

APRIL

1940

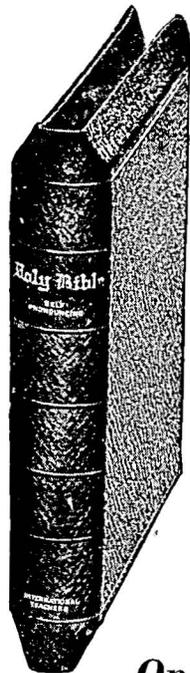
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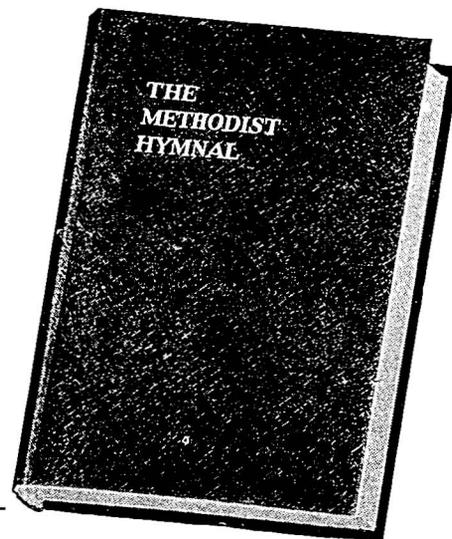
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WORLD OUTLOOK

ELMER T. CLARK, EDITOR

SARA ESTELLE HASKIN, EDITOR

APRIL, 1940

Volume XXX, No. 4

Uncle Sam Counts the Family

UNCLE SAM is now counting his family. It is his 16th roll call, the first census having been taken in 1790. Since that date marvelous changes have taken place in the old homestead. All of the figures are interesting, and many of them are full of significance for the future welfare of the country.

In 1790 we had less than four million people in our seventeen states, with Virginia leading and New York fifth. Today we have around one hundred and thirty million, with Virginia standing twentieth. Then we had less than 900,000 square miles; now we have nearly four and a half million. In the interim the center of population has moved from the Atlantic seaboard to Indiana and the geographical center has moved to Kansas.

We are still growing, but at a relatively slow rate. In the early period, indeed down to 1870, our family increased nearly 37 per cent in each decade. The rate of growth is now only 16 per cent. The census authorities say that in twenty or thirty years we will come to a numerical standstill, with about 145,000,000 people, and then we will begin to decline.

Immigration restriction has something to do with this, of course, but the decline in rate of growth was under way long before such restriction was put into effect. The primary cause is the low and constantly lowering birth rate. In 'the good old days' we had large families. Now many of us have no families at all. Twenty-five years ago there were 25 babies per 1,000 population. Now there are seventeen. In the eight years preceding 1928 we had 2,200,000 more babies than in the eight years following 1928.

Southern states have more than this norm; northern states have fewer. The birth rate is lower in cities than in rural areas; the death rate is also higher. Mother Nature will apparently keep us a family of country people.

While we are not doing so well in bringing new

members into the family, we are succeeding wonderfully in keeping those we have. Medical science has conquered many killers and greatly lessened the hazards of existence. So we are living longer. Forty years ago the annual death rate was nearly eighteen per thousand. It is now only eleven. Forty years ago a baby boy was statistically expected to live 48 years and a baby girl 51 years. Today the boy will probably live 59 years and the girl 63. Had we not increased the span of life the deaths would now exceed the births and, except for immigration, the peak would be reached and the actual decline begun.

Mother Nature is canny. As men discover her secrets and cut down the death rate she cuts down the birth rate. The net result comes to this: we are to become a nation of old people, gradually declining in numbers.

Sixty years ago nearly 14 per cent of our people were under five years of age. Now about 9 per cent are so young. Today 60 per cent of our families have no children under 10, and 40 per cent of them have none under 21. Sixty years ago 58 per cent of the people were under 25; now about 47 per cent are under 25. Sixty years ago only 16 per cent were over 45; today about 23 per cent are over 45. The trend is evident. We are becoming a nation of old people.

This fact is full of social implications. The adventuresome idealism which has characterized us seems destined to give way to middle-aged conservatism—the pioneer spirit squelched by the craving for security. It may mean the sacrifice of many principles which America has always cherished and promoted, or a drastic change in such principles. And agencies such as the Church, which exist to serve, may find it necessary to readjust their aims and methods. At any rate the census which Uncle Sam is taking reveals trends and tendencies which should be closely studied by the Church.



Part of the audience at the Congo Jubilee Pageant, showing Bishops Arthur J. Moore and John G. Springer; Rev. H. W. Coxill, and Belgian officials



A scene from the Congo Jubilee Pageant, showing the arrival of Bishop Lambuth and Dr. John Wesley Gilbert in Wembo Nyama twenty-five years ago

A Congo Silver Jubilee

By Mrs. Zaidee N. Lewis

ABOUT four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, September 19, 1939, the cars began to roll into Wembo Nyama. What a contrast to our arrival only a few short years ago, when one came upon the scene of low mud huts as one slowly swayed from side to side, looking out from under huge uncomfortable helmets, trying to see out but getting a distorted upside-down view of people and trees and grass. There was just a flash of tall, stately palms from the window of the car and the lovely station bursts into view.

The brick hospital is on the left with its background of gardens and small thatched mud wards decorated and made beautiful by gorgeous bougainvillea, plants, and shrubs and even climbing roses. On the right is the group of brick school buildings, the new Bible School matching the Lambuth Memorial Church. The grounds have been laid out with walks and trees bordering them and masses of petunias and large yellow flowering shrubs adding color to the whole scene. The homes of the missionaries are on the left, and these, too, have been made attractive with trees, plants, and flowers. Every available space had been utilized to care for the Jubilee guests, and in spite of small tin bathtubs and bowls and pitchers, all were comfortable and content.

One large wing of the new Bible School was used as a dining room. There were many tables and each one was artistically decorated to suit the occasion. Around the room were large flower baskets tied with tulle, sometimes smaller ones on the tables to match, and at others ingenious scenes of tiny native huts and crawling black babies were the centerpieces of the tables. These, together with the hand-painted place cards and programs, were all carefully planned and made by the students. Miss Norene Robken proved herself a veritable Aladdin as she produced

so many beautiful arrangements and decorations for the occasions.

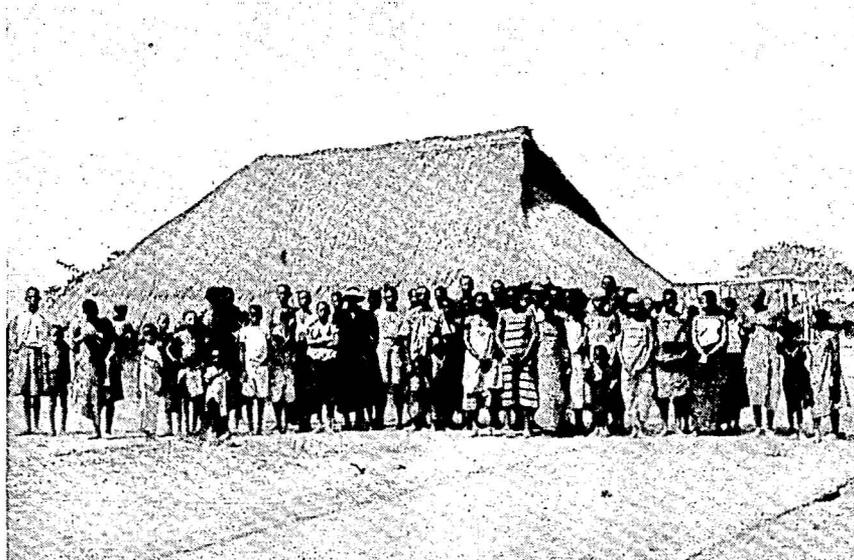
The night of the arrival there was a banquet, with the ladies all strange in long evening dresses, carefully waved hair and touches of—yes, rouge, and even lipstick! The men were sleek in white or European garb. Gone were the ravages of daily quinine and the light green hues of atebine. Dr. Sheffey was the toastmaster and proved himself a master in that art. Mr. Anker, who was one of the second group to arrive, gave some reminiscences which quickly turned us back many years, to live again those days when the chanting and singing of carriers meant boxes arriving or company for dinner, so that the ham or bacon could be prepared and passed around, giving the visitor the impression of being in a land of plenty! Other strange experiences were related and one of the newest arrivals on the field, Miss Kathryn Eye, gave her first impressions, and the 'bouquets' were gratefully received by those who were able to say, 'When you have been here as long as I have.' The climax of the evening was reached when our beloved Bishop, Arthur J. Moore, gave a wonderful address.

The next day, Jubilee Day, there was a morning service in the Lambuth Memorial Church. The pulpit was perfect with potted plants and shrubs brought in from nearby streams and forests. The benches were crowded. There was not room for one more to enter, and the windows and doors were crowded outside. Our spiritual leader and Bishop in days to come, Bishop John M. Springer, who has labored many years in Africa, was the first to speak. He brought messages from the Uniting Conference and expressed great joy in the work of the future.

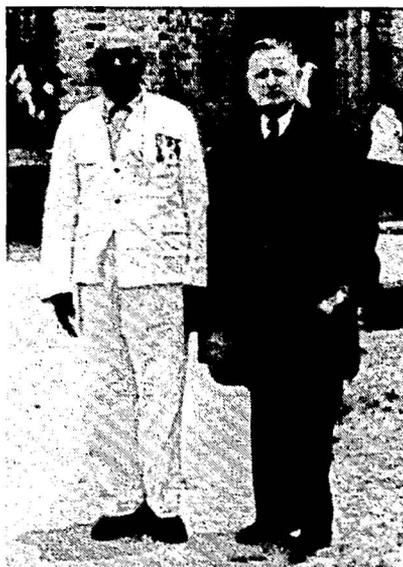
Mr. H. Wakelin Coxill, of Leopoldville, Secretary of the *Council Protestant du Congo*, brought greet-



Students leaving Lambuth Memorial Church in Wembo Nyama after chapel



Church and congregation at Unya, Belgian Congo



Chief Wembo Nyama and Bishop Arthur J. Moore

ings from the Governor General of the Congo as well as from the other Missions. He gave a very illuminating description of how the Congo Protestant Council pulls together in the common task. His illustration was one of the villagers pulling in the meat for the village, an elephant killed by the brave warriors. With vines tied to the body they tugged and sang, 'Our elephant, our elephant,' and little by little the great body moved toward the village. But once there was heard one singing, 'My elephant, my elephant,' when there was a slack in the lines and the meat remained still. The Protestant Missions are singing together in a mighty chorus in Congo, 'Our Savior, our task.'

But could this really be Africa? This quiet, reverent crowd of people, surely over three thousand. Many were dressed in white suits and coats, the women in colorful dresses or cloths, here and there chiefs sat with medals of authority on their breasts, sitting so still and intently drinking in every word. One almost forgot their many wives, probably in the same congregation, the native charms perhaps in their pockets and many old beliefs and customs hidden away in their hearts. As one sat musing in this wise, there came the rolling of drums which had seemed far away, only a few beats away, but now stopped at the side entrance of the church. Suddenly many feathered heads appeared bobbing about in the window; the native braves had arrived with some chief. In the open door the crowd fell back, and a tall solitary man walked sedately to the front, solemnly eyed the speakers on the platform, turned and looked over the congregation, deliberately walked over and greeted some friends with a silent shake of the hand and motioned to someone outside. A little boy came running in with a folding chair which was set up in front of everybody and the chief sedately sat himself down as the next speaker rose to his feet.

Yes, this is Africa and even after twenty-five years the work has just begun.

Rev. J. Allen, of the American Presbyterian Mission, and Rev. Henry Moyes, of the Westcott Mission at Lusambo, gave us heart-warming messages as they told us of the love and brotherly feeling that very closely unite our Missions.

The Jubilee sermon was preached by Bishop Arthur J. Moore, his text being 'Speak to the children of Israel, that they go forward.' Words can scarcely tell of the spiritual heights one reaches while listening to Bishop

Moore; nor can the rapture felt by the missionaries who have struggled so hard with the difficult language be revealed on paper, when the Bishop's message was translated in the native tongue. Rev. William DeRuiter gave the sermon to that vast gathering of Atetela people. Dr. W. S. Hughlett was the interpreter for the other speakers. There was special music, choruses by students and teachers, and music by the mission orchestra, Miss Annie Laurie Winfrey at the piano, Dr. Sheffey, Mrs. Stilz, and Miss Ethel Elizabeth Stilz on the violins, and Mr. Anker with the cornet. All during this service one was conscious of the beating of drums and chanting of hammock-bearers as distant chiefs and villagers arrived for the celebration.

At two-thirty that afternoon the Belgian officials and their wives arrived for the reception in their honor at the home of Rev. and Mrs. E. B. Stilz, Monsieur and Madame Delcourt with their lovely little daughter, Jacqueline, Monsieur and Madame Francois and Monsieur DeLance enjoyed with us a very delightful hour. After refreshments the guests were conducted to the school building, where attractive exhibits of handwork by the students had been arranged, showing sewing, basketry, weaving, and other native arts. Rev. Inman [CONTINUED ON PAGE 41]



Meeting of the Concilio Regional do Sul (Annual Conference of the South) of the Methodist Church of Brazil at Cachoeira, Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil

Going to Annual Conference in Brazil 1879-1939

By H. C. Tucker

I WENT to Annual Conference for the first time in October, 1879, at the age of twenty-two years. By private conveyance, I left my rustic parental home in Williamson County, Tennessee, eleven miles south on the Hillsboro Pike, and at Nashville boarded a train, for the second time in my life, for Murfreesboro to apply for admission on trial into the Tennessee Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. That to me was a great event, and the distance traveled, less than fifty miles, seemed a long way, for only once before had I been that far from home. The money for the adventure had been earned in the harvest and threshing fields in July and August after I left Vanderbilt University.

With trepidation lest because of my limited preparation I might not be accepted, I appeared before the Committee on Admission, was recommended, by unanimous vote was admitted on trial, and was given my first appointment, the Fernvale Circuit in my native county, by Bishop David S. Doggett, presiding.

Just sixty years later, after one of my happiest birthdays, made bright in the home with affectionate greetings from the companion of my life and labors for forty-eight years, from my niece, Esther, who came to visit and has remained for more than seven years to share our missionary labors and cheer our hearts, from our domestic servant, by telegrams, cards, letters by air, steamer and railroad mail, tele-

phone messages, personal calls, flowers and other gifts, coming from our daughter and her family, relatives and friends in the States and elsewhere abroad and in Brazil, at the age of eighty-two years, I started out by the Pan-American Airways System from our hired missionary home at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, for a flight of 817 miles, south, time 6 hours and 20 minutes, to Porto Alegre and then by rail interior, 170 miles, time 7 hours, to the city of Cachoeira, again to be at Annual Conference; this time the South Council of the Methodist Church of Brazil with the Brazilian Bishop, Cesar Dacorso Filho, presiding. This time, sixty years after, I went to Conference in obedience to Canonical requirements as General Secretary of the Board of Social Service of the Methodist Church of Brazil, a position held since the setting up of the autonomous Church in 1930.

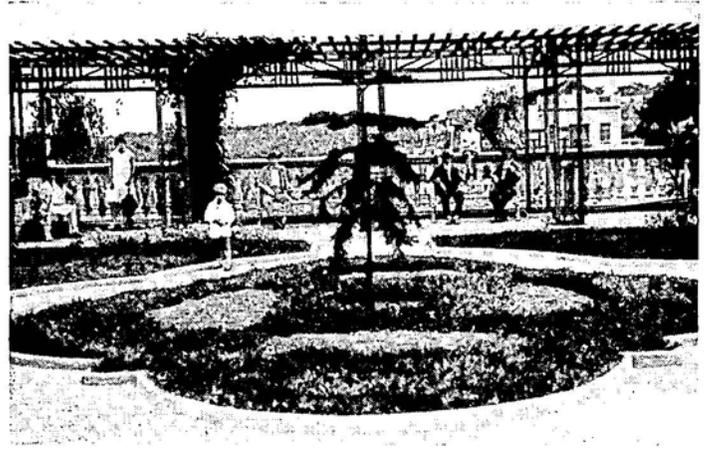
There was scarcely money available for the trip at the cheapest rates by steamer and railroad; time required each way would have been about five days. Special help from outside friendly sources made it possible for me to save time and enjoy the comfort of flying.

A striking difference between the two events is noticeable in the time, places, circumstances, means of travel and distances, languages used, English and Portuguese, and in the objectives of going to Conference on the two occasions.

The preachers and a number of lay delegates an-



A characteristic scene on Seventh of September Street, Cachoeira, Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil



A public garden in the city of Cachoeira, Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil

swered to roll call; two of the three General Secretaries of the Boards of Christian Education and Social Service, the Dean of the Methodist Theological Faculty (Seminary), the Presidents of the five Mission Colleges in the bounds of the Council (Conference) and a number of visitors were present. The worship and preaching services, celebration of the Holy Communion and ordination of deacons were occasions of inspiration and spiritual fellowship. The reports, presented in fine spirit and good style, were encouraging and showed progress. The work of the Council was conducted in a business-like manner, beginning Wednesday night and closing the following Sunday night. The appointments made by the Bishop and his cabinet seemed to be quite satisfactory.

A social entertainment in the church school hall after an evening service for the members of the Council and visitors was honored by the attendance of the Mayor of the city and his wife (she is a member of the Church and attended the Conference frequently), an attending physician and noted surgeon in the community who is a graduate of the Granbery College, at Juiz de Fora, and a number of other friends.

At another time the Rotary Club invited the Council for an automobile drive, visiting the fine new three-story community hospital almost completed and furnished with modern up-to-date equipment, with a capacity for about 250 beds; the large stadium lacking only the swimming pool to be complete, and other places of interest.

Statistics are reported as fol-

lows: 'Districts, 6; pastoral charges, 27; churches, 42; traveling preachers, 23; local, 7; superannuate, 1; received on profession of faith, 250; total number of members, 4,677; infants baptized, 415; adults baptized, 162; children's societies, 23; members, 542; young people's societies, 19; members, 575; men's societies, 5; members, 108; women's societies, 34; members, 1,145; Sunday schools, 73; officers and teachers, 347; scholars, 5,549; parochial schools, 5; teachers, 13; pupils, 330; church buildings, 35; parsonages, 20; total amount raised for all purposes, Rs. 372:469\$000. Mission schools or colleges, 5, having about 100 teachers and an enrolment of 1,400 pupils.

The work of the Council covers the State of Rio Grande do Sul and parts of the States of Santa Catarina and Parana; the three have a population of about 5,400,000 inhabitants, more than one-eighth of the entire Republic.

