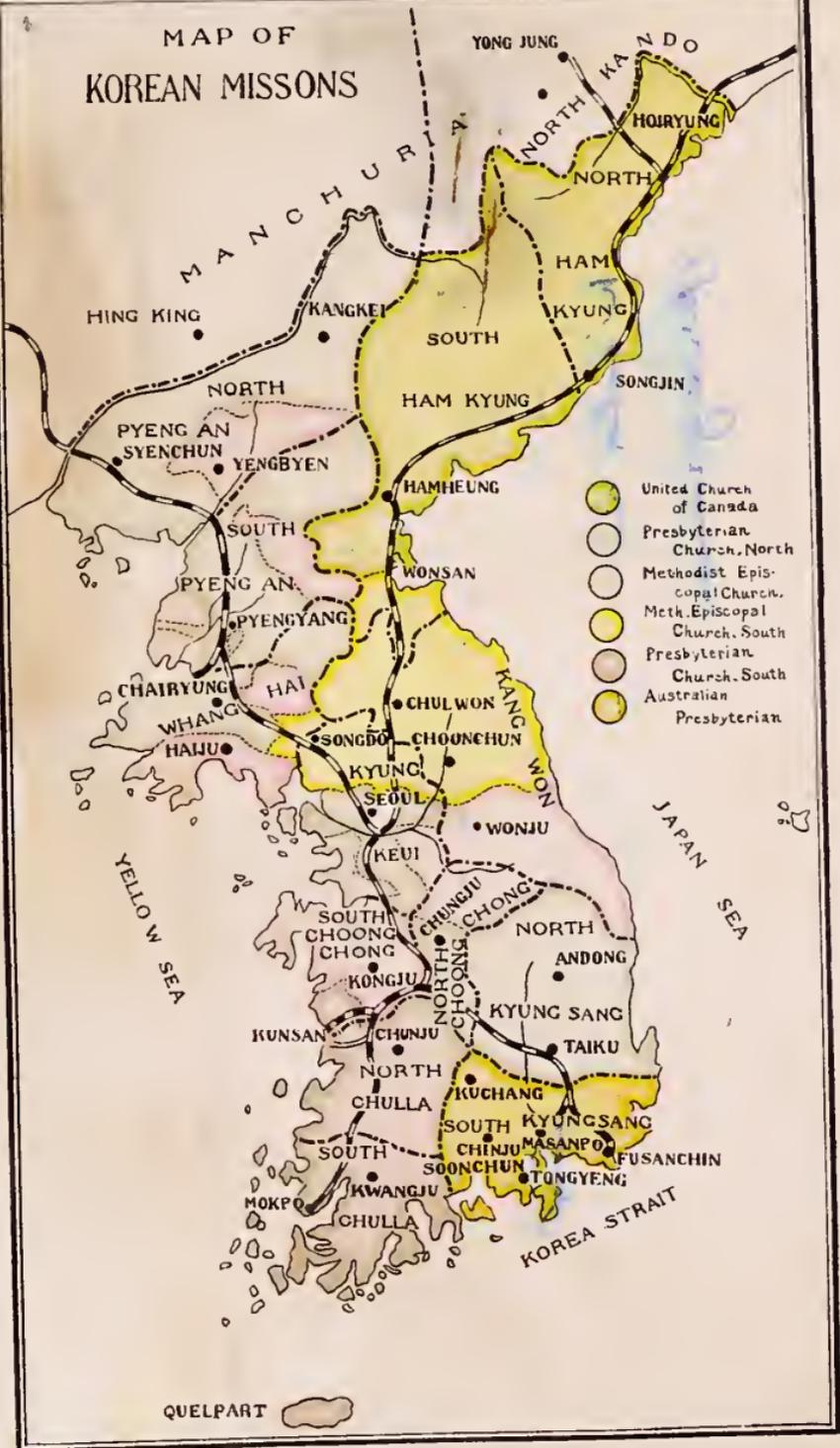
We notice by the tabulation of the last American Newspaper Annual that the Miami Herald won the honor of carrying more agate lines than any other paper in the United States. It had a total of over forty-two million lines in 1925.

It was an awakener to the "big boys" of the large cities. Think of a

S
(De
60
and
qua
53

Johnston Independent

MAP OF KOREAN MISSIONS



QUELPART

Clara has a number
 of these, which she
 thinks is the controversy of
 World Day of Prayer

한글서체명부

大 聖 佛 經 卷 第 一 十 九 回

이 글은 대승경 가운데서 가장 중요한 글이다.

IN KOREA HOW DO CHURCHES KEEP OPEN ALL SUMMER?

(An article presented in lieu of
a personal report June 1935)

CYRIL ROSS, SYENCHUN, KOREA

1. **First** of all it is taken for granted that they will be kept open. They have never known of the custom of closing for a vacation. When a group starts, it is usually through some one having heard the gospel here or there, whether the evangelist came to his village or he went to some place where some one was witnessing. The believer gets tracts and a gospel. Later he purchases a New Testament. Then he writes, it may be, to the missionary or seeks the evangelist to know how to take the next step. He begins with a service in his own house. When the rooms fail to accommodate new comers, the question of larger quarters naturally arises. In neighborhoods of thatched houses such small buildings usually precede larger ones. This responsibility for the group begins with the beginning and thus the care of the church people and the church building runs all through the different stages of the growth of the people of God. Nor does this cease with the calling of a pastor later. He may be a guide to a goal

but he is not the goal itself or himself. Should he be chief engineer superintending and running all the machinery himself it is easy to see how a church takes a summer vacation whenever its pastor does. It is not so in Korea. Need it be so anywhere else? The Korean church as yet cannot imagine a church any of whose elders cannot offer a prayer in public. "**Do they have family worship?**" some one enquires. They better have it. They are expected to offer prayer from time to time from the pulpit even though the pastor is present, how much more so, in his absence or on vacation.

2. A second suggestion as to "How churches in Korea keep open all summer" consists in the fact that their spiritual life is nourished by revivals through Bible study, once or twice a year in each neighborhood or territory under the charge of some worker. Besides these, there are country classes for **inspirational meditation** on the Word of God under the guidance of the Presbyteries. In the writer's district at least, we have no such thing as a Presbytery for business only. There used to be a class in Bible for several days and then Presbytery, but of late years we have the study of God's word

in the mornings and Presbytery in the afternoon. This throws a spiritual atmosphere around the business of the church. Thus, two or three weeks a year, at as many times, a special Bible study, outside of the Sabbath services, acts as a tonic to the churches. Such gatherings **maintain the morale of the leaders** and set a young Christian to work in the right way from the beginning. They learn to carry their Bibles not only to church and to the Sunday or Bible School but also to these extra classes wherever they are held. May not a Bible in the hand mean in turn a Bible in the heart?

3. A third answer to the question, "How do churches in Korea keep open all summer" consists in the influence of a system of **brief Bible Institutes** held in all the stations where missionaries live. Most of the Men's Bible Institutes hold for five or six weeks. Some of the Women's Institutes continue for twice that time.

It is in these schools that we train our working aggressive laymen. These Bible Institutes are as important to the church as preparatory schools are to a college. Our aim is not to prepare potential ministers, not men who have the ministry definitely in view. It is to train **volunteer**

non-professional church **workers**. The course of study attempts to cover the Old Testament in outline and more, and to study the New Testament still more carefully for expository preaching and teaching.

These men are taught to draw upon their own **imagination** on the basis of a **historical setting** of the Scriptures. After a few hints what not to try to explain, some of them open up the parables most interestingly and instructively. Having no commentaries they fall back on frequent readings and meditation on the Word itself and seek guidance the more from the Spirit of God. Their **prayer life** is not neglected in the experiences through which they pass. Though the teacher opens all classes with a shorter or longer prayer, the class does not close without one of its members being called upon or volunteering to offer prayer. There is a **fine esprit de corps**. Praying for one another assists wonderfully to this end.

They pay for what they get. They come at their own expense and pay a small fee for entrance as well as their rice bills which means, in Anglo Saxon, their board.

4. A fourth suggestion as to "How churches in Korea keep open all summ-

er" consists in the fact that with market preaching and general personal work in progress continually, there must be an open church to keep feeding the new Christians. Old **bears may hibernate**, but **cubs need more frequent feedings**. The church cannot afford to starve its entering classes. Recently converted people need extra services rather than fewer. They thrive on daily meetings as at Pentecost rather than on a vacation from the means of grace. Formal preaching is not needed but fellowship in prayer and meditation on the social reading of God's Message. The summer would be a good time for many church members to make one another's acquaintance better in coming together as layman for informal conferences on God's Word and its application to daily life, in the pastor's absence. What better or more interesting literature could be read? We get our force for witnessing from the Word of the Lord in coming into daily contact with it. It is **fire in the bones**. It gets in, it must get out. "Ex nihilo nihil fit." Messengers do not make speed on nothing for a message. Twice we are told in the book of Esther of the urgency and speed with which the royal steeds carried messages. Whether it was Haman's, or Mordecai's and Esther's message, lives were at stake

and many of them. The messengers assuredly had messages.

If we have nothing to tell why should we make haste? On the other hand, realizing the urgency of **our message** and from the viewpoint of Scripture the possible brevity of time in which to tell it, should not the feet of the messengers be eager? We do not want our churches closed for a summer vacation while the Master's return is in progress. The Bible presents both acceptance of salvation and preparation for the return of the Lord as urgent. "It is now the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

"I am coming soon" is the announcement thrice made in the last chapter of the Bible "As it was in the days of Noah, so too shall the coming of the Son of Man be."

In answering the question in a word then "How churches in Korea keep open all summer" let it be noticed that the laity feel a responsibility for the services and conduct them. Again, conferences and meditation on the Word of God both in special classes on week days, and in Bible Institutes make the care of services possible and inviting. Further, the system of self-support, and constant witnessing to the Savior, call for an unclosed church all summer. Thoughtful reader, how about your church? (The churches of Asia send greetings to you. Aquila and Priscilla send special greetings in the Lord to you with the church which meets in their home" 1 Cor. 16:19). (Condensed one half and reprinted in 1942. Present address of writer. 326 East Sola Street, Santa Barbara, California)

KOREAN PHILOSOPHY

INTERESTING light is thrown on the Korean and his way of thinking in sketches contributed by F. S. Miller to the Korean Mission Field, a periodical published in Korea. The first of these was:

Things Are Not What They Seem

In the northern part of Korea there once lived an old man named Pak. Pak was a philosopher. He had wide experience of man and things, and his wisdom made him the oracle of his neighborhood and the counselor of the people all through that region. The following story is often told to illustrate his sagacity:

Old man Pak owned a fine horse. He had raised it from a colt and was very much attached to it. One day this horse broke loose from its stable and, though strenuous efforts were made to recapture it, it succeeded in getting away. When the news of his loss became known many of Pak's friends came to condole with him and express their regrets. But, strange to relate, Pak refused to receive condolence, and insisted that it was really an occasion for congratulation. "It is really a piece of good fortune, as you will see." Now this was a strange way to look at it, but his friends let it go at that and returned to their homes mystified.

Shortly afterwards they heard that the horse had returned to old man Pak and brought with it a whole drove of wild horses from the mountains. These became the property of Pak and made him a rich man. Then the mystery of the old man's philosophic way of taking his loss was cleared up and his friends hastened to call on him and present their congratulations. But again to their great surprise he held an altogether different view of the result from that which they held and nonplussed them by answering their congratulations with the remark—"A misfortune!"

Old man Pak had one son, born when Pak was getting along in years. This son was now a man, and more precious to the old man than all his earthly possessions. The son, who had special charge of the horses, undertook to break one in to the saddle. One day while thus engaged he was thrown by the horse and severely injured, breaking his leg and making him a cripple for life. Thus Pak's seeming good fortune had really only introduced misfortune and suffering into Pak's household.

A Recipe for Getting Rich

A young Korean came to an old miser and asked him to divulge the secret of his wealth, and show him how to become a rich

man. The old miser replied, "Come with me and I will show you." They ascended the hill and found a tall pine tree. "Can you climb it?" asked the miser. "Yes, I think so," and up the young man went to the very top. "Now can you go out to the end of that limb and hang on with both hands?" This the young man soon did. "Now can you let go with one hand and hang by the other alone?" The young fellow took a good grip with one hand and let go the other. "That's enough," said the old Shylock.

When the young man reached the ground he said, "Well, what has that to do with my getting rich?" But the old man answered never a word. The young fellow was disgusted and went and told his father about it, but the latter cried out: "Good! You could not have been told plainer. To amass wealth is hard work like climbing a tall tree, and then, when you get the money hang on to it for dear life even if you nearly starve." The boy took it to heart and became a wealthy man.

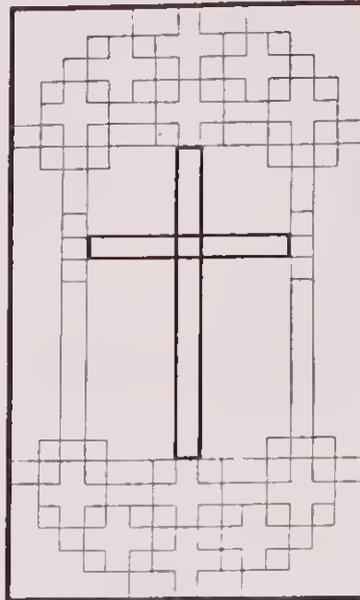
Seoul Union Church

Nomadic Protestant Congregation Given Church Home

Seoul Union Church, established in 1885, is the oldest Protestant church in Korea. Charter members include the first full time Protestant missionaries to Korea and the founders of the first Western hospital and universities in Seoul. What contributes to this church's uniqueness is that in its entire history it has never had a permanent church building. The congregation has always depended on being able to rent downtown facilities made available by other organizations. Former meeting places include Methodist Pai Chai Boys' School, Chung Dong Methodist Church, old Ewha Hall, and Morris Hall of Seoul Foreign School in its old location. After the Korean Conflict, the congregation enjoyed the old Tai Wha Social Center Chapel for 25 years. It is a place still fondly remembered by many long-termers for its uplifting and worshipful atmosphere.

For the past five years, Seoul Union Church has held Sunday worship services in the grand ballroom of the Westin Chosun Hotel. This central location has been very accessible and easy for newcomers to find.

And now, after 101 years, Seoul Union Church is finally moving to a permanent location — a place to call home. The newly constructed Memorial Chapel in Yang Hwa Jin on the west side of Seoul (see map) is a gift from Korean Christians to the entire foreign community. It has been built by Korean Protestants



The Seoul Union Church emblem is patterned after traditional Korean lattice and paper sliding doors used in private homes. The Protestant cross on the door symbolizes Jesus Christ, Son of God, as the Way, the Truth, and the Life. The twelve smaller crosses represent the men trained by Jesus, called the Twelve Apostles. They became the first missionaries and evangelists of the Christian religion.

from many denominations to commemorate the arrival on the peninsula in 1885 of Western medicine and education as well as the Protestant faith. Never in Protestant world history has such a gift as the Memorial Chapel been given.

