

Arkansas Methodist

Serving One Hundred and Sixty Thousand Methodists in Arkansas

"The World is My Parish" — John Wesley

"Go ye into all the world" — Mark 16:15

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NO. 14

We Witness A Resurrection

THE witnesses of the resurrection of Jesus were amazed and astounded when they saw the Lord with them again, alive, with a body that was no longer subject to death. This experience made an indelible impression upon them because no such thing had ever happened before in the history of the world. If it had been a common occurrence for people to return to their friends, after death, with a glorified, immortal body, it is likely that the return of Jesus to life would have caused little more excitement than to see one awake out of deep sleep. The resurrection of Jesus is still the miracle of the ages since nothing akin to it has happened in the twenty centuries which have passed since the first Easter morning.

We are, however, ourselves witnessing just now a resurrection in nature that is as inexplicable and as mysterious as would be the return to life of a human being who had been for some time dead. As we look about us we find every clod of dirt, every limb on tree or branch on vine bearing eloquent testimony of the power to live again. Every blade of grass, every wild flower, every blooming rose or lily of the valley bears undeniable evidence of the possibility of the resurrection. As we look on this new, teeming, throbbing life everywhere, we are made to feel that the God we worship remembers, throughout the winter months, every tree in the world's vast forests about us and remembers every germ of life lying dormant in the earth beneath us and, in the springtime, gives each its chance to live again—its resurrection.

The only reason this resurrection of nature does not astonish us beyond words to describe, is the fact that it has happened again and again and again. Every year, since the world began, we have had this annual resurrection in nature. While we are no longer astonished by it, and accept it is a matter of fact, it is still as impossible for us to understand or explain it as it would be for us to understand or explain the resurrection of Jesus.

It would appear that anyone who had witnessed the resurrection of nature in one spring-time would cry with Thomas "My Lord and my God," and be willing to rest his all in the hands of a God, who can perform such a miracle.

One Faith Christianity Must Hold

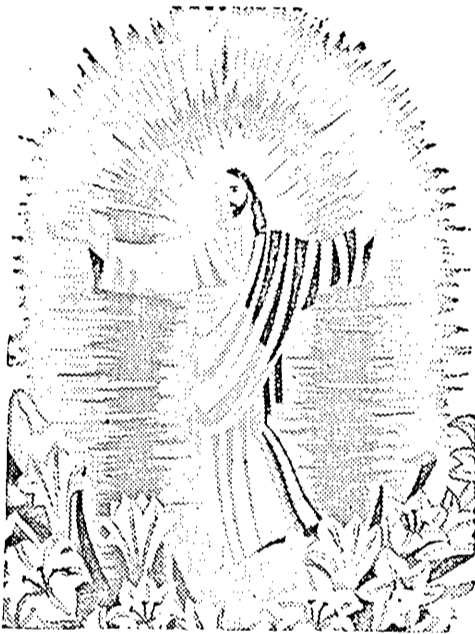
CHRISTIANITY could survive many adjustments in attitudes and doctrines; it has done so in the past. There is one doctrine—perhaps two related doctrines—that are essential to the survival of Christianity as we know it. One of these doctrines is faith in the resurrection of Christ; the other is faith in the immortality of the soul.

We must believe in the resurrection of Christ if we are to believe in His divinity. It would be quite difficult to believe a dead Christ to be divine. We must believe in the immortality of the soul if we are to believe that man has the incomparable value Christianity has assigned to him. Without faith in the resurrection of Christ and without faith in the immortality of the soul the Christian movement might continue as a glorified, social service club, ministering to the physical and social needs of humanity, but it could no longer be Christianity as Christ and His disciples pictured it. Robbed of faith in the resurrection and faith in the immortality of the soul, Christianity would soon die.

"Because I Live Ye Shall Also"

AFTER the Last Supper, Jesus had a long, recorded conversation with His disciples—the last before His crucifixion. In this conversation Jesus was not only preparing them for the shock of His death by crucifixion, He was comforting and inspiring them with the assurance that both He and they would continue to live beyond what man calls death.

When Jesus said to His disciples, "Because I live, ye shall live also," He was giving to them the basis on which their faith in life after death might confidently rest. In the truth embodied in this statement is found the only foundation on which we can rest a justifiable, trustworthy faith that we, too, shall live beyond the grave.



Since the dawn of human history, in some form, man has constantly faced the question, "if a man die shall he live again?" He has tried desperately, from many sources, to find a satisfactory answer to the question. The profoundest philosophers, attempting to find the answer, have reasoned in vain. The best-trained scientists have been baffled in their search for either the origin or the destiny of human life. Spiritualism has long claimed to have had direct contact with departed spirits. However, its claims have been so frequently and repeatedly discredited, and its activities so often found to be only clever tricks as that it makes no real impression on the world generally. Man has not answered this age-old question.

The Christ of the resurrection is earth's only authenticated example of life after death. Unless we believe that Christ did live again after death, for us the age-long silence of the tomb is still unbroken, and our faith in immortality is yet without a real dependable trustworthy foundation. Believing that He lives, we can believe that "we shall live also."

Death Is Not A Joke

RECENTLY a nationally famous humorist approaching the end of the way, engaged in an abortive attempt to make a joke of death—especially his own death. As we approach Easter time and again turn our thoughts to death and the hope of resurrection, we are conscious anew that death is not a joke.

After all of the sorrow, suffering and loneliness that death has brought to the multiplied millions on earth, it is impossible for even a professional humorist to make it appear funny. Only one who has developed the sense of humor to distortion or has a strangely perverted idea of humorous subjects would attempt to convert the "grim reaper" into a clown.

We honor the Christian faith that meets death unafraid. We respect physical courage that defies death. We have regard for the stoic who faces death with the same fatalistic attitude with which he faces life, but only shallow thinking would enable one to treat death lightly. Only one who has grossly misread the mind of humanity would either attempt to make men laugh, or expect them to laugh about death.

It is not uncommon for people thoughtlessly to treat life lightly, at least for the time. Some live as if life were a joke and the world a big playground. Nevertheless, practically everyone who faces death, in his right mind, gives that experience serious consideration.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

They Did Not Understand

WHEN Jesus arose from the dead, it seemed extremely difficult for those who had been near Him in His crucifixion to understand what had happened. They were ready to believe almost anything except to believe that He was alive again. This they doubted until they faced proof that they could no longer doubt.

On the first Easter morning, when the women came early to anoint the dead body of Jesus, they wept because they found the grave empty; wept in the presence of the greatest victory righteousness had ever won over sin; wept when they should have been shouting for joy.

When the weeping disciples of Jesus were told that the grave of Jesus was empty and that He had been seen alive the "words seemed to them as idle tales." They did not understand what had happened but they rejected the idea that Jesus was alive.

As the frightened soldiers, who had guarded the grave of Jesus, reported the fact of the empty tomb to the enemies of Jesus, they at once tried to explain it through some natural cause.

On the road to Emmaus two disciples of Jesus talked to a Stranger on the morning of the resurrection. There was something about this Stranger and His manner of conversation that caused their hearts to "burn within" them, but it seemed never to have entered their minds that it was Jesus until He directly revealed Himself to them. Everybody was skeptical about the resurrection of Jesus until unquestionable proof convinced them. The very slowness with which His own followers accepted the fact of the resurrection of Jesus is conclusive proof of its reality.

I Believe In The Life Everlasting

By RICHARD CAMPBELL RAINES, In The Revival Pulpit

TO THE convinced Christian, Easter is the greatest day of all the year. It moves among the other Sundays as a jeweled and garlanded queen. If we were to summon into one great company the billion and a half souls of earth, train them as a chorus, accompany them with a symphony orchestra of ten million instruments and a hundred thousand drums, the mighty wave of Hosannas would yet be incomplete unless the ecstatic voice of the angels and the archangels and all the company of Heaven were added thereto.

"We are eternity haunted beings." "We do not believe in immortality because we have proved it, but we are forever trying to prove it because we believe it." When life is busy with interesting and urgent activities, the ultimate questions, such as, "If a man die shall he live again," are wont to be put aside for a more convenient season. But when an earthquake grips us, engulfs us, shakes us out of our argumentative, superficial moods and down into the depths of our spirits, something at the very heart of us tells us that death is not a period, halting permanently the paragraph of life. It is a comma; it stops the movement for but a moment in order to heighten the meaning.

Why is it that twice as many people come to worship services on Easter as on any other Sunday? Beyond and above all the superficial reasons that are given, the real impulse is this: that in every human heart there is a disturbing hope that life is like a river. We see down yonder a bend; we cannot see around it. But we have the confidence that beyond the bend the river does continue to flow on out to the sea to fulfill its destiny. So people come to church on Easter, hoping, trusting that Christ, through the sermon, through the prayers, through the hymns and the choir music, will speak peace to their hearts, will say to them, "Peace I leave with you. In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you."

I come this morning with no thought in mind of seeking to convince or argue anyone into believing in the life everlasting, but rather, to examine with you the sources of this faith which we do have, that we may see how trust-worthy they are.

Belief Intuitive

First of all, the very fact that there is in each human heart this instinctive, basic belief is an indication to me of its soundness. Thornton Wilder in his play "Our Town" begins the third act by making the stage manager, who is also the interpreter of the meaning of the drama, say to the audience:

"Now I'm going to tell you some things you know already. You know'm as well as I do; but you don't tak'm out and look at'm very often.

"I don't care what they say with their mouths—everybody knows that something is eternal. And it ain't houses and it ain't names, and it ain't earth, and it ain't even the stars . . . everybody knows in their bones that something is eternal, and that something has to do with human beings. All the greatest people ever lived have been telling us that for five thousand years and yet you'd be surprised how people are always losing hold of it. There's something way down deep that's eternal about every human being." Something in you has been saying "Yes" to that.

This instinctive urge is significant to me because it's so universal. It is not restricted to any age, any climate, any race. Prehistoric tribes a hundred thousands years ago were burying their dead with trinkets and utensils to be used in the Great Beyond. From the very beginning, there seems to have been a bent in the human mind in this direction. I have the conviction that God put that bent in our minds.

Then this instinctive faith survives, grows, develops. Mankind has sloughed off by the hundreds superstitions and false ideas and mistaken ways of thinking, conceptions too narrow for our modern way of life. But eternity grips us stronger now than it did a thousand years ago. And then, not simply is it universal

and is it persistent, but it is best and strongest in the best of us.

Two thousand years ago and more, there were slaves living like beasts in Greece that did not know for sure whether their life was eternal, but Socrates and Plato and Euripides, they knew; the great of that day knew.

In England many, many people have lived and died who were not sure of the life everlasting. But sit down and visit with the great of England, the Shakespeares, the Miltons, the Brownings, the Gladstones, and they speak with complete and utter confidence about eternal life. And somehow, it seems to me that a belief which is in the heart of us, all of us, and has been here for a hundred thousand years, that neither fire could burn nor the shock of new discovery could destroy, and that is strongest in the best of us, has earned its right to be estimated as a part of God's unchanging truth, a witness to the fact that "He hath set eternity in our hearts."

Character of Our Universe

And then, beloved, there is something in the very character of the universe that we know,



that begot us and sustains us, that reassures me. We stand in this generation, as it were, on a hill-top, a vantage point, looking back over the amazing spectacle of the arrival and the survival of man. Eons upon eons of time there was nothing but formless, shapeless, lifeless, inert matter. Then suddenly life comes. And then eons upon eons of time in which that life proliferates and changes and is complex, but no intelligence, no spark. At last there is a spark. And then thousands upon thousands of intelligence, until Jesus (in the fulness of time) is given to us.

When you consider how long the road was, the patient travail and toil and agony that it took through these eons of time to at last produce human personality, can you believe that this personality will be thrown on the scrap heap lightly, particularly, since there is to be found in this creative process that produced human personality, many indications of foresight, of planning, of purpose, of co-ordinated effort. For example, take the anatomy of the bee and the structure of the flower. They were made for one another. Then take the growing, developing eye in the embryo in the mother's womb. Remember, no light has ever fallen there in that unbroken darkness, yet that eye is developing, getting ready for something. Here is an organ being prepared for a world invisible and as yet unvisited. Nature is doing something, preparing something. That growing embryo had no way of knowing why the eye was developing, yet the creative process is getting him ready for a new and a nobler experience.

So it seems to me, in a parallel fashion, the very existence of this ineradicable, disturbing hope, distracting belief, that we were made for something beyond this earth, something nobler, is a prediction in the creative process that the intelligence, the purposive planning, the co-ordinated effort does not end when human person-

ality is at last achieved, but will continue, and that there lies ahead a life of light, full of vision and of beauty, corresponding to this embryonic urge within us.

Character of Man

Then I am reassured by the character of man, the noblest product of the creative process. Of course, our bodies are quarried out of the common stuff of earth. We are in our bodies akin to the sticks and stones and animals. It is just as natural for the body to decay and die as it is that leaves should wither or an aged tree should topple over in the storm. But when you come to man's mind and his spirit, that's different. Here there are no fixed, settled boundaries as there are in our bodies. Our bodies can only get so strong, last so long, do so much, but that's not true with our minds, our characters. Nay, who is the man that would dare to think that he had reached the consummation of his character, the highest potentialities of his power to think?

The men who have known the most have always been the most certain that they knew so little. The men that have done the most and left the most behind them have always been the very men who felt they had only just begun.

Victor Hugo said that while there was winter on his head, there was eternal spring in his heart, that while for fifty years he had been pouring out his thoughts he said, "I haven't uttered a thousandth part of what is within me."

Life is so fragmentary inevitably. In days like these when the threat of possible death hangs over all of us and our dead ones, the young—young men and women—as well as the aged know full well that if they should be called unexpectedly and quickly they would but have rough hewn the statue God gave them to carve; the portrait they were intended to paint would be completed only as far as a character sketch; the temple they came to build would never be finished beyond its foundation.

And when we look out at life, its glorious possibilities unrealized, and when we look at the injustice—children hungry and diseased and frightened and broken, whose little lives never will have any chance in this earth—we somehow know that this life is simply unendurable unless there is the life everlasting, in which God will right the injustices, in which we will have a chance to go on developing our characters and making the full contribution of our latent talents. The very existence then of this instinctive belief, the character of the universe, the character of man, tells me that my belief in the life everlasting is sound.

Character of God

But the most certain and reassuring source I have not yet mentioned. It is the character of God. Everything hangs on that. If God hasn't any purpose, if God doesn't care, then we're mistaken, however much we may want to believe.

