

The

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JUN 25 1951

OTHER SHEEP



Prayer and Fasting Mathematics

FAST —I MEAL PER WEEK
52 WEEKS PER YEAR

“Then came the disciples of Jesus apart, and said, Why could not we cast him out?”

“And Jesus said unto them, Because of your unbelief: for verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.

“Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.”

Matt. 17:19-21

PRAY —1 HOUR EACH WEEK FOR MISSIONS
232,000 PEOPLE PARTICIPATING

“Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.

“Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.”

John 16:23-24

GIVE —\$.25 FOR FORFEITED MEAL
\$13.00 PER YEAR FOR MISSIONS

“But this I say, He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.

“For every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

“And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work:”

II Cor. 9:6-8

\$13.00 × 232,000 MEMBERS — \$3,016,000.00

The OTHER Sheep

And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring. John 10:16.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY INTERESTS OF THE CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE—
REMISSE REHFELDT D.D., EDITOR; C. WARREN JONES, D.D., CONTRIBUTING EDITOR; RUBY A. THOMPSON, OFFICE EDITOR

Volume 38

June, 1951

Number 6

“Watch . . . One Hour”

THE SLEEPING CHURCH was admonished to “watch and pray.” With surprise the Master said to the “sleeping three” in the Garden of Gethsemane, “What, could ye not watch with me one hour?”

Human redemption cost the utmost, and Jesus voluntarily paid it. His soul was made an offering for sin. Facing such an hour, He sought a place of prayer.

In this time of world crisis the Church must follow the example of her Lord. Prayer is the need of the hour. Fasting will tend toward casting aside material things, upon which many solely depend, for a time of spiritual conquest and development. One hour of fasting and prayer each week will bring results.

There are in reality no excuses which are valid in the light of present conditions. Endure hardship, agonize in prayer, accept personal responsibility, and urge one hundred per cent co-operation. Young and old may join in this important prayer program.

No doubt your local church has a prayer and fasting service each week. Attend if at all possible. If there is no such service, or if circumstances prevent you from fasting and praying with others, appoint a time and, if convenient, a place. At whatever cost, FAST AND PRAY!

The outcome will be glorious if consistently pursued. Spiritual victories, otherwise impossible, will be won. The kingdom of God will be advanced in a remarkable way.

World evangelism requires such a prayer program. Superstitions and evil practices, rooted by centuries of false teaching, must be changed. Divine aid is the missionaries' only hope. Your prayer support is desperately needed and will not fail to bring results beyond your highest anticipation.

Give the price of the forfeited meal for the cause of world evangelism. You will not be giving beyond that which would otherwise have

been spent. If all our church members will catch this vision, only twenty-five cents for each meal fasted would mean \$3,016,000 each year. Such an income would send new missionaries, erect modest chapels, supply needed equipment, open vast areas, reach new tribes, and bring honor to Christ. It would bless the church at home, encourage the workers abroad, and bring tides of spiritual blessing and power to thousands of people.

It is difficult to realize that so little could mean so much. For Christ's glory and the sake of the heathen FAST, PRAY, and GIVE. “What, could ye not watch with me one hour?” We will, O Master!

The Front Cover

BECAUSE the Sunday-school children will be presenting a Children's Day Program with a missionary emphasis on June 10, we are happy to present a typical Guatemalan Indian girl from Central America. It is for the salvation of such children that the church carries on its missionary enterprise. The program, *All God's Children*, prepared by Grace Ramquist, will inspire and instruct the children in the great cause of world missions. Copies have been sent to all pastors, so that every church can participate.

As you enjoy the missionary emphasis by the children, don't forget those who are in poverty, ignorance, and fear. You can help them by maintaining our ninety-six day schools where approximately six thousand boys and girls are taught, and by sending more representatives of the gospel. The children have been saving their nickels and dimes for several weeks. Opportunity will be given on June 10 for adults to contribute. It is for world evangelism. Study the front cover and give generously!

Seedtime and Harvest in India

By Dr. G. B. Williamson

IT is a universally recognized fact that the sowing must precede the reaping of the harvest. All who scatter the gospel seed must rest in the assurance given by the promises of God's Word. But the time of patient, hopeful waiting must have seemed especially long for the missionaries to India.

It was ten years after the work of systematic visitation of the villages was begun until Miss Julia R. Gibson was rewarded for her faithful work in Chikhli by the conversion of Babaji Mhaske, the first indigenous Christian of the Nazarene Mission. We have tried to imagine how Dr. Gibson would have felt if she could have been with us at the first service we had in India. It was held in the chapel at the coeducational school where the Chikhli church joins in the service until a new building can be erected. The Rev. S. Y. Salve is the national pastor. There were nearly three hundred boys and girls of the school and possibly one hundred others who blended their voices and their spirits in prayer and praise and gave ready approval to the declaration by the preacher that the gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation.

Missionary A. D. Fritzlan, father of Rev. L. C. Fritzlan, who is now chairman of the Mission Council, toiled on for nearly a dozen years with little encouragement. Then, in a meeting which he and Rev. L. S. Tracy held, he saw the salvation of several members of the robber caste. They were such confirmed criminals that the police suspected them whenever a robbery was committed in that area. Even after they were converted they were arrested on general principles. Brother Fritzlan interceded for them. The police agreed that if they were interested in Christianity they would release them if the missionary had enough faith in them to take them into his care. Brother Fritzlan agreed. He took them to the compound and gave them quarters in which to live. The police checked on them at least twice during every night for more than a year. No one of those who had been hardened criminals ever went back to his old life. Their children and grandchildren are shining for Christ today. Some of them are faithful and effective workers for the Church of the Nazarene. How the hearts of Brother and Sister A. D. Fritzlan would rejoice today to see the reward of their faith and labor of love!

In 1932 the sainted May Tidwell McKay preached a sermon on the text, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark 8:36.) A young

sadhu (holy man) came to that service to hinder the work of the gospel. But the seed of truth fell in his mind that day. That question puzzled and shocked him. It was fifteen years later, twelve years after Sister McKay was in heaven, that Sadhu Paulus Ingle was saved and sanctified in the camp meeting of 1947 under the preaching of Dr. H. V. Miller. As we listened to Paulus sing and testify, and learned he was in Bible school preparing to preach the blessed gospel, we could not but think what joy must fill the enraptured soul of Sister McKay as she saw and heard from her vantage place in glory.

Brother and Sister L. S. Tracy worked with their hands, planned, prayed, preached, and believed God that the seed they sowed in tears should bring at last the joy of the harvest. They kept on through years of delay and rejection. Just before they came home for their second furlough in 1919, they saw the gathering of the first fruits of their sowing. After a prolonged period at home they got back to India for four more years, from 1930 to 1934. They helped to plan the first great Jungle Camp in 1932. They helped pray the glory down. They saw the desire of their hearts in that memorable manifestation which marked a new epoch in the Nazarene Mission in India. How their hearts must well up in praise to God as they realize (he in heaven and she in America) what is to be seen in India today!

Brother and Sister P. L. Beals arrived in India for their first term of service in 1920. The first fruits of the labors of those who preceded them were just being gathered. Now after thirty-one years they are beginning their last term of service in India. They see the hospital and the dispensaries rendering their ministry of mercy and healing. They see three hundred students in the boarding school, and nearly fifty others in the Bible schools preparing to be the future leaders of the Indian church. They rejoice that there are twenty-five organized churches and two thousand Christians. They sat in the Indian assembly in which one hundred members cast ballots. They were there to rejoice in the victories of the 1951 Jungle Camp Meeting, with more than eight hundred in attendance from the churches. They enjoy the love and esteem of all the missionaries and nationals. Yes, their eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord to India. But eternity alone will reveal the full measure of the harvest of their toil and tears during the seedtime.