This beautiful Chapel is to be put under the care of Seoul Union Church to use for worship, fellowship, and Christian education. The congregation will now have the

facilities to expand programs throughout the week to better serve the needs of the English-speaking community.

The first worship service to be held at the new Memorial Chapel is tentatively scheduled for Sunday, October 12.

Home Away From Home

Since its establishment in 1885, Seoul Union Church has been a community church for people of all nationalities and denominations who are seeking a Protestant church home while in Seoul. The church desires to provide the same services as your church in your home country wherever that may be or whatever may be your particular denomination. It serves the foreign community by encouraging its members to participate actively in the spiritual life, Christian education, Christian fellowship, and community outreach of the church.

Full time pastors have been available to fill the preaching visitation, and counselling needs of the church. There are interim periods, however, when ordained members of the congregation, who have other full responsibilities of their own, are called on to preach. This they do willingly. Currently leading the worship services is a rotating team of three preachers.

The governing body, made up of all the official members of Seoul Union Church, has recognized the congregation's need for a pastor who is able to devote complete attention to the church. They have called the Rev. Roland F. Hughes, a Presbyterian minister from the U.S. to assume the full time pastorate.

The steadily changing character of the local foreign community brings new challenges to the church leadership. The congregation today consists of English-speaking people from

(Continued on Page 3)

Early worship is at 8:30 a.m. Sunday School for children, youth, and adults is held at 9:30 a.m. The main service is at 10:45 a.m. Infant care is provided from 9:30 a.m. to noon. Interested persons may call 313-7393 for more information.



The Memorial Chapel is designed to represent a Christian's growing faith, shown as expanding doorways, until he is called through the "Pearly Gates" to Heaven.



Members and friends gathered to celebrate the 100th birthday of Seoul Union Church.



Worship is led in English by a rotating team of pastors. Left to right: Dr. Marlin Nelson, Rev. James Cornelison and Dr. Arthur Kinsler.

After 100 Years

Seoul Union Church Finally Becomes Reality

Just one hundred years after the first plans were made to build a church building for the occidental community of Seoul, Seoul Union Church is at last receiving its first permanent home.

Records show that the "first stated Sunday service" met in the home of Dr. Horace N. Allen on June 28, 1885, and small private services continued to be held in the homes of the early missionaries during the ensuing twelve months. There was a special Watch Night service on December 31, 1885, and on April 25, 1886, Alice Appenzeller, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Henry G. Appenzeller and the first occidental child born in Korea, was baptized. However, it was not until July 25, 1886, that a joint committee from those missions present was organized which agreed to establish a regular interdenominational church and to look towards erecting a suitable church building. A formal constitution was adopted on November 3, 1886, which can be called the official beginning of Seoul Union Church, although the group had already been meeting regularly at 11 a.m. on Sundays at the American Legation (now the U.S. Ambassador's residence).

Dr. Appenzeller, the pioneer Methodist missionary, was elected the first "Pastor," followed two years later by Dr. Horace G. Underwood I, the pioneer Presbyterian. During most of its 100 years of history, the Seoul Union Church has been served by such individuals, elected from within the congregation. These men coordinated the activities of the church, but their main calling was other missionary service, so they could give only part time to this task. Until World War II, the congregation was largely composed of missionaries with strong supportive organizations, and the



Horace Grant Underwood I, the first full time Presbyterian missionary, founded Choson Christian College which became Yonsei University. He was the second pastor of Seoul Union Church.

need for traditional "pastoral care" was not felt very deeply. But the post-war years led to the calling of a series of full time pastors. In the years before WW II, two persons served for many years. The Rev. Allen DeCamp, a retired Presbyterian minister, came to Korea in 1911 at the age of 60 and served until 1927, just before his death. After he left Korea, the Rev. William Kerr, a missionary to the Japanese in Korea, served as Pastor until the War.

After the initial period and until the 1960s, the church met on Sunday afternoons, as most of the members had obligations in Korean churches during



Henry Gerhart Appenzeller and his wife were the first full time Methodist missionaries in Korea. Dr. Appenzeller was also the first pastor of Seoul Union Church.

the mornings. With the growth of the non-missionary community in the post-Korean War years, a second service was instituted at 10:45 a.m. This soon became the main service, and the afternoon meeting was replaced by an 8:30 a.m. service in the late 60s.

As stated above, the place of meeting and the desire to have a home of its own has been a concern of Seoul Union Church from the very beginning. Various sites were proposed, and as early as 1890, a plot of land in front of the American Legation (now the Ambassador's swimming pool area) was bought in conjunction with the "Ladies Lawn Tennis Asso-

ciation." (This later joined with another organization to become Seoul Union Club.) However, this plot was never built on or developed by the church which later relinquished all claim to it.

In the meantime, the church met in a large variety of places. After meeting at the American Legation, it moved successively to the Presbyterian Guest House, Chung Dong Methodist Church, Ewha School, and Pierson Memorial Bible Institute, finally settling on Morris Hall, the auditorium of the Seoul Foreign School in Chung-dong (now the site of the Franciscan Fathers) in 1924, where it stayed, with war interruptions, until 1950. Again after the Korean War, the congregation had a semipermanent home at the beautiful Chapel of the Tai Wha Social Service Center in Chongno from 1953 to 1978. Since 1981 the church has been meeting in the Grand Ballroom of the Chosun Hotel.

At the time of the Centennial of U.S.-Korean Relations in 1982, a Memorial Service was held at the Foreigners' Cemetery. This brought the attention of the Korean Christian Community to the large number of foreigners who had died in service to Korea and to Seoul Union Church's need for a permanent home. When the Korean Protestant Centenary Council, under the leadership of the Rev. Kyong-Jik Han, was established to suitably celebrate the 1984-85 Centennial of Protestant missions work, one of their major projects was to be the erection of a suitable memorial building at the Foreigners' Cemetery to pay tribute to the century of service to Korea by the foreign missionaries, and particularly to those who had died during their service in this land. The Council also thought it was appropriate that the proposed Chapel should be used as the permanent home of Seoul Union Church, in recognition of its maintenance and care of the Cemetery for many decades and of its history as the oldest organized Protestant church in Korea.

We are grateful to God and to the Korean Protestant Centenary Council that after 100 years of hopes and prayers, Seoul Union Church at last has a home of its own.

(Contributed by Horace G. Underwood II, Assistant to the President of Yonsei University, Member of the Seoul Union Church Cemetery and Property Committee, and 57-year church members.) — ED.



Old Pai Chai Methodist Boys' School



The old Seoul Foreign School site in Chung-dong.

Chronology of Events

The following is a chronological sequence of related events and discussions regarding a permanent home for Seoul Union Church:

1885	June	28	- First stated church service, held in private home.
1886	July		- Permanent facility first mentioned as a good idea.
1890	July		- The Korean government donates land for a Foreigners' Cemetery.
1893	May	4	- Possibility of church building discussed.
1924			- Discussions to build at old Seoul Foreign School site in Chong-dong.
1954			- The Tai Wha Center Chapel becomes Seoul Union Church's new rented home for the next 25 years.
1956			- Seoul Union Church takes over responsibility for Seoul Foreigners' Cemetery.
1958			- Another study on raising funds for a church building.
1978			- Registration of the Seoul Union Church Foundation in the U.S.A.
			- Seoul Union Church moves from Tai Wha Center to the Asian Center for Theological Studies and Missions.
1979-80			- Serious discussion and study for a new permanent home.
1981			- Twelfth move in 92 years to grand ballroom of the Westin Chosun Hotel.
1982	April	7	- Second petition to President Chun Doo-hwan for legal title to Cemetery land and permission to build a church.
1983	Sept.	16	- Korea Times announces the Council for the Celebrations of 100 Years of Protestantism in Korea intends to build a permanent chapel for Seoul Union Church.
1984			- Setting up of committees, meetings with officials, drawing up of plans, and legalizing title of land.
1984	November	12	- Title to Cemetery land registered in the name of the Council for the Celebrations of 100 Years of Protestantism in Korea.
1985	March	16	- Seoul Union Church transfers rights to use the Cemetery land to the above-mentioned Korean Protestant Centenary Council.
1985	June	2	- Seoul Union Church celebrates 100th Anniversary.
1985	June	28	- Ground-breaking Ceremony for new chapel (100 years to the date after the first stated church service).
1985	August	15-29	- Rallies of the Korean Protestant Centenary Council to celebrate their 100th Anniversary.
1985	October		- Application for construction permit submitted to City Hall.
1985	November		- Sam Poong Construction Company commences construction on Chapel.
1986	August	15	- Building completed.
1986	August	25-30	- Seoul Union Church is scheduled to move furniture and equipment into the Chapel.
1986	October	10	- Dedication Ceremony
1986	October	12	- First Worship Service in the Memorial Chapel



Union Church, almost completed in April, 1986.

Looking Into Past Creates A Vision for Future

One modern version of the 23rd Psalm in the Bible in part reads, "The Lord is my pace setter, I shall not rush, He makes me stop and rest for quiet intervals." When one reads the Chronology of Events, it becomes clear that the pace he set was not very fast.

Seoul Union Church has had to wait for 101 years, from 1885 till October 1986, before He granted us the privilege of having our own permanent church home in Korea. This is no reflection on the good works of such honoured missionary families as the Underwoods, Appenzellers, Adams, DeCamps, Moores, Kilbournes, Kinslers, Waddells, Widdowsons, Raetzes, Jeffreys, and many other wonderfully dedicated Christians.

Their legacies to Korea are too numerous to mention, but we see now a country opened up to the Western world imbued with considerable Christian ideals. We see as well the practical contributions to society of the many prestigious Christian universities, including Yonsei and Ewha, with their medical centers serving humanity. No monetary price can be put on the influence of the many foreign missionaries who have devoted their lives to spreading the Christian religion to all who will listen. The phenomenal growth of Christianity in Korea is a model to the whole world.



John M. Geddes, from New Zealand, celebrated his 60th birthday in grand traditional Korean style.

How does this tie in with Seoul Union Church's new permanent Chapel at Yang Hwa Jin? It is said, "Nothing in the world can take the place of persistence ... The slogan 'press on' has solved and always will solve the problems of the human race."

After our twelfth move in 92 years in 1980 from the Asian Center for Theological Studies and Missions (ACTS) to the Choson Hotel Ballroom, we finally came

to realize that we were really gypsies with no permanent home. From this time on, we believed that the Almighty God had finally decided it was time to provide Seoul Union Church with its own chapel. He chose to work His will through Dr. Han Kyung-jik, Senior Pastor of Yongnak Presbyterian Church in Seoul. In Dr. Han's capacity as its chairman, the Korean Protestant Centenary Council was His vehicle to carry it through.

The desires of many prominent personalities of Seoul Union Church had manifested over more than 80 years to have their own church. But from 1980, it took the diligence, hard work, and vision of many members such as the Rev. J. Elmer Kilbourne, Dr. Horace G. Underwood II, and Mr. Robert G. Sauer to finally push it over the top.

There were many skeptics. "It's impossible," they said, "where will we get five hundred million won to build a church, and, where could we build it?" We proceeded in faith, and the combined Long-Range Planning and Cemetery/Property Committees of the church drew up plans and budgets.

Then in 1983 came the results of having faith. Dr. Han and the above-mentioned Council said one of their top priorities for their own 100th Anniversary was to change the Korean Church from being a receiving church of the last 100 years to becoming a giving church. Their first gift would be given to the missionaries who brought Christianity, schools, universities, and hospitals to Korea — their own permanent chapel to be built on the grounds of Seoul Foreigners' Cemetery. The Centenary Council then proceeded to apply for the land title to enable them to do this. The Council would provide the Five Hundred Million Won for the memorial building, plus One Hundred and Fifty Million for landscaping and beautifica-

Home Away --

(Continued From Page 1)

many walks of life, including businessmen, diplomats, educators, missionaries, physicians, youth, children, and travellers to Seoul. Countries now represented are the U.S.A., Korea, Australia, Canada, Egypt, Hong Kong, India, Indonesia, Iran, Japan, New Zealand, Saudi Arabia, the United Kingdom, and West Germany. Visitors are always welcome.



The stained glass window panes on the New Testament side symbolize the Life of Christ.



Window detail on Old Testament side.

tion of this hallowed area where hundreds of foreigners who gave their lives to Korea are buried.

There were still skeptics who wondered how we could pay for the upkeep of such an area. This has now been agreed upon with the Centenary Council who will be responsible for this using an endowment fund for about W390,000,000 to be received from City Hall as compensation

for land which they have taken for the Seoul City Subway and the expansion of the Yang Hwa Grand Bridge Rotary.

We believe that all that has happened since 1979 has been provided in faith, but it also needed several active navigators who were here at the right time and place to carry the vision of this beautiful Memorial Chapel through to reality. We know it will be of great blessing to the

Seoul Union Church congregation and to the communities at large. Thank you, Lord, for providing for us, even though it took over 100 years.

Contributed by John M. Geddes, president of International Electronics Corporation, chairman of the Seoul Union Church Cemetery and Property Committee, and 28-year church member.



The ground-breaking ceremony for the Memorial Chapel took place on June 28, 1985, 100 years to the date after the first stated church service was held in Seoul.

Memorial Room at Chapel

As you enter the Memorial Chapel at Seoul Foreigners' Cemetery, the new home of Seoul Union Church, you will find the Memorial Room to be the first door on your left. It is dedicated to those who have died in the service of Christ in Korea as well as to all who have served this land in any capacity.

On the walls are the pictures of a few of the earliest missionaries to Korea and a large map of Seoul, a copy of a map prepared by Dr. John Heron before his death in 1890 — the first of the early missionaries to die in Korea and the first to be buried in the Cemetery. (The original was donated to Yonsei University by Dr. Samuel H. Moffett.) There is also a table — an altar — of remembrance with a directory of the Cemetery and a book for visitors to sign.

The Cemetery is one of the historic sites of Seoul, and all are welcome to visit and to pay respects to those who have died here. The roster of those buried is a roster of every type of service and a revelation to the varieties of trials faced by the pioneers. Young children, mothers and fathers, people of long service and those newly arrived, victims of

age, of disease and epidemics, of war, of assassination — these all lie together,

united in their love for Korea and their service for her.



Tai Wba Chapel, where the congregation worshipped for 25 years.

