

THE World Outlook

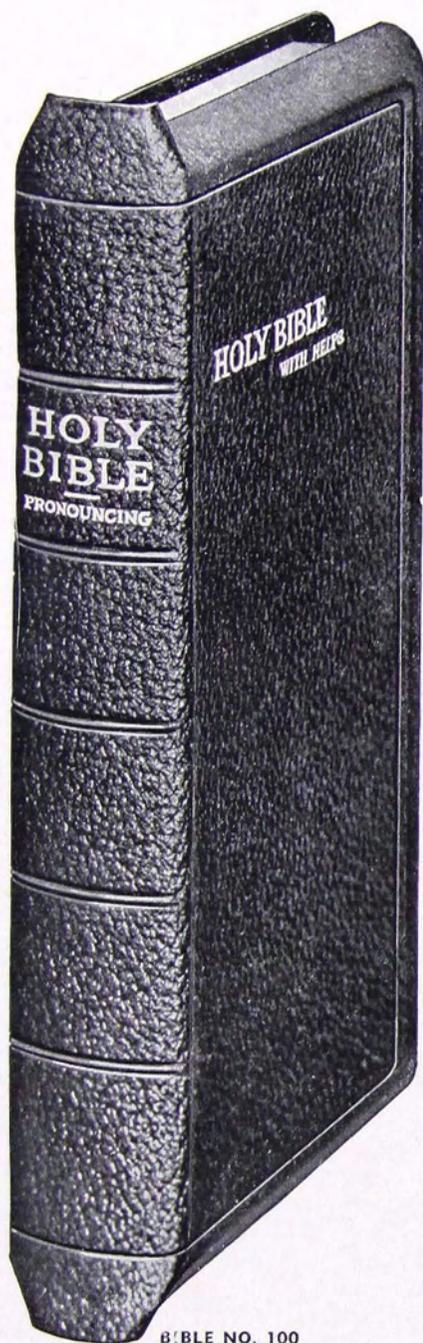


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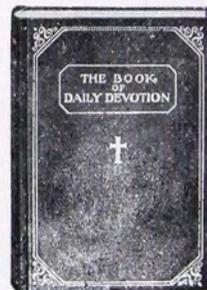
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A Surplus

TELL THE METHODIST PEOPLE *to rejoice with us and to ascribe all might and majesty and victory to God alone*

ONE reads the story and rubs one's eyes in wonderment that such a thing might be, a missionary surplus in our time! We read again and must believe it because the story is told in a great church periodical and with a good name signed.

Mr. Arthur Page, writing in the *Methodist Recorder*, of London, tells of an interview with the Rev. G. Hickman Johnson, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in which he learns, greatly to his surprise, that the Society has had for the year a surplus of forty pounds sterling. This is the more striking because the Society, uniting with two other Societies to form a new Society in the United Methodist Church, could not carry a debt forward, because there was nowhere to carry it when the Society was going out of existence.

"I didn't know the Holy Spirit was so good at arithmetic," he quotes, and continues:

So when I had made my annual pilgrimage to the Mission House on Tuesday to learn from the Rev. G. Hickman Johnson's lips how the Missionary balance-sheet for 1932 had come out, I was prepared to hear that there was a deficit in the neighbourhood of £9,000. I waited for a few minutes; then the door opened, and Mr. Johnson appeared, an apology on his lips.

"I have been kept a few minutes later than usual in the Officers' Meeting," he explained. "The chairman felt that we could not close without prayer."

The words seemed to confirm my fears. But a glance at Mr. Johnson's face, and the gleam in the eyes of Mr. Sowton, who entered at the moment, dispelled all apprehension.

"The truth is," the Missionary Secretary went on, "that we have no debt. Subject to correction, the net total figure for the Men's and Women's work is a surplus of £40!"

I almost jumped from my chair.

"But what an amazing result!" I exclaimed.

"We are utterly staggered by it. I have never known anything since I have been at the Mission House which has so thrilled and astounded us," Mr. Johnson declared. "Eighty days ago we did not see any possible result but a considerable debt. Now we have been brought through into a large room, as the Psalmist puts it, in God's own way. The whole

thing is positively overwhelming. I could wish it were possible next Sunday morning for the preacher in every Methodist Church to put aside his sermon, tell the people of how God has led us into this glorious result, and invite them to sing the Doxology."

"It is surely the accountancy of heaven," interposed Mr. Sowton, the light of gladness in his eyes. "I remember Dr. Lofthouse saying, when we got the necessary majority for Methodist Union in the Wesleyan Conference, 'I didn't know the Holy Spirit was so good at arithmetic.' This is another confirmation of that truth."

"The importance of this surplus on the right side is doubled by the fact that it is the final balance-sheet of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, isn't it?" I remarked.

"Yes; this is the winding up of the old Wesleyan Missionary Society's accounts," Mr. Johnson agreed. "We are in a unique situation this year inasmuch as we could not carry a debt forward. There is nowhere to carry it. So when a deficit seemed inevitable, our hearts were full of forebodings, and our minds perplexed by what appeared an insoluble problem. We have tried to be totally honest with the Methodist public. Through the columns of the *Recorder* we have told the plain truth on every available occasion. Our fears and hopes have fluctuated—sometimes more fear than hope. Eight days ago we looked like having a debt of between £8,000 and £10,000. Our good friend, who has helped so nobly in past years, had already made his contribution, so there was no more to be looked for from that quarter. Now our fear has been turned into joy, and we can only say, 'It is the Lord's doing,' and rejoice."

The other two Societies uniting, Mr. Page was confident, would come into the union with clean sheets, also. Congratulations for our brethren in Britain and heartening for ourselves!

It is a strange and wondrous time in which we are living for missionary work, as wonderful as strange.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father."

"He that believeth on me!"

Stanley Jones in the South

BY W. G. CRAM

DR. W. G. CRAM was Chairman of the special Stanley Jones Committee for the South, and joining Dr. Jones at Winston-Salem, made all the cities except Memphis, leading in each place an enthusiastic meeting of the Methodist group

DURING the closing days of March, by the kindness of the Corresponding Secretaries of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the northern half of the Protestant churches of the South from the Atlantic seaboard in North Carolina to the state of New Mexico were permitted to hear E. Stanley Jones, missionary at large to India and in these latter days to China.

He arrived in this country at Baltimore on March 23, returning from a six months' tour in China by way of India, where he interviewed Gandhi and got in touch afresh with the religious and national movements in India. After his arrival in America, he barely had time before leaving for the itinerary in the South to visit the offices of the Methodist Episcopal Board of Missions in New York City, to attend a reception given in his honor in the same city, and to enjoy a short visit with his relatives near Baltimore.

The first meeting was held at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, on Sunday, March 26. From that date until April 1 large numbers of preachers and members of all denominations came to hear the stirring messages which were delivered at Winston-Salem, Atlanta, Memphis, Dallas, and Nashville.

There were several significant things re-

THE WORLD OUTLOOK



Dr. Stanley Jones on the way to round table of preachers in front of First Baptist Church, Memphis, Tennessee

vealed by these meetings which are worthy of notice.

These various meetings were sponsored by all the Protestant ministers, and the finest spirit of harmony prevailed. This augured well for the success of co-operative movements of the future.

In the short period of one week it was made possible, through interdenominational co-operation, to reach a majority of the leaders of the Protestant denominations in the northern half of the Southern states. These leaders numbered nearly 2,500 ministers and wives.

It was clearly seen that the Protestant ministers of the South were anxious to give careful consideration to the triumphs of the modern missionary movements and to study seriously the missionary imperatives which are forced upon us in this present day.

Nearly 25,000 people gathered in mass meetings in the largest auditoriums in the cities mentioned and eagerly listened to the appeal of this world-missionary to the Christian Church of America that it seriously undertake to make Christ real to the people of all nations.

The technique of the "round-table" method of conducting the meetings was usually followed by Dr. Jones. It was adapted to the larger group so as to satisfy the inquiring mind and waiting heart. In the city of Atlanta where nearly one thousand preachers and their wives were gathered in the First Baptist Church, after a brief explanation by Dr. Jones concerning his desire to answer difficult questions and clear up troublesome problems in the minds and hearts of the pastors present, for fully fifteen minutes a wide range of questions were asked spontaneously from the body of preachers.

For nearly three hours, taking these questions in order with clarity amounting almost to prophetic utterance, Dr. Jones gave striking answers to the questions raised. He made the Christ pre-eminent and proposed Him and His personality as the final answer and solution to all problems of missionary endeavor, as well as for all phases of human living.

One could not sit in this enlarged round-table conference through its whole session and breathe its spirit without the feeling that all the supreme task of the Christian ministry is to make Christ known to all the world. Regardless of what economic situations have done to our missionary budgets, and despite the fact of indifference and seeming lack of enthusiasm for the causes of the Church, these meetings so cordially sponsored by all the Protestant denominations of the South and so enthusiastically attended by large numbers, brought to everyone great encouragement and made us



They look surprised. On the left is Dr. Jones, on the right is Dr. Walt Holcomb, pastor of Madison Heights Methodist Church, Memphis; center, one of the editors of the WORLD OUTLOOK

feel that, after all, the heart of the Church is right and the Christian people are still behind the Church with all their spiritual resources in its efforts to make Christ known to all the world.

Some of the statements made by Dr. Jones challenged the attention, as well as the faith and consecration, of ministers and people alike. The challenge indicates the tasks that are before us if the world is to be made safe in its faith in Jesus Christ. First, he said that there is a race on between Communism and Christianity in the Far East with Communism slightly in the lead. Under this searching statement the dull faith and doubt of the Church could not be deeply convicted of its lack of consecration and enthusiasm about the cause it so feebly supports.

His further challenge to ministers and people alike was that we should realize that the personality of Christ and the experiences of our fellowships with Him are more potent in extending His Kingdom than in trusting in the Christianity of the West which has gathered about it opinions and expressions of human relationships that are not fully in accord always with the spirit of Christ. He urged us to shake off the graveclothes of a satisfied traditionalism and put on the pure spirit of Christ, who is the same yesterday, today, and forever.

The churches in the territory reached by Dr. Jones were greatly heartened and encouraged, and the sincere interest and enthusiasm of preachers and people gave us to feel that the missionary spirit is not dead in the Church. Maybe before he returns to the Far East it will be possible for him to come for another week, covering the sections deeper South and farther West unreached before.

World Outlook

E. H. Rawlings
Sara Estelle Haskin
Editors

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A Notable Missionary Journey

IT is another notable missionary journey we have to chronicle in the visit of Stanley Jones to the South, and it would be difficult to exaggerate the impressiveness of that visit. Dr. Jones came to us at Winston-Salem in the early morning of Sunday, the twenty-sixth of March, looking rather tired, we thought, but he put in at three o'clock in the afternoon for his first meeting, and continuing through five cities for eight days, on his feet in various kinds of meetings from three to six hours a day, he seemed every minute to improve. No man close to him and closely observing his marvelous endurance could doubt that Dr. Jones was graciously and more than humanly sustained.

On Monday morning, in the auditorium of the First Baptist Church in America, it was estimated that there were 1,100 preachers and their wives present, and in Memphis the preachers present reported all the way from Cape Girardeau to the Gulf of Mexico. In every place the largest auditoriums were used, and were literally lined with congregations to a repletion really unbelievable. Undoubtedly the Committees had done an unusual piece of publicity before his arrival, but the best publicity far and away was the name of Stanley Jones himself. Thousands of people had read his books, for years preachers and members of the Woman's Missionary Society in all the churches had heard of Stanley Jones as the world's outstanding missionary, and it was not difficult to get them out. They crowded around him after each service, and pressed as he was between meetings, with infinite patience and brotherliness he would wait to shake hands with the people, write in their books and answer the questions they so eagerly asked.

It is a fair guess that at least 2,000 preachers of all denominations were reached in the eight days, with probably 25,000 people, radiating lines of influence covering half the Southland. It was the busy season in the

churches, and the preachers would have been interested in no ordinary interruption, but in every city without hesitation the federated body seized the chance of a visit from Stanley Jones, everywhere when he was leaving testifying enthusiastically to the value of his visit in the community.

Incidentally, we should not fail gratefully to affirm with a conviction that has been registered anew by the response of the people in these wonderful meetings, against the persistent and almost universal declaration of the last half dozen years, that the people are still interested in foreign missions. Through a juncture of unusual conditions, the enthusiasm of the people has been for the moment obscured, but we do not doubt, and have never doubted, that the one thing Christian people listen to when told a straight, simple story is the story of a world-wide need and opportunity.

Everywhere the verdict of unusual quickening is the same, and many are praying and daring to hope that Dr. Jones' work in the South and his message, so convincingly proclaimed, will mark a turning upward for the missionary work of all the churches at home and abroad—maybe, please God, a GREAT MISSIONARY ADVANCE!

Thing Most Useful in the Work of Stanley Jones

WE should not hesitate to say that the thing most useful in the work of Stanley Jones is his everlasting emphasis upon the uniqueness of Jesus Christ in the Christian message and his intelligent and intelligible interpretation of Christ for religious experience. Many among us, in pulpits, books, magazines, of every name and sign, are putting the emphasis upon the personality of Jesus, but comparatively few seem to be able to make plain what they mean by the "supremacy of Christ" for daily living and personal religious experience.

We saw no distinction of denominations or classes. People followed him from service to service, hanging eagerly upon his words because they believed that he had something in his Christian experience that he was not only willing to share in personal testimony, as he did again and again, with the simplicity of a child, but that he had tried out in a service very wide in its range and very deep and genuine in its proving. They believed when he declared that his testimony was sealed, like his Lord's, with scars of personal testing. When he was leaving us at the station in Nashville, we told him what we most sincerely felt: "We have been with you eight days in close association, and love you—we like you for many things, but mainly because we believe you are as you claim a Methodist Quaker."

In one of his addresses he told of a gentleman in one of the round tables who said to him, "You are a Methodist Quaker, aren't you?"

"Yes," he answered, "but how did you know?"

"Well," answered his inquisitor, "I know because I am myself a Baptist Quaker."

Stanley Jones has superlative qualities of personality, but I believe he has made his impression in other lands and is making it in this land more than for anything else because the people believe that in a sense more real and more profound than perhaps any man in our time, he has been with Jesus the Master and learned of him, and perhaps with a power and effectiveness that no other great religious leader has quite achieved, is declaring to the world abroad and at home the power of Jesus Christ to save through a vital, transforming religious experience.

Shall We Hold the Eighteenth Amendment by Only Thirteen States

IF we might hold the Eighteenth Amendment by an official vote of thirteen states, would it be wise to do it? That is the question that many are asking, many good temperance people, people that are sincere prohibitionists. Would it be a democratic thing and sufficiently popular to render the law enforceable? With the bare number required to hold it, would we not have perpetuated the policy of nullification that the country has witnessed for half a dozen years, only intensified into a chaos of lawlessness the like of which we have not yet known?

The WORLD OUTLOOK has asked that question deliberately, sincerely, and is ready to answer it definitely and positively. It takes thirteen states to defeat the Twenty-First Amendment which repeals the Eighteenth. We believe that we should get the total forty-eight if we might and should strive sincerely for nothing less, but hold it with thirteen if only that may be had.

Why not? The fathers of this Republic thought that a thing as fundamental as a constitutional order should be stabilized through its dependence upon a three-fourths vote. It took three-fourths to enact the Eighteenth Amendment. We got the three-fourths. Why should we let less than three-fourths repeal it? *Why should the constitutional handling of the liquor question alone be thought of as undemocratic?*

Are Outlook Readers in Danger of Overlooking?

DO we realize, dear readers of the WORLD OUTLOOK—are we in danger of overlooking, that *one-fourth would be a real moral victory?* Life in this country, as in any country, especially in a republic, is subject to great tides of emotional disturbance. We are in the midst of such a surge of psychological upsetment on the liquor question at this moment, sweeping out of both political conventions but coming to its flooding in the Democratic Convention in Chicago, and that has suffered no slack until now. It is easy to see that the very fact of actual repeal would greatly accelerate the tides that are sweeping toward the free use of liquor in this country.

The WORLD OUTLOOK does not for a moment doubt

that psychologically and morally the holding of the Eighteenth Amendment, if only by the constitutional requirement of thirteen sovereign states, would give to our friends the drink enemy and all their allies in this country such a jar as probably no other thing might do except to hold it by a still larger vote. Be not deceived. Let's watch everything that is going on, go to the polls when the opportunity is given us, and through our vote as Christian people, by a decisive reaffirmation of the Eighteenth Amendment, drive down a good stout pile to which convinced and determined prohibitionists in this country may grapple their undiscouraged purpose to keep the ban on liquor nailed down irrefragably into the fundamental life of this land.