Now and then, especially on occasions of international disturbances in Europe, the Germans of South Brazil are brought forward on the scene. A German geographer living in Brazil since 1930 says, in a recent magazine article, that the present German population in the State of Rio Grande do Sul is estimated at 520,000; in Santa Catarina, 275,000; and in Parana, 126,000, making a total of 921,000 out of a population of 5,400,000.

'Of the German population in the three southern states of Brazil, about 300,000, or 30 per cent, are Catholics, and about 70 per cent, or 621,000, belong to various Protestant sects, such as the German Evangelical Church, the so-called [CONTINUED ON PAGE 39]



The Methodist Church, Cachoeira, Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil



Wide World Photo

The aftermath of fighting, floods, and famine: A Japanese sentry examines the certificate of a Chinese while other Chinese wait the compulsory inoculations



Wide Worl

A rampaging Yellow River, spreading over the countryside, diverts the Japanese from the advance on Hankow. The soldiers and Chinese boatmen are rescuing people from their flooded home

Floods and Famine Bring Death to North China

By Joy Homer

NOW that I am back home in America, after more than a year's unforgettable travels throughout China, where I surveyed and studied flood, famine, and civilian refugee problems on behalf of the Church Committee for China Relief, people are asking me to state my impressions of what I saw and my convictions regarding America's Christian obligation to do our utmost to relieve this immeasurable need.

No picture is more true or more vivid, regarding a nation or an event, than can be found in a traveler's notes, written on the spot, with all the emotional freshness and fervor that a sensitive, trained observer feels when thrown headlong into a great chapter of world drama. I have been asked to tell my fellow-Americans something about famine and flood conditions, as I witnessed them in North China, where I spent several months making observations and taking notes. Without further apology or explanation, I shall let the following paragraphs from my notebook, written on the spot, and often late at night in mission hospitals, refugee caves, crowded railway trains, or river boats, tell their own story.

Some experts say that this is the worst flood that China has ever known. (I am quoting from my notebook written in North China in the Peking-Tientsin area.) The exact figures or even approximate figures are not available. One newspaper estimates that ten million are facing starvation this winter. Judging from reports already in the hands of the American Advisory Committee at Shanghai, and from our own personal observations here in North China, that figure may easily be an understatement.

At any rate, flood and famine have left a large part of North China faced with a winter of acute famine. Never before in the memory of the oldest magistrates has the combination of circumstances left millions so unprotected from starvation and cold.

We have recently traveled over the flooded country from Southern Manchuria to Tientsin under skies bright with the clarity of autumn and already sharp with the feel of approaching winter. The passengers on our train were almost the first to cross the district since the reopening of service. The exertions of Japanese troops have enabled the trains to creep gingerly over the washed-out embankments and creaking temporary bridges supported by junks. Up to now, travel in much of North China has been possible only in boats. Tangku, where the track turns inland, was a muddy, bedraggled seaport crowded with freight cars, lorries, salvaged goods, and many thousands of refugees.

These refugees slept under the cars on sidings. They put up at mat-sheds, acres of mat-sheds, crowding the high ground about the railroad station. They scrambled for shreds of bark to eat, which had fallen from loads of logs. Low, slanting mat-sheds eight feet long and two or three feet high shelter whole families.

Once when the train stopped beside a mat-shed city, a group of refugee children began crowding up to the windows, awkward in their new role of beggars. Up and down the length of the train, windows opened, and bits of food, coppers, and even clothing were handed down to the ragged little destitutes.

To the smallest boy in the crowd we threw a dime. His face turned radiant and he rushed away with his



Wide World Photo

Japanese soldiers poling their boats over what was dry land near the Lung-Hai Railway at Chunghow, as water of the Yellow River began to flow southward through breaks in the dikes



Wide World Photo

This picture shows the manner in which Chinese fight the Yellow River floods and shows thousands of coolies moving sandbags in wheelbarrows to a break in the dikes

prize, back to his mother's side, only a few yards away. The mother was upset for fear her son had not thanked us properly. We could see her showing him just how the correct bow should be made. Then she sent him back, and he bowed reverently before our train window.

Here and there on the shores of swollen canals at the western outskirts of this industrial transfer point, men were hauling up capacious fish nets in whose centers a few silver minnows struggled feebly. Gaunt dogs with bare ribs and festering sores prowled about the refugee huts and donkeys, reduced to bones and fur, wobbled at their tethers.

There was a puzzled, weary look on people's faces as we rumbled by. On the road from Tangku to Tientsin it was only too easy to understand the strange muddled community trying to sustain life back there in the railroad yards. The flooded fields we had seen earlier in the morning, where harvesters waded knee-deep among the wilted grain, were nothing compared to the sheet of water, from horizon to horizon, that met our eyes outside Tangku.

For three hours we crept across this new-made ocean, the railroad embankment a long, winding serpent upon its waters. Brown-sailed junks, leaving the useless canals, sailed slowly over former farms and fields. The water was deeper here, halfway up the telegraph poles. In places it rose up the embankment higher than the rails and was kept back only by dikes of sandbags. In spite of the height of the railroad embankment, that whole country was submerged to the level of the engine's wheels or above.

One would think this region could no longer support human life. This is exactly the truth—it cannot. Yet many people were still there. Some had had time to flee before the oncoming waters, but many who stayed behind were helpless and drowned. Their bodies, the skin drawn tight, sprawled face down on the narrow strip of earth at the water's edge, lie gleaming in the sunshine.

In some places there was ten feet or so of earth beside the tracks still unflooded. And on this strip of

earth literally thousands of village people had taken precarious refuge. How long they were there we had no way of knowing. What most of them found to eat was just as puzzling. I think that the majority had no food whatever. Certainly there was little sign of food or even stoves amongst all those thousands of mat-sheds. Even the white herons and fat Chinese crows had gone to hunt food elsewhere.

All was silence on the flooded countryside. Perhaps because the clamoring locusts that plagued Northeast China in the summer of 1939, hanging in black clouds over the rising grain, had been drowned here in this deep flood, together with the crops they had devoured!

When even herons that live on fish had gone, as well as crows that can keep healthy on carrion, we wondered at first why these Chinese people jumbled along the ten feet of bare earth along the track had not left too. But it is not easy to travel out of a flat, flooded area, fifty to ninety miles long and thirty to forty miles wide!

The railroad, with many breaks in the line, had only that day become a means of escape from their little marooned community. Up to then, how could they tell which way to go, or where the water was coming from, or how far it extended?

The flood waters seemed to rise out of the earth. These people probably waited as long as possible, watching their home and tools and fields, and thinking about the danger of looters, if they should go away and leave behind all that they possessed.

Then, when the walls began to crumble and the thatched roof settled with a splash, they gathered the family and a few treasured belongings together on a raft and started wading through the rising yellow water. One refuge they found was this railroad embankment.

Here beside the railroad track, these people, potbellied and haggard, were going about their small works. The mat-sheds were so close together that there was scarcely room to walk about; but the people were using the cramped space economically and lying close together inside [CONTINUED ON PAGE 39]



Pictures, Inc.

English school children board a special evacuation train at Clapham Junction



Photo WPA

A social worker helping to rehabilitate a home

The Family in a World Crisis

By Mary French Caldwell

THE oldest, but still the most powerful unit of a nation, is the family. It is the nucleus within which all life, both spiritual and temporal, has its beginning and is nurtured during the critical stages of growth. The success or the failure of the family group in performing its necessary functions becomes, therefore, a subject of universal importance and one with which both church and state may well be concerned.

A great deal has been said and is being said about the family and its relation to the confused, war-torn world in which it finds itself. The so-called totalitarian states strike deep at the roots of family life with all the cruel weapons at their disposal. Unnecessary privation in material things has been enforced that ships, submarines, and ammunitions may be manufactured and that armies may be kept in the field. Freedom of worship, of speech, and of the press have been seriously curtailed and ruthless persecution has made life a thing of unspeakable terror for thousands of families.

Yet the people themselves, even in these nations, do not want war, nor can they be held responsible for conditions which have brought it about. In England, in France, in the clean, wholesome little Netherlands, in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, in courageous Finland, in stricken Poland, in the Balkans—even in Russia, Germany, and Japan—all that the average citizen asks is that he be allowed to go about his work unmolested; that he and his family be free from oppression, hatred, greed, and all the ugly things which combine to destroy human freedom.

War has always been the most merciless of all the enemies of the home; but never before have such barbarous weapons been employed. In addition to this the frightful war of nerves waged against women and

children is shattering the homes. As men mobilize for military service their families are torn apart in the process of evacuating great centers of population. Children, marked with identification tags that their mangled, helpless little bodies may be known in case enemy bombers reach their mark, are rushed out into the countryside in the hope that they, at least, may be spared. Torn by necessity from their parents and familiar surroundings, they are thrown into the maelstrom of war and left to try to adjust themselves under new conditions. Their plight, and that of all civilian populations which have suffered actual war or the hourly threat of bombardment, has become a part of the consciousness of the world. No one—even in nations yet at peace—can escape it. Constantly, by radio, press, and motion pictures, the tragic story is told and those who are still spared the horrors of war shudder at the grim shadow which is cast over the welfare, the happiness, even the very existence of most of the families of the civilized world.

The psychological effect of war upon an entire generation will endure long after guns are silent. Little children who today play at war with miniature soldiers, guns, and ships—whose chief bugaboos are the 'enemy' dictators—are being trained, either directly or indirectly, as warriors. Young men and women in the flower of life are robbed of their chance to prepare for their chosen work, to build homes, and to rear children in a normal world. Some of them will take up the broken threads, but thousands of others never can. Women must mourn through the long years for men who did not return; others nurse the sick and disabled through endless years of suffering; and widows struggle alone to rear their children. Knowing these things to be the inevitable outcome of war, it is not strange that a gen-



Photo WPA Offices
Finding work to help in keeping households together



Photo by Hugh Beardsley, WPA Offices
Children cared for while mother works

eration which faces such catastrophes goes a little bit mad and tries to snatch, in a moment, all of the gaiety and happiness it might have hoped for in a lifetime. It is this desperate, feverish haste to make the most of the present that endangers morals in warring nations.

The condition of the family group in a neutral nation may not, however, be a completely happy one, for the opportunity to earn a living cannot be guaranteed. Poverty, disease, ignorance, shiftlessness, and inefficiency are still to be dealt with, and it is with these that America is deeply concerned today. The grim specter of unemployment which has haunted the land for a decade has not yet been driven away. International trade has been greatly complicated by war in Europe and in the Far East; and the United States struggles, not only to aid suffering humanity in other parts of the world, but to solve its own problems and to avoid being drawn into the conflict. These conditions affect every fireside whether in congested industrial centers or on some isolated mountain farm.

As world conditions are viewed today, however, the average, everyday American family presents an enviable picture. Its problems while serious enough in their way are problems of peace, and they carry with them the hope of solution through the combined activities of all agencies of society which are interested in the welfare and progress of man. It is true that untold hardships have been endured as the result of unemployment during the past decade, but much is being done to alleviate suffering and to inaugurate movements for the betterment of families in the lower income brackets. Much has been done to aid mothers with young, dependent children; to help the aged; and to set a pattern, at least, for better housing in some of the worst slum districts.

Relief administered by the federal government during the financial depression has taken many forms. Some of them, perhaps quite justly, have been subjected to serious criticism; but the projects which have had to do with feeding hungry children, helping the aged, giving work to [CONTINUED ON PAGE 32]



Pictures, Inc.
French school children, in capes and berets, leave the Gare du Nord, Paris, for the country just in case bombs begin to fall on Paris



© Wide World Photos
Nearly 500 refugee children, the first of 2,000 Jewish boy and girl refugees who evacuated Vienna. Here they have arrived in England. While one of the youngsters at the camp gets busy 'clearing his plate' his companion, perhaps thinking of his parents, doesn't touch his meal, crying all through the meal-time instead



Serving tea at the thirtieth anniversary of the St. Joseph Wesley House, November 29, 1939



Guests registering at the anniversary celebration of St. Joseph Wesley House

A Wesley House Celebrates Its Thirtieth Anniversary

*By Caroline A. Landis
President, St. Joseph City Mission Board*

ON November 29, 1939, board members, friends, and neighbors of the Wesley Community House in St. Joseph, Missouri, celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of the opening of the work. On this occasion there was a program consisting of worship, historic sketches, talks of the work, music, and greetings from former workers. After the program all were invited downstairs to the girls' club room which had been made beautiful with new curtains, a long tea table decorated with flowers, candles and a rich silver service. Almost two hundred guests were served tea during the late afternoon.

Thus Wesley House has passed another milestone and entered upon another decade of loving service.

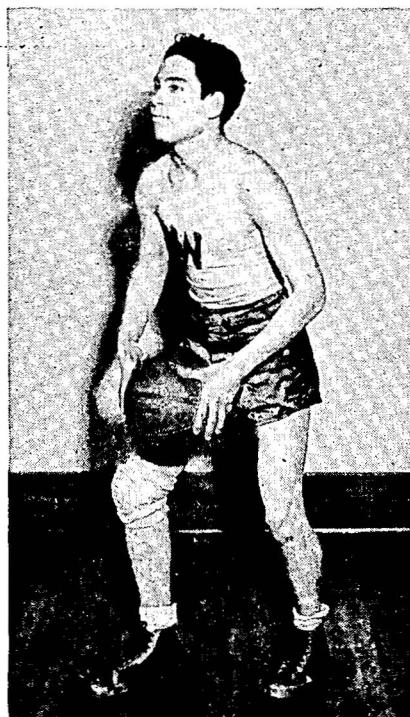
This center was opened November 19, 1909. For some years pastors and missionary-minded men and women had felt the need of some type of Christian social work in South St. Joseph. After having a survey made, they were led to open the present work under the direction of a City Board of Missions; this Board to operate through the churches and the woman's missionary societies of the

Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Of the original board three women are still living. One, Mrs. T. J. Proctor, has been continuously active all these years.

Miss Frances Scott was the first deaconess. She very soon enlisted a number of splendid volunteers to assist in the program.

A building was rented and the work started, but in less than two years it was entirely inadequate and larger quarters were secured; the work continued in the same community for ten years. The Board then felt the time had come when the work should be housed in a building of its own. A lot was purchased and a building campaign launched. Gifts from friends and a larger gift from the Methodist Centenary Fund made possible the new building. It was a happy day when the work and workers moved into the beautiful new fireproof building in 1924.

The Wesley House and a Jewish center constitute the only social settlement work in St. Joseph. The Wesley House has the confidence of the entire city. It is admirably located in the community which it serves. There are spacious rooms and a well-lighted



The captain of the Wesley House winning team



The Brownies enjoy a tea party at the Wesley House



Handcraft period at the Bible and Vocational School of the Wesley House

playground which give opportunity for both children and adults to spend worth-while hours in work and play.

South St. Joseph is a thirty-minute bus ride from the main part of the city. It is a complete community in itself with churches, schools, hotels, a public library, post office, and stores. There are many educated, refined, well-to-do people living in this section, giving it an air of culture. Many of the children from these homes come to the Wesley House. The largest industry is that of the stockyards. Here are located the great plants of Swift & Company, Armour & Company, and the Live Stock Exchange with all its commission firms. These plants employ thousands of people, most of whom reside in this section.

The population of South St. Joseph is estimated at sixteen to eighteen thousand. As a rule the houses are of the cottage type rather than the large tenements of the congested areas of larger cities. In laying out the lots of the houses in most cases space was left for both vegetable and flower gardens. One is impressed with the beauty and care of gardens and yards, especially in sections where foreign-speaking peoples live.

In the early years of the twentieth century large numbers of people came from Mexico and Europe to work in the packing plants. They crowded into small, cheap rooming houses which gave little of a home atmosphere. It was for these people primarily that the Wesley Community House was concerned. Night schools were opened where they could come to study English and begin to learn how to be good American citizens. Scores of them have received their citizenship papers and are loyal Americans. With the recent upheaval in Europe renewed interest has been manifested in the Americanization classes and the numbers are increasing, some walking long distances to attend.

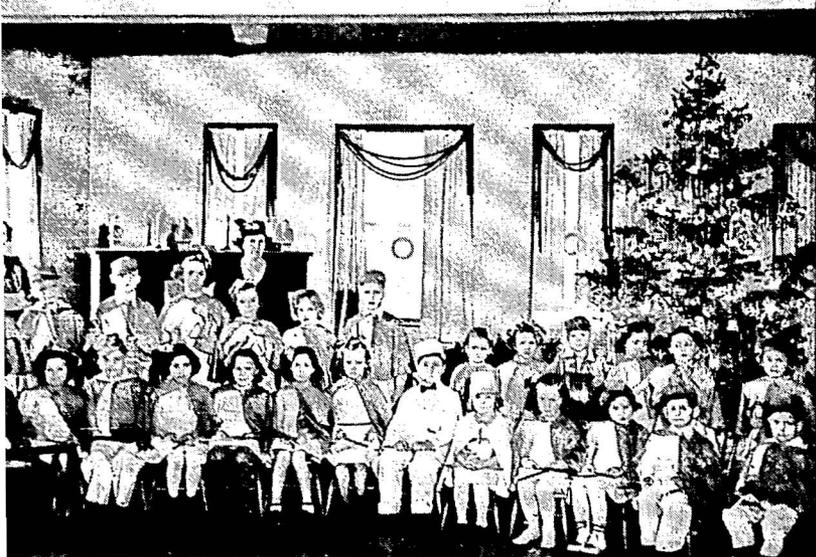
Many of the mothers tell us that when they first came to America and St. Joseph everything was so new and so strange that they could not come to the classes. But the 'Wesley House Lady' came to their



Boys' handcraft period
Photo by L. C. Shady, News Press



One of the mothers of the community is learning to design and make an attractive garment of used material



The Rhythm Band gives a program for the parents (1939) Cook Photo Co.



Girl Scouts of the Wesley House dressing dolls to be used for gifts in the community



The girls of the Wesley House making a bed cover to help warm some needy Negro children

homes and taught them to speak English by very simple, practical methods. Many of the children have grown up and are growing up to be good Americans. The workers consider it a very happy privilege to live and work with these appreciative people. Entering into the activities at Wesley House last year there were Mexican, Italian, Dutch, Rumanian, Armenian, Irish, German, Croatian, Polish, English, Jewish, Russian, Serbian, Ukrainian, and Swedish families represented.

Recently an international program was given in Wesley House auditorium in which several of these nationalities participated, dressed in their native dress, speaking and singing in their native tongue. Then at the close all sang 'America' in one tongue and prayed together the Lord's Prayer. There are sections and groups of the poorer American people to whom Wesley House has always been able to minister. Thus Wesley House serves people of many nationalities widely divergent in education, religious affiliation, philosophy of life, and social and economic status.