Yang Hwa Jin Becomes 'Who's Who' Of Westerners Devoted to Korea

Located on what was once a quiet promontory overlooking the Han River on the west side of Korea's capital city, Seoul Foreigners' Cemetery now finds itself squeezed between a turn-off ramp from busy Riverside Road on one side and the ascending tracks of subway line No. 2 on the other. But amidst the ample

trees scattered around the grounds, one will discover the tranquil resting places of hundreds of those who helped to modernize Korea. In short, the site known as Yang Hwa Jin is historic.

The need for a separate cemetery for foreigners arose in 1890, seven years after Korea first opened up to the West.

Dr. John W. Heron, one of the first physicians at Kwang Hye Won, the Royal Hospital which developed into the modern Severance Hospital, died of dysentery that summer. He was the first Protestant missionary to die in Korea.

Permission for him to be buried in existing burial grounds was blocked for fear that his spirit would fight with spirits of the native deceased. Burial behind his home was also prohibited as was burial on the American Legation grounds, because no one was allowed to be buried within city wall limits.

After prolonged negotiations with the Royal Court, a site five kilometers out from Seoul's West Gate was finally agreed upon. Its close proximity to Choldusan (Head Chopping Hill — where a mass execution of Catholics took place in 1866) is not coincidental.

In the ensuing years, Yang Hwa Jin has literally become a "Who's Who" of Westerners who devoted their lives and energies to the advancement of Korea. Numbered among them are diplomats, technical advisors, military men, entrepreneurs, educators, physicians, and missionaries. There is perhaps no other place where so much of the history of foreigners in Korea is encompassed in such a small area (1.4 hectares).

One of the most highly accomplished individuals resting at Yang Hwa Jin is Clarence Ridgley Greathouse. His achievements culminated in being admitted as a member of the United States Supreme Court. He served as legal advisor to the Korean court from 1890-1899, when he died.

Other notables laid to rest in these small confines include Mary Scranton, founder of the Ewha schools, and Alice R. Appenzeller, the first Western child born and baptized in Korea and the last foreign president of Ewha Women's University. There are also three generations of Underwoods, professors at Choson Christian College which became Yonsei University and Korea's most prominent missionary family whose descendants continue to labor in Korea. Annie Ellers Bunker established the nursing profession in Korea and was a teacher of young Syngman Rhee, the Republic's first president.

Strolling along the slopes at Yang Hwa Jin one will come across such monuments as the one to Homer B. Hulbert, perhaps the Western foreigner most loved and revered by the Korean people. Among the early missionaries, it was



Scars from the Korean Conflict



Copper face of Christ in monument's cross was vandalized by the Japanese during World War II.

Hulbert who most closely identified himself with the Korean people, grasping "both the glory and tragedy in the nation's long past." In addition to his work as an educator, author, and magazine editor, he was the king's trusted envoy to President Theodore Roosevelt in 1905 and to the Hague conference in 1907, pleading for foreign assistance against Japan.

His funeral was sponsored by the Republic of Korea and he was paid the fullest honors of a national hero, including a posthumous award of the Order of Taeguk, the Republic's highest award to

a foreigner. His epitaph reads:
Homer B. Hulbert
January 1863 — August 1949
Man of Vision and
Friend of Korea

I Would rather be buried in Korea than in Westminster Abbey.

Another, who gave his life to Korea in a somewhat different way, is William H. Shaw. Born in Korea as the son of missionaries, he was at Harvard University graduate school when the Korean War broke out in 1950. He immediately reenlisted in the U.S. Navy (being a World War II veteran) to serve in Korea. He

was killed in action in Nokbonni by a sniper while trying to warn villagers there of the U.S. troops who would be passing through on their way from the famous landing by General MacArthur at Inchon.

Yang Hwa Jin gained another distinction during the Korean War when it received battle scars from the fighting which took place there. One can still see bullet holes on many gravestones.

Needless to say, the list of fascinating stories goes on and on. There are twelve countries known to be represented at Yang Hwa Jin. Missionaries account for approximately one third of the burials. In addition, there are 63 U.S. military-related persons buried there. The others come from a variety of careers.

Seoul Foreigners' Cemetery at Yang Hwa Jin has been officially under the care of Seoul Union Church since 1956, and now another page has been written into the history of Yang Hwa Jin with the construction of the Memorial Chapel on its ground.

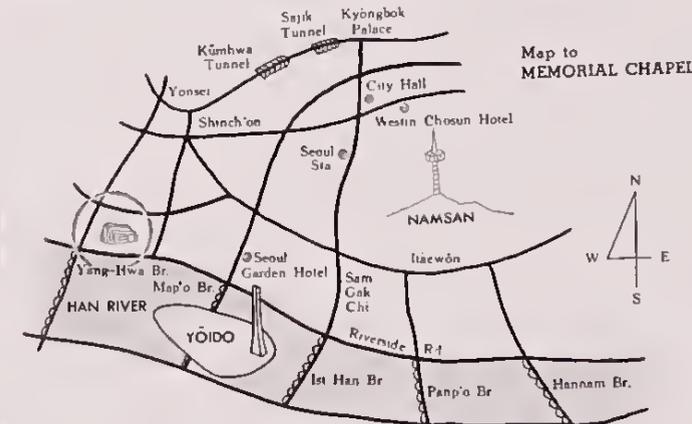
* * *
Source: Yanghwajin, Seoul Foreigners' Cemetery, Korea — An Informal History, 1890-1984 Compiled and Edited by Donald N. Clark Printed by U.S. Army Recreation Services Libraries, Central Area, Korea 1984



The children tombs

How to Find the Memorial Chapel

The location chosen by the Korean Protestant Centenary Council for the Memorial Chapel, Seoul Union Church's new home, is Seoul Foreigners' Cemetery. Charter members of the church and pioneer missionaries are buried there. The Cemetery is in Yang Hwa Jin, Hapchong-dong, Map'o overlooking the Han River in western Seoul. The Chapel can be seen from Riverside Road opposite the Catholic Martyrs' Shrine (Choldusan). To enter, follow the ascending subway tracks going south from the Hapchong Rotary intersection. The Chapel and Cemetery gates are on the right beneath the green subway bridge.





JESUS ABBEY

Jesus Abbey is a house primarily dedicated to intercessory prayer for revival in the church in Korea, for the Korean nation, and for world peace. A small farm, dairy and orchard help to support this work in a remote mountain valley near the East Coast. The work of intercessory prayer began, of course, as soon as the first few people gathered in a tent on a tiny level patch (well, almost level) high in a Kangwondo valley in 1965. There are other activities which are expected to grow out of the primary one: retreats, conferences, rural development, literature, evangelism and, no doubt, still others will be appearing gradually as opportunities develop.



At Prayer



At Table



At Work

Appear, and "develop" and "grow" are key words at Jesus Abbey. There are many institutions which "just grow" because no one used fore-sight in planning. They are deliberately planned for Jesus Abbey to "just grow." We do not feel that God has given us a detailed plan or even a one-only function, but rather that our specialty will consist in being unspecialized, a sort of spiritual "general practitioner" being free to move in whatever direction the Lord leads. Hospitals, schools, publishing houses, even traditional Benedictine abbeys have certain basic patterns to start from. But pioneering projects never know what they will find over the next ridge. They can only plan to keep pressing forward into the unknown.

An example of the way things change is found in our personnel. We originally planned to have not over twelve the first year—one family of four, four young men and four young women, all Anglican Christians of long standing. For various reasons only half of the original team could stay on, but volunteers have offered themselves from all over the country and we have had as many as thirty or one time (mostly young men) before the original house (for twelve) was even half built! Of these more than half are new Christians and they include Roman Catholics and Protestants as well as Anglicans.

This is only one illustration. The one sure thing at Jesus Abbey is that the Lord will change whatever

plans we make! It is easier to talk about our five short services of prayer and Bible study scattered through the day, seminars and special programs in the evening, and the all-day manual work looking after our cows, goats, rabbits, pigs, small orchard, vegetable plots, pastures, berries, grapes, and so on. We have a studio and woodworking shop and expect to add weaving, basketry, and other handicrafts (weaving is a regular home industry in our area).

Such "activities" are more easily described and visualized than an "atmosphere" of prayer and of "Christian family living". Actually, we are engaged in much the same activities that any rural family might be, and for the same reason—in order to feed ourselves. We feel this is part of our vocation, too—to demonstrate that we believe prayer is important enough to spend time earning a living so as to be free to pray, and to discover what Christian family living involves in a Korean context.

Whatever we learn of a practical nature we expect to share with the local community, whatever we learn of a spiritual nature we expect to share with the church, and what we have inherited of the beauty of Kangwondo's mountains and rivers, forests and pastures, cliffs and caves we will share with anyone who will come to visit us (by train to Hwangji, by bus to Hasani). There is always room for one more at Jesus Abbey and the latchstring is out to all.

Reprinted (revised) from Korea Calling

Our Address

Mail: Box 17, Hwangji, Kangwondo, Korea.

Packages: World Outreach (For Jesus Abbey), Box 1442, I. P. O., Seoul, Korea

Legal: Mtn. 7, Hasani, Hajang Myon, Samch'ok Gun, Kangwondo, Korea

Our Sponsors

(Tax-deductible gifts may be sent to any of our sponsors for us)

The Korean Mission, 55 Bedford Gdns, London W8

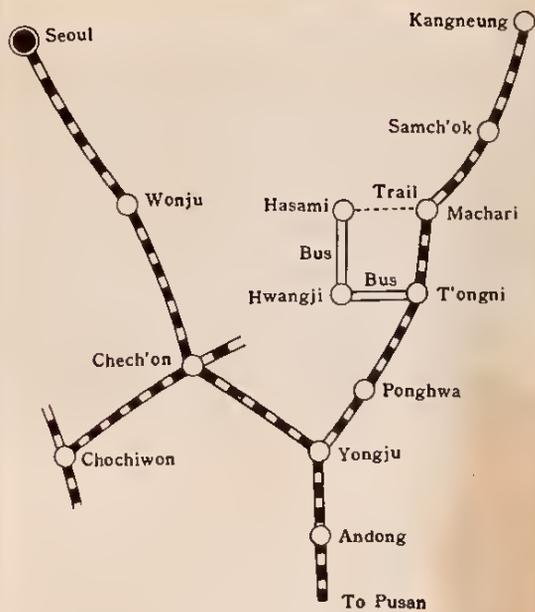
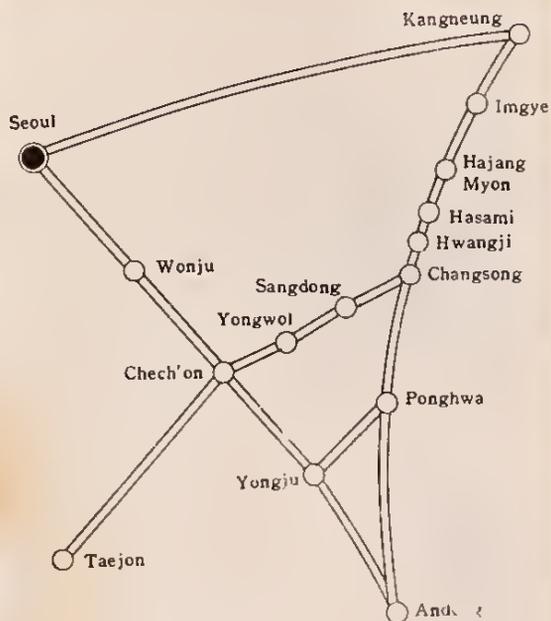
U.S.P.G. 15 Tufton St., London SW1

The Korean Anglican Mission, 6533 N. 39th Av., Phoenix, Ariz. 85019

The United World Mission, Box 8000 St. Petersburg, Fla. 33738

The St. Luke's Missionary Society, Sewanee, Tenn. 37375

World Outreach, Box 4363 GPO, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia (British, American, New Zealand, South African, Hongkong, and Japanese addresses on request).



How to get to Jesus Abbey

By Car

Chech'on to Yongwol — Sangdong — Changsong
 — Hwangji, Hasami (road to Hajang).
 Ask for "Yesu Won"

Andong to Pongwha to Changsong and as
 above.

Kangneung to Imgye to Hajang to Hasami.

Hiking

It is a gorgeous three-hour hike from Mach'ari
 Station (local trains only). 8 miles and 2500 foot
 change of elevation.

By Rail

Seoul connection recommended.

- (A) Lv. Seoul Sta. 6:30 AM, Kangneung Express.
 Arrive T'ongni 2:39 PM.
 Hapsung to Hwangji, Hapsung for Hasami
 leaves at 4:00.
- (B) Lv. Ch'ongnyangni Sta 9:30 PM. Sleeper or
 reclining seat, Arrive T'ongni 6:30 AM.
 Hapsung to Hwangji. Hapsung to Hasami
 leaves at 8 AM. Bus also.

Wire us and we will meet you in T'ongni

Allow 24 hours: even for Special Delivery
 Telegram (Korean only) to: Kangwondo,
 Samch'ok Gun, Hajang Myon, Hasamiri,
 San 7, Yesu Won.

GUIDE TO MISSION WORK IN KOREA.

The Chosen Mission of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. (Northern Presbyterian) welcomes all visitors who wish to see for themselves--*The Modern Acts of the Apostles.*

Write or Telegraph the Mission Treasurer, Mr. J. F. Genso, Seoul, or any of the men named below, and you will be met and well cared for. Your trip to the East is not complete unless you see something of *Mission Work in Korea.*

Seoul Station (Keijō)

Opened 1884.

Includes Severance Hospital and Union Medical College, Academy for Girls, John D. Wells Training School, oldest Protestant Church organization in Chosen. Six other Presbyterian churches, Sunday School work, Bible Classes, Day Schools, Kindergarten. Chosen Christian College.

No visitors to Seoul should fail to see some of this work, also the Y.M.C.A., the Pierson Memorial Bible Institute, the Methodist Theological Seminary, the Bible and Tract Societies.

English Service Sunday afternoon at 4:00 at Pierson Memorial Bible Institute.

Write or telegraph any of the following.

J. F. Genso, Mission Treasurer, Seoul.
E. W. Koons, Principal of Boys' School,
Phone 1782.

O. R. Avison, President of Union Medical College, Phone 870.

Pyeng Yang Station (Heijō)

Opened 1895.

Union College, Union Presbyterian Theological Seminary for all Korea, Schools for Boys and Girls. Anna M. Davis Industrial Department, 7 Churches, Bible Institute for men and for women, Day Schools, Kindergartens. Lulu Wells Institute.

Address: Robert McMurtrie.

Taiku Station (Taikyū)

Opened 1899.

Boys and Girl's Academies, Hospital, Home for Lepers, Three City Churches.

Address: A. G. Fletcher, M.D.