It is easier to fight for effective prohibition from within the Eighteenth Amendment than from without. Undoubtedly we need the support of the people, and if we are not going to do something to educate and get that support, perhaps we had best let it all go, but all the allied forces in this country agree that whatever the plan of prohibition finally adopted, we must by a sound, persistent, and enthusiastic system of education bring the people in behind the enforcement of any prohibitive law. All that we mean to do, but who does not clearly see that the constitutional provision the country needs is much easier to hold now than it would be to get it back if it were once repealed. It is little less than terrifying to contemplate how difficult it would be ever to retrieve that loss and how long it would take—a good generation, maybe a century, who knows?

Better not take the risk, good prohibition readers of the WORLD OUTLOOK!!

Holding the Eighteenth Amendment keeps the ban of outlawry on, and that is much more than the casual thinker at all appreciates. There is a thing going on in this country more serious and much more far-reaching than the control of liquor, seriously critical as that is. Since Governor Smith, popular, able, plausible, with his sidewalks of New York brand of freedom for the people, swept across this country, working deeply, even in the momentary lull following his defeat, the country has been deluged with a contagion of anti-Puritanism that is coming on in a steadily rising tide. Before that tide of the time's spirit many good things in our American life are being swept out and many bad things brought in. We shall have to look again with all zeal and diligence to our American Sabbath, we shall have to watch the contagion of race track and other forms of gambling that are beginning to put up their brazen heads all about. Is it possible we have already thrown up our hands before the subsidized, propagandized, and sex-debauched moving picture industry of the country? Does anybody doubt that for our young people, and many that are older, millions, in spite of all that is being said to the contrary, are deterred from such use of alcohol as is habit-forming by the fact that any beverage use of it is against the fundamental law of the land and that nowhere on these shores may liquor in respectability lift up its wanton head?

A Modern Day Hero

BY MRS. T. G. PULLEN

ASBURY? No, but a most worthy successor — Rev. W. J. Craddock, Jr., preacher on the Madison Circuit, Charlottesville District, Virginia Conference. As the snapshot was taken, he was on his horse, ready to go to Dark Hollow, away up on top of "the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia," to spend a week conducting a protracted meeting.

The horse is a borrowed one, and hanging around Brother Craddock on each side are packages containing bread, bacon, tea, and sugar for his sustenance while on this great mission, carrying the gospel to these neglected people.

Living in the mountains of the western part of Madison County, Virginia, away up in these fastnesses and coves, are a people whose origin remains lost in antiquity. They have been there "since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary"—in ignorance, vice, and poverty extreme—with nothing to cheer them, nothing to stimulate them to right living. They have merely *existed*—not lived—here through the years, and at the close of each life gone up to meet the great Judge, to whom they could only say, as an old woman of them once said so mournfully to me, "I ain't never had no chance." I feel sure He has been lenient toward them, but I have often wondered what His attitude has been toward His Church, His professed followers, who during these years have neglected—"passed by on the other side"—these for whom He died.

Some few years ago, the Methodist Church, always a pioneer in every good work, awoke to a realization of these conditions and of its responsibility in the matter, and God put it into the heart of that good and great man, Dr. B. M. Beckham, principal of Ferrum Training School, to go up into these mountains, look the situation over, and see what could be done. He was accompanied by that splendid man of God, Rev. Frank Burruss, pastor of Madison Circuit. The day was cold, sleety, and stormy, and these preachers have told me of seeing children running around over the mountains with only one garment on, and in some instances that a tow sack with holes cut for head and arms. Poverty *extreme*, ignorance unsurpassed anywhere.

The two preachers decided a school must be established there, and immediately the movement was put on foot. Soon a commodious and attractive building was



MRS. T. G. PULLEN

"I did not send this except by your request"

completed, two schoolrooms on the lower floor and living apartments on the upper. Since then the Woman's Missionary Society of this district, the Charlottesville, has put in a nice bathroom, fully equipped.

Since the school was completed, with the exception, I think, of two years, Rev. W. J. Craddock has been the junior preacher on the Madison Circuit, preaching at the school, Dark Hollow, and several other points.

No more worthy successor of the immortal and intrepid Asbury has been found in the annals of Methodism than in Brother Craddock. A product himself of the mountains, he can sympathize to a wonderful degree with these mountain folk, and by his godly walk, his

self-sacrificing life, and his gentleness and kindness, he has won their hearts, and to them he represents the loving and gentle Son of Man.

William J. Craddock was a child of the hills, born and reared among the rugged mountains of Patrick County, Virginia. With few early advantages—they were generally meager in those days—he grew to early manhood with no prospect of any future save that of the ordinary mountain boy.

His parents were Primitive Baptist, and he was thoroughly indoctrinated with election and predestination, and had a contempt for Sunday schools. However, God had his eye on the boy. He saw great possibilities wrapped up in him, and by His providence young Craddock was brought in close contact with that godly Christian preacher, Rev. D. J. Traynham, and under his preaching the young man was soundly converted, his *all* was laid upon God's altar, and from it nothing has been removed. By hard study he has become a most excellent preacher, never hesitating to declare the whole counsel of God, and by gentle persuasion he has won many precious souls to Jesus there among these neglected and forsaken people.

However, the truth remains he has not won out *all alone*. The wife of his youth died many years ago, and later on he was fortunate in persuading a consecrated Christian woman, a worker in another branch school of the Ferrum system, that being a Methodist preacher's wife was not the worst thing on earth (perhaps she considered it as some more missionary work), and he married Miss Lizzie Brothers, of Whaleyville, Virginia.

Through the years they, being "righteous before God," have walked in "all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord," blameless, and surely we are convinced the "match was made in heaven."

While Brother Craddock has been carrying the gospel of the mountain steep to the wandering sheep, she has tarried at the school as its superintendent. To the uninitiated this may not mean much, but to us who know it is an immeasurable term. It means teacher, adviser, dressmaker, nurse, attorney, jury, judge in marital and other domestic troubles, one to whom every woe, sorrow, and anxious thought is brought, and none has ever been turned away empty.

Some years ago these two folks found the children who were attending the school were undernourished, and the matter was brought up at a district meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society. We were told of a little group of brothers and sisters there, the oldest of whom was less than twelve years old, and of how they would steal off to a remote corner of the schoolground every recess, no one knew why. Brother Craddock finally went to them and found their lunch consisted of some corn bread crumbs, scarcely cooked. The little mother of the crowd took between her thumb and four fingers as much of this as she could hold, helping each one twice. The great heart of the man of God was almost crushed by this sight, and he came to us for help. Our District Woman's Missionary Society at once said, "We will furnish the school children one hot meal a day," and this they have done. An added burden for Mrs. Craddock; but she not only did not murmur over it, but *rejoiced*.

Then it was reported to us that the children did not have sufficient clothing to attend school; and our same responsive women replied, "We will clothe them," and they have done so, and are still doing it, with now and then some help from some other district in the conference. The progress has been slow but steady. The



Rev. W. J. Craddock on his way to Dark Hollow

children are bright and learn rapidly, and the influence of these Christian workers is being felt, and we see it in the homes of the people. Why, *one woman screened her home last summer, and that was a victory*, when flies are considered an accompaniment of the summer and no one thinks of disputing any of their claims nor of molesting them in any way.

THE people seem to appreciate what is being done for them. An old lady said to me not long ago: "Mrs. Pullen, I'm so glad you all has this school here. When I was a gal, we didn't have no school, and I couldn't have gone anyway, as I didn't have no clothes. And my chillun was jest the same way. They didn't have no school and no clothes. I'm so glad my grandchillun has a school and some clothes."

The same old lady was telling me of her hard and barren life. She was asked, "Sister A, did you ever plow?"

The reply was, "I ain't never plowed with a hoss, but I has wid the ole man."

After I had caught my breath sufficiently to gasp, "How?" she proceeded, in language incomprehensible to me, to tell how the harness was attached to her *liege lord*. I asked, "Did you have lines on him?"

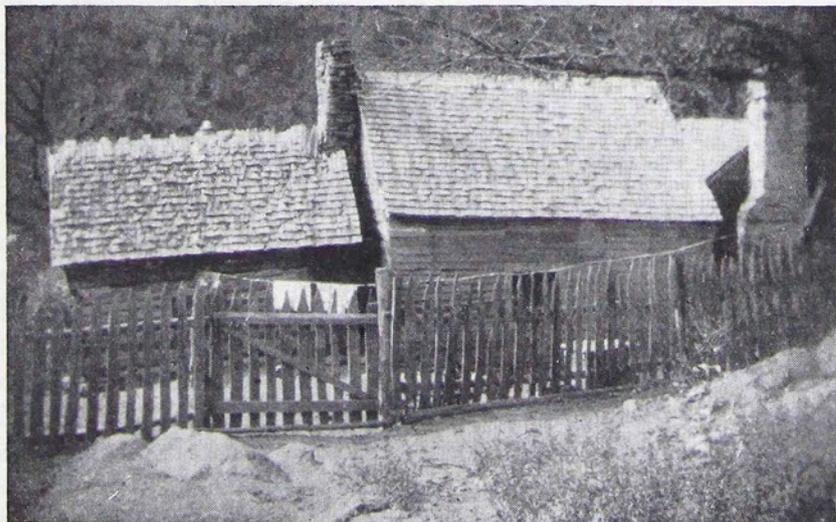
"No," she said, "I didn't have no lines."

"Well," I continued, "did you use a whip?"

With a twinkle of her faded eyes, she said: "No, I didn't need no whip—he pulled rale well." She contended she made ten barrels of corn with the "ole man" at the plow.

Under such conditions, I have not begun, not even the half. These two consecrated Christians are rejoicing over seeing the work of the Lord prospering in their hands. Joyously are they looking forward to the time when the Lord of the harvest will say: "Well done, good and faithful servants. Enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

Of such "the world is not worthy."



A mountain home near school

Thoughts on "Re-Thinking Missions"

By J. W. CLAY

THE report of the Laymen's Commission on Foreign Missions has been widely discussed by people in the homeland, but so far we have heard little from the ranks of the missionaries themselves. Their reaction to this report would be interesting if given to us. But the fact is they are so busy holding the far-flung battle lines that they do not enter into discussions as a rule. Having served in the ranks for a number of years, perhaps our remarks may not be amiss.

The Commission severely criticizes what they call sectarianism, or denominationalism, on the mission field.

(Yet the small Commission itself represented seven sects.) They think the work should have been started originally as a kind of universal church. They say that in the future all new missionaries going out should leave their sectarian baggage at home.

We disagree with the Commission at this point. The organization of Protestantism into strong groups with varying shades of doctrine and organization has been eminently successful in America. The church as a whole has been far more aggressive. And on the mission field the idea is more acceptable than at home. The thought and conscience of the people of most mission fields has been dominated by some one strong and domineering cult or group for centuries. And most often the original good in these cults has grown corrupt because of this dominance. Hence the people are tired and disgusted with them, and welcome something new—something definite and concrete in the way of doctrine and organization. They want to be able to express their beliefs and contend for them. They like the idea of denominationalism, not that they wish to fight one another, but as different battalions they are better able to fight a common foe. The lives of Luther and Wesley and other great leaders are studied more on the mission field than at home.

The Commission looks with suspicion, if not condemnation, upon the methods of evangelism pursued in the mission fields. The wisdom of allowing students in mission schools to go out on evangelistic tours and preach the gospel is questioned. "Is not this the carpenter's son?" was asked in the same spirit when the young Nazarene stood up to preach. Personally, we are glad our missionaries still believe "in the foolishness of preaching," and happily the idea still appeals to the young convert in the mission field.



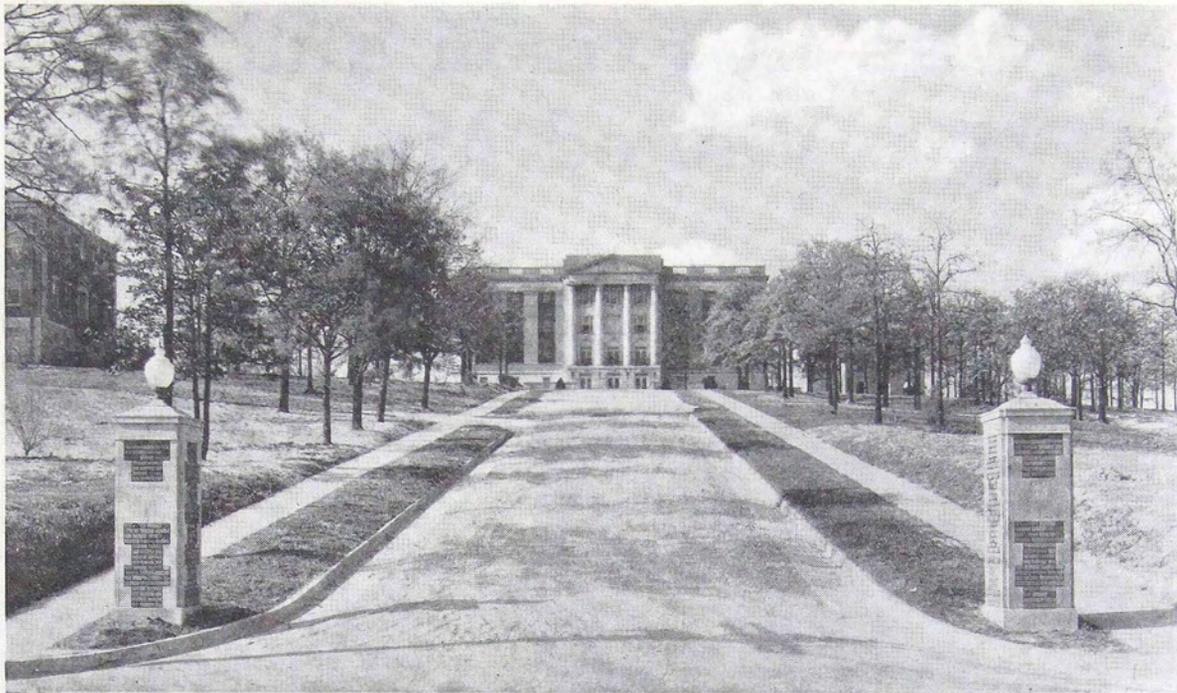
Rev. J. W. Clay

In the matter of co-operation the Commission shows profound ignorance of conditions at home as well as abroad. Many of the ideas they put forward—as though they were new—were conceived and put into practice before these gentlemen were born. It is a matter of history that Mission Boards have withdrawn their men from vast territories in favor of other Boards. Institutions have changed hands, missionaries have been exchanged, and in many instances many fields have been divided by mutual consent. Yet on page 179 of the Report the Commission makes this emphatic statement: "Every at-

tempt by voluntary agreement and persuasion to bring about the adoption of a comprehensive program of union and co-ordination has failed." The facts are that in almost every mission field we have union seminaries, union publishing houses, hospitals, etc. In the homeland we find numerous instances of co-operation. There has been located in New York City for years "The Committee on Co-operation in Latin America," through which some twenty American Boards are co-operating successfully.

The type of missionaries the Commission would have sent out in the future would be mature men and specialists for specific tasks. The idea seems good, but the trouble with it is that it will not work. As a rule, after a man lives long enough to be mature, and become a specialist, he will not live long enough to become a successful missionary. The missionary must be able to adapt himself to his new environment. This the mature man can seldom do. He must be able to acquire the language of the people with whom he has cast his lot. And this is almost an impossible task for a mature man. It takes "a heap o' livin'" on the mission field to develop a missionary. One must sleep in the dingy huts of the natives, must eat their rice and beans, and must ride their mules and endure their hardships before he can understand their needs and the ways of supplying these needs.