Friends, many of you are fathers, all of you have had fathers. Do you believe that a good father would put into his children urges, hungers, potential capacities and then deliberately deny them expression? Can you believe that if you were to ask the Almighty, "What were you doing in all these eons of creative process?" and He were to answer, "I was making human personality," and then you were to say to Him, "Why were you making human personality?" Can you believe a good father would shrug his shoulders and say that while there was purpose and intent and planning up to human personality, and nothing then? If God is the Father, then He wants to give us life everlasting. But can He? I believe in God, the Father Almighty. I believe that having put into us this light of the eternities and being strong enough to fulfill that which it demands, He will not cast us in the dust. He will not treat us as if we were a mere inadvertence, as if we were just an experiment that He toyed with and now tossed aside uncaring.

But God had not left us uncertain without any witness concerning His desire and His will and His purpose, for we stated in this Apostles' (Continued on page 8)

THE DEVOTIONAL PAGE

H. O. BOLIN, Editor

POWER OF PRAYER

The great philosophers were discussing the question, "Does one really learn anything during a prayer experience?" You and I often raise this question. Is prayer just exalted reflection, a good rearrangement of our own ideas?

The philosophers numbered among them agnostics, atheists, and Christians. Yet they agreed on one thing. Something does happen in prayer which does not happen otherwise. When the praying person reflects on the presence of God, a new arrangement of his values, hopes, ideas, and memories takes place. It is so different that it amounts to new knowledge, an added understanding and a better sense of direction.

Prayer About a Vocation:

How would one use prayer then? Supposing a youth is choosing his vocation. He should use every means at his disposal—tests, interviews, considering his abilities, consulting his desires, and studying the possibilities. Then he should pray. In the prayer experience the values of service, the eternal qualities of life, and the call of Christ of comradeship are in the picture. The spiritual factors take their place in the total consideration. The scheme of things is different.

There Is a Mystery:

Now this is more than reflection if one prays to the God and Father of our Lord. We can't explain all of what happens. A sense of the nearness of God gives us a serenity and clarity which would not otherwise be possible. Nor is it merely an exalted way of thinking and talking to ourselves.

We couldn't keep on fooling ourselves that way. God is present and there is a strange light and lift. Not All In Telling God:

Prayer includes listening to the still small voice within. The decisions made in this framework, the new avenues of thought opened, and the fresh feeling of confidence are part of the answer to prayer. The new scale of values and the correct appraisal of our own ideas are two great benefits.

Preparation Counts:

We must make sure that we have a Christian concept of God. The more we know about Christ the more we know about the true God. It is dangerous to pray to a false god. Frenzied fanatics have done fiendish things in the name of prayer. When Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth and the life," he was referring to prayer as much as to ethics and belief.

God is unchanging but we need constantly to check our human receiving sets. The prayer of a righteous man availeth much, according to the Scripture. Ordinary observation will yield the same conclusion. Good people, earnestly praying in the spirit of the Christ do find another worldly blessing—the light of the world.—Harold F. Carr.

Stars may be seen from the bottom of a deep well, when they cannot be seen from the top of the mountain. So are many things learned in adversity, which the prosperous man dreams not of.—Spurgeon.

WE CALL THIS LIFE

*We call this life, that is life's preparation,
We call this life, a little time of tears;
But think you God for this designed creation,
A few short years?
If this is all, then why these worlds around us,
And unseen skies, and undiscovered stars?
I wonder, though one little world we found us,
Why God made Mars?*

*A million spheres, and ours one tiny planet,
Eternity, and earth a little span—
I cannot think for this that God began it,
That God made man.
I eat, I drink, a little gold I win me,
One world enough for my necessities,
But something else, some other thing within me,
Does none of these.*

*My soul has little use for earthly treasure,
Comes not to table, wears no silk nor wool,
With all our playthings, finds its only pleasure
The beautiful.
So many things my soul has naught to do with,
To which the man of flesh so fondly clings;
Shall that soul die when these things I am through with,
These fleshly things?*

*God made for man an earthly habitation,
The body soil in which the soul may grow.
This little life is but the preparation
The soul must know.
And then some day man's errors overcome him;
The body fails—the soul alone is wise;
And then the God that takes one small world from him
Gives him the skies.*

—Douglas Mallock, From "Poems Of Inspiration" By Morris and Adams.

EASTER

We are now in the midst of the glorious Easter season. This is the greatest event on our church calendar greater even than Christmas. The fact that Christ was born nineteen hundred years ago would mean but little to us were He not alive and present to help us in our day with the problems we face. It was with a feeling of deepest reverence, appreciation faith and love that Paul cried out, "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept."

We have come upon dark days, and above all things we need to realize that Christ is alive and present with us. He is "closer to us than breathing; and nearer than hands and feet." We are not fighting our battles alone. Dr. Dale, a great English preacher, was once preparing an Easter sermon. For years he had believed that Christ rose from the dead but somehow it had not meant much to him. On this particular occasion the fact gripped his heart. He reasoned, if Christ rose nineteen hundred years ago, He is alive now, and not only so, but He is here in this study with me. The thought impressed him so that he couldn't sit still. He got up and paced the floor. He never got away from the idea of the living Christ. Ever after that he had his choir sing at least one Easter hymn at every service. Christ was so real to him that when he would go in his study for private prayer and meditation each morning he would place two chairs facing each other. He would sit in one and he

imagined Christ sat in the other, and he would talk to Christ as a man talks face to face with his friend. This wonderful experience transformed his life and made him a great power for God.

I fear we think too much in terms of the Christ that was; the historic Christ. The One who lived in other years and walked the dusty roads of Galilee and climbed the rocky hills of Judea. The One who went about doing good; feeding the hungry, healing the sick, forgiving sins, walking the water, stilling the tempest and even raising the dead. We read about Him and read His wonderful words and our hearts are strangely warmed, but do we realize fully that He not only lived then but also lives now? Are we conscious of His presence with us? Do we know Him as well and intimately as we do our closest relatives and dearest friends? A Christian missionary was once preaching in India. At the close of the service a Mohammedan came around and said, "You must admit we have one thing you have not, and it is better than any thing you have." The missionary replied, "I would be glad to know what it is." The Mohammedan said, "You know when we go to Mecca we find at least a coffin. But when you Christians go to Jerusalem, which is your Mecca, you find nothing but an empty grave." The missionary kindly replied, "That is just the difference. Mohammed is dead. Mohammed is in his coffin and all false systems of philosophy and

THE TROUBLE LIES DEEPER

A good story is told of old Thomas K. Beecher who could not bear deceit in any form. Finding that a clock in his church was habitually too fast or too slow, he hung a placard on the wall above it, reading in large letters: "Don't blame my hands—the trouble lies deeper." That is where the trouble lies with us when our hands do wrong, or our feet, or our lips, or even our thoughts. The trouble lies so deep that only God's miracle power can deal with it. Sin, indeed, goes deep, but Christ goes deeper.—Christian Witness.

religion are in their coffins. But Jesus, whose Kingdom is to include all nations and kindreds and tribes, is not in His coffin; He has risen from the dead. And all power in heaven and on earth is given unto Him. That is our hope."

I am wondering if we fully possess that hope today? Can we say with Paul, "I know him in whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have entrusted to him against that day?" Or again, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?" Much sad news is coming into many of our American homes. Do we have faith sufficient to carry us through? Margaret Slattery tells of a family who really had faith in the future life. This family lost three children in less than a week with diphtheria. The next Sunday was Easter. The father was the superintendent of the Sunday School. The mother taught a class. The neighbors felt they surely wouldn't be present that day, but they were. The father stood behind the desk and with only a break now and then in his fine voice, read the Easter lesson. The mother taught her class as usual. It all seemed a miracle to the congregation. As they left the church at the close of the service men and women said to each other, "How can they do that?" A fifteen year old boy was walking with his father from Sunday School. He was rather timid about talking with his father, but on this occasion he said, "I guess the superintendent and wife really believe it, don't they?" "Believe what?" said the father, for he thought slowly, "The whole big thing, all of it, Easter, you know." "Of course," answered the father, "all Christians believe it." "Not that way," said the boy, and began to whistle lest his father should say more. May God help you and me to believe it; the whole big thing; all of it; Easter—is my earnest prayer.—H. O. B.

Mubarrek is first assistant to the doctor at the mission hospital in Matrah, Arabia. "Your duties are heavy," said the doctor's wife to him one morning. He gave her a direct look. "The doctors here have taught me that it is not duties that I have, but privileges." All that day it rang in her mind like an anthem: Christians have privileges, not duties.—The Church Woman.

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A WEEKLY MESSAGE

By FORNEY HUTCHINSON

THE TWO THIEVES

As we approach Calvary, our thoughts turn naturally to the Cross, or perhaps I should say the crosses, since there were three, rather than one, on that "green hill far away." Very properly the Savior's cross was central and was flanked by those on which hung the two thieves. All pictures of Calvary show the three crosses.

As Good Friday waxed toward its close, the agony of those upon the crosses grew more intense. One of The Seven Words from the central cross was directed toward the thief who had prayed to our Savior to remember him when He came into His kingdom. To the one who mocked Him He made no reply. That attitude never receives a reply from Jesus. When the sun went down on that memorable scene, one of those thieves sunk to the bottom of a pit that has no bottom, and the other arose with Jesus into the Paradise of God.

They were both self-confessed thieves, one as guilty as the other. What made the difference in the ultimate outcome? There was just one difference between the two thieves and that was their attitudes toward life, or better still, toward the Lord of Life. One mocked and cursed and rejected a sinner's only, but all-sufficient hope of salvation. The other turned penitently and prayerfully toward that same hope. Their attitudes toward Jesus made all the difference between a topless heaven and a bottomless hell. What a difference!

It is just the same today. All of us are sinners, equally deserving of punishment. Within ourselves we can do nothing. Our hope is in Him; our salvation is through Him. Our attitude toward Him makes the difference between sin and salvation, between heaven and hell, between everlasting life and eternal death.

"Look unto Him, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved." Look and live!

"CAREST THOU NOT THAT WE PERISH?"

Life is like a voyage across an untried sea. On this voyage, if we are disciples, Christ is with us, sometimes seen plainly, sometimes unseen by the voyager, but he is ever present to guide and guard. The presence of Jesus is our comfort in the storm. He transforms the contrary winds into favoring gales. He brings good out of seeming evil. He transfigures bodily sickness into spiritual health. Christ's presence does not prevent our ship of life from being endangered; but, if he is with us it cannot be wrecked.—Rev. J. S. Heisler.

NEWS AND NOTES ABOUT FACTS AND FOLKS

REV. C. B. DAVIS wishes his friends to know that his address has been changed from Warren to Hermitage, Arkansas, Star Route.

THE response to our request for copies of the issue of March 2 was very gratifying. We have received a large number and have enough to supply the demand. We thank our friends for this courtesy.

REV. L. C. GATLIN, pastor of our Jackson Street Church, Magnolia, writes: "Everything is running smoothly. The Jackson Street Church has paid the entire indebtedness of long standing, twenty-one years, and have enough left to repair, repaint, redecorate the interior and finish the basement."

DURING the past three years, the American Bible Society has distributed 71,605 Bibles, 2,161,343 New Testaments, and 779,470 scripture 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.

BISHOP CESAR DACORSO of the Methodist Church of Brazil says: "We can render an immense service to the Brazilian people in rural zones in the interior, teaching dietetics, care of children, hygiene and home economics. I would be glad to receive many missionaries dedicated to such service and locate them in strategic points to operate with pastors. They could also render an excellent service of an evangelistic character. It is work much needed and much in accord with the Gospel."

ACCORDING to Moritz Gottlieb, who recently made a 32,000 mile tour of the Pacific battlefields on behalf of the Jewish Welfare Board and the USO, American soldiers returning home after the war will present a challenge to the churches to keep pace with them in the virility and tolerance of their religious views. Men living and dying together, Mr. Gottlieb says, have stopped thinking of themselves as white or black, Christian or Jew, Irish or Italian; instead they judge each other on the basis of character, courage, humility, and willingness. The chaplains he found, are rendering service to men without any regard to difference of faith or creed.

REV. ARTHUR TERRY, district superintendent of the Monticello District, writes: "Rev. R. O. Beck, until recently pastor at Wilmot, received his commission as a first lieutenant in the United States Army on March 17. He reported for duty at the school for chaplains at Harvard University on March 23. Brother Beck had started the year most auspiciously at Wilmot. He and Mrs. Beck found their way immediately into the hearts of the fine people there. They regret to lose their pastor whose ministry was becoming so effective, but it was with pride they added his name to their service roll. They are cooperating in a splendid way with the plans to supply the pulpit."

REV. AND MRS. W. FERREL PLEDGER, missionaries of the Methodist Church in India, now spending a year's furlough in Hartford, Conn., are preparing to return to India shortly to carry on Christian work among the Bhils, a primitive tribe of peoples numbering more than one and a half million, living in the mountain fastnesses north of Bombay. About 2500 years ago, "when our forefathers were still 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.

POST-WAR reconstruction of Christian institutions in other continents through an ecumenical cooperation of American Protestantism is being planned by the Church Committee on

Overseas Relief and Reconstruction. In Europe the work is to be done under the auspices of the World Council of Churches, according to Dr. Samuel McCrea Cavert, and in Africa and Asia by the International Missionary Council. America's churches will be asked primarily to give assistance to the churches overseas that will enable them to recover from the war's desolations. Dr. Cavert says that Protestantism will seek to provide a stimulus to new vigor and to a spirit of fellowship and reconciliation, thus ministering to the needs of the soul as the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration will care for needs of the body.

ACCORDING to the Foreign Missions Conference of North America—promoting a campaign in Africa to make millions of people literate by the "Laubach method" of phonetics and picture charts—93 percent of the people of that continent cannot read or write, and the teaching of the people is complicated by the fact that there are 800 different languages. In some of the languages serving millions of Negroes there are only a handful of books or pamphlets; men away from their homes for war industries cannot write to their families; others recently changed from a farm produce economy to a money economy do not know how to manage money; and the hope for self-government by native peoples is practically nil until they can learn to read and write. Thousands of Christian missionaries are now engaged in teaching people to know how to teach others to read.

HENDRIX COLLEGE CHAPEL IDEA GROWS

At a conference in Little Rock on January 25 of Bishop Charles C. Selecman with several church and college officials it was reported that plans for a chapel at Hendrix College (Conway, Ark.) were progressing and that \$5,300 for the chapel fund had already been sent to the treasurer of the college.