Syen Chun Station (Sensen)

Opened 1901.

Hugh O'Neill Junior Academy for Boys. Louise Chase Institute. Extensive Agricultural and Manual Training, "In His Name" Hospital, Bible Institute, two large churches which are attended by nearly two thirds of the people of the town.

Address: N. C. Whittemore.

Chairyung Station (Sainci)

Opened 1906.

One hour by branch railway from Sariwon (Sharim) Station. Bible Institute, Hospital, Schools for boys and girls, maintained by the Korean Church. Two Churches.

Address: Dr. R. K. Smith.

Chungju Station (Seishu)

Opened 1908.

Two hours by branch railroad from Cho Chi In Station. Churches, Schools, Duncan Memorial Hospital.

Address: T. S. Soltan.

Kangkei Station (Kokai)

Opened 1909.

One day by auto from Sin Anshu Station. Beautiful trip through magnificent mountains, over fine new government road.

Church, Boys Academy managed by the Korean Church, Kennedy Hospital.

Address: A. Campbell.

Andong Station (Ando)

Opened 1910.

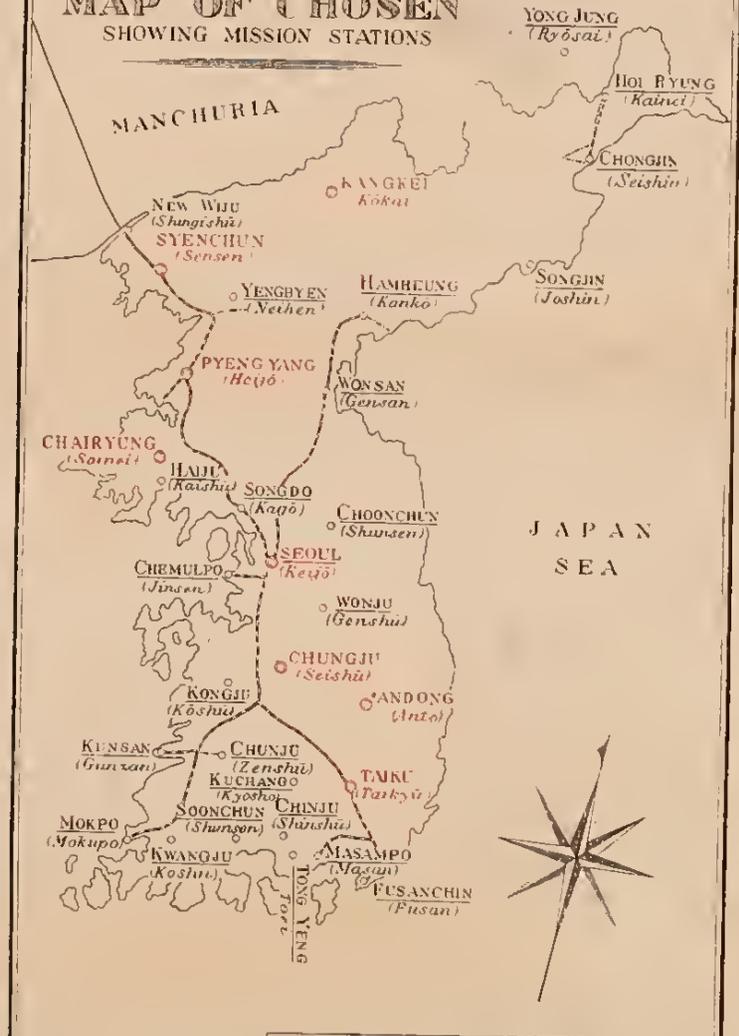
Five hours by auto from Taiku. Baker Memorial Hospital, Church, Bible Institute.

Address: R. E. Winn.

Come and see for yourself. You will be welcome, you may be surprised, you *will not be bored.*

MAP OF CHOSEN

SHOWING MISSION STATIONS



REMARKS:

- — — — RAILWAYS OPEN TO TRAFFIC
- - - - RAILWAYS UNDER CONSTRUCTION
- · — · — · TRAMWAYS OR LIGHT RAILWAYS
- RAILWAY OTHER THAN CHOSEN
- FERRY SERVICE

Name in Red - STATIONS OF NORTHERN
PRESBYTERIAN MISSION

Name underlined - OTHER MISSION STATION

THE MAN-GOD OF JAPAN

BY SYDNEY GREENBIE

IN THIS age of confused and visionary political experimentation, when each nation is formulating its own peculiar concept of the perfect state, when a journalist assumes the trappings of Caesar, when a house-painter grasps at the mystical dignity of a culture-hero, and when the centuries of Romanoff rule culminate in a military despot masked as a Comrade, there is one nation whose belief in omnipotence is not wholly transient. Wielding over the mass-mind the power to which the current European dictators can only aspire, Japan can point to seventy years of majestic survival, during which it has superimposed upon a semblance of fascism the compulsions of a supreme but earth-bound divinity. If the dictators of the hour hope that in some future era they will be revered as gods and their descendants canonized, the Japanese are far ahead of them: they have their god already made. There is no dummy despot with a few years' enthronement behind him; their Emperor is a godhead who disdains dictatorial privileges, for his claim to power is immemorial. Against it no voice of liberal or radical is seriously raised. Japan is the one civilized country in which there are virtually no political liberals, for even the wisest and sanest, like the church fathers of old, believe that reason should abdicate before faith — faith in the unquestionable divinity of the Emperor.

Japan has her unofficial Ogpu and her Storm-Troopers and her Youth Move-

ment, known as the Black Dragon and the Blood Brotherhood and *soshi*, whose ambition has been to bring the world back to Oriental civilization. In the past seventy years, she has not only achieved absolute inner regimentation and a goodly overlordship of a vast part of Asia, but she has dreamed of world hegemony, physical and spiritual. As early as 1858, five years after the Japanese door was opened by America, Lord Hotta declared that "among the world's rulers (aside from Japan) there is none noble and industrious enough to command universal vassalage", and spoke of the "power and authority deputed to us by the Spirit of Heaven". Similar statements have rung down the years in ever-increasing paeans of self-praise, and have been instilled into Japanese children from kindergarten age upward, so that the veriest infants feel that the Spirit of Heaven is actually resident amidst them in the person of their Emperor-God. Belief in him as divine is taught as fact, and the recalcitrant receives punishment that is sudden and telling. What is required is not merely political obedience to an absolute dictator, but voluntary spiritual obeisance. It is not patriotism alone; it is adoration of the Host.

Unless this religio-political sentiment is understood in all its implications of beauty, wonder, and peril, Japan's ambitions and achievements cannot be comprehended, nor can any contract made with Japan by the nations of the world be valid. Without

it there can be no meeting of minds in anything that concerns the land of the Tenno.

Here, without question, is one of the most extraordinary phenomena of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Kings and emperors, ruling only by divine right, have crashed from many thrones. Mohammed's sword has grown dull. The Pope asserts but slight temporal authority. Dictators banish priest and prophet, and only half-daringly exact obeisance as infallible; even Mussolini uses both King and Pope as crutches to his power. But the Tenno of Japan holds in his hands the lives of seventy million subjects, their souls and their ancestors, not *by* divine right, but *as* divine power incarnate. Beauty, worship, murder, repression, suicide, aggression — seventy million tongues of praise, seventy million hearts of worship, seventy million lambs of absolute submission, seventy million pigments of pageantry, seventy million swords of pride — a nation unified as no nation has ever been unified before in the person of one living man. No statesman's life is safe except in adoration of the Emperor who is god in a land that has no word for God; no man's life is worth anything to him except in the grace of that Emperor. Though this story has trickled through to the Western world in innumerable items, the full-sized portrait has never yet been shown in all its might and magnificence.

Only he who has lived under the refulgent glare of Tenno-worship can understand the power and the pathos of this submission. One looks into a withered, wondering face of a Japanese, a face that has known perhaps little besides hunger, sweat, and a beautiful landscape. It has seen few marvels except such as sprout in the rice paddies, or emerge, red and kicking, from the womb. But as it stands be-

fore the woodland shrines at Ise, sacred to the Emperor, seeing only the thatched roof above the wall, in that face you read an experience which cannot be read in the skeptical face of the Chinese, the fanatical face of the Mohammedan, or the belligerent face of the fascist, frantic with inner doubt and fear. Beneath this fanaticism and divine fantasy, there is a restrained self-abnegation, an exquisite sadness that touches the most arrant unbeliever. One may stand in that still forest place, where, every twenty years for twenty-five centuries, the simple wooden shrine containing the most precious treasures in all Japan — the sacred sword, the mirror, and the jewel — has been rebuilt in exact replica of its first primitive model, and there one may watch the thousands come, pause, and stare with wonder that the gods could have been so beneficent as to allow them to see this with their own eyes. One may stand in the square before the Emperor's palace in Tokyo, lost in reverence for the beauty of the scene — the moat, calm and tranquil, upon the waters of which lie the sacred leaves of the lotus, the mist spreading a heavenly unreality and weaving twisted pine and giant cryptomeria into a fretwork of incomparable loveliness; the sound of a bugle in the far interior of Mikadoland, so gracious, so ancient, so divine. Singly and in small groups, the Japanese come, stand bowed in prayer, and move on. Lost in the scene, the spectator is startled by a shrill whistle. The policeman, a block distant, has seen one place a foot, unconsciously, on the base of the wall, and furiously waves the offender away. And so the spectator awakes to political realities.

For on this centuries-old sentiment of the people for the Tenno, the present government builds a blind, fanatical, violent adoration, reinforced by every modern

mechanical means of propaganda and punishment, and takes instant punitive measures against whoever even unwittingly slights its Emperor-God. It has been decreed that a newspaper which prints Imperial Household without capital letters shall be suppressed. No man, or stone image of a man, may be placed where either might be above the level of the Emperor if he is passing. When the Emperor's car goes by, all blinds must be drawn in homes, no one may remain on balcony or roof, workers on steel structures must scurry to the ground, blinds in streetcars must be drawn, and no person may stand upon even an eight-inch doorstep. A striker once set himself atop a smokestack and nothing could bring him down until warned that the Emperor was to pass below and he would be washed to earth with a firehose if he did not descend.

Unlike the rest of the world, which puts the faces of its rulers on its coins and stamps, the Japanese believe that the countenance of the Tenno is too holy to be fingered by the multitudes. So sacrosanct is the portrait of the Emperor that it may not be exposed to the public gaze; hence, until recently, pictures of their Majesties were covered with tissue paper at all stores. In schools the royal portraits are kept under lock and key, curtained with velvet, to be revealed only on state occasions when all must bow before them as the national anthem is sung and the Rescript on Education is intoned. So sacred are these portraits that worshippers have rushed into burning buildings to save them. Once, when a Japanese found himself unable to escape alive from a flaming building, he cut himself open, inserted the portrait in his abdomen, and was found dead with the sacred likeness safe within his blistered and blackened body. This, to the Japanese, was heroism supreme.

There is only a tip of the balance between adoration and self-sacrifice. The annals of Japan cry aloud with tales of self-murder. When a switchman delayed the train of the Emperor two minutes, he committed *hara-kiri* to atone for his crime. When, on the way to the station, a tire of the Emperor's motor car blew out, the chauffeur committed suicide in penitence. Even the name of the Emperor is something to die for. The name itself is so sacred that it is not generally mentioned, and often has not even been known to the public; so when it chanced that a Japanese mayor named his son Yoshihito and it was discovered that he had pre-empted the name of the Emperor, a protest arose which forced him to resign and to kill himself in atonement. Suicide has even been resorted to in order to keep this god from wandering abroad to lesser lands. Only once has any Japanese ruler left the sacred islands of Nippon. When the present Emperor, as Crown Prince, decided to repay the visit of the Prince of Wales, people prayed that the decision be revoked, and many committed suicide in an endeavor to keep the Sacred Person safely at home.

II

This Sacred Person dwells in Chiyoda Palace in Tokyo, sequestered within three moats and walls, and protected by a regiment of soldiers. Until the reign of the present Emperor, the Inner Court was without trace of foreign influence, contact with mortal man being proscribed. Because fire is no respecter of gods, there were, in the bitter winters of Tokyo, no stoves and no general heat except the ubiquitous *hibachi*; there were no electric lights, no beds, except the straw mats of the floor; no plumbing, no comforts—a life dingy and drear for all its riches. It

has been traditionally a world of women, hundreds of them, ladies-in-waiting, wives, and concubines, though monogamy was decreed in 1889. Every day, the maids must undergo a process of purification and must repeat it if thoughtlessly they have touched their own lower limbs. In and out, between the sliding paper doors, over the soft padded floors, they move in perfumed silks, on their knees, their hands gloved in silk. Rising at six, they dress and purify themselves before entering the August Presence about ten o'clock. There is lunch at eleven, refreshments at three, dinner at five, games and recreation until ten, and then to bed. The maids never leave the Inner Court, and no one is admitted from the outside. The world that moves along so furiously beyond the palace walls passes them as furiously by. Yet around this inner essence, like a tough shell, are spacious apartments in foreign style with all the comforts and appurtenances of the palaces of ordinary kings—guards, offices for ministries of state, telegraph, and post office, power plant and waterworks, stables—all the necessities of a self-contained imperial town.

The life of a god who dwells within the inner circle must of necessity be painfully restricted. If it is impossible for a carpenter or plumber to touch the sacred walls of this sanctuary, how much more un-touchable the person of the Emperor. So sacred is the Presence that it has been the custom for the court physician to diagnose ailments only at a distance. If the Tenno runs a fever, the doctor is hard put to determine the cause, for he cannot take the Imperial pulse or insert a thermometer except with hands covered by silk gloves. Matters are even more difficult for the tailor. While Japanese court costumes are so ample that a yard or two more or less makes little difference, when it comes to

Western frockcoats and uniforms the terrified tailor has to take measurements by perspective, like an artist painting a picture. In fact, so sacred is the Imperial Person that when an accident occurred to the Empress's carriage, a coolie who rushed to her aid and thereby touched her hand was sent to prison for his gallantry.

The icy formality that surrounds the life of the Emperor is unbroken. Here and there impressive items are published about his personal preferences, his interests, his tastes, but so long as his life is smothered in religious mystery, the world is privileged to doubt as well as to believe. According to report, he is fond of music and chess, follows the work of scientists, and maintains his own laboratories; the Empress likes outdoor sports and is an accomplished musician, with a taste for Beethoven and Chopin. We are told that at the Peer's school, the Emperor showed mentality above the average, yet who would dare give him a lesser grading! Swathed in mystery, seen by no one except his official world, royal edicts promulgated with which he may have little to do, history garbled to suit the fiction of divinity, he leaves to the outside world the function of a doubting Thomas.