Several years ago all the Boards "fell" to the idea of sending out specialists. But most of them will tell you today that the idea is not sound. A man who goes to the mission field, and can do only one thing, will in all probability find himself dreadfully handicapped, and as a rule he soon gives up the work and returns home. The most eloquent preacher known by the writer on the mission field went out as an (Continued on page 32)



Munger Memorial Hall Administration Building, Birmingham-Southern College, Birmingham, Alabama

Unique Contribution of Our Church Colleges to Youth

By H. C. HENDERSON

SOME years ago in addressing the student body of my Alma Mater I undertook to state to the group what I felt were the outstanding values which had come to me as the result of my years spent in the school. As I thought over the problem two items stood out most vividly. The first was the definite, personal, first-hand faith which I had won for myself after long and earnest struggle. The other was the vastly important contribution to my life which had been made by the godly men who week in and week out had taught their various subjects against a background of intelligent Christian faith and understanding, and whose lives were constant examples of the highest and best in Christian manhood. Busy men they were, but they were always accessible to the humblest student upon the campus, they were keenly interested in his personal problems, and many a puzzled, confused lad was led out of intellectual and spiritual darkness into the larger and clearer understanding which they were glad to share. These faithful, consecrated men cared enough to give personal and individual attention to their students, outside the classroom as well as in.

These, it seems to me, are the unique contributions which the Church college has to offer to the young men and women who enter her halls in search of knowledge and the larger life. Science, literature, history, these

and other things, are capably taught in every institution of learning of any standing. Merely to teach such subjects is not our reason for being. It is the privilege and responsibility of the Church college to see to it that these things are learned in a Christian atmosphere, and that they are lighted up by a Christian interpretation. Without question other colleges and universities have many on their faculties who are definitely Christian, but it is the responsibility of the Church college to see to it that every man who serves among its teachers shall be one whose character is positively and definitely Christian, and whose life shall be above reproach.

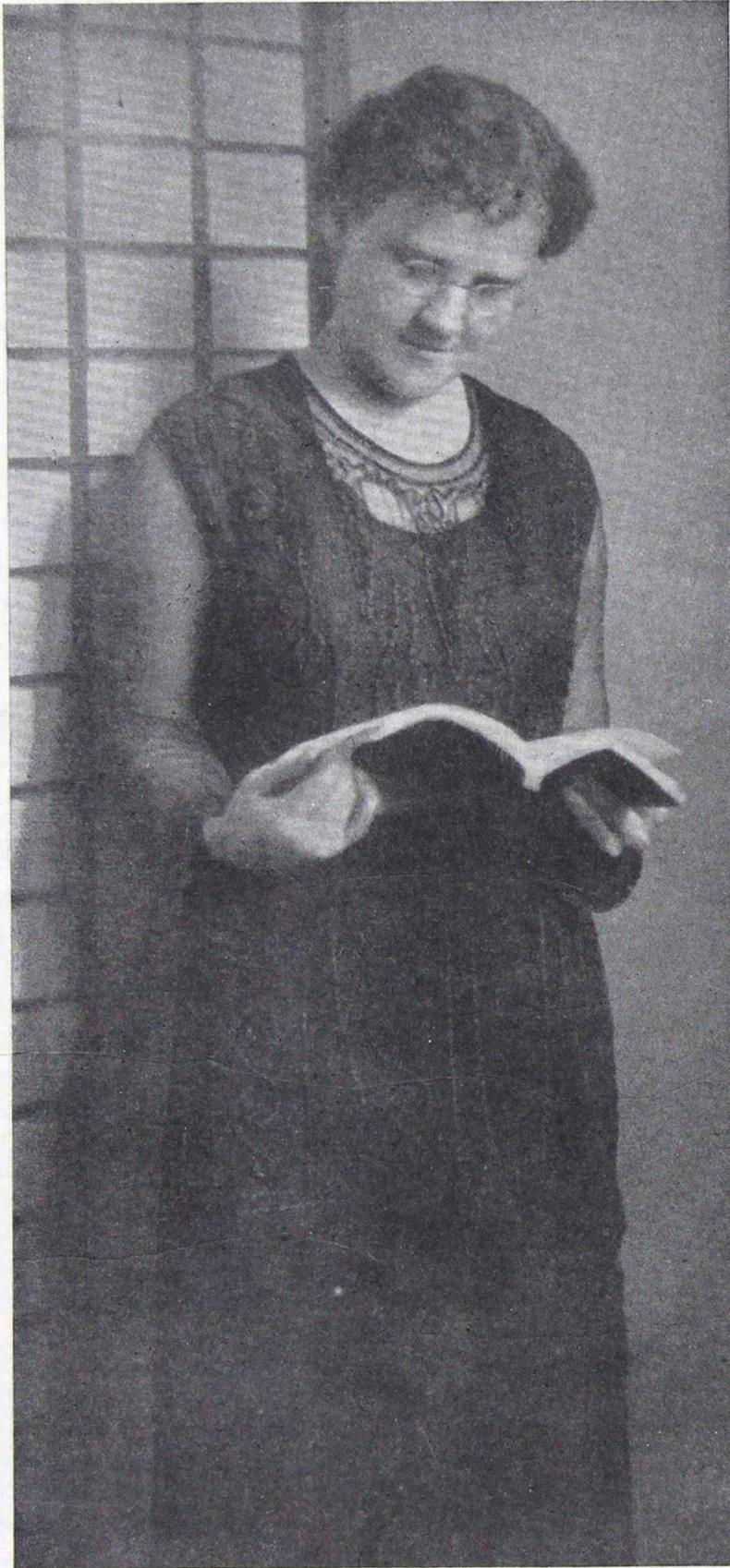
There is a fact with reference to our youth just entering college which we sometimes are not aware of. The average boy or girl of that age is at the point of development where he must begin to establish his religious faith upon a foundation of personal experience. The faith of his earlier years is in the God of father and mother. He has accepted their teachings and their testimony without question. That ground of faith will no longer suffice. He must learn to know God and to interpret life in terms of his own experience if his religious life is to continue. All this is true whether the young man or woman goes to college or not. The religion we inherit from our fathers must be made our own through personal experience. (Continued on page 32)

I Was in Prison and Ye Visited Me

By

Mary

DeBardeleben



CAROLINE MACDONALD
"Born a free-lance of the spirit"

THRICE honored by the Emperor, appointed interpreter and adviser to the Labor delegation of the great Japanese Empire at the Labor Conference in Geneva, first woman to be awarded the degree of LL.D. from her Alma Mater, the University of Toronto—such are the signal and the varied honors that came to Caroline Macdonald.

Listen to the story. Born in Wingham, Ontario, in 1881, Caroline Macdonald came of a line of ancestors the "embodiment of courageous daring and independence of spirit." Her father was for many years a physician. Later he became a member of Parliament and deputy speaker of the House of Commons. Caroline received her early education in her home town, and in 1901 was graduated with honors in mathematics and physics from the University of Toronto.

But the clear, incisive mind that reveled in the problems of science and mathematics turned almost immediately to the solution of the problems of human relationships. On her college campus she had become interested in the work of the Young Women's Christian Association and in the Student Volunteer Movement. In her senior year, in fact, she was the efficient president of both. On her graduation she was appointed traveling secretary for both organizations throughout Canada.

Her talent for organization and her spirit of enthusiasm and daring soon found recognition, and in 1904 she was sent by the World's Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association to Japan, a pioneer, the first national secretary of that organization in Japan. For eleven years she devoted her life to laying the foundations and developing the work of the Association, primarily among the students in the Women's University of Tokyo. Some of the projects that developed here as a result of her interest and ability were two hostels (dormitories where her Christian influence found marked expression), summer schools where college women came for Christian training and, best of all, per-

haps, the enlistment of the sympathy and interest of farseeing, earnest, capable, influential Japanese men and women.

Miss Macdonald's interests were nation-wide. It was a tragedy, however, that thrust her out into another field of activity and psychologically into another world.

In an article, entitled "A Tragedy—and the Grace of God," Miss Macdonald tells the story:

"A few years ago in the city of Tokyo there occurred a terrible tragedy which was destined to change the course of my whole life-work. One night a quiet young Japanese man, with whom I was acquainted and who was trusted by the officials over him, committed a horrible murder. I went to the prison to visit the man and to bring him what help I could. He passed through a terrific spiritual struggle, from which he came out steadied and strengthened to face whatever the future might bring. So marvelous was the change in the man that a prison official borrowed his Bible and read it as he patrolled the prison corridor at night. This official became a Christian and was baptized. He said to me: 'We are used to crime here, but we never saw true repentance before.'

"This was the beginning of my work for Japanese prisoners. During the past five or six years I have visited practically every man under condemnation of death in this prison, and many of them have gone into the beyond with quiet hope.

"One day a big, rough, outspoken jailer, a friend of mine, with a kind enough heart when he understood, said to me: 'Why do you waste your time coming to see people condemned to death? They cannot do any more harm. Why bother with them? You had much better confine your attention to those who are coming out again.' As a matter of fact, I was doing both as best I could; but I tried to tell him what Christians thought about life, both here and in the hereafter.

"Very different was the comment of another and more thoughtful official when talking of a man who had just died in triumphant faith at the gallows. Just before this condemned man's life was taken, he had written in a simple way the story of his life and of his conversion, and had left the manuscript to me. 'You will translate the story into English, will you not?' the official asked. He knew no English, so that request seemed an odd one, but he went on to explain:

"People talk so much nowadays about the fundamental differences between the East and the West, their

different psychology, their different make-up, and the inability of either to understand the other. Here we have had behind these prison bars a marvelous example to the contrary. Here we have had an ignorant, uneducated man, steeped in crime from his childhood, with much of his life spent in prison, and his life ended on the gallows. And what happened? One of another race, of another background and education and outlook, and a woman at that, touched him with the universal message of God's love, and the man's soul awoke, and he entered into life. I want your people to know the story.'

RETREAT

BY LULU DIAL KINCAID

I close my eyes that I may see
Clearly the Christ of Galilee;
That I may touch Him through noise
and strife
That beat about this hurried life.
I close my eyes that I may sense
Oneness with him, Life's recompense.

"It is the 'uttermosts' that test the sufficiency of Christ's evangel, and it is the gospel of Christ alone that makes possible a real internationalism."

"The prison problem," she wrote, "is not a problem in itself. It is only a symptom of disease in the body politic. Prison work is not a work in itself. It is only a point of departure for work which ramifies into every department of life."

In this conviction she worked. Her service for the prisoners and their families brought her into the closest contact with that section of Tokyo where

crime and juvenile delinquency ran rife. In that great city of three million she found little or no Christian effort being made to cope with the serious social and industrial conditions. "It is not," she said, "a submerged one-tenth that vitiate attempts at direct evangelism, but more nearly one-half that concerns us in Tokyo, the largest city in the world unequipped with any adequate community betterment activities."

So it was that her work led out step by step into a great social service among the prisoners and their families. A night school for girls in industry was established; preventive work for delinquent children was begun; and a juvenile court established. The story of the establishment of the night school for girls in industry is an interesting one. It began in 1924, during a strike in one of the textile factories in Tokyo, when Miss Macdonald allowed 150 girls on strike to hold meetings at her settlement. She taught them domestic accomplishments and provided classes for study; as a result she had under her care a night school of large proportions with branch schools in five different factories.

A social settlement was another result of her devoted energies which grew out of her prison work—the care of the families of prisoners. (Continued on page 31)



Miss Nannie Emory Holding

MISS NANNIE EMORY HOLDING, daughter of an itinerant Methodist preacher in Kentucky, was born on the twenty-second of February, 1844. She received a liberal education in her native state and began teaching English and music at the age of eighteen.

For years she felt the call to foreign service, but frail health kept her silent. After her health had improved she heard the appeal of Dr. Kelley for workers, and decided to offer herself for service. She was then thirty-eight years of age, but anxious to give the remaining years of her life to mission work.

At first her eyes were turned toward China; later she came to feel that the whole world was the Master's vineyard, and that one part of it was as precious in his eyes as another; so she was willing to go wherever "His gentle hand might lead." Upon application she was accepted as a missionary by the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions and assigned to Laredo Seminary, on the Mexican border, where she arrived October 20, 1883. She was very successful in building up a strong institution in Laredo, which has been far-reaching in its influence

Nannie Emory Holding

By E. P.

THE WILDERNESS and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing

among the Mexicans in Texas and Mexico. In ten years' time it grew from two small houses on a single block of land into seven buildings occupying fourteen acres of ground.

As the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions lengthened its cords and enlarged its borders, Miss Holding, because of her good judgment and unusual ability, was invaluable in planning and developing our work in Mexico. From the first she had the unfailing assistance of her sister, Miss Delia Holding, who, in 1892, was accepted as a missionary by the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions. Together these two faithful sisters served, each the complement of the other.

In her book, *A Decade of Mission Life*, Miss Nannie gives a graphic description of her life in the school, of conditions, of the associations with her splendid helpers and the pupils, also of some real friends of the institution who were ever mindful of its interests. Reading her book and the reports of her work during her thirty years of service gives one a beautiful picture of a gentle life, devoted to a sacred cause, strong in its influence in the educational and evangelistic advancement of the people whom she felt in a peculiar way to be hers. Laredo Seminary became Holding Institute because of the devoted life of a woman who gave herself unstintedly to the work of the institution. As the years passed Laredo Seminary became the *mother*, we might say, of five Mexican Missions, sending out her daughters to teach and work in other schools almost as fast as they were established. Truly, "her lamp goeth not out by night," and only eternity will reveal all that she has done for missions.

After thirty years of service, Miss Holding retired, at the age of sixty-eight years. At the meeting of the Woman's Missionary Council in Raleigh, North Carolina, in March of 1925, she was granted an Emeritus Life Service Certificate. She died January 25, 1933, at Covington, Kentucky. Her loss is mourned by many of her loving and faithful pupils, one of whom has written a tribute which may be found on the opposite page.

A Tribute to a Great Teacher

By AMINTA GONZALEZ

IN the passing of Miss Nannie Emory Holding on January 25 one of the most beautiful Christian lives that ever lived has returned to its Creator. Miss Holding's work in the mission field in behalf of Christian education among the Mexican children on the border between the United States and Mexico is well known by those who have been connected, in the last half century, with the Woman's Work of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; but, for the benefit of those readers who are not familiar with her work, I shall review it briefly.

Miss Nannie Emory Holding, together with her sister, Miss Delia, took charge on October 20, 1883, of a very small school founded the year before in Laredo, Texas, under the auspices of the Woman's Board. Under her able direction, which was guided by divine inspiration, the school progressed by leaps and bounds. Soon the halls were filled with work and song and laughter. Year by year more room was needed, and year by year the way opened to supply the lack. In the course of a decade the band of the first seven children and the four-room building had multiplied many times, until there were five large buildings to take care of the busy, buzzing life of the many children who came to the school.

The conviction that the work to which she had devoted her life must extend its borders and go forward into Mexico kept pressing upon Miss Holding's mind, and the close of the first decade of her missionary life brought the realization of five beautiful and promising mission schools established in Saltillo, San Luis Potosi, Durango, Chihuahua, Mexico City, and, at a later period, in Guadalajara.

But it is not so much of the physical growth of these schools and their achievements, important as this is, that I wish to relate, but rather of that consecrated and *towering* personality who, under divine inspiration, guided and directed hundreds, nay, thousands, of budding lives who came under her care.

Miss Holding came into my life when I was but a child. In those early days, as ever afterward, she was to me a saint on earth. Her perfectly white hair, together with her white dress which she invariably wore in spring and summer, helped to emphasize and reflect the purity and saintliness of her in-

ner life. One could almost see a halo about her head.

Recently I was told by a friend of mine who knew Miss Holding and taught with her in the early days that often she would see some of the children kneel down as Miss Holding passed them. Doubtless Miss Holding herself never noticed this, or she would have put a stop to it. The interpretation given by this friend of mine of the children's behavior was this: "As many of the children came from Catholic homes, they were used to the worship of the Virgin Mary; and, since Miss Holding looked so much like a saint, they must have associated her with the Virgin. For this reason they did not hesitate to fall on their knees as Miss Holding passed them."

The way Miss Holding won and held a place in the heart of everyone who knew her, both great and small, was simply remarkable—a gentle and encouraging word to one, a smile to another, a caress to still another—and all of us craving for more of these demonstrations of her interest and great love for her adopted children, or *bijitas*, as she affectionately called us. She gave without seeming to give. Doubtless this was one of the secrets of her success and greatness. She played the role of mother to hundreds of orphans who came under her care. Easy? Perhaps for her of the big and willing heart, but how much thought and prayer and anxiety there was we, the children, never knew. On a certain occasion, having received a *(Continued on page 33)*

Aminta Gonzalez, the writer of this tribute, is head of the Department of Spanish in the Laredo High School. She was born in Mexico; and when she finished the sixth grade in Spanish, she came to the United States and began the study of English in the Laredo Seminary, now Holding Institute. She graduated with the highest honors. In 1918 she attended the Santa Monica High School, California. At the end of the year she returned to Laredo and began her teaching in the public schools, where she has continued to teach except when on leave of absence to study. Her college work was done at the University of Texas, where she received both her B.A. and M.A. degrees. Miss Gonzalez has traveled extensively through Mexico and is laying her plans in the near future to spend a year abroad studying in Spain and France



The graduating class of Colegio Roberts, Saltillo, for 1932



Builders of Roads in Mexico

BY NOREEN DUNN

HOW thrilling a thing it is to witness the building of a road—a new road through dense jungles, over mountains dangerously high, through passes narrow and circuitous—where never before a road has been!