Approval of a concerted drive by Methodists of Arkansas for a chapel building was voted by the annual conferences last November. The movement began with a suggestion by Bishop Selecman during the Pastors' School at Hendrix last June.—Campus News, Board of Education.

PRAYER FOR STRENGTH IN TROUBLE

Our Father, we thank Thee that Thou art strong and gracious. We would trust in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. Into some of our homes have come sorrow, sickness, tragedy. We pray that into these homes there may come also the consciousness of Thy presence. May they know that the Eternal God is their refuge and that underneath are the everlasting arms. In Jesus name. Amen.

—Ryland Knight In Christian Index.

NOTICE TO PASTORS

In circulating the petitions for the repeal of the dog and horse racing law, same have been allowing individuals to sign their names on the side of the sheet marked "Affidavit." This is the wrong side of the sheet for the original signatures. All original signatures by individuals should appear on the blank side of the sheet to which the printed instructions and the printed petition has been attached. Only the one circulating the petition is to use the side marked "Affidavit." He uses this side to copy, in the same order, the names of the original signers as they appear on the other side and makes affidavit before a notary public, as indicated, that all signatures on the opposite side have been made in his presence. The petitions will not serve the purpose intended unless this course is followed.

This Hopeful World

By KENNETH L. SPORE

(This sermon was broadcast by Rev. Kenneth L. Spore, pastor at Camden, on the Evangelism Hour over KTHS on March 18.)

TEXT: "For the creation waits with eager longing for the revealing of the sons of God.—Romans 8:19.

THIS is a hopeful old world. There are really many things, even in this dark day, to bear out that ambitious statement.

The ancient Greeks thought of it as looking backward to a golden age, long since past and never to return. Some among us, today, make this mistake—although we are usually not as serious as we let on when we speak of "the good old days." With most of us, our faces are really turned to the future.

The Bible represents the world as ever looking forward to a better day—an age when all its dreams come true. Passages which I might quote here to substantiate this statement are far too numerous for our use at this time. Nor is it necessary, for all who know anything about the Bible know that patient optimism is one of its principal outlooks. I merely refer you to the familiar statement of Isaiah who prophesies of a time when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, when nation shall not rise against nation, neither shall they learn war anymore. The Bible teaches us of some far off divine event toward which the whole creation moves, that this is a hopeful world.

This is a patient old world, too. Certainly, if we can believe the former, and major premise of this discourse, that this is a hopeful world, we must see that it is patient. This world is in no hurry. We would like to see the accomplishments of a 1,000 years in our lifetime or less, but that is not the way with our patient world. This world is in no hurry. It has been at its progressive development for ten million years—maybe a hundred million years, little difference that it makes to us whether 10 or 100. With patience and expectancy, or with "eager longing" as our text puts it—it has been working out its divinely appointed purpose.

There have been three great periods in this waiting creation. The first is creation waiting for the coming of man. The scientists tell us something of the earth before the coming of man. They show us a world of elemental forces—of gigantic plants and animals, of insects as big as birds, of amphibians and land animals of unbelievably tremendous proportions, of vegetation of great and jungle-like growth. It was a world of savagery and battling giants. But in all that world there was no creature with a

mind that could put anything to use, or organize life to any purpose, or adjust itself to changing environment. In all that world there was no soul to feel affection, or to look up with hope and trust to the Creator. Then God said, "Let us make man in our own image . . . In the image of God created He him."

The second period is the world waiting for the coming of Christ. That is the whole story and the whole meaning of the Old Testament. Through history, prophecy and praise was the golden thread of hope and eager longing for the coming of Him for whom the whole creation yearns. Everywhere human hearts suffered



there was the crying need of a Saviour. They cried to prophet and seer, "Watchman, what of the night?" The watchman answered, as we read in Isaiah 21, "The morning cometh." And so on one night an angelic choir sang out the most glorious anthem the world has ever heard, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill toward men; for behold this day, in the city of David is born a Saviour, who is Christ the King."

The third period is the world waiting "with eager longing" for the "revealing of the sons of God;" the world, still patiently, waiting for the final consummation of righteousness. The period of which St. Paul speaks in our text is that period in which we are now living.

Who are the sons of God? The apostle has told us, "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." The sons of God, then, are simply the people who are led by God's spirit—people lifted into the higher

capacities of their own lives. And for such people, the apostle says, "The whole creation waits." Without them the progress of all creation pauses in its course.

The sons of God are those who work with Him. In material things the world has made tremendous progress. Man has been a co-worker with God. God gave the forests, the mines, the quarries. Man has worked, has built houses, and ships, and bridges, and machinery for every conceivable use, for the comfort and physical welfare of man. As St. Paul says, "We are workers together with God."

But still the world is waiting, even as in the days of the great apostle, with "eager longing," as the text says, for something more—something greater than anything we have yet achieved. Still the world is full of misery; still the world is full of war; still the world is full of needless suffering; still the world is full of sin;—still the world is waiting for redemption from all that's wrong. As a popular song of a few years back had it, "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise." There are some who think they see—even in the darkness of the world's present hour of misery—the first streaks of light that previews the dawning of that glorious day toward which the whole creation has patiently moved across these centuries.

Strife and struggle and pain and death are inscribed on the world's story from the beginning—and they stalk the face of the earth today. Creation has been "subject to vanity" as we read in the Book of Books. But He who made it knew the ultimate goal, and we may be closer to that goal than we now suspect. The world goes through its travail in the hope of entering into the glorious liberty of the sons of God, as we read in Romans 8:20.

This is a hopeful world, because it is God's creation. Christians are a hopeful people because they trust in God, who is from the beginning. But it is still a waiting world. The world is waiting for just governments by which the rights of honest man are protected and under which a man possesses his life and his soul in freedom and truth as a child of God. The world is waiting for some sort of cooperative world order which will make for truth and justice in the affairs of nations and hasten the day when men shall not "learn war anymore." The world is waiting for a generation of men who will put God and His kingdom first, believing that in serving God they but serve themselves and their fellowmen. This hopeful world still believes in the possibilities of a new earth, "wherein dwelleth righteousness and peace."

Our Adversary

By REV. W. L. DIGGS

When America repealed prohibition, she pulled the latch string and released "The roaring lion that is roaming about seeking whom he may devour." This beast is sinking his fangs into the jugular veins of our nation where countless thousands have already fallen under his fatal stroke.

You, Mr. Voter, who helped to put alcohol back in the land, and you, Mr. Citizen, who are not fighting it with all the power and energy God has given, you are harboring this enemy. Let us draw a bead on this vicious beast. Yes, Mr. Liquor Man, we see the whites of your eyes, and we have an abundance of ammunition—the Gospel of Jesus Christ! Let us use all the pulpit strategy, and divine power at our command to blast this enemy until he quivers under the tremendous barrage coming from God's sacred desk.

Recently in my circulation of the Anti-Saloon League petition, I presented it to a father, who has a son in the armed forces. He refused to sign, saying, "I prefer it this way as we can never keep the bootlegger and moonshiner down."

Isn't it a little strange that a government

that can uncover the very best laid plot that a diabolical Nazi brain can conceive, and bring to justice the eight saboteurs who landed on our shores by submarine; and who can control practically every act of one hundred thirty million people, can't discover a moonshiner who cannot operate without sending up a smoke signal that will betray his very act and position?

Others say: "We get the revenue from it, let it stay!" Yes, we get the revenue from it! And while it flows through the streets of American cities, the blood of American boys is flowing through the streets of Cassino! While our land is soaked with alcohol, the beaches of Tarawa are soaked with American blood!

While you, Mr. Pleasure-seeker, drop in at a liquor store or bar for a drink, some mother's boy is dropping down in a flaming plane, dying on foreign soil, because those gears you failed to grind, when you were drunk, were not ready for the fighter plane to protect that Flying Fortress and its brave crew.

While thousands of our heroes of Bataan and Corregidor started their death march, hungry, ragged, thirsty and beaten, because they lacked equipment and food to sustain them, while the weak stumble and fall, and a Jap bullet pierces that tired American body from which flows blood and water, America is saying "Get the revenue" knowing that liquor

is prolonging the day when these heroes can be liberated.

America goes complacently on her way, while an American officer is clubbed to his knees by a Jap, because he asked his captors for food for his men, then his head severed from his body by a Jap officer; and while American blood is flowing from this officer's veins, beer is flowing from taps and bottles in the land for which that man gave his life. Sure, we get the revenue!

While some American boy regains consciousness to find himself in a grave, and pulling his weak form to a kneeling position in an attempt to deliver himself from the grave, he is slugged into unconsciousness and buried alive!

America today is in the grave grappling to pull herself out, a minority is pulling her to a kneeling position. But the liquor gang has the weapon drawn. Shall they slug us into unconsciousness with liquor? Or shall we recover? Shall we take the revenue and see America buried? Shall we stand idle while souls are being lost? Methodism says: "No!" By the help of Almighty God, we shall deliver ourselves!—Brookland, Ark.

He gives most to his generation and to all the generations following who sets them a great example to steadfast self-devotion.—Sesqui-Centennial News, Paris, Pa.



THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

ANNIE WINBURNE, Editor



IN STORYLAND

FOUR LITTLE BULBS

Once upon a time there were four little brown bulbs lying in a basket in a store. They were brown and dusty and ugly. Although they had been there for days and no one had noticed them at all, still they had some rather big ideas. They would whisper among themselves until the handsome fern in its big green pot told them they were a perfect nuisance.

Now each of the little brown bulbs hoped some day to become something beautiful. Each one hoped to be noticed, but in a different way.

Said the first little bulb, "I'm going to grow big and bright and handsome. Then everyone will stop and say, 'What a beautiful flower that is.'" And the little bulb fairly burst with its pride.

The second bulb also wished to be noticed by everyone. "But I shall be rich, and live in a fine big house, where everything glistens and glitters," he said. As he talked he almost shoved the first little bulb out of his place.

"Pooch," scoffed the third little bulb. "I'd much rather be the most beautiful flower in the garden, so that everyone who came would look right at me and say, 'How fine! How wonderful!'"

As the fourth little brown bulb said nothing, the others grew curious. They often teased him because he was smaller than they. Now they said together, in not too kind a tone, "And you? We suppose you think you will amount to something, very, very wonderful!"

"I really don't care where I go, or what I look like, so long as I can make someone happy," he said in shy little voice. He half-wished that he had not spoken at all, because they laughed at him so much. Soon after that, as the time for planting bulbs was at hand, they began to be sold.

The first little bulb went to a city park where he was planted, and grew along with many others of his kind. Yet when the spring came and he bloomed, he was just one of many, while the people hurried past without so much as noticing his importance.

Just as the second little bulb had hoped, he was bought by a rich man for his wife, who already had so many bulbs, she merely passed him on to the gardener and said, "Here plant this somewhere, will you?" Then she forgot that she ever had received him.

The third little bulb did go into a lovely garden. But during the winter a hungry field-mouse who had made his home under the ground, kept nibbling and nibbling him until by spring there was nothing left but the crispy old shell, and he did not grow at all.

Because of his size, the fourth little bulb was the last to be sold. In fact, he lay alone for so long in the basket that he almost gave up hope of ever seeing the light. But one day he heard voices near by. A little girl was talking to the storekeeper.

"I want something to plant for



EASTER LILIES

*Lilies, beautiful to see
In white, sign of purity,*

*Speak of new life everywhere,
Tell us of our Father's care.*

*In God's house they seem to say,
"Sing, be glad, it's Easter Day."
—A. E. W.*

RECIPE FOR AN APRIL DAY

*Take a dozen little clouds
And a patch of blue;
Take a million raindrops,
As many sunbeams, too.*

*Take a host of violets,
A wandering little breeze
And myriads of little leaves,
Dancing on the trees.*

*Then mix them well together,
In the very quickest way,
Showers and sunshine, birds and
flowers
And you'll have an April day.*

—The Year's Entertainments.

my mother for Easter. She's sick, and I want something pretty to make her happy," she said. "Have you anything for just five cents?" "Well," said the man. "There's not much left. Here is a little brown bulb you can have for that much." And he reached into the basket for the fourth little bulb.

So home he went in the little girl's pocket, to be tenderly planted and tended in the few weeks before Easter. Then how he did try to grow! Day by day he swelled. A little green shoot poked itself through the earth. Leaves came. Then came two big buds.

During all this time the little girl and her mother kept watching. So when Easter morning came and two lovely daffodils stood nodding their yellow heads, the mother clapped her hands and said, "Little bulb, you have made me very happy! Now I am going to be well." Down deep in the pot the little bulb's heart was so full of happiness he scarcely knew what to do.—Mary C. Odell, in "Story World."

A BOY'S ESSAY ON ANATOMY

Your head is kind of round and hard, and your brains are in it and your hair on it. Your face is the front of your head where you eat and make faces. Your neck is what keeps your head out of your collar. It's hard to keep clean.

Your shoulders are sort of shelves where you hook your suspenders on them. Your stumick is something that if you do not eat often enough it hurts, and spinage don't help it none.

Your spine is a long bone in your back that keeps you from folding up. Your back is always behind you no matter how quick you turn around.

Your arms you got to have to pitch with, and so you can reach the butter. Your fingers stick out of your hand so you can throw a curve, and add up rithmatick.

Your legs is what if you have not got two of you cannot get to first base, neether can your sister. Your feet are what you run on. Your toes are what allways get stubbed.

And that's all there is of you except what's inside and I never saw it.—Appropriated.

DO YOU KNOW WHY?

Our ears and mouth are useful things,

*Which fact you are aware of;
For listening, and talking too;
You, no doubt, do your share of.
Now here's another fact; our ears
Are made wide open, but
There must be some good reason
why*

*Our mouth is made to shut!
—Selected.*

WE SHARE EXPERIENCES

Dear Girls and Boys:

Miss Fay McRae, Little Rock, who likes to work and play with boys and girls, sends us the following little poem which she says is from an old scrapbook and the author is unknown. Wouldn't it be fine if more of our grown-up friends sent something for our page?—Children's Page Editor.

A HOME

*A little straw, a little hair,
A little feather here and there;
A little stick, a little string,
What is this pretty little thing?*

*It is a home, it is a nest
Where once some baby birds did
rest
Beneath the mother's gentle breast.*

* * *

Rt. 1, Box 287,
Texarkana, Arkansas
March 25, 1944

Dear Boys and Girls:

I am ten years old and in the Fifth Grade. I go to Union School. Mrs. Jones is my teacher.

I go to Sunday School as often as I can. My sister is in the hospital. She has been operated on. She is only four years old. I have two more sisters. One is eight and the other is six. One is in the Third Grade and the other in the First.

