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**FROM THE MOUTH OF THE LION**

**Told by a Prisoner of Japan**

**Leon Clarence Osborn**

"My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths that they have not hurt me; forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me: and also before thee. O King, have I done no hurt. Then was the king exceeding glad for him, and commanded that they should take Daniel up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him because he believed in his God." (Daniel 6:22-23).

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L. C. Osborn

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## INTRODUCTION

This booklet by Rev. L. C. Osborn, will be read with deep interest and genuine profit. It was my privilege to read the manuscript in advance of publication. From the first line to the last, the story was so fascinating that I could scarcely lay it aside until completed.

Rev. Osborn has been a missionary in China for twenty-seven years. It was my privilege to travel with him for many days over the plains of North China, reviewing his work and that of other missionaries of our denomination and of other churches. During these days of association, I learned the real value of this man and his contribution to the work of missions in China.

Brother Osborn has been a prisoner of Chinese revolutionists, and lately of the Japanese. He has witnessed the sorrows and struggles of the Chinese through pestilence and famine. Since Pearl Harbor, he has been in the midst of the struggles of the Far East.

In this booklet, he tells the story of the captivity and imprisonment and suffering. One can never forget the picture he presents of the treatment of the Chinese by the Japanese officers and soldiers. The mental anguish and the physical sufferings of Brother Osborn, while in captivity under the Japanese, will make a deep and lasting impression upon the mind of the reader.

The grace of God, and the miraculous deliverance, are emphasized throughout the booklet. One's time will be well spent in reading this story of suffering, deliverance and victory. The story in this booklet will give a greater appreciation of Christianity, democracy, and human freedom.

Sincerely,  
R. T. Williams.  
General Superintendent  
Church of the Nazarene

\* \* \* \* \*

## MY CONSOLATION

"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ. And whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation, which is effectual in the enduring of the same sufferings which we also suffer; or whether we be comforted, it is for your consolation and salvation. And our hope of you is stedfast, knowing, that as we are partakers of the sufferings, so shall ye be also of the consolation. For we would not, brethren, have you ignorant of our trouble which came to us in Asia, that we were pressed out of measure, above strength, insomuch that we despaired even of life; But we had the answer of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in

ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead: Who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver; in whom we trust that he will yet deliver us." 2 Cor. 1:3-10

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## FOREWORD

Many times since our return to the United States on board the exchange ship, the Gripsholm, in August, 1942, our story of God's marvelous deliverance from the hands of the ruthless Japanese Militarists has been told; and, since it has been the desire of many that we put our story in written form, we now present this little booklet.

We would express our gratitude to the Lord, Who "Never Faileth"; to the Government of the United States, who kindly considered the danger of its citizens in the war zone and brought them home; and to you, who daily held us up to the Throne of Grace in prayer. Had it not been for the Lord, for our Government and for your love and prayers, we would not be here to write the story.

During the twenty-seven years of our missionary career, many dangers have been ours among bandits, spearmen and soldiers, and through plague, famine, flood, war and imprisonment. The call of God to "Go Ye!" still holds good and rings clear, and unless He hinders us, we shall go out, when the war is over, to again do our bit in pointing men to "The Lamb of God Who taketh away the sin of the world."

We shall appreciate your continued prayers that God may touch both our souls and our bodies and prepare us for the great task which lies ahead. We feel that the best and most fruitful days in God's harvest field await us, and that when the war is over, greater opportunities for service will confront us and the Christian Church than ever before. "Let all the people say, Amen!"

Thanks to kind friends who have assisted in arranging this story, is also expressed.

Leon Clarence Osborn  
Church of the Nazarene

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## THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM

"Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: for my soul trusteth in thee: Yea, in the shadow of thy wings wilt I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast." Psalm 57:1

When the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, my wife and I were living in the city of Tamingfu, Hopei Province, headquarters of our mission work in North China. Tamingfu, three hundred miles south of Peking, is situated in a region that had been more or less occupied by the Japanese since 1937.

I want to make plain at the outset that it cannot be said of us that we were caught there. Prior to the outbreak of hostilities, we could have returned to the United States as many others did; but, feeling it to be the will of the Lord, we chose to remain at our post. God had definitely talked to me one day about Daniel in the lion's den and had assured me that, in the event of war between Japan and the United States, He would be just as able to care for His children as He had been able to care for Daniel; and that unless He permitted, ungodly men would have no more power to harm us than the lions had to harm Daniel. So clear and unmistakable was His voice, that I could not refrain from talking about it with my co-workers. I was and still am confident that God has the final word in regard to our lives and all events through which we are called upon to pass.

Because of the fact that we were on the other side of the International Date Line, the day before the attack on Pearl Harbor was to us Sunday, December 7; and on that day, I visited Ta Lo Chuang, one of our outstations, and preached to a congregation of village people. The countryside was very quiet, and judging from my surroundings, I might have assumed that the whole world was at peace. On returning to Tamingfu, I attended the usual evening service and went home. There, shortly before midnight, Mrs. Osborn and I listened to a radio news broadcast from Treasure Island in California. The last thing we heard was that President Roosevelt had appealed to the Emperor of Japan and it was now for the latter to decide what should be done regarding the strained relations existing between Japan and the United States. The Japanese Emperor does not have control over the war machine of Japan; and besides, since he is supposed to be the "Son of Heaven," it is regarded by the Japanese in North China as very disrespectful, if not sacrilegious, even to mention his name. In view of these facts, Mrs. Osborn and I discussed the wisdom of President Roosevelt's appeal. Then we retired, never suspecting that within less than six hours

events would take place on the Hawaiian Islands, only five thousand miles distant from us, so momentous and so far-reaching in their results, that not only should we be torn from our home and the work which had been so close to our hearts for over twenty-five years, but also our beloved homeland would be hurled into a global war of such proportions as to make all other wars seem insignificant in comparison.

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## Chapter 2 A PRISONER OF THE JAPANESE

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him and delivereth them." --  
Psalm 34:7

The next morning, Monday, December 8, we five missionaries, Arthur Moses, Mary Scott, John W. Pattee, Mrs. Osborn and I, had just finished our breakfast in the home of Arthur Moses of the Bresee Memorial Hospital, when suddenly a group of Japanese officers and their Chinese servants burst into the room. Cocked revolvers and guns were in their hands, and they triumphantly announced, "You are under arrest. War has been declared."

At first, we did not believe them; for, only a few days before, we had been secretly informed that there was to be a local disturbance about this time in Tamingfu, and had been advised to leave the city and go to Pu Chou in the southern end of our mission field where Chinese troops were still in charge. However, in spite of these warnings, we had remained in Tamingfu, feeling that God wanted us to be good shepherds to the Chinese rather than hirelings who would run away when the wolves threatened to ravage the flock.

Now the Japanese were upon us. Immediately they asked if we had any firearms. We never had carried revolvers even when traveling in the bandit infested districts on the outskirts of our mission field, since we had always felt that God had called us into this work and that He would save us from danger if our lives were worth saving. Hence we gladly and proudly informed the Japanese that we did not have any weapons of war.

We were then ordered to call all of our Chinese together in one place in the hospital compound, as the Japanese wanted to talk with them. There were one hundred and twenty-five students in the Bible school, fifty or more employees in the Bresee Memorial Hospital, and about fifty children in the day school, besides the families of preachers, teachers, nurses, and mission helpers there on the compound -- nearly three hundred in all. We called them together and though we were not allowed to talk with any of them, I did manage to say to one of the leaders, "Trust in God, He will see you through." The Bible school was dismissed by the Japanese, the hospital closed on Christmas Day, the whole compound put under guard, and all property confiscated. It was a time of grave concern and excitement on the part of every one.

A Japanese officer told us that we were to be taken to Tientsin, three hundred miles distant, and turned over to the American authorities and that we would be given one hour in which to go to our homes and pack our suitcases. What would you put in your suitcase if you were given one hour

in which to pack, knowing that you were leaving your home for good? The officers accompanied us to our home, and followed us wherever we went -- upstairs and downstairs. We were not allowed out of their sight for a single moment.

It was already winter in North China and very cold; and we knew that, following winter, there would be a hot, strenuous summer. We prayed for guidance. It came to us, "Pack one suitcase each with winter clothing and one with summer clothing." We did so. Then we rolled our bedding into one big bundle and tied a rope around it. The officers were becoming impatient. They hurried us down the stairs and out the door, assuring us that our home would be officially sealed and that nothing would be missing when we returned. The homes were sealed, but in less than two hours the seals were broken and looting began. Our homes were looted repeatedly, and by the time we left China practically all the furnishings had been carried away.