Builders of new roads in Mexico are today opening vast regions for exploration, and our romantic, turbulent neighbor is slowly becoming acquainted with herself. If the government can secure the necessary money to continue her road-building plans, great changes will certainly come and Mexico will be in a position to have truer political unity and national solidarity than she

has ever been able to achieve. Uniting a nation by a network of roads, however, is only the beginning. Mexico already has a program of rural schools which she is endeavoring to develop along with the opening of roads into remote sections. But that is not enough.

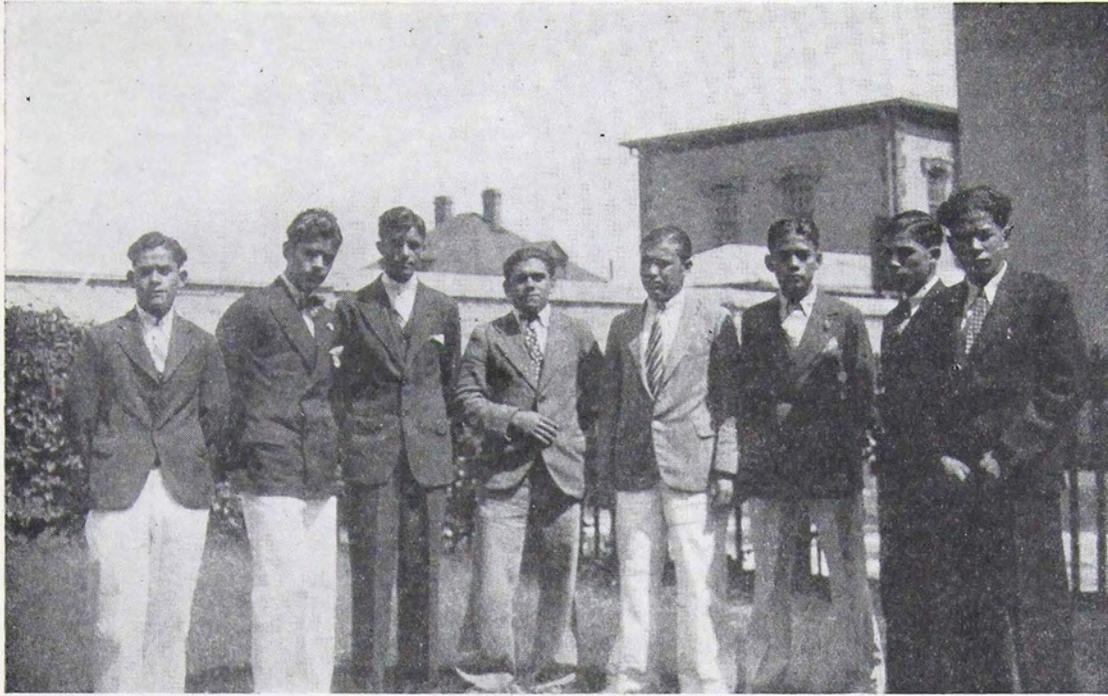
Students of present world-conditions declare that many of the ills from which we suffer today are due to the fact that we have not kept pace spiritually with our progress along other lines. If this be true of persons in the midst of world-affairs, how serious a thing it is to plunge the inhabitants of an isolated section of country into the light of unprecedented scientific achievement without providing in some way for their spiritual needs.

Yet Mexico is making no such provision. Indeed, much has been heard in recent years about a rising tide of sentiment against religion in Mexico. We have seen our own missionary ministers recalled because of government regulations until today only two missionaries from the General Section of our Board of Missions are permitted to work there. The perplexing problems of Mexico's three-year-old autonomous Methodist Church are left almost entirely in the hands of native ministers and leaders. The Department of Woman's Work now has twenty-eight missionaries in five schools, three social centers, and one hospital, but their work is continually hampered by ever changing governmental decisions.

Some of the things, however, which are at the



Student Volunteer Band at Laurens Institute, Monterrey, Miss Mary Hoyle is shown at the extreme left



*Ministerial students of
Laurens Institute,
Monterrey*

very root of the hardships of these workers create in turn the greatest opportunity that a missionary may have. It is true that many intelligent men and women and young persons in Mexico have turned against religion as they know it, but they still have deeply implanted within them a yearning for God. They may give up the Church, but there are some beliefs by which they continue to live and with which they are not willing to part. Disillusioned and yet deeply religious at heart, Mexico today gives the missionary his greatest chance to share himself and his ideals.

Not long ago, a woman fifty years old enrolled in an afternoon class at Centro Social, Monterrey. Some great motive seemed to impel her, so diligently did she pursue her studies, so regularly did she attend classes. Indeed, it was revealed that she was the owner of a little store not far away, and she was coming to school so that she might learn to keep her accounts straight. For years she had stumbled along, never sure just where she was financially; for, not being able to read or write, she had to remember from day to day and from month to month what each of her customers owed her!

Naturally she was an eager student. But the art of keeping accounts was not the end of what this dear little lady learned. When she heard that one of her fellow-classmates had lost her job, she volunteered to give her work, literally creating something for the girl to do, so that she might hold up her head and maintain her self-respect. Today she is still finding work for her young protegee and sends her to school regularly. It is interesting to know that she even gives the girl books to read and inspect before she allows her grown son to read them!

The afternoon classes for women and girls and the night classes for men give the mission-

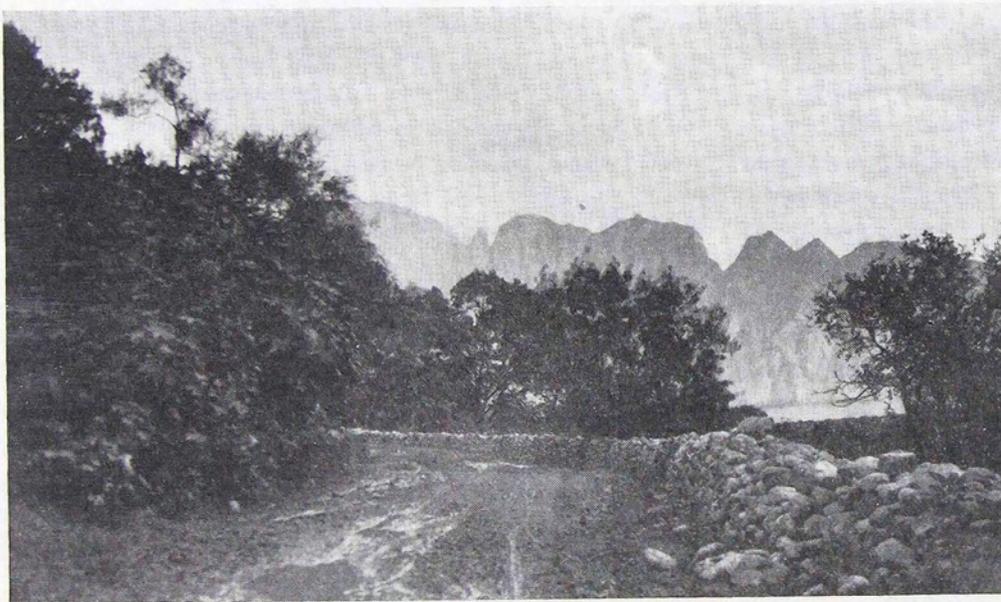
aries in the social centers unlimited opportunities to help in perplexing life-situations. Often quite naturally an English class will turn its discussion from rules of grammar to rules of life, and a whole hour will be spent in a vital discussion of things fundamental to abundant living. Bible classes are in no way compulsory, but many attend them because they are eager to read for themselves the forbidden book and to discuss the many interesting points which relate so directly to their daily lives.

The Centro Social is truly a center from which a Christian influence radiates throughout the whole of Monterrey. Sixty volunteer workers gladly give some part of their time each week to make possible the carrying out of a far-reaching program. Twenty volunteer story-tellers visit five public schools weekly, telling stories to eight hundred boys and girls. It is indeed gratifying when Maria's teacher (*Continued on page 33*)



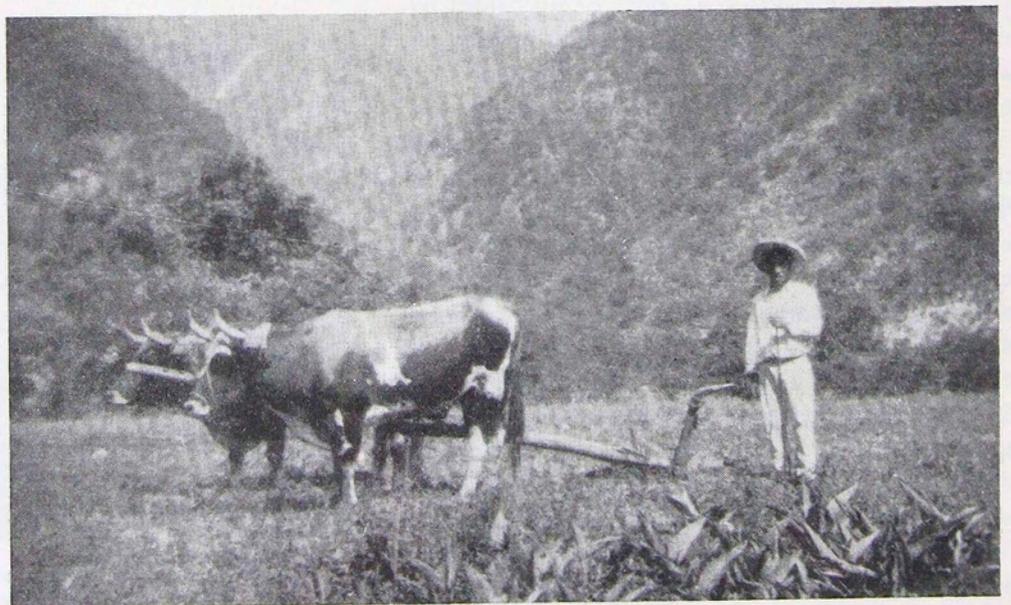
*The preachers' children attending Laurens Institute
this year*

A Mexican mountain home constructed of adobe bricks and hand-hewn timber. Even the most humble home never lacks for beauty. Sometimes a brightly feathered bird perches on the door; again there is a garden full of flowers



A scene on the road to La Huasteca, not far from Monterrey, where the mountains loom unbelievably high. So blue do they appear against the sky that they seem more to be a painting or a dream than a reality

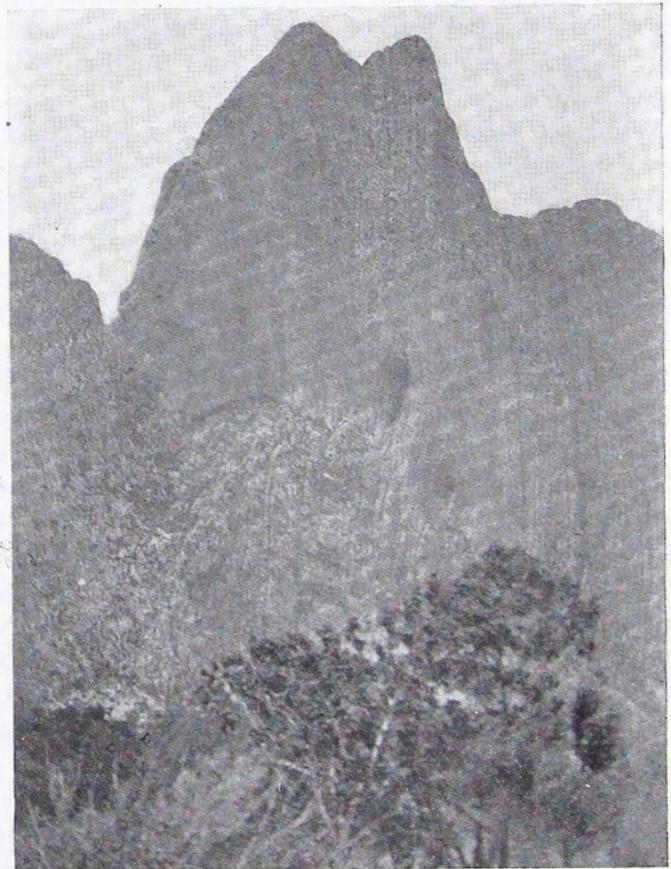
Farming in the most primitive way. This man, living in an isolated section of Mexico, knows nothing of modern farming implements or methods. Think what the opening of roads may mean to him and to his family!





A street scene in a village near the modern city of Monterrey. Those who have traveled extensively find a great resemblance between such Mexican villages as this and the villages throughout the Holy Land

Right: In the higher cave stands the guardian angel of Las Huasteca, with one arm raised toward heaven. Those who have dared to climb her dizzy heights find no angel there at all. Only lights and shadows create the illusion



Left: Picturesque and rumbling oxcarts traverse roads which no other vehicle would attempt. Hub-deep mud and steep inclines built along precipices dangerously high mean little to the strong and patient oxen of Old Mexico

Interpreting Religion in Tennessee Coal Fields

BY MRS. A. E. BARNETT

THE common people heard Jesus gladly. Great religious movements have usually won their first recruits from the ranks of the lowly. Something vital is lost to religion when the toiling masses are unchurched. John Wesley sensed this loss in the Church of his day, and he made the world of the unchurched his parish. Industrial centers attracted him, and it was around the mouths of the coal mines of Bristol that he achieved some of his earliest and greatest triumphs.

Evangelism, with Wesley, was larger than preaching. A social service program which for that day was of impressive proportions paralleled his preaching campaigns. Like his Lord, the founder of Methodism was concerned to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, heal the sick, and teach the unlearned. The drift of American labor today is away from the Church, and workers will be drawn back to the fold of organized religion when the Church shows more clearly its concern for the needs of humble folk.

Wilder is a coal-mining village in Fentress County, Tennessee, about a hundred thirty miles northeast of Nashville. Since July, 1932, when an existing wage contract expired, there has been friction between miners and operators regarding working conditions and wages, the wage proposed by the mining company being the lowest in Tennessee, according to the State Department of Labor records. Disorder incident upon this friction resulted in the sending of state troops to guard railroad and mining properties last November. The Methodist Church was closed pending the return to more normal conditions, and the community was left practically without religious leadership. Convinced that a procedure more constructive than mere coercion was possible, a group of interested persons met on the evening of November 27 for conference. Two ministers volunteered to drive to Wilder, see the situation from the inside, and report their findings. They made the trip on December 2.

On arrival in Wilder, the visitors went first to the office of the coal company, where they were courteously received, and where for an hour and a half they discussed the situation with the officials. They then found the leaders among the miners and talked fully with them. The account derived from the representatives of both sides was substantially one.

The earning possibility of the average miner was found to be about \$40 per month, from which fixed charges were deducted by the company amounting to about \$18 for such items as house rent, bath-house fee, electricity, tools, dynamite for blasting the coal, burial

deposit, hospital deposit, doctor, etc. From the remainder of his income the miner clothed and fed his family with supplies purchased from the company commissary—where prices ranged from 25 to 75 per cent higher than the ordinary.

While these men were working they had, on the recommendation of the employers themselves, been the beneficiaries of Red Cross aid. Furthermore, the better paid among them bought an old truck in which they solicited donations of produce from farmers for the families whose earnings were insufficient to buy food. Due to these circumstances, the men felt that they could not accept the wage reduction of 25 per cent insisted on by the operators, that being the third drastic wage cut put into effect within less than two years.

The mines in the neighboring villages of Davidson and Twinton were closed, thus guaranteeing the operators an abundant supply of labor. Accordingly, when the question of arbitration was raised, the employers said: "We have nothing to arbitrate. The situation is settled so far as we are concerned." At the time this statement was made there were two hundred guardsmen in the community with all of the equipment of modern warfare! The miners were eager for arbitration and had made several definite overtures looking toward conciliation.

Asked about the applicability of Christian principles in the situation, company officials replied, "Christian principles are all right, but they will not work here." With reference to relief needs, they said: "We know there is suffering among the families of these men, but that is not our responsibility, and we have no plans for relief. They will have to take the medicine they have poured for themselves."