In the early days a day nursery was opened for the children whose mothers must go out to work. A kindergarten teacher was employed and a kindergarten conducted until the spring of 1939 when this work was discontinued by the Board—the day nursery because of lack of employment for mothers and the kindergarten because the Board of Education had reached the place where it was ready to assume that responsibility. The leaders have been very grateful that Wesley House could pioneer in these important phases of social and educational life. While we do not have the children for as many hours as formerly, yet they do come to participate in the children's activities and to enjoy hours in the play rooms and reading rooms.

When the kindergarten teacher was no longer to be appointed the Board turned at once to the enlargement of the boys' program which had not been possible before. A young man was employed as full-time director of boys' activities. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 41]



Wesley House girls spend a week at camp

'My Son'

By Ruby Van Hooser

IT was in the third-class compartment of a train going from Southampton to London. Two travelers of another country who had landed a few hours before were discussing the grave international situation in this spring of 1939. Hitler had just seized Czechoslovakia, and Mussolini, Albania. The gray gloom of the fog that enveloped the countryside seemed to penetrate the railway compartment itself as the younger man tried to set forth various possibilities out of the darkening European *impassé*.

'I am a Christian,' he summed up the matter at last, 'and I believe in world peace, but I do not believe it will ever come until the democracies disarm Germany again, and this time *keep* her prostrate.'

'I beg your pardon,' spoke the tall, middle-aged Englishman who seemingly had been absorbed in reading his newspaper quietly in another corner of the carriage. 'I beg your pardon,' he repeated in a voice of scarcely restrained vehemence, 'but you will permit me to tell you that you are entirely mistaken. How you can call yourself a Christian and yet believe the things you have just been saying I do not know. You are utterly wrong.'

The younger man, startled by the passion in the voice that had thus broken the calm of the compartment, a dull red mounting to his face, looked up uncertainly, but yet maintained his point. 'What would you have the other countries of Europe do?' he asked. 'Would you allow Hitler to continue to seize such nations as he wishes, with no resistance at all? Has not Mr. Chamberlain tried again and again in the months past to come to terms of understanding with the German leader? Will the latter not continue to go his own ruthless way unless he is stopped by some stronger powers and disarmed? I am a Christian and I long for peace, but I am also a realist, and I can see no peace at present except through a prostrate Germany.'

The tall Englishman leaned forward in the earnestness of his reply. 'Again let me say that you are completely wrong. I have a right to speak because I fought through the World War, and have lived since with only one lung as a result. If there is one thing of which I am sure, it is that lasting peace can be built only along the lines of understanding, tolerance, and friendliness, and not along those of hate and force. Only as nations follow the principles of love as Jesus taught it can we ever have a permanent peace in Europe or elsewhere.'

'But,' the younger man repeated, '*will* you allow Hitler to continue to have his own way among the nations of this continent as he has been doing? Have you not already tried to stop him by peaceful means and failed?'

'I would say that we have tried and failed,' was the answer, 'yes, but that we must try and try again in a spirit of real forgiveness and desire for reconciliation. There will never be peace until Germany and all other countries in Europe have the full confidence and respect each of the other. We may not be able to achieve this now,' he went on, 'but it is the only way that peace can come at last.'

He paused for a moment, and then leaned forward with a look on his face and a tone in his voice that his hearers could never forget. 'I have a son,' he said, 'twenty years old, an only son. I know all too well the horror and degradation that war brings, because I was in the World War until the last day. I cannot let my son go into that, even if I myself take his place. And even if he is made to go and give up his life,' he continued as if to himself, 'of what avail will it be?'

He did not speak again, but wrapped himself in his paper as if ashamed of having shown some of the emotion that he felt. Yet as the newcomers looked at him it was as if they, too, could see with him the orderly home of a young soldier in the peace and calm and beauty of England in those days after the turmoil and strife of the conflict was over. They could see a little boy by and by, clinging to a father's hand, learning to walk. They could see a lad tall and straight becoming the center of the hopes and joys of the family's life. 'War!' his father had just been saying, '*I cannot send my son into that.*'

The train at length pulled into the dusk of Waterloo Station in London. The tall Englishman tipped his hat to his companions and walked away, still wrapped in thought. 'My son!'

It was some weeks later, on a boat train from Paris to Cherbourg. In one of the compartments the four occupants, a woman from Switzerland, a man from Hungary, and two Americans, soon began to chat together. As the long afternoon wore on and the train flashed through the villages and fields of lovely Normandy, the conversation turned to the steadily darkening situation in Europe.

'The will to peace on the part of all nations, strong enough to work out all problems involved and to overcome all obstacles—this alone will bring relief from the madness of war,' said the Hungarian. 'This alone will prevent the tragedies that conflict inevitably brings. Take my own situation,' he continued. 'I had six brothers all living in Budapest, and at the outbreak of the World War we were forced to go against our will and enter the army of the Central Powers. Some of my brothers were killed, including the youngest; others were wounded. As a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 40]



Lorraine Buck, one of the missionaries, standing on the front porch of the little home which she and the other missionary, Miss Frances Gaby, are making a community center for young people



Church school and Saturday afternoon story hour children. The little girl on the right is the one who memorized an astonishing number of lines in a Christmas playlet



Two children leaving the church on Christmas Eve morning after church school. They are interested in their colorful calendar given them by the missionaries



Some of the young people of the Omaja Methodist Church. The young man on the left is home from school for the Christmas holidays

Under Cuban Skies

By Juanita Brown

This article is an account of a four-day visit by Miss Juanita Brown to the new rural work of the Woman's Missionary Council in Omaja, Oriente, Cuba. Misses Lorraine Buck and Frances Gaby are the missionaries there.—EDITOR.

ALTHOUGH the bus continued at a rapid and jerky rate several passengers began gesticulating to the *Americana* (which was I) that it was at the next stop that she was to get off. No, it was not a *Cubana* bus, comparable to an American Greyhound—the driver of that luxury car had informed me emphatically at Santa Clara that he had ‘plan-ty’ passengers. ‘We have plan-ty,’ he had said slowly and conclusively. Thanks to some gracious Cuban travelers, I had been led to another bus station and had been cared for throughout the day's travel. Although in almost total silence, I had been fed and cheered; my friends did not speak English, and I could do little more than repeat ‘*Gracias*’ after each of the numerous favors I received.

The bus came to a quick stop. There in the bright light of the moon and stars was my missionary friend, wearing a white cotton cape about her shoulders, although it was the twenty-third of December. We were soon packed into an old Ford, bag and baggage. As I left the highway I looked for the little town that bore the name of the bus stop, but I saw only a store or two and a small clump of houses.

We rode for five miles over what had been a very muddy road but what was at the time of my trip hard, rough, sun-baked dirt. Occasionally we went through a dry creek bed. Tall, stately palms were silhouetted against the luminous night sky. Presently we arrived at our destination, the town where two of my missionary friends live and where I was to visit them during Christmas. We saw the lights of the vil-

lage church, for the annual Christmas service was being held that night. ‘Angels’ were making a rapid exit at the back door just as we entered. The building was full. Men and boys were standing against the walls; rows of small children were sitting just in front of the rostrum; mothers, seated here and there with babies in their arms, were shaking their little ones to sleep.

As I glanced over the audience, I was impressed by the number of different races represented. Most of the group was Cuban, of course, but there were a number of Jamaican Negroes, men and women, and although I did not know at the time who the strikingly blond people were, I later learned that they were Finns, and that living in the village also was at least one Danish family and one American family besides the two American missionaries.

The interior of the church, which was of native wood, was impressive. The high vaulted ceiling gave a sense of dignity and spaciousness, and the softening touch of time and climate had mellowed the whole building to a pleasing brown. The balmy night air drifted in through the many open windows. Close to the piano was a Christmas tree, the top of an Australian pine that had been cut from a campus tree of a girls' school and shipped to Omaja by missionary friends. Giving color to a background of green palm fronds were flaming poinsettias and other flowers.

A Christmas playlet was in progress when we entered the church: a little boy and his small ‘sister’ were planning a happy Christmas for their invalid ‘mother.’ The clear, sweet voices of the children rang out into the night air. The chubby little girl, scarcely more than a baby, had memorized a prodigious number of lines. Different groups and individuals gave



Some of the church school children and young people leaving the church after services on a Sunday morning

songs and recitations, and the manger scene was presented in pantomime while a group of young people sang 'There's a Song in the Air.' Finally came 'Noche de Paz' ('Silent Night'), which is perhaps more beautiful in Spanish than in any other language. It is loved in Cuba as it is in our own country and is sung with the same deep feeling.

When the crowd had gone my missionary friends and I crossed the few yards that separated the church from the parsonage, the home of the missionaries. Later I looked through the iron bars of my bedroom window; moonlight and starlight flooded the world that was rimmed with palm trees along the far horizon; and I fell asleep, feeling that my bed was made deep in the heart of Cuba.

Sunday morning, Christmas Eve, dawned clear and bright. But it was not Christmas Eve to the Cuban people—that is, it was not the day before the most eventful one of the Christmas season. To them, the most important day is January 6, which is known as the 'Day of the Kings,' the date celebrated as the one on which the Wise Men carried gifts to the baby Jesus. This day in January is the gift-giving day of the Christmas season in Cuba, as it is in many other Latin countries. December 24 is, however, a festival day.

The church bell called approximately ninety people to church school. Four classes met in various parts of the church auditorium; one class met in a second-story room just beneath the belfry, and the babies gathered out-of-doors in the shadow of the church building. Three of the classes were taught by Cuban leaders, two by the missionaries, and one class was taught by a Jamaican man who has been a leader in the life of the church for some years. A number of little girls wore bright-colored rayon dresses and equally colorful hair ribbons—blue, pink, yellow, red. Other children were much less well dressed. For every child there was a gift of a tiny calendar—a scene from the life of Christ or a picture of a flower or a star. (These had been made by the missionaries from Christmas cards of previous years.)

That evening there was another Christmas program at the church. One missionary is the pianist, and the other plays the violin; they provided the instrumental music for the young people's choruses,



A group of young people who met one day last summer to cut and destroy the marabu from the church property. Marabu is much larger than Johnson grass and equally as tenacious

duet, and other music that had been prepared for the occasion. As there was no preacher, one of the workers told the story 'Why the Chimes Rang.' A fine young Cuban boy who is preparing for the ministry and who was at home for the holidays led the closing prayer. This evening was not as quiet as the previous one had been, for, as is true in many parts of the States, drinking had accompanied the festivities of the day. There was much carousing—voices from the main part of town were heard until in the morning, although we were rather far removed from the other dwellings and the stores.

Christmas was another clear and beautiful day. We spent the hours leisurely, entertained callers, and in the afternoon walked about a mile and a half to visit a Finnish family who had lived in Cuba twenty-five years. We were most graciously received. Delicious cake and fruit were served to us while we talked and admired the beautiful solid mahogany furniture in the living room, the sandwich trays, a compote, picture frames, bracelets. This woodwork was all the father's handiwork, made of native Cuban wood. He is an accomplished cabinetmaker and once won distinction in Finland for his excellent craftsmanship. When we started home we were laden with gifts—fresh grapefruits, lemons, a pineapple—just pulled—tuberoses and other flowers from our friends' orchard and garden.

It was dark when we reached home. As one of the church girls was to be married that night, the Methodist minister (who lives in another town but who preaches in this village quarterly) had come to perform the ceremony. The faithful Jamaican man who cares for the church property had decorated the building with palm fronds and palmettos. A church wedding is such an occasion in a rural community that the church was filled to capacity some time before the bridal party arrived. One of the missionaries played Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March.' The father of the girl and the mother of the boy gave their children in marriage. A home banquet followed the church service.

After the wedding the Cuban minister preached a sermon to an attentive congregation. It was particularly interesting to me that in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 30]

The Pastor's Place in Missions

By Albert W. Beaven



Dr. Albert W. Beaven, president of the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, Rochester, New York

IN the foreign mission enterprise the church faces one of its most remarkable achievements. It constitutes, as someone has said, the most extensive invasion by the people of one culture into the people of other cultures for good will and service instead of for destruction and conquest. It represents an accumulated investment of life and money, an expression of devotion and high vision, and a general level of unselfishness rarely, if ever, attained on so broad a scale in the Christian church.

In spite of all this, we know that the whole area of our foreign mission enterprise bristles with questions today, and a widespread attitude of indifference, and even criticism, is noted. Often, in a time of criticism, however, we become so enamored with the problems, and so lost in the mazes of the debate, that we lose sight of some of the most important elements in the whole matter.

This endeavor to share Jesus Christ and his values with those who do not have them rests back upon certain imperative elements within Christianity itself. It does not turn upon the temporary, nor upon convenience. It does not turn upon the relation between 'home' and 'foreign.' It goes back to something deeper. If Christianity is good for me and for my children, it would be good for someone else and his children, whether that person is yellow or black. There is no place at which we can draw the line and say that beyond this Christianity should not go. It has always

been an expanding religion, and has remained purest when the sense of the necessity for sharing it has been clearest.

Again, the reality which is back of our conviction that Jesus Christ represents God's urge to reveal himself to us and to share his way of life with us, creates within us, when we admit our acceptance of the will of God, the same compulsion to share those values we have experienced with those who do not have them.

It comes down to this: If I need Christ, others do. If I take Christ, I must share him. If I share him at all, I am under obligation to share him with all those who do not have him. There is no distinction between 'home' and 'foreign' in the obligation. There may be a difference in the convenience and the ease of doing it, but not in the necessity which rests upon us to do it. The so-called imperative of the Great Commission does not rise nor fall with the debates upon the historicity of a given text; it is inherent in the nature of the obligation to share, which rests on those who accept the values of Jesus Christ.

To be sure, all students of that enterprise agree that there are many changes that should take place in the methods by which the task should be done. The fields where the work is being carried on are in upheaval and many a change is necessitated daily. Further great changes in methods are no doubt impending. But while this causes difficulties and readjustments, it does not lessen the importance and the necessity of making Christian values available for all mankind, and of undergirding the struggling groups of Christians which have come into being under the sacrificial ministrations of those who have preceded us.

There are very practical considerations today, however, which make it important that the particular phase of our sharing which we denominate the 'foreign missionary enterprise' shall not be allowed to grow weak or to lapse. One of these reasons lies in the fact that it tends to be a corrective for a most dangerous tendency widely apparent in modern life. If there is any disease from which the world suffers today it is disintegration. We split ourselves up into blocks. Nationalism and racialism are rampant. Education is captured as an agency of group propaganda rather than a means to discover truth. Tariff walls are erected, and military [CONTINUED ON PAGE 27]



The First Session of the Siberia-Manchuria Mission, presided over by Bishop W. R. Lambuth, August 1, 1920, at Nickolsk. On the front row (left to right) are Dr. J. S. Ryang, Rev. L. C. Brannon, Dr. W. G. Cram, Bishop W. R. Lambuth, Rev. J. O. J. Taylor, Rev. Chung Chai Duk

Manchukuoan Methodism

The story of the march of Methodism across the cold and little known vastness of Japan's puppet empire is here told by Dr. J. S. Ryang, first Bishop of the Korean Methodist Church, one of the founders and now Superintendent of the Manchuria Mission

SINCE my retirement from the General Superintendency of the Korean Methodist Church in October, 1938, I have been entrusted with the responsibility of looking after our work in Manchuria, in which I had the privilege of participating from its beginning. I went to Manchuria in November, but after a few days some urgent business recalled me home, so I went back again in January, 1939, when the thermometer was registering about thirty degrees below zero Centigrade. In spite of the cold weather, I spent twenty-two days visiting all our pastoral charges in the North and East Districts, except four, which are located near the Siberian border, where a special permit is required to travel.

It has been my privilege to visit Manchuria two or three times each year since the opening of our work in 1920, but recent visits are the most heartening I ever had. Manchuria is certainly a great mission field, as one of the great missionary pioneers, the late Bishop W. R. Lambuth, saw it and said it a long time ago. The people in Manchuria, especially the Koreans, seem to be getting more prosperous and our Church seems to have more opportunities to serve than ever before. Let me tell you something about our work in that great field.

1. The Manchuria Mission has a unique history. Like the Methodist Church in Korea, it is a union of the work of the Northern and Southern Methodist



Rev. Pai Hung Sik, Superintendent of the East Manchuria District. He was appointed to Manchuria in 1918.



Rev. Song Deuk Hoo, Superintendent of the North Manchuria District and Conference Secretary



Dr. J. S. Ryang, Superintendent of the Manchuria Mission of the Methodist Church

Churches. The Manchuria Mission Conference was organized in December, 1930, by the first General Conference of the Korean Methodist Church. The history is interesting.