National Workers

By Dr. C. Warren Jones

SEEMINGLY it has always pleased God to work through men. He has followed that plan. He began it with Noah. He followed the same plan with Abraham, Joseph, Moses, David, Isaiah, and many others of Old Testament times. When He started His Church in Jerusalem, He gladly used the disciples. He still adheres to this procedure. Men and women are used in every land to herald forth the gospel and build the Church. God cannot get along without men to further His cause in the Church.

On our foreign fields, we designate our ministers as national workers. They are missionaries to their own people. Of course, we place this tag on our workers from the homeland that go to these fields to carry the gospel. The natives or the national workers fill an important place in the spread of the gospel and the conservation of the work. The missionaries cannot get along without these workers, and this has been proved again and again.

Our work on each of our foreign fields is just as strong as our national worker force. If these men and women are few in number and inefficient, then it is that we have a weak work. In this, we are not trying to minimize the work of the missionaries; but we do want to emphasize the place and the importance of the work done by the nationals. Sooner or later, on every field the national must increase and the missionary must decrease. This is as it should be if we are to have a strong indigenous church.

This is not only true of the pastors and evangelists, but it is true of the national leaders. To some extent every pastor and evangelist is a leader; but we are thinking of district or regional leaders, the few outstanding men to whom the pastors, evangelists, and laymen will look for direction and leadership. Naturally, you find only a few in this class, but they fill a most important place. On every field we need a Moses, a Joshua, and a Joseph.

We must develop our national leaders. In a sense leaders are God-called and God-made. Though this be true, men must be trained and developed. There is no doubt that Moses was born to be a leader. Then he was chosen of God. Yet he needed a long period of training, and this he received during those forty years on the desert. Jesus Christ called twelve men to be the leaders of the Early Church. They left their nets and fishing boats. They became followers of the Man from Nazareth. There is every evidence that He taught them. They took

a full three-year course. The time for their graduation drew near. With one exception, all of them made good grades and passed with high honors. The last ten days of their training they spent in an upper room in Jerusalem. The day of graduation arrived. They did not go through a formal program. They gathered about the altar, and from their hearts and lips rose one grand volume of praise to their resurrected Christ. Fire from heaven fell and the Holy Ghost took up His abode in each of their hearts. Pentecost became a living reality to the eleven graduates of that first Bible training school.

As Moses and the disciples were trained for their work, so our nationals, those whom God has called, stand in the need of training. This means that we must have a Bible training school on each field. Here we teach the Bible. Here we endeavor to root and ground the students in doctrine and give them those subjects that will help them in the various phases of their work as pastors and evangelists. Here they learn better how to study, acquire the reading habit, and thus become to some degree initiated in their life's work. For the most part this training must be received on the fields in our own schools, under the tutelage and the supervision of our missionaries.

Now and then one of these nationals will come to America for a short course or for some graduate work. In this way his vision will be greatly enlarged. Personally, we would not advise this but for a select few. In every case it should be only for mature men who will be more or less immune to the dangers with which such a visit is surrounded. To some of our nationals this has proved a great blessing. We refer to Kitagawa and Isayama of Japan, Bhujbal of India, Reza of Mexico, Paa of Guatemala, Tucker of British Honduras, and Rubio of Peru. These men are proving themselves as outstanding national leaders of their respective countries.

We must increase the number of national workers and strong leaders if we are to develop our fields and survive. The growing nationalistic spirit of our day is making increased demands. Then, we are face to face with Communism. When this God-rejecting crowd takes over a country, the only leaders that we can look to are the nationals. When this day comes (and it is likely to come to some countries), then we will need strong national leaders to cope with the situation. The time to prepare for such an emergency is now.



A Korean woman walked two hundred and fifteen miles, carrying her baby on her back, to hear about Jesus Christ. Far back in the distant valley where she lived the people had heard of Jesus. They had heard that He was in their country; that was all. The people were poor and they were all toiling for their daily bread. But they selected this woman, who had only one baby, to go for them, and she could go if they helped her. Each of her neighbors put two handfuls of rice in a sack and said, "Go, this will feed you on the journey." So the woman took the baby on her back and the bag of rice and trudged along until she found the missionary people who had Jesus with them. She found the Saviour for herself and carried the message back to her people.

—*Australian Baptist*

The best that Israel's man in the street is expecting for '51 is a standard of living considerably lower than that of 1950; and, when he permits himself to view the darker side of the picture, future prospects appear to him rather terrifying. Since an adequate supply of food is his chief concern today, he's gauging and interpreting internal and international affairs primarily in the light of their probable effect upon his stomach; and, as he looks around the world these days, he's reluctantly adding another notch in his belt. . . .

Tens of thousands of new immigrants, forming Israel's vast reservoir of unskilled labor, are today doing little work of any immediate value to the country's economy, and skilled laborers are so few and far between that the wages they command are now prohibitive. Building costs have risen to staggering heights. Based on the official rate of the pound, carpenters are getting some \$22 for an eight-hour day. Reinforcing steel sells as high as \$600 a ton.

—*Land Reborn*

The State of Israel plans to make itself agriculturally self-sufficient. Of an estimated 5,152,000 acres of land, only 700,000 are under cultivation.—*Selected*.

BORROWED CAPITAL

"Men's consciences are uneasy. Much that seemed built on the rock has shifted as if the foundations were sand. But beneath that sand is one solid layer which nothing has been able to break. All that was best in us came from that layer, from the habits and wisdom bred by centuries of Christianity. Today we are living largely on borrowed capital, inherited from previous generations, and bearing no increase now. Our children will suffer if we have nothing more, nothing fresh to offer them."—PRINCESS ELIZABETH, at Belfast, Northern Ireland, *Awakening*.

The Establishing of Churches: Our main business is not the school, the hospital, or the dispensing of alms. It is winning the lost to Christ and training the saved in church membership. There are places in this world where the denominations have invested fortunes in the building of institutions of higher learning, and after generations they still have no churches. The people were heathen before the Christian missionary came; the people are merely pagans now with college degrees. There are some areas, even in our Baptist work, where the school is almost everything and the church is almost nothing.

We need the school and the Christian teacher, we need the hospital and the Christian doctor, but most of all and above all we need the preacher and the church and the evangelization of the lost.—W. A. CRISWELL, in *The Commission*.

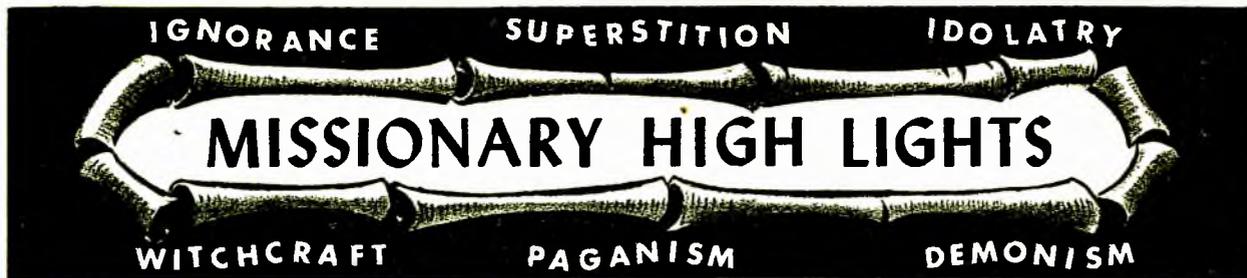
An American general described the refugees' flight in Korea as the greatest tragedy in the history of Korea. There is no reason to doubt this, even while recognizing that all Asia fairly aches with tragedy.

—*Gospel Herald*

Formosa has proved her kinship with our American brand of fearlessness, and now we must prove our kinship with her kind of faith. At last reports, more than 15,000 of the tribespeople have become Christian. On the plains as well, thousands of Nationalist troops are asking for Bibles. Mr. Dickson estimates that sufficient preachers and teachers and healers could win 100,000 more in 1951.

Not long ago when Mrs. Dickson shouldered her accordion and began to play "Come to Jesus," favorite Formosan hymn, she overheard a Chinese woman say to another, "You can hear the name of Jesus all over the island now." That is the big Formosa story.