It was found that Red Cross aid had been discontinued for the families of those miners who were not working, although they had been recipients of such aid at the recommendation of the company while they were employed. This statement involves no criticism of the Red Cross national policy. It was just one item in a thoroughly disorganized local situation. (When the facts were laid before responsible officials of the Red Cross, relief supplies were promptly forthcoming.)

A report of these findings was made to a group of interested Nashville people, and on December 19 an interdenominational meeting was called at McKendree Methodist church. Fifty people were present, representing twenty organizations. The outcome of this meeting was the dispatching of a truck loaded with food, clothing, and Christmas things for the families of the miners on

December 22. The truck contained clothing for the sixty-five neediest families, a substantial allotment of food for each of two hundred families, and a toy for every child under ten years of age.

At the meeting of December 19, a relief committee was organized known as the Wilder Emergency Relief Committee. This committee solicited funds and financed the sending of three relief trucks, each containing food and clothing. Clothing was supplied to each of the two hundred families of unemployed miners and approximately \$215 was expended for food. The local committee enlisted the interest of the Church Emergency Relief Committee in the situation, and that body appropriated \$300 for relief work. This, with the funds of the local committee, has been sufficient to carry the needy families through the most trying season of the year. The carefully supervised program of Red Cross relief, plus employment aid from the R. F. C., is meeting the needs of the situation now. Further activity of the Wilder committee will be in the nature of co-operation with those agencies.

One of the most satisfactory outcomes of this project has been its educational values. Through mimeographed reports, public addresses, and the use of the columns of newspapers hundreds of people throughout Tennessee have had a close-up view of the actual working of our chaotic industrial system with its anti-social emphasis on profits and its stubborn ignoring of human needs and moral values. It is to be hoped that when these people buy their next winter's supply of coal, they will inquire into the living conditions and wages of the miners as well as into the sale price of the coal. When Christian people become more concerned with persons than with bargain prices, a long step will have been taken toward the Christianization of industry.

The whole approach to the Wilder situation was predicated on the two propositions: (1) That Missions must transform the circumstances in which people live as a

part of the effort to better people themselves. Poverty is demonstrably the most disintegrating force that affects moral character and social institutions. Because of a concern for moral values, it is incumbent on Christian people vigorously to assist those who are trying to improve their economic status. Had the miners been fairly paid, the Methodist Church at Wilder would not have been closed. It was a lack of money and not of religion that made it impossible for these Tennessee mountaineers to pay their preacher. (2) That the need for relief was industrially caused and therefore came within the province of the Industrial Relations Division of the Committee of Christian Social Relations. The effort was not to judge the issues involved between the miners and the operators, but rather to let these issues be decided on their intrinsic merits instead of letting hunger, nakedness, and disease weight the scales unfairly against the miners.

The values of the project are fourfold: (1) It has demonstrated to miners and operators that there are Church people who are to be reckoned with in industrial situations and that they stand for justice; (2) the recognized relief agencies, such as the Red Cross and the R. F. C., have been assisted to a clearer grasp of all angles of the local situation; (3) large numbers of people have been interested in a concrete situation and have learned that Christianity may function in social emergencies; (4) a group of needy and deserving people, the victims of conditions they did not create and could not control, have had their suffering alleviated.

The crucial need of the Wilder, Davidson, and Twinton communities is for leadership. There are five thousand people in these villages, without religious leadership and isolated from other communities where such leadership is available. Two capable young women with a modest community house as a base of operations could do a piece of pioneering in community organization that might have immeasurable results.

Man and the Machine

THE situation which has arisen from the development of the machines in the great majority of cases is wholly contrary to the teachings set forth by Jesus. In each instance as a man develops a new machine he says that it is for the benefit of man. He paints a beautiful picture of how the drudgery and back-breaking burdens of man will be done away with, and how much man has been blessed by the development of this type of machine. But the instances are very rare in which man in general has directly benefited from the new inventions. Of course, he has benefited, but that was the secondary part; the thing of most importance was for the owner to make money through the use of the machine.

Jesus taught that the value of human personality could not be estimated, that it was priceless, worth more than the whole world. But man does not believe that

now. Man is not worth as much as machines. It pays to take care of the machines with the proper fuel, proper lubrication, and the proper maintenance and repairs, but it is not necessary to take care of the men because there are plenty more and there is no first cost or investment. It is necessary to keep the necessary fuel for the machines; but it is not necessary to see that the men and their families have enough to eat; for if they are undernourished and ill fed, it is only necessary to lay them off and hire some others. Man is not nearly so important as the machine. There are many machines which can do the work of hundreds of men; so we "fire" the men and hire the machines.

The reason for the above situation is due to the fact that another of Jesus' principles is violated. When he was asked which was the great- (Continued on page 31)

To Mother

BY MARY DEBARDELEBEN

In death beautiful!
About the calm, placid brow
The silver ringlets cluster—
Free at last to range themselves
In quaint loveliness of girlish grace;
The eyes that so often kept the watches of
the uncertain night
Are closed now in gentle slumber;
The ever busy hands are folded still across
the breast.

The storms that rent your passionate soul,
dear, forever lulled;
Attained the quiet and the peace for which
you prayed!

But ah! to me, your spirit child,
To me bequeathed the struggle and the
stress,
The passion and the pain!

Another Editorial Word

Henry Theodore Hodgkin

AMONG the valued contributors to the pages of the *WORLD OUTLOOK* is this outstanding Christian, Henry T. Hodgkin, whose translation to the Beyond we must record. The news brought to this editor a real pang of sorrow as it will to many of our readers.

Those who attended the meeting of the Woman's Missionary Council at Memphis in 1931 will recall with joy his radiant personality. The theme of the noonday services which he led was "Drawing on Our Spiritual Resources." These were hours of finding the realities of which he had drunk so deeply. Neither was this hour all that he gave to us of himself. No leader selected for the spiritual messages to the Council, not even our own Churchmen, has ever given so much of time and interest to the entire proceedings. For most, belonging to another communion, the long hours of routine would have been deadly tiresome, but not to him who was so alive to every missionary movement in any and all groups. When the estimates for the fields came up from the Calender for the first time, he said to his wife, "I have some work to do, and now is the best time to slip back to the hotel." He said the next day that he found he had missed one of the best parts of the meeting. After that there was scarcely a half hour when he was not present.

This may seem a simple thing to those who never knew Dr. Hodgkin; to those who knew him, his constant presence, radiating the deepest and most helpful interest, it was a great thing. It was the outgo of a Christ vitalized and simple personality.

Regrets at Dr. Hodgkin's going will reach a much larger circle of our constituency; many have only recently studied *Living Issues in China*, and they owe to him a new and living interest in China; their missionary interest in this great country has been revitalized. Dr. Hodgkin has a number of books to his credit, but the causes for which he stood and in which he worked testify even more to his greatness. Among them was his untiring efforts on behalf of peace. He was one of the founders of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, both in this country and in England; he was a prominent member of the Institute of Pacific Relations held in Honolulu in July, 1927; it was through his efforts that the foundations were laid which resulted in the World Alliance for International Friendship through the churches. Peace work was such a distinctive expression of Dr. Hodgkin's personality that it seems this must have been the greatest of all his efforts for the Kingdom.

Thousands will respond deeply to the testimony of his son concerning him: "He drew his strength from beyond him, and he lived his life in an attitude of prayer with God. It is almost impossible to say how deeply he lived in union with God. I know him so well I perhaps understand in part how much he relied on this.

To see him as a great character we must see beyond him—see further than he saw. One of the greatest mystics said he would be to God as a man's hand. That is the way father tried to do. That is what we must try to do. We must look into the future."

Dr. Henry T. Hodgkin was born in England, but only in a technical sense was he English; he was a citizen of the world. When he took up his residence in the United States, we felt he was American. When he lived in China as a missionary, the Chinese felt he belonged to China. This was doubtless the greatest reason for his outstanding success as Secretary of the National Christian Council of China. He had his connection with the Society of Friends, yet when he was among the more expressional Methodists he spoke of the oneness of our vital experiences and made us feel that he was one of us. We, among others, are rich in the inheritance of a great life.

S. E. H.

A Retreat in North Carolina

THOSE who remember the Spiritual Life Retreats held at Scarritt College, Nashville, in 1931, and at Mount Sequoyah, in 1932, will understand fully the purpose and possibilities of the third Retreat which is to be held at Brevard Institute, Brevard, North Carolina, July 14, 15, and 16, 1933. It is impossible to measure the results of the two meetings that have already been held. The time is so planned that each one present may learn the deeper realities, not simply by the words of the speakers, but also by having time to open the mind and heart fully to God. There are meetings, to be sure, but most essential is quietness for thought and meditation. There came to our desk this morning an expression from a friend:

"Speaking of the Retreat, I have been rethinking it recently to report on at Conference. How I wish I could carry the inspiration to the folks! Perhaps the most helpful feature of the Retreat to me was the silent corporate prayer. I wonder if you felt that way. Of course, I was inspired by almost every word that was said, and the audible worship was needed, I'm sure, to prepare us for the silent prayer. I believe the effect of the silent prayer was much greater in a select group like that than in an ordinary missionary meeting or church service."

And yet the time is not spent all on one's self. There are far outreaches into the program and plan of Jesus in its connection with one's own inner life. This will be indicated by the subjects for the Brevard Retreat: God and Myself, Myself and My Brother, and My Witness to the World.

The leaders are to be Dr. Fletcher Brockman, Secretary of the Committee on the Promotion of Friendship between America and the Far East, and Dr. Lavens Thomas, of Emory University.

The Spiritual Life and Message

WE print on this page another experience growing out of a "Group" seeking deeper relationships with God

DEAR MR. FREEMAN:

To go right back to the beginning—I've always known about God and Jesus (naturally, being a daughter of the manse); and when I was eleven, one night I quite definitely, quietly turned toward Christ. But even after that, especially as I grew older, God was always getting crowded out. Life was so full of a number of things; and yet I had a sneaking, uncomfortable feeling. When I was fifteen I knew that God wanted me to be a missionary, and I acknowledged the call. But by the time I left school I didn't *want* to be one, and so I let it slip from me. I had occasional great moments, and still clung to the shreds of belief, but I didn't know God. Then I put God back into my life to a certain extent, and I thought I was on firm ground. God began to make demands on me, or shall I say I awoke to his demands, and to a certain extent I rose to them. I was fired with admiration for Christ and felt strongly that the Christian way of life was the only way worth living and the only way of putting this miserable world right. With that gospel—all right as far as it went—and a slight knowledge of the power of prayer, spasmodically used, I started to preach. Then I began to receive a few jolts. (Mistake me not: I had something.) A mission sister working in a slum, striving not only to better the material conditions of the girls there and brighten their lives, but to awaken in them a love for Christ, and an old country woman who said: "Ah, yes. A fresh preacher, but the same old gospel"; and as she spoke I knew that it meant more to her than it did to me; for, though I had moments when I can honestly say that I had known God, yet they faded, and he was not really real to me. Then came this Group, and I soon felt out of my depth and lost (you were talking about things I didn't understand—"sense of sin," "evangelical experience"); and there, and in other ways and relationships, I realized my spiritual poverty—that there was a knowledge of God worth having that I hadn't got; and I was pretty miserable. A friend said, "Remember, it is God's quest just as much as yours"; that helped me more than I can ever say. I felt very much happier, and knew that I was nearer a personal knowledge of God than ever before; and so all that next week I was quietly giving God a chance with me. And in the light of what Maltby said about the man who said, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief," I took my very doubts to Him, praying that I might have power to expect his presence. And there was a difference. Then at the next Group meeting I was conscious of the presence of God as never before: gradually it focused in the center of the Group, and I saw Christ standing there, sharing in the Group. It was no trick of tired nerves: of that I

am sure. I had prayed for an assurance of the reality of God, and I received it in a way I had never dreamt of. And next day I woke with a feeling of peace and joy—and a knowledge and assurance that God is real and true for me.

Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain.

It hasn't wiped away all difficulties, but they are in a new light. Christ is as real for me as you are or anyone else, and he sheds such a marvelous light upon things.

Another thing; I suppose it is what used to be called a sense of sin—I feel as if I were under an arc lamp—I'm finding out all sorts of things about myself that I don't exactly like. Close relationship with God does show one up; but it doesn't worry me, because I know He'll help me put things right. Hasn't He begun to do so in the very showing of them to me?

Another result of the knowledge that Christ is real and true is that I am trying to know more about Him. I read the Gospels with keener interest because they are the life-story of Someone I know; and I test Him and see Him in everything. And then I find that side by side with this desire to know Him better there is a desire to find out what He has meant to others—e.g., Paul and Wesley. (I'm reading the *Journal* with an appreciation that a few months ago I should not have thought possible.)

I've given my experience. It is neither unique nor conformed to pattern. I am sure that God has countless ways of making himself real to us individually if we give him the least chance. And though the actual experience of that night is prized beyond measure, yet it is the results that count more. As I look out on all there is of God for me still to explore, I feel as if I were standing just inside the gateway of a series of beautiful gardens and looking at them through several rose-covered arches. Turning slightly from this, the more I read, the more I see, the more I hear, the more I am sure that the Church, so called, is facing spiritual bankruptcy; where the fact is realized, even though the realization leaves a feeling of impotency, there is the opportunity for God. And in some things the Spirit is already moving (in this Group I do not doubt) very powerfully and strangely, in a way that makes me rejoice and tremble.

Yours in the Fellowship,

ELIZABETH

P. S. I feel that one of my mistakes was in trying to put God *into* my life, and give him a little part of it more or less regularly, instead of putting my life into God, and let him touch every part, integrating and vitalizing the whole.

From *A Group Speaks*. The Epworth Press, London.

Let Me Tell You a Good Story

THE STORY THIS MONTH is told in one of the most interesting and remarkable letters that have come to the editorial office of the WORLD OUTLOOK in our recollection. The letter, with some interesting addenda, tells its own story

THE writer of the letter lives at Hague, Virginia, is eighty-six years old, being born the year our Church was born, was baptized by Bishop Capers the year after the first General Conference, held in the city of Petersburg, Virginia, and was living at that time at the seat of Randolph-Macon College, Boydton, Virginia.

DEAR DR. RAWLINGS:

I have been deeply interested in all articles in your paper relating to the life and work of Bishop W. R. Lambuth. Am sending a touching contribution to his life, cut from the *Nashville Advocate*, with request that you give it a place in an early issue of the OUTLOOK. If you cannot do this, I would like to have it returned, and will send postage.

I am now eighty-six years old. I was a little girl in the parsonage of Centenary Church (my father, Joseph H. Davis, being pastor there at the time) in 1854 when the Bishop's father, J. W. Lambuth, Dr. Kelly, and others were ordained for the missionary work in China. Dr. Jenkins, with his Chinese friend Nique, was entertained in our home. At the same time, Mrs. Hayes, my mother's cousin, was in Richmond, too, as the wife of the then presiding elder, Thomas Hayes, of Richmond District.

I was born the same year with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was baptized by Bishop Capers, first Secretary of the Missionary Society. The fall following the first General Conference, in Petersburg, living then in Boydton, my father was presiding elder of the Randolph-Macon District.

Sincerely,

MRS. M. NANNIE BEALE

A later letter from Mrs. Beale to the editor brings the following interesting notes upon the situation in Richmond at the time of the notable missionary meeting described in the letter above:

Richmond in those days was not the big city it is now. Manchester (South Richmond) was so small a village as hardly to be noticed as one passed through going South on the railroad. The leading churches of the city were Centenary, Trinity, Clay Street, Chapel, and a few missions about the city. Rev. Thomas C. Hayes was presiding elder of



Rev. Joseph H. Davis, pastor of Centenary Methodist Church, Richmond, Virginia, 1852-54, and Mrs. Davis. From fine old daguerreotype taken in 1857



In 1854, the little girl in the picture, Nannie Davis, now Mrs. M. Nannie Beale, our correspondent, witnessed the impressive setting apart of Dr. J. W. Lambuth and other missionaries in Centenary Church, Richmond, for work in China

the Richmond District. The stationed preachers were J. H. Davis, George W. Langhorne, Petherbridge, and others I cannot recall. Dr. Leroy M. Lee was editor of the *Richmond Christian Advocate*, and the *Advocate* office and the "Bookroom" were the rallying places for all the preachers, either living in or passing through the city.

