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1944

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Letters

• In the beautiful Land of the Southern Cross, as Brazil our good neighbor to the south is called, December is the month of commencement in the schools. This year forty-two young girls will receive diplomas from the high-school department of *Colegio Americano*, the Methodist school for girls in Porto Alegre.

For many years the only accredited Protestant high school for girls in the state of Rio Grande do Sul, *Colegio Americano*, in spite of old and inadequate buildings, with a limited student body due to lack of space, and always struggling with financial problems, has nevertheless rendered an outstanding service in education. The best and most substantial families have sought places in the school for their daughters, and all over the state are found its graduates and former pupils, living testimony to the educational value of the school, and to its Christian influence over the lives of its pupils.

Since 1930 the Board of Trustees has worked toward moving the school to a larger and more suitable location for its growth. Land was finally bought in a splendid residential section of the city, but the funds available were not sufficient to warrant undertaking the building project. At last in 1943 the work was started and three events of great significance have taken place. At the end of 1942, Mrs. Henry Pfeiffer gave money for the erection of the administration building, and in June of 1943 the ground was broken, and in October the cornerstone was laid for the Henry Pfeiffer Administration Hall. Due to the promise of the new school plant the National Department of Education raised the school to the standing of higher-secondary school in the recently organized federal school system. A higher-secondary school is one that is higher than high school but is not quite a junior college. The third event was action taken by the Alumni Association at its annual meeting in October. Inspired by the generous spirit of Mrs. Pfeiffer and spurred on by their love and gratitude to their alma mater, their enthusiasm found expression in deciding to undertake the construction of a chapel on the new school campus. Thus 1943 is a red-letter year in the life of *Colegio Americano*.

A number of the 1943 graduates are daughters of former students of the school. Among them is one of the most loved pupils in the whole school, called by her classmates "nossa Rutinha" (our little Ruth). Her full name is Ruth Frota Batista, and she comes from a lovely Methodist family.

Iracema Frota, Ruth's mother, en-

tered *Colegio Americano* when she was a small girl boarding pupil. Her family lived in the distant interior of the state. Little Iracema was from a Roman Catholic family and knew nothing of Methodism or of evangelical religion until she came to live in *Colegio Americano*. As time went on, the influence of the school, the Sunday school which she attended, and the church services became strong factors in her life. When she had been in the school for four years the Annual Conference was held in Porto Alegre. For weeks before the meeting Iracema heard much talk about the conference, and about the coming of Bishop Walter Lambuth who was to preside at the conference. She knew all

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THE CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT

about the pomp and ceremony of Roman Catholic bishops, but she had been told that a Methodist bishop was quite different, and she was so interested in the matter that she could talk or think of little else.

A few days before conference convened, however, Iracema became very ill and she was not able to attend the meetings, nor indeed was the principal of the school able to attend, for the little girl was very sick and needed special care. Someone told Bishop Lambuth about this child and of her great desire to see a Methodist bishop, so he went to see her. He found her very sick, and he sat down quietly at her bedside. Placing his hand on her feverish hand, he prayed very simply and earnestly that if it were God's will she might become strong and well again and grow up to be a fine Christian woman, and that wherever she lived that place might be better because of her Christian influence. Although the child was very sick these words penetrated into her heart

and made a tremendous impression on her.

Iracema recovered and went home, but for some reason she did not return to the school for the next year. She lived in the distant interior of the state where there was no evangelical church or school. But she never forgot the words of that prayer nor did the influence of the school ever leave her. She often remembered things that she had learned at school and remembered that God had been good to her and let her get well, and she was distressed because she was not a Christian. However, she did not know what to do about it, and so the still small voice was stifled. Time went on, she grew up and married a young sergeant in the army, and was very happy. But after the birth of their little son she urged her husband to get a transfer to Porto Alegre so that she could get in touch with the school and with The Methodist Church.

They came to Porto Alegre and began to attend the church services. At first her husband came just to escort her but soon he, too, became interested. They entered a class of candidates preparing for church membership, and were eventually received into the church. In their modest home they organized and conducted a neighborhood Sunday school which today is a mission church for that section of the city. Many are the Christian deeds that they performed and God has richly blessed them as they have lived and grown in their Christian experience and influence.

From a modest young sergeant, Senhor Venancio Batista has been promoted many times until now he is a lieutenant colonel in command of an important army post. A man of character and of Christian integrity, he is respected and admired by all, and his Christian life exerts a fine influence over all with whom he comes in contact. As president of the Board of Stewards of Central Church, he is a devoted, consecrated, and influential man in his church and in his city. Mrs. Batista is a teacher in the Sunday school, and an active member of the Woman's Society of Christian Service, serving at this present time on the Spiritual Life Committee. Their children, with such fine examples before them, have been a credit to such a background. Ruth, the youngest, has been a very popular pupil through her high-school days in *Colegio Americano* and next year she will return to take up her studies in the newly-created "*Colegio*."

Already the requests for enrollment in the various departments of *Colegio Americano* for 1944 are far beyond the places available. Surely no finer investment can be made than that which provides a thoroughly Christian atmosphere where young Brazilian girls may be educated. Such schools as *Colegio Americano* are the very best concrete

expressions of the Christian good-neighbor spirit which The Methodist Church has for many years shown toward our South American neighbor. Every effort is being made to complete the new school plant so that school may open in it in March, 1945.

From COLEGIO AMERICANO
Porto Alegre, Brazil

Mountain Lake Park Home

● "The Camp Meeting Association has bought the rest home at Mountain Lake Park, and the Association has invited all deaconesses to come as usual to the Home this summer on the same terms—that is, five dollars a week for room and board."

MIRIAM RISTINE

Methodist Board of Missions

World Outlook Liked in Texas and California

Both (WORLD OUTLOOK and *The Methodist Woman*) splendid papers and our Societies really enjoy reading them.

MRS. P. E. JOHNSON

Asherton, Texas

Sincere appreciation for the privilege of reading this splendid paper.

MABEL HOLLY

Los Angeles, California

And Ohio:

I wish to say that we really enjoy having WORLD OUTLOOK come to our home. We have five boys and two girls in our family, and I think this magazine is one of the best they look at and read.

PAUL C. SCHMIDT

East Palestine, Ohio

Another Reply to Robert Kremer's Letter in the January Issue

● I just recently saw your letter to WORLD OUTLOOK regarding liquor and our armed forces. I would like to quote just a few clippings that I have saved:

From the *Brewers' Digest* of May, 1941:
"One of the finest things that could have happened to the brewing industry was the insistence by high ranking army officers to make beer available at army camps. . . . Here is a chance for brewers to cultivate a taste for beer in millions of young men who will eventually constitute the largest beer-consuming section of our population."

From the *Chicago Tribune* of January 22, 1944:

"In addition to beer shipped from the United States, overseas fighters have supplies of beer made available to them in the countries in which they are stationed."

I have two boys in the service . . . and I for one do not like the idea that our government seems to have every soldier an alcohol addict.

MRS. FLORA M. MILLER

Denver, Colorado

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WORLD OUTLOOK

Famine Strikes

By Betty Burleigh *

INDIA, which for months has been paralyzed in the grip of famine, is now scourged with wholesale outbreaks of malaria, smallpox, cholera, and dysentery.

Here in this tragic country, Methodist missionaries are working night and day to salvage not only souls, but half-starved bodies as well. One of the most vital projects is that of feeding and clothing children, many of whom have been taken away from dead relatives. W. G. Griffiths, chairman of the Bengal Christian Council Relief Committee, describes these waifs as "a pathetic lot of living skeletons." "But," he adds, "it is rewarding to watch some of them respond quickly to food and care and become normal again."

Typical of the Methodist relief in India is that carried on by the Lee Memorial Mission in Calcutta. Its funds are used to set up free kitchens for Christian children, to buy rice and clothing for the poor, and to aid crowded hospitals. It contributes to the Khristiya Karmi Sangha, a society of Christian young men. This group gives free meals to 800 daily, sends food to outlying districts, and has transformed two garages into maternity wards.

The plight of India has touched the hearts of American Methodists, who are contributing generously to the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief. When news of the seriousness of the famine reached committee headquarters, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City, money was cabled to missionaries in India.

Dr. E. M. Moffatt, India Treasurer of the Methodist Board in Bombay, wrote: "Thank you for the special gifts of \$5,000 for general famine relief. As the most serious famine situation is in Bengal, we decided that this money should all be spent there. . . . Money is pouring into Bengal from all sorts of relief organizations and the government itself has taken over the distribution of grain."

When the Friends' Service Committee received federal permission to send 20,000 cases of evaporated milk to India, Methodist headquarters here gave \$9,000 to the project. It contributed \$1,000 of the \$25,000 sent to the National Christian Council in India by the Protestant churches of America.

Indian statistics, even in normal times, reveal



Miss Betty Burleigh

conditions of suffering that are incomprehensible to the well-fed healthy American. Imagine yourself a typical Indian peasant. You have always been hungry, ever since you can remember. Almost half of your children die of malnutrition or disease before they are five years old. In your mid-twenties you've reached the normal life expectancy. (In the United States it's 63 years.) Chances are that you have chronic malaria.

Then comes famine. At first you are very hungry. Soon that unbearable gnawing in your stomach turns to pain. You become weaker and weaker as slow starvation sets in. Your emaciated body is the

perfect breeding ground for germs. You lie in the streets because you don't have the energy to crawl back to the hovel you call "home." A newspaper photographer may snap your picture. There are some people who, on seeing that photo in American papers, comment, "Isn't it dreadful about India?" and in the same breath complain of meatless Tuesdays.

Although no reliable statistics are available on the complete death toll, a random look at a few reports indicates staggering loss of life.

Ten thousand dead in Chittagong. In Faridpur more than 50,000 dead of malaria alone in three months, and in Jessore raging cholera claimed 1,000 lives a week. Another section reports that 75 per cent of its people are suffering from malaria and quinine is almost unobtainable there. Two thousand dead of cholera in one city in the Hooghly district in one month.

Field Marshal Viscount Wavell, who became 19th Viceroy of India in October, 1943, succeeding Lord Linlithgow, proved himself a man of action. He immediately flew to the hard pressed areas to investigate, then called on the army for help, stopped exports of food, started rationing, and brought in supplies.

Anti-malarial drugs now are being distributed widely in the Calcutta area and vitamin tablets have been sent for treatment of starvation cases in hospitals. Peasants in rural districts are in desperate need of help. They are poor beyond description and it is difficult to bring aid to them over the muddy, rutted roads.

It is easy enough to understand how the starving

* Miss Betty Burleigh, Pulitzer School graduate, is a special writer for WORLD OUTLOOK.



R.A.F. share rations with Bengal famine victims

British Combine

natives fall prey to the increased disease that is sweeping the country. But what caused the famine? The answer is a combination of conditions, most of which are traceable directly to the war.

Allied ships that could be used to rush aid to India in peacetime are now transporting guns, men, and tanks to the front lines. The American and British board that allocates this shipping space is not to be envied. It is called upon to balance the lives of Indian natives against the lives of American and British soldiers in battle zones by alternate use of shipping. When you stop to think that 2,500 vessels were used in the Sicilian landing alone, how many more will be needed for the coming attacks on Europe and against the Japanese strongholds in the Pacific!

The loss of Burma, Thailand, and Indo-China to Japan cut off 10 per cent of the rice and 5 per cent of the cereal supplies. This is not a great deal, but when you realize that the population of India increases by 5,000,000 each year, any decrease in food spells hunger for many. No matter what happens, Indians will starve before they will touch the "sacred" cow.

The food shortage was heightened when some of the provincial governments restricted exports of

foodstuff to neighboring provinces. Leaders have been charged with hoarding grain in order to cash in on higher prices. This was probably true in some instances. But when the Bengal Provincial Government made a rather limited survey of hoarding, only 300,000 tons were found. Part of this represented stocks needed by dealers and merchants for normal transactions.

You must remember, too, that transportation between provinces depends to a large extent on railroads. Many locomotives and freight cars have been sent from India to the Near East where the Allies maintain the priceless "Burma Road to Russia." Transportation troubles are calmer now. The Allies have sent some locomotives to India recently and the Bay of Bengal, unsafe from Japanese attack in 1942, is now open. The U. S. Tenth Air Force has given dramatic service by flying goods to impoverished areas.

Inflation has skyrocketed to the point where prices are up to three times the pre-war level. A farmer who used to sell grain and buy goods with his profits, now finds that commodities aren't to be had at all, or that prices are fantastically high. He receives relatively little for his produce, but it is sold at much higher prices in the stores. A farmer may



British Combine

The army distributes food to the people of India

hoard, yes. But who can blame him for keeping a little food safely tucked away under such circumstances?

Incredible as it seems, the food minister in Bengal naively confessed that he allowed grain merchants to fix prices! Naturally, they pegged the figures high. Worse even than the sky-high prices in the stores are those in the insidious black market, where a mound of rice costs 100 rupees (\$36.50 at the normal exchange rate) instead of the pre-war 3 or 4 rupees.

The Inter-Allied Shipping Committee has been severely censured for refusing to allow Canada to ship 100,000 tons of wheat to India at the peak of the famine. Committee members logically reasoned that this amount of shipping space would bring far more food into India if the ships were loaded at near-by Australia where a surplus of wheat is available.

The rice crop harvested in Bengal in December has been a great help. This, plus imports and work of the Red Cross and other relief agencies, has brightened the food picture. The great demand now is for medicine.

The rationing program, introduced by the government late in 1943, is not a complete success.

Rations vary from city to city and few shops carry these goods. Since one store serves 5,000 persons, customers must queue up in long bread lines.

Economists suggest stricter rationing, increased production of civilian goods and farm products as well as other measures. But as long as the Indian Government insists on its policy of financing the war by the issue of paper money, inflation will continue to sweep aside public confidence in the currency.