Though the Emperor, as God Incarnate, is primarily concerned with the world of spirits, his temporal power is tremendous. One of the richest potentates on earth, his domain consists of some 4,000,000 acres valued at \$325,000,000; other properties, buildings, cattle, agricultural implements, are worth perhaps another \$40,000,000; besides, he owns shares in the largest banks of Japan, in the Nippon Yusen Kaisha steamship company, and the Imperial Hotel to the sum of \$150,000,000; while theoretically, all Japan is legally his very own. This does not take into account public

funds spent on his behalf, for coronation, shrines, and all that goes with pomp and piety. The pageantry of a thousand years, re-enacted at the last coronation, cost \$250,000,000. Over streets that had been purified and dressed with sand, the Emperor rode through lines of squatting people, twenty deep, not a cheer, not a sound, heads bent at his approach and lips moving in prayer. Such is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. . . .

III

Such wealth and prestige were seldom the happy possessions of the Emperor's ancestors, with whom he still lives in constant communication. To understand the difference between emperor-worship as an ancient tribal practice and the imperialistic world power which it is today, it is necessary to indulge in historical retrospection. A Connecticut Yankee in the Mikado's Court would have to go back more than a thousand years beyond King Arthur. He would find himself in an island just born—the crystallization of the union of the god and goddess, Izanami and Izanangi, who together created the Land of Nippon. Then he would behold a tribal chieftain, Jimmu, arrived from no one really knows where, but now said to be the first of the living gods who still reign over Japan. Jimmu held court under the open trees and carried with him the sacred symbols of his divine parents—the mirror, the sword, and the jewel at the Ise shrines. As the centuries passed, the descendants of Jimmu shifted their capital from Nara to Kyoto, subjugated the native Ainu, and built their simple, shack-like shrines and introduced the arts. Although they never forgot that they were gods, they took the human way of perpetuating themselves,

married, murdered one another, and exercised simple tribal rites.

This is the legend, but historical research cannot go back more than a thousand years with any degree of certainty. Within this period, emperors have been deposed, removed at maturity, and eclipsed by military shoguns. The 96th Emperor, Go-Daigo, was hounded from his capital. The 103rd Emperor died in 1500, and his body lay for forty days awaiting the money for burial, while his successor, also lacking cash, did not ceremoniously ascend the throne for twenty years. Another emperor was so poor he earned his living by copying poems and signing autographs; still another dwelt in a thatched hut, not proof against the rain. For 800 years the Japanese never even saw their emperor.

In the face of poverty and eclipse, the rulers maintained succession by diverse methods which no Western dynasty would recognize. Emperors who had no sons adopted sons. Given ample opportunity to sire heirs, since they had no lack of wives and concubines, they still raised the sons of these ladies to the throne without strict inquiry into their paternity. In the light of this, one reads with astonishment the absurdities with which the Japanese embellish accounts of their dynasty and their patriotism—an “unbroken line” of emperors, a dynasty “co-eval with the ages eternal”, “2500 years of history”, and such folklore. Not content, some have latterly taken to rounding out the figures to 3000 years. With such methods, any line can be kept unbroken.

For the 250 years immediately preceding the arrival in Japan of Americans in 1853, the emperor was practically forgotten, except by one or two scholars, and the land was ruled in his name by a military dictator called a shogun. Then came the day when the Western strangers knocked at

the door. An upstart little Republic across the Pacific, needing coal, demanded the rights of nations, and with black ships puffing smoke forced the Hermit Kingdom to yield. For a number of years the country was in confusion, in terror. Its shogun in Tokyo was weak and helpless; there was no authority in the land. Hurriedly a few young men rushed out into the world, whither for three centuries Japanese had not been permitted to go, hunted about for political forms, examined the governments of Europe and America, and returned convinced that the German system was the most suitable. But how amalgamate the divergent elements? The answer came promptly. The Emperor! The Emperor, almost forgotten, young and inexperienced, would be the unifying force. But the people had almost forsaken Shinto, the emperor-worshipping cult, in favor of Buddhism. Well, revive it. And revived it was. So for sixty years, this theology has been spoon-fed by prime ministers and the government, has been given oxygen by a mechanical pressure which few states have ever dared to exert, until it has now become a first-class religion, wielding power over nearly two hundred million people. From a mere figurehead, forlorn and forgotten except by a few, or at most regarded by the masses as a vague deity, the Emperor has grown with his Empire; the cult of which he is the titular deity, whose simple shrines and temples had represented the pathetic faith of a primitive people, has been turned into a state religion. And to the man who, by strange chance, is also a god, has been given wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. It is as if Jesus Christ had founded a kingdom and a family, and had left heirs whom a great modern power regarded as Emperor and Pope and whose destiny its people devoutly believed to be the rulership of the earth.

There is, of course, an intrinsic capacity in the Japanese commensurate with this modern passion for patriotism. No doubt, having come later into the capitalistic world, Japan was able to make the transition from feudalism to industrialism with less confusion; but this she was able to do largely because of the semi-fascist, semi-communistic philosophy inherent in emperor-worship. The Japanese government has a constitution, but it is the gift of the Emperor. Whenever translations are made of the Constitution or even of the Imperial ordinance dealing with the coronation ceremonies, the words "The Emperor shall" are used. "Then the Emperor shall leave the hall" and so on, but this is a serious error on the part of the translators, almost a grave case of *lèse majesté* for which some one may yet lose his head, for there is no power in the land to make the Tenno do anything he does not will to do. It took a year for the Japanese to accept the Kellogg Peace Pact because implicit in that pact was the pre-eminence of the will of the people. Only last year, Professor Minobe, author of *Essentials of Constitutional Law*, for thirty years a standard text at the Imperial University, and himself a member of the House of Peers, was accused of *lèse majesté* because he holds that the throne is an institution of the nation, whereas the theory of the government is that the Emperor and the nation are one. In this dispute, Baron Eda explained that in Japan "soldiers fight to die, not for the country, but for the Emperor".

The Cabinet is not responsible to the Diet, but to the Emperor. If the Diet declines to vote new appropriations, the budget of the preceding year remains in force, making of political Japan an inclined railroad that can only go up. Yet the steps of petitioners to the throne are beset with insurmountable obstacles. The Emperor is

never brought into political disputes. The minister who inadvertently does so, loses his political — and sometimes his cranial — head. War and peace are in the hands of the Emperor, and the army and navy are responsible to him alone. Above the Diet and the Cabinet is the Imperial Rescript, whereby laws are promulgated by Divine Will. If this fact is not accepted by the people voluntarily, then all the force of government is brought to bear upon high or low to exact it. Even the most intelligent person, whose essential patriotism is beyond dispute, cannot escape the irrational blows of fate.

In 1889, upon the day when Japan was preparing to receive the Constitution, a liberal Japanese, Viscount Mori, Minister for Education, was murdered. The assassin was promptly hailed as a martyr because two years before, Mori had defiled the sacred shrines at Ise by carrying along with him, as he crawled to the altar, a walking stick. In 1918, the attempt upon the life of Yukio Ozaki was a repercussion from the campaign in which he had said: "Suppose you dreamed that Japan adopted a republican system of government, a Mitsui or a Mitsubishi would immediately become the presidential candidate." He was forced to resign from the Cabinet and the Ministry fell. In a touching valedictory, written in 1933 in London because he felt it was unsafe to write it in Japan, Ozaki catalogued a long list of friends and colleagues who had been assassinated for no more serious indiscretions. "These were useful public men and their death has greatly hindered the progress of Japan," he wrote. Yet he closed his appeal to the world with: "He who in sincerity would destroy me for love of his country, may also be considered noble."

When this fanaticism fails to take note of foreigners, whose point of view may be

innocently different, the question of international relations becomes involved. In 1891, Nicholas II, then Czarevitch of Russia, was visiting Japan. He was to return by way of Siberia, where ground was to be broken for the new Trans-Siberian railroad. Russia and Japan were tense, but the latter was helpless. The Czarevitch was feted and shown the islands, and taken to Lake Biwa near Kyoto. Pausing at a monument raised on the spot where Emperor Meiji had once stood, he innocently put his foot on the base. From below, a policeman saw the desecration. When the Czarevitch returned to his rickshaw, the policeman slashed out with a sword, seriously wounding him. But for the coolie puller, who threw himself upon the policeman, the Bolsheviks would have had no Nicholas to assassinate, there might have been no Russian Revolution, Russia might have waged war on Japan and clipped her wings before she was strong enough to win in 1905. The complications of this attack on the Czarevitch appeared so serious that the Emperor emerged from his sanctuary to visit the victim, condolences were dispatched to St. Petersburg, and the assailant was slated for a ride to meet his ancestors. But despite the wishes of the Cabinet, the head of the Supreme Court, Judge Kojima, insisted that the policeman be tried by due process of law. The Prime Minister urged precipitate action, the Judge was commanded into the presence of the Emperor, a curtain was drawn aside, and Kojima fell to his knees. Now the meaning of all this was quite clear — but for once in the history of modern Japan the unexpressed wishes of the Tenno were ignored. The fact that the policeman had risked his life to revenge a slight on the Emperor weighed with the country even against international complications.

This, then, is what happens when a country has enjoyed the blessings of dictatorship for a thousand years. Place behind the simple, naïve faith of the people the power of modern machinery, of modern naval and military establishments, of the radio and the press, and the fates produce an international force of incalculable danger. When the creators of modern Japan set out to remake their Empire, they had not the faintest notion of what seventy years would bring. The Frankenstein Emperor-God in modern dress is a power with which they have yet to play safely.

Aware of this, Japan's violent determination to secure unity at home is really an admission of the fear of disintegration rather than real confidence in homogeneity. If in the Emperor as God, the Japanese seek this voluntary solidity, the West need not quarrel with them. But when they use religio-political power for both internal repression and external conquest, when in the name of that power they plan world hegemony, as so many of Japan's outstanding spokesmen freely admit, then must the Occidental nations measure it in relation to every contract entered into with Japan.



THERE IS NO COMFORT NOW

BY V. JAMES CHRASTA

I HAVE seen the winter come and the bent bough's pain,
And the last leaves marking the lower ground
With a strange, discolored stain.

Pity and terror walk wide in the nights again;
Hearing, we stand with our hands locked tight
Back of the windowpane.

We shall be safe, and never more safe than now,
Sleeping the cold, drear nights in comfort,
But aware of the breaking bough;

Aware that no form will stand at the beaten glass,
Weeping the long nights through in pity,
In terror for sounds that pass;

Knowing no heart will break, sensing the brittle cries,
Sensing the spent boughs breaking
Under unfriendly skies —

This comfort we know is not for the living tree,
Though the frost break the bark and the small stem,
We must not hear or see.



ERUM GALL

The Drum Call

Volume 37

October 1958

No. 4

CONTENTS

The Editor's Bushrope chair		3
In This Issue		4
On The Cameroun Christian College		
	<i>Marjory Havlick</i>	5 to 19
March 5th		5
Faculty International		6
The Vice President		8
Impressions of former pupil, Njock		10
Students		11
1958 Collegian		11
André Hombessa		12
Their activities	<i>Pierre Fichet</i>	14
Raison d'être		18
On Metet	<i>Vera Wolfe</i>	20 to 32
The Church at Metet	<i>Rev. Charles Mvondô</i>	36
Children's Church	<i>Margaret Burkwall</i>	25
Sent to Heal the Sick, Cleanse the Lepers		
	<i>Vera Wolfe</i>	20
At the Call of the Drum	<i>Cecile de Pury</i>	26
Out in the Bush	<i>Pascal de Pury</i>	28
The Heart of Learning	<i>Jean Maze</i>	31
Greetings and Appreciation	<i>Charles Zam</i>	31
Who is an Orphan?	<i>Margaret Burkwall</i>	32

The cover shows ministers behind the Communion table at the dedication of the Chapel of the Cameroun Christian College. l. to r.): The Rev. Mbende (Baptist from CEBEC); Biyong, a local pastor (Presbyterian); de Pury, Swiss Reformed, teaching 1 year at CEBEC seminary, Pascal's father; Kotto, Evangelical, CEBEC's Stated Clerk; and Akoa, Stated Clerk of Presbyterian Church.

THE EDITORS BUSHROPE CHAIR

In March God took from us Mary Johnston Newhouse in New York after long illness. From operation to operation we awaited her return to this land where she was born and spent her working life, where she married the Rev. Darst Newhouse and brought up their four children. To them the many Africans and fraternal workers who knew her so well give our loving sympathy. The young Pastors Makon and Mounbock were pallbearers ("Mary would have liked that, especially one of them being a Bafia boy.") Surely she must be glad also that Darst came back at the end of June to the work to which they were both devoted.

There has been much coming and going this quarter. These have gone: the W. J. Schilperoorts, to Washington, after 3 years' good work in the school for children of fraternal workers, not intending to return. Dr. Robert Sandilands to rejoin his family in Oregon. The Chevaliers to Switzerland again for the 4 months of school vacation. The Frank Goulds, after a trying term, to put down furlough roots a second time in Louisville. And May Frommel to retirement in Geneva after 30 years of gentle yet keen service in the schools. Dr. and Mrs. L. K. Anderson have spent this quarter hard at work in the States, conferring with other Field Representatives and accompanying the Moderator of the Cameroun Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Mvondô (*not* the pastor of Metet who writes in this issue), who was invited to General Assembly in the U. S. They will return in time for our Retreat in August. And we have a new baby: Timothy Wade, born in June to Doris and Wade Reeves, in California.

In July we shall lose the G. R. Hills to Portland, Oregon, and welcome the Paul Moores back from extended furlough. Since early March, Mrs. N. C. Roe, Sr. has been grandmother personified at Libamba. Miss DeMars from Wisconsin, is visiting with the Chattersons for a month. Just arrived are 13 young Americans going to a work camp out from NkolMvolan. It is the

realization of a cherished project by Dr. James Robinson of New York. René Ryter is organizing the work on this end.

IN THIS ISSUE let us pretend you have come down on the train from Yaoundé to the depot nearest Libamba. The driver was there to get the bread for the school-boys' breakfast, so you got a ride in those two miles—past the village, across the tracks, up a narrow swath cut through the forest. And here you are on the edge of the clearing which is the campus of the Cameroun Christian College. You are at the top of the picture on p. 10 and looking this way. From here Marjory Havlick will show you around. You will get along well with her—everybody does, and that is a quality dearer than diamonds in this "our green prison", as one tired missionary used to say. This is where I live, too, so I may add to her even tenor that the diversity which is our crown can be pebbles in our shoes. Miss Havlick knows that it is students and teachers that make a school, and she hinted to me that you might be bored if she pointed out all the buildings. When you get to the picture of the students at the train leaving for the exams, it is time to get into the car and drive over to Metet, about 2-1/2 hours of rain-soaked roads away.