A Missionary Conference held in Centenary Church in March, 1854, had drawn thither quite an extraordinary group of ministers, and some homes in Richmond were made glad by having these holy men of God tarry awhile around their tables and at their firesides. These were the days when almost every Methodist home had a spare room always ready for the preacher; in many cases called "the preacher's room"; and strange to say, the ministers were seldom found lingering about a hotel, choosing rather to be welcomed into the homes of the people. With the visiting brethren, and entertained part of the time in the Centenary parsonage, was Nique, brought from China by Dr. Jenkins, a returned missionary. His long black queue and quaint costume left a lasting impression on the minds of the little folks in the parsonage, and went far to increase in the hearts and minds of their elders a love for foreign missions.

Transcript from the diary of a Richmond pastor pieced together with the recollections of a little girl in Centenary parsonage in 1854:

Friday, March 24.—"Met Bishop Andrew and his company at the Petersburg depot." Who were entertained: Bishop Andrew at Brother Bell's; Rev. Mr. Belton at Brother Talbott's; Dr. Jenkins at Brother William Grey's; Dr. Kelley at Larkin Glazebrooke's; J. W. Lambuth at

Brother Wooldridge's; old Brother Kelly at Lipscomb's; W. M. Wightman at Dr. Lee's. (Thomas B. Sargent probably at the parsonage.)

Saturday, March 25.—"Thomas B. Sargent preached at eleven. We dined at Brother Bell's with the Bishop. Arrangements made for missionary meetings. Large company at J. M. Taylor's."

Sunday, March 26.—"Bishop Andrew preached at eleven, and ordained J. W. Lambuth, one of our young missionaries to China. Dr. Wightman preached at night. Excellent sermon."

Monday, March 27.—"Farewell meeting of missionaries. Glorious time! Kelly, Lambuth, Belton, also Dr. Jenkins."

Our Specials

"Trinity Church has carried Specials for a number of years and has received great spiritual blessing therefrom."—REV. R. P. SHULER, Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Los Angeles, California



Indians in Louisiana among whom Rev. A. D. Martin, of the French Mission, is at work. They truly belong to the class of Forgotten Men. Mr. Martin kneeling at right



Mexican Sunday school class, Kenedy, Texas. (Left): Victoria Carabajal, Esther Guerra, converted in April; Lupe Rodriguez, Roman Catholic; Hortencia Cantu, candidate

FORGOTTEN INDIANS, who live down among the bayous of Louisiana! "They are as far from God as they can possibly be," says the Rev. A. D. Martin, pastor in our French Mission in Louisiana, "but they want to know something about the Savior of the world, and I am doing my best to tell them about him." One thousand of these neglected people live within the reach of one of Mr. Martin's little churches, and others are scattered here and there. Although his mission is to his own French people, Mr. Martin cannot resist the appeal of these forgotten Indians. He has received fifteen of them into the Church this year. Mr. Martin is the Missionary Special of Berryman Church, Richmond, Virginia, and these good people will be happy to learn of the success that is crowning this new venture of his.

A GOODLY TREE—so the Church in Cuba has been called. "Methodism, planted in Cuba only thirty-four years ago, is developing into a goodly tree; we are already seeing the fruits of our labors," says Rev. S. A. Neblett, Executive Secretary of the Board of Education in Cuba. "It is true that material conditions are deplorable and poverty and want abound, but these things will right themselves. I have never been more optimistic over the advance of the Kingdom of God in Cuba than now." Consecrated Christian leadership, trained in the work of the Church, is beginning to make itself felt, and to this, in part, Mr. Neblett attributes the progress of the work in Cuba. Mr. Neblett himself is doing a mighty work in this training program. In 1932, under his direction, a training class was held in prac-

tically every church on the island. A total of 471 credits was issued. Because of his great interest in Sunday school training, it is most appropriate that Mr. Neblett should himself be a Sunday school Special. He is the foreign representative of the Sunday school of St. John's Church, Augusta, Georgia, and the pastor says of him: "He is a missionary who can grip and hold the home folks. All of us love him."

LITTLE MEXICAN MAIDENS all in a row—they belong to a Mexican Sunday school class at Kenedy, Texas. Two of them joined the church during a revival in Kenedy in April, and a third is a candidate for membership. Rev. J. N. de los Santos, pastor at Kenedy, conducted the revival himself, and ten new members were received and one child baptized. What church on the lookout for an interesting Special would like to take this Mexican worker and help him spread the gospel among his own people?

PRAYER SPECIALS in the Baltimore District, Baltimore Conference, have met with high favor. For 1933 practically every church in the district has taken one or more missionaries as Prayer Specials. Dr. John Paul Tyler, presiding elder, says: "Every missionary who has gone out from the Baltimore Conference is to be undergirded by intercession of one or more churches whose pastors have agreed to pray *by name* for their Special at every service of the church during the year. We had great profit from this plan last year, and we are expecting greater this year."

The Missionary Society

July Program for Adults

Topic: Prohibition and Law Enforcement, a Dialogue between a Wet and a Dry. (See leaflet and July WORLD OUTLOOK for articles bearing on this subject.)

Patriotic Worship Service

Hymn: "O God of Hosts, with Thy Strong Hand" (tune to Hymn No. 12 or No. 47, *Methodist Hymnal*).

O God of hosts, with thy strong hand
Protect our homes and fatherland;
Be thou our shield in war and peace
And guide our steps till life shall cease.

Defend, O God, this land of ours,
Its grassy plains, its mountain tow'rs;
Thy blessing be upon it shed,
Like morning dew on flow'ry bed.

Teach us in truth and light to grow,
Thy laws to love, thy word to know;
In thee we will for aye abide;
O King of glory, be our guide!

—NORDAHL ROLFSEN

Scripture Lesson: Read by leader.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord,
And the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.

When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; but when the wicked bear rule, the people mourn.

If thou hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God,

The Lord thy God will set thee on high above all nations of the earth.

A young woman dressed in white should stand in front holding the United States flag.

Freedom:

My name is Liberty!
From out of a mighty land
I face the ancient sea,
I lift to God my hand:
By day in heaven's light
A pillar of fire by night
At ocean's gate I stand
Nor bend the knee.

CLARENCE STEDMAN

The following should be read by different members of the Society.

Union:

Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.

DANIEL WEBSTER

Equality:

We hold these truths to be self-evident:

That all men are created equal;

That they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights;

That among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;

That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Service:

God hath made of one blood all nations of men, and we are his children—brothers and sisters all.

We are citizens of these United States, and we believe our flag stands for self-sacrifice for the good of all the people. We want, therefore, to be true citizens of our great country, and will show our love for her by our works.

Our country does not ask us to die for her welfare; she asks us to live for her, and so to live and so to act that her government may be pure, her officers honest, and every corner of her territory shall be a place fit to grow the best men and women, who shall rule over her.

MARY McDOWELL

Education and Americanization:

The flag means universal education—light for every mind, knowledge for every child. We must have but one flag. We must also have but one language.

This must be the language of the Declaration of Independence.

WOODROW WILSON

Righteousness:

I have lived a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth,

That God governs in the Affairs of Men.

And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it possible that an empire can rise without his aid?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

World Brotherhood:

But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

WOODROW WILSON

Young Woman holding Flag:

I am what you make me, nothing more.

I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color.

A symbol of yourself.

A pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation.

My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors.

They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts.

We are all making the flag.

FRANKLIN K. LANE

Hymn: No. 702, the *Methodist Hymnal*.

Prayer:

O God, thou great Ruler of all the world, strengthen the sense of duty in our political life. Grant that the servants of the state may feel more deeply that any diversion of their public powers for private ends is a betrayal of their country. Purge our cities and our nation of the deep causes of corruption which have so often made sin profitable and uprightness hard. Bring to an end the stale days of party cunning. Breathe a new spirit into all our nation. Lift us from the dust and mire of the past that we may gird ourselves for a new day's work. Give our leaders a new vision of the possible future of our country, and set their hearts on fire with large resolves. Raise up a new generation of public men, who will have the faith and daring of the Kingdom of God in their hearts, and who will enlist for life in a holy warfare for the freedom and rights of the people. Amen.

WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH

Thy Kingdom Come

"The Kingdom of Heaven Is Like Unto Leaven Which a Woman

FOR our "Kingdom" material this month we are robbing a mail bag, and it is the missionaries' mail at that. In all the world the man nearest the forces that are working to bring the Kingdom of God on earth is the missionary, that man who, called of God, is bidden to go and with power bring in His Kingdom. At this time there is a thick network of correspondence going on between the mission fields and the pastors at home. As busy as the missionary is, and he is busier than anybody at home can at all imagine—but busy as he is, he is glad to lay everything down for a few moments and say out of his heart some interesting things he has seen taking place in the far world-field. Near the WORLD OUTLOOK desk is a repository for the precious carbons of these letters, and we are giving to you this month little window views—cross-sections in miniature—of what the missionaries are thinking, from Soochow to Poznan and from Havana to Campinas, all the more interesting because the missionaries who did the writing had no slightest suspicion of the big gallery of people looking over their shoulders.

Gaither Warfield in Poland

REV. GAITHER P. WARFIELD, a Baltimore product, writing to the preachers of the Baltimore Conference, reviews the solid, encouraging growth of the Polish Mission and then strikingly describes the need and opportunity for the gospel in that land:

I both rejoice and sorrow when I consider the innumerable opportunities for Christ in Poland. Volumes could be written on this subject. Under the influence of modern social trends the masses are turning away from formalistic religion and clericalism. Dissatisfied with the old formulae, they are unconsciously looking for an answer to their spiritual hunger. Every Polish town or city contains a group of these seekers who eagerly welcome and accept the unadulterated message of the Gospels. When we turn to professional and educational circles, we find an even greater contempt for all forms of petrified religion. As a young psychologist said to me recently: "In Warsaw and most Polish cities over eight per cent of all educated Poles are totally indifferent to religion as presented by the established churches." Yet these same individuals are intensely interested in life and all ethical and moral problems devolving from it. We have found from experience that their hearts are open to any message that rings true. What rich possibilities among them the future holds for us! In a wide measure it depends on the church at home whether we shall fulfil the task set before us.

A Daybreak Prayer Meeting

IN the next paragraph we take a long jump across hundreds of miles, several thousands, indeed, to far-away Korea, and view a striking picture of Christian work as it is done in that remarkable land. It is really a picture painted with deft and very vivid strokes by

Rev. V. W. Peters out of his work in the country churches of Korea:

It is only four-thirty in the morning by my watch, but the church bell is ringing. In another half hour it will ring again for the opening of prayer meeting. Under the warm covers on the heated stone floor of my little Korean room I thank the Lord for good rest, for a waiting congregation, for his message suited to their needs. Once out of bed, the cold winter air does not invite me to loiter over my dressing. It is done, and with the Bible and hymn book in hand, I am on my way to the church. By the light of the waning moon I thread my way through the narrow lanes between silent houses, and am soon at the church.

Sometimes the strains of a familiar hymn floating out sweetly over the village greet me on the way; at other times all is still as I catch a view of the glowing windows of the church on the hill. At such times I find the people all prone on the floor in silent prayer and meditation. Some of them have been there since two or three o'clock in the morning, or perhaps some have prayed all night. Only the Lord knows the silent battles that have been fought out there alone with him and the heavy burdens that have been laid before him.

The second bell rings and is still. I rise and announce a hymn. After this we have prayer, a Bible talk, more prayer, and close with a hymn. If I call for individual prayers, there is always ready response; if I say, "Let us all pray together," then all voices are raised at once in a chorus of petition. Even dismissal does not put an end to a Korean prayer meeting; there are those who have nothing urgent at home and stay for further prayer.

We call these services "daybreak prayer meeting" because they close at daybreak. Our walk home is lighted by the first streaks of dawn. Many churches have these prayer meetings every morning the year round, but just now it is the occasion of the Bible study class, an annual institution in the Korean church.

How It Works in Cuba

THE island of Cuba is seven hundred forty miles long," Rev. O. K. Hopkins reminds us. "It is divided into four presiding elders' districts, though the number of pastors in the four districts is little in excess of the number to be found in one good-sized district in one of our Conferences in the homeland." Mr. Hopkins tells the story of marvelous penetration, illustrating the leavening power of the gospel, and giving a heartening story of the influence of Protestant Christianity in Cuba:

We should not forget that the gospel is rooting itself more and more firmly in Cuban life and society. A few months ago I had to visit one of the police stations for the purpose of registering as a foreigner. There were three young men in the office attending to that service, and I was interested to discover that one of them was a Methodist, the second a Presbyterian, and the other a Baptist. We can now find our people almost everywhere we go. They are in the army, in the navy, in offices of the several departments of the government.

One of the finest young men of our congregation is now in Paris completing his education in the medical profession; an-

Thy Will Be Done

Took and Hid in Three Measures of Meal Till It Was All Leavened"

other is in New York pursuing his studies; and still a third, who had finished two years of his work when the University of Havana was closed, is going to Madrid in July for the same purpose. The Superintendent of the Sunday school out at Leland Memorial Church is a graduate pharmacist in charge of a drug store in the neighborhood. The head nurse in the Civil Hospital in Cienfuegos is a faithful member of our church in that city, and through her influence a number of our girls have been admitted and trained as nurses in the Nurse Training School located there. Three of the members of our Church in this city are serving in as many hospitals as trained nurses. Yes, the influence of the gospel is reaching down deeper and deeper into the life of the Cuban people.

Girls Just the Same

MISS HELEN CLARK went out to China, now nearly two years ago, just in time for student riots and the Japanese invasion which inspired the students to demand a positive foreign policy from the government. It has been strenuous, sometimes dangerous, but never dull. To her friends in North Carolina she writes with affectionate discernment of the fine young students to whose training she is devoting her life:

If only you could look into the minds of these eager young students of ours, you would realize that they are hungry for the water of eternal life which Jesus brought. I felt that the problems of the American college student were difficult until I came to know Chinese students intimately. Now the perplexities of the American college boy or girl seem trivial by comparison. If you simply observe the students on the outside, you are struck by the fact that there is very little difference in their manners, interests, activities, and dispositions from the average group of students in the United States. Living here in the girls' dormitory at Soochow University is just like being back at Randolph-Macon Woman's College so far as the everyday surface of our lives is concerned. There are the same types of girls: the bookworm, the clothes-centered, the boy-crazy, the tomboy, the all-round good sport. The girls giggle and talk in the same way and about the same things; they even use Chinese slang expressions which are almost the exact equivalent of the American schoolgirls—"thrilled to death" and "cute." But when I go beneath the surface of that gay exterior, I find a heart that is aching for peace and certainty as it faces a changing society.

Wesley's Indebtedness to the Czechs

DR. JOSEPH PAUL BARTAK, Prague, Czechoslovakia, says of his adopted state, Texas: "It was here that as a dumb immigrant boy I was permitted to enter the Preparatory School of Southwestern University in Georgetown in the fall of 1907." From that point he is graciously guided through college and university until, in the providence of God, he goes back as a missionary to his own beloved Czechs. The success of our Methodist work in Czechoslovakia, Dr. Bartak thinks, is so phenomenal that "perhaps no other Mission has ever grown so fast within its first decade."

On account of the depression, the question may be raised whether this work is to be continued. To my own mind it seems that the very honor of our Church is involved. Would it be right for parents to abandon a son twelve years old, letting him shift for himself? Besides, is not Protestantism as a whole indebted to the country of John Huss, and did not Luther write to Spalatin: "I have hitherto taught and held all the opinions of John Huss unawares; so did John Staupitz; in short, we are all Hussites without knowing it. Paul and Augustine are Hussites to a word"? John Wesley's spiritual indebtedness to the Moravian missionaries is of common knowledge to all Methodists. These considerations and the fact that it seems morally impossible for a mother Church to abandon her daughter make me believe that our great Methodist Church in America will keep faith with us on the mission field, depression or no depression, and that the cause of Christ will conquer at last.

It's the Missionary's Wife

MRS. EULA H. BOWDEN, of Juiz de Fora, Brazil, tells more good stories than there is space to repeat. "No one asked me for a letter," she says, "but as I have had some wonderful experiences since Christmas, I feel called to tell about them. Each year and each day I receive richer and richer blessings in my Master's work in this beautiful but needy land, and I can say that I have experienced and am experiencing the joy of service.

Our church here is making a heroic effort to liquidate the debt on the building by June to be able to dedicate it at Conference time. A committee was appointed to study ways and means to raise the amount. The plan they adopted was to make a list of the members of the church, placing them in groups, and assessing them for what they thought they ought to give. Of course this was a very unfortunate way to raise money and caused criticism and hard feeling.