Now that we five missionaries were in the hands of the Japanese officers, they acted very much like the little boy who wanted an elephant, but when he got the elephant did not know what to do with it. We were hurried down to the front of the Mission compound, where a large American truck with a Japanese chauffeur was waiting. We were told to climb into the truck, but no sooner had we done so than they changed their minds and told us to "get out." The Bible tells us "Agree with thine adversary quickly"; so out we climbed. Then all the keys that we had surrendered to the officers were turned back to us, and finally they said, "You need not all go with us just now, but we will take Mr. Osborn." So a Japanese officer, who, as I learned later, was the torture master at Military Police Headquarters, rushed me to the North Suburb of Tamingfu. There two rickshaws were commandeered. He climbed into one, I was told to get into the other, and a little later we arrived at the Military Police Headquarters. I was to be a prisoner of the Japanese there for the next thirty-six days.

Being a prisoner was not a wholly new experience for me. Back in 1928 during the Nationalist Revolution, we missionaries, upon the advice of the American Consul in Tientsin, all evacuated the interior of China, but later I was permitted to make three trips to our field in order to take money to our Chinese workers. The first two trips were made in safety; but, on the third trip, while visiting Pu Chou in the southern part of the field, I was suspected by the Nationalists of being a spy and was taken prisoner. For one week, together with one of our Chinese preachers, I was kept in the balcony of a Roman Catholic Church that had been taken over by the Nationalists, and for twelve days more in a little place in the belfry. On the last day of our incarceration, as my companion was reading his Bible, he suddenly became very happy. I asked him what he was reading. He replied, "Acts 16 :35, -- And when it was day, the magistrate sent the sergeants, saying, 'set those two men free.'" He added, "Perhaps this is the day that God is going to set us free." Sure enough, that morning a deputy from one of the high officials came in to tell us that we were free.

However, while that experience was gruesome and fraught with danger, it did not compare with the horrors and the mental torture of being a prisoner of the Japanese government -- the avowed enemy of my native land. When I reached the Military Police Headquarters, I was taken past a building where about sixty Chinese were being held in wooden cages. The appalling filth and the lack of sanitary facilities were unspeakable. The wretched inmates were so packed together that they could not lie down nor even sit down comfortably. When, after two-and-a-half

days with nothing to drink, they called for water, the Japanese came in with clubs and beat them over their backs. Their food consisted of four little millet ponies served cold twice a day. They had no bedding; all were poorly clad and half dead. Three of our own Chinese mission workers spent forty days in these cages; another, sixty days. This sight was my introduction to Japanese prison life.

As I came into the court yard, I saw about thirty Christian Chinese lined up outside this building. They were compelled to stand there all day long in great suspense and fear, without water or shelter. About dark that night, however, they were dismissed, and escaped prison for that time.

I was taken upstairs. There I found some other Americans from Tamingfu -- members of other missions -- and soon we were joined by Mr. Moses and Mr. Pattee from our own Nazarene mission. Mrs. Osborn and Mary Scott had been taken to a residence belonging to the Mennonite mission inside Tamingfu city, and interned there. Before the day was over, the Americans, with the exception of the two Nazarene men, were also interned in this Mennonite residence! After two days, Mr. Moses and Mr. Pattee were also taken from me and interned with the others, and I was left alone. However, I was not alone. Never had I been more keenly aware of God's presence with me than during these weary days of my imprisonment. Those words in Psalm 41 seemed to have been addressed particularly to me: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive; he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him into the will of his enemies."

It seemed that I had aroused the hatred of the Japanese because, in addition to being superintendent of the mission, I was also chairman of our mission hospital. They had accused the hospital authorities of selling drugs and medicines to the Chinese guerrillas; hence, they saw fit to "take it out," as we say in the homeland, on me. I was questioned about the hospital and evidently my answers did not please them; for, when the questioners left, they told me "to think it over well," intimating that the affair was by no means ended.

On the third day of my stay at the police headquarters, the officer who had brought me there came to my room and commanded me to roll up my bedding, close my suitcase and go with him downstairs. Naturally, I was disturbed. Those hideous cages in which human beings were penned up like animals were downstairs. But, thank God, that was not to be my fate. Instead, I was taken to a very small room near by, with a wooden partition running through it. I was given one side of the partition, and the Japanese guards who watched me closely day and night occupied the other side.

To my surprise, the Japanese had brought a single bed from our home for my use. They also allowed Mrs. Osborn to send me food twice a day by the hands of a kind Chinese gateman, and at night hot milk or cocoa to drink; so I did not suffer from hunger or thirst. On three occasions I was allowed to go for a short walk within the city, accompanied by guards, of course, and several times Mrs. Osborn was permitted to make me brief visits. It really seemed that the Japanese were trying to be kind to me; but on so many occasions their kindness was mingled with threats, that I could not but mistrust their motives and wonder what lay ahead for me.

Day after day was spent in this place. My room was next but one to the torture chamber. The screams of the Chinese being tortured added to my distress. One man was tortured until he could scream no more. He was carried, either dead or unconscious, past my window and thrown into the room where the cages were. The floor was brick and very cold, but I did not see the door open again until the third day. Some of the prisoners were given the water cure: (when their head and knees were tied close together and water was poured into their nose and mouth, until they were nearly drowned.) Others were beaten within an inch of their lives.

During these dreary days, my Bible was my one source of comfort and inspiration. I had often wanted more time in which to read the Bible and now I had it. Many books of the Bible were read upon my knees, and God daily cheered my heart through His Holy Word.

Christmas Day came -- the first Christmas that Mrs. Osborn and I had been separated in all the years of our married life. I was a bit lonely, but the words of that old hymn, "Unworthy as I am, still I am a child of his care," came to me and I sang them over and over.

On December 26, in the middle of the afternoon, a Japanese officer and a Korean interpreter suddenly came into my room saying, "We have a little affair on this afternoon."

"What affair?" I asked.

They replied, "We are going to have a trial."

When I asked where it was going to be held, they answered, "It is going to be held right here in the guard-room."

The ever-present guards were dismissed. The Japanese officer sat down on one side of the table with the interpreter just in front of him, and I was told to sit down on the other side. The officer then lifted his hand and began to shake his fist, saying, "Our nations are now at war. We are enemies. We are going to have a trial and we want you to know that if you do not tell us the truth, it is within our power to use force and compel you to tell the truth."

Though the torture master was just outside the room, and the torture chamber, where one of our evangelists had been given the water cure a few months previous, was near by, I answered as calmly as ever in my life, "I shall tell you the truth." The Bible assurance is, "When they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." God surely came to my rescue that afternoon and put into my mouth the word with which to answer my accusers.

"A Chinese guerrilla general recently surrendered to affirmed the Japanese officer, "and he told us that at one time three years ago he bought \$4,000 worth of medicine from the Bresee Memorial hospital. What do you know about it?"

I replied, "I was not here three years ago, but in America. However, I am sure our hospital did not sell these drugs; for, in the first place, we can never secure enough drugs for our own use,

and furthermore, we have not been in the habit of selling drugs to outsiders. If we did this, there would be no end of demands for medicine. Moreover, I do not believe that you Japanese are going to believe the testimony of one man and condemn our whole hospital."

The officer nodded his head, feeling a bit flattered, but said, "We have more evidence than this." The question was discussed for some time, but finally was dropped and never brought up again.

"You have been treating Chinese guerrillas -- our enemies -- in your hospital. Tell us what you know about this," said the Japanese officer.

I replied, "There are guerrillas all around us. If they came to us at all, they did not come in their uniforms and we did not know them. Since ours is the only hospital within a radius of seventy-five miles, and since the population is so dense, we treat many thousands of patients each year, and it is quite possible that we have unknowingly treated a few guerrillas, but we certainly do not cater to them. They do not love the Christian Church, being more or less communistic. In fact, they do not believe in God, so why should we especially favor them?"

At length, the Japanese officer admitted that they had proof that we had taken in only two guerrillas, and he added, "You know what we did with those two, do you not?"

I replied, "Yes, I heard what you did with them." The first one was a young farmer boy of twenty who had been forced into the guerrilla army and wounded a week later. He was brought to our hospital where he gradually improved, and was soon to be dismissed. Spies found it out and reported him to the Japanese, who sent men to take him into the city. Our good hospital superintendent pleaded with them to let the young man stay and get well; but in spite of her protests he was taken out and buried alive. The second man had been in our hospital only an hour when the Japanese came for him. I helped him off his bed and he was taken out and shot down in cold blood. Naturally, it was not very pleasant to be reminded of all this, knowing that the torture master was standing just outside my door. Thank God, the Master of heaven and earth was also near by.

At this point I was again asked to give my life history, which I had done many times prior to the attack on Pearl Harbor. All Americans were frequently asked for their history, and again I must give mine, knowing that if I made a mistake I would have to suffer for it. However, God helped me as I answered their many questions as to when and where I was born, how many years, I had spent in elementary school, high school, and college; what I did after completing my education, when I came to China; what I had been doing and where I had been living while here; how many times I had furloughed home and what I did while at home, the names of my father and mother and their occupation and age; how many brothers and sisters I had and their ages and the line of work they pursued. After answering all these questions which really had no bearing on the case, I was then asked the question, "Were you sent to China by the United States government?"