—*Christian Herald*



Victory in Jesus

By Frances Vaughters

Guatemala

I stood at the window and watched them as they made their way up the cement steps and into the office of the mayor of our little town. Don Andres and his wife had lived for eleven years out of wedlock and now wished to be legally married, thus clearing up their troubled consciences. The reason for the step that they were taking, so late in life, is that both have given their hearts to Jesus and have been transformed by power divine. And, of course, we all know that the first thing that a truly born again person will do is straighten up his back life.

These fine young people (in their early thirties) were married by the civil law on Saturday morning, and the religious ceremony took place the next night in our little chapel. The name of God is never mentioned in the civil ceremony, and our believers prefer the religious ceremony and the blessing of God which comes to them.

Don Andres wanted everything possible to make their wedding a public testimony. There was to be a wedding feast, and we consented for it to be held in our large basement, the bride furnishing the dishes and the food. We were somewhat doubtful as to the number of people expected to arrive. To our amazement, we discovered that these people are exactly like our own Americans in that they never fail to be present when they are offered something for nothing. We estimated that over fifty persons were present. The feast consisted of stuffed roast chicken, bread, and coffee. There was a turkey, but we could find no more of him than one hind leg and a bit of breast meat. Naturally, as is to be expected, the fowl was anything but tender; and it wasn't easy to keep up with the rest, who seemed to be thoroughly enjoying their feast.

On Sunday evening the bridal party met once again in our basement and from thence proceeded to the chapel in procession style—first the couple, then their friends following behind them. Upon arriving, my husband drew the couple to one side while the people found their places inside. I pumped away on the folding organ until all were settled inside and outside.

Then, as I began to play "Sweet Will of God," the wedding march, the bride and groom entered and took their places at the altar. I could think of no better song for a wedding march than the one mentioned above. For, after all, weren't these people fulfilling the will of God in their lives? Their two sons sat on the front bench, taking it all in. I am sure they shall never forget that scene. Their mother, wearing a floor-length dress made from a pink satinish material such as our American women use for their kimonos, looked very pretty; and that fascinated the little fellows. She also carried a small bouquet of wild flowers. Her two attendants wore light blue organdy dresses and carried the same type of flowers. While I listened to the reading of the ceremony, I could not keep from thinking how wonderful it would have been had these people begun their married life like this eleven years ago. But thank God for *victory in Jesus* and for those who are willing to pay the full price for their salvation.

Needless to say, this couple is making real spiritual progress. Their wedding was a real testimony to the people on this peninsula. Others who are living out of wedlock say that they too want to be married like don Andres and dona Rosa. There is real victory in Jesus for all who will walk in the light.

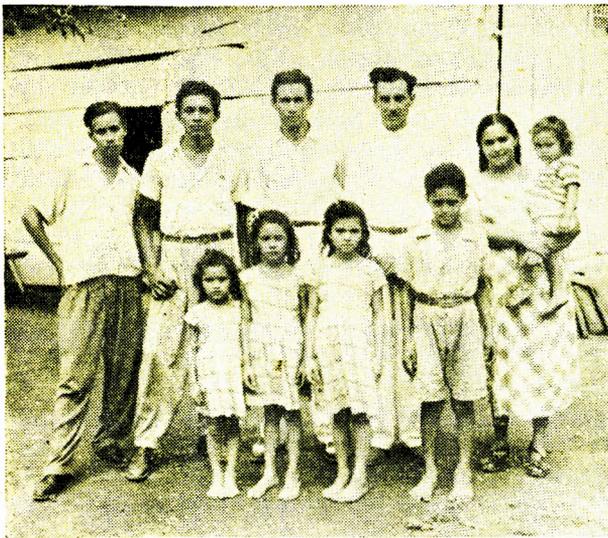
Home Missions!

By Lesper Heflin

Nicaragua

LAST SUNDAY I hurriedly ate my lunch and was off again to Sunday school, this time to Popoyuapa. Don Alberto Zapata, pastor at Buenos Aires, had started the Sunday school there two weeks before.

How good it seemed to be able to drive the jeep again after my appendectomy! As I bumped along over the rough, dusty road, I thought of the victory won in having a Sunday school in this fanatical Catholic town. A few years ago the first missionaries and a group of Christians met severe opposition in carrying the gospel there. The service they held one night was interrupted by the Catholics throwing rocks and mud. Their church band stood near playing its weird music. While the Nazarenes continued singing, a mud ball found lodgment in the mouth of one of the singers. Also the bell of Rev. Stanfield's trumpet was a recipient. Mrs. Stanfield's glasses were broken and a heavy piece of iron missed her head only a few inches. By their actions that night the people of Popoyuapa showed that they did not want the gospel preached to them.



Don Eliseo Mora and his family. They live in Popoyuapa, where we were stoned about six years ago. He has opened up his home for a Sunday school. The third Sunday we had forty-eight present.

Why the change? Through the dispensary and other ways, contacts and friendships have been made with many of the people. A mason who lives there and has worked in constructing some of the mission buildings was saved. The Sunday school is being held in his home.

How does Popoyuapa now respond? The attendance for the three Sundays has been thirty, thirty-two, and forty-eight, respectively.

Head-cutting vs. Heart-cleansing

By Ira Taylor

Peru

WE WERE RETURNING from Yama Yakat after a brief visit there with the Douglass' at their station among the Aguarunas. That morning probably fifteen Aguarunas had come in from different places with the idea of accompanying us to the point back where pack trails meet the jungle trails. One of our Aguaruna Christians had contracted them to go out and bring back supplies for the mission. All of these Indians were dressed in the usual way, their one article of clothing being a narrow width of cloth passing well around the waist and tightly tucked in, making a skirt about a foot long. All were bare-foot, and all but two had their black hair hanging well down past their shoulders. Several had their faces and chests painted, and some had short lengths of stick stuck through holes in the lobes of their ears.

The fellow I want briefly to describe had nothing that at first appearance especially called one's attention; but after a while, when all of them were squatted down intent in conversation, my attention was directed to look at the back of this fellow's head. Even through the thick hair one could see four or five long scars crisscrossing over the top of his head. We learned that justice had been meted out to him—that is, the Aguaruna brand of justice. He had been denounced as a *bruju*. He had used charms, enchantments, etc., along with herbs, when appealed to by another



Aguaruna who sought relief from suffering. Regrettably, it seems his charms did not suffice, and he had to atone for the outraged feelings of those he had deceived. Several had wielded their machetes, deeply wounding him. Inquiring as fully as we could, it developed that the wrong he did was not in using enchantments, but rather it seems because he used them unsuccessfully.

Some people like to prate on the beautiful simplicity of the savage and of his uncivilized life. But how deeply all these children of nature have become encompassed round and round by the devil's net! True, I have heard them laugh and chat in a seemingly carefree manner. But let an enemy pass, or let his name be but mentioned. Let some word or sight recall some deep superstition. Let a usually peaceable man be inflamed by *masato* (their favorite alcoholic drink); or let him be possessed by lust or fear. Then his face clouds, he becomes loquacious in his threats of vengeance, he is tigerish in effecting his desire, and he goes to almost any length to appease his superstitious fears.

But look at those Aguarunas who have experienced the transforming power of the gospel. Look as I did at Kaikat, or Kunatchi, or Ikam, or Inuach in their homes or about their work. The difference between them and their neighbors is not so much in outward life, for they still love to hunt, whether with blowgun or shotgun. They still follow the custom of poisoning the streams with barbasco to get fish to eat. Their homes do not differ greatly from other Aguaruna homes. True, they wear civilized clothes, and their hair is cut, and some wear shoes—at least now and then. But the great difference is in their calm demeanor at all times. They have no need for the *bruju* with his supposed power over the realm of spirit, because faith in Christ has broken the power of evil enchantment. Their fears are quelled because they have learned the secret of prayer. How often have I listened to Manco's halting, backward Spanish and been thankful that our God listens to the heart cry and not to our neat phrases! Perhaps of greatest worth to our Aguaruna Christians is that they have learned that the way of pardon in Jesus is far ahead of that of the placation of evil spirits—of hate or vengeance or dark lust. Their way out into full gospel light is not some quick and easy route but new life in Christ and death to the old man. A precious memory that we carry is hearing redeemed Aguaruna Christians singing: "*Iinu. iinu Apajui, Aminu daajum puen-gen; Iinu. iinu Apaji, Tuke naiyempinum pu-jamue.*" "What can wash away my sins? Nothing but the blood of Jesus. What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus." Thank God, our work is going forward among the Aguarunas.