There is an old lady in our church who will be eighty-five years old tomorrow. She is paralyzed in her legs but can work with her hands. She is never idle. She sits on a low stool darning socks or mending clothes or embroidering all the time. She is always cheerful and happy, and does not like it if she isn't allowed to help in the church's expenses. This woman's daughter was talking to her neighbors about her son and son-in-law, and others, about the church list. They were all complaining that they had been assessed too much and somebody else got more money and was assessed less. Then D. Belmira invited all of them to go into her house where her mother was.

She said to her mother: "Mother, you were put on the list to give ten mil reis (about fifty cents at the present rate of exchange, but it represents much more than that to a poor woman) to the church debt."

Her mother replied: "Was I? how fine!"

Then D. Belmira said: "But, mother, how are you going to get together that much money?"

"I don't know," said the old lady, "but the Lord will provide a way, and I intend to pay every cent of it."

Then all the others went out, ashamed of themselves. If all of us took such delight in giving to our Master's work as this old lady does, the Board of Missions would not be in the circumstances it is today.

Personals

A link with the remote past was broken when, on February 21, Mrs. **Hester E. Robinson**, who had already passed her ninety-sixth year, was laid to rest in historic old Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond, Virginia. Mrs. Robinson was the widow of Rev. W. A. Robinson, a well-known Methodist preacher of the Virginia Conference. For years she lived in Ashland as the kindly hostess of scores of young preachers who through the years have thought of her as a second mother. Recently the *WORLD OUTLOOK* carried an editorial, "Ninety-Five Years and Natural Force Unabated." This word of appreciation, written out of the grateful heart of the editor, seems now a foregleam of her early going. She was one of the few remaining daughters of the Old South.

✦

Rev. D. M. Litaker, presiding elder of the Asheville District, has been pushing things on his district over the pre-Easter period. Bishops Mouzon and Kern have been with him, and just recently he had Dr. Hounshell with him for a Sabbath, using him at Hillside Church at 10:00 A.M., at Haywood Street at 11:00 to 11:20, at Central from 11:25 to noon, a city-wide meeting in Central at 3:00 P.M., and at West Asheville at night. It is like having Dr. Hounshell with him "a week last Sunday." In January Brother Litaker had written Dr. Cram: "Hold the lines; the reserves are coming."

✦

At the Paine College pageant during the celebration in Augusta, in that notable ensemble picture, a little lady stood by President Peters that should have been called before the curtain and given an ovation as the author of that remarkable presentation. The parents of **Miss Emma C. W. Gray** were members of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church. At the age of ten she entered the grammar school at Paine, and ten years later graduated from the college, finally graduating at the University of Chicago. Ever since her graduation she has served as a member of the faculty of Paine College. Miss Gray has known all of the Presidents of Paine, and has been herself, in her retiring, serviceful way, a potent factor in the progress of that institution.

✦

Rev. William E. Lampe, Ph.D., Secretary of the Executive Committee of the General Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States, was Chairman of the Committee for the Stanley Jones Meetings in the Philadelphia Dis-

trict. Dr. Lampe, writing to the editor of the *WORLD OUTLOOK* of the account that he had seen of the Stanley Jones meetings in the South, says: "This is a page in the modern Acts of the Apostles, and I think it is a faithful, strengthening message." Dr. Jones was to speak at Morristown for a day, and was for two days to be in Philadelphia.

✦

Rev. Harold E. Fey, editor of the *World Call*, published in Indianapolis as the missionary periodical of the United Christian Missionary Society, has been looking in upon the Rural School recently held at Vanderbilt University. Mr. Fey did us the pleasure of a call at the office of the *WORLD OUTLOOK*, reporting the meeting of the Press Association, from which he had just come, in Washington, and talking wisely and interestingly about the trials and triumphs of missionary editing. It was heartening to learn that during the year his paper had much more than held its own. The *World Call* is among the very best periodicals, secular or religious, that come to this office.

✦

Vashti School, Thomasville, Georgia, by order of the Woman's Council, is to be reorganized and strengthened through the addition of a four-year high-school course, under a principal trained for the work. This new superintendent will serve as co-superintendent with Miss Charlotte Dye, who with fine devotion and efficiency has served Vashti School for years. This change has come about through the decision of the Council to close Brevard Institute, Brevard, North Carolina, at the end of its summer session, it being felt that the Institute had already performed the function for which it was organized. Books and laboratory equipment will be transferred from Brevard to Vashti.

✦

Miss Florence J. Hummel, President of the Mary Anderson Phillips Circle of the Lafayette Park Church, St. Louis, passed to her reward on March 12. A friend who knew her well says that she was a creative spirit in the Sunday school and League, as well as in the Missionary Society. For many years she sang on Sunday afternoons at the Missouri Pacific Hospital, and in other ways gave generously of time and talents to those who suffered. Members of the Missionary Society were deeply touched when, upon opening what she said was "a small bequest," they found she had left them a "love gift" of fifty dollars.

Rev. W. G. Borchers, pastor of our church at Campinas, Brazil, visits once a month the large leper colony at Pirapitinguy, operated by the Brazilian Government, preaching the gospel and distributing tracts to all who know how to read. Last year he established a small loan library of 240 good books. Mr. Borchers has the government's permission to build an evangelical church at the colony, which houses 700 patients, the number of which will be more than doubled when all the buildings are completed.

The World in a Word

THE fifty-second birthday of the Christian Endeavor young people's movement was observed from January 29 to February 5 in practically every country of the world. Bible study, denominational activities, emphasis on world-peace, and a recognition of the work done by alumni of the movement in the past half century were features of the observance. ¶ In all of China's 470,000,000 but 3,000,000 are Christian, and of these but 500,000 are Protestant. Great areas wait for the first news of the Savior. And in some places it is said that women ask, "Is this doctrine for men only, or may women believe?" ¶ On November 8, 1932, California voted to repeal her Prohibition enforcement act. Press reports from Los Angeles quote Mayor Porter in a statement that drunken driving and arrests for drunkenness have increased between 200 per cent and 300 per cent since the repeal of the law. ¶ According to the American Bible Society the Chinese national army recently purchased 8,000 Bibles written in the Chinese language. ¶ Dr. Albert Einstein, who is to spend five months of each year in America, has accepted an invitation to serve as honorary chairman of the War Registers League in America.

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Man and the Machine

(Continued from page 21)

est commandment, he said to love the Lord with all one's heart, mind, and soul. Man has a new God. It is money. He does not work men long hours on low wages because he hates the men. He does not turn them out to starve because he has anything against them. It is simply for the love of money. If he can make them work a long time on low wages, that means more money for him. When a new machine comes along, he promptly turns off the men because the machine will make him more money. He has increased his means of production and speeded up the process beyond the consumers' power to consume all that is produced, all in the hopes of making more money.

It looks as if Jesus were right, after all. From 1920 to 1929 it looked as if he were wrong. Man was making money, not by loving his neighbor and loving God, but by gambling and otherwise chasing the dollar; but now it looks as if everybody, both rich and poor, would have been, or would be, better off at the present time if we had all thought less about the dollar and more about making this world a better place in which to live.

Note.—After a study of the chapter under the title, "Men and Machines," of Dr. Alva Taylor's book, *Christianity and Industry*, in Miss Mary DeBardeleben's class on the Teachings of Jesus, one of the pupils, Don Weilenman, wrote the above.

I Was in Prison and Ye Visited Me

(Continued from page 13)

Here one of her friends writes of seeing the wife of a prisoner and her twin babies come for advice and help. The babies were bathed and freshly clothed, the mother heartened and given money to take her to her family. To this home came boys on probation from the juvenile court and ex-prisoners.

In telling of her visit there this friend says further: "When we finally were going upstairs, I remarked that she had not locked the front door. 'This door is never locked,' said Miss Macdonald; 'and if you lock it now, you will be locking in the burglars instead of locking them out, for upstairs there are six men sleeping who just came out of prison today.'"

Of course, a work of this kind and of the proportions to which it grew was not long in attracting the attention first of minor officials and then of the imperial government itself. The *Japan Advertiser*, of Tokyo, in speaking of Miss Macdonald's work at the time of her death, said: "Her remarkable knowledge of Japanese enabled her to talk to them (the prisoners) freely, and helped also to inspire confidence in the prison authorities, governors of convict prisons, judges of the Supreme Court, police and legal officials—became her friends and helpers. She was ruling elder in a Japanese Presbyterian Church and a Christian of the clearest faith, but could work with and gain the co-operation of the Buddhist prison chaplains. Miss Macdonald always considered that the most valuable thing she had done was to gain the interest and support of the Japanese authorities. Her single-handed influence has certainly brought about a change in the general attitude toward prisoners."

When she first began her visits to the prisons the guards treated her more or less as an intruder, but under the spell of the "glowing beauty of her mission" their displeasure vanished. "Not only did they discontinue to put hindrances in her way, but the warden and the other officials," wrote a member of the *Japan Times* staff, "came to realize the urgent need of approaching their incumbents from an angle which had been foreign to the authorities in those days."

A further evidence of the fine spirit of co-operation Miss Macdonald was able to win from the authorities is the fact that the former chief warden of one of the largest prisons headed the list of the board of directors of her "Home for the Friendless Stranger," as she called the settlement in which she served ex-prisoners and the families of prisoners. "She was in close touch," said the *London Times*, "with every official in Japanese criminal administration, from judges to jailers."

As one result of her work with prisoners and their families Miss Macdonald became intensely interested in the labor movement in Japan. At her "Home for the Friendless Stranger" a warm welcome awaited the labor leaders and laborers, among whom she sought always to present Christian ideas of social progress. So closely did she identify herself with the cause of labor, and in such high regard did she come to be held by some of the labor leaders, that in 1929 she was chosen to accompany the labor delegation as interpreter to the International Labor Conference in Geneva. In 1924, in recognition of her services during the earthquake, His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor, conferred upon her the Sixth Order of the

Sacred Treasure. In 1925, in recognition of her work for prisoners, the Department of Justice presented her with a silver cup on which was the following inscription: "To Miss Caroline Macdonald, who for more than ten years has labored among prisoners, especially among those condemned to death, and who has brought to them and other unfortunate people the comfort of the gospel of God." This cup was accompanied by a certificate bearing on the top the Imperial crest, a gold chrysanthemum, and at the lower left corner the signature and large red seal of the Minister of Justice.

At the enthronement of the present Emperor she was the recipient of a silver cup designating her as one of six foreigners giving distinguished service to industry, commerce, immigration, and colonization. But perhaps the treasure she valued most was a copper coin worth about half a cent left in a formal will, as his only earthly possession, by a criminal into whose life she had brought the peace of God before his execution.

Of the final honor that came to her she never knew. Attacked by a malignant disease, she left Japan in order to spend her last days with loved ones, among whom was her aged mother. The Japanese Government sent her through the Minister to Canada a pair of beautiful silver vases as a "sick bed gift in appreciation of her meritorious service," but the spirit had flown before the gift reached her bedside.

A memorial service was held in Tokyo. The church seating eight hundred was crowded. Before the pulpit was placed a beautifully enlarged portrait of Miss Macdonald taken in the cap and gown worn when she received her LL.D. degree from her Alma Mater. Judges, ministers, governors of the four prisons which she had served, Buddhist priests, members of several college and university faculties were in the assembly. Many telegrams from various cities in Japan were read. Perhaps the most impressive incident in the funeral ceremony was a tribute to her spirit read by a governor of one of the prisons. Among other things, he said: "You, a woman of culture and taste, left your far-away country to bring comfort and love to prisoners, to the outcasts of society. You brought the Word of God to those unfortunate ones not as one performing a duty but as a mother talking with her children. During the past seventeen years thousands of prisoners who have been strengthened by your inspiring advice and practical assistance. Only God and perhaps the Governor of Kosuge (the largest prison she visited) can know what expenditure of vital force was required for this stupendous labor of love."

Thoughts on "Re-Thinking Missions"

(Continued from page 10)

educator, but found his power in the itinerant ministry. The most noted educator went out as a fiery evangelist, but made his name directing the destinies of a great educational institution. The best business man got his training in a theological seminary. And thus it is.

The old and tried method of sending out earnest and consecrated young men and women as "raw recruits" and allowing them to "find themselves" on the field is by far the best method in practice, whether it is in theory or not, and we do not think it will ever be improved upon. Naturally some will be failures, but as a rule it is "the making" of real missionaries.

As to the caustic criticism made by the Commission of the personnel of the missionary forces, suffice it to say that these pioneer souls have carried their torch to every nook and corner of the globe and made it possible for this Commission of college professors to travel around the world in luxury and get back home with hide and hair.

A commission of three blind men was appointed to examine an elephant and report to their fellows. One said he was like a piece of leather. He had touched his ear. Another said he was like a brick wall. He had touched his side. The other said he was like a rope, and it was raveled out at the end. He had touched his tail. Without wishing to be caustic, or even humorous, we must confess that the report of the Commission of Laymen impresses us as a report of blind men. We well remember how blind we were during the first four or five years on the field. It would have been almost impossible for these well-

meaning gentlemen to have gotten the intelligent conception of the fields they visited during their short stay on them.

We believe the present critical situation in which the cause of missions finds itself today was caused by two things. First, we experienced a very decided reaction following the tremendous strides made during the Methodist Centenary Movement. This was to be expected. Depression almost always follows close after exertion. After the Nineveh campaign Jonah prayed that he might die, for he considered himself a failure. After the victory on Mount Carmel Elijah was thoroughly disheartened, and thought the cause was doomed. The second cause of present conditions is the severe depression through which we are passing.

The policies of our Mission Boards are sound. The personnel on the field is as good as we may reasonably expect to have. What we need at the present time is to climb the mountain of consecration and, like Elijah of old, watch the Lord pass by. And we will probably learn that it is not by might nor by power, not by organization or re-organization, but by the still small voice—by the foolishness of preaching—by the humble efforts of consecrated men on the field, and by sacrificial giving on the part of consecrated men in the homeland that the frontiers of the Kingdom shall be extended.

The missionary welcomes constructive criticism, but in times like these we should be very careful that our criticism be not destructive. After reading this voluminous report we are forced to the conclusion that the Commission should, in fact, re-think missions.

Unique Contribution of Our Church Colleges to Youth

(Continued from page 11)

rience if it is to stand. The religion we receive serves well in childhood; but unless we embark on the great adventure for ourselves, that sort of religion soon vanishes. The religion we achieve is the faith that stands the test through the years. Our parents may give us the Bible and teach us the underlying principles of the Christian faith, but ultimately we must discover God for ourselves.

Faced with this fact, it would appear that the college is not responsible for, nor does it create, that period of storm and stress through which the average student passes. That is the normal accompaniment of the developing personality. The colleges do offer increased knowledge and broadened hori-

zons, and these in turn call for many readjustments in the thinking of the individual. We must face the fact, however, that it is the normal thing for growing youth to want to test the teaching of the fathers by the light of personal experience. The thing of vital importance is that the intellectual and spiritual readjustment shall take place in a definitely Christian atmosphere, and in a situation where the student has access to clear-minded godly men and women. We may be reasonably certain that under these conditions he will come out of the maze with a faith that is intelligent and well founded, and that will not waver in the presence of all the storms that blow.

The supreme purpose of education is

the creation and development of the finest character possible in every individual. Our greatest need now as always is not merely educated men and women, but in every business and profession and calling we need those whose attitude toward their calling is definitely and intelligently Christian. We need not only to know the teachings of science, but to know the God whose handiwork science reveals. We need not only the knowledge of history, but a Christian philosophy of history such that we shall be able to see that

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with
the process of the suns."

We need to be able to look forward to that

"One far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves,"

and to see in it all the hand of God, whose chief concern is the abundant life for every one of his children.

Dr. J. Edgar Park once remarked that "a college is no bigger and no smaller than its faculty. The best reason for selecting a particular college is so we may sit at the feet of some great teacher." Material equipment is important and is in no sense to be despised, but much can be done with comparatively little of this, if there is offered the inspiration and contagion of a great spirit and mind. Surely we parents who are concerned that our sons and daughters shall come from college not only with trained minds but with a faith that is clear and bright would do well to search out those schools where the atmosphere is definitely Christian, and where men and women who know God for themselves shall be able to guide our youth into a like experience. Thank God for the Church college with its genuinely Christian teachers.