God here again quickened my mind and I turned the question upon the officer, asking, "Were the 160,000 Japanese living on American soil today all sent there by the government of Japan? I did not believe they were, nor have we been sent to China by the United States

government. Our only reason for being here is our response to Christ's commission, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature'."

However, as time goes on, I am becoming convinced that many of the Japanese on our soil were sent here by their government. As they fished along our coasts and among our islands, they sounded the depth of the water, they took pictures, they made maps and charts, and they studied the weather conditions, all for the Imperial Navy of Nippon. Today they know our coast lines and our weather conditions as well, if not better, than do most Americans in charge of the United States Navy. Recently General MacArthur, in reporting a big Japanese convoy in the Solomons coming in under cover of a storm, said, "It seems that the weather conditions were made to order by Japan." They have made it a part of their world domination program to know the weather conditions in these various zones so thoroughly that when the time came for them to strike, they could do it with the utmost efficiency.

To resume the account of my trial -- the torture master was called in as it began to grow dark. I did not know what the verdict would be and could only trust that God was ever mindful of His own. Finally he was dismissed and I was told to return to my room.

Upon reaching my room, I immediately dropped to my knees and lifted my hands and voice to God in prayer. I was reminded to read Daniel and as I opened my Bible, these words stood out in big print before me: "My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths that they have not hurt me; forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O King, have I done no hurt. Then was the king exceeding glad for him, and commanded that they should take Daniel up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him because he believed in his God." (Dan. 6:22-23). I said, "Amen, Lord, I believe in my God too," and with a red pencil wrote beside these verses, "December 26, 1941."

A few days later we came to the New Year season, which the Japanese celebrated for eight days. At night about twenty-five or thirty of them would meet in the dining room just in front of my room and drink "Sake" (rice liquor) and whiskey. (They did not know how to make whiskey until they came in touch with the white man.) The more the Japanese drank, the more they clapped their hands and the louder they shouted, until it was bedlam indeed. Even my guards bolted the outside door and joined in the drinking spree. In my distress I cried to the Lord, "Lord, what shall I do?" The answer came immediately, "Turn to Daniel." I obeyed and my eyes fell upon the words in Daniel 6:16, "Thy God, Whom thou servest continually, He will deliver thee." This surely was sufficient ground for my faith, and I said, "Lord, I believe." Every time the guards returned to me, I would claim that promise. Sometimes they would come near and look at me, and I would look at them, inaudibly claiming deliverance in the name of the Lord. They finally turned and walked away without even laying their hands upon me.

One night when they were especially hilarious, and I felt that without God's help I could endure their carousing no longer, the words of that old song came like a flash to my mind: "Peace, peace, sweet peace, Wonderful gift from above; Oh, wonderful, wonderful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love."

I sang it over and over until it seemed that my heart would burst with joy. I realized what Paul and Silas experienced when they sang in prison at the midnight hour. The angels of the Lord seemed to fill my room and I said, "Lord, I am so glad that I am here, I would not have missed this experience for the whole world." I did not, like Uncle Buddie, have a trip to heaven, but I did have a portion of heaven brought down to what was next to hell on earth. The next day I searched the Scriptures to find how many times the "Angels of the Lord" were mentioned. I found how the angel had appeared to Peter when he was in jail and how he was delivered. I found the wonderful passage, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them"; and another -- "His angels are thousands upon thousands." Well, it did not seem that it would take so many angels to look after me, however, the whole place appeared to be full of the heavenly visitors.

Mrs. Osborn had brought me a church hymnal. I cannot refrain from speaking of the comfort derived from these grand old hymns written by the godly men and women of the past. That old hymn, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," written by Martin Luther in the days of his fiery trials, meant much to me. As I sang to myself the words,

"Let goods and kindred go,  
This mortal life also;  
The body they may kill;  
God's truth abideth still,  
His Kingdom is forever."

I said, "Yes, our homes are being looted, our earthly possessions are disappearing (things were even disappearing from my suitcase), our kindred may never be seen on earth again, but let them go. Let them take my life; God's kingdom is forever, and I am part of it -- an unshakable Kingdom. I have something within my breast that neither man nor demon can take away." Praise God forever! "Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven there."

January 10, 1942, arrived. I continued to pray much, especially that the Japanese might receive the light and turn to the Lord Jesus Christ. I never prayed that God would open the windows of heaven and rain fire and brimstone down upon them. Perhaps they needed it, but there are others who might deserve it too. So, since "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," I was willing to leave that with Him. I did have a real burden that night, however, for the Japanese officer, the Wu Chang, who was in charge of the Police Headquarters and had the power to set me free. He was one of the most repulsive men in Asia, being cross-eyed, bow-legged, untidy, untutored, and very ill-tempered. He had been anything but kind to me. When I was cold, he would not allow me to warm myself by the fire. He had repeatedly looted the mission compound and taken things from me -- even my cameras -- while I was his prisoner. But, nevertheless, the Lord laid him upon my heart and on the evening of January 10, I prayed earnestly for him. I said, "Oh, God, save this man. Lord, you confused the tongues in the first place and surely you can straighten them out again. You can talk Japanese. Please, Lord, talk to this Wu Chang and cause him to come tomorrow morning and ask if I do not want to leave this place." I prayed until my heart was light and I felt that God had heard my cry.

I was not greatly surprised the next morning when this big fellow came almost tumbling into my room and said in pigeon Chinese, "Pastor Osborn, would you like to leave here and go over where the other missionaries are interned ?"

I immediately answered, "Officer, I would very much like to go over there. In the first place, I have a bad cold; and in the second place, you are a very busy man and it makes me feel badly to take so much of your time when you have so many other things to look after. If you would send me over there, it would be so much better both for you and for me."

"Well," said he, "you write out a statement in Chinese promising that you will not go on the street without permission from the Military Police and that you will not send letters without first sending them over here for inspection, and you may go."

Like many other Americans in China, I had not kept in practice in the writing of Chinese characters; so I asked if I might be permitted to write the statement in English. He refused, insisting that the writing must be in Chinese. I might explain that this demand was in keeping with the Japanese policy. They are doing their best to convince the Chinese that they are not aggressors in China but are merely trying to free China from Western imperialism -- hence this statement must be in Chinese rather than English.

Then I asked the Wu Chang kindly to write it for me, but he said, "I do not write good Chinese either. I am a Japanese." And so out of the door he bounded, saying as he went, "Man Man Ti," meaning "After a while."

He was gone all day; and, near evening, fearing that in the midst of so many duties he had forgotten all about me, I dropped to my knees and prayed that God would remind him of his morning visit to my room. Then Psalm 37 :7 came to my mind: "Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him." I said, "Yes, Lord! I shall do my best to 'rest in the Lord' and wait patiently both for Thee and for this Japanese officer."

About seven o'clock that evening a Korean interpreter entered my room with a big sheet of white paper upon which was written in Chinese the desired statement. This he handed me to sign both in Chinese and in English. After signing it, I asked, "May I go now?" "No," he replied, "this does not say January 11, but January 12." So I served the Lord one more night in that dismal room.

The next morning I was up bright and early with no alarm clock to waken me. My breakfast did not come until about ten o'clock, and then the Japanese began their daily morning drill just outside my window. It seemed of all their morning drills, this was the very longest. Finally, I said to the Japanese guard, "I am leaving here today, and when this drill is over will you please go to the Wu Chang and ask if I can leave?" He seemed a bit surprised; but when I assured him that all the necessary arrangements had been made, he went in search of the Wu Chang. In less than an hour after the drill was finished, I left my prison walls behind me and joined my wife and the other Nazarene and Mennonite missionaries interned in the residence.

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### Chapter 3 ALPHA AND OMEGA

"I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad. O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." Psalm 34:1-4

You may be sure that it seemed like heaven indeed to be with my dear wife and the other missionaries again. We had long seasons of prayer and singing every morning and night, and I had an opportunity to rehearse the Scripture passages that had so wonderfully sustained me during the days of my imprisonment.

Here, where we were interned, was a yard where we could exercise. Though it was no larger than the interior of a small church, to me it seemed like a cow pasture in comparison with my cramped quarters at the Military Police Headquarters. For a while the Japanese officers called upon us every day; but they seemed to realize that we were law-abiding citizens with no evil intentions, and so their visits became fewer and fewer until toward the end of our stay, they came only two or three times a month.

As the days and the weeks dragged on, naturally our minds were filled with wonder and concern as to our future. Though the mental strain of our internment was more than we could humanly bear, we were, physically speaking, fairly comfortable.