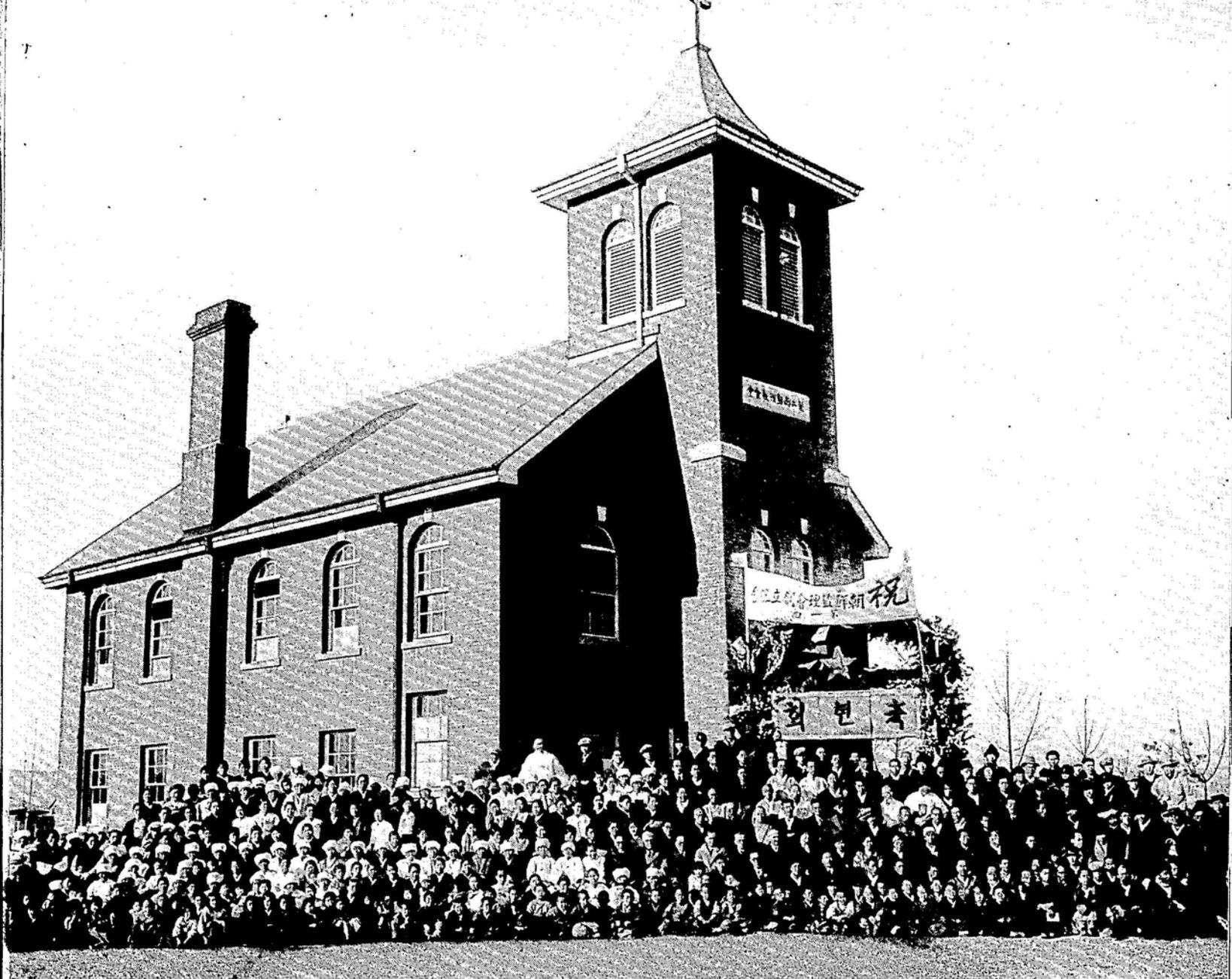
In the fall of 1908, more than thirty-one years ago, the Korean Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, decided to do some missionary work among the Koreans in Kando, eastern part of Manchuria, and sent Rev. Yi Hwa Choon, one of the Korean preachers, together with two Bible colporteurs to that land. As the field was ripe, they were able to organize several groups in a few months and the Church in Korea was very much encouraged by the success. But in the fall of 1909, the Korea Mission recalled the preacher and transferred the entire work to the Canadian Presbyterian Mission, which was preparing to open a station on the northern border of Korea. In September, 1920, however, the late Bishop W. R. Lambuth, with the authority of the Board of Missions decided to reopen our work in Manchuria and to start a new work in Siberia. In 1924 Bishop H. A. Boaz appointed again the original preacher, Rev. Yi Hwa Choon, to Kando, where he began the work in 1908. Mr. Yi served the field very effectively until 1931 when he was superannuated. The work of the Southern Methodist Church has mostly been located in the eastern part of Manchuria, so we now call it 'East Manchuria District.'

In 1910 the Korea Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church appointed the late Rev. Son Chung Do to open work in Manchuria. He stayed in Harbin for two years in order to make preparations for the work, but because of political troubles then prevailing he was recalled in 1912. In 1918, however, the Annual Conference again decided to reopen the work in Manchuria and Rev. Pai Hyung Sik was

appointed to it by Bishop Herbert Welch. Mr. Pai started many groups in the northern and southern parts of Manchuria, which he developed and organized into a district as a part of the Korea Annual Conference. He is still with us in Manchuria and is one of our District Superintendents, now called North Manchuria District.

During these years Bishop W. R. Lambuth, Bishop H. A. Boaz, Bishop W. N. Ainsworth, and Bishop Paul B. Kern, of the Southern Church, and Bishop Herbert Welch and Bishop James C. Baker, of the Northern Church, visited Manchuria and saw some part of our work. Dr. W. G. Cram, Rev. L. C. Brannon, Rev. M. B. Stokes, and Miss Kate Cooper, missionaries of the Southern Church in Korea, and Dr. W. A. Noble, Dr. J. Z. Moore, Rev. W. E. Shaw, and Mrs. A. B. Chaffin, missionaries of the Northern Church in Korea, made substantial contributions to the work in Manchuria, Dr. and Mrs. C. S. Deming, of the Northern Church, were the only Methodist missionaries who resided in Manchuria from 1929 to 1938 and served the Mission on a full-time basis. In November, 1936, Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Wasson spent a few days visiting some centers.

2. The present condition of the work. The Manchuria Mission is trying to carry on under some very difficult circumstances. In the first place, there is one foreign missionary to look after the work; secondly, the number of workers, both preachers and Bible women, is far smaller than the needs; thirdly, there is no mission institution to help the work indirectly; and fourthly, the membership of the Church is largely composed of poor immigrants. The Church has, however, made a steady progress since its founding, for which we are very grateful to God. The Manchuria Mission is God's own creation, and we believe



The first Session of the Manchuria Mission Conference held in the Lambuth Memorial Church, Rong Jung, Kando, in December, 1931. It was presided over by Rev. J. S. Ryang, General Superintendent of the Korean Methodist Church. At this session, Bishop Paul B. Kern, Dr. W. A. Noble, Rev. J. L. Gerdine, and Dr. and Mrs. C. S. Deming were present

he will take care of it under any and all circumstances.

According to the reports made at the end of 1938, there are two districts and 19 pastoral charges, composed of 43 congregations. We have 1,719 full members, 423 probationers, 803 baptized children, and 1,435 seekers or new believers, making a total of 4,457 adherents. There are 29 Sunday schools with 234 teachers and 3,639 pupils. The people contributed to the Church, in 1938, 34,328 yen, of which 5,860 yen was for the support of preachers and 1,414 yen for Bible women. This represents a great sacrifice.

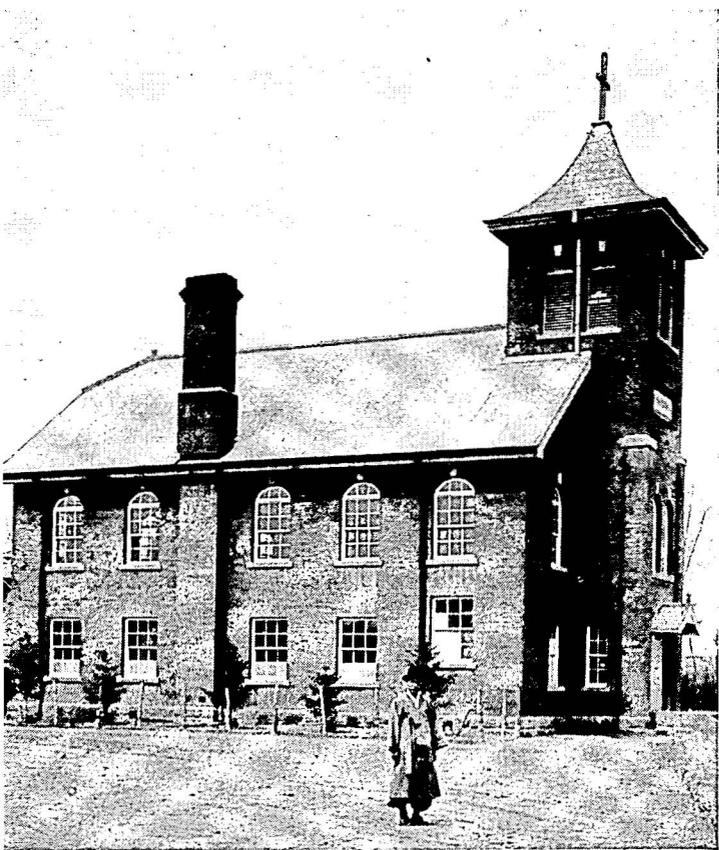
We have secured some very valuable properties on which 22 churches and 19 parsonages have been built; the value of land and buildings has been estimated at 130,977 yen. We have one Suhtang, two night schools, and two primary schools, in which 548 pupils are taught by eight teachers. In addition to these, we have eight kindergartens with 17 teachers and 315 children. There are two Bible schools. These

institutions cost more than ten thousand yen per year, but nearly all of this has been raised locally, so that they are practically self-supporting. We emphasize self-support everywhere. We have 21 preachers, 12 Bible women, and one colporteur, who have fully consecrated their lives to the service of Jesus Christ and the salvation of the Koreans.

Special mention should be made of our memorial churches. In 1925, 1926, and 1927 we built four memorial churches in the East Manchuria District. Our church at Rong Jung is a two-story brick building with three Sunday school rooms on the lower floor. It was dedicated to the memory of the late Bishop W. R. Lambuth, who reopened our work in Kando. Our church at Towtoakow is one story of the same material and a little smaller than the one at Rong Jung. It was dedicated to the memory of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Ivey, of Lynchburg, Virginia, who were much interested in the old Siberia-Manchuria



The preachers and Bible women who have been in service in Manchuria for more than ten years



The Lambuth Memorial Church at Rong Jung, Kando, built in 1925. It is a two-story brick building, the inner size of which is 57 by 41 feet. The tower is 55 feet high from ground to the top

Mission. Our church at Myeng-Wol-Kow (formerly known as Ong-sung-na-chai), is a wooden building, dedicated in honor of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Lackey, of Fort Worth, Texas, who gave the money to build it. They are interested in the Korean people and gave money to build a few small churches in Korea also. Our church at Earloakow is also a wooden building, dedicated to the memory of the late Mr. R. E. Foster, of Fort Worth, Texas. The money was given by his wife. Words fail me to tell what these buildings mean to our people. We are very glad to pay a loving tribute to these saints of the Church, whose kindness and love shall never be forgotten by the Korean people.

3. Our field—Manchukuo. You may be interested to know something about the country in which our Mission is operating. On March 1, 1932, eight years ago, Manchukuo was organized, with an area estimated at 1,303,000 square kilometers or 503,000 square miles, which is about three times the size of Japan proper, or five times that of Korea, and which may be larger than Germany and France combined. The population is composed of five dominant groups—namely, Manchurians, Mongolians, Chinese, Japanese, and Koreans, besides many other nationals. According to the latest census, the population has grown six or seven millions in six years, most of this



Children in the Kindergarten, Hsinking, North Manchuria District

being due to immigration from all parts of the Far East, especially from Korea and Japan. The present population is reported to be 36,933,206.

Since March 1, 1934, it has become an Empire with an Emperor. It has been announced, 'Manchukuo is aimed to be "the paradise of the East" where its citizens will live in harmony and co-operation and enjoy an equal opportunity regardless of their origins.' And it has also been said, 'The government is organized to pay its chief attention to maintenance of peace and order, unification and stabilization of the currency, development of natural resources, promotion of industry and trade and other constructive activities.' The development and construction made in different parts of Manchuria during the last few years may be regarded as phenomenal. Manchuria is now called 'the boom-land of the Orient.' It is, however, primarily an agricultural land and agriculture is the principal industry. The soil is fertile and abounds in minerals and timber. The cultivable area in Manchuria is estimated at 31,698,000 hectares, or 34 per cent of the land. Of this, only 13,940,000 hectares, or 44 per cent, are now under cultivation. In the near future Manchukuo will become one of the great food-producing countries of the world, in spite of the short growing seasons and the cold winters.



The Ivey Memorial Church at Towtoakow, completed in 1925. It is one-story brick building the inner size of which is 50 by 41 feet



The Women's Bible Institute of the East Manchuria District. It has been headed by Miss Kate Cooper and run for forty days each year

Regarding the control of religious bodies, the Manchukuo government promulgated a 'temporary law' on September 24, 1938, which requires all religious workers, all religious bodies and in case of building new religious buildings to get permits from the government. According to this law, a religious census has been taken and all the present preachers and churches have been recognized by just reporting. But when we want new preachers and new churches we must get permits from the authorities. We do not know how rigidly this law will be enforced, but we have been told that all good religions will be protected. We hope so.

In this country, then, the Methodist Church is trying to preach the gospel to the population, especially to the Koreans, most of whom are farmers. The Koreans are rightly called

'the pioneers of the country,' as they turn the wild country into productive rice fields. There are now over two millions of Korean farmers in Manchukuo and the Korean population is growing very rapidly by immigration, which is encouraged by the government. Since the larger part of Manchuria was a part of Korea in olden days, it is said that Koreans are now going back to their old country. The conversion of these simple Koreans to the Christian religion is our task in Manchuria today.

4. The urgent needs in our work. The needs in our rapidly growing Manchuria Mission are many, but I shall mention only the most urgent.

(a) We need five men and five women for a special evangelistic work. There are hundreds of new villages springing up like mushrooms and we must preach the gospel to the people in them, who shall never hear it otherwise. Above all, we must emphasize evangelism, the preaching of the gospel. The religious situation in Manchuria today is just like that in Korea twenty-five or thirty years ago. We must not miss the opportunity. For this work \$2,000 in U. S. currency, with the gain on exchange, will be sufficient. It is absolutely necessary and urgent.

(b) We need five church buildings in the following cities: Harbin, a cosmopolitan city which has a population of 458,000; Hsinking, the capital of Manchukuo, which grows like a Western city and which has a population of 335,000; Muktankang, a new capital of a new province of the same name, which has a population of



The preachers and Bible women of the East Manchuria District, when Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Wasson were visiting Rong Jung, November, 1936

100,000; Yenkil, the capital of Kando Province, which has a population of 28,000; and Domen, a new commercial city between the northern border of Korea and Manchukuo, which has a population of 25,000. As all can understand, we must have in such cities churches that will be respectable-looking and creditable to Methodism. We have about twenty-five thousand yen on hand which has been raised locally and the Mission has only been asked to help us with \$25,000 in U. S. currency. The asking is very reasonable.

(c) We also need ten country churches at once, each of which will cost from two hundred to three hundred dollars in U. S. currency, according to the location. The people will, in spite of their poverty, pay at least the same amount they ask us to provide.

(d) We need six parsonages at once, each of which will cost from three hundred to one thousand dollars in U. S. currency, according to location. We are trying to get our people to support their preachers and Bible women and also to pay as much as possible for their church buildings. So the Mission has to provide houses for the workers. We need about three thousand dollars at once for this purpose.

(e) We need at present six kindergartens, each costing about two hundred dollars in U. S. currency a year. For lack of funds it is our policy not to run any 'secular' schools, which are very expensive. We hope to have Bible schools to train our lay workers and kindergartens for the little children in all centers of our work.



The preachers and Bible women of the North Manchuria District, January 10, 1938



Manchurian Students at the Methodist Theological Seminary, Seoul, Korea, at the General Conference, October, 1938. Front row from left: Rev. I. K. Do, Bishop C. O. Kim, Dr. J. S. Ryang, Rev. H. S. Pai

(f) We need, above all others, your prayers—the earnest prayers of the saints in the Mother Church, the prayers of men, women, and children, who have faith in God, in Jesus Christ, and in the final triumph of the righteous. This we need most. Please pray for our work in Manchuria, that He may supply all our needs.

In closing, let me tell you that we are very happy over the fact that the three great branches of Methodism have come together into one great Methodist Church. We know that we now have a greater and stronger Mother Church to depend upon! A new era has begun in the East, as well as in the West, and it demands of us a greater service. We must pray more earnestly, plan more wisely and work more diligently, so that we may be able to save every man, woman, and child in this great land which is already white unto harvest! May God help us to meet the needs.



The Lackey Memorial Church, at Myeng-Wol-Kow, East Manchuria District. Completed in 1928 with funds given by Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Lackey of Fort Worth, Texas

Foster Memorial Church at Earltoakow, East Manchuria District. It was built by Mrs. R. E. Foster in memory of her husband



Education of Church at Kongchuryung, North Manchuria District, May 22, 1938. Note the many children



Right: Graduation Exercises at Kindergarten, Rong Jung, Kando, East Manchuria District

The Pastor's Place in Missions

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

armament emphasizes our group bigotries. The things which disintegrate increase, while those which bind us together are growing weaker. The world sadly needs to retain and develop all the universals which it has. Only by a re-emphasis on its universals can it be saved. Christianity, with its concept of one God, with its message of the availability of God through Christ to all men of all races and of every nation, thus binding them to one Father, is one of the greatest universals. Its message is an antidote for the deep disease of the world. To have that message stilled today would be to accentuate the very dangers which threaten to overwhelm us. The world-wide proclamation of the Christian message is desperately needed to bind the world together and integrate it.

Again, when one contemplates the whole development of our modern civilization, with its tremendous machinery, and sees those engines of power being spread as they are across the world without the guiding influence and the spiritual restraints that go with some such universal and serving concept as Christianity, he cannot look upon the picture without terror.

Another practical effect we must face, as Christians interested in the Christian movement in our own land, is that when we adopt in Christianity a non-sharing policy toward the other nations of the world, that non-sharing attitude will soon spread back into the whole Christian movement at home, cutting the nerve of its evangelism and slowing up its entire program.

But if the Christian movement is to expand, and the foreign mission enterprise in particular is to continue, on whom does it depend? We are being told these days that it depends a great deal on the younger churches. Yes! true in part. We are told that it depends upon the students who volunteer. Yes! true again, in part. But in a very real sense it depends more upon the pastor of the local church than it does upon any of them. Ultimately, the people who support it by gifts, by prayer, by insight, by life, by volunteering, are found in the churches. Missionary support does not come out of the air or out of brick and mortar, it comes out of people; it must be developed in life situations; and the people in whom those life situations can take place are in our churches. No one has access to them in any way that is comparable to that which the pastor has. If he will not utilize that access, no one else can gain it. If he, as a leader, is indifferent to the possibility of developing it, his very indifference tends to make certain the indifference of his people. Therefore in a peculiar sense the support and the undergirding of that enterprise must rest upon the pastor.