Alberto from El Calvario

By John and Patricia Hall

Cuba

NEARLY two years ago we began a Nazarene mission in the small town of El Calvario. The family of Fernandez where we have our mission formerly attended our Managua mission, seven miles south. At first it was a struggle, but last summer five of the family were converted and joined the church. We are happy to introduce Alberto, the second son of the family, who feels called to the ministry of the Church of the Nazarene. Here is his own testimony:



"I wish to give you my testimony concerning the salvation that I now have. Before I walked in sinfulness. But, thank the Lord, I became acquainted with Brother Hall here in Cuba and he helped me find the Lord Jesus Christ. I am very happy because I know the Lord has forgiven all my sins and now I am living a new life without sin.

"At the present I am a twofold soldier, in the Cuban army and in the army of Jesus Christ.

"My greatest desire is that I may win souls for the Lord. I hope someday, by the help of God, to study the Bible here in the Nazarene Bible School under the teaching of Brother Prescott."

We want to share our victories with you and trust you shall continue to remember Cuba with all its concerns in your daily prayers.

LIBRARY

Olivet Nazarene College

WINNACET, ILL.

By Paul R. Orjala

"Rich Man, Poor Man"

AS I WAS WALKING down a main street of Port-au-Prince the other day, observing the different classes of people on foot, on donkey, or riding in taxis, the lines of the old nursery rhyme came to me as descriptive of what I say: "Rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief; doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief."

Rich man. As in the United States, financial status is the principal line of social cleavage in Haiti, though the tendency is to find lighter skin color as well as higher cultural interests among the "elite." The elite do not work with their hands. They speak French, live in the cities exclusively, and never marry outside their class. They own most of the land and run the government. Many of them are frankly not interested in the betterment or education of the "peasants" or masses, though some are actively engaged in some types of social reform.

There is a growing middle class which has made rapid increase since the last war. These are largely the small merchants who keep shops, tradesmen who operate as contractors, government job holders, office workers, and representatives for foreign firms. It has been said that these people are either peasants on their way up or elite on their way down. Generally they do not mingle socially with the elite, but they live in cities, speak French, school their children, and give an appearance similar to the elite.

Poor man. The economic range and contrast could hardly be greater anywhere than it is in Haiti. Almost side by side one finds the mansion and the hovel. The man in the mansion has a Cadillac or Buick dynaflo in his garage. He wears Arrow shirts and often a Hamburg on his head. He wears shoes. He sometimes takes trips to the United States or France, and his children might be educated abroad. He eats the best domestic foods and many imported ones. He has several servants, and he is at least a nominal Roman Catholic. The peasant may have a burro tethered beside his mud-walled, thatched-roof, one- or two-room dwelling. His clothes are often ragged, and he wears his sandals only when he visits town because they are required by law. He has probably been to one of Haiti's larger towns and may possibly have been an agricultural worker in Dominican Republic for a short time. He eats rice, beans, maize, and the vegetables he grows in his garden. His wife and daughters are his servants. He attends mass occasionally, but his real religion is voodoo.

We have used the term "peasant" for the lower classes because nine out of ten Haitians live rural lives dependent upon the soil. Since 80 per cent of the land is mountainous and the plains are largely controlled by big land owners, most peasants might also be called mountain people with their maize patch

on a steep slope more likely than not. These are the fortunate ones, those who live in the country. They keep their homes and yards cleaner than those of the city dwellers, and they are more independent and carefree.

The portion of Haiti's masses who live in the cities, however, live in intolerable slums where starving dogs forage for edible scraps and half-naked children make mud pies in the open ditches of wash water. Yet these people maintain a certain dignity. They use all the French words they know mixed in the soft *patios* called Creole. They are scrupulously polite, by their standards. They love to fix themselves up in their finery and promenade on the *Grand Rue* or the *Champ de Mars* on holidays. They crave excitement and love to argue. They whistle or hum the latest American hit tune that grinds out hour by hour from the corner refreshment shop. When they reach a paved street, they carefully remove the dust from their clothes and shoes with a handkerchief and proceed with the stride of a duke or duchess.

These are the people among whom we are working at present. In accordance with the rural-urban population ratio, we have most of our congregations in small country villages, though the central Port-au-Prince church acts as a mother church for the whole country. The city Creole services are punctuated with many words and phrases from modern French, and most of the songs are sung in French; but the people sing the Creole songs and choruses with more enthusiasm. Creole is used almost exclusively in the country. Simple in faith, though lacking in education, these peasants make loyal Christians once they have had a real experience of salvation.

Beggarman, thief. Because of the extreme poverty of the peasants, conditions and disposition have produced a growing number of city dwellers to beggars and thieves. The first strong impression that a tourist or newcomer gets as he walks down the streets of a town like the capital, Port-au-Prince, is that most of the people are beggars. The mere fact of his dapper clothes and light skin sends a torrent of the aged, the crippled, and ragged urchins demanding their curious English jargon. "Give me five cents. And they trail him down the street for yards, sometimes even running alongside of slow-moving automobiles.

The second strong impression of the tourist or newcomer is that every, or almost every, Haitian is a thief. The taxi driver always fleeces the stranger—it is expected. The grocer or shopkeeper has two prices, one for the Haitian and another for the American. A watchdog is almost a necessity for the household who may have valuable items around the house which

n . . . " in Haiti

Haiti

ght appeal to the passer-by. Fountain pens or mechanical pencils must be kept in an inside pocket to remove temptations. Most of this kleptomaniac tendency is petty thievery—large scale stealing is traditionally carried on in the government. Yet if one is careful and a few basic precautions are taken, one may be at ease in Haiti as well as in some American cities. A woman may pass through any of the streets of Port-au-Prince without fear of insult or molestation.

part of these bad impressions which the newcomers are due to his lack of understanding of Haiti's economic system. The stranger is expected to watch out for himself; and if he lets down the bars of his conscience, what happens is considered to be his own fault. Many of the stores do not have fixed prices, and none of the street vendors or peasants in the market places have. It is a bargaining culture. The merchant does not expect to receive the first price asked for, and the buyer (unless he is a stranger) does not expect to pay it. A Haitian would sometimes rather have the fun of bargaining than to sell his merchandise at the first price, and he will never permit his goods to go to an American or European at a price as to a Haitian. Furthermore, Haitians usually help one another to get the best of the bargain. Once the newcomer learns these economic aspects of life he secures a national to do the buying. The gospel does make a difference in these aspects of Haitian life, though it is necessary constantly to emphasize the Christian perspective. The missionary must constantly be on the alert to detect preachers who think of the ministry in the same sense as they would think of a government job. But once the true identity of our people or preachers is verified, their honesty and integrity are assured. God works the same miracle of grace in the Haitian heart as in any other.

doctor. The physical suffering of the Haitian peasants who need medical care is unimaginable, and is in direct proportion to the abysmal ignorance of the masses in matters of physiology, nutrition, and sanitation. From unboiled, polluted water they contract dysentery and typhoid fever. From an overbalance of starch in their diet some suffer malnutrition. Medical attention, which is scarce and often substandard, is only a "last ditch" remedy, palm oil and herbs standing first, with the *hungan* or *vodun* doctor as a close second. The missionary, though having no medical training, must often give advice and minor treatment.