The deeply moving tragedy that is India calls to the world for help. Religious and other charitable organizations are helping her solely for merciful reasons. Also, though, in promoting her welfare, they are aiding the Allied cause. As a great military base for attack against Japan, India is indispensable to the security of the United States and the liberation of China.

While the world talks glibly in terms of exports, imports, tonnage, and shortages, the man of India knows only that he has suffered for months from hunger. He and members of his family are dying of unchecked disease. His state of mind flashes a danger signal to all United Nations. For, in his wretchedness, the threat of the Japanese sword loses its terror. And there are 400,000,000 of him.



U. S. soldiers at the tomb in the Garden at Golgotha. Red Cross girls point out the stone that was rolled away



Red Cross worker and U. S. servicemen hold up tapers to look at the roof inside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem

The Lights Go On Again in Jerusalem

By Polly von Seht*

FOR the first time in three and a half years of war, the lights were on again last Christmas night in the Holy City of Jerusalem and Bethlehem of Judea. But brighter and more significant than the artificial lights were the same stars of old that led the way to the humble inn where the Christ Child was born. Spreading their holy light on two cities overflowing with pilgrims of all nationalities, their ageless beauty seeped into the heart of everyone.

American soldiers from Persia, Palestine, Central Africa, Egypt, nurses from Army hospitals, and Red Cross men and women mingled in the crowd that surged through the squares and winding streets of Jerusalem, and along the same Bethlehem road where Mary, on a little donkey, must have knelt to pray at the grave of Rachel. Bethlehem, the citadel of peace, opened wide its gates to the crowds of people who came from far and wide this holy night to worship.

This ancient town, so rich in tradition, is a small city with a population of 7,000. Its outline of spires and belfries against the starlit sky, skirted by vineyards and olive groves—the terraced stony hills on which old castles perch—this is the familiar background of all Biblical history steeped in this Christmas land.

Two days before Christmas, American servicemen and women started pouring into the city of Jerusalem, where Jack Kennard of Detroit, Michigan, in charge of the American Red Cross club, and

Henrietta Mitchell, of Valley Forge, Connecticut, made arrangements for their housing and eating. The Red Cross hostel, located in the million-dollar Y.M.C.A. building, offered a beautiful setting for the gathering of many Americans. Its impressive structure of white limestone, with the slender skyward tower, gave a panoramic view of the Holy City.

Many of the soldiers were housed at this Red Cross building, others at the Terra Santa College, and through arrangements with the American Red Cross, in homes of Palestinian people who extended their hospitality and welcome to Americans. Local people, realizing that everyone is sentimental about "home sweet home" at Christmas time, opened their houses to homesick soldiers. Invitations for teas and dinners were arranged so that each soldier could spend a few hours in a private home, feasting and conversing within family circle.

At the Red Cross club, a Christmas tree, tall and stately, reminded the boys of their own homes and families far away. Red Cross workers Sara Jeter, of Nashville, Tennessee, and Florence Carey, of New York and Connecticut, had been fashioning Christmas tree ornaments out of little and nothing. It was impossible to buy a single Christmas tree ornament in Jerusalem. Pine tree cones were sprayed with silver paint. Mrs. Lowell Pinkerton, wife of the Consul General in Jerusalem, offered her last can of American popcorn to be strung on red string for tree trimming. Mrs. Samuel Lewin-Epstein, known

* Miss Polly von Seht is a Red Cross worker in the Holy Land.

as the "mother to American soldiers in Palestine," who has not seen her two sons in service in the American Army for two years, brought huge sprays of Christmas holly and flowers from the gardens of the Hadassah University Hospital to decorate the lobby.

Hundreds of homesick American soldiers were fed doughnuts, coffee, and hamburgers by American Red Cross girls at the snack bar which was opened to give the boys a touch of home. A traditional Christmas dinner of turkey, sweet potatoes, mashed potatoes, cranberry sauce, and pumpkin pie was served Christmas day. The dining-room, gaily decorated with holly and pine boughs, rang with shouts of "Merry Christmas" from one soldier to another. It was an unusual set-up where officers, enlisted men, generals, and war correspondents all sat at adjoining tables in one room.

On Christmas Eve, the Church of Nativity, which the Crusaders converted from mighty remnants of the Monastic Fortress in A.D. 560, was the shrine of worship. Under dim lights from hundreds of white candles, with clouds of incense arising towards the grotto ceilings, praying throngs of American men and women, along with other nationalities, realized a childhood dream of Bethlehem. Inside and outside of the overflowing grottos, native men and women knelt to pray. Donkeys, as in ancient Biblical days, stood patiently waiting. This was their night, too. For once, one of them carried the Prince of Peace to his birthplace.

The bells of Bethlehem rang loud that Christmas night, its message echoed around the world on the NBC program, "We're advancing towards Victory and Understanding." The age-old walls of the Holy City of Jerusalem looked bright under the flood lights, and the Palestinians, looking on this as a symbol of victory, look forward to the ultimate end when once again the lighted walls would be a nightly scene.

The spacious beautiful lobby of the Red Cross



On the Hill of the Ascension just outside the stone edifice built over the side of the Ascension, the boys buy rosaries of wood and mother-of-pearl



In the streets of Nazareth a Red Cross worker balances a pottery jug on her head native fashion, as an American GI smiles encouragement

club was crowded on Christmas, and the bond of good fellowship and understanding emanated from the heart of everyone. An American sergeant, sitting at the piano, played Christmas carols, while a spontaneous crowd sang the familiar songs dear to childhood days.

That night, the American Red Cross sponsored a dance for American soldiers, their guests, girls from local homes. "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" played softly by an orchestra brought tears to many eyes. Poignant memories of other years at home with loved ones. For many, it was their first Christmas away from home, and they were not ashamed of their tears. A Texas corporal, dancing with Florence Carey, of the Red Cross, bit his lip, trying to hold back nostalgic tears.

"Guess I'm just a baby tonight, but I can't help it. I keep thinking of Pop and Mom, and I know darned well they're thinking about me. Mom would be proud of me, knowing that I went to church last night right in the same spot where Jesus was born."

"You know," he continued, brushing a tear away, "I'm pretty lucky at that being here at Christmas time. There are a lot of people at home a'wishin' that they could be here. I'm going to remember this place all my life, 'cause I don't think I'll be comin' back again. I'm having a good time, even if I am crying."

Lee Sun Foo

By Azariah F. Reimer *

HE was only a fourteen-year-old Chinese immigrant boy lately landed in Boston, who had found a place as an apprentice in a Chinese laundry. Strange and homesick, in a foreign land, he was glad to find a friend in a fellow laundryman, who took him to our Chinese Sunday school in the famous old Tremont Street Methodist Church, the oldest church school for these people in Boston, started fifty years ago.

Lee Sun Foo found a place of friendliness, understanding and sympathy. Mrs. Charlotte O. Paul, its superintendent, was a widow with independent means, a cultured personality, a fine mind, and a true Christian heart. The Chinese in her school came from all over Greater Boston, and were designated "Mother Paul's Boys." She visited them in their places of business, and used her fine home for their social and intellectual benefit. Whenever a bright boy was discovered, Mrs. Paul helped to prepare him for a Boston Night High School. Many of these earnest young Chinese received a good English education. Among the fortunate ones selected, was Lee Sun Foo, unusual in his mentality and thirst for knowledge. Under Mother Paul's tutoring, Lee was soon ready to enter the freshman class of the Everett High School, where he completed his first year, while working in the laundry. During his sophomore year, near Christmas time, one morning Mother Paul telephoned the Superintendent of the Boston Missionary and Church Extension Society:

"May I bring my boy, Lee Sun Foo, over to see you today?"

"Yes," answered the Superintendent. "Is it something special?"

"Lee wants to quit high school," replied Mrs. Paul.

Mother Paul and Lee came. He was pale, thin, and nervous.

"Lee, why do you want to quit high school?" asked the Superintendent.

"I'm sick, tired, can't sleep, can't eat, can't study," said the boy.

"Tell me your daily schedule. What do you do each day from the time you get up until you go to bed?" asked the Superintendent.

"Get up six o'clock, wash and dress, get breakfast, study. Eight o'clock go to school until two o'clock. Two to three o'clock, lunch. Three to nine o'clock, work in the laundry. Nine to twelve, study. Go to bed."

"It's no wonder you are sick. Your program is



Lee Sun Foo and his family

enough to kill you," said the Superintendent. "Tell me, Lee, if you could go to school and not have to work in the laundry, would you go back?"

"Don't know. Sick! Can't study," replied Lee.

"If you had one hundred dollars, could you get through this year without the laundry work?" asked the Superintendent.

"Yes, I think so," responded the boy.

The Superintendent interviewed that Boston Methodist philanthropist, Roswell R. Robinson, who lived his later years to give away one million dollars, and told the story of the Chinese boy. Without a word, Mr. Robinson took his check book and wrote the check for one hundred dollars, which was invested in Lee Sun Foo. When he graduated from Everett High School, two years later, the applause for him exceeded that for any of the popular grid-iron heroes. Then Lee went to Boston University, with Mother Paul's help and his own earnings as an interpreter in the courts to pay his way, and graduated with good grades.

The first big act Lee Sun Foo did after college graduation, was to send to China for the "little wife" he had married in early childhood, according to an old Chinese custom. To get her past the Immigration Commissioner was a struggle, but he was convinced that this marriage fulfilled our laws, and the strange lady from China was admitted. Then followed one of the most unusual weddings ever performed, in the parlor of Mother Paul's home. The bride could neither understand nor speak English, so the groom interpreted each part of the ceremony, including questions and answers. Thus was established a lovely and notable Chinese Christian home. That wedding took place more than twenty years ago. Today the Lee family consists of father, mother, and five brilliant, Christian children. They live on the edge of Boston's China Town, where Mr. Lee

* Dr. Reimer is pastor of Tremont Street Methodist Church in Boston. His story of Lee Sun Foo is taken from the Report of the Section of Home Missions.

is one of the most influential citizens, and a successful business man. Their home is furnished in approved American fashion, with every essential facility.

Paul, the oldest boy, named in honor of Mother Paul, graduated four years ago with highest honors from Boston English High School in a class of nearly 700 and received from the Mayor of Boston the coveted \$75.00 Elgin watch as the prize. Selected as the "Colonel" for that year, he led Boston's thousands of High School cadets in their Annual Field Day. This year, he graduates from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and is on the "Dean's List" for good scholarship. Charlotte, the second of the family, also named for Mother Paul, is a student in Boston University College of Business Administration. The third child, Edgar, is an honor student, graduating from Boston High School this year. He has been accepted by the Massachusetts Institute of

Technology, with a scholarship provided, because of his fine high school record. Lillian, the fourth of the family, is gifted in music as well as in literary ability. She has been offered a scholarship in one of Boston's exclusive preparatory schools, which anticipates college training in Wellesley. Alfred, the youngest, is also living up to the family tradition; his marks are mostly "A" for the year's work.

Every member of this family is a member and all are quite regular attendants of Tremont Street Methodist Church, where many other Chinese of this Sunday school are members. It has been the high privilege of the author to have baptized on succeeding Easters, during the past twenty-five years, about one hundred of these "Boys." Many of these Christians from this famous Missionary Church are now in China assisting Generalissimo and Mrs. Chiang Kai-shek to make that land a truly Christian Republic.

EXCERPTS

"I just happened to drop by a native village, where I understand a short time ago human flesh was considered quite a dish. On this particular Sunday, though, church was in progress."

• • •

"The island has a large number of natives on it. It was only a few years ago that they were head hunters. They still would be, but the missionaries came in and set up schools and taught them the right way of life."

• • •

"There are no natives on our island, and it isn't wise to try to visit neighboring islands. But the other day, with permission, I set out with a native guide in a dugout canoe. We paddled for four and a half hours till at last we reached ——. There I was pleased to hear my guide say, 'All these islanders are Methodists.' Though I'm not a very good singer, I joined with them in singing 'In the Garden,' 'The Old Rugged Cross,' and other songs."

• • •

"Dear Mom: Because of Missions, I was feasted and not feasted upon when I fell from the sky into this village."

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THE YANKS ARE GOING is a little book of true stories about the contacts of American service men with missionaries and native Christians in the far places of the world. It is thrilling reading. Beautifully printed, it fits an ordinary correspondence envelope.

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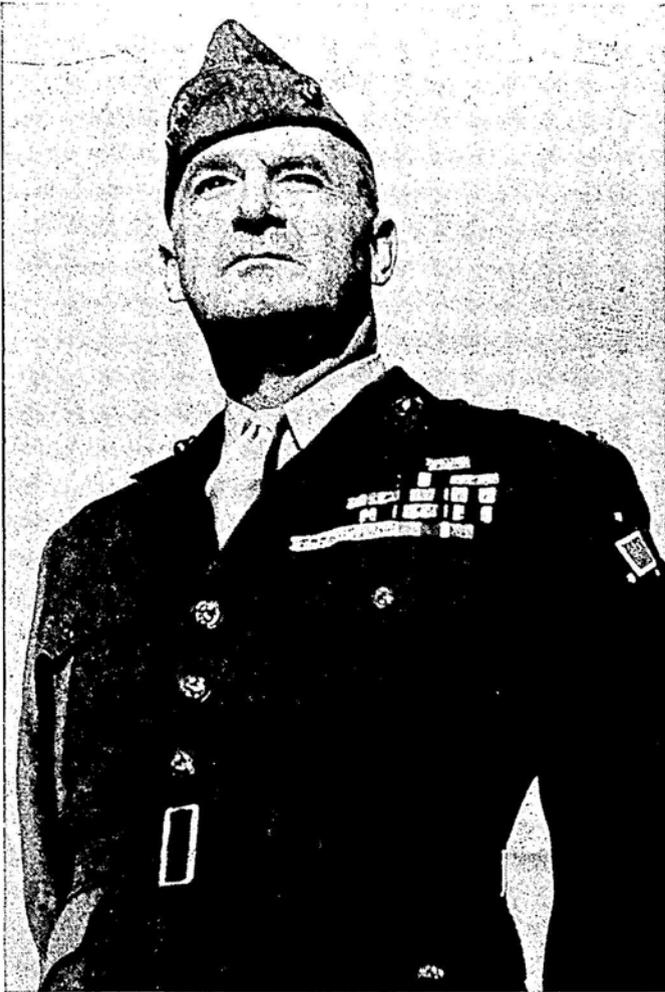
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Religion on Guadalcanal

By Lieutenant General A. A. Vandegrift*



U. S. Marine Corps
Lieutenant General Alexander A. Vandegrift

YOU have heard the saying, "There were no atheists in the fox-holes." I did not originate the phrase, as some people believe. But in four and a half months on Guadalcanal I saw how true it was. Things were pretty grim out there. There wasn't any question about that. Our men had very great tasks to do. They did them with high courage. They found the power to go beyond the ordinary limits of human courage and endurance. They knew it came from some force beyond themselves.