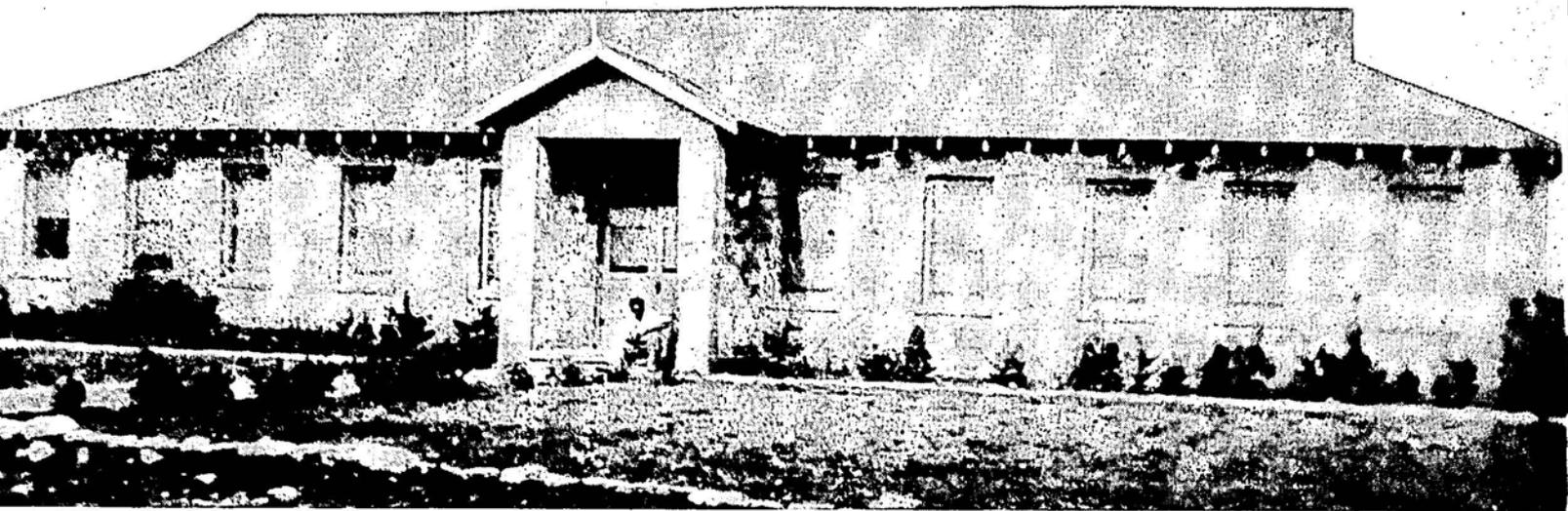
If this is so, what can and should he do about it?

I have a feeling that one of the pastor's first obligations is to try to think through the attitude he is

going to take toward the enterprise itself. I know the problems in the field, and they are real. I know the discussions which the specialists are having upon the subject, and they are important. I believe that the pastor should be brought more closely in touch with those discussions, and aided in thinking this question through. But of one thing I am certain, and that is, that as pastors we ought not to allow all the accumulated values of yesterday to disintegrate while we are thinking it over and others are going through with this debate on methodology. As someone put it: If we are proposing to build a new bridge, let us at least keep the old one intact, so that traffic can move across it until the new one is built. Frequently a policy of indifference or quizzical criticism on the pastor's part tends to discourage attempted support, to offer alibis to indifferent people for doing nothing, and to cut the whole spirit of sharing out of the lives of our young people. The pastor must think it through; but, like the physician, he must not let the patient die while he discusses symptoms.

Again, the pastor can preach; it is largely through his word that the people see the task, the field, and the folk. He can point out the constructive elements in the picture; he can help his people to see the important and unchanged features, even when the smaller ones are being debated. The best educational program that can be carried on by the missionary forces in a church can never rise higher than the attitude toward that enterprise indicated by the pastor in his preaching.

He also must be the one to proclaim the place of the missionary cause in the financial support of the church. If he does not, who will? How does he dare not to do it? If the church finance committee debates, as it frequently does today, the question as to whether it shall increase its current expenses at the expense of its benevolences, who will lead in protecting missionary support? If the minister takes the side of the current expense, how can he avoid the conclusion, in his own soul and in the minds of others, that he has picked the more selfish of two alternatives? That is the budget out of which his salary comes; it is the budget which provides the things that make the church more comfortable for the people near by. If he cries down the missionary budget for the sake of caring for the local expense, has he not thrown the weight of his leadership in that church on the side of less rather than more Christian motives? Has he not tended to develop an attitude of 'self first' in his people, which when it bears fruit will undercut not only missionary but local support? If the current expense is to be emphasized, may it not be done with better grace after the claims of the world-wide program of the church have been presented? Somebody must help the people to see the larger, the broader, the more unselfish enter- [CONTINUED ON PAGE 38]



The Wesley House at Ozona, Texas. Ozona is a village of three thousand people

Within These Walls

By Deaconess Mary Riddle

HERE is a community house different in many ways from other centers of the Woman's Work of the former Methodist Episcopal Church, South. It is located at Ozona, Texas, in a village of three thousand people and is built of native stone. Deaconess Mary Riddle is the resident worker. One day while this house was in the process of erection she heard one of the builders ask, 'What kind of building is this going to be?' The reply from another worker was, 'It is going to be a community center for the Mexican people,' and so it has become.

On another day Deaconess Riddle heard a group of missionary society women of the village of Ozona conversing among themselves. They related the story of their dreams which were about to be realized. They had prayed and worked for a community house for the Mexican people living across the Draw. One of their number, Mrs. Scott Petters, had determined in her heart that this thing should come to pass. It had been a long time that they had worked and prayed and waited and, as is always true, there were those among them who had said, 'It is impossible; it cannot be done.' Then one summer the first step was taken when they secured two Mexican young people from the Wesley House in San Antonio to come to Ozona and work among the Mexican boys and girls. This was so successful that the women took new courage. They appealed to Judge Davidson, who, through the Crockett County Commissioners, was able to secure a fund from the Massie estate which had been left for the improvement of conditions in Crockett County.

The Woman's Missionary Council agreed to supply a worker and her salary. So the work of building was really begun. Deaconess Riddle tells the story of her work below.—EDITOR.

THE day came when the workmen were gone, the furniture was moved in, the windows cleaned and I realized that soon I could begin work. I wondered if the brown-eyed Mexican children would find the love, peace, and understanding that the women of the missionary society had hoped and prayed for.

One morning the little children came, and sat in their little chairs, and as I watched them I knew that they did not know how to play; life to them had been without direction or understanding. The days passed and I saw a change in these little children. They smiled and were happy, and as they said 'Good morning' with a shining radiance on their faces, I understood what was happening.

I like Monday. That is the day for the Story Hour and Rhythm Band group. The children who come pour through the doors all anxious for the Story Hour to start—impatient if even one member is late. As the beautiful young Mexican woman tells the stories, I watch the faces of Pedro, Alexandro, and Jose as their eyes sparkle with happiness. Then I listen to the soft melody that Alexandro is singing and watch the perfect rhythm and time with which Pedro and Jose are playing their cymbals. These three are real boys who have needed an interest group and love and understanding. Through their contact with



A brother and sister who came to the Wesley House in Ozona. The little girl has brought more plants and shrubs to beautify the Community House grounds than any other person in the community



Members of the mothers' group who do much to help the Wesley House in Ozona



Some of the kindergarten children with the volunteer helpers. There are several young men who are volunteer helpers in the kindergarten



Boy Scouts of the Ozona Wesley House leaving for camp

Miss Vargas they are developing those qualities that mold and make them into finer and better citizens as they grow toward manhood.

The other day I heard some of the little girls talking. They were trying to decide which was the best club, the Girl Reserves Club, of which they were members, or the club for the junior boys. I am glad that they did not ask me to decide, because that is a question that would be impossible to answer. Through both clubs these junior boys and girls are learning what it means to be honest, faithful, loyal, friendly, kind, and reverent in their everyday living. Olga is learning the things that will help her as she makes a home for her younger brothers and sisters. Emma is learning that the attitude of 'bossing' does not bring friends and respect from the boys and girls of the clubs. Alfonso is learning what it means to be unselfish and to do a good turn daily. Another boy is learning why he should comb his hair and keep his clothes clean. The common principles of everyday living are being planted in the lives of these boys and girls.

Someone remarked the other day that when people are hungry for love their lives are fertile for the planting of Christian ideals and standards. This seems to be true in regard to the boys who are members of the Boy Scout Troop. Before I moved into this building I saw boys playing the games of the streets, talking the language of the streets, and living the life of the streets; and nothing fine or uplifting was molding their lives. Recently at Scout meeting I heard Juan, Chun, Lupe, and Simon talking of the first time they saw the teacher. It seemed that she had brought to the old house on the hill some magazines and a football. How they enjoyed looking at the magazines and playing with the football, and finally without knowing why they did not go to the

streets to play. Soon they were helping the teacher sweep, and that was an unusual thing for boys to do. Then instead of always playing football themselves they would let the little boys play. Then their group grew and the happy day came when Andres said that he would be their Scoutmaster. Today they have one of the best Scout troops in the Concho Valley District. As you walk

through the streets you do not see the boys hanging out on the street corners playing Pennies; a Boy Scout must be industrious, honest, and trustworthy. When Billy came in, Chun said, 'Remember how the sheriff used to chase Billy? Now Billy never gives him any trouble.' 'I know why,' replied Juan, 'Billy is now a first class Scout. He is too busy studying for merit badges to have any time to give to the sheriff.'

I always look forward to Friday, as this is the day the mothers come for their club. As they study English with Mrs. Colwick and as one pupil struggles to say 'yellow' instead of 'jello,' I marvel at the teacher's patience. Yet, by teaching these mothers to speak English, she is helping them to become better parents and to have a better understanding of the needs of their children.

The mothers sew, cook, play, and laugh under the guidance and love of Mother Flowers. The detail of their business is under the direction of their president, Mrs. Elodia Guerra. To these mothers the Community Center is their haven of rest in their times of joy and sorrow. In many ways, both large and small, they have given back to the Center what they could both materially and spiritually. They have helped buy furniture for the Community Center and have equipped the kitchen with all the things that a kitchen of its kind needs.

I am greatly impressed [CONTINUED ON PAGE 40]

Under Cuban Skies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

that rather remote Cuban village the preacher should decry the use of miniature imitation war weapons as toys for children. Can it be doubted that education for world peace is really penetrating to all sections of our world?

Tuesday morning we visited a Spanish family who have lived in Cuba since the 1890's. The father has a combination store and restaurant. The family lives in the rear of the building. One of the daughters of this family attends Colegio Irene Toland, the Council's school for girls in Matanzas. We were graciously received and told something of the early history of the town. A second family we visited live also in the rear of their store, which, though small, keeps an unusual variety of commodities and produce. These friends served us several kinds of Cuban candy.

Tuesday night, while a group of church leaders held a Council meeting with one of the missionaries, the other worker, some Christmas guests, and a group of young people attended a prayer service that had been requested by a family living on the far side of the village. Others joined us on the way, until by the time we had reached our destination we numbered

almost sixty. The picturesque little home was what is known as a *bohio*, a house made of a certain kind of palm tree, and having a dirt floor. We formed a large semicircle in the clean-swept front yard and sat on chairs and rocks. Hymnbooks were passed around, and the missionary with her violin played the tunes while the group sang enthusiastically. With the assistance of a flashlight the missionary read a Scripture passage, then made a brief talk. A spirit of real worship pervaded this informal meeting.

As we were leaving, a group of young people asked if some of us would chaperon them while they cleaned a house some distance away, preparatory to the return of the owners the next morning. The baby of the home had died that day while the family was away visiting, and the young people of the community wanted to freshen up the home before their return. We had another tramp in the moonlight upon a hard, dry road; everyone was in excellent spirits and seemed to enjoy the experience. It did not take long for a score of strong boys and girls to remove mattresses, chairs, and potted [CONTINUED ON PAGE 39]

Jesus and Social Redemption

The book, *Jesus and Social Redemption*, by Dr. John W. Shackford, has been made available through the request of a representative group of church women who shared in its original presentation as a study course at Lake Junaluska and Mount Sequoyah during the summer of 1939. The Bureau of Christian Social Relations and the Department of Education and Promotion of the Woman's Missionary Council recommends it to auxiliary women for regular Bible study classes and as a special study book for other groups or committees majoring in the promotion of Christian Social Relations.

An attempt has been made to show the basic implications of Jesus' teachings in the realm of human relations, with the hope that all who read it may become more conscious of Jesus' interpretation of the Kingdom of God and of the Church's responsibility for its growth. As these pages are studied by groups of men and women throughout the Church, there should be created a new courage, a deeper insight, and an enlarged opportunity for building a Christian world.

The first of the six compactly written chapters, 'Through the Prophets to Jesus,' indicates in a very concise way the Old Testament basis for Jesus' ideals and teachings. Dr. Shackford interprets in clear, challenging statements the kind of God that men are called upon by the Old Testament to love and obey. He is a God of goodness and mercy, a refuge for his people, a shepherd, and a Father, whose Kingdom would have to be a kingdom of righteousness, social

justice, and love. Such a God and such a Kingdom are further revealed in Jesus himself as the author gives glimpses of Jesus' attitude toward persons in need—the poor, the hungry, the hopeless, the sinners, the outcast, the despised race, and the underprivileged person. 'In the thought and life of Jesus, religion and morals, religion and service to men are not separated. Religion that is not ethical, that is not social-minded is not the religion of Jesus.'

In Chapter III, 'Such a Gospel in Such a World,' is found this key statement: 'Those who walk in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake are most apt to suffer when social sin is resisted in its organized form—that is, when it becomes institutionalized or takes the form of vested privilege.' This philosophy may well apply to our present social order with its corruption in church or state, its economic exploitation, its racial and class cleavages, and other major conflicts. 'The religion of Jesus is not merely a religion for a changing world; it is a religion whose purpose it is to change the world.'

The study of this gripping interpretation of Social Redemption in terms of the responsibility of the Church should present anew to Christian groups the crying need for making 'the social order an ally instead of an enemy' in bringing the fulness of life to persons!

This book may be secured from Literature Headquarters, 712 Church Street, Nashville, Tennessee. The price is twenty-five cents.

THELMA STEVENS

WORLD OUTLOOK

'My Lord Calls Me'

A Meditation for the Missionary Society
May Program.

THERE are two factors in our situation today that make a study of race relations exceedingly pertinent: (1) the great wave of anti-Semitism that is sweeping over Europe which from some indications seems likely to touch and even spread over our American continent as well; (2) the challenge that faces us in the tremendous latent power of greater Methodism.

A particular and peculiar measure of responsibility rests upon the women of our Church because of their training, their inheritance, and their influence for leadership in the matter of better race relationships. A responsibility which they have in a measure recognized and accepted, but which comes before us at this time with a new insistence and a new bearing because of our increased numbers and the power that comes from a larger organization with its wider outlook and varied and multiple experience. Mrs. Luke Johnson, one of Southern Methodism's pioneers in race relationships, sensed this responsibility and voiced its significance. 'For generations,' she said, 'Providence has been giving to the women of America, particularly to the women of the South, a background of training and understanding for this great world task (of bettering relations between the races) which but increases responsibility. If American women can present a solution for this problem, which now complicates and distresses civilization, the years of painful training will not have been in vain.'¹

Race antipathy and hatred is not a local problem, by any means, but a world problem. Whenever men of different hue, different racial inheritance are placed in juxtaposition, there is almost inevitably bound to arise hatred and enmity and jealousy. Jesus alone seems to have found the solvent for the difficulty. 'We have thought of the Negro in the South as a local and an individual problem, but we lift our eyes and we see arise also a national and international problem; and above and beyond these a great human and Christian problem. We also recognize its direct bearing, even in its local aspect, on national and international peace.'²

And what is the solvent that Jesus has for the difficulty? *Respect for personality*—an appreciation of the divine spark of manhood in the very lowest of human beings. For the woman of Samaria he had time to sit and converse, not with condescension but with regard for the possibilities that lay dormant in her being. With a spirit of almost jovial, certainly friendly, fellowship he made his way to the home of Zaccheus, the despised publican, a social outcast. To

the woman brought before him as having been seized in the act of adultery, he had only the word of kindness and understanding. It was a man of the lowly outcaste race of the Samaritans that he made the hero of one of the most beautiful stories he ever told. In cordial understanding of the grief and distress over the illness of his servant he spoke to the Roman centurion and pronounced his approval of his act of faith in coming to him for help and accepting that help in the spirit in which it was given.

And so today, if the church of our new Methodism would be true to the Lord she professes to serve, she must in all humility take her stand on the principles of her Founder: 'The fundamental principle of Christianity is the recognition of the immortal soul in both Jew and Gentile, bond and free. The Church cannot do less than recognize all men (1) primarily as human beings, (2) as members of different races, (3) as members of the great family of God.'³

'When we recognize all men primarily as human beings and secondarily as members of different races and members of the family of God, with a right to an equal opportunity in life unhampered by chains of human humiliation, then will we begin to come into an understanding of Him for whom the whole family in heaven and in earth is named. He taught no separate gospel for different races. He fixed the same ideals and laid down the same standard of morals for both men and women, black and white and brown. He saw only suffering, loving, groping human beings. He taught us to call no man unclean, but to give each and all a chance to be all possible to them.'⁴

In the strife and turmoil that is upon us when all Europe and the Far East seem to have gone mad with suspicion, fear, and hatred, America stands in a peculiarly strategic place, with opportunities for influence and guidance, were she faithful to her trust. This is particularly true in the realm of race relations.

'The world is weighing America's soul today. . . . Therefore it seems that the Church of America has a challenge in this field scarcely paralleled. . . . It is the Church that must deliver itself against the crimes which are being committed not only toward the helpless race, but against the Church and its message, against the civilization of our country and the good name of the American people. The Church has the only solution . . . can it demonstrate it to the world? . . . But we are so personal, so local, so provincial and prejudiced in our thinking on this

¹ Mrs. Luke Johnson in an address delivered at Hot Springs, Arkansas, before the National Convention of the Y.W.C.A., April, 1922.

² *Ibid.*

³ From an address by Mrs. Johnson before the International Convention of the Disciples of Christ, August 30, 1922.

⁴ From a pamphlet by Mrs. Johnson: *Observing New Activities from the Interracial Observatory.*

subject that we scarcely face the extent of the problem. We are so concerned about the petty things which will take care of themselves if we follow his plan for his children that we cannot think straight nor find our own responsibility in the matter.' ⁵

This was true in 1922. Is it any less true today? It should be, for we are thinking in bigger terms, we are facing greater issues, our responsibilities are even heavier than immediately following the World War, for another world war is upon us, the roots of which go down into the dank fens and morasses of race misunderstanding and consequent suspicion and hatred.

'Race relations! A world issue on which the weal and woe of the future rests. . . . We must think about this thing, not superficial, prejudiced thinking, but frank Christian thinking. If we can think of the Negro race in relation to his value to the community, the State, and the country rather than of his value to us in our particular needs, then will exploitation and race prejudice vanish from our midst;

⁵ From an address by Mrs. Luke Johnson before the International Convention of the Disciples of Christ, August 30, 1922.

every child shall have a chance and no life shall be molded for selfish ends.' ⁶

Shall we not follow in the steps of this 'Pioneer in Race Relations'? Shall we not heed her call to take our places as women of a great Church and of a great nation in the front ranks of those who have stepped out from narrow, inhibiting, restricting positions of racial and national prejudices, of those who think deeply, who have broken down barriers and widened the reach of their love until it takes all mankind to its heart?