The widely publicized campaign against yaws by the United Nations Sanitary Commission will relieve thousands of sufferers of this widespread disease and finally wipe it out completely. But the general

elevation of health and sanitary standards is largely dependent upon an increase in literacy and basic education which will require years to accomplish. In this task all of our missionary activity takes a part, directly through the teaching ministry and indirectly through evangelism. For when a Haitian becomes a Christian, he wants to learn to read the Bible; and when he learns to read, the rate of progress of his general education is rapidly increased and he becomes aware of the elements of hygiene as well as other important truths. Soon the Christian conviction that we are stewards of our bodies may become his, and he is well on his way to being at his best for God physically. Unfortunately, this ideal is no nearer realization than that of literacy for about 70 to 90 per cent of the population.

As missionaries we also have another approach to the health problem. We preach a Christ who not only makes supernatural spiritual changes, but who is also the Great Physician for our physical ills. Scarcely a week goes by but that sick people come forward after services to be prayed for.

Lawyer. Haitians do not believe in work—for the elite and for men. Even the professions, excepting law, are not entered into widely by elite young men. But nearly everyone goes to law school because a government career is the quickest way to wealth and fame of any avenue open in Haiti. It is also one of the most dangerous. Very few Haitian presidents have died natural deaths.

The Haitian government has traditionally been corrupt. Bribery and revolution have been part of the everyday life of its politicians. With the recent inauguration of President Magloire, Haiti's first popularly elected president, many have hope for a new day with reforms and much-needed government projects for improving the national economy and living standard. Others simply say, "Let's wait and see." But for the average Haitian, any change in the government is for the better; and they have high hopes for President Magloire's "overawed" attitude toward the tremendous task ahead of him.

Officially and actually the government is very tolerant toward Protestant missions. It recognizes the contribution they are making morally and culturally. It is our policy to co-operate with the government and its agencies in every way possible. Currently, we will profit greatly by the literacy campaign and Creole primer and materials put out by the department of education. We have freedom of religion and may rely upon government protection in case of any violent persecution. For this we thank God.

(Continued in July issue)

“Just What Is Blaauwberg?”

By Jeannette Hayse

Africa

OF COURSE you know it is one of our new mission stations in Africa. (You do know that, don't you?) But you ask, “Just what is it?” Blaauwberg—pronounced Blow-b'air'g and meaning “blue mountain”—is the name of the main mountain, and the prettiest, of the small range, just two miles from the side of our mission site. It has probably had this name for years, and now the whole mountain range is named the same. Also, any vicinity near is called Blaauwberg. One mile over toward the mountains is the Blaauwberg native store and post office, where we get our “post” twice a week. And now we have the Blaauwberg Mission Station.

“I've heard that there are leopards, 'n' wild pig, 'n' baboons at Blaauwberg. Is this true?” Yes, this is true. These animals, and various kinds of African deer (impalas and dykers), are in this vicinity. However, the leopards and wild pig live only up in the rugged mountain sections, and folks tell us they are never known to come down. We hope to see some sometime—when we are well prepared! The baboons do come a bit closer—we have heard their cries in the early morning—and they sneak into the natives' gardens to rob whatever they like. The little impalas have been all around; but as more buildings go up, and people come and go, the deer become more shy and stay farther away. We have all of the smaller wild life here, as in all parts of Africa, and even some places back home, too: ants, bees, wasps, flies, ticks, scorpions, lizards, and the like. Before coming to Africa, I was quite worried about spiders, but I haven't seen as many here as in the States. There really are many snakes here, particularly mambas, but so far they have never come too close.

“What are the people of Blaauwberg like? Are you the first missionaries to those people? Or are they 'raw heathen'? Have they never seen a white person?” These are questions you have asked in your letters, and I shall try to answer each one. But first let me tell you of several things that have influenced the people of Africa, here and in many places, in late years.

The African government is doing much, agriculturally and educationally, to help the natives as much as possible. Thus, some natives have seen these government officials, some have water from government wells, and some few have had educational privileges. Native men, from among all tribes, go to Johannesburg for certain periods of

time to work in the mines. They come back with all kinds of new ideas, good and bad, from “civilization” and the “big city.” The little native store at Blaauwberg is owned and managed by a white man who has been here for years and is married to one of the native women. Though this particular instance refers only to Blaauwberg, there are many more similar cases. The German Lutheran church has had a work some miles from here, and some people have been influenced enough that they know they should go to church and pay their offerings; but their smoking and drinking and dancing are quite all right, so they are taught.

So, you see, we have many kinds of people all around us, some touched more, some less, and some not at all by these new influences. The “dress” of our people varies greatly also, partly because of these influences and partly because of their own tribal customs. At our Sunday services we see a few in part European clothes, others with large bright-colored squares of cloth draped around them, some with skins, some with blankets, some with beautifully beaded skirts, others with an old dirty rag here and there, and some of the tiny tots only in “nature's garb.”

We are the first missionaries most of these people have ever seen. Although some have heard of the Lutheran church, and have been in touch with its work, many of our people are really “raw heathen.” (By that term we mean no touch with any real teaching of Christ.) Most of our number knew nothing of Christ, Christmas, Easter, the Bible, God's love, or eternity. Most of the older natives have seen the European storekeeper; yet, in calling at the kraals scarcely a mile away, I found two little children were so terribly alarmed at seeing me, a white woman, that they screamed as though they were facing wild animals, and almost ran through the fire where the mother was cooking to get to her and safety!

“Tell us of the language of the people of Blaauwberg. Is it not Zulu or Shangaan, as on other Nazarene mission stations in Africa?” No, these people are of a different tribe entirely, and our Zulu study doesn't help much, except in the form of grammar. All the tribes located in the eastern and northern parts of the Transvaal speak North-Sotho. However, there are a variety of tribes here, each speaking a different dialect. The Baxanwa tribe is located at Blaauwberg. But since this group, and many others like it, have no

written language, we study Sepedi, which is the main dialect, and the only one printed, of all these North-Sotho people. After we learn Sepedi, then we must change it here and there till we have the same words and dialect of our own people here.

Another difficulty with learning this language is the fact that there are no books available in English from which to study, except a group of study-notes, which give a brief synopsis of the grammar. And we also have no teacher, so we must learn from the people—a good thing if we happen to get a person with the right dialect.

It is interesting to note the number of different tribes represented by the types of people who come to the church, or to the dispensary, daily. Perhaps the first case will be a woman with a blue line down the middle of her forehead (probably burned or cut in by the witch doctor). That means she belongs to the Bamoleitse tribe. Then here's one with deep gashes on both cheeks, of the Baxananwas. The Batlokwa wear large bones in their ears; and Bapedi, rings in ears; and others, beads. All of these and many other kinds we see every day, showing that the tribes are mingling together more than in the past; also, that some have perhaps come a long way; and also showing that there are many, many people and tribes all within our reach! All of these people, though they speak a different dialect with many different words, understand Northern Sotho, or Sepedi, the language we are studying.

So our task is to "speak Sepedi," and try to understand all their dialects, and yours, and to "keep praying," till we really master this language! God with us and helping us, we won't let you down.

The Gold Mines

By J. W. Pattee

Philippines

FOR SOME TIME we have been talking of going to the near-by gold mines to hold gospel services. Last Sunday afternoon with our new jeep station wagon we took a load of our young people.

Since we had not been there before, we did not know what kind of reception we would get. We were most courteously permitted to enter the grounds where two thousand men work. We found a place between three dormitories where we could have our services in the open air.

We had our folding organ and had singing and testimonies by the young people. We had the service in various languages. Several spoke Tagalog—the national language. I, of course, spoke in English, which many of the people understood. Probably most of the people understood Ilocano, and our young people's president spoke in that language. We notice that several of the people

are Igorots. We plan soon to have one of our converts testify to them in the Igorot language.

While we sang and spoke, many came out to the balconies to listen. Some gathered around us, accepting tracts and asking us to come back again. As our jeep climbed the steep mountain trail home, we were all happy, for we felt that God had opened a door of opportunity to us to testify for Him.