We do not get the Arkansas Methodist but my grandpa takes it and they always save it for me and I always read the Children's Page.

My Sunday School teacher is very good. Her name is Mrs. Long. Our pastor is Rev. E. T. McAfee. I go to church at Harmony.—Your friend, Martha Ann Davis.

Ozark, Arkansas
March 27, 1944

Dear Boys and Girls:

I am in the Third Grade. I am eight years old. I have a brother and sister who are not old enough to go to school. I go to Sunday School most every Sunday. My school teacher is Miss Mary Jim Pickarts and also my Sunday School teacher. I like her very much and I also like my school. I go to school at Grenade's Chapel.

I like the Children's Page in the Arkansas Methodist very much.

In school I like reading. Our school gets books from the Public Library every month. The best ones are "The Boy of the Backwoods," "Nancy Goes Visiting" and "Billy Whiskers."—Your friend, Paula Sue Kirby.

Rt. 1, Box 287,
Texarkana, Arkansas
March 25, 1944.

Dear Boys and Girls:

I am a little girl eight years old and in the Third Grade. I have three sisters, ten, six and four. The one who is four is in the hospital.

My school teacher's name is Miss Donella Reed. She is good to us. My Sunday School teacher is Mrs. Meigs. Our pastor is Rev. E. T. McAfee. There are ten children in our class and in our school class there are forty and our teacher can't do everything at once.—Your friend, Lena Nell Davis.



The Generalissimo Talks To His Soldiers



A Message By GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK,
President Of China

IT GIVES us great inspiration to recall the great spirit of sacrifice and dedication to truth on the part of that great Savior of mankind and of the world.

We know that Jesus was born in a poor family, His father being a carpenter. Moreover, He lived in the midst of an oppressed people whose suffering from alien aggression was at its worst. However, to attain His lofty aim of eternal life He not only dedicated Himself to service among His own people and society but also sacrificed His life for mankind.

What lay behind His spirit of loving others as He did himself? His lack of fear of death and His personality worthy of worship by posterity. I can tell you it was because he had grasped and fully understood the significance, the aim and truth of life that He could exercise an influence the abundance of which filled the entire universe.

I often remark that everybody in this universe was born with an innate ability to strive for the higher values of life and for service to others. When this ability is given a chance of its fullest development by applying it to any career one may become a perfect man whose achievements rank the highest and leave nothing to be desired in his conscience.

Therefore I have two sayings which sum up my revolutionary philosophy of life: "The purpose of our living is to improve and enrich the living of mankind. . . ." "The significance of our life lies in its creative contributions to the continuity of the life of the universe."

If we could fully understand the meaning of this revolutionary philosophy we should all devote entirely to its realization in adherence to the dictates of our conscience and never falter in our efforts until we die. By so doing we may also attain eternal life and win the admiration of posterity of all the people in the world as Jesus Christ did.

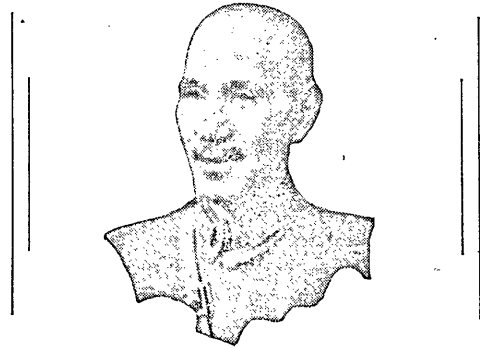
My comrades, I have often told you that you are among the world's most honored soldiers. You have shed your blood for the cause of the nation and the people and have thereby done something worthy of the highest personality. You have suffered and have had narrow escapes from death on behalf of your fellow countrymen, your nation and mankind and have thereby creditably discharged your duties in a great career. But so long as final victory in our resistance remains to be won and so long as you live you still have your duties to perform and your obligations to the state remain to be fulfilled. We soldiers in the Revolutionary Army should follow the example of Jesus Christ and be prepared like him to shed our last drop of blood on the cross so as to purge the world of all its evils and bring about the bright new world of equality and freedom.

Therefore we military men should serve the nation and mankind to the last day of our lives and to the last ounce of our strength. We must realize that being soldiers we have upon our shoulders a heavy burden to bear for our nation and our people and as long as we live our effort should never slacken. To be worthy of all the

revolutionary martyrs, as our predecessors, and of all our offspring, as our successors, we must exert ourselves to the utmost to bring our God-given duty to a satisfactory consummation.

My concern over your painful plight and over your sorrow and loneliness caused by wounds or sickness has led me to feel the necessity of training you and enabling you to understand the truth of life in order to soothe your mental outlook and sustain your spirit of sacrifice and struggle.

One of the requisites of sound living is faith which we should consider as valuable as our very lives. The thing to which our faith is attached today is the doctrine of the Three People's Principles handed down to us by the Father of the Republic, Dr. Sun at-sen, which doctrine we believe is the key to the salvation of man, the nation and the world. The most suitable say-



ing we can quote from Dr. Sun Yat-sen in encouraging us soldiers is: "We should dedicate the scores of years of our lives to laying the foundation of our state that may live for millions of years." We must realize that our lives as individuals for an integral part of the life of the entire nation and that we must make a resolution to become perfect men in order to be worthy of God and our parents who want us to undertake the responsibility of carrying on an important task handed down by your predecessors and then of passing it on to our successors in the future.

The common conception of life often considers the human body in its physical aspect alone. This body consists of nothing but blood and bone and is by no means identical with what we visualize as true life. For when we speak of true life we mean nothing short of the boundless life of the Chinese nation as a whole and the sustaining value of the Three People's Principles as the doctrine which is true at all times. As the life of our nation never ends so will our lives prosper to eternity. As the Three People's Principles are destined to have worldwide application, so will our own lives nonexist in the universe. Once you understand this principle and act upon it the fortunes of misery or happiness, danger or safety will make little difference to you and you will be entirely free from the fear of death in its physical sense. In this way you may always

keep our morale high and feel comfort and consolation in life.

Aside from faith, which means to believe, I wish now to press upon you the importance of love and patience. You should know that you were wounded and are now suffering because out of your love for your nation and fellow countrymen you participated in the resistance against enemy aggression. Then because of your love for your homes, your relatives and the houses and tombs of your forefathers you joined the fight against the enemy for revenge and were willing to suffer what has now befallen you.

In your hours of agony and pain you may turn your thoughts of your love for the state and for the people which inspired your spontaneous participation in the fight and you will feel relieved. The thought that the day of our final victory and the recovery of our lost territory will soon come when all of you will return home to see that all your broken houses are rebuilt and the tombs of your ancestors repaired will hasten the recovery of your health. No matter how bitter your agony and how great your difficulties may be you may feel comparatively at ease if you always keep alive in you that sustaining love which will serve to uphold your spirit.

In addition to love there is also patience as that means through which one can expect to reach the goal in life. Wherever there is hope there must be patience because only with patience can one bring one's hopes to materialization without fail. Our greatest hope lies in the dawning of the bright new world in which our nation will enjoy independence, equality and freedom and this hope has been brought nearer to realization through the successes of our resistance. The fulfillment of this hope of ours is awaiting your renewed effort to bring about and to enjoy its privileges, and I am confident that all your thoughts of your present suffering and hardships can be lost in this comforting thought. Therefore you must carefully study the text of the teachings for soldiers and the Party members' commandments and my other instructions and sincerely abide by them.

During your stay in the hospital you should respect your doctors, your comrades and your teachers, keep up your spirit of self-denial and love for others and follow the same principle of mutual helpfulness and mutual encouragement as you did at the front. Let the virtues of cooperation and coexistence guide you and let the spirit of love and patience be your weapon to overcome your suffering and enable you to endure hardships. Under no circumstances should you commit yourselves to sentiments of pessimism or to sudden outbursts of temper. As you have experienced numerous hardships you should be able to appreciate the importance of love and patience.

I hope that all of you, my beloved wounded and sick officers and men, will try to cultivate yourselves in the virtue of love and honor. I pray to God and Jesus Christ that you may soon be relieved of your distress and brought back to health to help complete our great task of resistance and national reconstruction.

GOOD FRIDAY FAST

Methodist Overseas Relief goes to feed starving people, to bring a doctor's care to the sick and wounded, to reassure disconsolate people of the love of those who call themselves Christian. It goes to persons rather than property. There is no attempt now to rebuild ruined homes, churches, hospitals or schools. In the words of the General Conference which established this committee, its purpose is "for the relief of human suffering, without distinction of race, color or creed." Relief is the first step toward reconstruction.

In the midst of numerous and insistent appeals for help which come to everyone, the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief will go to the most worthy areas of need. When

you give to Methodist Overseas Relief, a part of your money goes to China Relief, some to the War Prisoners' Aid of the International YMCA, to the Quaker Child feeding program. It goes also to the War Emergency Work of the American Bible Society; to the "orphaned" Protestant European missionaries; to the YWCA War Victims Work; to the relief of students through the World's Student Christian Federation, and to the assistance of war refugees. A part of each dollar is administered through Methodist Bishops, missionaries and national workers in war areas abroad.

Through the War Prisoners Aid of the YMCA, aid reaches war prisoners, Allied, American and alien, regardless of nationality, race or creed, in many enemy areas.

At the Jacksonville meeting of the National

Conference last fall the Good Friday Fast was again chosen as one of the projects for this year of the Methodist Youth Fellowship. The proceeds of this observance will go to overseas relief which is so badly needed.

The Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief is cooperating with the Methodist Youth Fellowship.

It is the hope of the Councils of the Little Rock and North Arkansas Conference Methodist Youth Fellowships that each local youth group will participate in the observance of the Good Friday Fast.

We request the attention and help of the pastors in placing this matter before their young people.—James E. Christie, President Little Rock Conference, M. Y. F.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION NOTES

By Ira A. Brumley
Camping Conference

State-wide Camping Conference for Training Camp and Assembly leaders for the Youth Program of the Methodist church is to be held at Conway, April 10th and 11th. The meeting will open at 1:30 at Hendrix College, Monday, April 10.

Representatives from Little Rock and North Arkansas Conferences have been selected and invited to attend this Conference.

Miss Elizabeth Brown of the General Board, Nashville, Tennessee, will represent the General Board and give general guidance in this Camping Conference. A number of Conference leaders from Little Rock and the North Arkansas Conference are to have part in the two day Camping Conference.

Methodist Student Conference

Delegates from the Methodist Student groups of Little Rock and North Arkansas Conferences are to meet at Conway for a two day Conference, April 14-16.

The Conway Methodist Church is serving as host church for this Conference. Entertainment is being provided by the Conway church for a limited number of delegates from these various college centers.

Dr. J. T. Carlyon of Southern Methodist University, is to be the inspirational speaker. Leaders from college groups in Little Rock and

North Arkansas Conferences are to help make possible the program for these two days.

Rev. E. W. Harris, pastor of the Conway Church, will preach the Conference sermon on Sunday morning.

North Arkansas Training Program

The North Arkansas Conference training program has moved along in a very satisfactory way this Conference year. There have been a total of forty-six formal training programs, besides a number of informal activities.

The Joiner Church sets the record in distance travelled to a training school. Rev. J. W. Moore and four others of the Joiner Church attended and took credit in the Osceola School which was conducted by Dr. Hicks. The Osceola Church under the leadership of our Board Chairman, Rev. Earle Cravens, holds the record in number of credits taken in a school.

This splendid record of training work has been made possible by the service given by our accredited instructors.

The month of March has been the best training month. The following schools have been held during March:

Charleston and Hartman taught by Miss Estelle McIntosh; Caraway taught by J. Albert Gatlin; Paragould with three units taught by Miss Lucille Adams, Robert Bearden, Jr., and H. M. Lewis; Jacksonville taught by Mrs. E. J. Reaves; Cloverbend and Shiloh taught by Mrs. W. F. Bates; Luxora with two units taught

STEWARDSHIP PLANNING CONFERENCE

Plans for stewardship cultivation throughout the Methodist Church during the next quadrennium were formulated here March 21-22, at a Stewardship Planning Conference held under the auspices of the General Board of Lay Activities. The plans, which include a definition of stewardship, will be presented to the General Conference.

Four bishops, district superintendents, pastors, lay men and women, and board secretaries, representing all interests of the Church, attended the conference to discuss methods of promoting stewardship in Areas, Annual Conferences, Districts and the local church. A memorial to General Conference was adopted recom-

by Mrs. W. F. Bates and Earle Cravens; Walnut Ridge with two units taught by Robert Bearden and Ralph Hillis; Springdale and Bald Knob taught by Dr. Robert W. Goodloe; Pangburn taught by M. L. Edgington. A school taught by William Sherman at Fayetteville was completed in March. Martin A. Bierbaum has been teaching one night each week at three points on his charge and at Charleston. Four churches in North Little Rock area were represented in Little Rock.

Plans are being worked out for other schools at an early date. There are other places which should plan schools. There are many splendid instructors in our Conference to be used.

mending emphasis upon stewardship cultivation throughout the quadrennium with particular attention in the entire year of 1946.

Stewardship literature, including a manual for pastors and local church committees; recommendations from general agencies of the Church, and a "clear, definite" definition of stewardship were among the problems considered by the Stewardship Planning Conference. Dr. George L. Morelock, executive secretary of the General Board of Lay Activities, presided as chairman, with Miss Lucile Dickman as secretary.

The General Board of Lay Activities met in a called session here on March 23-24, to consider proposals to be submitted to General Conference. Mr. Edgar Welch of Westfield, N. Y., president of the Board, presided.

Christ is risen! Oh, how do these words change the whole aspect of human life! Christ is risen, and we have a thought of comfort in the gloom of adversity; a belief to raise us into the high privilege of the sons of God. In the valley of the shadow of death His brightness illumines every step. He will, in the hour of death, fling open the gate of everlasting life.—F. W. Farrar.

There is a quiet courage that is unmistakable in one who is certain he is led of God.—Ex.

Nothing tones up the honesty of men like the remembrance of personal accountability.—Ex.

I BELIEVE IN THE LIFE EVERLASTING

(Continued from page 2)

Creed not simply, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty," but "in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord." God sent His Son to tell us about Himself, His purposes, His character, His intent for us; to prove to us on the cross that He loved us; to satisfy us, in the resurrection, that our hope is not in vain; to let Jesus be the first-born of many brethren, to let Him open the gates of Heaven and to let us see that the gates are there, and that Heaven is there, and that we are His children and will one day inherit that heritage.