Here again this voice of one who gave her all to bring in a new day of fellowship and understanding:

"Was there ever such an opportunity, not only to save a race, but to save a nation and to demonstrate to the wide world what the gospel of Jesus Christ can do in bringing about right relations between the races? God help us that we may not fail!" ⁷

MARY DEBARDELEBEN

⁶ From address by Mrs. Luke Johnson before the International Convention of the Disciples of Christ, August 30, 1922.

⁷ From an address before an Interracial Group, Memphis, 1920.

The Family in a World Crisis

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

unemployed men, teaching the illiterate, and, in other ways alleviating human misery, are beyond reproach. The school lunch, day nursery, sewing, cooking, and adult education projects have not only offered temporary relief, but they have done much permanent good. Such help has not only prevented untold suffering, but it has made it possible for many families to remain together and to maintain a reasonably normal life during the stress of financial depression. While many of the problems presented are far from complete solution, there is greater evidence each year that progress is being made and that the more fortunate families of America are slowly but surely accepting greater responsibility for how the 'other half' is housed, fed, and educated.

In material things family life has undergone greater change during the past quarter of a century than it has for many centuries prior to that time. The basic problems of family life—the primitive struggle for food, clothing, and shelter—have become unbelievably complicated and, while from certain points of view life is easier, from others it is much more difficult and uncertain. Food is more plentiful and varied; but its availability to millions is dependent upon complicated systems of production and transportation, as well as upon an industrial system which must be capable of producing a purchasing power sufficient to support the entire structure. Only in rural sections does a family now have the opportunity of providing directly for its daily needs through its own labors, but even farm families are becoming more and more dependent upon distant markets for

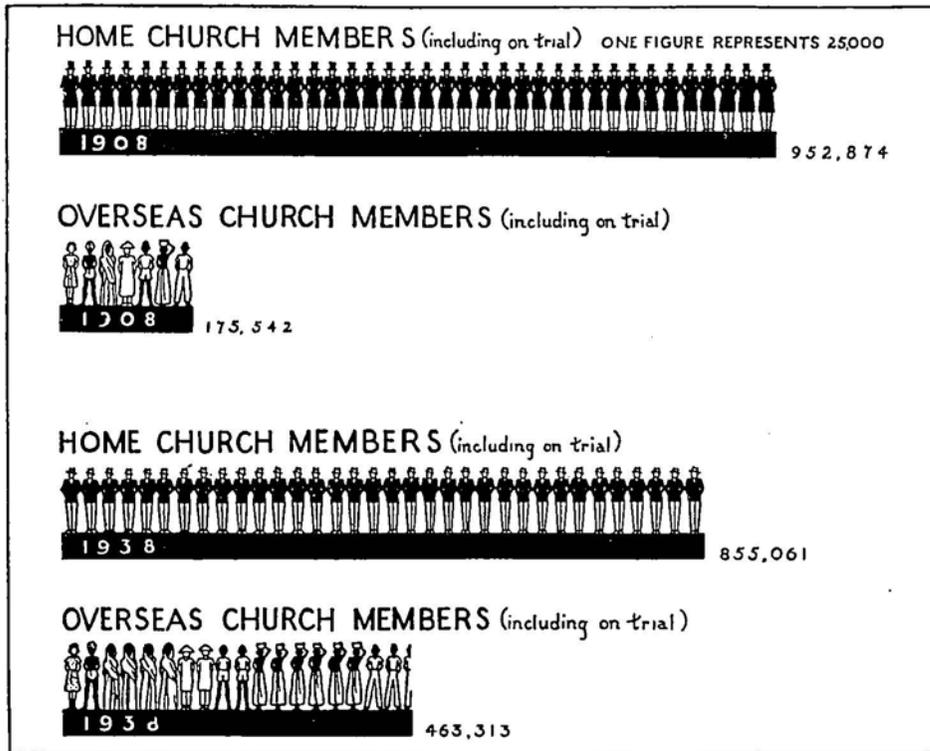
both their incomes and articles necessary in their daily activities.

The family in this setting has new problems and, therefore, must evolve new ways of meeting its needs. No longer is the home a factory through which all members of the family can contribute toward its support. If there is but one wage earner, the father, the load rests more heavily upon his shoulders than ever before; and if the mother, from actual need or from a desire to provide higher standards of living, also becomes a wage earner, the life of the family is further complicated. In democratic America standards of living have kept remarkably close to progress in modern inventions. The family in moderate circumstances often enjoys luxuries of which even the nobility of a few centuries ago never dreamed. Such a condition does not always represent an unmixed blessing, however, for the purchase of radios, automobiles, manufactured clothing, fancy foods and drinks, and a thousand fascinating knick-knacks which can by no means be listed as necessities, often burdens the wage earner so heavily that the welfare of the family is endangered.

There arise, too, problems concerning the use of automobiles; the decidedly bad influence of certain types of radio programs, reading matter, and motion pictures; advertisements advocating the use of tobacco and alcoholic liquors; war propaganda; and a score of other things which threaten the morals of the younger generation. Apparently, the only defense against such influences is a counter-influence of wholesome living and think- [CONTINUED ON PAGE 38]

The Moving Finger Writes

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



Church members in England and in British mission fields

British Methodists Lose at Home but Gain in Foreign Fields

☐ The above chart, taken from *The Kingdom Overseas*, organ of the Methodist Missionary Society of London, tells an interesting story. Membership of the Methodist churches of Great Britain is being kept up by gains in the foreign mission field. The churches are losing members at home, but the gains abroad are sufficiently large to overcome the domestic decline.

In the last thirty years the Methodists in Great Britain decreased 97,813. During the same time, the foreign membership increased 287,771. Thus the increase of 190,000 would have been a loss except for the success of the missionaries. Whereupon the missionary societies ask: 'In the face of such facts, is this the time to slacken our missionary work?'

Coal Shortage Closes German Schools

☐ Many schools in different parts of Germany have been ordered to close because of the coal shortage, according to an official announcement made re-

cently in Berlin. The Nazi Defense Council asked the schools to close their doors and give their coal to the 'vital industries' of the nation.

Mrs. Lula Lake Brockman Joins World Outlook Staff

☐ Mrs. Lula Lake Brockman, twenty-two years a missionary in Soochow, China, has joined the staff of *WORLD OUTLOOK* and will serve in the capacity of circulation manager. Her husband, Mr. W. W. Brockman, was superintendent of the Service Department of the Board of Missions and passed away in Nashville on December 14.

Mrs. Brockman was secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association in Danville, Virginia, when she went out to China to meet and wed Mr. Brockman. The two were missionaries of the Board of Missions but were allocated by the Board to the Y.M.C.A. and continued work in China under the auspices of that organization until the retirement of Mr. Brockman in 1934.

Mrs. Brockman has been in demand as a speaker on missionary subjects throughout the South since her return from China. Her connection with this periodical will enable her to continue the

missionary service to which she has devoted her life. It will be her task to direct the work of *World Outlook* superintendents and promote the circulation of the magazine.

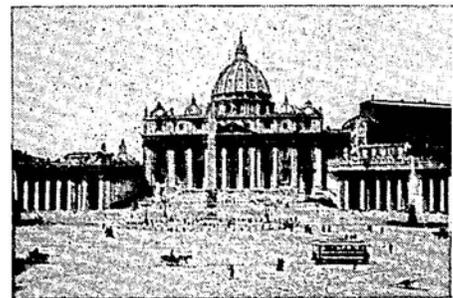
Tennessee Girl Won Temperance Contest

☐ Miss Thelma Arnette, seventeen-year-old honor graduate of the high school in Knoxville, Tennessee, was recently declared winner of a nation-wide contest conducted by the American Business Men's Research Foundation, a temperance organization. The contest was for comments or brief essays in reply to the question 'Why I Think I Never Will Drink Intoxicating Liquors.'

In her contribution Miss Arnette declared she had determined never to drink intoxicating liquors, because they interfere with the present day's important need of active minds; menaced health, endurance, wide-awakeness, attention, and exactness required for effective work.' And finally, 'They assail my most sacred inheritance—the inalienable right to life, liberty, and happiness, for they subtract "life" from years and "years" from life.'

Religious Issue May Be Decisive Factor in the War

☐ The religious issue may be the decisive factor in the European war, according to recent dispatches to the American press. Because of the alliance between Russia and Germany, one the



St. Peter's and the Vatican Palace, Rome

outspoken enemy of all religion, and the other resolved to control the Church in the interests of the State, it is said that the Pope of Rome is preparing to rally the Christian forces of the world against them.

It is said that the Pope hopes to

bring the United States into the movement, at least 'as a full-time financial supporter of the Allies.' A liaison between the White House and the Vatican has already been established, and President Roosevelt has sent Mr. Myron C. Taylor to the Pope's court as his personal representative.

It is averred that the Vatican has given up all hope of bringing about peace by negotiation and has prepared a plan to stir the hearts of neutral Christian nations by pointing out that Russia and Germany are really making war upon God.

'The magic formula—and one which will be both insidious and very effective—is the "holy war"—the war of the God-fearing against the godless. Instructions are now going out over the vast ramified network of the Catholic propaganda system, and its effects will be noticeable very shortly.

'Pope Pius, perhaps the shrewdest statesman in Europe, issued his unofficial decree very reluctantly. He realizes, as he has told his intimates, that the destruction of Germany will bring a state of economic, political, and social chaos in Europe which will affect the Church as violently as anyone else.'

❖

Methodist Missionary Leaders Honored by China



Dr. R. E. Diffendorfer

❑ Two Methodist leaders, long active in missionary and educational work for China, were among four Americans honored by the Chinese Government at a dinner in the Hotel Roosevelt, New York City, recently. The Methodists were Dr. Ralph E.

Diffendorfer, Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, and Edwin M. McBrier, of Montclair, New Jersey, Treasurer of the Associated Boards for Christian Colleges in China, and a member of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Church. The others honored were Paul D. Cravath, a New York attorney, and Arthur V. Davis, Chairman of the Board of the Aluminum Company of America. Both have been active in the promotion of Christian education in China.

In the presence of five hundred guests, Dr. Hu Shih, the Chinese Ambassador to the United States, presented the Order of the Jade, one of China's highest recognitions for humanitarian service, upon the four men. These decorations were conferred by the Chinese Government on October 10, 1939, the anniversary of the founding of the Republic of China. The Hon. Jacob Gould

Schurman, Jr., was toastmaster at the dinner which was under the auspices of the Associated Boards for Christian Colleges in China. The principal speakers were Ambassador Hu Shih and Prof. Arthur Rugh, of Yenching University.

❖

Rev. Richard J. Parker Transferred to Florida

❑ Rev. Richard J. Parker, long-time superintendent of Mexican work in the Southwest, has been transferred to Florida to become superintendent of the Latin Mission. Until his transfer at the recent session of the Southwest Mexican Conference, held in Dallas, Texas, Dr. Parker had been presiding elder of the El Paso-Los Angeles District of the Western Mexican Conference, embracing territory from West Texas to the Pacific Coast.

Dr. and Mrs. Parker have been missionaries among the Latin-American people for more than thirty years. In 1908, while serving a pastorate in the Western North Carolina Conference, he was appointed by Bishop Warren A. Candler as a missionary to Cuba. He served in that country until 1922.

In that year he went to the Western Mexican Mission under appointment of Bishop James Cannon, Jr. During the Centenary Movement Dr. Parker was released at the request of the Board of Missions for special work as Centenary field secretary in the Mexican Conference. When that work was completed, he returned to the Western Mexican Mission.

In November, 1938, the two districts of the Western Mexican Conference were combined under the superintendency of Dr. Parker. His long experience and his thorough mastery of the Spanish language provides an excellent equipment for his new field of service. The Latin Mission in Florida embraces the work among Cubans in Tampa, Miami, and Key West.

❖

Negro Athletes Excel Whites

❑ The performance of Negro athletes is superior to that of their white competitors, according to the findings of Lester Martin, who made a study of the facts as a dissertation for the Doctor's degree at George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tennessee. The dissertation is entitled 'Comparison of the General Athletic Ability of White and Negro Men of College Age.'

Dr. Martin studied 506 Negro athletes enrolled in CCC camps in Kentucky, and 500 white persons in similar camps, and by a series of tests studied the two groups with reference to strength, muscular co-ordination, body control, speed, and endurance. He found that the Negroes were superior in five of the eight categories into which

the investigation was divided. In two no special difference was noted. In only one study were the whites superior to the Negroes—namely, in arm and shoulder strength and co-ordination in the baseball throw.

❖

Berlin Bickers about Butter and Bacon

❑ The scarcity of bacon and butter in Berlin has resulted in international complications of a comic opera nature, according to reports coming out of London through the dispatches of the United Press.

The Gestapo or German secret police, according to a humorous story being whispered about in Berlin, has a new method of executing the death sentence. The condemned man is blindfolded and made to stretch out both hands. A pound of butter is placed in one hand and a pound of bacon in the other. Then the blindfold is quickly removed and the man falls dead from surprise!

Marshal Goering, head of the Air Force and No. 2 Nazi, at the beginning of the war told the German people that they must think of 'guns before butter.' However, if reports are to be believed, the Marshal himself took the precaution of secretly laying up an ample supply of butter for his own use before the war broke out.

The British Ministry of Information declared that immediately before the war packages of butter, weighing from two to four pounds each, were sent from England to Goering, Goebbels, the German Propaganda Minister, and other prominent Nazis. The Ministry declared the shipper of the butter was Arthur Hentzen, Latvian Consul at Bradford, England, a naturalized German.

❖

You Can Broadcast to Missionaries Every Saturday

❑ Friends and relatives of foreign missionaries can now broadcast to them free of charge every Saturday through a special overseas service inaugurated by the General Electric Company through its powerful broadcasting station, KGEI, in San Francisco, California.

The broadcasts are sent each Saturday from 5:45 A.M. to 6:15 A.M., Pacific Standard Time. Friends of missionaries are invited to send messages for these broadcasts, and they will be transmitted without charge. When the flow of messages from America to the missionaries in the various foreign fields is of sufficient volume, the station will add a 'Missionary Mail Bag' program on the first Sunday of each month.

Missionaries everywhere are urged to listen in on these Saturday morning programs and on the Sunday morning programs when announced later. Friends of missionaries should write to their

friends abroad and inform them of the broadcast so that the overseas people will be awaiting the messages. If you have a friend in any foreign field, write immediately and ask him to tune in on these broadcasts at the proper time.

All messages for broadcasting of these missionary programs should be addressed to E. T. Buck Harris, Manager, Station KGEI, 235 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Calif.

❖

Death of Bishop Kim Described by His Physician



Bishop Chung-Oo Kim

¶ The late Bishop Chung-Oo Kim, of the Korean Methodist Church, who passed away recently, was attended in his last illness by Dr. S. H. Martin, of Severance Hospital, Seoul. The physician thus described the last moments of the beloved leader:

'In a dimly lighted room in a special ward, the Bishop's breathing ebbed and flowed. The weeks of blood poisoning were ending in a fatal pneumonia. Only the immediate family, doctor, and head nurse were present.

'The early dawn filtered through the open window, and with it the distant boom of a temple bell. The Bishop asked for a cup of coffee. It was quickly provided, and propped at an angle of sixty degrees, he drank it, giving thanks with failing breath.

'Suddenly he raised his right hand, with the forefinger pointing upward. His whole face and stocky frame took on new life. Here was the old-young Pastor Kim. All the gray lines of illness had left his now radiant face. In a firm voice he spoke with dignity and power.

'"Lord, Lord, Thou alone, O Lord, art all powerful. Only through the power of the precious blood of Jesus can we conquer all the troubles of this world. Amen, Amen, and Amen."

'His voiced faded out in the last Amen, and his frame seemed to relax as he closed his eyes, being at peace with God and man. He had known that the end was near and seemed determined to give his last testimony, and having done so, was at rest.

'A sea of golden-tinted clouds greeted us as we drove through the silent streets toward the East Gate of the city. He smiled as we gently lifted him into his little home outside the city wall. After a few hours his spirit took its flight to be with his Lord, whom he had served so faithfully, and his beloved daughter Ada, whom we laid away a few years ago.

Kwansei Gakuin Celebrates Its 50th Anniversary

¶ Kwansei Gakuin, the great Methodist university in Japan, recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. The institution was founded in 1889 by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and



On the Kwansei Gakuin Campus

for twenty-one years was under the control of the Board of Missions of that Church.

In 1910 it became a union institution, and for the last twenty-nine years it has been under the joint direction of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the Japan Methodist Church, and the Methodist Church of Canada, the last named being a part of the United Church of Canada.

On the occasion of the Jubilee celebration, Dr. T. H. Haden represented the Board of Missions and delivered a congratulatory address.

'Its beginnings were small, twenty-seven students, a handful of teachers, and meager physical equipment,' said Dr. Haden. 'But the breath of life was in it. It had been founded by men of vision, faith, and prayer. It has grown in a steady, wholesome way until it has become what it now is, with its excellent equipment, its fine faculty, and its student body of more than three thousand boys and young men in seven different departments, two of them of university grade.

'I note the spirit of co-operation that has existed between the school and the officials of the government. The school has tried to be reasonable in its requests and loyal in its attitude, and it has seemed to have always the good will of the government officials. Another cause for congratulation is the fact that all through the years it has held that education is far more than mere intellectual training—more than a mere matter of the head, but also includes the deeper things of the spirit. Such an institution as this should send out its students with the right attitude toward life and duty—and God.

'There are many causes for congratulation, but I emphasize these:

'First, the character of the founders of Kwansei Gakuin, its gradual and wholesome development, and its present position of dignity and influence.

'Second, the spirit of good will and co-operation that has prevailed through the years.

'Third, the refusal of the school to consider mere intellectual training as true education, and the insistence on the fact that it must include the cultivation of the right attitude toward life, duty, and God.

'And finally, the many worthy men it has sent out into the various walks of life.'

❖

Augusta Homes Named for John Wesley Gilbert

¶ Dr. John Wesley Gilbert, noted Negro Methodist preacher and educator and graduate of Paine College, has been honored by the Augusta, Georgia, Housing Authority, which has given his name to a housing project which provides model homes for 330 Negro families. The project will be called Gilbert Manor.



E. C. Peters

Dr. Gilbert won distinction among Methodists when he accompanied Bishop Walter Lambuth on a trip through the jungles of Central Africa to locate the Southern Methodist Congo Mission. He died soon after, presumably from a disease contracted on that trek.