My Testimony

By Mrs. Hazel Hough* American Indian

I AM saved and sanctified. God was my Guide to the altar. My weaknesses were my temper and, I am ashamed to say, my tongue, which was sharp as a sword. My burden was getting heavy for me to carry; so I brought all to the altar, and God took care of it. The Lord knows where we stand, and He knows best.



He was the One who called my nephew up yonder, so we would wake up and see, because my folk were weak in their Christianity. I want my light to shine brightly for Him and not dimly.

All the time I was going to church I felt like an ant on a chair or bench, and everybody in the house of God looked big. After I became one of His children, it was different. I'm happy in Him.

Oh, yes, my Lord really took all my burden and my heart felt like it was coming out. I did not keep anything back. I don't know what earthly people call me, but I'm all out for Him.

God will guide me and have His way. I have nothing to go back to. My Lord says, "The wages of sin is death."

*Mrs. Hough is a Mojave Indian woman and has a son who is called into the ministry and is now preparing for this work.

Glorious Assembly

By A. O. Hendricks

Barbados

OUR district assembly, Good Friday over Easter, was another forward step in our work on Barbados. Easter was a beautiful day. Our people came from all over the island until our Central Church at Halls Road was packed.

Fifty were baptized and sixty-two were received into full membership, which makes an increase of a hundred and fifty this year. We also had an increase of three hundred in our Sunday schools.

These devoted pastors and people have given close to \$4,000 for all purposes. They have raised over \$1,000 for the Manse Fund with which to build parsonages, and they have paid for the radio broadcasts of "Showers of Blessing" on Barbados every Sunday. They have also paid out hundreds of dollars for improvements and repairs on our church properties.

Our good pastors have not only carried on the services in their churches but have held revival services in our other churches on the district, thus helping us to keep the revival fires burning for the salvation of souls. They put on a gracious revival in our new Padmore church immediately after dedication; and there were many souls saved, reclaimed, and sanctified, and eighteen united with the church on Easter.

Our pastors and people are united and pushing the battle in a wonderful way. This district assembly was a glorious spiritual feast which will long be remembered. The altar was full of earnest seekers after the morning message by the district superintendent on "The Meaning of Easter."

After a beautiful memorial service in the afternoon, the assembly climaxed with a rally or "Hallelujah March" while the people placed a liberal offering on the altar for the Manse Fund. Truly, these are glorious days of victory on Barbados.

On Tour

By Everett Howard

Cape Verde Islands

THE converted Roman Catholic priest, Senhor Luiz Henrique Cunha, Jr., is having some victories in the Cape Verde Islands. Recently he has been on some evangelistic tours and God has blessed. At the present writing he is in a series of special meetings on Saint Anthony Island. Thirty-five have been received as members of the Povoacao church and there are many new converts.



Ex-priest Luiz Henrique Cunha, Jr., on an evangelistic tour on the island of Saint Anthony.

One fanatical priest thought to embarrass him by attacking him in the public street before a large crowd. The young ex-priest in a few minutes had made believers out of all the persons in the street and was driving the gospel into their hearts with the power of a Saint Paul. His powerful arguments and humble spirit are bringing many souls to God, and the light to those who have been blinded by Roman idolatry. Let us unite our prayers for our Brother Cunha.

HOW MUCH SHALL I GIVE

1. If I refuse to give anything to missions this year, I practically cast a ballot in favor of the recall of every missionary.

2. If I give less than heretofore, I favor a reduction of the missionary forces proportionate to my reduced contribution.

3. If I give the same as formerly, I favor holding the ground already won, but I disregard any forward movement. My song is "Hold the Fort," forgetting that the Lord never intended His army should take refuge in a fort. All of His soldiers are under marching orders always. They are commanded to "go."

4. If I advance my offering beyond former years, then I favor advanced movement in the conquest of new territory for Christ. Shall I join this class?

Resolved: I do believe in greatly increasing the present number of our missionaries; therefore I will increase my former offerings to missionary work.

—Missionary Digest

Who's Who



HARRISON AND DORIS DAVIS

One of the seven children born into the Davis home of Norton, Kansas, was Harrison Ransom Samuel Davis, Jr., whose birth date is June 14, 1917. As a Middle Westerner he has had experience in farming, and has had positions as varied as being a farm boy to being an apprenticed herdsman. Converted in November, 1939, and sanctified in November, 1946, Harrison testifies to the reality of the presence of Christ in his life.

In 1945, he was granted a Bachelor of Arts degree from Pasadena College and in 1947 a Master of Arts degree. While he was an instructor of English and Greek at Pasadena College, he worked in various capacities at the Chinese Church of the Nazarene in Los Angeles.

On December 6, 1919, in Tokyo, Japan, Doris Kathryn Wagner was born into a missionary home. She was converted as a child in a holiness union meeting in Kyoto, Japan, and sanctified in the fall of 1946 in a student body revival at Pasadena College. She received a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1947.

Harrison and Doris were married in Los Angeles on July 25, 1947. They have two boys: David Harrison, who was born in Pasadena, California, on July, 1948; and Paul Donald, who was born in Tokyo, Japan, on September 18, 1950.

They left San Francisco on July 21, 1950, for their first term.



MARJORIE MAYO

On June 6, 1922, Marjorie Jean Mayo was born into a large family in Texas. Since both of her parents are Christians, she had an opportunity to hear Christian holiness teachings in her own home. She accepted Christ as her personal Saviour when she was thirteen years old. About two years later, she recognized a call to the mission field and in the following years prepared herself to be of service as a teacher on the mission field.

In 1945 Marjorie was clearly sanctified, and the following year she joined the Church of the Nazarene. She has been active in church work in Hays, Kansas, serving at various times as a Sunday-school teacher, an N.Y.P.S. president, a pianist, and a children's worker.

Although she worked her way through Fort Hays Kansas State College and Olivet Nazarene College, Marjorie graduated *magna cum laude* in 1948. At this time she received the degree of Bachelor of Science in Elementary Education. For several years she taught in the public school system, devoting many of her summers to helping in vacation Bible schools. She has also taken some graduate work toward a Master of Arts degree.

Marjorie worked for a short time in the office of the Department of Foreign Missions of the Church of the Nazarene in Kansas City, Missouri, but left this position to fill the need for a missionary-teacher in Peru. On May 5, 1950, she flew to Peru, and since that time has been busily engaged in language study at the university in Lima. In her own words, her chief goal in life is "to do the entire will of God."



ROBERT AND RETHA WELLMON

Robert Childs Wellmon, born April 18, 1913, at Union City, Pennsylvania, was converted on June 17, 1924, and sanctified on October 7, 1929. He united with the Church of the Nazarene in November, 1932. In 1934, he was awarded a B.D. degree from Houston Bible Institute, and taught at this school for two years. He pastored on the Akron District for eleven years.

Retha Idel Westmoreland was born in Prescott, Arkansas, on March 5, 1916, and affiliated with the church at the time of her conversion in the summer of 1926. She was sanctified in the summer of 1936.

On January 1, 1937, in Houston, Texas, Robert and Retha were married, and to their home have been added two children: Dolores Idel, born February 22, 1938, in Warren, Ohio, and Judith Marlene, born June 27, 1941, in Warren, Ohio.

"The needy fields, the shortage of workers, and the urge to go" constituted Sister Wellmon's call. Brother Wellmon states that his call was a "growing conviction to do something about the lost" and "a call to do more than give money and pray."