We were allowed to have a Chinese cook, who served us two substantial meals a day; also a Chinese "amah" or maid, who helped with the dishes, cleaning, laundry, and the like. We had one living room in common, which was heated by a small stove, the fuel having been salvaged, by the permission of the Japanese, from our homes. The fuel for the cook stove was rationed by the authorities, and when the month's supply was gone, the cooking had to be done on the heating stove. We were granted a few privileges. For instance, we were allowed, along with Japanese guards, to go back to our respective homes a few times for extra food and clothing. On each return we were grieved to find that our homes had been entered and more of our possessions taken by the Japanese.

In order to keep our minds occupied during these days of uncertainty, we hired a Christian Chinese teacher, who lived just in front of us in the same compound. He assisted us in furthering our knowledge of the Chinese language -- from which a missionary never graduates.

The brightest spot in all the six months of our internment was the manifestation of loyalty and devotion on the part of our Chinese Christians. They would walk for miles to bring us chickens, eggs, cereals, and other articles of food that they themselves could not afford to eat; and, when we would remonstrate with them because of their generosity, they would always reply, "We have our freedom, but you are in captivity." They even asked if we had sufficient funds and suggested that they take up offerings in their churches.

Another source of great comfort to us was the decision on the part of the Chinese Church Committee, which had been organized fifteen months prior to the attack on Pearl Harbor for just such an emergency. They informed us that they would not allow any of the churches of our China district formerly supported by the General Board of the Church of the Nazarene in America, to be closed. Henceforth these churches were to be self-supporting. This movement on their part made us realize that the work of Foreign Missions undertaken by our beloved Church had not been in vain, and that these people had been sufficiently touched by the gospel of Christ to carry on even though the missionaries might be removed. After all, the aim of foreign missions has been realized to a great extent in thus getting the National Christians to shoulder the responsibility of conducting their own work. This does not mean that there is nothing more for us as a Church in America to do. When the war is over, we must send missionaries to assist the Chinese Church to open and establish new fields, new schools, new churches and hospitals, and to carry the gospel to China's millions who have never yet been reached.

At length, in the early part of spring, the Swiss Consul-General in Shanghai, who was acting as mediator between the Americans and the Japanese, sent a questionnaire to all Americans in occupied China, asking if they would like to return to their homeland in case there should be an exchange of nationals between the United States and Japan. We replied that we preferred to stay in China.

Nothing further was heard until one Sunday afternoon in early May, when a Japanese Consul from Shuntehfu came to us with the brief announcement that there was to be an exchange of nationals and that we should leave China, go to Portuguese East Africa, where the exchange would be made, and thence on to South and North America. We were told that each of us might take only what we could carry in our hands, for there would be no one to help us with our baggage; and that we should all be ready to leave at a moment's notice. All of us asked permission to remain in China, but he replied that he had received these instructions from persons of greater power than he, and that he had no authority to change their orders.

Then we were compelled to sign all the church property belonging to the Church of the Nazarene over to the new State Church recently organized by the Japanese, which our Chinese Nazarenes, out of expediency, had joined. While we insisted that we had no authority from the General Board of the Church of the Nazarene to sign over mission property, there was nothing else for us to do to keep our churches open and keep our national preachers out of trouble.

June came, and all of us eight missionaries -- five Nazarenes and three Mennonites -- were packed, ready to leave, when an officer came to tell us that since not all could be accommodated on the first exchange ship, four were to go and four were to remain in China to await the second exchange ship. We had prayed to God for guidance in this matter of leaving China, and for His will and not the will of the Japanese to be done. Now the choice was taken entirely out of our hands. We begged to stay, but to no avail. Miss Wilhelmina Kuyf of the Mennonite Mission, and Mr. Pattee, Mrs. Osborn and I of the Nazarenes, were to return to America on the Gripsholm.

On June 5, 1942, we took the first step of the long, long journey that lay ahead of us. We had been asked to be ready early that morning to leave by bus for Hantan, the railway center fifty miles away. First, we had to appear at the Military Police Headquarters and from there go on to

the bus station, of course under escort. The other Americans and a few Chinese friends begged to go to the station so see us off. This privilege was granted, though it was not expedient to converse with them. In fact, the Chinese had previously been warned that if they had anything to do with Americans, they would be shot. It was a time of great sorrow. Twenty-six years before, we had arrived in Tamingfu for the first time and had alighted from our carts in the identical spot where this bus station is now located. We wondered, as our bus drove away from this station, whether or not our arrival twenty-six years ago and our present departure were Alpha and Omega of our missionary career in China. God alone knows, and the final verdict is still with Him. "Our times are in His hands." We leave the future with Him; but unless He makes it clear that He has other plans for us, we hope some day to return to China.

As our bus left the west gate of Tamingfu and proceeded on its way to the auto road, we could see our beloved mission station at the right, and Mrs. Osborn began to weep. I, too, could scarcely keep back the tears, but said, "We commit this place and our people to God and shall trust Him to watch over the property and our brothers and sisters in Christ. We shall trust Him to save as much of the property as He wants the Church of the Nazarene to have."

We were escorted on our way by one Japanese officer and one private soldier. When we stopped just inside the gate of the first large city, Kuang Ping Hsien, I noticed a Chinese man standing near the bus window. I asked him if he would hasten to the mission compound nearby and ask Mr. and Mrs. Kohl of the mission to come out for just a moment. He obeyed and soon we saw the German missionaries with whom I had taken lunch just prior to the attack on Pearl Harbor, coming in great haste. There was little time for farewells, and when I said, "Good-bye, we are going to America," they were dumbfounded and did not know what to say as our bus went on its way.

That afternoon we arrived at Hantan, the railway center, boarded the train, and before midnight we reached Shih Chia Chuang, the gateway to Shanhsi Province, some hundred miles south of Peking. We were taken several miles back from the railway station to a Chinese hotel and there were kept for seven days. The hotel was a one-story building; and we were given rooms with brick floors and wooden beds -- minus springs and mattresses. We were served Chinese food twice a day by the hotel servants. There were Chinese guards 'at this hotel and, of course, the Japanese officers were there with us most of the time.

The day after our arrival, we were joined by a number of other American missionaries -- Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Independents -- and a few days later by four British missionaries. Before these people reached the hotel, the Japanese Consul, who had met their train, told them that a missionary from Tamingfu had already reached Shih Chia Chuang. They thought it must be I, and asked the Consul how old the man from Tamingfu was. During my imprisonment and internment, I had acquired a long beard of over six months' growth, and hence appeared to be more than forty-nine years old. So, in replying to their question, the Consul hesitated for a moment and then said, "I think he is a little past seventy."

They thought, this cannot be brother Osborn but upon their arrival they found it was.

Before leaving to meet the train on which this group of missionaries had come, the Japanese Consul had told me that he wanted me to organize a committee with whom he could discuss matters without calling the entire group of missionaries together. Hence, when all had arrived and supper was over, the desire of the Consul was passed on to those present and, immediately, one of our good brethren from the American Board Mission moved that the venerable gentleman with the long beard be asked to serve as chairman of the committee. So, by virtue of my long beard, I was elected chairman.

On the third day of our stay at Shih Chia Chuang, we were given, arm bands and told that we could go about the city during the daytime if we reported to the guards upon leaving and returning. Rev. Rassmussen of an Independent mission, a Danish National who had not been interned and was still able to carry on his work, came to visit the missionaries one day. He was very jovial and in a kindly way asked the Japanese officer if we might be permitted to attend his Church on Sunday. The officer gave his consent on condition that he go with us. So on Sunday morning we were allowed to go to Church for the first time in exactly six months to a day, and I was one of the two missionaries who were given the opportunity of preaching in this mission church with the Japanese officer in attendance. After services we had dinner together with this Danish missionary and his family.

This week spent at Shih Chia Chuang came to an end, and the next part of our journey began when we were taken to the railway station and put on board the train for Peking. As we left, we had mingled feelings of joy and regret -- joy that we were homeward bound and regret that we were leaving our British friends to the mercy of the Japanese. We were happy to meet on this train a dozen or more other missionaries who were being escorted out of Shanhsi Province, where they had been interned. Two of the number were graduates of Oberlin College. The evening was spent in exchanging experiences of the months since the attack on Pearl Harbor, and at 7:30 the next morning we arrived in Peking. After passing through a line of Japanese guards, we were taken upstairs in the railway station and there kept under strict guard for three hours. Breakfast was served to those who were hungry, but we were not allowed to leave the station or to visit with one another. We had friends in Peking whom we longed to see, but they were not allowed to come to the depot. At 10:30 that morning we boarded the train which was taking the American diplomats, newspaper men, and missionaries to Shanghai, one thousand miles distant. We arrived safely at midnight, Sunday, June 14, there to await the sailing of the S. S. Conte Verde, the Italian ship that was to take us to the Portuguese East African port, Lourenco Marques, where the exchange of Japanese and American nationals was to take place.