President E. C. Peters of Paine College at Augusta has been a member of the Augusta Housing Authority since its organization two years ago. He has given a great deal of time and energy to the work of this body. He reports the near completion of two low cost housing projects in the city, one for white families of low income and one for Negro families of low income.

The Negro project, known as Sunset Homes, is located about one-half mile from Paine College and consists of one hundred sixty-eight family units. These units vary in size from three to five and one-half rooms. They are modern in construction and will have electric light, refrigeration, water, and gas for cooking included in the rent charge. The average rental will be \$2.60 per week. This is approximately the same as that now paid by many families for unsanitary slum houses.

Construction on a second project for Negroes containing three hundred and thirty family units will be started sometime during this winter. This will be the Gilbert Manor, in honor of Dr. John Wesley Gilbert, who for many years was connected with Paine College, and will be located nearer to the College than Sunset Homes.

An interesting feature about this

whole program in Augusta is that two projects are being provided for Negroes and only one for whites. In other words, the need has determined how money for this program should be spent.



Dr. Hounshell, Former Secretary of Missions, Passes Away



Dr. Chas G. Hounshell

Dr. Charles G. Hounshell, pastor of St. Elmo Methodist Church at Chattanooga, Tennessee, former missionary in Korea and Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, died at his home in Chattanooga February 2. His death

followed an operation.

Born in Rural Retreat, Virginia, January 12, 1874, and educated at Emory and Henry College and Vanderbilt University, Dr. Hounshell went to Korea as a missionary in 1901. He served there until 1908, when he returned to the United States to become Traveling Secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement. He labored in that capacity until 1916.

In 1916 he became Student Secretary of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the following year was elected Educational Secretary. He continued as Educational Secretary until 1922, when he became Candidate Secretary.

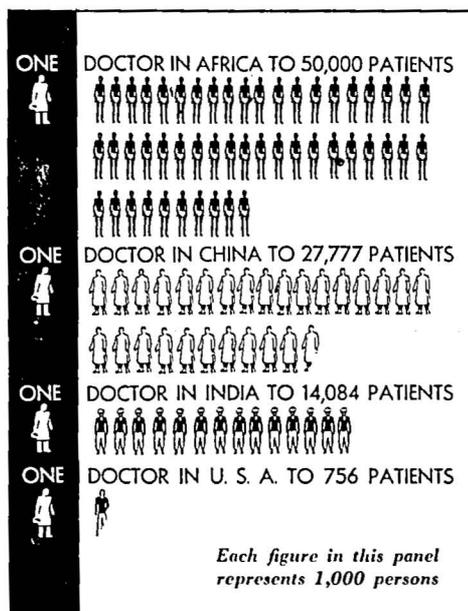
In 1926 he returned to the Holston Conference and until his death served there as pastor and district superintendent.

Between 1917 and 1922, while he was Educational Secretary of the Board, he also served as Life Service Secretary of the Centenary Commission. In connection with the Centenary movement, a large number of missionaries were sent to the various foreign fields, and these were all recruited under Dr. Hounshell's supervision.

In 1925 Emory University conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in recognition of his distinguished service among the students and missionary candidates. He had previously received the A.B. degree from Emory and Henry College and the D.D. from Vanderbilt University. At Vanderbilt, he won the Founder's medal in scholarship and the same medal in oratory. Dr. Hounshell is survived by his wife, the former Miss Sara Belle Thomas, to whom he was married in Chattanooga on October 17, 1901.

Modern Medicine a Great Need of Non-Christian World

If all the doctors in the United States were proportionately distributed according to population, every hamlet having as many as 756 people would have a doctor. In Africa, however, there would



Illustrations from 'One Great Fellowship,' by Herrick B. Young, Friendship Press

be no doctors in any city having less than 50,000 people. In China each doctor serves proportionately 27,777 people. In India, in spite of modern methods introduced by the British Government, there is only one doctor for each group of 14,084. Back of these comparative statistics thoughtful persons will visualize untold human suffering which is beyond all possibility of alleviation for lack of modern medical facilities.



Hoover Says Reds and Nazis Are Fed by Neglecting Youth

The rise of Nazism in Germany and Communism in Russia, and through these movements the present European war, may be traced directly to the neglect of youth, according to former President Herbert Hoover in a recent address on behalf of the Youth Program of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York.

Pointing out that the gangster spirit results from such neglect, the former President declared that this spirit expresses itself in political corruption in our cities and in general lawlessness. On a nation-wide scale the same spirit has been developed in the groups that now control both Russia and Germany. 'If you examine them all,' said Mr. Hoover, 'you will find that they are largely fed by the products of the pavements and frustrated youths.'

In order to guard against similar de-

velopments among the unemployed, frustrated and underprivileged people in this country, widespread opportunities for young people was urged, and the social efforts of organizations like the Y.M.C.A. which work with boys and girls were lauded by Mr. Hoover.



Nazis Suppress German Universities

Of the twenty-six universities in Germany, twenty-two have been closed by the Hitler regime. Only four institutions of higher learning remain in operation.

Among the suppressed universities were some of the most famous educational institutions in the world. Before the advent of the present government, Germany was noted for love of education and was regarded as being second to no country in scientific and cultural progress.



Open Churches to Guard Morals in Blackouts

The war has already created a menace to morality in England, as was the case in the previous World War. 'Blackouts,' or the darkening of towns and cities at night as a protection against air raids, have increased the danger. Therefore British Methodists have been urged to throw open their halls and churches as evening recreation centers.

The blackouts have raised serious social problems everywhere, according to press reports. Automobile accidents occurring at night have greatly increased and immorality is beginning to be rampant, it is said.

'The urgency of the problem is apparent to all who have walked through the streets of England after dusk,' declared the *Methodist Recorder*. 'Everywhere militiamen and girls are said to be skylarking together. Accustomed restraints have been removed. Life has suddenly become precarious and intoxicating. Young men who have not yet been called up know that they soon will be. Inevitably there is a growing sense of irresponsibility.'

This matter was brought to a head when the Nelson Town Council decided to open picture shows and concerts on Sunday evenings. The Nelson Sunday School Union expressed opposition. The Council replied that since the churches had suspended Sunday evening services, young people were spending their time in public houses and clubs and on the highways. The situation resulted in a demand that the churches use their own buildings as centers in which young people may gather in the evenings.

The Leaven at Work

Of What Value a Special

The value of a Mission Special—who can compute it? Churches that have carried Specials have found in them the leaven that has leavened the whole lump—that has made lighter the whole load of the church's obligations. A Special has been termed 'the tide that lifts every boat.'

It is such a Special as this that is carried by the Florida Conference in favor of Florida's own Dr. W. S. Hughlett, medical missionary to the Congo.

Many churches participate in the Hughlett Missionary Maintenance Fund. Mrs. F. B. Godfrey, of Orlando, is chairman; Rev. J. W. Branscomb, of Tampa, secretary; and Rev. C. H. Summers, of Jasper, treasurer.

Hughlett Day is a great occasion at First Church, Orlando, and the 1940 celebration of the day was particularly impressive. On the altar of the church stood a small thatched replica of Dr. Hughlett's hospital hut in the Congo with an opening in the roof for the offerings. On this the floodlights were turned. There was no compulsion, no urging. But a missionary sermon by Dr. A. Fred Turner told of Dr. Hughlett's life among the primitive people of Africa—of his love for Christ that constrained him to give up a good practice in Florida to accept the hardships and privations of a missionary's life—of his care for hundreds of patients in his hospital and thousands in his dispensaries—of his ministering to the 300 lepers in the leper colony—of his long journeys to stamp out sleeping sickness—and above

all, of his joy in telling to all men the glad story of Jesus who came to save a sin-sick world. After this picture of the unselfish life of a missionary, some 1,400 people—men, women, and children—thronged the altar to drop their gifts through the roof of the reed and palmetto hut that represented to them Dr. Hughlett and his work. Voluntarily they came—gladly they gave—until the tiny hut was overflowing and more than \$600 had been contributed. Strangers present declared they had never attended a service so beautiful and so worshipful.

But that is not all. One member of the Orlando Church has caught a glimpse of Africa's needs and has taken a Special of his own for the support of thirty-six native evangelists, contributing annually the full salary of these men who are preaching the gospel to their own people. Also, the College Heights Church, Lakeland, has taken the partial support of Rev. and Mrs. Inman Townsley in Africa, and three churches of Florida have recently sent the Rev. Garfield Evans as a missionary to Cuba.

As in Florida, so throughout the denomination, there are many churches that are rendering a splendid service through Specials.

Perhaps the church that is outstanding throughout the entire former Southern Methodist area for its missionary contributions is Centenary Church, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, which for a number of years has led the denomination in its gifts to world missions. Centenary's total gifts for missions

each year approximate \$10,000, all of this coming through Specials.

One of the most famous Specials, and probably the oldest in the denomination, has been carried for thirty-six years by Vineville Church, Macon, Georgia. Taken first in 1904 for the support of the Rev. W. J. Callahan, then an unmarried missionary in Japan, it was continued unbroken until Mr. and Mrs. Callahan retired from the field in 1935, and then was promptly transferred to another young missionary from South Georgia—Rev. Weyman C. Huckabee.

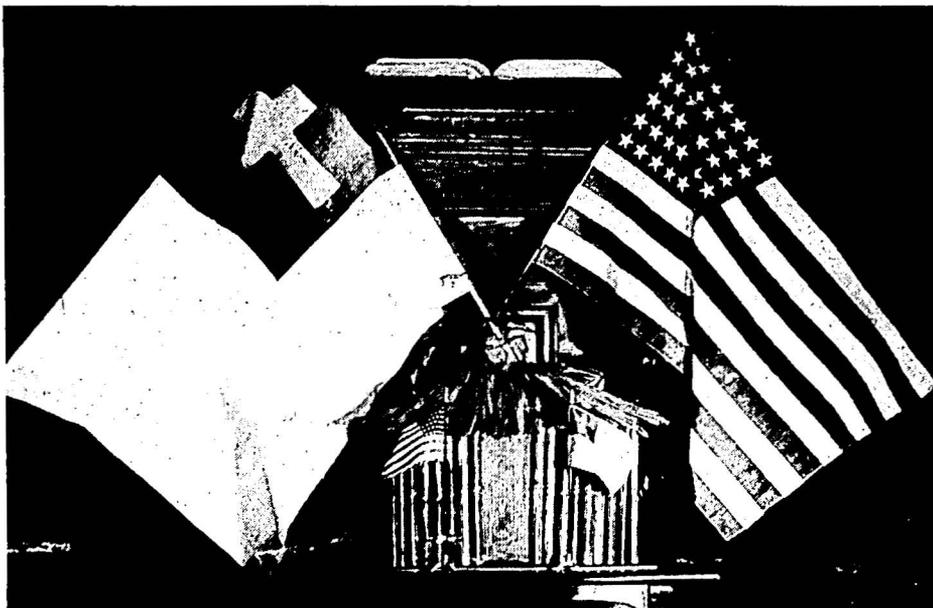
What a great Special is that which has been carried by Highland Church, Fort Thomas, Kentucky, for over fifteen years! Taken first for the support of Dr. Joel B. Ross, who had gone to Korea from that church to become superintendent of the Wonsan Christian Hospital, the Special was transferred after the death of Dr. Ross in 1930 to the support of the hospital itself, and since that time has been carried as a memorial to him. Not even the lean years of the depression caused this Special to lapse.

Another 'own son' Special is carried by Court Street Church, Lynchburg, Virginia, in favor of Dr. C. P. M. Sheffey, who grew up in old Court Street.

Far away on the western coast stands Trinity Church, Los Angeles, which for years has carried two Specials—by the church for Rev. Victor W. Peters in Korea, a son of Trinity, and by the young people's department for Rev. H. P. Anker, director of the Methodist Bible School in the Congo. And the year 1939 saw the erection of the new Trinity Bible School in Africa, the gift of generous Methodists at Trinity. The new building is of brick with tiled roof and takes the place of the old pole and thatched structure that was about to tumble down on the students' heads. All the native evangelists of the Congo Mission are trained in this Bible School.

And there are dozens of other Specials equally as interesting, too numerous to mention here—Specials that have been carried by churches and individuals for years.

What is the value of a Special? We can see something of this in the new missionaries sent to the field, in new schools, new churches, a wider reach of medical work, and a more extensive preaching of the gospel. But the real value of a Special lies deep within the hearts of those men and women who have thus shared with the Master in his work of building the Kingdom around the world.



The reed and palmetto hut at First Church, Orlando, which overflowed with offerings for the Hughlett Special

The Family in a World Crisis

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

ing within the family circle. The strongest, and perhaps the only certain defense is the desire on the part of young people themselves for the better things of life.

But whatever may be the social and economic problems in a war-free country, there is always the hope of solution and the daily opportunity to do something to improve conditions. It is when this hope and this opportunity disappear that there is serious threat to the family.

Each family must work out for itself a scheme of living suited to its particular needs. There must be within it a spirit of co-operation, of fair play, of

loyalty, and of willingness to sacrifice, if need be, for the welfare of others. Such things do not happen of themselves. They come of daily teaching and constant practice. Christian forbearance, love, and patience must all be combined with common sense and, if need be, with unswerving firmness in bringing about an ideal situation within the family circle. The Christian religion is still the best source of inspiration and information for such teaching and the evils which now destroy human happiness may be expected to disappear in exactly the proportion to which its precepts are accepted and followed by the families and the nations of the world.

The Pastor's Place in Missions

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

prises. That leadership belongs to the pastor.

I have always felt that we men who stay at home have a tremendous obligation to the men who go to the foreign field. We go through the seminary together; we all claim that it is by the will of God that we work where we do; we accept the field where we are placed, and attempt to do God's will there. Not all the sacrifice is in one place, to be sure; but in general it is true that we men who stay at home have many elements of comfort and support which those on the foreign field do not have. However, we are all working on the same great task, for the same God, to the same end. We are near the base of supplies; they are far removed. They have to trust us to play fair by them; they cannot defend themselves.

Is it not a point of honor, then, for those of us who are in pastorates here to deal fairly with the men who have offered all that they have in a common enterprise and gone far away from the homeland? It has always seemed to me that there is such an obligation. How can we defend ourselves, if we take advantage of our nearness to our people to induce them to take the money they have customarily given to the missionary enterprise and divert it to our local fields?

Is it not far more normal and Christian for us to use the very needs of which we are conscious in our own parishes as an illustration of the possibility of those same needs on the foreign fields? So that our needs, instead of being an excuse for giving them less, become a stimulus to support both enterprises as they should be supported? If,

in spite of difficulties in our home parishes, we realize that we must go on with our work, is not this a good basis for teaching our people that the workers on the foreign field need also to be undergirded in times of difficulty, rather than abandoned because of the difficulties that are now in sight?

As a pastor for twenty years, I came to the conviction that it was my obliga-

tion not simply to think about the money that was extracted from a man, but about what happened to the man in the process. Did the man become more Christian, or less Christian, by his response? Did my appeal, by playing upon a selfish motive, develop the self-seeking and self-protecting motives only? It seemed to me that, no matter how much money we got, if we had led the man to take a selfish and un-Christian attitude, we would eventually dry up the springs of giving in that man's soul.

Do not the very difficulties of the missionary enterprise today challenge us to the developing of such a breadth of vision, such a depth of understanding, such a fineness of insight, on the part of our people as may make such support as they are able to give this noble enterprise one of the means of developing in them Christian graces and a Christian power not possible to produce in ordinary times?

The pastor's place in the foreign missionary enterprise is unquestionably a difficult one. It is also a strategic one, and a tremendously responsible one. All the burdens of the church are placed upon his shoulders, as I well know; but after all, if the Kingdom is to have its statesmen, where shall that statesmanship be developed if not in our men who lead the churches and there help develop Christian attitudes? They are nearest to the people; and if the people can be led, they are the ones who must lead them.

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Going to Annual Conference in Brazil

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7]

"Missouri Synod"; and a number of free congregations; some of the latter are in the Methodist Church, others in the Protestant Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, and other smaller denominations scattered through the three states. These Germans, with their churches, schools, social customs, and culture, have lived largely in segregated colonies and communities, and have not exercised a special influence or made efforts to propagate the gospel among their Brazilian neighbors. The Brazilian Government for some years, especially since the present disturbance arose in Europe, has been taking rather strict measures to have all education and public preaching given in the Portuguese language; it is spoken of as a nationalization movement, just as some years ago we heard much of the Americanization of certain foreign elements in the United States.

I visited the south of Brazil for the first time in 1888 and several times subsequently. In those first days the remark was frequently made that there were scarcely any colored people in that section; observation confirmed the statement. On this last and a previous visit I observed that an increasing number of

the colored population from the north are drifting into the State of Rio Grande do Sul and the other two contiguous. This migration did not set in immediately after final emancipation in 1888, but began and has increased with the modern commercial and industrial developments and expansion characteristic of that region in recent years.

The movement seems similar, but on a much smaller scale, to the Negro migration to the North since emancipation; and perhaps the motives and reasons are much the same in each instance.

I spent one day in the city of Porto Alegre, visiting the Methodist and Protestant Episcopal institutions and workers and learned more of the progress of the Baptist work. Porto Alegre is the headquarters, so to speak, of the Protestant Episcopal Mission in Brazil; the Bishop's residence and the school and seminary are located there and the strongest work in the State of Rio Grande do Sul is there.

The foregoing statements and figures may serve to indicate the strength of Methodism in that region and the setting in which it is placed as one of the elements operating for the evangelization of the people.

Floods and Famine Bring Death to North China

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9]

the tents. They were keeping as quiet as possible and using little or no energy in order to prolong life without food.

There was no outward weeping or wailing. They were conserving their strength for more important things. Occasionally a man would be fishing with a dip-net, a woman hanging mats or nursing her child. Here and there a donkey was at work trotting about the barrel of a wheat mill. Many people had saved irrigation wheels and wooden sluices which cost money and would be needed again next year after the spring planting. Even here they looked to the future.

Along the river between Tangku and

Tientsin the normal course of the stream could be traced in the occasional devastated villages and bits of crumbling walls and rooftops still showing above the flood. Rows of shapely trees pushed their tops out of the water, looking stiff and rather indignant. Most of the villages were undermined by the water and had crumbled beneath the surface so that little was visible to break that calm expanse. Except for the boats and makeshift rafts crawling across the flood, there were only coffins to be seen, stacked along the embankment by the hundreds or bobbing here and there on the dark water. The closely populated country had been swept bare.

Under Cuban Skies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

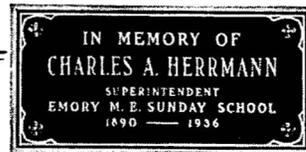
plants and then to sweep, and replace the furnishings. They worked with a good will, laughing and joking all the while.