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A Tribute to a Great Teacher

(Continued from page 15)

little orphan girl, Miss Holding said: "My heart went out in prayer for strength and wisdom to guide her aright." Without doubt, similar prayers went up for all those committed to her care, for they were young human lives whom she earnestly wished and yearned to win for Christ. And this she tried to do in her quiet and unobtrusive way. As for the parents of those children at the Seminary who were fortunate to have either or both of them, only words of praise for Miss Holding were ever on their lips.

That Miss Holding placed the emphasis on the religious rather than on the academic phase of education was clearly shown in more ways than one. She herself tells us in her book, *A Decade of Mission Life*: "All of the beauty and brightness which we could gather up and bring to bear upon the work we have considered but the means to the ever glorious end—the salvation of souls." The liberal arts were given a great deal of attention. Miss Holding says concerning this: "Children whom we could not otherwise have touched have been drawn to us by the superior musical advantages which we were able to offer . . . until a sense of higher and nobler music touched the soul."

Religious exercises in the morning were part of the daily life of the school. At this time Miss Holding would read from and explain the Word of God. But it was through the vesper services, conducted for those who attend, that day by day Miss Holding was getting a firmer hold in the hearts of the students. Her patience and tolerance, her forbearance, and her matchless tact stood her in good stead in helping her carry out her work successfully.

One of the many remarkable qualities about Miss Holding was her great and genuine love for the Mexican people. Since the early days of her missionary life she identified herself with,

and became one of, the race among whom she worked—she had the spirit of the true missionary.

As the years passed by we learned to love Miss Holding more and more and appreciate her greatness. All of us were free to call on her at any time, but naturally the younger of the children, whether through timidity or because of their love of play, did not avail themselves of this privilege as often as some of the older children did. Some of us would call on her every evening for a minute or two to inquire about her health or bid her good night; others would call on Sunday afternoons after quiet hour. The object of the visit might be to seek advice or merely to enjoy a friendly chat. The conversation might be on general subjects or on personal ones or on the ever present theme—the story of Jesus. These Sunday afternoon visits were so refreshing in mind and spirit that it seemed, reverently speaking, as though we had been in the Upper Chamber and in divine presence; for was not Moyito, as we affectionately loved to call Miss Holding, revealing unto us, in her tactful and matchless way, the life and works of the Master?

During the thirty years that Miss Holding was actively engaged (she retired in 1913) in Christian education many lives were touched and quickened. In whatever walk of life they may be found today, whether in the business work or as home makers, they are indeed filling their places better for their having come in contact with that great and noble Christian woman, whose words we love to recall and whose memory we have enshrined in our hearts. What matter if her name be not found in the Hall of Fame, if it is written in the Great Hall Beyond? Her forehead will wear a crown more glorious and more bright than any fashioned by human hands and worn by earthly kings.

Builders of Roads in Mexico

(Continued from page 17)

or Juan's mother says: "That story you told last week has helped my child. Not once have I had to say, 'Are you telling me the truth?' because the truth shines in his eyes."

There are certain volunteer helpers who are eager for Sunday afternoons to come, so they may go in their cars to the school for the blind and bring the pupils to Centro for a recreational hour. What an inspiration it is to see the light of real joy coming to the faces of young men and women who have been blind since birth, and to see an

old lady for the first time in all her life really playing a game and laughing like a child!

The value of a social center in any community certainly cannot be estimated. And neither can we compute or limit by mere figures the power and value of a single school to a nation. Laurens Institute has within its walls boys and girls whose lives sound like fiction. They come from the city and from mountain fastnesses, from homes of plenty and from homes of direst need. Still they have one great thing in

common—their eagerness to learn. They are glad to be alive, glad that Laurens Institute exists, glad of the opportunity that it gives them to stretch their wings and learn to fly.

Until three years ago Maria Botella, twenty-two years of age, had never been to school a day in her life. She was converted at a meeting in which Senor Guerra, pastor of the church at Monterrey, was assisted by a group of Laurens boys. For a long while Maria was one of two Protestants in the whole of the village of San Juan. But she was not discouraged by her aloneness. She did not rest until she had converted her whole family, and she did not cease praying until the way opened for her to go to school through the gift of an unseen friend in far-away Virginia.

Today Maria's life is a shining inspiration to all who know her, and her heart is beating with great hopes for the day when she will graduate and return to her village prepared to lead in the education and spiritual guidance of the ones she loves. What the gift of the Virginia benefactor will mean to Mexico no one can tell. But the fingers of prophecy point to greater returns than any bank or stock exchange has yet been able to pay, and the best part about it is that these returns are placed where neither moth nor rust doth cor-

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rupt and where neither thieves nor de-
pressions can break through and steal.

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Colegio Roberts, Saltillo, the pride of
all Mexican Methodism—the school in
which deaconesses and teachers and mis-
sionaries are trained—sent twenty-six
young graduates out into the villages
and byways to begin their ministry of
service to their native land.

How tenderly and with what pride
their missionary-teachers watch them
go! How eagerly they listen for news
of their achievements, and how readily
they wait to give their sane encourage-
ment and help when times of testing
come and difficulties arise!

Builders of new roads these mission-
aries are, whose influence spreads like a
veritable network of highways through
the nation, supplying the element of
the spiritual which the government in

its lack of foresight is failing to pro-
vide. The work needing to be done cer-
tainly is far beyond the strength of the
few workers left to carry it on.

Shall we talk of retreating, or re-
calling more missionaries because of
lack of funds, of closing schools and
social centers because we are unable to
supply the most urgent of repairs? Shall
we talk of retreat in a time of crisis
like this, when God as never before
needs minds and hearts and hands
to work for him?

No! a thousand times no! Let us
support this work we have begun. Let
us make its wider extension possible by
our sacrifices and our prayers until we
ourselves shall become in reality co-
workers with the builders of new roads
in Mexico—until we shall be truly “one
with Christ” in helping a neighbor na-
tion find its struggling way to God.

Books Received

THE PRESENT-DAY SUMMONS TO THE
WORLD MISSION OF CHRISTIANITY. By
John R. Mott. Cokesbury Press. Price, \$2.50.

LIVING ISSUES IN CHINA. By Henry T.
Hodgkin. Friendship Press.

THE NEW FREEDOM IN THE NATURAL
ORDER. By Charles Frederick Wishart. The
Macmillan Company. Price, \$2.50.

AMERICA, THE PHILIPPINES, AND THE
ORIENT. By Hilario Camino Moncado.
Revell. Price, \$2.

THE FOUR MARYS. By Agnes Sligh Turn-
bull. Revell. Price, \$1.50.

THE YOUNG REVOLUTIONIST. By Pearl
S. Buck. Friendship Press. Price, \$1.50.

PRINCIPLES AND DEVELOPMENT OF
CHURCH GOVERNMENT. By Robert W.
Goodloe. Cokesbury Press. Price, \$1.50.

THE UNITED STATES AND DISARMA-
MENT. By Benjamin H. Williams. McGraw-
Hill Book Company, Whittlesey House.

COST OF GOVERNMENT IN THE UNIT-
ED STATES. National Industrial Conference
Board, 247 Park Avenue, New York. Price,
\$3.

DAYS OF BABYHOOD. Compiled by Mar-
tin I. Weber. Cokesbury Press. Price, 75 cents.

ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION ANNUAL
REPORT.

THE INDIAN AS PEACEMAKER. By
Mabel Powers. Revell. Price, \$2.

OFF TO CHINA. By Helen Firman Sweet
and Mabel Garrett Wagner. Friendship Press.
Cloth, \$1; paper, 75 cents.

MANY MOONS AGO AND NOW. By
Katherine E. Gladfelter. Friendship Press.
Cloth, \$1; paper, 75 cents.

CHINESE CHILDREN OF WOODCUT-
TER'S LANE. By Priscilla Holton. Friendship
Press. Price, 85 cents.

CHILDREN OF THE GREAT SPIRIT. By
Frances Somers Riggs and Florence Crannell
Means. Friendship Press. Cloth, \$1; paper,
75 cents.

NEW JOY. By Carolyn T. Sewall and Char-
lotte Chambers Jones. Friendship Press. Cloth,
\$1; paper, 75 cents.

FOR SINNERS ONLY. By A. J. Russell.
Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.50.

THE REAL ROMANOV. By Gleb Botkin.
Revell. Price, \$2.50.

COURAGE THAT PROPELS. By G. Ray
Jordan. Cokesbury Press. Price, \$1.

CHRISTIAN UNITY IN PRACTICE AND
PROPHECY. By Charles S. Macfarland. The
Macmillan Company. Price, \$2.75.

SONS OF SHEBA. By Stuart Bergsma. Wil-
liam B. Eerdmans Publishing Company. Price,
\$1.

VENTURES IN SIMPLER LIVING. By
D. J. Fleming. International Missionary Coun-
cil. Price, \$1.

THE ARROWS. By E. Ryerson Young.
Friendship Press. Cloth, \$1; paper, 75 cents.

THE FIELD IS THE WORLD. By James I.
Vance. Presbyterian Committee of Publication.

PATHWAYS TO THE ABUNDANT LIFE.
By J. Marvin Culbreth. Cokesbury Press. Price,
\$1.

YELLOW RIVERS. By Earl Herbert Cressey.
Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.50.

BROTHERHOOD AND THE CHURCHES.
By William Ward. Oliphants, Ltd., London.

THE WORD OF THE CROSS TO HINDUS.
By Edgar W. Thompson. Epworth Press, Lon-
don.

THE FOOL HATH SAID. By Cyril Aling-
ton. Longmans, Green. Price, \$1.50.

LIM LIK CHOY. By Charles R. Shepherd.
Revell. Price, \$1.50.

AN AMERICAN DOCTOR AT WORK IN
INDIA. By William J. Wanless. Revell.
Price, \$1.50.

HERBERT HOOVER AND AMERICAN IN-
DIVIDUALISM. By Walter Friar Dexter. The
Macmillan Company. Price, \$2.

THE PEW PREACHES. By William Stidger.
Cokesbury Reprint Library. Price, \$1.

PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGIOUS AWAKEN-
ING. By Elmer T. Clark. The Macmillan
Company. Price, \$2.50.

WESLEY'S LEGACY TO THE WORLD.
By J. Ernest Rattenbury. Cokesbury Press.

THAT STRANGE LITTLE BROWN MAN,
GANDHI. By Frederick B. Fisher. Long &
Smith. Price, \$2.50.

GOD IN THE SHADOWS. By Hugh Red-
wood. Revell. Price, \$1.

THE BOOK OF DAILY DEVOTION.
Edited by Elmer T. Clark and W. G. Cram.
Cokesbury Press. Price, \$1.50.

WHAT I OWE TO CHRIST. By C. F. An-
drews. Abingdon Press. Price, \$1.50.

FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES. By
Lloyd C. Douglas. Houghton Mifflin. Price,
\$2.50.

THE MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION. By
Lloyd C. Douglas. Willett, Clark & Company.
Price, \$2.50.

RE-THINKING MISSIONS. Laymen's For-
eign Mission Inquiry. Harper & Brothers.
Price, \$2.

THE MIND AT MISCHIEF. By William S.
Sadler. Funk & Wagnalls. Price, \$4.

JEB STUART. By John W. Thomason, Jr.
Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$5.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN AND CHRIS-
TIAN MISSIONS. By George W. Hinman.
Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, \$1.50.

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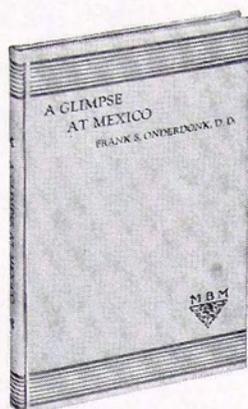
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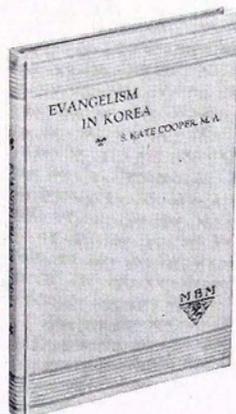
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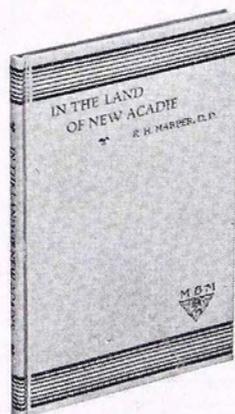
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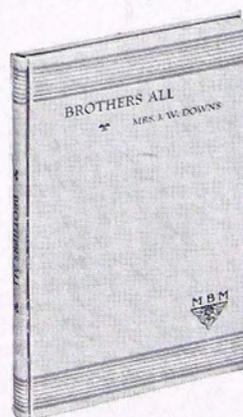
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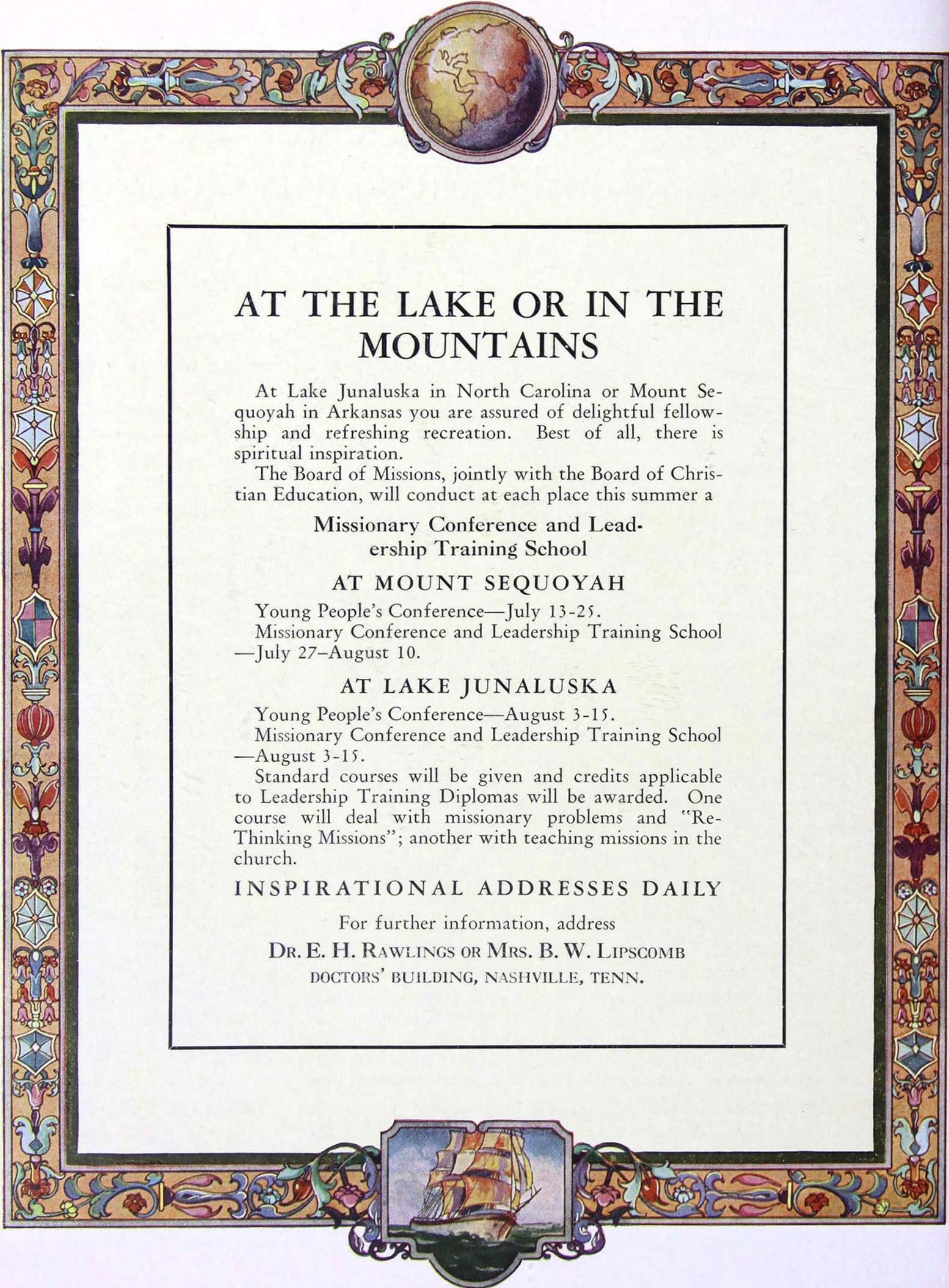
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