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#### Chapter 4 FROM SHANGHAI TO LOURENCO MARQUES

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.  
Psalm 46:1-3

In accordance with the plans of an American Committee in Shanghai working with the Japanese and Swiss representatives, our fourteen days' wait in Shanghai was spent at the Columbia Country Club. Here three hundred and fifty Americans were interned, while three hundred others were waiting in other places in Shanghai for the sailing of this same ship -- the Conte Verde.

My wife was given a room upstairs with some other women and children. I was given a place in the bowling alley with about one hundred and fifty other men. We were each given an army cot, sheets, pillows, towels, and a little mosquito net about five feet square to put over the head of our cots as a protection from the mosquitoes which were breeding in an unused, undrained swimming pool just outside the building. I never saw so many mosquitoes together in one place in all my life, and words cannot describe the annoyance which we endured every night because of these pests.

During the two weeks that we spent here, we were served three meals a day by the Chinese and if we did not like the food prepared for us, we could buy food on the outside. Most of us had money; for while the Japanese had taken many things from us, they had not taken our money. We were allowed to go down town during the day if we so desired, provided that we registered when we went out and when we returned. Naturally we met many friends in this place, whose experiences had varied with their local commanders. Some had been well treated; others had had a most difficult time.

While here, it was my privilege to preach on Sunday morning to a group of converted Jews who, having been driven out of Germany by Hitler, had found Christ here in Shanghai. I learned that between twenty-eight and thirty thousand Jews had fled to Shanghai for refuge and that ten thousand of them were on a starvation diet -- their food consisting of one pound of bread and two pounds of cereal per week per person. When they sickened and died, they were not given a decent burial, but merely wrapped in mats and rolled into a shallow hole in the ground.

Day after day we were told that this long-looked-for ship -- the S. S. Conte Verde was being prepared to take us Americans to Africa. The Conte Verde was an Italian ship that chanced to be in the harbor at Shanghai when Italy entered the war, and had not been allowed to leave. The sailing date was postponed more than once; but, at last, on June 28, 1942, we were told to be ready to leave the Club building for the ship before daylight the next morning. All were ready. At two o'clock in the morning, June 29, a Chinese gong sounded, lights were turned on, and everyone jumped out of bed at the same time. The first thing that came into my mind when I saw all those white sheets and pieces of white mosquito netting flying in every direction was that the General Resurrection had come!. It was a sight to behold. Not one person was left in bed. All were up and ready to dash for the ship which was to start us on our long, dangerous, homeward journey. At three o'clock we were served our breakfast, which consisted of a small portion of cooked cereal with milk, two slices of bread, and a cup of tea. Before daylight, three hundred and fifty of us lined up in single file and slowly wormed our way to the big American busses waiting outside the Club House. In a heavy downpour of rain, we boarded these busses and were driven to the custom's jetty on the famous Bund down town in Shanghai:

As our busses came to a stop, Japanese and German photographers flashed their lights and began taking motion pictures for propaganda use in the Far East. They will show the ignorant

people of the interior of the country how the Far East is being rid of "Western Imperialism" -- so called by those who hate the white man and his influence. The Japanese tell the Chinese that they are their Saviour. They say to the ignorant Chinese, "Only one Jesus has died, but see how many Japanese have already died for you, in trying to free you from the domination of the white race." As a matter of fact, the Japanese, if they conquer China, will make greater slaves out of the Chinese people than were the Children of Israel in Egypt during the days of the Pharaohs.

We were rushed through the Customs building, where the Japanese customs officers hurriedly looked at what little luggage we had and chalk-marked it; thence on to little boats that took us several miles up the Whang Pu River. At a distance to our right, we finally saw the much-talked-about ship -- the Conte Verde. Big white crosses were painted on the funnels and sides of the ship. In the center was painted the "Rising Sun" of Japan, and a Japanese flag was flying high up on one of the masts. We all felt that we had seen enough Japanese flags, but here they were again, right before our eyes. It was still raining hard when we left the little boats and went ashore. Again we had to fall into lines, and after a considerable length of time we walked up the gang-plank that led to the Conte Verde. It was afternoon when the great ship actually left its haven and sailed for the mouth of the river. At the river's mouth we stayed until midnight waiting for the tide to rise, so that we could cross the bar and begin our long journey home.

Day after day we sailed on in a southerly direction, making from sixteen to eighteen knots an hour. The Fourth of July was spent on the old Pacific without celebration; but we did thank God for the freedom of our native land and for the freedom, through Jesus Christ, from the bondage of sin.

As we were sailing past the coast of French Indo-China, the hearts of all on the ship were saddened by the death of one of our passengers, Dr. Edwins of the Lutheran Mission in Central China. Having spent his life in leading the Chinese to Christ and in ministering to their needs, he was included in the list of those Americans to be exchanged for Japanese Nationals. While we were at the Club House in Shanghai, he suffered a stroke of paralysis and had to be taken on board the Conte Verde on a stretcher. All his relatives were in America, but kind hands from his own mission in China prepared his body for burial at sea. Early the next morning a short service was conducted on the lower deck at the stern of the ship and his earthly tabernacle was lowered into the Pacific Ocean, there to await the glad Resurrection morning when the sea shall give up its dead. It seemed quite fitting that he should be buried so near to the land where his heart had often ached for the Chinese people whom he loved so deeply.

The next day we arrived at Singapore -- the Far Eastern Gibraltar -- where only a few months before seventy thousand British had surrendered to the Japanese. We did not go into port, but cast anchor about fifteen miles from land and forty miles from the fallen crossroads city of the world. Here we stayed for four days and nights in the burning heat of the equator, while our ship took on a fresh supply of oil and water. During our stay, the Japanese ship Asama Maru joined us, bringing about nine hundred more Americans from Japan, Korea, Manchuria, Hong Kong, French Indo-China, Thailand, and Burma. Ambassador Grew and many other distinguished Americans were on this ship which cast anchor not more than a city block from the Conte Verde. No one except the Japanese and Swiss representatives was allowed to go from one ship to the other. In

one case, a husband was on one ship and his wife on the other, but they were not permitted to see or even write to each other until we reached Portuguese East Africa two weeks later.

While we were anchored here at Singapore, a pathetic incident occurred which greatly disturbed all on shipboard. A launch, with a gaudy striped canvas covering the deck, appeared sailing toward us. She circled the Conte Verde and came to a stop at our port side, while an officer shouted a message in Japanese. Near him were two flaxen-haired children, a boy of perhaps eleven and a girl somewhat younger. Apparently they were brother and sister. Each had a suitcase and bundles of clothing. Their eyes were fastened on our ship and they seemed to be hunting desperately for their father and mother. However, they were not taken on board the Conte Verde; and in a short time the launch with the children still on board returned to Singapore. This represented another family torn asunder by the ravages of war.

On July 9, the Conte Verde resumed her journey, with the Asama Maru taking the lead in true Japanese arrogance. Soon we had crossed the equator and in a few days were entering the narrow straits of Sunda between Java and Sumatra. It was a treacherous course for ships as large as these. On both sides of us were small volcanic islands and, watching from the decks, we could see the jagged rocks only a few feet below the surface of the water. We slowed down to not more than eight knots an hour; and, when the water on our side had changed to a muddy yellow, we crept rather than moved. The channel was no more than a mile wide, but some one said, "No need to worry. The Japs have good maps."

At this point in our journey, a lady doctor, Mrs. Roberts, whose husband had been the American Consul at Chefoo in North China, died and, like Dr. Edwins, was buried at sea.

At length we left behind us the old Pacific, which contains about one-half the water of the world, and the continent of Asia with about one-half the population of the world, and sailed out into the vast, uncertain waters of the Indian Ocean.

Coleridge's well-known lines could be changed in our case to read:

"Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to waste."

Because of the many passengers on board, the great distance and every one shunned the cool breezes from the South Pole. course in case of danger from submarines, everyone was compelled to be as saving of fresh water as possible. To make certain that our supply would last until we reached Africa, the water was turned on only during certain hours of the day and night. No one could have a decent bath or a shower.

On Board ship a Bible class was organized and a song service was held every evening. Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and missionaries of fifty-two different organizations all met together to worship one Lord and Master; and we all said, "Praise God, this is the way Christians should worship." Every day, the Italian orchestra furnished us with delightful music. On Sundays we met together in one of the big lounges for services. On week days many of the passengers, in order to get sufficient exercise, played shuffleboard and other games.

One stormy night there was quite a bit of excitement on board our ship when the Asama Maru was seen to slow down and flash distress signals. What was the trouble? Our ship stopped, but finally started again. The Asama, which had been in the lead, now limped along behind us, and the next morning we could see her far behind. All day long she followed us; but toward night of the second day it seemed that her engines had been repaired, and she again took the lead.

As we passed through Sunda Straits we felt that we had left behind us our last barrier to freedom. To be sure, we had thousands of rough miles ahead of us across the Indian Ocean, for a strong southwest wind churned the water into angry whitecaps during most of the voyage. However, we were putting the Japanese controlled ports farther and farther in the distance and all on shipboard began to feel more and more at ease. We were a floating village. Our lives paralleled those of Americans in any small town. We were now so far south of the equator that the temperature was that of early spring, and every one shunned the cool breezes from the South Pole.