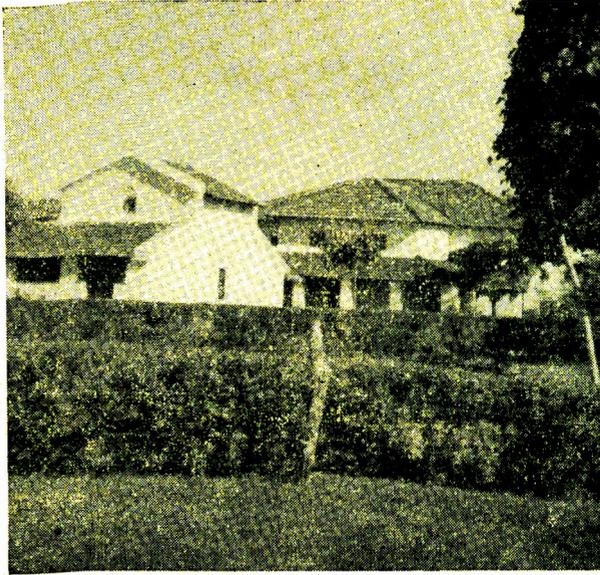
The Wellmons left the United States for their first term of service as Nazarene missionaries in Nicaragua in September, 1945, and furloughed home in 1949. Their second term of service on this field began in the summer of 1950. At present they are located in Managua, Nicaragua.



The W.F.M.S.

Edited by Miss Mary L. Scott, Secretary, 2923 Troost Avenue, Box 527, Kansas City 10, Missouri

July Emphasis — Education



Bible Training School, Basim, India

EDUCATIONAL STATISTICS FOR 1950

	Day Schools	Enrollment	Bible Schools	Enrollment
Africa	49	4,124	2	40
American Indian			1	42
Argentina			1	20
Barbados			1	85
Bolivia	11	205		
British Guiana			1	25
British Honduras	8	183	1	28
China			1	26
Cuba			1	5
Guatemala	1	41	1	15
Haiti	2	54		
India	3	315	2	40
North Mexican			2	23
Texas-Mexican			1	50
Nicaragua	10	284	1	27
Palestine	2	180		
Peru			1	8
Puerto Rico	1	205		
Syria	3	436		
	90	6,027	17	434
Increase		1,408		118

Goals for the Quadrennium

1. Support these already established schools with your prayers and offerings.
2. Open a Bible training school on every field where one is needed.

IMPORTUNITY

Crawford's Market in Bombay is a sight itself. Covering a full city block, it is a huge, high-ceiling place with rows and shelves of everything from Quink and Kellogg's Corn Flakes to bins of rope and bundles of firewood. There are great displays of fruit and

vegetables with merchants and vendors sitting cross-legged or with one knee up before their wares, weighing out produce with hand balances. There are stores of canned goods, cloth, and flower stalls.

I wandered about engrossed, when I heard a staccato monotone at my side—

"Madam Sahib! Madam Sahib!!"

The little beggar must have been eight or nine years old, though she seemed about the size and height of six. Her hair was unkempt and hung in dull strands; her dress was filthy and half off her skinny little body. Nothing about her seemed alive except her eyes lighting her dirty, pinched face.

"Madam Sahib! Madam Sahib!"

I knew I must not give to beggars. I tried ignoring her. She darted away, but was back.

"Madam Sahib! Madam Sahib!" with the insistence of a typewriter.

I said, "No, no," and shook my head. She was gone. But again she caught my eye in the crowd and was back.

Someone important, a proprietor perhaps, passed along and saw her. I am sure he said, "Begone, begone," crossly, for such words have a universal language. She disappeared and I walked to a distant booth.

"Madam Sahib! Madam Sahib!"

There she was again, hopeful, expectant, unrebuffed! Into my purse I grabbed, and into her hand I put one anna!

Then those piercing eyes seemed to say, "I knew you would if I asked long enough." She flashed me a smile and was lost in the crowd.

Because of her importunity! How much more shall your Heavenly Father!

I am sure we stop asking too soon!

AUDREY WILLIAMSON

GENERAL PRESIDENT'S NOTES



The plane left New Orleans 9:00 a.m., March 1. We flew along 220 miles an hour, 5500 feet above sea level. Before 2:00 p.m., the same day, I was in Belize in our mission home visiting with Rev. and Mrs. Harold

Hampton.

That same night at Mount Hope Chapel, sixty-five miles inland, they gave me a wonderful welcome service. The school children performed magnificently in a flower-strewn church. Posters emphasized offerings, Prayer and Fasting, N.Y.P.S., and holiness. Some read: "God bless our little Zion." "We love our missionaries," "Welcome to our dear general president of the W.F.M.S., Mrs. Louise Chapman,"

"God bless our general superintendents," "Holiness unto the Lord," and "Blessings on our district superintendent."

I have visited all our British Honduras missionaries and watched them work. Soft living in America had made me forget the many bites, stings, boils, irritations, isolation, and inconveniences that are so common in all missionary life. Our Nazarene missionaries are heroes and heroines.

The people are mixed races: East Indians, Africans, Maya Indian, and European. In some places they use the Spanish language; in others, the English.

In every place there have been welcome speeches with flowers, food, and small gifts from the people. There have been good crowds and many seekers. Many of them were new people coming for the first time to an altar of prayer.

During the last eight days of my stay in British Honduras I held a revival in Belize. The people came in great numbers and many scores of seeking souls bowed at the altar. Some came through with unmistakable and definite victory.

There are many indications of God's desire to visit British Honduras with a mighty revival. Let us press forward in our program of continual prayer for a world-wide revival.

*Send it surging and sweeping
Like the waves of the sea;
Send a world-wide revival,
And begin it in me.*

CALL TO PRAYER

The prayer plan is continuing for another four months. Let us pray until God sends us the awakening we need.

FROM THE SECRETARY'S MAILBAG

The Master's Voice



We still have about a thousand copies of Mrs. Fitkin's song, "The Master's Voice." We will send free as many copies as you can profitably use in your W.F.M.S. or church. First come, first served.

Thank You

"I would also like you to express through the W.F.M.S. page in the **THE OTHER SHEEP** our deep gratitude to all the Woman's Missionary Societies who are rendering our medical mis-

TO

**Pray one hour a week
Fast one meal a week
Give the price of the fasted meal**

IS

**The least I can do
to feed the spiritually hungry
people in our twenty-three mission fields**

Join the Prayer and Fasting League



sionary work such great service in sending us parcels of sheets, towels, pillowcases, blankets, and other hospital linen, together with other useful things which we can use in our medical missionary work. We appreciate, also, the donations which they send to help us on the duty at this end. We are glad to have them all as partners with us in bringing the ministry of salvation and healing to the many suffering ones who crowd the wards of our Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital at Bremersdorp, Swaziland."

(From a letter from Dr. David Hynd, Africa)

BRITISH ISLES ANNUAL W.F.M.S. CONVENTION

The annual meeting of the W. F. M. S. British Isles District was held on the twenty-first of March in our Parkhead church. Dr. G. B. Williamson presided at all the business sessions. The number of delegates this year was the largest ever. Reports from local societies were most encouraging. We rejoice that two new societies have been organized at London and Portsmouth.

Total money raised for all purposes amounted to £544-18-6 (approximately \$1,526). Included in this amount was the sum of £94.9 (approximately \$265) from Alabaster boxes.

A short, impressive memorial service was held for our late beloved district president, Mrs. George Frame. Mrs. S. Martin, for many years district secretary and Prayer and Fasting League secretary, was elected district president.

Our spring rally was held in the evening. Dr. and Mrs. G. B. Williamson ministered to a large gathering. It

was with much profit and deep appreciation that we listened to firsthand news from so many mission fields.

MRS. E. ROBERTSON,
Supt. of Publicity

ALABASTER CORNER

Where does Alabaster money come from?

Here's one answer taken from one of Mrs. Chapman's letters written in British Honduras:

"It was a most interesting sight to see our Alabaster boxes, far away from main centers, out in Indian villages where chickens fly about and pigs live in the house like children. The familiar little box was perched about on poles or high shelves, and every box I saw had some money in it. I had the privilege of being in several Alabaster breaking services, and it touched my heart to see the amounts that rolled out from some boxes. An old Indian died. Near him they found his Alabaster box containing \$1.50."

Where does Alabaster money go?