Things become very clear when you sail away from home, and start thinking about life and death. You feel the need of getting things straightened out. You look for help outside yourself, often in religion.

In our transports, going across the Pacific, many of the men attended religious services every morn-

ing, as well as our main services on Sundays. They were well attended, increasingly so as time went on. They had a real meaning for us all. I was there and I know what they meant.

When we landed in New Zealand, we attended the churches in Wellington. Many of the men went, and were warmly welcomed. After church, nearly every Marine was invited to the home of some family of the church. He was their guest for the rest of the day. I have not seen greater hospitality anywhere. The church, the home, our men, and the people of New Zealand all seemed to belong together. They were all dedicated to the same things.

Now about Guadalcanal itself. We made a successful landing on Lunga Point on August 7. That was just seven months after December 7. A great many prayers were said before the attack. We captured and held our main objective, Henderson Air Field.

But from then on until late in August, there were no church services. You can see the reason. Not even a small group could gather together. They were sure to be the target for a bomb. The prayers that were said, were said by men alone, or with their Chaplains. About three weeks later, we were able to resume services. There was prayer every morning and before battle. There were Sunday services, both Catholic and Protestant.

What was true in Guadalcanal, was repeated in Tulagi, and throughout the South Pacific. It takes place, I am sure, on every American fighting front today.

In the Solomons, it was unusually inspiring and impressive. You would see a little service going on almost anywhere. Sometimes in the shade of the tall cocoanut palms. Sometimes there would be a bomber near by. The congregation would be its crew, some of them stripped to the waist, with their pith helmets on the ground, kneeling in prayer. Some pews were made from planks set on crates. Inside the crates were the tail fins for heavy calibre bombs. Sometimes fronds had been cut from the tall palms, then arranged to make a natural pulpit or altar. In one place, there was a crude lean-to, made of sheets of corrugated iron. But there was an altar there. Religion out there was very simple, but it was very real.

I want to say a word about our Chaplains. Besides the rites, sacraments, and services, they were asked by the men to help solve their inner problems and doubts. The Chaplains were splendid men, and were held in high regard. They were everywhere at once. They went wherever the other Marines went, often in the front line of attack. They carried

* General Vandegrift, hero of Guadalcanal, is the Commander of the United States Marine Corps.

the wounded and cared for them. They helped the surgeons. Some Marines owe their lives to them. Chaplains do not talk about what they did. It is suggested in some of the accounts, but not told fully anywhere.

I do not want to exaggerate. The percentage of men who devoted much time to religion might not make a very impressive showing. The average Marine, or soldier, or sailor, is not demonstrative about his religion, any more than he is about his patriotism. But I do sincerely believe one thing. Every man on Guadalcanal came to sense a power about himself. There was a reality there greater than any human force. It is literally true—there were no atheists in the fox-holes.

My Commander in Chief, President Roosevelt, has defined the four freedoms we are fighting for—Freedom from want, Freedom from fear, Freedom of speech, Freedom of religion. If you have ever been in want, you know how much freedom from want can mean. If you have lived in a country and found freedom of speech denied to you, you know how precious it is. The same is true with religion. If you had no freedom of religion, you would know what it meant. If you needed it, under fire, and it was denied you, you would know what it meant, too. And religion is precious under

fire. It is not just in battle. It happened in the air raids in London.

This has been the experience of fighting men and women in time of stress. Everywhere and always. General Washington found it so, and so did his Army. It was as true at Trenton and Valley Forge as at Tunisia, Wake Island, and the Solomons. Our motto for the United States is four words—In God We Trust. To the men who fought for our freedom this was a deep and abiding truth.

From my observation and experience in the past, I would be surprised if your church will not mean more and more to you, in times like these, if you will go there. Certainly it will if your church has the name of your son or husband or sweetheart or friend on its honor roll, or his star on its service flag. You will find yourself there more and more on the Sabbath, and feel that you are keeping faith with him. You will find comfort for a loss of your own, or strength to comfort the loss of someone else. And as the war gets more bitter—and it will—you will need inner stamina, to help you with the work you must do here at home. You will want to find courage. You will need it to do all the things you can, toward victory. I think you will find that strength in religious worship, as we found it on Guadalcanal.

AN EXCERPT FROM
A CHAPLAIN IN MELANESIA

"Until a comparatively recent date they were a warlike, savage, and primitive people. Cannibalism and head-hunting were common practices among them. Their tattooed and disfigured faces and bodies, and the spears and war clubs that many of them still carry, are vestiges of the savagery and darkness from which they have been so recently delivered. . . ."

• • • •

"'What has Christ brought to you?' I have asked them. I have received several answers. None was quite as eloquent as that which came from the lips of a grizzled old jungle veteran seated on the ground in the rear of the native building in which we were holding our meeting. 'Light' was his answer.

"Yes, light is a precious gift for a man who has lived in a world of darkness and fears, whose rivers are crocodile-infested, sharks in his sea, hostile man-eating tribes and evil spirits in his jungles, and an eternity of hopelessness before him."

• • • •

"Timon put his hand on the shoulder of the boy standing next to him: 'If it hadn't been for Christ, I would be fighting him instead of loving him.' Jason had a good answer too, 'Before, we said bad words, we fell to women, we stole; but now we know our mouth belong em God, and our bodies they temples of the living God.'"

A Chaplain in Melanesia

The transformation of the former head-hunters in the South Pacific Islands

In this pretty little book of twelve pages U. S. Navy Chaplain Erling R. Jacobson tells a gripping story of what he has seen in the South Seas. Here are natives who once were head-hunters, savage jungle cannibals. But the missionaries of Christ found them—and, behold, a band of peaceable Christians who love God and man, read their Bibles and pray, and regard white men as brothers because white men brought them the gospel.

ANOTHER THING—

Two-thirds of all the people on earth cannot read a verse in the Bible—or a letter from a loved one—or a daily paper—or anything else. Imagine it!

MEN WHO CANNOT READ CANNOT BE FREE

That is the name of a little book that makes an appeal for literacy campaigns among these people. It tells you about the absurdity of expecting to have a democratic world when two-thirds of its citizens cannot possibly be democratic. For how can they be when they cannot read, cannot inform themselves, cannot vote, cannot send delegates, cannot know what goes on in the world?

If you have a heart that loves humanity, you'll want this little book. (If not, you need it all the more.) It's free. So order it for your church.

Read this story. See that members of your church read it. Free for distribution.

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Students and the Christian World Movement

By Creighton Lacy *

AN actual experience of fellowship against a disintegrating international order lent meaning and significance to the Student Planning Conference on the World Mission of the Church, as speakers and student panels stressed the Christian Community as the primary goal of post-war reconstruction. Meeting on the campus of the College of Wooster, Ohio, four hundred students from forty states, eight Canadian provinces, and twenty other countries, recently shared in six days of study and worship.

The significance of Wooster, however, rested not on organizational experiments, successful though they were, but on the spirit and the emphases which went into and came from the Conference. For the first time in such a student gathering, home missions received an equal place with foreign missions in the concern of the group. For the first time, also, the call was made not to a religious vocation, but to a way of life which finds opportunity for Christian service in any task in any area.

In the international sphere stirring pictures of the World Revolution were brought by Mrs. Katherine Y. T. Lew from China, Rev. Arthur Mosher from India, and Rev. Tracy Strong from the World's Y.M.C.A. in Geneva. Under the leadership of Ruth Isabel Seabury, educational secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, a student panel brought before the assembly a report on the seminar discussions of China, India, Japan, Russia, Europe, Latin America, Occupied Asia, and the Near East and Africa.

Out of these diverse experiences and viewpoints, aided by valuable resource leaders from the field concerned, came almost unanimous convictions regarding the future of the world church. The frontiers of Christendom are no longer geographical, but functional and psychological, and the needs confronting Christianity have neither regional nor vocational boundaries. On a panel of foreign students, led by Professor Henry P. VanDusen of Union Seminary, representatives of the younger churches in Ceylon, China, Japan, Colombia, West Africa, and Germany discussed the vital questions before the missionary movement. After describing the chief contribution of Christianity to their lands in the past, they agreed that colleagues and associates

from the West would be eagerly welcomed in the post-war period, for the purpose of sharing—no leading—in the tasks of relief, reconstruction, and reconciliation.

Two of the most moving presentations of home missions ever heard by many "old-timers" at the Conference were delivered by Miss Wilna Thomas, youth secretary of the Women's Missionary Society of the United Church in Canada, and Raymond Drukker, director of Kentucky Mountain work at Annville Institute. Drawing richly on experiences and case studies in rural and city missions, they provided an inspiring background for the seminars on North America, which discussed the problems of minority groups and uprooted peoples.

From the student standpoint the most valuable seminars were those concerned with vocations, in which fifteen different careers occupied the attention of delegates. Out of these came a fresh realization that every delegate shares a responsibility for the world mission of the Church in whatever vocational area he fills. It is this personal sense of commitment, more universal than an appeal to foreign service, more personal than a call to a church career, that provided the unique message and experience of Wooster.

Nor was the Conference any escape from the critical situation of the world at war. Messages of greeting from Great Britain, Mexico, and Canada brought a sense of global fellowship, personalized by the many nationalities represented. Uniforms of the American Army and Navy and the Canadian Officers Training Corps and Medical Corps reminded the delegates of thousands of their friends and relatives.

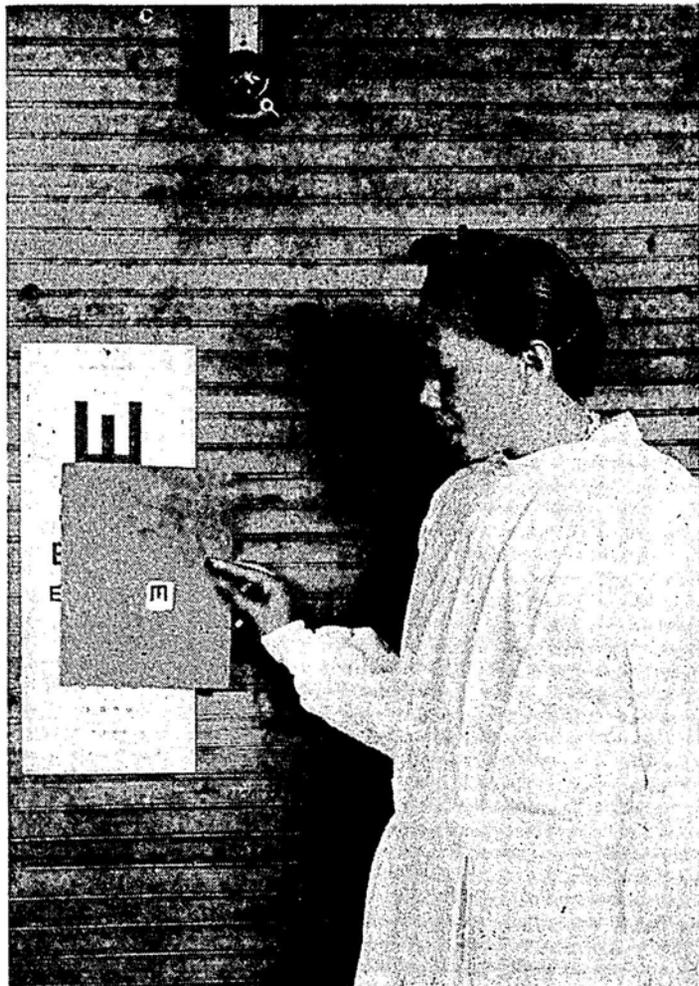
And Robert Mackie, secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, in his Watchnight Meditation, one of the inspirational summits of the Conference, reminded the assembly that "we must press for permanent international collaboration that will extend to the world's economic as well as its political life. Most important of all, let us remember that if there is to be a world order of justice and peace, democracy must be extended in the life of the individual nations represented here. Let each of us work to eliminate racial discrimination, insure intellectual and religious liberty, and enlarge economic opportunity in his own country. Let us pledge our hearts and our lives this day to the cause of all free mankind."

* This report of the Student Planning Conference on the World Movement of the Church, held at the College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio, is by the Publicity Chairman, Creighton Lacy. He is the son of Bishop Lacy of China. He was born in China and is a divinity student at Yale and author of *Is China a Democracy?*



R. D. Jones

Mary McLeod Bethune, noted Methodist woman leader and educator. She has been called in, during this war emergency, again and again to help the government



A health inspector tests children's eyesight at Bennett College Health Camp, Greensboro, North Carolina. Health inspectors are needed in all the mission fields

An Untapped Source of Strength

By Dorothy McConnell

THE other day a devoted missionary woman was defending the sending of Protestant missionaries to South America even though it was considered by some as a Catholic continent and therefore a Catholic mission field.