Just after dawn on the morning of July 23, a Portuguese pilot came aboard our ship to guide us into the harbor of Lourenco Marques in Portuguese East Africa.

Lourenco Marques was a busy place. Between the high red-clay banks of the shore were freighters and tankers of the Axis, the United Nations, and a few remaining neutral countries such as Switzerland. Riding at anchor was a rusty, battered old freighter flying the Stars and Stripes from a line run up the mast. The crew on her bridge waved a welcome that none of us will ever forget. Just as we passed her, steam puffed in three brief jets from her whistle, followed by a long blast. Although none of us lining the rail of the Conte Verde had ever before heard the challenging "V for Victory," we all recognized the three dots and the dash. One of the crew members on the freighter had semaphore flags, and with these he wig-wagged his message "Welcome." It was a time of great cheering and rejoicing as we now entered this port of freedom, having been on the water twenty-four days since leaving Shanghai, and having covered a distance of six thousand miles. Many eyes were wet with tears as we realized that one more lap of our journey was completed and that we were now under the protection of the grand old American flag.

The Gripsholm, boldly painted in the blue and gold of Sweden and carrying a huge painted warning -- "Diplomat Gripsholme Sverige" -- on her sides, was already docked along the wharf when the Asama and Conte Verde arrived. It had come in to the harbor a few days before, bringing more than fifteen hundred Japanese from North and South America. Tugs maneuvered us up against the wharf, the Asama in front of the Gripsholm and the Conte Verde behind. The most distinguished group of Americans, including Ambassador Grew from Japan, ever to come into this port, had now arrived; yet no one was allowed along the wharf to greet us. We still had twenty-four more hours on the Conte Verde, but liberty was just ahead and all were happy.

Early the next morning the exchange started. On the wharf a gang of Africans were carrying the bundles and cartons which the Japanese had brought with them from the United States. We had not been permitted to bring anything from China except one or two small trunks besides what we could carry in our hands. The Japanese were taking with them Singer-sewing machines, metal filing-cabinets, cameras, phonographs, and even electric refrigerators.

The actual exchange of passengers was a simple thing. We had expected that it would be a complicated matter, with the neutral government of Switzerland having a representative at the desk checking off name against name as we came from our ships. However, the Americans simply walked down one gang plank on to the Gripsholm, while the Japanese passengers streamed down another on to the Conte Verde and the Asama Maru. Very few words were exchanged between the Americans and the Japanese.

No sooner had we come on board the Gripsholm than our eyes fell upon long rows of tables placed on the promenade deck. At these tables we were served one of the finest buffet luncheons that I have ever tasted. As most of the passengers on board had had very scanty fare for six months, you can well imagine how eagerly and joyfully every one ate of that tempting, well-cooked American food: roast beef, cheese, turkey, ham, salads of every kind, bread, butter, and coffee. There were many tears shed, and many praises went up to God for this bountiful meal -- another evidence of His great goodness to us.

After lunch, while our luggage still was scattered on the deck, we made inquiry about our cabins, and found that they had not as yet been assigned. Though men had been sent from Washington by airplane to look after all such details, somehow they had failed in performing their duties. Many men, women and children slept night after night in the lounges on the floor until near time for the sailing of the ship on the sixth day after our arrival. Most of this confusion was due to the fact that 30,000 bottles of liquor had been put on board the Gripsholm before it left New York. The Japanese drank part of it on their way to Africa, and the rest had been left for the thirsty Americans returning to North and South America.

In Lourenco Marques, we were much impressed by the wide streets, the palm trees, shrubbery and beautiful flowers. On shipboard from China we had craved fresh fruit; hence we soon found our way to the fruit market, where a splendid variety of luscious fruit was being sold in abundance by natives dressed in their gaudy gowns. Never was fruit more appreciated than now.

One day a party of us took a twenty-five mile ride inland to the noted Incomati River, to see the hippos. It was very interesting to watch those mammoth hippos come up near our launch, stare at us, then disappear as suddenly as they came.

While at this river we also visited a market where dried fish, bananas, and maize were being sold by the natives in striking colored garments and beaded hair. The farther from civilization we traveled, the more paint and jewelry we saw, and the fewer clothes.

One day, while on the streets, we met Rev. L. C. Ferree, our of animal life peculiar to South Africa are on display, was another place of interest to us.

One day, while on the streets, we met Rev. L. C. Ferree. our own Nazarene. missionary to Africa. One evening, he invited Dr. Riberio, a Portuguese Nazarene who had served for two years in our hospital in South Africa, Brother Pattee, Mrs. Osborn and me to have dinner with him at the Carlton Hotel. When dinner was over, the doctor took us in his car to see Josiah, one of our African Nazarene young men whom God had saved, sanctified and called to the ministry. At this time he was working in the Standard Bank while he was studying for ordination.

After driving some distance beyond the city limits, we came to a rough road which led to the open country and to a campfire surrounded by Africans who were singing and warming themselves. Then we met Josiah, who had seen the lights of the car at a distance, and was coming to greet us. We were so happy to see this young man. He took us to his home, where several other young Christian Africans lived, and it was our privilege to hear these men sing "Tell it to Jesus" and "All the way along it is Jesus," both in the Zulu and in their native tongue. Then a season of prayer, and we were taken back to the ship.

On Sunday afternoon we visited the Swiss-Nazarene Mission. About three hundred black men were in attendance, one third of them were young Nazarenes who had filtered through to this port city from our field in Swaziland and from our Portuguese East African mission field. They were working in this city. I shall never forget that service where I, too, had a little part and where the old hymns were sung by this great congregation in real earnestness and sobriety. One song, we were told, is becoming the National Anthem -- a song composed by an African. It was beautiful, and still vibrates deep down in my soul. May God bless dark Africa! After the service, I shook hands with several of the men. Though I could not speak their language, I said, "Hallelujah, Amen!" and they responded, "Hallelujah, Amen !" I knew that they understood this. It touched their hearts. Then we said farewell, and spent the evening in the home of Dr. Riberio and his family.

On the fourth day, the Conte Verde and the Asama Maru loosed their moorings and set out to sea. They were gone, and none of the Americans now on board the Gripsholm cheered or waved as these two ships embarked for their return voyage to the Far East.

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## Chapter 5 HOMEWARD BOUND

"Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." Joshua 1:9

"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice." John 10:4

When these two ships were out a distance in the Indian Ocean, the Gripsholm, with fifteen hundred passengers on board and a crew of four hundred, steamed out of the harbor of Lourenco Marques, bound for New York. Our course took us past the Cape of Good Hope at the southern tip of Africa and thence across the South Atlantic to Rio de Janeiro in Brazil. Difficult as it is to realize, we now were no nearer New York than we had been when we left Shanghai a month before.

As we were far south of the equator, the wintry winds made it almost impossible for us to sit out on the open deck. The food on board this ship could not have been surpassed. It was abundant, well cooked, and well served, and those who for months had been starved now made up for lost time. On board the Conte Verde and the Asamu Maru, the passengers had received no news

of what was going on in the world, but the Gripsholm officers posted daily the world's radio news on the bulletin boards.

With such a crowd on board, the Gripsholm was no more free from internal dangers than from external ones. The greatest hazard was that of fire and the resulting panic. In spite of posted warnings, tobacco smokers continued to throw their cigarette stubs overboard where the wind might possibly blow them back into the port holes, thus increasing the danger of fire. Hence many lower port holes had to be closed during the entire voyage, and the people who occupied the lower cabins suffered greatly from foul air and poor ventilation.

In many cases, husbands and wives were given different cabins; hence, when life-boats were assigned, they were separated. To some, this was a matter of concern. Others felt that it was for the best; because, should one life-boat be sunk, the occupants of the other might be spared and thus one member of the family would be saved to tell the story. One does not care to dwell upon the thought of what might have happened, had it been necessary to resort to life-boats on one of those stormy nights when launching a boat was next to impossible. Had there been a disaster with such a crowd on board, doubtless many would have perished; but, thanks to our Heavenly Father, this did not happen.

Many were the prayers that ascended daily to the Throne of Grace, for there were missionaries of fifty-two organizations on board ship, including five hundred and eight adult Protestants, eighty-four Catholic priests, thirty-three nuns, besides one hundred and twenty-two children belonging to the missionaries. No doubt, thousands at home also were praying for the safe arrival of their loved ones. And truly, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

During the entire voyage we had the opportunity of hearing many interesting lectures on the Latin American countries, Canada, and the United States, and we felt that we were really getting acquainted with our neighbors whom we had never known before.