I am tempted to tell you about the first time I went to Metet. It was already dark when we arrived, and after supper I went along to visit a patient. It was a shock neither time nor getting used to conditions in Africa can obliterate: the black night, the maze of tumble down mud and wattle shacks, the acrid smell of open fires and unfamiliar foods, the disheveled woman on a bare pole bed. And the inexplicable warmth of our welcome. Contrast this with the new face the hospital wears in Vera Wolfe's article. Following her organization, you will find that half the work is done off the station. Mrs. Wolfe is as self-effacing as your first guide, so I must tell you myself that she is a small, bustling, grandmotherly sort. She came to Cameroun

Concluded on p. 30

CAMEROUN CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

On March 5th, the Cameroun Christian College buildings were dedicated in an official ceremony to which came dignitaries from the churches and missions which support the school and an impressive representation of government officials starting with the Vice Prime Minister and the Vice Governor General. It was one of those rare occasions when nothing went wrong: clouds kept the sun from making it uncomfortably hot, people were on time, everyone knew what he was to do and when. The simple but beautiful words of dedication,



Dedication Service in the chapel

read from the French church liturgy, were accompanied by the singing of the student choir.

For you who could not be present and who cannot know us and our school personally, we present the following profiles and pictures.....



Mr. Nguen and Dr. Peirce discuss around Miss Mellon. Vice President Gwét is at far right.

FACULTY INTERNATIONAL

The imposing variety of nations and tribes on the staff adds an international interest to the academic atmosphere.

First, the French whose main job is the teaching of French: Pierre and Suzanne Oschwald with their Alsatian calm and thoroughness; Pierre and Gisèle Fichet, model Parisians, Pierre in intelligence and Gisèle in fashions, (Pierre keeps a brotherly eye on the scouts—see article on activities); and Henriette Mellon whose lively French and history classes can sometimes be heard in the next room.

Next, the Americans who occupy many different positions on the staff: Robert Peirce, as president and prof (Bible and music) has for 7 years set the spiritual tone and tried to maintain the equilibrium of the school, with his wife, Martha, number one person-behind-the-scenes, who, besides teaching English, listens to all our problems (household and personal) and dispenses good advice. David Gelzer is our Swiss-American teacher of German and Bible and current business manager; his wife, Elisabeth, you know as *Drum Call* editor. Raymond Hill keeps the school running mechanically, while Lynn, his wife, has kept the books and made contacts in the village. John Williams brings a Californian's ease to his English classes. Finally, there is Marjory Havlick, head of English teaching and choir director.

The senior teacher, in years of service, is one of our African colleagues, Jean Marc Nyobe with his gentle smile and serious air. Jean Calvin Nguen, another of our four Basa, counterbalances Nyobe's calm with a contagious enthusiasm. André Gwét is our able vice-president. Paul Njock, a former student and son of our school's mentor, Simon Pierre Njock Bôt, just joined the staff upon his return from France. Pierre Meka'a represents the Bulu field on the staff and Titus Ngame makes us wish the Evangelical and Baptist Churches (French Mission) could find us another like him.

Further nationalities: François and Rosita Amato are Italian, professors of literature and home-economics respectively. (Our girls must be the best dressed young ladies in their villages.) Pierre and Catherine Vittoz are our Swiss lend-lease couple from the Moravian Mission, awaiting return visa to India (spent 7 years on the border of Tibet); he teaches math and physics, she, French, biology and English.

And, finally, the international household: Walter Trobisch, our German German prof, with his American wife Ingrid (Swedish background).

There are six ministers on the staff: Peirce, Oschwald, Gelzer, Vittoz, Trobisch, and Williams. They,



Building of the end-of-the-term bonfire. About it tonight will be some folk dances and more horseplay, all to a rhythmic chant.

with Nathaniel Roe, whose agricultural project is nearby, and layman Amato, make the rounds of seven preaching points in the surrounding villages. And there is always the French service here in the chapel. Dr. Peirce is chairman of the church committee to translate the Old Testament into Basa. Mrs. Peirce is "the mother of women's work" among the Basa. And Mrs. Hill has a village literacy class.

Mention may also be made of faculty-in-waiting: Yenwith and Muriel Whitney, an American Negro couple, Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Hunter College graduates, acquiring a working knowledge of French at present; André Ngongang and Gottlieb Mbog, former students, finishing up their baccalaureate degrees, proposed by their church, CEBEC (formerly the French Mission).

If this is too many people to remember at once, meet two of them at least: André Gwét and Paul Njock.

THE VICE PRESIDENT

Sixth child of his father's fourth wife, André Gwét decided to devote his life to teaching in the Mission schools when two of his older brothers went into the ministry. People should realize, he felt, that there are other avenues of Christian service besides the pastorate. In all of his years of training and service, he has spent only one outside the Mission and Church: a year at the government school in Yaoundé, studying for his Baccalaureate degree. His sole reason for doing so is that the Mission did not offer the course then in its schools.

A man with innate authority, integrity and reserve, he must be father not only to his own six sons (oldest aged 11) but also to his late brother's five. He seems to apply the same calm methodicalness to his family affairs as he showed at school, when, one day, having decided to study a certain question in his philosophy course, he did not leave his desk until it was finished nine hours later.

As a teacher (math and French), he is esteemed; as vice president, he is regarded with awe. His interest in others as a Christian gentleman goes beyond the limits of the campus to manifest itself in a deep concern for what is happening in his country and community. He most willingly joined the school president and dean on a trip to the capital, requesting investigations of irregular practices by the local authorities.

In his chapel talks and in faculty discussions one feels the moral force of man whose Christian devotion is unshakeable. He is at once thoroughly African and completely Christian, having accepted Christianity and Western education without losing his African roots, and remaining African without clinging to pagan practices and thought patterns.

IMPRESSIONS OF A FORMER PUPIL WHO RETURNS AS PROFESSOR

Whatever shall I say?

Cameroun Christian College, the great Christian

school for all French West Africa. Imagine the school as I knew it from 1946 to 1953, a cluster of mud buildings lost in the thick equatorial greenness. By 1954, the building program had begun, but the change when I returned in 1957, was too great to describe. Libamba had become a town, criss-crossed by long, broad avenues. A superb chapel dominates the hundred yard long class building and behind them lie the refectory and dormitories.

In the teaching staff, always pleasant, gay and impartial, foreigner and African, new and old work together.

The student body has grown, too. From one hundred to three, and new classes and sections have been added.

What, then, can I add, except an invitation to come and visit us. This would be, in my opinion, a really worthwhile project.

Paul Njock



An aerial view of class buildings and chapel

THE STUDENTS

The student body is all African but representing a startling variety of tribes and tongues. The youngest scholars are eleven years old, the oldest somewhere in their twenties. There are six (we hope soon seven) years of classes here, thus representing the French secondary school cycle.

The following ironical portrait of the typical African Joe-College was written by the editor of the school paper and published therein. A faculty-drawn portrait of the budding author follows and then his own word of Christian testimony.



In the dormitory, after evening study and before lights out

The 1958 Collegian

He is a nice boy who seems to be ignorant of nothing, starting with politics all the way to general knowledge. A crew cut is out of date; his hair is styled "à la française". If you ask him his taste in music he will talk first about

African music, then Spanish and Jazz; he adores such and such a duet, as well as classical music.

He likes any meeting provided there is plenty of racket. His conversation is often illogical; never does he admit to being wrong but, Adam-like, lays the blame for his difficulties elsewhere.

He must always see something funny in a story, even to making fun of his classmates.

But this is not all; he can put on a serious air in the face of the problems which concern him deeply, especially the freedom of his country. His class is his second native-land, once he has conquered old tribal loyalties. All of the interesting facets of school life dance a saraband before his eyes. He is very patriotic and, in spite of his sarcasm, very friendly.

* * *

Tall, good-looking André Hombessa is the son of a widowed mother who abandoned the Christian faith when, after her husband's death, life seemed to hold nothing but trouble. His step father, an uncle who inherited his mother, is a master carpenter and a great dancer in Brazzaville. André's first concern is to bring these two into the Church. His second is the evangelization of the youth of his country, to which he hopes to consecrate all of his energies after finishing his studies.

He came to us in 1956 as a result of having been sent to Canada for the Scout Jamboree and having, there, so impressed the Canadian family with whom he was lodged that they are paying his college tuition. As an "all-round" student, besides editing the school paper, he plays on the soccer team, sings in the choir, adds to the school programs with the strumming of his guitar and is fourth in his class. Here is his own account of his Christian experience.....

The untimely death of my father profoundly disturbed my mother, so much so that she abandoned her Christian faith. Thus, I grew up with no religious

background. My cousin, Isadore, a fervent Catholic, of the order of the Sacred Heart, sent me to a Protestant school, for no reason that I have ever been able to discover.

So I lived, for my whole time in grammar school, in the midst of a decidedly Catholic world. I was already sixteen by then, neither really Catholic nor Protestant. Each evening before going to bed, we gathered together for family worship. With the others I glibly recited the prayers—Catholic, of course—by dint of hearing them so often.

Each day added to my age and I soon came to the last year of grammar school. I had always made a good impression on my teachers which explains why they were so nice to me. As it is the custom to baptize children when still very young, my teachers began to wonder about me, and all the more so because, during these years, there arose an Arian movement which disturbed a great many pupils. More than once, I was suspected of belonging to this movement, a thing which seemed quite probable as long as I was neither Protestant nor Catholic.

The next year, I entered a sort of boarding school. All I had was an undershirt and a cloth which I tied around my neck. This same cloth served as my blanket. I looked with admiration upon my school-fellows and what they had, knowing my mother and what she could and couldn't afford. Like so many other children in this vast continent, I used the forest as my pantry. Each week-end I went out with my sling-shot.....It was, however, in the midst of this vague period of my life, left quite to myself, that I began to find myself.

One day, in class, the teacher spoke to us about the end of the world, and the signs of its coming. The question upset me and for more than a month I thought about it so much that I even lost weight. I learned, at the end of the year, that I had been chosen to go and continue my studies in a pedagogy class at Ndouédi, but I still wasn't baptized. So important did the question

become that there was even a division of opinion on the staff as to whether I should be sent away or kept in school. I was finally sent to the mission station from which I had come, there to be baptized, but I arrived a day too late...Now I could not go on in school.

Quite apart, however, from the question of schooling, I felt in myself a real desire to belong to Christ. I felt a sort of emptiness in my life, sorrow for the past and the need for help for the future. And so I came back, finally, to school where I was baptized at Pentecost.

André Hombessa

Activities, Extra-curricular

The school has a choir which in its two years and five months of existence has learned to follow direction, give an organ-like quality to their superb voices and appreciate Bach. Sports of different sorts are popular: volley ball is the late-afternoon relaxer, running and jumping for field day, and "foot" (soccer to you) offers something spectacular for Saturday afternoons.

There are usually two or three dramatic productions in the course of the year. The other particular organizations are described in the following article by Pierre Fichet.....

At the Cameroun Christian College live more than three hundred boys and girls, more or less shut in, not by high walls but by the forest and the isolation which form much more imposing barriers. Thus they must

find for themselves their own hobbies and extra-curricular activities. And three hundred boys and girls have different tastes; thus there have been formed varied activities, and, to the sports and to the traditional reading-walking, have been added the youth groups.

There are four, some related to national or international movements, others purely local.

The Scouts are perhaps the oldest group. They form a troupe of 40 to 60 boys who like to relax by moving around, running and playing. The older ones are the leaders but this means the older ones in terms of years



The Good-humor man in Libamba. Ze has bought a loaf of bread (for sale in the first pan). Atangana has a handful of peanuts (next pan). Beyond is fermented cassava and palm-oil wrapped in banana leaves. The maintenance shop is behind, and downhill to the right, one of the new dormitories.

of scouting and not years at school: there have been troupe leaders in the third year class whose authority was unquestioned. When the scout meeting is going on, one is no longer at the college: one is "Tiger" or "Bison" and fraternity is the word. The only discipline is scout discipline. The scouts of Libamba, coming from very varied backgrounds, as do all the students, have got together a collection of folk dances and songs from all the regions and their monstrous bonfires bring joy to the end of each term.

The Student Christian Movement is related to a world organization. It is a group to which boys and sometimes girls come on Saturday evening either for



The traditional reading-walking, locally known as koranizing, from their habit of memorizing lessons as a Mohamadan memorizes the Koran. Behind is the refectory, and in the distance another dormitory.

Bible study or for lively discussions on social topics, some of which have been very well attended. With another group, the Evangelical Union, the S. C. M. has often gone to hold meetings in the surrounding villages but its aim is especially to direct its members' attention towards a Christian understanding of the social problems of life.

The most original group of the college is, without doubt, the Evangelical Union which came into being quite spontaneously among the pupils seven or eight years ago and exists nowhere else. It is above all a group for prayer and evangelization, gathering together the boys and girls who want to serve the Church now and also later on; this desire to serve is expressed in activity in the surrounding parishes (and even sometimes quite far away) where the Evangelical Union goes to preach, teach in the Sunday Schools, lead youth groups and men's and women's groups. This group has always maintained its desire for an active and visible witness, which constitutes an excellent preparation for the Christian life.

And finally there is the Young People's Group of Christian Hope which is also a local group but not limited to the college; but it originated here, however. It is close to the World Student Federation as to its aims and activities adapted to school life. It also has activities paralleling Bible or social studies; theatricals and evening programs. It is quite active and well attended.

The fact that the college can keep four youth groups going is proof of the pupils' energy, their desire not to limit their activities to studies only but to try to enrich one another in different ways. The encouragement of the faculty clearly shows that they consider them as one of the essential elements in the school program of the college.

Pierre Fichet



Manyém hands out crumpled paper to the children in the Monday afternoon class at Makok. Four college boys go to this public primary school 3 miles away to give weekly Bible lessons.

Raison d'être ..

The aim of the Cameroun Christian College is to make Christian leaders out of the Christian young people sent to us by the churches which the school serves. To this end we have only Christians on the staff in order that all the teaching may reflect a Christian point of view and that each staff member may contribute to the spiritual growth of the pupils. Bible classes as a part of the program of studies, daily chapel services, church and Sunday School on Sunday contribute to this end, as do the different organizations already described.

After almost fifteen years of existence, we are beginning to see that the College has already in a small way produced fruits. Some former students are already pastors, others are in theology schools, many reach in church-directed schools and even more are found in government and business offices, often in key places and usually highly esteemed by their colleagues and superiors.

Thus all of the routine of lesson planning, test correcting, report cards and even punishments assumes a spiritual significance as these things contribute to the development of a Christian philosophy of life and the deepening of the personal Christian commitment of the three hundred or so students who study with us each year.