"After all," she said, "why should we have only one branch of the Christian faith going as missionaries? That gives a false impression of the United States. The people of the Latin American countries might get the impression that the United States was solely Catholic."

"—and white," added a South American woman. The women present were startled.

"If we went by our eyes," said the South American woman firmly, "we would get the impression that the United States is made up solely of white people—and that includes the churches as well. I have never seen a person of color from the United States in religious work in South America."

As a matter of fact, there have been Christian representatives to South America from races of color in the United States at one time or another, but they have been few and far between indeed. Even if there were more no doubt some remark would be made about their scarceness. The peoples of the countries in which the church works are keenly aware that the Negro section of the Christian church, the largest minority group of the United States, does not represent the church abroad. It makes these "young" Christians thoughtful about their own relationship to the mother church or mother board.

Soon after the war started, one foreign board met to discuss how it could send a mission representative to a conference on some phase of woman's work that was being called in India. Indian women resident in the United States took part in the discussion. Someone suggested that instead of attempting to



Girls at the Navajo Methodist Mission School struggle with problems in home economics



Oriental-Americans working in the administration office of a relocation camp. All parts of the intricate business of a large camp's administration pass through their hands



An art teacher at Paine College, Augusta, Georgia, oversees the creative work of small children

send any representative from the United States a Chinese worker under that particular board be sent from China. It would reduce expenses, assure getting there, and since the person nominated was one of the finest workers in China, the board would be well represented. A white board woman objected.

"I do not object to Miss Blank, in herself," she said. "In fact, I cannot think of a finer representative than she. But I think it might be considered a slight by the Indian women if we do not send a white woman."

Instantly an Indian woman rose to her feet.

"You are talking of a day that has passed," she said.

Later one of the women present went to the Indian women and asked them if peoples of color other than Chinese would be acceptable on the mission field in India.

"We can speak only for the part of the church we know," they said cautiously, "but in that part they would be welcomed enthusiastically—not only for themselves but also for what it might presage for the Christian church in our country."

A non-Christian Indian followed this up by saying:

"We can believe the teachings of the Christian church when we see that it uses leaders from *all* its peoples."

Of course there is nothing more irritating than the preachments of a non-Christian. But sometimes they are irritating because they contain truth. No church would consciously close a door of service in the face of any of its members. But often we grow so accustomed to using a certain type of leadership that we do not seek for any other type. This is becoming less and less so in The Methodist Church, of course, as it is becoming less so elsewhere.

During the past three years the secretaries of missionary personnel have made a very determined effort to interest Negro young people, for instance, in mission work. In the Woman's Division of Christian Service, the memory of Martha Drummond, famous missionary to Africa, remains fresh. In the home field, the Bethlehem Center at Winston-Salem is in charge of a Negro woman. Both Mothers' Memorial Center and Friendship Home in Cincinnati are directed by Negro women. A Negro woman represents the Woman's Division of Christian Service to the Negro defense workers in the United States—educational institutions to which the Woman's Division contributes are under the leadership of Negroes. This does not begin to take into consideration the conference projects that are under the direction of Negro women.

But nevertheless during the years that the Woman's Division of Christian Service has been organized only one Negro young woman has been commissioned. No Indian or Oriental American has even appeared before the personnel committee.



Girl Reserve group from Bethlehem Center, Birmingham, Alabama—a future source of power

There are no missionaries from the United States serving on the foreign field under the Woman's Division who are not white. This state of affairs is not limited to the woman's work of The Methodist Church. It is almost universally true throughout the churches with mission programs, be they women's boards or general boards.

Meanwhile every year throughout Methodism Negro, Indian, and Oriental Americans are being graduated from church schools and going on for advanced training. They are receiving degrees in science, in education, in religion. They are becoming nutritionists, linguists, and nurses. Government and social agencies are calling on them for their services.

Although the church should feel proud that church-trained women are serving the country, the church needs leadership too desperately in this

shattered world not to reserve some part of this strength for itself. It cannot leave such reservoir of Christian power untapped for its own sake aside from any other consideration. The church has long realized the need of all of its children for its ministry. The time has come when it must realize the need of all its children also to have the chance to minister themselves to others. The verse "to do unto others as you would be done by" bristles with doing.

There was a time when the test of the spiritual depth of a church member was the amount of good he did to others. Now the test is quite as much to see how much that member shares the doing of good. For it is only through the chance for the two acts, the opportunity to be done to and the opportunity to do unto others, that the Christian achieves his full stature.



Salvaging old home furnishings and making new ones at Paine College, Augusta, Georgia



Home-making consultant at the summer work shop, Bennett College, Greensboro, N. C.



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Lake Junaluska Methodist Assembly

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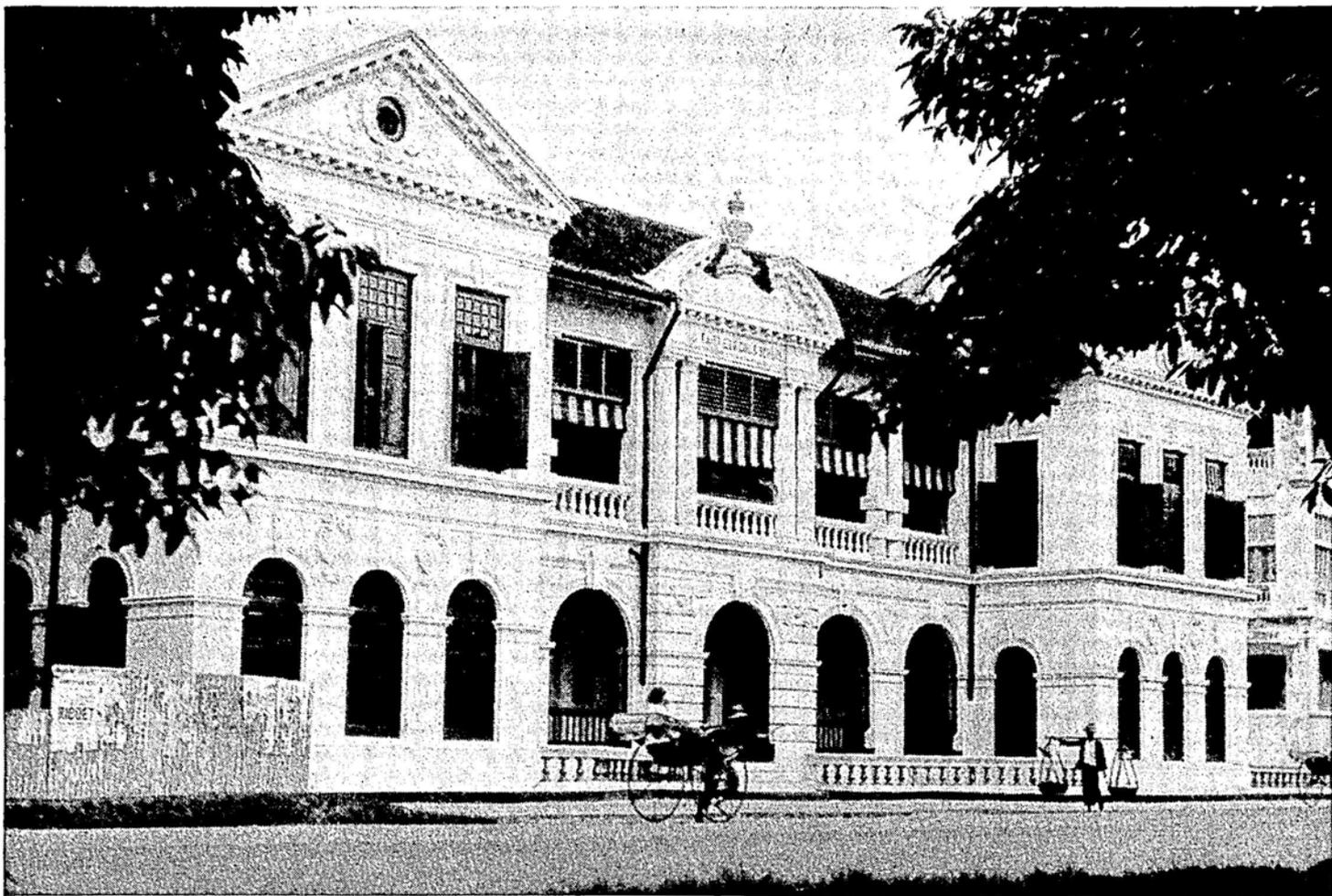
Lake Junaluska consists of 2,500 acres and a lake of 250 acres. Two hundred or more Methodists own homes on the grounds; some are summer cottages and many are permanent homes.

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Fairfield Girls' School—one of the Methodist schools in Singapore. One of the greatest losses in Southeast Asia has been the loss of money for Methodist schools. In Malaya alone we have 22,500 Methodist students now without funds for teachers

Methodists in Southeast Asia

Photographs from
Methodist Prints

Along the Malaysian shore. Although the war hit hard in Southeast Asia, cutting off Burmese, Malaysian, Chinese, and Indian Methodists from Methodists of this land, the Christian leadership was so well established in that part of the world that The Methodist Church looks with confidence toward the future

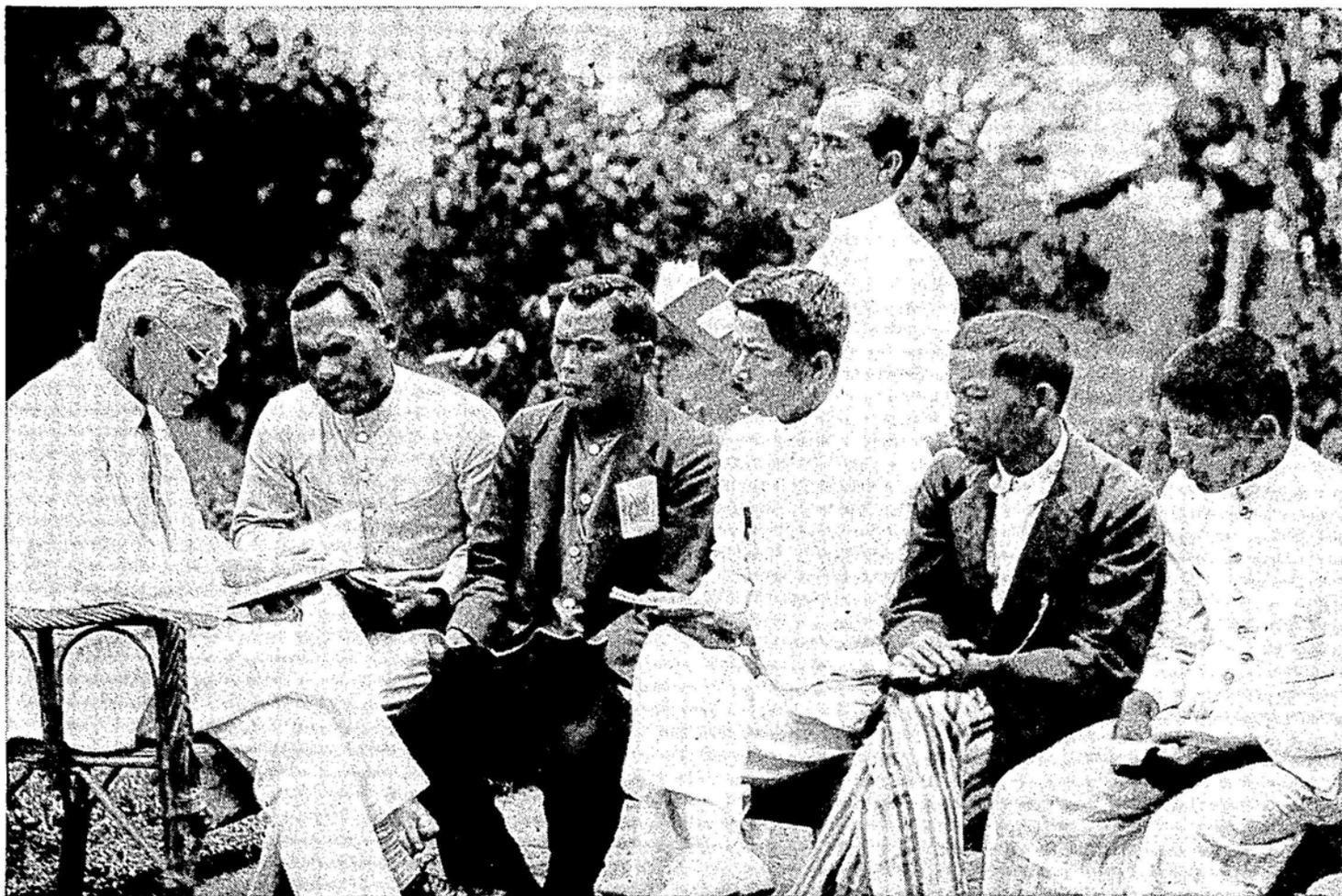




A Methodist Bible woman on her rounds in Sitiawan, Malaya. Sitiawan was one of the hardest hit spots in Malaya, one of our churches being demolished because it was in the direct line between the military defense and the air field



Miss Catharine Johnson, veteran Methodist missionary in Malaya, with the first graduate of Eveland Seminary, Singopore, Malaysia



Dutch Reformed missionary going over sermons with Christian pastors in Sumatra. In no place in the Orient has greater progress been made in interdenominational work than in this part of Asia



Young Sunday school teachers in Hock-Chan Yong, near Sitiawan. Such fine types of young men continue in the Christian work in spite of the war