Early in the morning of the tenth of August, the rugged peaks along the coast of Brazil appeared, and soon we were sailing into one of the most beautiful harbors of the world. At a distance on a high peak stood a statue of Christ, one hundred feet tall, with outstretched arms, bidding welcome to weary sea-borne travelers. While many in that distant land did not know Christ as the Saviour of the world, yet to us it was a symbol of the Divine Son of God who breaks the power of sin and sets the prisoner free. On either side of us were rugged and irregular mountain peaks. Just in front lay the beautiful city of Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil.

Every passenger seemed thrilled to know that the second lap of our journey home had been completed, and nearly every one went ashore after receiving a landing card on which our name had been written. Most of the passengers on board the Gripsholm had been writing letters while crossing the South Atlantic; and immediately upon landing they rushed for the post office with air-mail letters in their hands, all eagerly awaiting their turn to buy stamps. Uncle Sam had so arranged that any one needing United States currency while in Brazil could borrow it on board ship from the Treasury of the United States. Hence it was possible for everyone to mail letters, buy a few curios, and see the sights.

At this port of Rio de Janeiro, fifty-six South American passengers disembarked, and on the afternoon of August 11 our ship began her northward voyage toward the dearest country in all the world to us -- the United States of America.

We were now sailing into the submarine-infested waters of the North Atlantic -- the most dangerous part of our journey. As we came out of the harbor, the life-boats were swung out over the water ready to be lowered at a moment's notice in case the need arose. A friend said to me, "Since our journey ahead is so dangerous, I'm sleeping on deck every night with my flashlight, helmet, and life-belt. I'm going to be ready for trouble." I did not reply. I had a strong feeling that since God had taken care of us thus far, I could trust Him to watch over us for the remainder of the journey. Even though my cabin down among the "Cave-dwellers" was shared with other men and was so small that when one man was dressing, the others had to stay in bed or leave the cabin, I decided that He who watches over the sparrows and cares for them would continue to watch over me. So I remained where I had been placed by the officers of the ship.

Day after day we sailed northward and finally crossed the equator again, where it was just as hot as it had been at Singapore.

As we were being brought back to America under abnormal conditions, no passenger list of those on shipboard had been prepared as is usually done. Hence the missionaries, wishing to know one another's names, denominations, and fields, set about preparing such a list, It was something of a task, as paper was scarce; but at length the list was completed and was appreciated highly.

Bibles were never out of sight on the Gripsholm, and daily Bible classes, song services, and prayer meetings were well attended. There the children of the Lord, in spite of differences in form, custom, and denomination, enjoyed fellowship together. If Christian people hope to influence non-Christian people, they must love and appreciate all true members of the body of Christ irrespective of denomination. Early Sunday mornings the lounge on the upper deck was used by the Catholic group for worship; and later in the morning the Protestants convened. Ambassador Grew usually read the Scripture lesson in the Protestant service.

Ships were sunk before and behind the Gripsholm. On August 18, east of Trinidad and near the West Indies, wreckage was sighted just ahead of us, and everyone was more or less excited. Finally a burning ship was seen about twenty miles ahead. Americans climbed high upon everything possible, except the funnels of the ship. Even Ambassador Grew was out upon the bridge with the ship's officers looking through field glasses. Shortly before dark, we came close to that burning ship and circled around it. When no life was found upon the sea or upon the ship, orders were given to sail on. On board our ship there were about as many different opinions as to what had happened, as there were passengers, and the real truth was never known. No doubt many a young man belonging to some precious mother, sweetheart, or wife had lost his life on that burning ship or in the sea near by. This scene made all on board our ship realize more fully than ever before that the United States was at war, and that we had a task before us in helping to save Christian civilization, and to keep freedom from perishing from the earth.

Day after day we sailed on, far out of the regular trade routes of the North Atlantic. The sea was rough, as a storm raged in the Gulf Stream, but the weather finally turned cooler, to the comfort of all on board.

On August 24, announcement was made by ship officials that we were arriving at New York the next morning, and that all should be up before daylight, since the ship would stop and take on American doctors and inspection officers. That was another morning when we did not need an alarm clock. About four o'clock on the morning of August 25, the ship stopped, and officers came on board in their brand new uniforms, with revolvers by their sides. Americans never looked better to us than they did that morning.

There was great rejoicing when the flickering lights on Long Island appeared. Daylight began to break, and the Statue of Liberty with her torch of freedom could be seen in the distance. The Star Spangled Banner, floating high on Staten Island, by the dawn's early light was still there. The decks were crowded with happy passengers; and newspaper reporters, judges and lawyers, businessmen, diplomats, and missionaries of many denominations united as one great congregation and began to sing "AMERICA." Not a dry eye could be found on board ship. Hearts, eyes and throats filled until people could scarcely sing. Strong men who had been in solitary confinement in the Far East for many months, men who had been tortured, starved, and beaten without shedding a tear, now broke down and wept without shame. We came to the last verse of that grand old song, and there was silence. I wondered if the last and best verse of all was not to be sung. Suddenly that bowed and grateful mass of God's creation began, more praying than singing:

"Our father's God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty, to Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With Freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King."

I thought if the government of the United States had the wisdom to evacuate its citizens from a troubled zone in time of war, how much more zealous will our Heavenly Father be to evacuate His saints in the fulness of time from this troubled world. Truly,

"There'll be singing, there'll be shouting  
When the saints come marching home."

Then we sang the Star Spangled Banner, and a little later docked in Jersey City, where the F.B.I. took control. The Attorney General of the United States had letters distributed to all American citizens on board, asking them to be extremely cautious in what they said, even to their closest friends and relatives, and not to be impatient, even though we might be asked to remain on board ship a few more days.

We had been on our way since the fifth of June, traveling nearly 18,000 miles, crossing four of the great oceans of the earth, and touching four of the great continents. We had been out of sight of land for over forty-five days, and though we were not seasick, we were terribly sick of the

sea. We wanted to see trees, shrubbery, grass, flowers, automobiles, trains and more than all, our waiting loved ones. We were now in our own and native land, and we could scarcely wait to go ashore; nevertheless, even though it took three days and three nights for the F.B.I. to unload that great liner, we did not hear one word of complaint, for every one seemed happy and satisfied because Uncle Sam had the sense to question even Americans coming into America at such a time.

At two o'clock on the second afternoon, my wife and I left the vessel. As we were hurrying through the Customs building, looking for a taxi to take us to the railway station where we could get a train for Cleveland, to our surprise we were met by my two sisters and a number of friends, who had been waiting for many weary hours. The joy of that reunion made me think of the joy of loved ones waiting for us over on the other shore in heaven. Some have waited long, but one glad day, in the not-too-distant future, we shall meet them, never to part again forever and forever. All tears shall be wiped away, and there will be no more war, sin, separation, nor suffering throughout eternity. What a day of reunion and rejoicing that will be!

It was not long until we were out on the streets of Jersey and then in New York City. It was not a dream, for God indeed had performed a series of miracles and brought us home. It was real! how grateful we are to Him and to the Government of the United States for all the kindnesses lavished upon us all along the way.

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## Chapter 6 CONCLUSION

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in Him Will I trust."  
Psalm 91:1-2

I have briefly related the story of the events and experiences through which we passed after the attack on Pearl Harbor. Even though we were called upon to suffer even to the loss of our personal belongings, we realize that nothing was our own anyway. It was all the Lord's, for it had been surrendered unto Him long ago. He delivered me from the hands of ruthless men with my life and my wife, and I am content. I do not find hatred in my heart toward any race or color, but I do have some honest convictions regarding facts which we must face if Christian civilization is to be preserved, and if freedom is not to perish from the earth.

Christ's last command was for His disciples to "go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." He also said, "Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matt. 16:18.) This war, in one sense of the word, is Satan's attack, through men like Hitler, Mussolini, and Tojo, upon the Christian Church and Christian civilization, They would destroy both, "but God" has something to say about this.

When England was threatened with a revolution equally as great as the French Revolution, God's children met together and prayed. They waited earnestly upon God. He heard their prayers and raised up men like John and Charles Wesley, George Whitefield and others to meet the crisis.

Great revivals broke out, and England was saved from internal disruption. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." At present, half the American missionaries of the world are in the homeland. What for? Perhaps God has brought them on a missionary mission to their own people. God wants America to get down on her knees and repent of her sins of intemperance, ingratitude and immorality. People have departed from God and the faith of our fathers. The Lord's Day, the Bible and the old paths of righteousness have been well-nigh forsaken. God wants all who love Him to pray, and trust Him to "revive His Church in the midst of the years," that He may give the Allied Nations the victory, not that they may lord it over other nations, and use them, as some nations have done, as a dumping ground for their opium, liquor, and tobacco; but that they may give their sons and daughters to the task of spreading the gospel to all lands as freely as they have given them to the service of their governments.

In days gone by there have been 14,000 missionaries in the Far East and at its back door; but, nevertheless, today there are only a few million people in those lands who name the name of Christ and claim to be Christians. Over a billion immortal souls have never, not even for the first time, heard a gospel message. What about them? Will they not be given a chance to hear?