I believe in Jesus Christ; I really believe in Him. I believe He saw the cross coming and tried to prepare His disciples; saw the death and resurrection coming and tried to prepare His disciples; said to them, "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. My peace I leave with you." Don't let your hearts be troubled about this which is called death: there is loveliness and beauty on the other side of it.

And then I believe in history. I read in the New Testament that the disciples were unbelieving, unexpectant, unprepared, even as those two that went to Emmaus. The disciples weren't looking for Jesus to come back. They wouldn't believe it when the women told them. They had scattered, they were like sheep confused and frightened, and then suddenly something happened and they were transformed into incandescent, fearless prophets. They said that He returned. They not only said it, but they convinced other people of their generation that it had happened, and these entered into the experience of the risen Lord, and from that time to this there has been an increasingly large number of men of every color and of every size and of every race who have known their risen Lord, who could join me in saying, "He is more real, more sure to rebuke, more comforting, more actually present than any living, physical personality I know."

The difficulty is never with "I believe in the Life Everlasting," never at that end of the Creed. The difficulty is always at the other end. If one really believes in God, the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, the life everlasting follows as naturally

as thunder follows lightning, as the product five is made up of two plus three, as inevitably as hydrogen and oxygen combined in the right proportions will make water.

Accept Your Easter Gift

Dearly beloved, there are those, who because their experience of Easter is not quite like another's, distrust their experience and are dissatisfied with it. They see some older faces aglow and they see tears in others' eyes. They do not feel that way and so they wonder if Easter is real to them. Friends, if that is your situation, let God come to you in Easter in the way you need Him. Two people stand there on the brink of the great canyon and one of them becomes loquacious in his expressions of delight and another is struck dumb because the beauty overwhelms him. So it is in this. True it is that one's cup of Easter grows through the years as one does really more and more believe in God, the Father, as he commits himself more completely to Christ, the Son, and as life in the Fall takes the leaves one by one from the tree of his friendship, until at last there are more of his comrades over yonder than there are here. The cup of Easter naturally enlarges and is enriched, and our experience of it is more radiant. But take it as it is now, whatever your age or situation, and let the joy and the beauty of your cup of Easter be.

What Is Heaven Like?

As we look to Jesus, the ascended One, and He opens the gates of Heaven, what do we see there? I think the poet put it for us:

"We know not where His islands lift their fronded palms in air,
We only know we cannot drift beyond His love and care.
We know not what the future hath of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death His mercy underlies."

And I think no man dares to describe Heaven in detail. But personally I am sure about a few things. I am sure, for example, that God will clothe our spirits, our personalities in such a way that we shall know one another, and we

shall experience a continuation of that which we have done and been to one another. I am completely certain that those parents whose arms have ached with the agony of loneliness through the years since they stood beside an open grave can be perfectly sure that He who called the little children to Him, put His arms about them and blessed them, will be taking tender care of our little lambs over there. I am quite sure that children who had no chance and youths who never finished life's tasks will be given a fresh opportunity.

I believe that nothing will be lost of the sacrifice which we make for good causes, that no life will be thwarted by death.

Heaven Illumines Our Pathway

And as the light from those pearly gates shines upon earth, what does it show us? Ah, we've learned in these recent months how little it takes to make life complete. All it takes now is just our family at home—to have with us the people who are near and dear to us. A little more than that—with us not simply in body but with us in spirit.

We know now that to know our loved ones—to be united with them in understanding—to see our children loving us, growing, developing self-respect and self-reliance and taking their part in the world, ready to give their life in the last full measure of devotion—to have written the letters that ought to be written—to have said the words that ought to have been expressed—never to have been hasty or careless in our goodbys—this is to have lived. This is what counts, not whether we did it in a small or big house, with an inadequate or too abundant income, but what took place in our heart of hearts between us and our friends.

Yes, and one day

"We shall come with joy and gladness,
We shall gather round the throne,
Face to face with those who love us,
We shall know as we are known,
And the song of our redemption
Shall resound through endless day
When the shadows have departed
And the mists have rolled away."

I believe in the life everlasting, and so, my friends, do you.

Walking What We Talk

By MARTHA H. McCARTER,

Missionary at Pittman Center, Seiverville, Tenn.

Steep mountain trails must be climbed, streams forded and the "hollers" penetrated, if we are to carry out Christ's command to serve the poor and lonely who call our remote section of the Big Smoky Mountains "home." There is no other way to reach them.

The mothers join their youngsters in our kindergarten at the John Ringen Memorial Church. They help us out, sew and make clothing which is remodeled from donations. Nothing is wasted. Left-overs from the clothing are sewed into quilts. The mothers help to prepare the hot lunches we serve daily. In many instances we know that this is their only hot meal. Living conditions in some of the homes have changed very little for generations. Many of the parents and grandparents are as yet unable to read or write, so our training in abundant Christian living is sometimes quite elementary. Through helping the children we hope also to reach the parents. We believe we understand what Jesus meant he said, "A little child shall lead them."

In our visits to the homes we are often called upon to help those who are ill and in need of medical assistance. Health education has long been lacking in the mountains. We also give pre-natal care to prospective mothers and instruction in nutrition and child care wherever needed.

From far and near our friends share in our mountain work. Contributions of clothing furnish us with material which when washed, pressed and mended, is sold at our rummage sales. The proceeds go to our hot lunch fund, for medical supplies, firewood for two churches and school, burial expenses, and for extreme cases of individual need.

Half of the substantial potato crop grown last year on a plot of our land which was rented to a farmer on "sharecropper terms," is being used for the children's lunches. Fertilizer and seed were purchased with mission funds. The farmer planted, cared for and harvested the

potatoes and received half of the yield as his "share."

We have also financed our crop of hybrid seed corn with missionary money, contributed by the church in Rockford, Ill., with the hope that other farmers will see the success of the crop as raised on my farm and will decide to raise it themselves in the future. It yields two ears to the stalk, while our mountain corn yields only one. One man, who this year raised the corn with great satisfaction, says that never before has his crop yielded so bountifully. "It's the only kind to raise," he says. And he is right.

One important lesson we try to teach the mountain mothers is to serve one-third of their available food three times a day and not in one large meal at one time. Canning and preserving food is popular, too, among the mountain women, who are glad for someone to teach them how to prepare and serve food economically.

The same Illinois church, provided funds with which we purchased seeds for our people to plant and grow on their farms. This year, in order to demonstrate the 100 percent value of our investment, we prepared an exhibit of two dozen pint jars filled with vegetables raised from the seeds and canned by our women. Fruits and berries which our women made into jellies and preserved fruits were also included. We sent the exhibit to the church, where people were delighted with the result of their experience of "caring and sharing" with us, as they described it.

Through the past eleven years of service, God has been ever present and has guided our practical ministry to our mountain people. The spiritual ministry is an integral part of everything we do. If we are to succeed as missionaries we must live clean unselfish Christian lives, so pure that those whom we train can see Jesus in our everyday living. We must continue to walk what we talk.

GOSNELL-HALFMOON SPEAKS

The good people of this charge are very proud of the new parsonage which they bought last November in Blytheville. This is located on Carolyn St. Since they were teased quite a lot because of the location, lack of gravel or pavement, it seemed to "put a spirit into them which set them upon their feet."

Recently they came in and began to beautify the place. Shrubbery was planted, the entire place was cleared of rubbish, some \$200 was spent on extra plumbing, and installing heater and tank for hot water, and money was turned over to pastor for new built-in cabinet. More work is being done on the interior decorating. In fact, the pastor and his family are enjoying their work and feel very much at home.

A telephone has been installed and our telephone number is 2141 in case you need our services in any way.

Our good county judge, Mr. Roland

Greene has promised to fix that street. (We hope he means gravel it.)

We challenge any Methodist minister in this part of the state to show us a more beautiful, practical, cozy, and comfortable parsonage than we plan to have in a very short time.

We thank the good people who have been instrumental in making this possible.

Too much cannot be said for our district superintendent, Rev. J. Albert Gatlin, who found this place, pointed the way and started us out in the right direction.

By district conference we will be at the half way mark with all finances and our benevolences paid in full for the year.

Our revivals are all planned and we are looking forward for a successful report to be made at annual conference when the work is done this fall.—Linley E. Vowell, pastor.

The love of books is a love which requires neither justification, apology nor defense.—Langford.

LEPERS SERVED OVER THE BURMA ROAD

"Recently I went out to the Leper Hospital, nestled in the mountains on the outskirts of Yenping, and measured each leper for a suit of new clothes that the Red Cross in America is giving them," reports the Rev. Louis R. Dennis, Methodist missionary in Kukien Province, China. "This cloth came up the Burma Road and over 2000 miles of uncertain roads to the hospitals of Fukien. These new suits are being made on our front porch by fifteen refugee women."

"China has approximately one-third of the world's lepers, and many of them are in South China. Dr. Skinner formerly was the Methodist mission doctor in Yenping. He saw this great need and appealed to the American Mission to Lepers for a hospital. This hospital was built about fifteen years ago and is carried on by our Yenping Methodist Hospital. This small colony of five women and twenty men live together like a family. Each does his own work. When one of the patients is bed-ridden, the other lepers assist the doctor or nurse in caring for him. Most of our patients have their garden spots and rice paddies. Some of them carry loads of fertilizer over the countryside. Some go into the mountains and gather bamboo which they make into baskets for carrying dirt in road construction. Others plant tung oil or pine trees on the mountain sides. Recently they have become interested in raising rabbits. Activity is good for them and gives them a happier state of mind."

"Our lepers are the happiest folk our medical work cares for. They are certainly not happy because they have leprosy, but because they no longer face an existence of certain, slow, withering death as beggars. They have found treatment for their disease and likewise Him, who cleanses their souls as well, for nearly all our lepers are Christians."

"On the other side of Yenping, about a mile out, is the 'leper village,' the place where the hopeless ones live. Only those who have hope of becoming 'symptom-free' are cared for in the Hospital. But the village—how it hears at your heartstrings! This morning I took a walk out there to see them. We try to make them comfortable. A nurse visits them, taking care of their sores. They are a cheerful group of fourteen men."

All sunshine makes a desert.—Arab Saying.

A PRAYER FOR THE TIMES

By W. Arthur Faus, Minister, Nescopeck, Pa.

Infinite Father, in deep penitence we confess that not once but many times we have strayed far from thee in our attitudes and conduct. We have said and done things contrary to thy will. We have grieved thy fatherheart. We have neglected to do many good things thou hast called us to do. We have not loved thee with all our hearts, nor our neighbors as ourselves. Have mercy upon us and forgive us insofar as we are willing to be forgiven. Thy grace is marvelously sufficient for us all.

As we look out upon a devastated, war-scarred world, we rejoice in the assurance that thou art still our Father who loves us in spite of all our wickedness. In that amazing assurance we find hope for a brighter future.

We commend to thy care the millions of young men of all nationalities who are plunging into the holocaust of war. Whatever their race or creed or nation, they are thy children. Keep them spiritually safe even when they cannot all be kept physically safe. Grant, O God, that in some way this scourge of war may soon be brought to an end and the Christ spirit of aggressive love, universal justice and magnanimous forgiveness may increasingly dominate the nations and peoples of the world. Amen.—Christian Advocate.

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GREETINGS

to
ARKANSAS METHODISTS

The awakening of Spring re-
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adornment.

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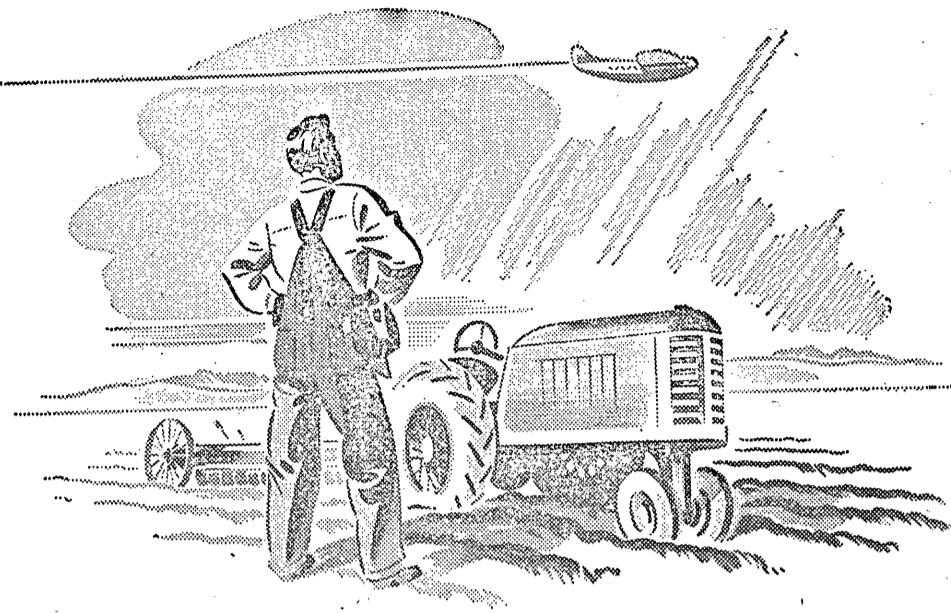
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WE FILL MAIL ORDERS



The South Looks Up to the Future

SINCE Pearl Harbor, the aviation industry has "discovered" the South—discovered here a land where ideal flying weather prevails—where great distances encourage air traffic and travel.

What Does This Mean?

That the magnificent fields where both the Army and the Navy air crews have developed their convincing superiority, will serve, after the war, as springboards for air transport service for our good neighbors in Latin America.

Over 20 companies have already applied to the Civil Aeronautics Board for such routes, and flying schedules promise to be faster, fares lower and pay-loads larger—thanks to the new

types of planes which higher octane gasolines have made possible.