FOND FAREWELLS—the Oschwalds see students off for the exams in Yaoundé. Only about a third of them will return for the higher class next year.

Au revoir to the Cameroun Christian College and on to...

METET

SENT TO HEAL THE SICK,

CLEANSE THE LEPERS

Vera C. Wolfe

The medical services of Metet cover a wide area, from the dispensary of Olama 50 miles away in one direction to Foulassi hospital an equal distance in another. A monthly week-end at Olama gives aid to the sick, to the medical staff there, and to the church in Sunday services, women's and children's meetings and visitation. Every fortnight the doctor and two assistants leave Metet at 6 a.m., arriving at Foulassi at 7 to find things all ready for some 20 operations. Out from Metet itself are the country clinics where, for three days at a time, go the doctor and a team of five assistants with microscopes, medicines, supplies and a Bible message. Thus these small centers hear a new voice and a closer link is forged between fraternal workers and African Christians. Nearer yet but still over jungle paths is a one day baby and pre-school clinic, though adults also come. Often on the return trip a patient needing surgery is brought in to the hospital. At the station itself there are two large pre-school clinics, where on a noisy afternoon 10 crying babies may reluctantly submit to examination and treatment.

Two leprosaria are under the care of the hospital. Twice a week the assistant in charge bicycles out to treat the patients and often the doctor accompanies him then as well as going out on Sundays for services.

Some 200 patients live here in this Christian atmosphere, cultivating their gardens, the stronger helping those whom leprosy has already left with only stumps of hands and feet. On a recent visit to the colony with several women from the Metet church, we were touched to hear one old patient recall a certain Christmas years ago when the two small daughters of the doctor came with the medical men bringing the Christmas treat. They had charge of the soap, and, said she, when it was her turn, after the first child had given her a bar, the second, not having noticed, gave her a piece also. "I told her I already had my piece, but she said 'You just keep that one too.'" What warmth of feeling and love can be expressed in a bar of soap!

The work at Metet itself is done in scattered one-story buildings known as the "hospital town." Central in it is a small, beautiful chapel where the staff meets for prayer at 8 a.m. With daylight, however, those in charge of dressings and medicines are about their work and the doctor makes a quick before-breakfast tour to see how the patients have passed the night. The wards are known by the kind of cases housed in them. There is no charge for a bed in an ordinary ward, but there is an elite ward where those who want sheets on their beds may have them for a small sum. The maternity ward announces from afar the kind of little people it shelters. Sometimes there are so many of them that the mothers have to bring their own bamboo beds. Each babe has a wee bassinet covered with a mosquito net, close by the bed of its mother. Most of these mothers have been examined regularly in the Tuesday prenatal clinic.

Most of the buildings have been erected within the last 5 years, largely with government aid. Some of the very fine duplex houses for the staff and families were built with money given in the Women's Summer offerings of a few years ago. These are greatly appreciated and we long for the day when the rest of the staff who now have to live in disreputable mud and grass structures may be similarly housed.

The main building is quite impressive with its laboratory, dental department, and rooms for examining, treatment, and operating. In this last, twice a week three tables of surgeons and their teammates are simultaneously at work, performing about 20 operations a morning. We never cease to marvel at the ability of these men. With little formal education, these hospital trained men arrive at the place where they can operate on all but the most complicated cases. They bring babes into the world by Caesarian section, do all the common hernias, fibroids, etc. Truly, as one has said, "it is the miracle of modern missions."

We like the term "medical evangelism" for our work in the hospital and strive always that the atmosphere shall be one of Christian service. Among the staff are church elders, Sunday School teachers, leaders of youth groups, Blue Cross (international temperance group), and the women's organization. Each Thursday all but those immediately on duty take an hour off to visit with the patients, reading the Bible with them and counselling them. Many have through these visits been helped to a knowledge of the Christian life and have gone away healed in body and spirit. On visits to distant villages it is not unusual to meet someone whose first contact with Christians was in the hospital and who tells us that his stay there was a means of bringing him to Christ. Surely this is sufficient compensation for the midnight emergency operations, the weary hours and the backaches which come from bouncing over forest roads on clinic trips.

And the Lord said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto

the least of these...ye did it unto me."

THE CHURCH AT METET

The Reverend
Charles Mvondó,
its pastor.



The district of Metet is a large place. Missionaries, catechists and African Pastors have done here a great work for many years. There are ten organized churches, served by four African pastors. I serve the church at Metet station and two others in the district, with a total membership of 3500. The Reverend Ondua Abraham, Abeñoyap Enoch, Ejimbi Jacob, with three churches each, cover the areas of Metet, Olama and Mbalmayo.

One distinction of our field is that we have a Church Station at the commercial center of Akonolinga. (This is the successor to the concept of Mission Station, a new work started with personnel and direction from the Cameroun Church, with financial aid from abroad. ed.)

The work of the Cameroun Church requires many long, hard trips into the forest country to visit the churches and chapels scattered throughout our field. We travel on foot or by bicycle to these places where we meet with the Christians and seek out those who are not yet believers in Christ. It is heartening to find that all of them are eager for the Good News. One day I came to a river which was very high because it was the season of the heavy rains. I had to walk in the deep water and carry my bicycle above my head. When I reached the other side, I mounted my bicycle, but before I had ridden one kilometer, a tire blew out. There was nothing left for me but to walk, which I did for 25

kilometers. I finally arrived to find everyone waiting for me.

I began the conference at 4:30 and continued until 7 p.m. At the close of the meeting seven persons accepted Christ. But two women who were in polygamous marriages wept because they could not be written in the Church. I sat down and taught them what they must do and encouraged them to try to win their husbands to Christ's way. One went and brought her husband who accepted to think it over and answer me tomorrow. In the morning they came, the husband and wife and the other wives also. He said, "Today I accept Christ as my Savior. I will choose one among my women to be my one wife, but I will not choose this one, although she has led me to be a Christian."

Then everyone wondered what that woman would do. She stood up before everyone and said, "God, I thank Thee that now my husband has become a Christian and, as he will free me, I too may now be written as a believer. I thank Thee that the wife he chose has decided to be a follower of Christ too." This was a wonderful experience because that man had eight wives and let them all go but one, in order to be a Christian. The day we put a roof on that chapel, that man was the best worker of us all.

Because the principal cash crop is cocoa, which is harvested and sold once a year, our offerings are made for the entire year at that time—but they do not last for the entire year. So there are always several months when the treasurer's box is empty. But on the encouraging side is the work of the women in personal calling, helping the local church and sending their offerings for the ongoing work of weaker churches in newer, more needy fields.

Metet's new church building is almost completed, although there are many things yet to be finished.

I send greetings from my family and the Christians at Metet to our friends across the seas.

And Christ said, "Go—preach—"

CHILDREN'S CHURCH

Margaret Burkwall
six days a nurse, every
day interested in children

As soon as the regular Sunday School is over, from 90 to 100 little children from 4 to 7 years old climb Metet hill, two by two, to attend their own church service in an unused garage under one of the residences. Our chairs are old floor boards placed on cement building blocks. Our tables are the same, for each child kneels in front of his seat to color the picture of the lesson (the only coloring many get to do.) The day's memory verse is written on the picture in Bulu and Basa, though the service is conducted in Bulu. We use flannelgraph material and have three Quarterlies of Old Testament stories and two on the life of Christ. It is a joy to see the real interest that prompts helpers to ask for materials to teach children in their villages during a vacation.

Our staff includes an older nurse (a grandmother several times), a housewife, some high school boys and teachers in the Primary School. We rotate in having charge of a Sunday. We have been teaching the value of giving to the Lord, and the children are supposed to work in their homes or villages for the offering of food or money they bring on Sunday morning. They take turns going around with the collection baskets and afterwards taking the bananas, peanuts or what-have-you to needy patients in the hospital. For the children this makes the lesson live: "I was hungry and you gave me food."

Jesus said, "Suffer the little children—"

AT THE
CALL
OF THE
DRUM

Cecile de Pury
High School
teacher



The big Metet drum in this stilted house can be heard for miles around.

At the foot of the hill, opposite the church, lies the "school town". Here is the largest single school of the Metet district. It boasts the best buildings and the most pupils, but is only one of the thirty under Metet supervision. The others are scattered in the neighboring villages from 5 to 100 kilometers from Metet. Taking care of these "bush" schools is one of the school director's main preoccupations, as you will read in his article. For the moment, let us stay at the station itself.

At the call of the 7:20 drum, three hundred pupils and their eight teachers gather in front of the tile roofed, red brick buildings, and the day's work begins. From then on a passerby can hear, coming from one class or another, the voices of 300 odd children reciting in unison, with the peculiar chanting tone which they invariably carry over from their own language into French. For this is the Primary School, but here already all the teaching is done in French and in strict accordance with French regulations, for these schools are recognized and subsidized by the government. One

exception to the rule of teaching solely in French: the Bible is read and the daily Bible classes are taught to the children in their own language.

At seven o'clock, before the arrival of the younger-children, an older group of pupils has already started their five-hour morning program. These are the 110 boys of the Cours Complémentaire, coming from various Presbyterian primary schools across Southern Cameroun and chosen to continue school a few more years beyond the primary school level. The academic level of the Cours Complémentaire is roughly that of a High School.

Here several tribes are brought together, the common language of French being employed throughout. Three Cameroun tribes, France and Switzerland are represented on the faculty, which helps in trying to develop a spirit of mutual understanding among the pupils.

Relations between pupils and teachers are very close, for the teachers have not merely to teach but also to act as supervisors and counselors. The secretary and the irreplaceable school supplies manager-and-treasurer are shared with the Primary school.

There are other close ties between the two schools, for the director and assistant director of the Primary school teach in the Cours Complémentaire. The latter, however, is definitely not a local school, but is one of three similar schools opened by the Presbyterian Church in recent years, two for boys and one for girls. Along with the Foulassi Normal School and the Cameroun Christian College (which is in a class by itself by virtue of being interdenominational and international), these schools are meant to serve the Cameroun Presbyterian Church as a whole in its effort to offer a solid Christian education to as many of its promising pupils as possible, in order to train capable Christian leaders for the Church and the country.

"Train up a child in the way he should go"

OUT
in
the
BUSH



Pascal de Pury
director of schools

*Pascal and teacher before
a bush school.*

Metet, nine o'clock. I should have left at 6:30, but two or three last-minute visitors, replenishing the case of school books to be sold in the villages; and several minor repairs on the car have made me late. My Land-Rover is a bit tired of my frequent trips into the bush; nevertheless, with its four-wheel drive and its winch, it enables me to reach every one of the thirty schools which must periodically be visited. Finally I am off for a three day trip.

After an hour's ride over a rough, muddy road, I reach one of the small schools. In the middle of the village is a large, bare square in which stand the church, the school and the houses of the catechist and teacher, all built by the villagers with typical mud walls and palm thatched roofs. The classroom has neither doors nor windows, so the teacher's lessons and the pupils answers can be heard from a distance. As I enter, the children greet me with a noisy "Bonjour, Monsieur", and I then take a place in the last row to listen to the rest of the lesson. Today I am undertaking a big task: I am giving a test to each of the three classes in this one room school. With the help of the teacher, I shall correct the papers before leaving. I shall thus have a clear idea of the exact level of the pupils and know if the teacher and classes are keeping up with the official program. As for

the teacher, who is terribly isolated in this village, he is glad for any kind of supervision and contact with the other schools, even if he is reprimanded sometimes.

While the pupils are writing the test, some parents arrive, curious to see what the Director is doing in the school. Soon quite a few are present and I have a chance to interest them directly in their children's work. This is important, for often it is still primarily the child who desires to go to school, while his parents remain indifferent as to what the child learns in a language they do not understand.

As soon as I start to leave, the teacher's wife comes up with three or four different dishes prepared especially for me (the villagers do not usually eat at noon), and it is at such times as this that the teacher and I get involved in serious conversations, during which I learn something of his disappointments and satisfactions in his work, as well as hear the inevitable requests for doors and windows for his house and the school, and for benches and desks. But there are thirty schools, sixty teachers, and limited school funds. The villagers give quite readily of their time to build a school, but rarely of their money for what has to be bought.

At 2:30 I try again to leave but now it is the headman or perhaps the catechist who wants me to stay for a *real* meal, in the evening, and, of course, to spend the night. But I must get on, and manage to leave only on my promise to stay next time.

If I hurry, I may visit the next school before it is dismissed, although I will not be able to give a test there. The headman will offer me the best bed in the village, and in the morning I shall set out for the "principal school". This is the the name given to an outlying school with a complete Primary school program, the exact equivalent of the Station Primary school. Here I may stay for the next two days, for there are five teachers and I must spend time with each one. However, I shall spend more time in the two upper classes where the pupils are being prepared for the official examina-

tions which will mark the end of their Primary schooling and permit them, if they pass, to enter a secondary school.

The three days are soon gone. And in the meantime mail and all the paper work has been accumulating in the office at Metet, where wife and daughter are also waiting for my return. However, the work of these three days is certainly the most important contribution I can make to the progress of our schools and perhaps to their improvement.

IN THIS ISSUE: *concluded from page 4*

in 1924, yet steps out blithely in this new day. Somebody cited her example when asked what wives of fraternal workers would do when all the little things they used to do are in the hands of the Church. Dr. Wolfe reminds me of my father—slight, mid-Victorian, taciturn, but warm with little girls, having had four of his own.

Miss Burkwall has served only 7 years less, though the first 20 were in China. She is reserved, exact, efficient. She lives uncomplainingly in that mahogany monster known as "the plank house", built in 1911 for 2 families, which, as you can see, gives her enough office space and guest rooms opening off one another. You will meet the de Purys in the school articles, and right away you will notice that Cecile is that enviable person with colloquial English and faultless French. She is tall, brunette, outgoing. Pascal, on the other hand, is blond, detached, introverted. She is French, with an American mother; he, Swiss brought up in France. Little Anne, Mrs. Wolfe tells us, is going-on-two and station pet. Let her proceed with the introductions: The Rev. Charles Mvondô, station pastor who will present district pastors; Charles Zam, head medical assistant, 23 subordinates; Ruth Enyeka, head nurse; 15 others; Damaris Ekô of the nursery; Jean Maze, assistant director of primary schools, with 46 district and 11 station teachers. How do you do, Metet.

THE HEART OF LEARNING

Assistant director of primary schools

I give my brothers in Christ in America greetings. You came to us to give us the Good News of Christ. You brought us hospitals, you taught us all sorts of work. But I tell you that you have brought us a large workshop, a large machine, a powerful force that will go ahead and work, even if you leave—that is the school. This workshop goes ahead and trains for other trades. Great thanks. We of the schools carry the heavy load of this task, and seek ever to improve upon what we have done before. We are rejoicing at this moment because 98 pupils at the station of Metet and in the district have this week passed successfully the State examination for the Primary certificate. Some of these are very young, only twelve years old. We pray you to continue to support the schools of Cameroun, especially with your prayers, that we may do our work as unto God, not because of a hunger for money or because we feel ourselves superior to other people, but because we have some learning. Again thanks.