Church school and parsonage in a Batak jungle community near Kisaran, Sumatra. The Methodist Church was just starting an expansion of its Batak work when war broke. The preachers of the country are going on with the work, we hear



Chinese mother and child who attended one of our Sunday schools in Malaya. Malaya is made up of many races, all of them represented in our churches and schools



A Methodist missionary, Miss Dirksen, who, just before the war, was conducting the only medical work in Malaya



Christians coming to be vaccinated in Sumatra even though the dresser is a Moslem. Christian communities are the first to submit to this preventive of disease



Boys at hard work in the Methodist School in Malacca, Malaya. The most interesting feature about these hand-work periods is the number of onlookers that turn up



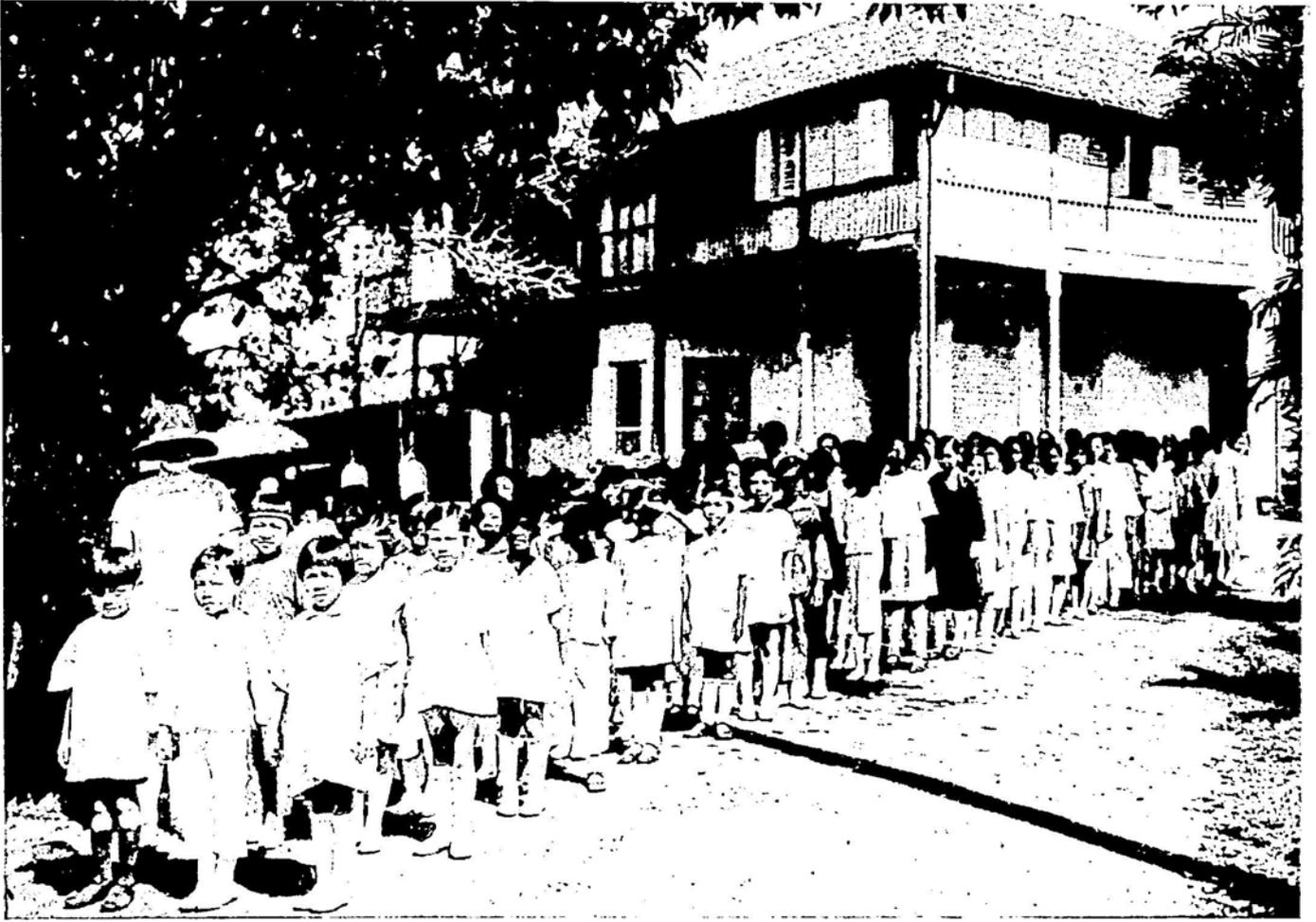
Watchman in a Sumatra rice field fixing up the scarecrows. These country people are ministered to by student groups who go into the country



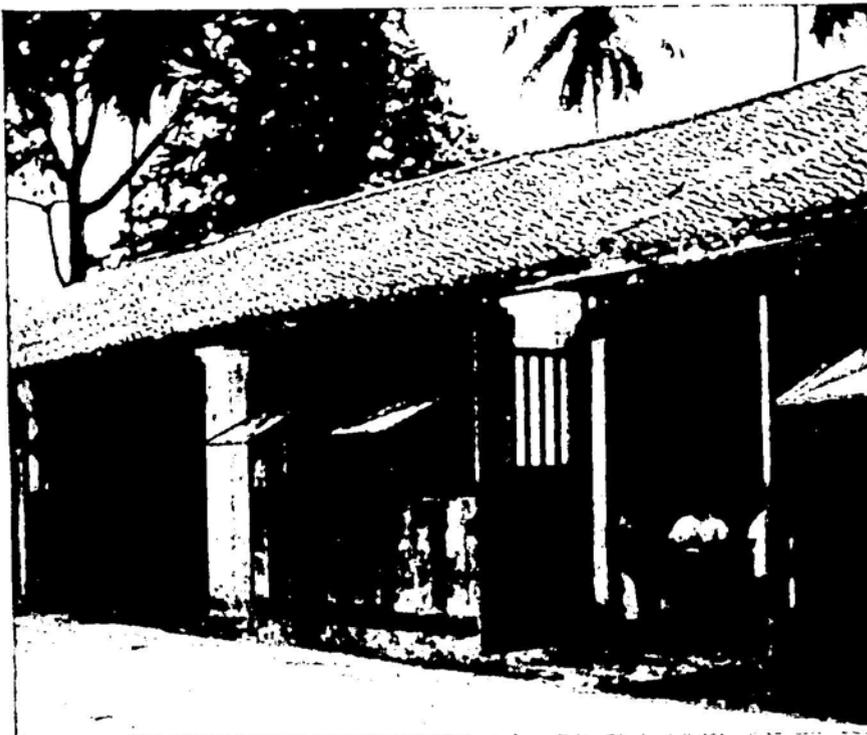
Miss Goh Gie Hing (lower right), Methodist worker, with her teachers of religious education. They are about to go out to the rubber plantations to teach



Front steps of a Batak home in Sumatra. Notice the erect carriage of the housewife. It comes from carrying burdens on her head



Methodist Malaya and Chinese girls setting out for church from Nindo Home, Singapore, before the war. These children, now young women, have faced the task of continuing to build the Christian church in a war-torn land



Methodist boys studying in garages in Penang for lack of classrooms

Zacchaeus the Anticipator

By Bishop Francis J. McConnell*

"And he ran on before."—Luke 19:4

ZACCHAEUS ran before, we are told. Sometimes a man reveals the secret of his strength in some apparently insignificant deed. The forcefulness of the will of Zacchaeus lies not especially in the fact that he climbed the tree, but in the fact that he ran before. He anticipated Jesus. He saw which way Jesus was to pass, and made preparation for the best view.

Shrewd businessman that he was, he had been accustomed to run before men, thinking ahead of them, getting ready for them as they came down his road. He had the gift of prevision, and with this prevision supplemented his shortcomings. Little of stature, he added a number of cubits to his height by climbing a tree. Detested by his neighbors, he got their money away from them by thinking on ahead of them. Zacchaeus was a rare man—a man likely to succeed either at good or at bad, according as he turned to one or to the other. This, then, is our text in looking at Zacchaeus—he ran before.

Jesus looked up into the branches of the tree and swept into his understanding the situation at a glance. He had met one unusual man just a few minutes before—the insistent Bartimaeus, the blind man who saw. Here was another unusual man, the little Zacchaeus, the tallest man in Jericho. Jesus appreciated the quickness of the mind of Zacchaeus and saw at once the desire which sent him on ahead of the procession. He called for Zacchaeus to come down, and Zacchaeus dropped from the branches in great joy. He saw what it meant—that Jesus wanted him, wanted him to turn from wickedness to the service of righteousness. He did not have to be told. He ran on ahead again, and set things right without waiting to be told that they were wrong.

Zacchaeus instantaneously saw why Christ wanted to go to dinner with him. He ran on to the conclusion that Christ was seeking to save him, and he helped on the work. He spared Jesus the humiliation of having to say point-blank: "Zacchaeus, you are a sinner. I desire to have you turn from sin and follow me." No, Zacchaeus saw the point, took the hint, and came into the Kingdom of God as easily as he slid down the tree-trunk.

Jesus had said it was harder for a rich man to get into the Kingdom of God than for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, but here was a rich man who came into the Kingdom of God as easily as if the gates were a mile wide. Many of us, rich and poor, would come in with like ease if we had something of the power of Zacchaeus to run ahead of the Master, and see the point without having it spoken of.

We say sometimes that we have never had any dis-

tinct call into the Kingdom. What distinct call did Zacchaeus have? Just this, that Christ said he would dine with him. We have all had as distinct calls. God has been heaping good things upon us from the beginnings of our lives, but our minds have been too slow to run ahead and find out the purpose. We are waiting to be told. The very fact that God has called me into existence is call enough. Why has he put men here, if not to bring them into the Kingdom of God? If I am alive at all, what further hint do I need that he desires me as his follower?

Why should I wait to be called? There are two kinds of waiting upon God—the kind which sits sluggish and helpless until he calls with a definiteness too unmistakable to be misunderstood, and the kind which waits, as an attendant serves, by running on ahead to anticipate the desires of God. Zacchaeus waited upon Christ in this latter sense.

Zacchaeus saw very quickly too what he would have to do to be a follower of Christ. He did not wait for Christ to tell him of restoration or of almsgiving. He ran ahead and saw what it was necessary to do. There was tainted money in his possession—money with a real taint—and this was to be restored to the people from whom it came. This was only common honesty, and Zacchaeus saw this point with amazing directness. Then the other point as to the need of giving to the poor—how quickly Zacchaeus saw that!

The discipleship of Zacchaeus meant vital change of life from the very outset. It went straight to ethical living and wrought a transformation. How long it takes the followers of Jesus sometimes to grasp the lesson, which Zacchaeus saw at the beginning, that the discipleship which is to count must work its way into the life of moral doing.

The world has been long years in overtaking this publican from Jericho. We have given centuries to battles over creeds, we have elaborated fine systems of church government, we have perfected ritualistic instrumentalities, but we have to learn and relearn—oh so slowly!—this first of all lessons that discipleship means fair play in getting money and generosity in disposing of it.

Salvation for Zacchaeus meant being "found." He had been lost in the sense that all his wonderful power was going to wrong use. The lifeless souls who know little stirrings of any kind are not in so great peril as the quick, living spirits who, like Zacchaeus, have force enough to do great evil. The strongest sheep can be the "lostest" because of its power to go farthest into the wilderness.

Zacchaeus remained at Jericho. He could be left behind. He knew what Christ would expect. He could be trusted to come to right understanding of Christ without formal instruction. His theology may not have been especially full at the start, but it would expand as he thought of Christ and lived under the spell of spiritual sympathy with him.

* Chapter XXVI in *The Just Weight*, by Francis John McConnell. Copyright, 1925. Used by permission of the publisher, Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.

Cornhusks and Maria*

By Carol Cantor



Monkmeier

Maria got ready for the party by making garlands of paper

If you were going to say that Maria had one outstanding characteristic, I suppose you would have to say it was her interest in everything new. Of course most children are interested in new things, but no child, boy or girl, in the entire village of Terale was as interested in new things as Maria. When the men drilled the village well Maria was in danger of being drilled herself, so interested was she in the machinery. When the men and women of the village came back from the market with their baskets empty Maria would meet them far down the road to ask if they had had any new experiences during the day. It is true that they seldom had things to tell her. They went to the market, they put out their wares, they sold their wares, they came wearily home.

"Ah," Maria often thought, "maybe if I were there I could find something new. Maybe they don't look."

The chances are that she was quite right.

Naturally, when the new *Protestante* lady came to Terale, Maria was over on her doorstep before the lady had time to take off her hat. Maria had never seen a hat like this one, and she was quite pleased with the idea of such a piece of nonsense's being carried abroad on the lady's head in the muddy street of Terale. Maria's interest mounted

as the lady began to unpack her things, and it reached fever-pitch when the lady handed one package to Maria and asked her if she would like to unwrap that one.

Maria unwrapped the package slowly. It is nice to unwrap packages. She finally came to a box. She opened the box carefully, and then suddenly she shrieked:

"Senorita!" as she hastily crossed herself.

There, lying in the bottom of the box, was a saint—a very small saint with curly hair, closed eyes, and a surprisingly short blue dress, and with buckles on her shoes.

"Senorita," said Maria again, and as she raised herself she knocked the box off the low table. Before Maria's fascinated stare the small saint opened her eyes—which were *as blue as her dress*.

"Mama mial!" screamed Maria.

And the *Protestante* lady came. It took quite a little time for her to understand what was the matter with Maria. It did not cross her mind that Maria had never seen a doll. When you are trying to explain something that someone is seeing for the very first time, it is hard to find the right words, too. The first result of all this was that by the end of the explanation, during which the doll had been thoroughly examined, Maria and the lady were friends of some standing. The second result was that Maria left the home of the lady with a firm conviction that the small girls of Terale had been without dolls long enough and that something must be done about it.