The next afternoon the funeral procession (of the baby) arrived unexpectedly at the church. It was indeed a long procession: the women and children walked in front, single and double file; then came the four girls who car-

ried the small, pink, satin-covered casket; and last were the men, most of whom were on horseback, single file. The service was simple.

In the evening a group of young men came to the missionaries' home to play table games. For several hours we enjoyed 'Chinese Checkers' and 'Fiddlesticks,' then we paused for refreshments—Christmas candies.

As I look back over my stay in Omaha, I realize that the rural work is centered about the life of the church. During my four-day stay two Christmas services, church school, a preaching service, a second evening church service, a



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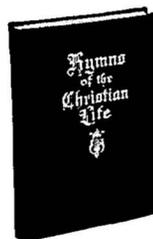
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community prayer meeting, a church school Council meeting, a church wedding, and a funeral had taken place. Just a day or two before my arrival the missionary society (which has a membership of thirty-three women) had met in the home of the missionaries.

While the rural workers serve through the life of the church, they help also in other ways. Their excellent garden of fruits and vegetables is a demonstration of the wholesome food that may be produced at small cost. The young people are beginning to look to the church workers for leadership in wholesome recreation. Occasionally the church young people with the missionaries go in a group (sometimes on horseback)

Within These Walls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

with the eagerness and the willingness with which the men work for the betterment of the boys of the community. Their interest is not only with the boys; they have brought in the men, and through these men they have organized the men's group in order that they may learn to be better parents and citizens. I like to watch Sam's face as he talks; he is such a fine man. For him the only way of life is through love to his neighbors. All the men were happy when Shorty spent a whole day working on the garage that the Mexican men were building for the Community Center. Shorty has not always been eager to help others, but now he is changed. He gave the reason for the change when he said, 'In the little school my little girl is being taught to do good things for her father and mother.' Ed Vitela has done many fine things for the Community Center, and his interest in the development of the Boy Scouts cannot be excelled.

Sunday we have open house for the young people. This is the time that many of the young men come; during

'My Son'

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

captain I fought through the entire conflict, and was badly wounded three times.' A gesture toward the long scar that ran across his forehead was evidence of the truth of what he said. 'After the war,' he went on, 'my father was never the same again, and there was the terrible struggle to get back on one's feet, and in some way to make a living for the family.'

Drawing some kodak pictures from his pocket, he showed his fellow travelers first one of a substantial-looking house, set in the midst of attractive gardens. 'This is where I live now,' he said, 'on the outskirts of Budapest, and here is a

to neighboring communities to conduct special prayer and worship services. As there is no doctor living in that community, many people—near and far—apply to the missionaries for simple home remedies. The presence of the workers is meaning much also to those persons who are in need of friendship and worth-while fellowship.

'I do not like that picture on your wall,' said a young boy one day to one of the missionaries.

'Why not?' asked the worker.

'Because that boat may put thoughts of leaving in your head and we want you to stay with us.' Then he added, 'I will give you a picture of some Cuban palms to put in its place.'

the week they are working on the ranches and in the Nopales camps. The parents have expressed their appreciation for the open house. One mother said, 'It means that our young people will have somewhere to go, and they will not roam the streets and get into trouble.'

There are many other activities at the Center—parties, socials, suppers, banquets, and meetings of various kinds. Best of all, there is the forming of friendships between races, the working together of denominations for the betterment of all the people. As the quiet hour of the night descends and I am left alone with my thoughts, the words of Jose return to my memory: 'I have lived in the world for many years and have found that the religion that has appealed most to me is the religion of the Community Center, because it treats a man like he is a human being.' As I watch the people come and go, I know that our walls are walls of friendship and love, where the unseen Christ lives day by day in the hearts of men, women, boys, girls, and little children.

picture of my wife and son and daughter. There are only the four of us. I am fond of my garden, and so is my wife. We have a horse and some dogs, and each day I am glad when work in the city is over, and I can return to my own home.'

Holding the picture of his son in his hands, he went on, 'He is nineteen now, and I am hoping he will take my place as head of the firm later on. I do not understand him as well as his mother does; I have had to be firm with him about some things; but as our daughter is married, he is the only child at home, and our hopes are wrapped up in him.

Lately it has seemed to me that we have drawn much closer together, the boy and I, and before I left he gave me a book to read on the journey that he said was a favorite of his. He told me, too, not to worry while I was away, that he would take care of everything at home.'

He was silent a moment while his companions looked again at the picture of the strong youth who was his son, and then he said:

'With conditions in Europe as they are now I am almost afraid to leave for this short business trip to America. If war begins again, efforts will be made to draw my country into it as in the past, yet we do not want war. All that we ask is to be allowed to live in peace, to go about our work, and to enjoy our families and friends.'

He paused for a long moment, looked again at the picture of the boy in his hand, and added as if almost to himself, 'I cannot let my son go to war, and endure all that I had to endure in the World War. I cannot. I will go myself in his place first.'

There was silence in the compartment as the Normandy landscape slipped past. But in the mind of one of his traveling comrades thought went back to another afternoon spent in a railway compartment in England, and to a tall, middle-aged Englishman who had said almost the same words as this captain in the

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AGAINST OLD AGE

armies of Hungary had just spoken: 'I cannot let my son go! If war comes, I will go in his place.'

'My son!' Still the poignant cry of a father's heart in England and of his

one-time enemy in Hungary echoes in the corridors of memory. Shall it always be thus, we ask? SHALL NOT THE WORLD ONE DAY BE MADE SAFE FOR ALL THE SONS OF MEN?

A Wesley House Celebrates Its Thirtieth Anniversary

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

He began at once to organize outdoor playground work, indoor games, Boy Scouts, woodcraft classes, etc. His wife was employed as a part-time worker; she to have charge of two rhythm bands, assist in the Saturday Bible School and in the office.

Miss Helen Reeves, girls' club worker, has more than a hundred girls enrolled in four Girl Scout troops. Deaconess Berta Ellison organized the first troop of Girl Scouts in St. Joseph when she was at Wesley House many years ago. There are now more than five hundred Girl Scouts in the city.

Wesley House Mothers' Club has been a continuous organization for thirty years. It has been a great blessing to its members and other mothers of the community. The members have entertainments for themselves and families and talks and book reviews by outside speakers.

The club is affiliated with the City Federation of Women's Clubs and has representation on various committees working for household interests. The members of the club visit in the community and assist families as opportunities present themselves.

The club furnishes layettes to those in need, and lends bed linens and other articles from their loan chest. It assists with garments in the Needle Work Guild of America, and makes a generous donation each year to the Community Chest. The head resident is their sponsor.

A well-baby clinic is held weekly; it ministered to three hundred babies of

low-wage families on relief last year. The visiting nurses and a competent physician give freely of their time. The physician is paid a small fee by the Junior League of St. Joseph which sponsors this phase of the work.

The music department is under the direction of the Fortnightly Music Club. Both piano and violin are taught; lessons are given at a very nominal cost to the children. One little girl earns the money for her lessons by working in the Wesley House.

Both the night schools and the women's sewing class are taught by specialists from the educational department of the WPA. The entire program is helped greatly and made more worth while by those who give themselves in voluntary service.

Miss Annie Alford, the head resident, feels that one of the most far-reaching pieces of work is that of friendly visiting in the homes of the community. In her own home a mother can unburden her heart and tell her troubles as in no other place. She receives encouragement and advice, and often a prayer is offered by the worker which lightens her heart and gives her new courage to go on.

All of the everyday contacts are utilized to point the way to the Christian life.

The building is indeed a community house for a number of organizations in the neighborhood hold meetings there regularly. The center is supported by the Methodist churches, by friends, and by the Community Chest of St. Joseph.

was always conscious of her efficient and careful work of preparation through the entire Jubilee. She had been chairman of the Jubilee Committee until her tragic death on June 5, but her work had been well done, and Miss Lorena Kelly completed the writing of the pageant. With the help of Mrs. Charles Sheffey, she arranged the scenery and trained the natives and missionaries in their parts. One lived again those historic moments when our sainted Bishop Lambuth made the promise to Chief Wembo Nyama that he would return in eighteen months with missionaries. How the lesson went home to us as the great African chief cut a notch on a long pole each time the moon changed, never wavering in his faith that the white man would keep his promise. 'He is a man of truth,' said the chief—and it was so.

But how can one paint a word picture that would reveal the heart throbs and tender emotions of that vast crowd of people as scene after scene of those days passed before our eyes? Bishop Lambuth, Dr. and Mrs. Mumpower and their tiny baby girl, Betty, Rev. and Mrs. C. C. Bush, Mr. and Mrs. Stockwell with Rev. Bedinger, of Luebo, boarded the steamer, 'Lapsley,' and began their long voyage to Lusambo, where they changed to hammocks and started out on the long trek over hills and burning plains to Wembo Nyama. Upon arrival there was no place to rest save the little mud house built for the government agents who passed occasionally that way. But when the chief asked about the site for the first building, the choice spot was chosen and prepared for the house of God, then the hospital where some of the terrible open sores could be treated, and then the place for the weary missionaries to rest their bodies was prepared.

Between the scenes about one hundred boys, all dressed in white, marched in front of the stage and sang 'Heralds of Christ,' 'Let Him In,' 'The Morning Light Is Breaking,' and several other selections. Could those beautiful bass and tenor voices be the ones which only yesterday knew only the chants and rhythms of a savage tribe? In the scene where the steamer 'Lapsley' left Luebo, the chorus came to the front with two boys leading the lines wearing ribbons, one with A. P. C. M. (Presbyterian Mission) in silver on it and the other with M. E. C. M., and, holding hands, sang as one seldom hears sung 'Blest Be the Tie That Binds.' Was there a dry eye in that big crowd of people? Certainly not those of Mr. Allen and Mr. and Mrs. McElroy, of Mutoto, A. P. C. M., nor any of the 'old-timers' of our own

A Congo Silver Jubilee

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5]

Townsley had collected and attractively displayed interesting photographs of old days and new. Mr. Howard Brinton, who was reared in Africa and is now secretary to Bishop Springer, was active during the program taking pictures and helping Mrs. Springer take them. After the service that morning one remembers seeing Rev. H. Wheeler, Rev. E. B. Stilz, Miss Dorothy Rees, and others slipping around behind palms and groups of people getting 'candid camera' views of Mrs. Springer

perched up on a table in front of the church trying to direct that great crowd so Mr. Ayres could get a movie.

On the long stretch of lawn just behind the church and Bible School the stage and settings had been prepared for the great event, the Jubilee pageant, showing the beginning and late days of our Mission. Many days and weeks of hard work and careful planning had been done to insure the success of this pageant. The first outlines had been written by Verna Miller Ayres, and one

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earth with tall grass and palm fronds making the scenery, and in the back there was a tall cross with its silent message to that vast throng of over five thousand blacks and seventy or more whites, each heart throbbing and heaving with gratitude to God for what he had wrought.

As the sun sank below the horizon the native chiefs, their friends and the preachers and their wives sat down to a bountiful feast prepared by the missionaries. Each chief was also given a sack of salt as a present from the Mission. The missionaries dined with the Belgian friends and at a late hour good nights were said and each retired with the words of Bishop's jubilee sermon ringing in his ears, 'We are not here to build a monument to the past, but to inaugurate a movement to go forward.' There was much work to be done and the sun would rise on another busy day.

The declaration of war in Europe found Bishop Moore not only with a heavy heart, but some worthless airplane tickets in his pockets and apparently no way of getting out of the Congo. All efforts were made to speed up the work and complete the business in order that he might get passage on one of the Belgian boats before they restricted their passenger list to state officials. This they did and Bishop Moore was unable to get passage.

On Sunday morning Bishop Moore preached his farewell sermon, which will mean much to us for many days to come. At the close of the service Rev. Henry Ayres and Rev. Charles W. Chappell were ordained elders, along with two native preachers who were received into full connection. Bishop Moore left the completion of the Conference with Bishop Springer and drove away to find some means of reaching his work in the Orient, those lands so torn and bleeding with the terrible war.

Bishop Springer led us through a touching memorial service for the two who had so recently been called from us, Mrs. Ayres and Miss Hortense Murray. The note of victory in Christ was sounded and joy in fulfilment of his divine plan in our lives was the keynote of this service, 'Well done, thy good and faithful servant.'

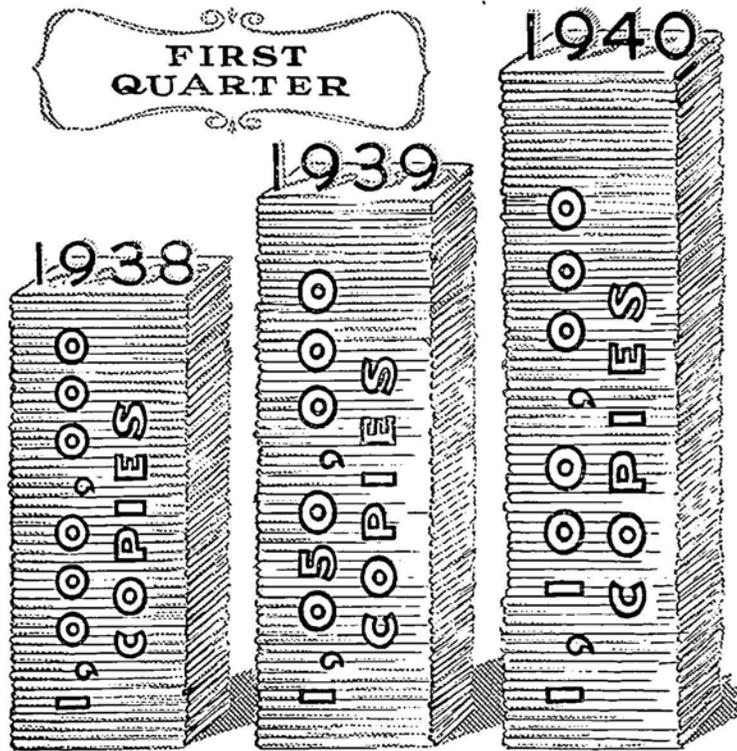
With a very appropriate parting message from our Bishop Springer, his promise to be with us again next year, and our hearts and minds refreshed from the experiences, each one returned to his place of service, remembering and purposing in his heart to carry out the command given many years ago, 'Speak to the children of Israel, that they go forward.'

Mission. All through the pageant one was conscious of the wonderful blessings of the coming of the 'Palaver of God' and the church, hospitals and schools.

The closing scene of the pageant showed the nurses at work with their needles and medicines, children in their classes, workers on the printing press

and Mama Walu, the converted witch doctor who had been so wickedly engaged in her nefarious occupation of deceiving and killing in the first scenes, but who now arose and gave her wonderful testimony of light and life as she found and accepted Jesus Christ.

'Twas a colorful scene never to be forgotten. The stage was made of banked



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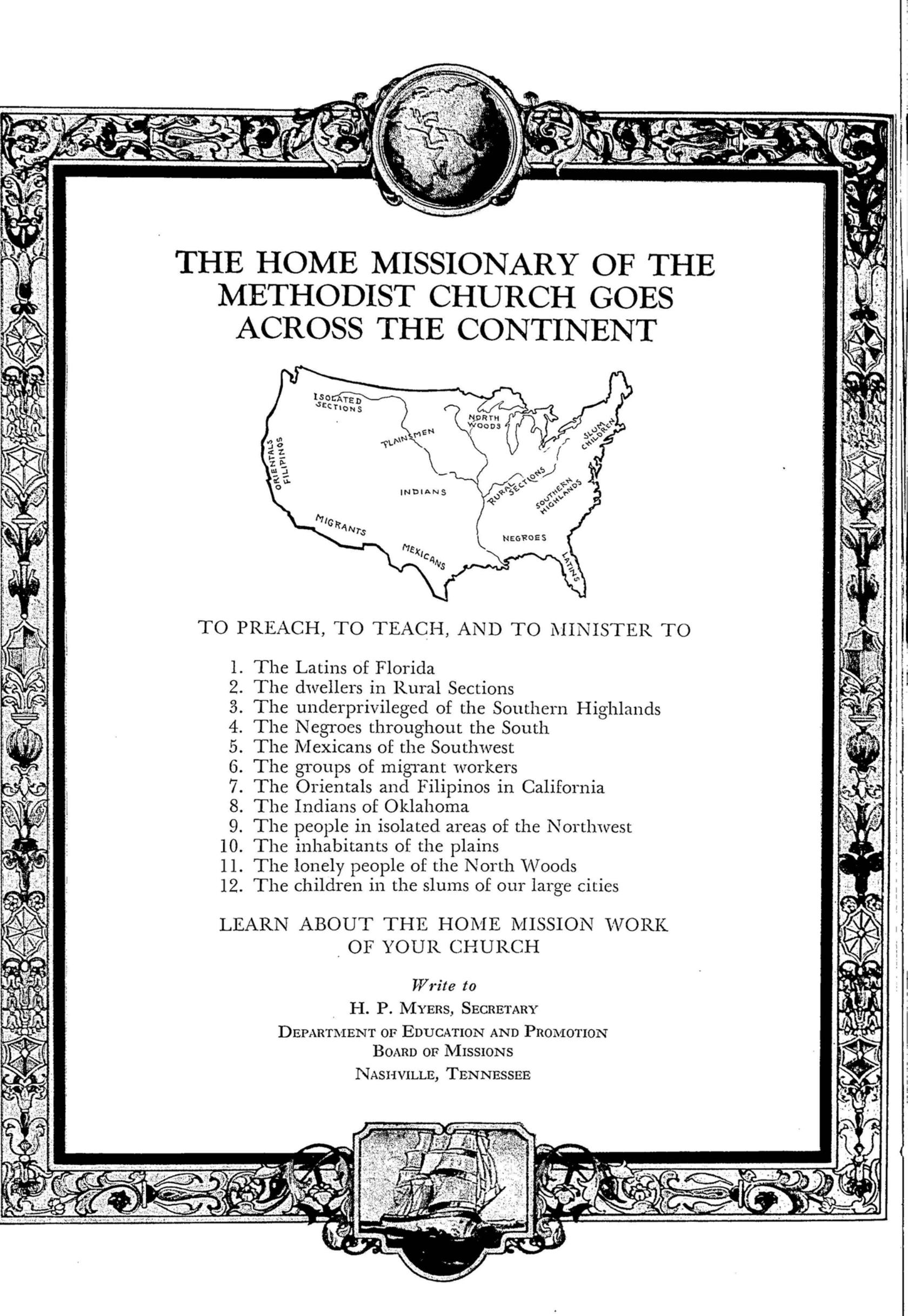
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