Jean Maze

GREETINGS AND APPRECIATION

from the head medical assistant

“Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the work of truth.” We, hospital assistants and nurses, send greetings to our brothers in Christ in America and give you heartfelt thanks because of the help you have given us. We have a fine dispensary, operating theater, maternity building and new houses for some of us. We are also very happy because of our beautiful little chapel where we gather for morning worship, Bible classes, and the like. May God reward you for your interest and help in the work of Metet hospital.

Charles Zam

WHO IS AN ORPHAN?

In times past Metet Orphanage cared for many, many babies: children of lepers, babies whose mothers could not nurse them or whose mothers had died in childbirth. Nowadays the family buys bottles and milk. So

we have only four children under two years, plus Mejo.

Mejo was brought in, a sickly baby, two or three days after birth. They could not even keep his mother tied up when she was most violent. Sometime in the early months Mejo had a spell of crying. After the crisis had passed, his arms and legs were quite limp. His arms are good and strong now, but his legs are shrivelled up. He gets around on his hands and knees or in a dilapidated wheelchair. (Don't worry, friends have given him a new one and we are daily awaiting its arrival.) Now 15, he is still the size of a 6 year old. He went to school but did not learn to read or write. But he washes his things and helps friends and gets handouts of extra food. His father has never given *anything* for his support. "What good is he to his family or village in this crippled condition?"

So Mejo, and likewise little Mbita, have both mother and father, but still they are orphans. Orphans of love and normal home life. Orphans of a society permitting crazy women to have babies only to neglect them.

*And Christ said,
"Feed my lambs."*



Korea's Silent Soldiers

This Sunday Americans everywhere will be observing Armistice Day for the second time since the start of the war in Korea. For thousands of American families the remembrances of this November 11 will not be for the heroes of Verdun or the Argonne, or of Saipan or the Normandy breakthrough, but for Seoul, Hungnam, and Heartbreak Ridge. The following account was written by UN Air Force Captain Robert Carruth and was sent from Korea by Captain Marshall V. Hersey, a member of the Presbyterian Church of Pacific Palisades, California.

—THE EDITORS

There is a valley in the southern part of Korea shaped like a U. The bottom part of the U borders a bay on the Sea of Japan. The floor of the valley is a patchwork of rice paddies and small fields of grain, and it is circled by a range of green hills rising high to touch the gentle clouds. Ox carts move slowly on the roads along with women bearing burdens on their heads. There is no hustle. It is quiet there, even though it is removed from an active airfield by only a couple of ranges of hills and a few miles of rice paddies. From the city of Pusan it is but a journey of half an hour.

The middle of the U rises gradually into a knoll that is crowned by the breeze-borne flags of the United Nations. The day we visited the knoll, there were three of these flags flying at half-mast. This was the United Nations Military Cemetery. Slowly, with anxiety and a suppressed kind of feeling, we had driven a weapons carrier through the pillars that formed the gate and up the curving driveway that was bordered by large stones painted white, and with newly planted small evergreens. The guest book which we signed showed signatures from half the world: Red Cross representatives, men of the services of many countries, diplomats, statesmen, and other world travelers who had come to visit and to pray for the many, many silent soldiers.

Along the graveled pathways and up the steps of the terraces we walked. There was no conversation. All that we would have said could not be spoken—words were not in us, only feelings. Over the small squares that represented Belgium, Turkey, and the United States, the flags of those nations were bowed at half-mast because that day men of those countries were being interred. You have often read of the "long rows of small white crosses." So had I, but I had not seen them before, not here. These white crosses were all new, and they stretched down the terraces to the very floor of the valley and ended where the farmers were working with their ox carts and their crude hoes.

The work went on as we watched. The broken bodies of world heroes were being buried, but I wondered if the world knew it or thought about it, or would remember. Death is such a permanent thing. A man meets it but once. And these men had not asked for it. The world had told them to go, to do battle, and to meet death if necessary. And I thought what each cross represented. Beneath each one lay a mother's son, someone's brother, a father, a husband—a friend that could never be replaced. And I thought that the whole world should be full of tears, but that

perhaps many reasoned only that "There's a small war going on, but it is half a world away, so it is too far to matter much." And I hated the people who thought like that.

Curiously, at least to me, in the little square of Turkey, the markers were not crosses, but white boards with white stars and crescents. But it matters not the form of the marker, nor the color, religion, or creed of the man beneath. The dead are just as dead.

As I stooped and read the names on some of the markers, the scene came closer to me. When one adds a name, the markers mean more. Then I saw another soldier kneeling before a single neat white cross; his hat was off and his head was bowed. I remembered again that my own nephew lay buried here, too. A



Over 4,000 graves in the cemetery

thought struck me like a bolt of lightning from a heavy, heavy cloud, though the sun was shining clear. I wept in silence the tears of love in a wail of hate. My heart exploded in a maelstrom of peace and love and hate and prayer.

I cannot describe the scene at all adequately. You cannot know the futility, nor the love or hate or pain that is there unless you, too, have been a soldier and have been with the silent ones, and have known that but for the grace of God, you would be among them.

Have you seen a mother cry when she received that awful telegram? Have you seen a wife left suddenly alone to bring up a fatherless child? Have you thought? Thought what every small white cross has held for the living as well as for the dead? Then visit your city of silent soldiers and read their names and know what it could mean to you.

I prayed as I left the United Nations Cemetery near Pusan, Korea. With the tears still wet on my cheeks, desperately I asked God to lead those men in whom we put our trust to guide the destinies of our nations. And I prayed even more as I looked back to see all those colorful flags flying, not all high and proud, but bowed at half-mast.

—ROBERT CARRUTH

held a national drive on Reformation Sunday to collect signatures opposing the appointment.

Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, in one of his first actions as the new Stated Clerk of the Presbyterian Church U.S.A. (see page 13), wired the President, "I wish to protest most vigorously your action in appointing an ambassador to the Vatican. Such official diplomatic recognition of one church by our government is deliberately to flout the expressed wishes and deeply held convictions of most Protestants. This protest is both personal and on behalf of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America."

Dr. Franklin Clark Fry, president of the United Lutheran Church, called upon Lutherans throughout the nation to voice "unrelenting" opposition to the appointment. He said, "It is ridiculous to pretend that this is diplomatic recognition being accorded a tiny secular state. All the world knows that an ambassador is being sent rather to the Pope as a powerful religious leader."

Dr. Vere Loper, head of the Congregational Christian churches, called the appointment a "gross violation of the American doctrine of separation of church and state."

In addition to action by inter-church bodies and scores of individual denominations, literally hundreds of local and area church groups representing millions of Protestants recorded their protests. Churches in many parts of the nation were jammed on the Sunday following announcement of the appointment. Reformation Day services and special rallies brought out Protestants in record numbers. Thousands of letters and telegrams bulged mail bags in Washington.

The White House statement which went with the Vatican appointment said, in part, "It is well known that the Vatican is vigorously engaged in the struggle against Communism. Direct diplomatic relations will assist in coordinating the effort to combat the Communist menace." Although this seemed to be the main reason for President Truman's action, there were many Protestants and many U. S. citizens of other faiths who wondered how right this assumption was.

The President, in messages recently delivered to the Washington Pilgrimage for Churchmen and to the Cincinnati meeting of the United Church Men, laid great stress upon the principle of religious unity. He urged the United Church Men to "turn the hearts and souls of men from rancor and hatred to love and the spirit of brotherhood." He told the Pilgrimage group, "Despite the barriers that divide the different churches, there is a common bond of brotherhood that underlies them all. We must continue our effort to find these

TO THE PASTORS, OFFICERS, AND MEMBERS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH U.S.A.:

On October 20th the President of the United States shocked the nation by announcing his decision to send an Ambassador to the Vatican and by transmitting to the Senate for confirmation the name of General Mark W. Clark. This action has profoundly disturbed the leaders of the Protestant Churches who, over the past years, have repeatedly waited upon the President (and his predecessor), expressing a common viewpoint that such an action would break the well-established American principle of separation of church and state and flout the convictions of the members of their churches.

By Providence and good fortune, we are not yet faced with an accomplished fact due to the prompt adjournment of Congress and the wave of protest from the American people. The President has now stated that no interim appointment will be made and that no further action will be taken until Congress meets in January.

Therefore, at the suggestion of the General Council and on the basis of repeated deliverances of the General Assembly, I am addressing this to call upon you to take, if you will, the following actions:

(1) To wait upon the Senators and Representatives of your State personally, by letter and telegram, to make clear your opposition to the diplomatic recognition of the Roman Catholic Church by the subterfuge of its being treated as a sovereign state.

(2) To write or telegraph the President your opposition to and disapproval of his action.

(3) To report to the Office of the General Assembly any attitudes expressed to you by your Representatives or Senators, so that this information may be correlated for effective use when Congress returns to Washington after the first of the year.

There is a valuable pamphlet available which is entitled *A Brief in Support of Maintaining a Valuable American Tradition*, published by the National Council of Churches of Christ in the United States of America, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, New York, which may be procured at five cents a copy, or at two dollars a hundred copies and fifteen dollars a thousand copies. This pamphlet expresses clearly the Christian and patriotic basis of the traditional position of our Church in this whole matter.

This course of action above suggested is not motivated by any ill will toward our fellow-American members of the Roman Catholic Church or by any criticism of General Clark. On the contrary, it is my conviction that one of the worst effects of this recent action of the President is the stirring up of religious controversy and the possible damaging of the career of a patriotic American who deserves well of the nation which he has so ably served.

HARRISON RAY ANDERSON, *Moderator of the General Assembly*
By EUGENE CARSON BLAKE, *Stated Clerk of the General Assembly*

common ties, and to bring the churches together in greater unity in a crusade for peace." There were many Protestants and many U. S. citizens of other faiths who wondered how the Vatican appointment would help fulfill these wishes.

But, for most American Protestants, these wonderings were not the point. General Rufus King, U. S. Minister to the Papal States (now part of Italy) from 1863 to 1868, was quite upset when Congress closed his legation because American, Scottish and English Protestants were denied full freedom of worship in Rome. He did not seem to realize fully that freedom of worship was a U. S. law. The laws of Rome, in his own words, did not allow "any other

form of public worship than such as conforms to the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church." The relationship between the Papal States and the U. S. was not in accordance with the U. S. Constitution and was therefore terminated.

President Truman has appointed an ambassador to the Vatican. The separation of church and state is a U. S. law. The laws of the Vatican recognize the head of the Roman Catholic Church as the head of the Vatican City State. The relationship begun last month between the Vatican and the U. S. is not in accordance with the U. S. Constitution. Therefore, say U. S. Protestants, the relationship should be terminated.

THE SEOUL CHILD WELFARE UNION ALBUM

경성 연합 아동 보건 회 사업 앨범

Christmas
성탄을

to
축하



Merry
기쁜

You
합니까



ALL OF US IN DRESS ARRAY ON BABY DAY—129 Prizes given for Good Health and splendid co-operation

보건회에 출석 잘한 아이와 건강한 아이에게 일년에 한번씩 식사를 주는 데 그날에 수백명여기가 호사하고 와서 상을 뺏이가지고 도라가는것



THIS IS THE WAY WE WORK EVERY DAY—a clinic each day of the week except
Saturday and Sunday—272 CLINICS HELD LAST YEAR

우리는 매일이와갓치 일을합니다 일요와도요일의에는날마다 병아건강진찰을하는데
작년에는 건강진찰을 이백칠십이회나 하였습니다



THESE ARE THE NURSES
THAT DO THE WORK

보건회직원일동



The Great Eastern Daily Newspaper gives the
Yearly Prizes to our Babies

THIS IS ONE OF THE HAPPY ONES

동아일보사에서상품을기증하고

귀사에서대표한분이오셔서상을주는광경입니다



A HAPPY FAMILY—This is what we work for every day—Mother brings all the children to Well Baby Clinic”—we have 1000 similar homes in the city

우리는 매일 **건강하고 기분가족** 이 되도록도움고져 일을합니다 이사진에자모는 그애기들을다
명아부에 입회식하고 열심으로단너잇습너다 우리보건회에는 사진에보이는데기과갓훈애기가
천명이나 입회되어잇습너다



DR. SO CHAI HAN, who helped us when we first started our work

이분은 녀의사 한소제 이심니다 우리보건회창설할때 만히 도와주섯습니다



These are her own children raised by "BETTER BABY" rules

이 애기들은 한의사의 아드님들인데 **규칙적으로 잘양육** 을하심니다



MISS FRANCES LEE, Our only "trained
abroad" Korean Public Health Nurse
서양에서 공중위생과를 졸업한 직원



PUBLIC HEALTH POST-GRADUATE COURSE given under
the auspices of the Seoul Child Welfare Union

간호부양성소를 졸업한 이들에게 **공중위생을 강습** 을 식히고
전별 사진을 박은 것

Some Special Projects and Departments of Work

본회각부의사업



MILK STATION—over 100 bottles of Milk Prepared by formula each day

인공영양부에서는 매일
백여병의 영양물을 준비합니다



MIDWIFERY IN THE HOME
Mrs. Hyo Kyeng Lee, R. N.
During the year 49 cases were
cared for in homes

가정조산

이효경씨는 가정에서 조산을하여
만혼 도움을 주는데 매년 평균 49
명의임산부를 맞이합니다



VISITING IN HOMES

Out for a forenoon of visiting
in homes—over 400 such visits
are made per month

가정방문

매일오전에는 가정방문을 나가
는데—매사 평균 사백호를 차지
단닌답니다



THE NURSE IS THE MOTHER'S FRIEND

She not only does nursing
in homes but also gives advice
공중위생간호부는 어머니들
의 친구입니다
그는 가정에서 간호만하는게 아니라
위생에관한총고도 만히한답니다

The Soya Bean Project—Especially Good for Children's Food

두유(콩젖)는 아희의조흔식물입니다



YI PIL HO

As brought to us nine months old—
very immaciated—almost ready to die
영양불량과질병으로죽게된아희달려와해
이 필호입니다



YI PIL HO

One year later fed on Soya Bean Milk
두유를먹여서기른지일년후에박힌
이 필호의사진입니다



YI PIL HO

3 years later—he, as well as many others
are fed on Soya Bean Milk and Powder

삼년후에 이필호가 이갓치 되었습니
다. 다른 여러아희들도 두유 와 두유분으로자라고
있습니다.