I do not know if I have indicated that Maria was a determined character. She was. Furthermore, she had no hesitancy about putting her convictions into actions. It took barely the passing of a day before the village of Terale had not only awakened to its doll deficiency but also had been prevailed upon to remedy it.

Maria was practical.

Just as the lady did not look like the people of Terale, she did not expect Terale's dolls to look like the lady's doll. When someone suggested that Terale dolls be made with cornhusks, Maria accepted the plan without protest.

Now the dolls really became a project.

The *Protestante* lady and the little girls who came to play in her yard made the cornhusk bodies. Then the teachers at the school painted faces on the dolls. Maria was allowed to send out invitations to all

* This children's story is based on real life as it appeared in a report from a Methodist missionary in rural Mexico. She says in her report that in many of the small villages no child sees a doll, and in many of the larger villages only the well-to-do children have them.



People from the village went to market and bought and sold
but they never saw anything new

Henle, from Monkmeier

the little girls between seven and nine who did not have dolls—which of course included all the little girls in Terale between those ages. The invitations were for a party at the *Protestante* lady's house. Maria really worked on that party. She made paper garlands to hang all over the walls and she brought out all the little chairs which the lady had for little children, and on each chair she sat a doll. That party is still talked about in Terale. The "Ah's" and "Oh's" and the embraces of the new little mothers for new cornhusk babies were remarkable, and everyone said: "How in the world did it happen that Terale never had dolls before?"

Now it so happened that there was one scoffer. Of course there is an excuse for her. She was ten—just over the age line for dolls. It may be—I am only guessing—that she herself thought it would be nice to have a cornhusk doll. Be that as it may, she looked at these cornhusk babies with a cold eye. And then she spoke. She spoke loudly so everyone could hear her. And she said:

"Those aren't babies. Those are cornhusks!"

For a moment there was a frightened silence. Little mothers cast stricken eyes on their new babies. Surely it could not be—but those babies did look suspiciously like cornhusks. Small mouths began to quiver. Something had to be done and done quickly. Maria realized that and acted. She rose and stood on one of the chairs for little children.

"Listen," she cried, "listen."

And everyone listened. Even the scoffer, who was about to go out of the door, turned back to listen.

"Lots of people see new things every day and think they see old things. They haven't got eyes to see they're really new things. Just because they look like something they've seen once, they don't see they aren't that thing at all but something brand new. You don't love old cornhusks, do you? But you love dolls, don't you? Love changes things. See?"

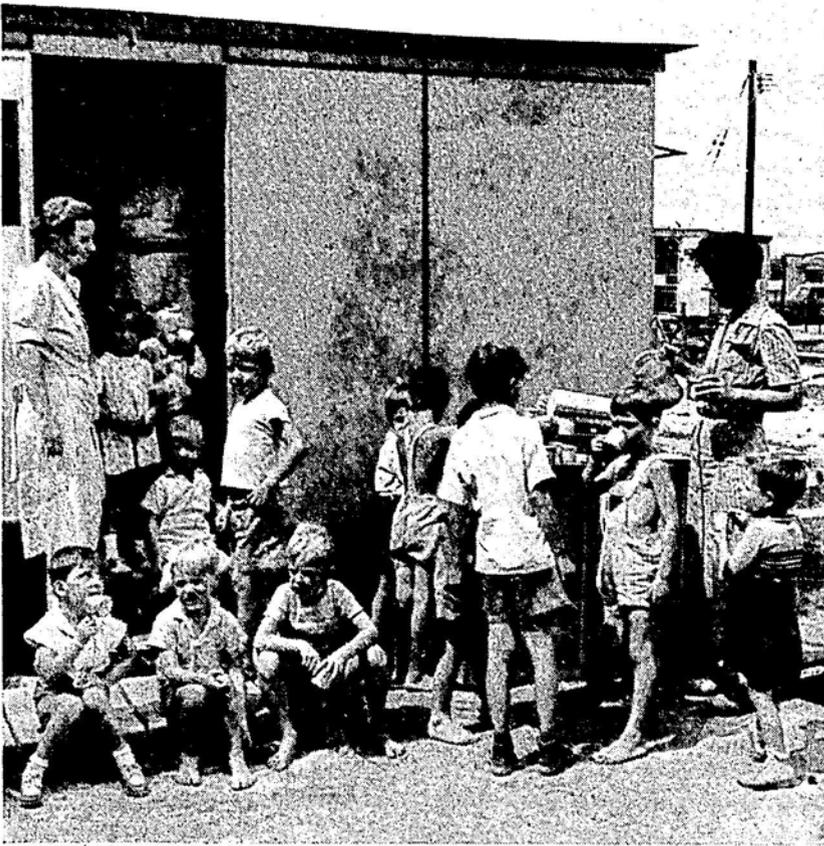
And everyone saw. They saw so well through the eyes of love that no one ever thought those babies looked like cornhusks again—not even the scoffer.

Post-war Advance Begins Now

No war in history has touched children's security more deeply than this war. Children are hungry, they are without homes, they are without parents. Some children are refugees and some are in concentration camps. Those who have seen bombings are filled with an unchild-like apprehension and their faces are old far beyond their years, and their small bodies.

In our own land there has been another kind of insecurity. The movement of workers from one part of the country to another has unsettled children's lives. The fact of having to change schools in the middle of a year can be a real tragedy to a child—and some children are losing their grade standing because war industry communities occasionally do not have enough schools to take care of the new children.

When demobilization comes the church must be ready to do its part to give security to these children. It can best be prepared for the gigantic task by starting now.



Evans, from Three Lions

Emergency school in a defense workers' trailer camp at mid-morning milk time. No greater service to their security can be rendered these children than providing them with schools to keep them up with their grades



Henle, from Monkmeier

Nine children in this family live in three small rooms in Harlem. They live in these crowded conditions partly because of bad housing, partly because racial discrimination has forced them into a constricted area. To make these children secure in health and in emotions such conditions will have to cease



Henle, from Monkmeier

A mother who has studied child-care, with her healthy baby. Training must be given throughout China so that babies can live to grow up and so that homes lose their fear of disease



Francis Stewart, from War Relocation Authority

Children in a relocation camp feel their apart-ness very keenly. Church men and women will have to devise ways to bring these children back into the life of the nation if they are to grow up to be useful citizens



British Combine

A hungry child gets food from soldiers. As food is shared with hungry children during the war so it will have to be shared with hungry children after the war if there is to be any world of enduring peace



British Combine

A child refugee arriving from a country to which she will probably never return. The attitude of Christian men and women toward this child of another faith can restore in her the feeling of security which she has lost

A Message from Poland

By Ruth Lawrence

EDITORS' NOTE: On March 15 the "Gripsholm" docked in New Jersey. It had on its passenger list a missionary under the Woman's Division of Christian Service—Miss Ruth Lawrence, of Alabama. Miss Lawrence was returning from an internment camp in France, but most of the years of the war she had spent in Poland. Now of all the occupied countries of Europe, Poland has been most cut off from the world. Tales of horror have drifted through to the outside but the story of how people were living, how our Methodist people were standing up under the strain, were hard to come by. Although *WORLD OUTLOOK* has a policy not to push missionaries returning from occupied countries to tell their stories at once, the editors felt that the interest in Poland is so intense that the policy should be set aside for this time. Miss Lawrence tells of what has happened since that day in September, 1939.



Miss Ruth Lawrence, missionary to Poland under the Woman's Division of Christian Service

○ N September 5, 1939, Mr. Warfield came to my apartment and told Ellen Newby and me that the German soldiers were coming rapidly toward Warsaw and that we should leave the next morning. I objected; I didn't want to leave but finally agreed. We spent the next day at various offices getting permission to leave Warsaw. We closed the apartment thinking that we could go to Southern Poland where we had a chapel and could continue our work.

The Methodist building, in which we lived in Warsaw, was a strong apartment building eight stories high, with a lecture, chapel, apartments, mission offices, and language school.

In the evening of September 6 there was an air alarm but as it did not last long we went on to the station where we found the platform fairly filled with people trying to get away from Warsaw. Finally we got into a compartment with six Polish people, who became our traveling companions for the following weeks. (Two of this group, as we learned after a few days, had attended our English Language School.) But the train did not go that night. We sat on the platform all night.

The next morning we left, but as soon as we got to East Warsaw the Germans started bombing us. Every time the train moved the bombs would fall. This lasted for two days. In that time we went only 35 miles. We decided at dusk we would get off the train and, in company with our new Polish friends, we began our five weeks' wandering in Polish villages. We had not known these friends before this

time. We found a little boy who guided us to the home of a student priest who took us in, and let us sleep in the kitchen. We were exhausted.

The next morning the station was bombed and the trains. But after a rumor that that village was to be burned, we went on to another village about twenty miles away. Refugees were everywhere on the country highway. Here we found a vacant room in a kindly home where we all lay down on fresh straw brought from a barn. By the next afternoon the Polish soldiers were in that village. A little Polish private soldier befriended us in whatever small ways he could such as giving me some of his new handkerchiefs.

We felt that it was best to move steadily on, so we persuaded the man of the house to hide our baggage in his field for a while. We walked all night along with the Polish army. We found refuge in a little farmhouse, along with forty other refugees, for three days. Then we moved to another farm where we stayed for three weeks, sleeping in the barn, not a bad place, and living on simple country food. We were able to buy bread, vegetables, and a little meat.

After three weeks we started on our return trip to Warsaw which was to last two weeks. The last lap of the journey was in an open wagon in the rain for a day and a half. Other refugees were also returning.

Of course Warsaw had been bombed and badly devastated, but when we returned we found people already rebuilding some things. We found all the windows out of our building; incendiary bombs had fallen on our roof, which was glass, but the bombs did not explode. The firemen and the gatekeeper took care of them—took them away. There were some holes in our building from artillery, but it was still all right to live in. About forty people had taken refuge in our apartment during the bombing.

We at once got busy with plans to open our evening language school where we taught English only. We had an enrollment of eight hundred pupils in this school. We advertised and began registering pupils. On the day we were to begin classes there came an order from the Gestapo that no schools were to



Refugees along the road. These are the people who will have to be helped so they can build a new Europe

Evans, from Three Lions

open because of an epidemic. The next day we had to promise that the rooms would not be used for teaching English in order not to have them "sealed." The rooms were not used for that purpose thereafter—they were used for other things. The bookstore of the mission had its English books sealed.

Because of the war we lost three of our strongest Methodist stations; but most of our stations are still going strong. Our work has developed considerably—work has been opened in a number of new chapels, and we have taken in six new pastors and two new deaconesses.

In the southeastern part of Poland in the Ukraine the congregations of Pentecostal and Seventh Day Adventists were left without leaders, and Methodist leaders were asked to take over. We have placed several new young Polish pastors to oversee the work there. Thus a new group of people are being

We have three deaconesses, who train young people and work with the women and children of the congregations; one is a trained nurse. One deaconess has been sent out to open up a new field. For the past three years we have been able to run a six months' Bible school in Warsaw. Two Polish pastors and several former theological professors teach in these schools. The student body consists of from ten to fifteen persons who are interested in becoming pastors or simply in becoming trained volunteer workers.

The present Polish superintendent of the mission is showing himself to be wise and untiring and enthusiastic in working with these promising new groups that have become connected with our work. Although there are many difficulties, we have been able to continue our work and even to increase it. Our pastors and deaconesses are all at their stations and enthusiastic about the work of the church.



Methodist Prints

A teacher in the Taiping Girls' School and her family. Accredited teachers are too few in Malaya to let families take prepared women from the classroom. Families and professions, therefore, go together

Malaya Goes to School

As Told by Della Olson*

should be begun in 1940 and should cost no less than \$75,000. Therefore, in spite of handicaps, we forged ahead with a minimum of cash and a maximum of faith.

Where was the money to come from? The parents of our schoolgirls gave generously, but most of them were government office workers and had only their salaries to draw upon. I thought then of our former students, and I launched out upon a campaign to find them and to see how they might respond to our need. They responded beautifully, and in addition to the financial aid I received a more intangible "aid." This was the incidental but inspiring information about what our graduates and former students are doing. I found that they are making a most excellent contribution to the welfare of Malaya, a contribution of which any school might be proud.

If there should be any Methodists who feel that money for missionary work in Malaya has been given in vain let them look at the records of some of our scholarship girls. Two of these scholarship girls left school soon after I was transferred to Taiping, and I recommended them to a large government hospital for nurse training. After they had completed the required four-year course, they were taken on by the hospital as fully qualified nurses. I was pleased to have one of the doctors tell me that they were the best nurses in the hospital.

As I interviewed former students, I realized over and over again the influence of our Girls' School upon the lives of its students. It is impossible to give students a Christian education over a period of years without giving them Christian ideals to live by.

The contributions of our former students, together with those of our own school staff, amounted to \$13,000 toward the new building.

There were over four hundred donors to this building fund, and when I bring them to mind I have a mental picture of many fine characters—the practical-minded Chinese people who can work from sunrise to sunset; the easy-going, friendly Malaysians; the tall Sikh men with their round turbans and long beards; the other Indian people who are by nature religious; and the Eurasians who combine in their veins the blood of the occidental and the oriental races.

Before we had finished our new building we had raised over \$50,000 and most of the pledges had been paid in full.

IT was a memorable occasion. The large assembly hall was crowded to overflowing with Indians, Eurasians, American, English, Chinese, and Malay people. They observed with pride the dedication of the new school building, for they had all had a very special part in building it—in the fulfillment of a dream.