Here is one answer taken from a letter from Mrs. Pearl Pitts:

"We were deeply grateful to see that we were to get the necessary funds from the Alabaster money. I grope for words when I try to tell you how much this means to us. If it is impossible for us to give even a cup of water without a reward, then just how much will the dear women who have given to so worthy a cause as a Bible school in the Philippines receive for their reward? God alone knows the answer to that! All we know to say is, 'May God reward each of you as He alone is able.'"



BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE

Edited by Miss Mary E. Cove, 124 Phillips St., Wollaston, Mass.

HELLO AGAIN, BOYS AND GIRLS!

Here is the picture of what must be a lively Junior Society, by the looks. They have twenty-six members; and, though some are much under Junior age, Mrs. L. B. Snellenberger, their supervisor, says they are just as interested as they can be. Each member has one of those picture sets of all our Nazarene missionaries which our Publishing House sent them and, though some are quite small, they seem to feel the responsibility of thinking about and praying for all of these, especially our "Juniors' Own Missionaries."



Say, don't you think that man in the back looks sort of "tickled," as well as do the boys and girls? He is not one of the Juniors, though he looks as if he was having a lot of fun; he's the pastor, the husband of the Juniors' supervisor. I'll let Mrs. Snellenberger tell you herself (from the letter she sent me) what is making this "tickled" look on their faces. Here is part of her letter:

"DEAR MISS COVE,

"This is a picture of our Valentine-Birthday Party held in the parsonage, after school one day. We celebrated the birthdays of eight Juniors who had had birthdays within the preceding three months. We do this every quarter.

We had a roast venison supper and the eight birthday cakes as dessert. Then everybody played

games and exchanged valentines. A friend whose hobby is photography took this flash picture. Our Junior Society is growing in numbers and also in interest. One of our boys is called to be a missionary. We use the missionary lessons in the *Junior Society Leader* and the handwork that goes with it on Sunday nights, and the other lessons in the *Leader* in a weekday Bible school that my husband and I organized a few weeks ago. It is well attended and all are enthusiastic. Thank you for all the good materials you send us.

"Sincerely yours,
"MRS. L. B. SNELLENBERGER
"BRIGHTON, COLORADO"

Now, boys and girls, don't you think that the children in that church are getting some fine things to help them? I wouldn't mind being a little girl in that church myself. I surely would like to have a birthday there.

And seriously, don't you think that in every single Nazarene church in the world there ought to be something just like this for the boys and girls? Of course, so do I. But how can you get one of these interesting societies in your church? There are a lot of churches who don't have anything like this. Do you suppose it could be that there is not a single older person in your church who sees ahead far enough to notice what all you boys and girls are going to be one of these days? Oh, I know it can't be for that reason. And surely it isn't because there isn't anybody who loves you enough to build up a society. But, I'll agree with them: beginning a Junior Society isn't an easy job. It is a mighty hard job; for it takes a great deal of work and preparation. But those who have good societies just love it.

So, if you don't have a Junior Society in your church, you keep right after your pastor and the older folks until you get one. It would be lovely to organize one at some picnic this summer arranged for a crowd of boys and girls of Junior age—and even younger ones like these in this picture. Now, isn't that a bright idea! I'll challenge some of you to try it!

Lots of love from your "Big Sister,"
MARY E. COVE

THE OTHER SHEEP

El Peten

By Louise R. Chapman

Now I HAVE journeyed in a transport plane. We have hopped in and out of little native villages and chicle camps. The landings were made on open strips cut out from jungle forests. The houses are constructed of mud and roofed with palm leaves. Everything is very primitive and picturesque. The people are friendly and polite.

The chicle tree grows in the forests. The trees are tapped once in four or five years. The juice is cooked in the jungle and molded in half sections of kerosene tins. It is then sewed in bags and sent by plane to Puerto Barrios where it is shipped to the United States to supply the demands of gum-chewing Americans. I am bringing a hunk of the raw gum to show you.

In the center of El Peten is Lake Peten Itza. In the lake is a small rock island completely covered with the picturesque native village of Flores. This is the capital of the Peten Department. On this teeny island there is no room for a car. All the streets are cobblestones. The lowest street runs in a circle around the entire island. Most of the other streets run up and down like seams in a large cap. On the island peak is the city square and the government buildings.

Lake Peten is a beautiful circular-shaped lake. At the water's edge are native villages glistening in the tropical sun. In these villages life is primitive indeed. Pigs, chickens and all kinds of creeping and flying insects share the palm-thatched homes of the people. This whole section was once the home of thousands of Mayan Indians. Clay dishes, pieces of idols and temple ruins are everywhere in evidence.

In one of these lake villages, San Helena, live our missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. Earl Hunter and their three children. Mrs. Hunter is the only resident European woman in the whole Department of Peten.

The mission home is a substantial building of lime and stone with cement floors. They sunk a well, put in a pump and improvised a most wonderful water system for the home. If the wind blows, they can have electric lights. For the very modest amount of \$3,000 they have built a pretty little cool mission home of which we can be proud.

The transportation is difficult. The little open jeep bobs up and down over any kind or no kind of a road and carries the missionaries to some of the chicle camps and native villages, where people are interested in hearing what the stranger has to tell them. The long dug-out, flat-bottomed canoe is driven with reasonable speed by a five-horse-power outboard motor. In this gospel canoe Rev. Hunter reaches all the villages along the lake coast.

Our nine established preaching points are striving to build self-supporting churches. In one church I saw a hand-drawn picture of a horse called "Tithe" pulling a heavy laden wagon up a steep hill. The pastor sat on top waving his hands, urging the horse up the hill. They would have been over the top had it not been for a thin old nag called "Can't." It was tied behind and pulling back with all its might.

Opportunities abound on every side. There are at least another nine places where we could easily open work in this section of our Guatemalan field. The nationals pay a good share of the cost of building and the support of their national workers. Let us pray for Peten. Let us pray for our missionaries there and let us ask God to visit El Peten with a mighty revival.

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Mission Properties



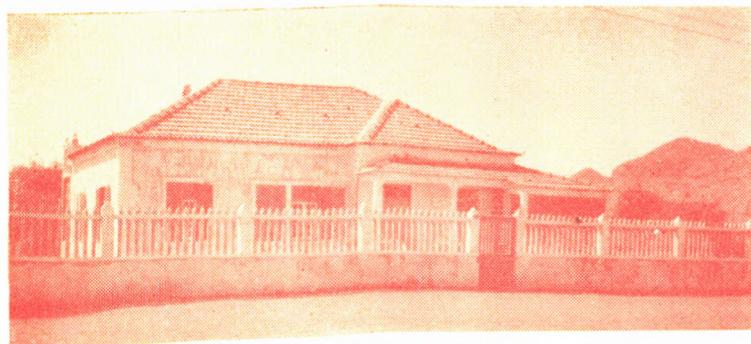
Nazarene Missionary Center, La Chorrera de Managua, Cuba



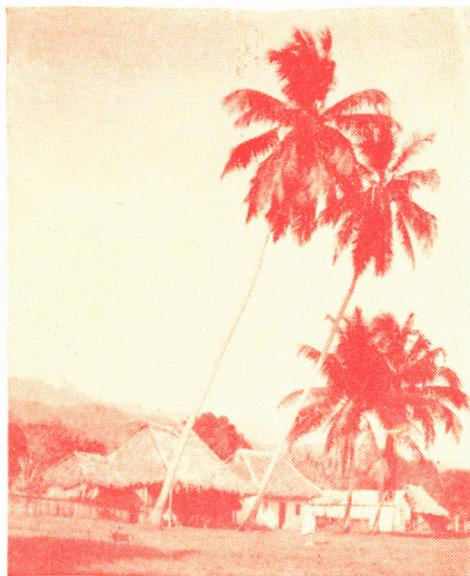
Church building at Ota, Japan



Church at Castelar, Argentina



Missionary home at S. Vicente, Cape Verde Islands



Church of the Nazarene, La Tinta, Guatemala (the building with corrugated roof)