The Japanese and the whole Axis group, should they win this war, will not themselves carry the gospel to the ends of the earth, nor will they allow others to carry it. This must be done! Who then is going to do it? I maintain that God, for the sake of the vast hordes who never have heard the message of eternal life, wishes to give the Allied Nations the victory, but much depends upon us.

I wonder if we do not count too much upon the wealth of the United States, where we have one-fourth of the gold in the world. We are already beginning to realize that there are many things which gold cannot buy. We shall realize this more as the days pass. Again, perhaps we are too optimistic because of our planes and ships, and the sterling quality of our service men. Is there not a possibility of our misplacing our trust? God is expecting us to put our trust in Him. We cannot do it unless we as a nation repent and return to the Lord, Who, alone is able to give us the victory. I believe that if this is done, and if a promise is made to give God our sons and daughters as freely to the spreading of salvation's message around the world as to the service of our nation, the victory will be ours.

I believe the Japanese are more to be feared than the Germans. If Hitler is able to overrun and conquer all of Europe, including European Russia, he will even then have fewer than five hundred million people (about the population of China alone) under his control. On the other hand, if Japan wins the war in the Pacific, she will in twenty-five years from now have industrialized and organized those conquered nations; she will be able to mobilize the largest army and navy in the world, and will overrun a devastated Europe, and the rest of the world including the United States.

In Japan proper there are 70,000,000 Japanese. In Formosa, Korea, and the mandated and other islands controlled by Japan there are 30,000,000 more Japanese, making a total of 100,000,000 Japanese. Startling as it seems, the Japanese have increased in population at the rate of 1,000,000 per year for the last sixty-five years. Moreover, there are 24,000,000 Koreans in Korea, 42,000,000 persons in Manchuria, from 450,000,000 to 500,000,000 in China, 4,000,000

in Mongolia, (now under Japan), 24,000,000 in French Indo-China, 15,000,000 in Thailand, 16,000,000 in Burma, 5,000,000 in the Malay Peninsula, 68,000,000 in the East Indies, 17,000,000 in the Philippine Islands, and 360,000,000 restless, dissatisfied people in India. If we add these figures, we have the enormous number of over 1,100,000,000. Then there are millions more whom I have not tabulated, in all totaling three times the population of Europe. Should this vast horde of dark-skinned, dark-haired, dark-eyed people be allowed to be brought under the domination of cruel Japan, whose supreme purpose it is to rule the world from off the coast of Asia, she will crush Christian civilization and bring the peoples of the world into greater bondage than that of the children of Israel during the days of the Pharaohs.

Ambassador Grew has been trying for some time to inform the American people about the true motives of Japan. He tells us that they have world domination plainly in mind, and I am sure that he is right. I well remember an incident that happened on board the S. S. President Coolidge in 1938 when we were returning to the Orient. A Japanese third class passenger was sitting in the second-class lounge writing or taking notes, when suddenly a ship officer noticing him in this lounge where third-class passengers were not supposed to be, asked him to vacate. Upon leaving, he said in my hearing, "A few more years and the Japanese will be running these ships." Last year when we were under Japanese escort to Shanghai, another Japanese, speaking almost perfect English, said to a group of us, "Six years from now I expect to be in Washington, D. C." A lady said to a Japanese on the west coast of the United States when he was about to be interned, that when the war was over she would like him to return and work for her again. He replied, "When this war is over you will be working for me." There was great hilarity in Japan after their victories in the Philippines, Hong Kong, Malay Peninsula, and the Netherlands East Indies, but one of their influential naval officers sent out word not to spend too much energy celebrating then, but to wait until Japan had her great naval review outside New York Harbor.

After twenty-seven years of life spent in the Orient and in studying the problems of the Far East, I am convinced that unless we not only wake up but get up, and get up quickly, this very thing is possible. The Japanese military clique is composed of 'shrewd and cruel people. They are convinced that they will win the war, and there is nothing they will not do in order to accomplish their goal. They must win it, they believe, or forever perish. Ever since Commodore Perry forced open the doors of Japan in 1853, they have secretly planned things just about the way they are working out today. Their plans and schemes are now apparent to every one. They have cunningly sent their students into all lands to attend universities and learn everything possible, so that they could one day, with their supposed-to-be-divine Emperor, rule the world. They planned first to conquer Korea; then Manchuria, Mongolia, and China; next to go southward into French Indo-China, Burma, Thailand, the Malay Peninsula, Netherlands East Indies; and then, with the aid of the vast hordes of people in these lands, to conquer the rest of the world. While they said, "We want world peace," they were laying their plans for a piece of the world, if not the whole of it; and while they said, "Asia for Asiatics," I fear that they meant Asia for the Japanese. They feel that the Japanese are vastly superior to any other people in the world. They want to rule the world, and bring every knee to bow before Shinto Shrines and under the yoke of Japan's Imperial army and navy.

Moreover, they are expecting the fulfillment of their program to be hastened by internal revolutions in the United States. We must be loyal to our government and our flag. We must buy

war bonds and more bonds. We must stand together. We must work, we must sacrifice. Above all, we must pray for a genuine revival of religion. We must put our trust in God! As He has saved us as individuals, so He is able to save us as a nation.

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## FACTS ABOUT OUR CHINA FIELD, CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

Location: 300 miles south of Peking in North China.

Size: 2,000,000 people living in 5,000 cities, towns and villages.

Date of opening field: March, 1914.

Number of missionaries: In all there have been thirty-five missionaries during these years.

Statistics for the last year before the Pearl Harbor attack:

54 Organized churches (raising \$23,000 toward their own support).

91 Unorganized groups (meeting in homes).

40 Sunday Schools.

30 Young People's Societies.

60 Women's Missionary Societies (raising \$1,627 National currency).

1 Bible School (with 125 students).

1 Hospital of 100 beds. (Taking in \$73,000 from local sources.)

Over 5000 people were treated in our hospital and clinics during the year, and eighty people sought Christ.

1 Book room from which \$5,000 worth of Bibles were sold during the year.

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## A FEW FACTS ABOUT CHINA

China has 1/4 the population of the globe.

Were the Chinese to stand in one straight line, they would form a line from the earth to the moon and 10,000 miles beyond.

30,000,000 Chinese moved ahead of the Japanese and went into West China. Many of them walked more than 2,000 miles. (The greatest migration known in human history.)

40,000 University students, along with their professors, fled into free China, where their education is being continued. Some day they will return home to take their place in New China.

2/3 of the officials under General Chiang belong to the Christian Church.

Something so great is taking place in China today, that it is almost beyond the power of comprehension. A new China with Christian principles is being formed.

85% of the people in China live in rural districts.

Only 32% of the Chinese can read and only 15% are educated.

12,000,000 die per year in China, Of these 8,000,000 would not need to die had they medical attention. 4,000,000 die per year from typhoid, cholera, dysentery, etc.

Only 50% of the people born in China reach the age of 28 years.

46% of the people in China borrow money, and the average rate of interest is 38%.

The amount of money used by each Chinese per year is less than twenty dollars, our money. From this must come everything for sickness, food, clothing, education, taxes, etc. This is the average, but 60% of the people live on less than this.

Land taxation in China is four times higher than in the United States.

China is incurably optimistic. She is never in a hurry and always expects, as usual, to come out on top.

Today, the Chinese everywhere welcome Christian missionaries. Had it not been for Christian missions, China would now be lined up with the Axis.

In 1941 there were 1,800 missionaries in Free China. The number today far exceeds that amount.

In war-torn China over 1/4 the world's output of Scriptural literature and Bibles were sold during the last two years.

More people have been converted to the Christian faith in the past five years in China, than in the first one hundred years prior to that time. Does it look as though mission work in China was slipping?

The world's future happiness depends much on what happens in China.

There will be no New Order in East Asia apart from Jesus Christ.

Let the Church put the missionary cause where God put it and He will bless it. Remember, it is either revivals along God's line, or revolution along satan's line. Which do you desire?

The modern Protestant Missionary Movement had its birth in even more difficult age than this.

1. 1793 William Carey sailed for India when just across the English channel the Reign of Terror in France was shaking Europe to its foundation.

2. 1795, when the world war that followed the French Revolution was getting well under way, The London Missionary Society was organized.

3. 1799 when Napoleon was returning from his Near East expedition and tried to sever British communications with India, the Evangelicals of the Church of England, founded the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East.

4. 1804, the year Napoleon was planning an invasion of England, the greatest threat faced by Britain from the days of the Spanish Armada to Hitler, The British and Foreign Bible Society was constituted.

5. 1812, on the eve of our second war with England, when the British were blockading our New England coast, Adoniram Judson sailed forth to India.

THEY ESTEEMED A TIME OF WORLD UPHEAVAL AN OPPORTUNITY. WE MUST FOLLOW IN THEIR TRAIL.

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THE END