The dream was mine to begin with, but as the weeks went along it became a community dream of a kind both practical and idealistic. The girls of Taiping School desperately needed a new building, for by 1938 white ants had partly destroyed a bungalow which we had been renting from the government.

As principal of the Girls' School it fell to my lot to raise funds for the new building. There were many difficult obstacles in the way of any money-raising campaign. Just as I began, Great Britain entered the war; this meant that people who had already for two years been giving to the China war fund would start giving to the British war fund.

The British Government, on the recommendation of the British Education Department, offered us a grant of \$32,000 toward a new building which

* Miss Della Olson served as principal of the Girls' School at Taiping before the war. Persons studying Southeast Asia this year should begin to collect Southeastern articles such as this to form a picture of Methodist work before the bombs fell.



Methodist Prints

Methodist women's conference of North Malaya. Many of the women attending the conference received their training in the Methodist Girls' School

The building was considered to be the most beautiful school building in all Malaya. In addition to eleven classrooms it had a large entrance hall, an office, a library, an art room, a geography room, an assembly hall, music room, Home Economics room, lunch room and kitchen, staff room, and lavatory block.

How little did we realize on that beautiful and memorable opening day that within ten days enemy bombs would be falling over northern Malaya and that Malayan people would be fleeing in terror!

On the early morning of December 9, I left Taiping for Singapore to attend annual conference. I got as far as Kuala Lumpur, two hundred miles south of Taiping, before I heard what had happened. I rushed back, to learn that all Malaya was stunned by the news of invasion on the northeast.

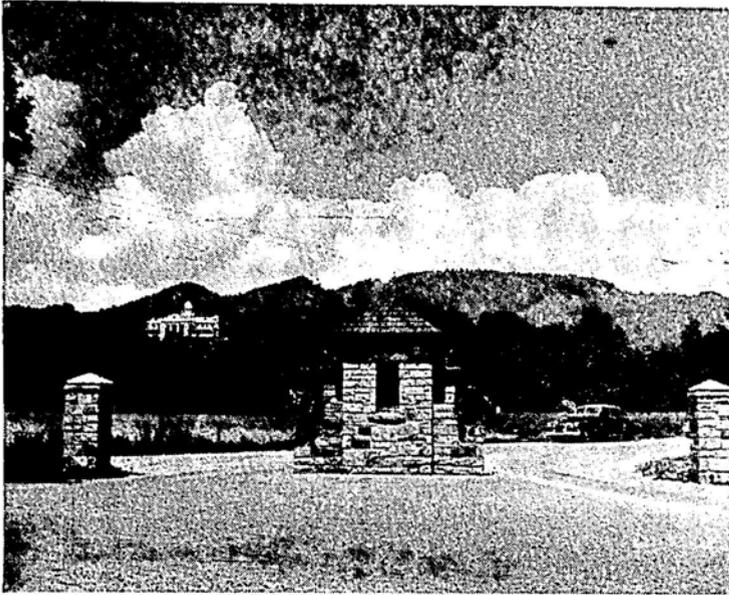
Only a week after the invasion began, one of the leading British army officers came to see me to explain that the British army might have to take over our new building to house officers. Although he thought that it might be a month before the army called for it, still I thought it better to pack up, and it was well that I did, for the very next morning the officers moved in. The officers told me that a major battle was being planned for just north of Taiping, and that I had better leave the city at once. This was a blow, but I had very little time to think about it. I drove away from Taiping without taking time to pick up my personal possessions, giving a last fond look at that building upon which I had lavished so much time and thought.

Has our work in Taiping been in vain? No, not by any means. When I think of Taiping it brings to my mind the many young women who are living happier lives because they were once students in Taiping School; I think of mothers who are bringing up their children in the Christian way; I think of the fine work of one of the leading women doctors in Malaya, who was a student in our school; I think of our Chinese, our Tamil, and our English congregations and of our faithful pastors. I can still hear our older girls answering questions on the four Gospels and singing their favorite hymns. I feel sure they still are singing: "*Lord, we are able.*"



Methodist Prints

Malay class at the Taiping Methodist Girls' School. Malaya after the war may find some of its leaders among these schoolgirls



The entrance at Lake Junaluska showing Mission Inn, the Headquarters Building of the Board of Missions and Church Extension

Summer Conferences on the World Mission of Christianity

Global matters clamor for attention and the problems of the post-war period are more and more pressing. They will be studied and discussed across the nation this summer in great conferences under the auspices of the Board of Missions and Church Extension of The Methodist Church. You owe it to yourself, your Church, your world, to attend and participate in one of these conferences. Dates and places are as follows:

Racine, Wisconsin, June 5-10

North Central Jurisdiction School of Missions and Christian Service

Ocean Grove, New Jersey, June 24-July 1

Northeastern Jurisdiction School of Missions and Christian Service

Lake Wawasee, near Syracuse, Indiana, July 1-7

North Central Jurisdiction Conference on Christian World Mission

Mount Sequoyah, Fayetteville, Arkansas, July 3-13

South Central Jurisdiction School of Missions (July 3-13) and Missionary Conference (July 7-13)

Silver Bay, New York, July 12-19

Interdenominational World Mission Conference (Northeastern Jurisdiction)

Lake Junaluska, North Carolina, July 25-August 2

Southeastern Jurisdiction School of Missions (July 25-August 2) and
Missionary Conference (July 25-August 1)

Lake Junaluska, North Carolina, August 1-6

Church-wide Pastors' Conference

Gulfside, Waveland, Mississippi, August 22-28

Central Jurisdiction School of Missions and Christian Service

Lisle Fellowship (Eastern Section), Lisle, New York, June 7-July 19

Lisle Fellowship (Colorado-California Section), Lookout Mountain, near Denver, Colorado, July 21-September 1

In all of these there will be classes, discussions, and addresses by notable leaders. Recreation and fellowship will be combined with education and inspiration.

For detailed programs and other information write to Dr. W. F. Quillian, Dr. Karl K. Quimby, or Mrs. Helen B. Bourne, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.



BOOKS

THE RUSSIAN ENIGMA, An Interpretation. By William Henry Chamberlin. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, N. Y. \$2.75.

Russia has stood up "under the sternest of tests." She is going to play as important a role in a post-war world as she is playing in a world at war. Therefore it is high time we try to understand her government and people.

Because of "preconceived doctrinaire" likes and dislikes there seem to be few normal approaches to the Russian question. If you truly wish a presentation of facts, some of which take courage to face, by a writer qualified to interpret, Mr. Chamberlin's book is a *must*.

Will an increasingly conservative Soviet under Stalin be an "easier partner in international dealings" than a radical one would have been under Lenin? Mr. Chamberlin reminds us that the emergent Russia is filled with "nationalist pride and self-assertion." Stalin's foreign policy? Russia First. Nevertheless, the chapter dealing with foreign policy trends is somewhat encouraging.

To find the roots of Russian communism one must go back to the reign of Ivan the Terrible—Mr. Chamberlin traces Russian history from the sixteenth century. (Her history is one of Russia's five sources of strength.) The stage is set for the Revolution, which "in its world-reverberating challenge to the existing order of civilization ranks with the Protestant Reformation and the French Revolution." And following the Revolution is the inevitable period of evolution.

Mr. Chamberlin draws an excellent pen sketch of the Premier—of Stalin the forceful, Stalin the cunning, Stalin the practical dreamer, Stalin who coerces and cajoles. Indeed, if the book contained only the chapter on Stalin and the one on Soviet economy, it would be well worth its price. In the latter study we see for ourselves that always the individual has been sacrificed for the sake of the state.

In order to make clear the changes that have occurred in the Soviet during the past decade, the author compares the present attitude toward the following subjects with that of an earlier period of development: property, religion, the family, patriotism, methods of education, privileges for industrial workers, culture, rank and subordi-

nation, Russia's past, Pan-Slavism. The real radical is not pleased. Russia today is not "the torch bearer of international revolution."

History will have much to judge. The end is not yet; but the fact remains that in an incredibly short time Russia has become one of the world's leading industrial powers and a leading military force as well. Another test is coming after a hard reconstruction period!—M. D. W.

THE FOREIGN MISSIONS OF THE RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH.

By Serge Bolshakoff. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London. The Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y.

This book should prove intensely interesting to all persons desiring a complete story of Christian missions as well as to those curious about the work of the Christian Church in Russia in the past and the present. While this text is brief (116 pages), it covers a wide scope of information. In presenting a reply to the reproach leveled against the Orthodox Church that it lost its evangelizing zeal after the ninth century, this essay chronicles the missionary success of the Orthodox Church in Russia and in other lands. Since 988, when the Russian Orthodox Church was founded, it has converted to Christianity the Eastern Slavs and a majority of the Arctic, Volga, and Ural Finns; it has baptized many Karelians and Estonians and several Turkish, Tungus, and Mongolian tribes in their entirety or in part. Outside Russia, Russian missionaries have founded churches in Japan and Alaska and missions in Korea, Iran, China, and Manchuria. Today there are flourishing dioceses abroad for Russian emigrants or exiles. Russian parishes are established in Sydney, Addis-Ababa, Cairo, Manila, and in almost every capital and large city in Europe and in both North and South America. According to the author, "the whole Russian Church abroad is nothing more than a vast missionary organization." In conclusion he states, interestingly enough: "This little book is intended to help those who are interested in the Orthodox Church and its missions, and look for union with it in truth and love."

And what of the church in Russia today? A brief statement of its present status is in a postscript.

THE NEW EUROPE. By Bernard Newman. The Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y. \$3.75.

A new quality comes to the old expression, "good fences make good neighbors," as one reads this latest book by Bernard Newman. For the new Europe to be healthfully new, adjustment will have to be made of boundaries that will meet the test of justice for population groups, for racial and cultural background, and economic progress.

That plebiscites may or may not be desirable in determining boundaries is aptly illustrated in the author's contrast between those held in the Saar and in Silesia. "The fact is that plebiscites are only decisive arguments when held under conditions which are perfectly fair and just, and *which are recognized as fair and just* by both parties."

What the boundary makers are facing in Europe is masterfully set forth in this volume. There is an ease of presentation that almost disguises the careful research and toil for first-hand observation that went into the years of establishing dependable background for this handbook for boundary makers, and for boundary understanders.

What is to be the future of Poland? Should Corsica remain French or be given to Italy? What should be done to East Prussia? What about the Polish Corridor? Where should Russia's western boundary be? What should be the future of the Baltic states? Will this future lie with Russia or in federation with a Scandinavian Federation? What of the Balkans? Should the League of Nations be revived? These and kindred questions come in for thoughtful attention. The author observes, "Nothing we have seen in our perambulations about Europe promises more satisfying immediate and distant results than a series of regional federations. I emphasize that these will not abolish war, but they will make the path to war much more difficult. If Europe survives the next fifty years in peace, then war may be banished forever." (P. 538.)

The contrast between strategy and tactics, long range planning and methods for reaching immediate goals, is descriptive of the kind of thinking the author keeps in happy balance. He sees the ultimate objective of world co-operation, but his idealism is tempered by remembering what John and Jan and Jean and Mr. Average Man of other lands with their inherited and multi-form prejudices and loyalties will be thinking are more pressing problems.

If a person is taking seriously the theme of "Crusade for a New World Order," this *New Europe* is a *must* book for him.—C. C. H.

Any or all of the books reviewed may be ordered from the Methodist Publishing House, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York; 7-10 Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois; 420 Plum Street, Cincinnati 2, Ohio; 810 Broadway, Nashville 2, Tennessee

The Moving Finger Writes

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



—From "Reveille"

Lee Memorial Cares for Famine Victims

¶ In September, 1899, in one of the most tragic catastrophes in the history of Christian missions in India, six of the eight children of the Rev. and Mrs. David H. Lee, of Carroll County, Ohio, Methodist missionaries in Calcutta, were buried in a terrific landslide high in the Himalayas near Darjeeling. As a memorial to the children, Dr. and Mrs. Lee and a host of American and Indian friends built the Lee Memorial Mission for the Bengali-speaking people in the heart of Calcutta.



Mrs. David H. Lee

Through the years the Memorial has been a school and orphanage, training thousands of boys and girls rescued from famine situations in Bangal Province, beginning with the famine of 1900; from it have been sent evangelistic and educational groups, establishing chapels and schools at many outlying points, and carrying on medical clinics.

Dr. Lee died there in 1924, but Mrs. Lee, who in March celebrated her eighty-eighth birthday, still superintends the varied services of the Mission. With the help of doctors and nurses it is now carrying on a relief hospital for children in Calcutta, and 260 boys and girls—victims of the current famine in Bengal—are now housed in its dormitories and cared for in its classes and clinics.

Methodist Appointments to Union Theological Seminary



Rev. Clyde B. Stuntz

¶ The appointment of the Rev. Clyde B. Stuntz, missionary of the Methodist Church in Lahore, India, to a missionary fellowship at Union Theological Seminary, New York, for the academic year 1944-45, has been announced by President

Henry Sloane Coffin. For the same period, Union has granted missionary scholarships to Miss Ellen M. Studley, Methodist missionary and principal of the Union Bible Training Institute, Peking; to the Rev. Richard E. Hanson, Methodist missionary in Peking; Gertrude A. Becker, Methodist principal of the Johnson Girls' High School in Jubbulpore, India; and to Miss Mary Ellen Hawk, Methodist missionary in

the Moore Memorial Institutional Church, Shanghai, China.