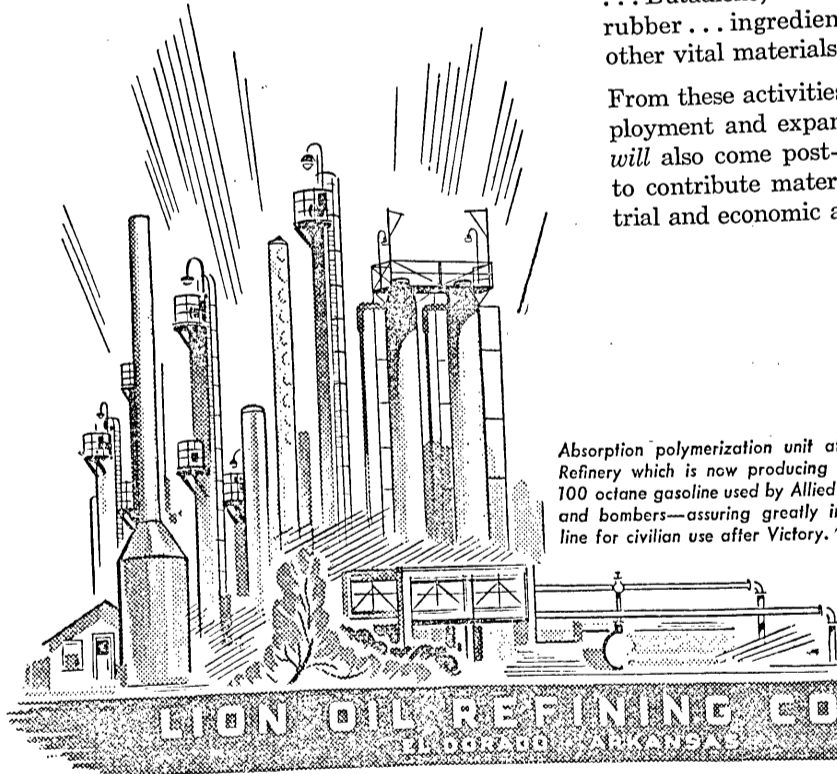
Yes, the South can confidently look for "manna from the heavens" through its active participation in a great postwar industry—Commercial Aviation—which will serve the expanding transportation needs of the South itself, spread the fame of Southern products the world over... and which today serves as further proof that—

A Greater South Is In the Making

Through constant research and experimentation, the Lion Oil Refining Company has succeeded in developing and is now producing from Southern crude oil, several components of 100 octane gasoline... vastly improved lubricants... Butadiene, the basis of Buna-S synthetic rubber... ingredients for explosives... and other vital materials required for war.

From these activities have come increased employment and expanded payrolls! From them will also come post-Victory products destined to contribute materially to the greater industrial and economic advancement of the South!

J. M. Barton
PRESIDENT



Absorption polymerization unit at the Lion Oil Refinery which is now producing components of 100 octane gasoline used by Allied fighting planes and bombers—assuring greatly improved gasoline for civilian use after Victory.



LION OIL REFINING COMPANY
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

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WOMAN'S SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE

MRS. SUE M. WAYLAND, Editor

PARAGOULD DISTRICT ORGANIZES

The societies of the Paragould District held an all day meeting at Corning, Thursday, March 23, for the purpose of organizing the district and electing officers.

The program follows:
Quiet Music—Mrs. W. W. Henry, organist.

Devotional—Rev. C. W. Good.
Vacation Bible Schools—Mrs. W. F. Bates.

Conference Organization—Mrs. A. P. Patton.

District Organization—Mrs. Ben DeVoll.

The following Conference and Jurisdictional officers were present and made contributions to the meeting; Mrs. E. W. Potter, Recording Secretary, South Central Jurisdictional W. S. C. S.; Mrs. A. P. Patton, Conference Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. John L. Bledsoe, Conference Secretary Christian Social Relations.

One hundred W. S. C. S. members and pastors were served a delicious buffet luncheon by the Corning W. S. C. S. at the noon hour. Music was enjoyed by the group with Joe Gallegly at the organ and Ann Few at the piano.

The afternoon session followed.
Quiet Music—Mrs. W. W. Henry.
Negro Spiritual—Miss Pat Few.

The nominating committee composed of Mrs. J. L. Bartlett, Mrs. F. E. Wilbourne and Rev. H. E. Pearce, reported the nominations of the following, who were unanimously elected.

President—Mrs. F. E. Wilbourne, Paragould.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. C. W. Good, Piggott.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. E. C. Cox, Pocahontas.

Treasurer—Mrs. W. W. Henry, Corning.

Secretary Christian Social Relations—Mrs. J. L. Bledsoe, Pocahontas, Acting Secretary.

Secretary Miss. Education—Mrs. E. E. Turner, Paragould.

Secretary Spiritual Life—Mrs. Donald McCluney, Rector.

Highlights of the North Arkansas Conference held in Jonesboro recently were given by Mrs. Ben DeVoll, Mrs. E. E. Turner, Mrs. G. M. Thorgmorton, and Mrs. R. E. Wilson. Mrs. J. L. Bledsoe, newly elected conference secretary of C. S. R. and local church activities presented her work.

Mrs. E. W. Potter closed the session with an impressive worship service.

The district women presented Mrs. DeVoll with a lovely tablecloth and napkins in appreciation of her eleven years service as a district officer.

Rev. H. L. Wade, district superintendent and 23 of his pastors marched to the altar and presented Mrs. DeVoll with the money for a life membership in W. S. C. S. in recognition of her untiring efforts and devotion to the work of the W. S. C. S. This was a very fitting climax for a day's work in the Master's name.—Mrs. E. C. Cox, Recording Secretary.

Most of those who are driven to drink make the trip in the driver's seat.—The Protestant Voice.

THE GARDEN OF RESURRECTION

A. Harlen Castle



*In silence and alone
He rose in power;
Even the nearest of His own
Knew not the hour,
Even the Mother of his love
Might not stand by,
Even the angel hosts above
Watched silently.*

*No hymn of praise was heard,
The light was dim,
Softly, perchance, some little bird
Sang praise to him;
And in the rustle of the grass
Things weak and small
Were hushed, to let his footsteps
pass,
The Lord of all!*

*In silence and alone
Thy footsteps trod
Earth's garden fair which was
thine own,
Son of God!
Come, as the morning mists unroll
With reseat hue,
And in the garden of my soul
Make all things new!—Selected.*

APRIL S. L. DEVOTIONAL THOUGHT: "DEEPS" OF INFLUENCE

What was it that made men forsake all and follow him? His eyes, his voice, the messages which dropped from his lips, and those messages incorporated in his daily life, cast an influence on all those whom he touched. They were what they were because they lived with him. In that day some "recognized them as having been with Jesus." Do people recognize you as a follower of Jesus? Do you act as if you, too, had been with Him?

You are what you are today because of the influence of many people. We see a trait of character we admire in another and we try to put it into ours. Have you ever sat in a great inspirational gathering, listened to a sermon, read a book, and known down deep in your heart that you would never be the same person again? Many of us point back to some Sunday School teacher who gave us our first interest in the Church, or some preacher who led us in our choice of a life work, or our first interest in missions. Can we not truly say, "The tongue am I of those who lived before me?"

But as truly as we can say this so also can we further say, "And those who are to come will be the voice of my unspoken thought." We cast an influence, consciously or unconsciously, upon all we touch each day.

*"My life shall touch a dozen lives
before the day is done,
Leave countless marks for good
or ill, ere sets this evening sun.
So this the wish I always wish,
the prayer I ever pray
Let my life help the other lives
it passes by the way."*

—Mrs. G. D. Hindman.

One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man.—Goethe.

CONWAY W. S. C. S. MISSION STUDY

Emily J. Reid

For special study during March, the W. S. C. S. of Conway Methodist church conducted an unusually profitable survey of the Church's service to all of life. Four afternoon programs were given, the first two to mission work in non-Christian lands, including medical, education and farming training. Mass movements in conquest of illiteracy, such as Dr. James Yen's simplified language work in China and Dr. Lubech's similar work in India have opened the masses to receive Christian literature. A motion picture of life in India was shown by a local layman.

The two programs given March 27 and 28 had special significance. Miss Floy Hanson of Hendrix College talked on India, illustrating her lecture with beautiful examples of the textile work, weaving and other crafts of the people. These were rich in color and design, showing the Buddhist motifs—the wheel of the law, footprints and fish. The lovely kabul or wedding shawls attracted much interest; these are given to little girls as part of their marriage dowry. Since these shawls are difficult to secure, one of Miss Hanson's adventures was spending the night at Kyber Pass in order to outbid the dealers when a caravan came in from Afghanistan. The East Indian woman's dress intrigued the W. S. C. S. women. With a long strip of cloth—the sari—she is able to drape on her figure a dress and head cover—no buttons, pins or zippers are needed to hold it in place. By way of variety, Miss Hanson exhibited her collection of beggar's bowls, used by India's "holy men" to support themselves in a life of meditation.

Seeing the lovely native products, one understands Mahatma Gandhi's opposition to the industrialization of his country. As he says, industrialization will destroy her arts built around the hand-loom during the past centuries.

The closing program summed up the needs of society and the Christian influence on all of life. Society's needs were forcefully shown by "editing the news" in letters and press clippings and magazine articles on social and industrial problems. Finally in a unique court scene, with judge, prosecutor and defense witnesses, the church was charged with "harboring inequalities and refusing to identify itself with the common man and his problems." "The case is incomplete," said the judge, "and the church is called to a new consecration to its unfinished task."

The gospel of Easter is marvelously comforting. There are multitudes of sad hearts in the world. How few are the homes that have not felt the blighting touch of bereavement. It is a time to remember in loving prayer those whose faces are stained with tears and whose hearts are weary with heavy burdens.—Ex.

I believe in thrift, for to store up a little regularly is to store up character as well.—Calvin Coolidge.

RESULTS OF MISSION STUDY "FOR ALL OF LIFE"

Following the study of "For All Of Life," by the Woman's Society of Christian Service of the First Methodist Church, El Dorado, Arkansas, it was voted unanimously that the society build a Mission School in India.

The study was directed by the society's Mission Study Superintendent, Mrs. J. F. Cole. The results show the effort and interest in which the study was held.—Mrs. J. W. Swilley.

NEWS OF INTEREST

Mrs. E. H. Hook, newly elected Conference Secretary of Miss. Education and Service, is the guest speaker this week, (March 21-23) at the St. Louis Conference W. S. C. S. meeting at Cape Girardeau.

Mrs. Potter attended the West Oklahoma and Southwest Missouri Conference as guest speaker.

BETHLEHEM W. S. C. S.

Our regular meeting was held at the church March 7th. Eleven members answered roll call. Mrs. L. E. Tedford, president, was in charge.

Mrs. Lillian Hays was the leader of our worship services.

Subject: New Voices.
Scripture Psalms 137:1-4 by Mrs. Pearl Glover and Mrs. Maude Fawcett.

Meditation: Mrs. Grace James.
Readings on subject were given by Mrs. Ella Tedford and Mrs. Mamie Leigh.

Bible questions: Mrs. Mollie Cochran.

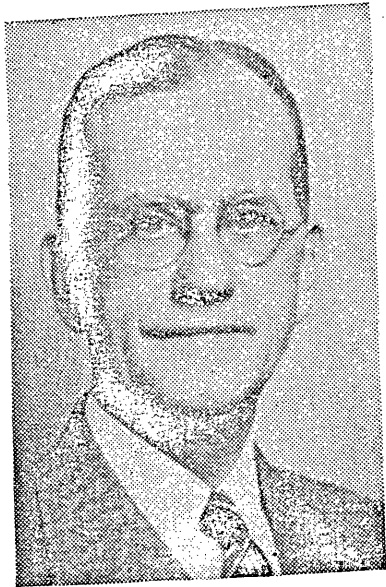
General discussion of present day problems by all.

Closing prayer: Mrs. Pearl Glover.—Reporter.

"One of the best thrills is that which comes from doing a good job."

C. W. IGLEHART JOINS UNION FACULTY

The Rev. Charles Wheeler Iglehart, Ph.D. D.D., for more than thirty years a missionary of the Methodist Church in Japan, and more recently an associate secretary of the Board of Missions, and advisor to the International Missionary Council, has been elected professor of Christian missions at Union Theological Seminary, New York City. He will take his new post in June.



DR. C. W. IGLEHART

Dr. Iglehart has long been regarded as one of the leading missionary-statesmen of Japan, and has been active in the work of the Japan National Christian Council, of the International Missionary Council, and on many international and inter-denominational groups.

Dr. Iglehart is a native of Evansville, Indiana, but spent most of his life in New York, where his father, the late Dr. F. C. Iglehart, was for many years a prominent member of the New York Conference. He is a brother of Dr. Edwin T. Iglehart, also missionary professor at Aoyama Gakuin, Tokyo. He is a graduate of Adelphi Academy, Columbia University, Drew Theological Seminary, and Union Theological Seminary, and spent a year in graduate study at United Free Church, Glasgow, Scotland. His Ph.D. degree was earned at Drew University where he is now a visiting lecturer in Missions. Syracuse University has given him an honorary Doctor of Divinity degree.

During his student days and until 1909 when he received appointment as missionary to Japan, Dr. Iglehart preached in and around New York City, joining the New York Conference in 1906.

Dr. Iglehart's years in Japan have been spent in many busy services. Outstanding among them were his managership of the Methodist Publishing House; his help in refounding the famous Boys' School maintained by the Methodist Episcopal Church in Hirosaki; and his work in Tokyo and vicinity as evangelist and district superintendent, and in recent years as professor in Aoyama Gakuin, and educational secretary of the National Christian Council. He has been closely associated with the development of the independent Japan Methodist Church, and active in pro-"newspaper evangelism" throughout the empire. From 1938 to 1940 he was the editor of the Japan Christian Yearbook.

During the World War, Dr. Iglehart served as head of the Y. M. C. A.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express to all our appreciation and thanks for all acts of kindness extended us during the illness and death of our husband and father, Rev. W. W. Christie. We especially thank all who sent messages of comfort and flowers.—Mrs. W. W. Christie and children.

A WORD FROM CHAPLAIN ROWE

My work here is along four lines: (1) Visiting the sick and wounded in the hospital wards. I visit from ward to ward, and, upon entering a ward, I make personal contact with every man in that ward attempting to minister to him on the basis of personal need. For one, a hearty greeting, for another, a Scripture and prayer; I talk to one about his family at home, to another about his experiences at the front. (2) Pastoral contacts with the Hospital Personnel. The permanent Hospital Personnel compose a fair size "Congregation" to which I try to be a good pastor. (3) Conducting regular services. We always have two services on Sunday, 10:30 and 7:00, and a mid-week service. For several months we had two identical services on Sunday morning, and two special week day-services for patients. (4) Personal Conferences in my office (and about the area). The subjects of these conferences are as varied as the soldier's interests.

Although I love the pastorate, and am looking forward with great anticipation to the time when this job shall have been finished and I can return, I am very happy in this work. I feel that it is a great job at which the Church dare not fail.—Doyle T. Rowe, 78th Station Hospital, Office of the Chaplain, APO 763 c/o P. M., New York, N. Y.

army department with the Allied Expedition in Siberia, having his headquarters in Vladivostok.