Workshop in Visual Education

¶ A workshop in visual education will be held at Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Illinois, from August 28 to September 2, inclusive. This is for training in the educational use of pictures in the local church program. Pastors, directors of religious education, and members of visual education committees in local churches, as well as others responsible for visual education in general offices are eligible for registration. Attendance is limited to one hundred persons and registration must definitely be made in advance. The cost for room and board at Garrett Biblical Institute and the tuition and lab fees is \$17.50 per person. For further information address Dr. Mary Leigh Palmer, International Council of Religious Education, 203 North Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Dr. Shacklock on Drew Faculty



Dr. Floyd Shacklock

¶ The Rev. Floyd Shacklock, Ph.D., DD., for twenty years a missionary of the Methodist Church in Japan, and more recently treasurer of Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, with offices in New York, has been elected professor of missions in Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey. During the past year, Dr. Shacklock has been a visiting professor at the Seminary, in addition to his services with the M. C. O. R.

To Be a Nurse In Africa



Miss Dorothy L. Sells

Miss Dorothy L. Sells, the eldest daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. E. L. Sells, Methodist missionaries in Rhodesia, being unable to come to America for college and training as a nurse, has been accepted by the Southern Rhodesia Nursing Service as a student nurse and appointed for training to the Bulawayo Hospital. Miss Sells was born in Brooklyn Methodist Hospital while her father was a student in Drew Theological Seminary. She is training as a nurse in preparation for missionary service.

✧

Church With a World Outlook

Educating the 500 members of the Second Methodist Church, Millville, New Jersey, to the needs of missions has increased the church's World Service giving in two years from \$730 to \$1,546, according to the pastor, the Rev. E. Emanuel Burkman.



Pastor E. Emanuel Burkman, of Second Methodist Church, Millville, New Jersey, stands in front of the parsonage giving out copies of WORLD OUTLOOK to some of his juniors who are eager to go out and sell them

In the church sanctuary is a large world mission map on which the church is designated with a red light, representing "God's Powerhouse." Five mission stations, to which half of the church's missionary funds go, are identified with white lights. The slogan is "Second Methodist Church is the powerhouse sending out the white light of the gospel to the uttermost parts of the world." The map is lighted at every service. The church has two missionary interests in India, one in Rhodesia, one in Pittman Center, Tennessee, and one in New Jersey. Letters received from missionaries in each station are mimeographed and distributed among the church membership.

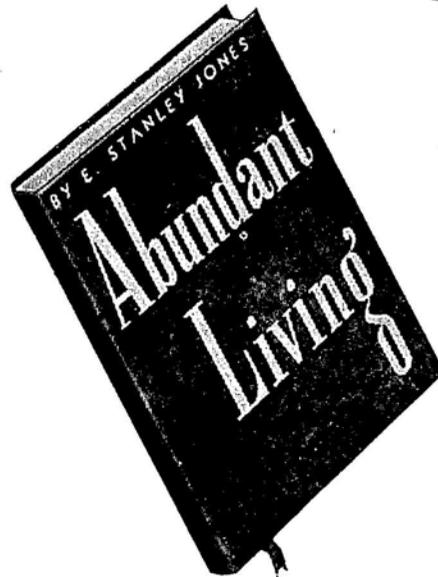
Four WORLD OUTLOOK newsboys, junior boys of the congregation, sell

forty copies of the periodical to regular customers in the church each month. The magazine, on sale in quantity lots for ten cents per copy, is sold at the sale price of fifteen cents a copy. The boys keep the five-cent profit, while the value of the missionary information thus distributed cannot be tabulated. Missionary literature and speakers representing the missionary interests of the

church are also frequently used. Bi-monthly meetings of the church Board of Missions and Church Extension are held to plan future activities and goals.

At the invitation of a community located fourteen miles from Millville, Mr. Burkman and a group of laymen from this church undertook to provide church school and worship services in an abandoned Episcopal Church. No

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regular Protestant worship had been sponsored in the community. Visiting talent has been used frequently and attendance at weekly services has averaged twenty-six persons during the year. Plans are under way to organize this group into a regular Methodist Church. "This is missions in practice," says Mr. Burkman.



Bishop Chen Visits America



Bishop W. Y. Chen

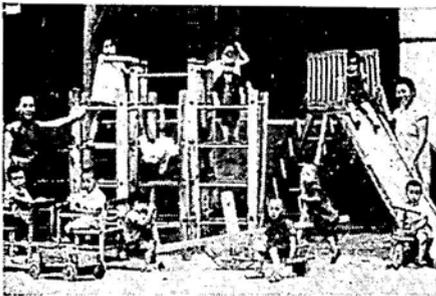
❑ Bishop W. Y. Chen, of the Chungking (China) Area of the Methodist Church, and executive secretary of the National Christian Council of China, arrived from the Orient at a Pacific coast city on February 9. He will spend

several months in the United States, lecturing on conditions in China, and conferring on matters concerning his area and the activities of the National Christian Council. He is an alumnus of Syracuse University.



Chinese Teacher Builds Playground Equipment

❑ Miss Liu Yu Chen, formerly principal of a mothercraft and Bible school conducted by the Board of Missions of the Methodist Church in Peking, China, escaped from that city when it was first



Miss Liu Yu Chen (right), playground pioneer worker in West China

occupied by the Japanese, and she is now, after many trying experiences, in Kien Yang, a rural community near Chungking, West China. Here Miss Liu has been pioneering in the formation of similar schools, gathering children from the villages into classes and playgrounds, and serving the needs of hundreds of mothers impoverished by war conditions. When she first went into Kien Yang, the local carpenters did not have any idea what playground equipment looked like, so she had first to show them pictures and then to help build the various pieces herself. Now they have the idea they are eager to be of help.

Inter-Church Service to Famine Sufferers

❑ The College of Medicine and Dentistry of West China Union University recently sent a medical and health unit of twenty-six doctors, dentists, and nurses to famine-stricken Honan Prov-



Young women, as well as men, enter the dental profession in the West China Union University

ince, China. They made the trip north in charcoal-burning ambulances provided by the Friends Service Committee (Quakers). At Loyang they established two medical centers under the direction of Bishop Thomas M. Megan, of the Catholic Mission, and a third center at Chenchow. Here they met and treated starvation with its attendant diseases, the acute fevers, malaria, mal-nutritional diseases, trachoma, and parasitical diseases.



Methodist Educator Dies in India

❑ Miss Minnie E. Newton, of Holland, New York, who has probably trained more women teachers for service in India than has any other American woman, died on January 21 at Godhra, Gujarat Province, India, from a heart attack, according to a cable just received by the Board of Missions and Church Extension of The Methodist Church. Miss Newton was a missionary of The Methodist Church and principal of its Godhra Normal School, one of the leading educational institutions for girls in India.

Miss Newton was born in East Aurora, New York, on September 14, 1878, and spent her childhood in the town of Holland. She attended high school in Arcade, New York, and then entered the State College for Teachers in Albany, New York. Later she attended Columbia University from which she earned the degrees of Bachelor of Science and Master of Arts. For some years she taught in the high schools of Niagara Falls and Hammondsport, New York, and was appointed a missionary of The Methodist Church in 1912.

Miss Newton's 32 years of missionary service were spent in Godhra. When she first reached there she found a small

girls' school which had been opened in 1900 as an orphanage and school for victims of the Great Famine of that year. From this beginning she developed it as the only school for girls in the Gujarati-speaking area of India, and later as an institution training girls as teachers in that language. Miss Newton has also

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served, concurrently with this principalship, as head of the Boys' Primary School in Godhra, and also as chairman of the government school board for the Panch Mahals district of 174 schools; most of the other members of the board have been Mohammedans and Hindus.

Pledgers Prepare to Minister to Bhils



Rev. W. Ferrell Pledger

The Rev. and Mrs. W. Ferrell Pledger, missionaries of the Methodist Church in India, now spending a year's furlough in Hartford, Connecticut, are preparing to return to India shortly to carry on Christian work among the Bhils, a primitive tribe of people, numbering more than one and a half million, living in the mountain fastnesses north of Bombay.

About 2,500 years ago, "when our forefathers were still roving nomads," the Bhils lived in walled, fortified cities. But the coming of many civilizations into India drove them gradually into the Vindhya and Satpura range of mountains, where they remain a proud and separate people never conquered by either Hinduism or Mohammedanism. Dr. Pledger will supervise religious, educational, and medical work among the Bhils.

Mexican Churches Banned to Soldiers

Soldiers in uniform have been prohibited from attending church services or other religious ceremonies in Mexico, according to press despatches.

"The rites of religious creeds do not conform with the dignity of the military uniform and insignia, nor with the martial personality of military men," a decree signed by President Manuel Avila Camacho and Sub-Secretary of National Defense Francisco L. Urquiza said.

Girl Gunner in Nazi Bomber

Private Harry Ray Beard has written his mother, Mrs. Edith Beard, of Bloomington, Maryland, that a woman was a member of a German bomber crew in an air battle above Salerno.

Private Beard, whose anti-aircraft outfit was among the first groups to land on the Salerno beach, said that "one of the most interesting sights of the engagement was a big German bomber coming down. What an explosion! There was a girl gunner in it."

Minister to Lepers Near Swatow, China

Miss Marguerite Everham, M.D., a Baptist missionary, has for years been in charge of the Kityang Free Leper Clinics, conducted jointly by the Chinese government and the Bixby Memorial General Hospital, some thirty-five miles from Swatow, China. One of these clinics was connected with the government poorhouse. The clinics gave 150 injections a week for leprosy and healed or arrested many cases. But the Hospital and clinics have been on "the razor-edge of Japan-occupied territory" and when they were bombed out the clinical service was moved to a former temple five miles away. Dr. Everham and a Chinese Christian doctor still carry on despite the nearness of the enemy and the uncertainty of the future.

Served 37 Years in Indian Jungle



Miss Mildred Simonds

Thirty-seven years ago the Methodist Church sent Miss Mildred Simonds, a young school teacher from Fayette, Iowa, as a missionary to India and assigned her to evangelistic and educational work in a pioneer near-jungle territory 4,000 square miles in area—the Tandur District of Hyderabad State. She was one of the first two white women to visit this district.

She traveled by bullock cart, with native Bible women, and conducted singing in the village streets. From interested groups she organized the first chapels and the first schools. Then there were but 300 Christians in the area; today there are probably 20,000 Christians in Tandur and surrounding districts, all carved out of the original territory.

In Tandur itself there are four community centers, each staffed by a teacher, a minister, and a medical worker; and vast improvement in the living conditions and the social outlook of the village people. Miss Simonds has recently returned to the United States for a furlough.

This University Will Not Be Downed!

The University of Nanking, China, will not down, war or no war. For the past six years this missionary institution has been "in exile" from its own campus, now in Japanese hands, and has been housed in Chengtu, a thousand miles away. But it carries on every school and almost every class, with most of the

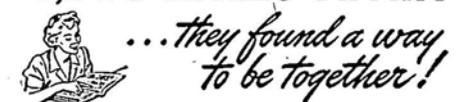
former faculty. Recently 2,000 alumni, students, and friends celebrated the sixth anniversary of exile with an "alumni day." The program included a parade in cap and gown, a dinner, an amusing tableau entitled "Return to Nanking," motion pictures, and sword dances. The University enrolls 1,099 students.



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Adapt Programs For Indian Women

Because English is still a troublesome language to many older members of the Oklahoma Indian Mission, members of the Woman's Society of Christian Service and others have revised mission



Miss Mary Beth Littlejohn (right) and Indian friend

program materials and textbooks and adapted them to the language needs of the older Indian women. A group of Chickasaw and Choctaw women is now completing the revision of program materials for the coming year. The work, done under the direction of Miss Mary Beth Littlejohn, deaconess of the Mission, has also included the adaptation of teaching guides to be used by the women in vacation schools.

Wellesley Gives \$5,000 to Yenching College

Students of Wellesley College, which has long had a "big sister" relationship to Yenching College for Women, in Peping, China, recently made a special gift of \$5,000 to the sister that has suffered because of the war conditions in China. This gift will be used to give medical and dental care to the low-paid junior members of the staff, for emergency hospitalization for the students, and for extra milk and eggs for a large group of the students who are under normal because of the soaring of prices of all foodstuffs.

Quakers and Red Cross Serve in India

The American Friends Service Committee (Quakers) is working with the Indian Red Cross in Providing 250,000 daily meals for infants and nursing mothers in the famine area around Calcutta, India. This committee and the British War Relief Society of America recently shipped 20,000 cases of milk for children of the area. The Friends Ambulance Unit in India is not only dis-

tributing this milk, but maintaining canteens for older children and adults, and furnishing medicines to combat outbreaks of malaria, pneumonia, and dysentery.

Bibles Distributed to Soldiers and Prisoners

During the past three years, the American Bible Society has distributed 71,605 Bibles, 2,161,343 New Testaments, and 779,470 scripture portions to U. S. soldiers and sailors; and 33,699 Bibles, 130,060 New Testaments, and 430,767 scripture portions to prisoners of war and refugees. For the prisoners and refugees, the scriptures were provided in thirty-eight different languages.

Protestantism "Booms" In Mormon Utah

"Protestant work in the Inter-Mountain Area is challenged by an unparalleled migration of people into Mormon territory," says Dr. Willard M. Wickizer, chairman of the Inter-Mountain Area



Superintendent W. E. Blackstock, of Utah Methodist Mission Conference, and Rev. T. H. Evans, a pastor in the Utah Mission

Committee of the Home Missions Council of North America. "Whatever balance has existed during the past few decades in Utah between Mormons and 'Gentiles' has been destroyed by the influx of non-Mormon war industrial workers who have come by the thousands into that state. This migration centers in the Salt Lake-Ogden area, but also greatly affects several other communities.

Leaders of the Inter-Mountain Area Conference are developing a program designed to reach and serve both the war industrial workers and the men of the armed forces who have come to the area in large numbers. A full-time interdenominational worker serves the war

industrial workers of the Ogden Area. Recently a worker among service men has been employed for Salt Lake City. These workers are supported largely by national war service funds of the various denominations.

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