Following the disastrous earthquake in Japan in 1923, when many valuable buildings of the Methodist Church were destroyed, Dr. Iglehart was sent by his fellow missionaries to the United States to raise relief and rebuilding funds. The fine new buildings now occupied by Aoyama Gakuin, Methodist college in Tokyo, are largely a monument to his efforts in that emergency. Again, in 1925, he was called to serve in the office of the Board of Foreign Missions, New York City, in the work of directing the Board's field work in the United States.

Dr. Iglehart was a delegate to the General Conference of the Japan Methodist Church in 1927, 1931, 1935, 1939 and 1941; to the General Conference of the Methodist Church (U. S. A.) in 1932; to the Jerusalem (Palestine) Meeting of the International Missionary Council in 1928; and to the Madras (India) Meeting of the same Council in 1938.

While newspapers have headlined the return of American missionaries from war-enveloped countries, there has been a steady stream of outgoing missionaries. During the past year 53 missionaries went to Africa, 63 to China, 26 to India and 7 to the Near East; large numbers also went to South American countries.—World Outlook.

The Christian convent and monastery are within, where the soul is encloistered from sin.—William Penn

BATTLE . . . WHERE ONLY GOD SEES

By Charles J. Stauffacher, M. D. Inhambane, Portuguese East Africa

"Medicine's best work is done not in the light which beats upon a throne, not in the arena of politics encouraged by the cheers of thousands, but in the storms of wind-swept country, in jungle battles, where pain and pestilence, illness and misery are combated, often with none but God to see it," says a writer.

Last week we fought just such a battle, where God alone did see. I was called at night to a little African hut. The angel of death had visited the place a few days before. The empty crib was there. The mother was lying on her bed too sick to care what would happen. The father stood weeping bitterly. The four-year-old little girl was struggling for her breath: gloom and fear everywhere.

As I knelt at the little cot, she looked up and smiled amidst her pains, and said: "Doctor, I love you; help me." Her confident challenge inspired us to do our best. How we prayed and how we worked! I stood with my hypodermic needle ready, watching every symptom. The native nurse was kneeling, gently massaging the aching body, at the same time cooing a sweet lullaby. Hour after hour we stood guard, fighting for a little life. About two o'clock she entered into a natural sleep. Her temperature decreased. Then we knew that medicine and prayer had won. Sorrow and gloom disappeared. Joy and peace filled the little room. On such occasions the doctor is paid better than with gold.

But there are times when the battles goes against us because of delay. Today a young African mother and her husband brought their first-born to my office, with the complaint that the child could not see. We placed the child on the examining-table, and to our horror saw that both eyes were destroyed by a purulent ophthalmia.

THE ACCEPTED TIME

There trudged along a Scotch highway years ago a little, old-fashioned mother. By her side was her boy. The boy was going out into the world. At last the mother stopped. She could go no farther. "Robert," she said, "promise me something?" "What?" asked the boy. "Promise me something?" said the mother again. The boy was as Scotch as his mother, and he said: "You will have to tell me before I will promise." She said: "Robert, it is something you can easily do. Promise your mother?" He looked into her face and said: "Very well, mother, I will do anything you wish." She clasped her hands behind his head, pulled his face down close to hers, and said: "Robert you are going into a wicked world. Begin every day with God. Close every day with God." Then she kissed him, and Robert Moffatt says that kiss made him a missionary. And Joseph Parker says that when Robert Moffatt was added to the kingdom of God, a whole continent was added with him. There are critical times in the history of souls. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."—J. W. Chapman.

We explained to the parents that the child would never see, and we could do nothing for her. The father then affectionately picked up the child and carried it away, while tears were running down his cheeks; the mother followed, weeping and broken-hearted.

The doctor wept also.

But what hurts us most is the fact that if she had only come three days earlier to the hospital, we could have prevented a life of suffering and misery for a little girl. She will never be able to see this beautiful world again because of the sins of others. But where Christ is not found, sin prevails. Join us in real prayer that the pagan people in dark Africa may soon feel the power and love of our dear Redeemer.

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Easter Greeting Cards Picture Passion Week

Many years ago, late on the eve of Easter Sunday, the people of many European villages would gather in the darkness and, with lanterns and torches to light their way, set out in a procession for the crest of the nearest hill or mountain. They were people of simple, unpretentious faith; people who were grateful for the bounty of their farms and homes. It is always simple people like these who give the world its enduring religious legends, because their belief is not made hesitant by the skepticism of the worldly. And these villagers, winding up the mountain, were to assemble at the top in quiet service in the Easter dawn. When the sun rose, it would dance in the sky in celestial joy on the Resurrection Day of its Creator.

Thus we have the origin of our own Sunrise Services at Easter, although the sun's own celebration has been lost in the antiquity of folklore. There will be faces missing from our dawn services this Easter—the faces of young men, for whom the Easter sun will rise in from home. They will not be walking with their families to church nor will they greet and talk happily with their neighbors when services are over. If there are Easter services for them at all, they will take place in improvised chapels on the battlefields.

But there will be many a soldier who, in the early light, will hold a sunrise service in his heart. Most of us here at home have read or heard the heartening stories brought back from the fighting fronts by our chaplains and by laymen so impressed by the religious experiences they had witnessed that these experiences became important parts of their book and newspaper reports.

These revelations of steadfast faith in the hearts of our fighting men tell us that Easter this year will mean more to them than ever before. The spiritual significance of the day will be more fully revealed to them because of the very barren-

ness of the battlefields he sees. This year, too, he will have more Easter mail from home, the War Department having undertaken to deliver it to him by Easter Sunday. On March 1st the War Department spoke of this unprecedented increase in Easter mail overseas, which it expected "Because of an increased attention to spiritual matters."

This gratifying reason is borne out by the preference being given this year by the public to religious Easter cards. There has always been a goodly number of people who year after year have exchanged religious Easter greetings. But it is only reasonable to expect that on this Easter, the elemental dangers to which their husbands and sons are exposed in the fighting areas will cause many more people to send the truly religious Easter cards. Such cards are a means whereby separated families can share and renew their faith in the glory of God on the day of His Resurrection.

The Easter cards themselves are in keeping with the true Godly spirit of the Holy Day. Their designs speak of piety and reverence, and their sentiments are in many cases inspired by Bible texts. There is one card portraying a tall cathedral window through which the serene Easter sky can be seen. On another card, we see the divine face of the young Jesus portrayed in the reverent style of our Old Masters. Possibly the Easter card which depicts The Saviour praying in the garden of Gethsemane is the most anagogous to the trials which now beset our young men. There are many other inspiring religious themes to be found on Easter greetings, including many beautiful interpretations of The Cross as a shining and triumphant symbol which guides our faith and consciences through desperate times.

The sun, rising at Easter on a sober, burdened world, may not exult in the heavens, but it is enough to know that it will rise and that God will provide an Easter dawn that is a dawn of hope.

HENDRIX COLLEGE NEWS

A committee from Centenary College, Shreveport, Louisiana, was at Hendrix March 25 conferring with college officials on post-war educational problems. The Centenary committee included Dr. E. L. Ford, professor of French and chairman of the division of humanities; Dr. J. B. Entrikin, professor of chemistry and chairman of the division of science; S. D. Morehead, professor of Economics and chairman of the Social science division; Bryant Davidson, professor of history; and W. G. Banks, bursar.

Hendrix will hold a summer session from June 6 to August 12 in which a wide variety of courses in all divisions of the curriculum will be offered, making possible 12 semester hours of credit during the 10-week term. Special attention in course offerings is being given to the needs of students with accelerated educational programs and to this spring's high school graduates who wish to begin college work this summer. Hendrix students have already filled out questionnaires indicating their course preferences.—E. Wainwright Martin, Jr.

"If others follow your footsteps will they be led to the gates of the heavenly city?"

The three highest titles that can be given a man are those of martyr, hero, saint.—W. E. Gladstone.

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Our brain is a seventy-year clock. The Angel of Life winds it up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

When EXHAUSTION leads to Headache

Don't let headache double the misery of exhaustion. At the first sign of pain take Capudine. It quickly brings relief, soothes nerves upset by the pain. It is liquid—already dissolved—all ready to act—all ready to bring comfort. Use only as directed. 10c, 30c, 60c.

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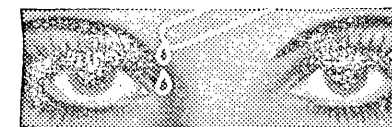


Next time you need calomel take Calotabs, the improved calomel compound tablets that make calomel-taking pleasant. Sugar-coated, agreeable, prompt, and effective. Not necessary to follow with salts. Caution: Use only as directed.

EYES TIRED?



TWO DROPS



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Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh them the quick, easy way—use Murine. Just two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle—and oh, so soothing! Start using Murine today!



MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

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WHAT IS A BOY?

"He is a person who is going to carry on what we have started."

"He is going to sit where we are now situated, and, when we are gone, attend to those things which we think so very important."

"We may adopt all the policies we please, but how they will be carried out depends on him."

"Even if we make leagues and treaties, he will have to manage them."

"He will assume control of our cities, provinces and nations."

"He is going to move in and take over our prisons, churches, schools and corporations."

"All our work is going to be judged and praised, or condemned by him."

"All our work is for him, and the fate of the nation and of humanity is in his hands."—Tabernacle Tidings

Ten men have failed from defects in morals where one has failed from defects of the intellect. — Horace Man.

All the strength and force of man comes from his faith in things unseen. He who believes is strong; he who doubts is weak.—James Freeman Clarke.

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LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

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"For these things we fight"

--LT. GEN. SOMERVELL



"We fight for simple things, for the little things that are all important. We fight for the right to lock our house doors and be sure that no bully with official sanction will break the lock.

"We fight for town meetings, for the soap-box in the public square, for the high school debating team, for open doors to cathedral, church and synagogue.

"We fight for the country editor and the metropolitan daily and for the editor's right to say the wrong thing if he thinks it's right. We fight for the right to organize for any decent purpose; for labor; for employers; for the Grange and the Legion and the Ladies' Literary Club, and for lodge meetings in full regalia on Tuesday nights.

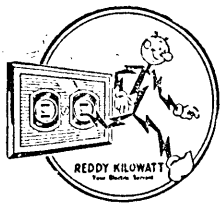
"We fight for our candidate for sheriff and for the other fellow's candidate; for the right to be sorry we elected him and to say so.

"We fight for free radio, for the right to listen to what we want and to turn off what we don't want. We fight for the high privilege of throwing pop bottles at the umpire."

★ A GOOD DAY TO REMEMBER THESE WORDS!

Today, Army Day, we think it is timely that this splendid summation of why Americans are fighting—as so eloquently set forth by one of Arkansas' great Generals—be read by every one of us.

If we are fighting for our American way of life, then we must remember that there is more to the battle than that across the seas. We must fight within our own country to preserve the ideals of America, and to destroy the growing threats to our personal freedoms. Totalitarianism is an insidious thing; it goes unnoticed until it is too powerful to be overthrown. We saw it in Europe—and in Asia. We want none of it in America.



Waste in war is a crime! Don't waste electricity just because it isn't rationed!

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HELPING BUILD ARKANSAS

The Church And Alaska's Future

An Interview With G. Edward Knight, Superintendent Alaska Methodist Mission Conference

By SARAH E. EVANS

THE church occupies a strategic situation in Alaska today because it is already "on the ground," believes Superintendent G. Edward Knight, of Methodism's Alaska Mission. Like the "Great Land's" resources, however, the present church program is but a springboard of things to come. Alaska is a post-war "must" for the church.

The task of the church in this land of promise is one of guidance, of carrying the message of Jesus Christ where it is not particularly desired. "You can't tell what a man's spiritual needs are by looking at him," believes Mr. Knight, who describes the job of the church as "an educational process with enough preaching to give emotional fire that will carry the logic through." It

sibilities in every section. A full-time superintendent, and seven missionary pastors constitute her ministerial leadership. In contrast to million-dollar industrial incomes, the Methodist program operates on shoe string proportions. A dozen workers could be put to work immediately, men with a fervent desire to serve people who need them. In central Alaska, where Methodist activities have been limited to Seldovia and Seward, our responsibility also extends to Masilof and Minilchick, but there is no church in either place. No one now pastors the long stretches of Bristol Bay, Chignik, King's Cove and Perryville, also ear-marked as Methodist territory. A survey to determine Methodist expansion, as well as to clarify the interdenominational comity agreements, is under way.

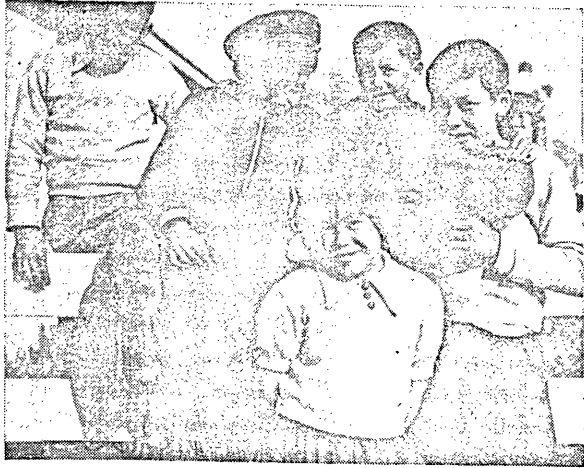
Missionaries are needed to serve the isolated fisher folk along the 500-mile stretch between Seldovia and Homer. "There are loyal Christians all along the line who want a church—a teacher, a postoffice worker, a community leader—always someone who will shoulder the responsibility of maintaining the church if assured that once in a while their preacher will come," says Mr. Knight. "If we want salmon, these communities will continue to exist. Most of them will not be large but they should not be abandoned spiritually."

"It isn't a matter of getting these people to sing our hymns and repeat our creeds," explains Mr. Knight telling of several merchant marines who came to the church one day to play and sing hymns. One boy played the violin and wist-

the Sunday School. "I have begun to realize that life is not to be taken in an easy manner," he said. "We have been transported from the life we know. Only then do we realize how much those things mean that we have taken for granted at home."

There was little time to talk much of the Seward church of which Mr. Knight is the pastor, in addition to his administrative duties. The church is never locked and is in constant use by the service men, for whom the Men's Service Club serves as an advisory group. Kindergarten, church school, Boy and Girl Scouts are a part of the regular program. The average age of the congregation is about twenty-six. Every Sunday Mr. Knight receives a twenty-dollar contribution from a man whose Sunday work makes attendance impossible. Instead he sends his time-and-a-half Sunday wages.

How the church and its members act as a stabilizing influence is illustrated in the story of a full-blooded Athapashkin Indian, who came to Seward two years ago to work. Hers had been a primitive background and she came from a broken home. For a time she worked in a photographer's shop and lived in the home of a youngster whose nursemaid she became. She attended church regularly. Difficulties followed and the girl quit her job, found another in a laundry. She was being "starved out" in the house where she was living, and the Knights interceded for her. For several months she stayed in the parsonage with them, but later shared an apartment with other girls. Quite suddenly she married



Aleutian children in Alaska

Looking ahead, Mr. Knight dreams that Alaska may increase ten-fold in population "in our lifetime;" that her region's heretofore unsurveyed oil reserves shall be explored and refined; that agricultural and dairy possibilities in the Tanana Valley of interior Alaska be expanded; that present costal industries be enlarged to include increased fishing, canning and paper pulp developments. Within a five-mile radius of the coast Mr. Knight believes the region capable of the potential production of 25 percent of all the paper pulp now used in the United States. Development of countless by-products from fish—fish oil, fertilizer and others—might yield a possible \$1,500,000 annually, he thinks. Crab canning, not now in existence as an industry, could be established in Seldovia, Homer, the Straits, and the Kodiak Islands to earn over a million dollars a year. Livestock raising on the Aleutian Islands is another potential source of income. Here, the grass grows the year round, including the wild pea vine, an excellent fodder for cattle. Practically no livestock is raised there today.

Ships from the seven seas dock daily in Seward's harbor, while planes fly from every direction into the fine new airport in Anchorage. Post-war highway development will facilitate travel through the interior and increase tourist trade. Many a service man now in Alaska intends to return to see the territory through civilian eyes after the war.

Alaska's present salmon industry yields between \$65,000,000 and \$70,000,000 annually. Ten thousand pounds of salmon and halibut are quick-frozen each year in Juneau, the capital city, while in Ketchikan, 8,000,000 pounds are canned annually. In the Alaska-Juneau Gold mine 14,400 tons of rock are mined daily—the largest quantities of low-grade quartz in the world, says Mr. Knight.

means the creation of public opinion strong enough to raise moral standards, banish racial prejudice and effect a reduction in Alaska's outrageously high liquor traffic.

The "don't-do-this-don't-do-that" attitude must be replaced with a more constructive approach in an attempt to stimulate further individual responsibility. According to Mr. Knight, the development of native skills threatens the white man's prestige in Alaska and encourages prejudice. The failure of the various racial groups to understand each other also augments racial tensions. "The race we do not know we suspect," says Mr. Knight. The provision of strong moral training is clearly the responsibility of the Protestant Church, since the Russian Church has failed to supply it. The training of children offers a great opportunity in this regard, believes the superintendent.

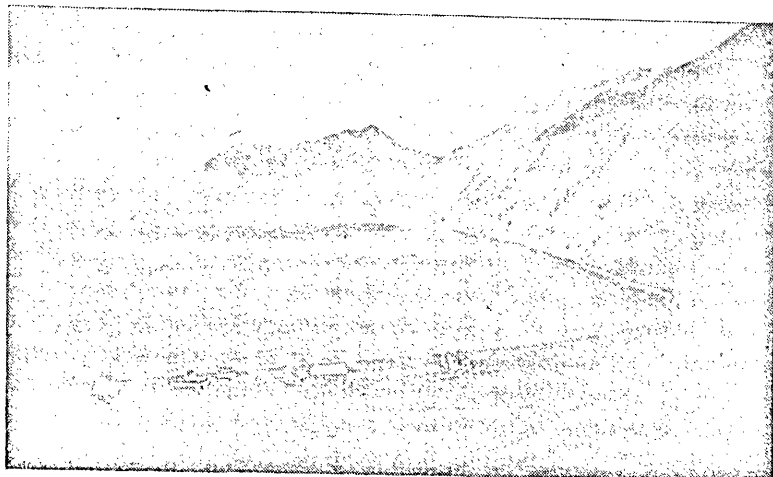
"I take off my hat to the women for their achievements in the Jesse Lee Home," continues Mr. Knight. The Home, although closed for the duration, exerts a powerful influence for good wherever its "alumni" are found. An inspector for the Steamship Service, commending Jesse Lee employees, said: "In fifteen years I have never been forced to beach a boat for being unseaworthy that was manned by a Jesse Lee boy. Boys from the home now in the armed services have quickly won promotions, to which their background training has contributed much. Young women, too, suggest the Home's splendid training as they assume community responsibilities in their wholesome associations with the service men and in the splendid homes which they are establishing. "You can always tell the home of a Jesse Lee girl," it is said. "It is the one with the washing out on the line."

Methodism's manpower shortage is acute in Alaska, although wartime demands have doubled her respon-

fully asked whether there were some available hymnals which they might take with them as their ship left port. They would not see land again for six months. "Our job was not so much a matter of paying for those hymnals as it was to answer the yearnings of those boys who wanted to try to hold their faith together as they went to sea," said Mr. Knight.

Repeatedly army men testify that religion has new meaning for them in their new surroundings. They attend church services whenever possible. One boy said his parents wouldn't believe it if told that he was taking up the collection in church and acting as secretary of

a soldier from Arkansas, then stationed in Seward but later transferred elsewhere. At Mr. Knight's suggestion, she went to Arkansas where she was graciously received by her husband's family. There she joined the WAC's, was given recognition as the first native Alaskan WAC. Today she is a happily adjusted personality, is an orderly in a Washington hospital. It has taken patience and time, but the efforts of the church on her behalf have proved a good investment. She, too, recognizes what has happened and is grateful. "Only the Methodist Church had the patience to help me," she said."



A glimpse of the rugged Alaska Coast

The Victory Over Death

SPECIAL EASTER SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR APRIL 9, By W. P. WHALEY

SCRIPTURE TEXT: Mark 16:1-8; and all of the 15th chapter of I Corinthians.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." (I Cor. 15:57).



LAST Sunday we studied the conversion of Saul, and saw what a marvelous change his conversion made in him. Before his conversion he did not believe a word the apostles were saying about Jesus being the Son of God, or about His rising from the dead. After his conversion he became the greatest preacher of the divinity of Jesus Christ, and of His resurrection.

Read the account of the resurrection of Jesus Christ in Matthew 28:1-20; Mark 16:1-8; Luke 24:1-53; and John 20:1-31. Now reflect that Saul did not believe this before his experience on the road to Damascus, but he did believe it afterward.

I. Paul's Great Doctrine Of The Resurrection And Immortality

Read carefully all of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians. Nothing less than the overpowering assurance that Jesus Christ rose from the grave could have converted our arch foe, Saul of Tarsus, from Judaism and made him the greatest apostle of Christianity. He was a Pharisee, and the resurrection of the dead was a doctrine of the Pharisees; but Saul resisted stubbornly and long the story of Christ's resurrection. It was too near him, occurring right in his own city and in his own time. He could easily believe that all the dead would rise at the end of the world; but this single resurrection, occurring now, and right in Jerusalem, was hard to accept. When he did accept it, it changed his life. The basis of his preaching, he tells us, was (1) Christ died for our sins; (2) He was buried; (3) He was raised from the dead.

Upon this basis, he became the most triumphant believer in the general resurrection and the strongest preacher of a blessed immortality. In his apostolic career he was faced with all the hard questions the sceptics could ask; and he answered them to the complete satisfaction of his strong and highly cultured mind.

II. Will We Have Bodies In The Next World?

One age-old question he met was: In our eternal life, will we have bodies? Paul could not conceive any sort of a resurrection that does not re-invest the soul with a body. The resurrection is for the repair of what we suffer in death, and for the restoration of that of which we have been deprived—and more. So, Paul says, God gives the soul a body such as pleases Him. In the fifth chapter of Second Corinthians, he says God had prepared him for the change from the body he then had to the body he should have; and had given him the Spirit as a guarantee. He had divine assurance that when his earthly body should be taken down, God would provide another body for his heavenly life. He was so thrilled by this assurance that he sometimes longed for the change.

Scientists agree with Paul that a body is desirable and necessary to the proper development and efficient functioning of the human spirit. Sir Oliver Lodge said: "It appears to be for the purpose of isolating us, isolating us from the great cosmic mass of spiritual existence to which we really belong, but which for a time we are cut off from and embodied in the flesh. Bergson held that the brain is an inhibiting instrument binding us to a certain amount of reality, isolating us so we may become individuals, grow a character of our own, develop an individual self." If a body serves such a purpose here on earth, in the beginning of our development, perhaps it is equally as necessary in our development and activities in the future.

III. What Kind Of Bodies Shall We Have?

Another question put to the apostle was:

What kind of a body shall we have? In the First Corinthians 15 we have his discussion of that question. While the scientists admit the reasonableness of the arguments for immortality of the soul, and while they say that the Christian's expectation of a new and better body is in agreement with what we know of the processes of nature, they hesitate to speculate as to what kind of a body that will be. St. Paul's words are the boldest venture on that subject, and they accord with the aspirations of the soul.

Paul says that will be a different body. We are not going to get the body we put in the grave. It returns to dust. We are through with it, as with a discarded garment. Both reason and scripture tell us that. Even if the new body is to be exactly like the present one, God is under no necessity of gathering up the identical particles that compose this body to put into the new. He will preserve our identity, he says, but not in this way. God is a God of variety, Paul points out. He is not shut up to the present kind of body for us. There are many kinds of materials for bodies on earth: our bodies are made of one kind, animal bodies of another kind, the bodies of birds of another kind, and the bodies of fish of still another kind.

Paul is sure the new body will not be of such materials as compose this body. As the body of an ungerminated seed cannot enter the glorious kingdom of moisture, light, warmth, and air, so our bodies cannot enter the great world of our immortality. As the springing plant leaves its dead shell in the earth, so the released soul leaves its dead body in the grave.

IV. A Spiritual Body

Paul says the new body is a spiritual body. "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. . . . As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." To speak of a spiritual body may seem like using contradictory terms, for we usually think of a spirit as being "without body or parts." Jesus' "glorified" body may be the answer to our questions about a spiritual body. In the upper room the evening before His crucifixion, Jesus prayed: "Glorify me with the glory I had with thee before the world was." A few days before that, Jesus had said: "The hour is come, that the Son of Man should be glorified." Some things the disciples could not understand while Jesus was with them: "but when Jesus was glorified, then remembered they."

Death and resurrection "glorified" the body of Jesus so that, while it was the same body it was "changed." It became a spiritual body.

Closing his third chapter of Philippians, Paul said Christ would change our bodies and fashion them "like unto His glorious body." The spiritual animation, control, and use of the new body will suit it to the new world and higher life. Earthly life will be passed, physical tasks will be done, fleshly desire and appetites will have failed. Heaven will be a different sort of a world in many respects. There will be no marrying, and human life will be like that of the angels. The heavenly life will be intellectual, moral, and spiritual beyond any plane we have been able to reach on earth.

The new body will be durable. It will not get sick and die, nor tired and worn out. Our present bodies are barely sufficient for our little life in this little world. With these same poor bodies we could not meet the demands and opportunities of the new world. When our change comes, we will realize that one of the greatest things God has done for us has been the ridding us of our temporary and inefficient bodies and equipping us with bodies like Christ's.

The new body will differ from the old somewhat as the tall spire of living wheat differs from the little brown grain planted in the soil. The two bodies will be as much akin as the grain and the stalk that springs from it. As every decaying seed gives way to a new body specific for its kind, so God promises that as our present bodies perish He will give us new bodies that will fit and identify our souls as the old ones did.

Paul Gets Happy Over The Prospect

Paul grows enthusiastic when he tries to describe the marvelous change in our bodies. The old body was laid off to decay, the new body is put on for immortality; the old body was put away in humiliation, the new body adorns us with splendor; the old body had weakened unto death, the new body is strong; the old body was earthly, the new body is heavenly; the old body was material, the new body is spiritual. He says this change is a necessity. "This perishable nature must put on the imperishable, and this mortal nature must put on immortality."

To the apostle death is not a defeat, but a triumph; not a tragedy, but a victory. "Death has been triumphantly destroyed. Where, Death, is your sting? Where, Grave, is your victory? The sting of death is sin. But, thank God, He gives us victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

VI. How Do We Get Our New Bodies?

Another question Paul tries to answer was, "How are the dead raised?" Curious minds wanted to know the process. Four processes are indicated in the New Testament. The first is resuscitation. The bodies of the daughter of Jairus the young man of Nain, and Lazarus were resuscitated. There was no "change." After life was restored, these people resumed their normal way, with no more change in their bodies than might have been produced by a night of sleep. The second was the glorifying of the body of Christ in that short time between His death on the cross and His coming out of the grave. A third is the "change" in those who are still alive at the end of the world. Paul says not all people will die, and that those still alive at the end will be "changed" quickly. That miraculous and instantaneous change will do for their bodies what the natural processes of death and the grave will do for those who die; so that all will have glorified bodies like Christ's. The fourth is the normal resurrection process, which both Jesus and Paul illustrate with the grain of wheat.

Jesus and Paul are telling us that we build our new bodies. That should not be astonishing. We built these bodies we now occupy. Each of us began as a tiny spark of life, soul. That tiny soul moved and worked in the narrow, dark, world of mother's womb, and built itself a small body just suited to its small world and its limited activities. After a few months, with seeming cruelty, the little body was thrust out into a larger world where it was tenderly received. Dormant senses gradually awoke in the small body; and abounding life began to surge through it; eyes, ears, mouth, and hands eagerly seized upon everything in reach and appropriated it to the growing body.

That is a natural process. All nature is full of that sort of thing. If we, like grains of wheat, are to build our new bodies, it will be a continuation of the spiritual job we had with our old bodies, on a grander scale.

The kind of body depends upon the kind of life. The carnal mind, or life, builds a body of flesh, which is perishable. The spiritual mind builds a spiritual body, which is imperishable. "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death," says Paul. Our spiritual powers are higher than our carnal powers. The powers of truth, faith, love, prayer, are more intelligent, more capable, more divine; and should outbuild the carnal powers that built these present bodies. Our cultured spiritual souls should easily take hold of God, and that "cosmic mass of spiritual existence" Sir Oliver Lodge talked about, and found help and building stuff for the immortal body.

The important thing for a grain of wheat is a vigorous soul, life that can survive the decay of the grain; and, in cooperation with nature, lay hold upon its new environment and produce the tall stalk. Seedmen know the importance of packing a vigorous soul into a seed; for it faces the ordeal of death, and the task of building anew.