

*"And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring"*

# THE OTHER SHEEP

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THE MISSIONARY ORGAN OF THE  
CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

## LET US CELEBRATE

**G**OD has blessed us of the Church of the Nazarene in growth and service during these twenty-five years. So let us celebrate His praises.

Our pastors and all those on public programs are considering what great things God has done for us that they may speak of them to our inspiration. But let the rank and file also study these things and meditate on them that they may at least intelligently say Amen at the giving of thanks. We refer particularly to our missionary work and the great day assigned to it, November nineteen.

**Speak unto the people that they go forward**



## THE OTHER SHEEP

A monthly journal devoted to the Foreign Missionary interests of the Church of the Nazarene.

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## WHY WE CELEBRATE A JUBILEE

IN October and November of this year the Church of the Nazarene celebrates its Twenty-fifth Jubilee. Two decades and a half ago our Zion had its beginning. Now it's going strong with 110,000 members. That's not bad—to start at nothing and reach something over a hundred thousand.

In those beginning days it was limited to a few states, now it has entered every state in the Union. Then it was wholly an American affair, now its holy white banner flies in many foreign lands, besides Great Britain and Canada.

Its missionary work is a bit older than its corporate existence. Some thirty years ago its full salvation work abroad began. Today we have approximately sixty missionaries laboring in twelve separate fields as follows: Japan, China, India, Jerusalem, Syria, South Africa, Mexico and Juarez, Cape Verde Islands, Guatemala, Peru, Argentina and British West Indies.

There is a total of about five thousand church members now on these fields. Another five thousand have been received on probation, expecting to unite. About five thousand more have lived and died in the faith within the thirty years of our foreign mission work. Last year this church spent two million and a half for work in the homeland, and less than two hundred thousand for work in foreign lands.

In our mission fields there are about ten million inhabitants. The great majority of these have never yet heard the name of Jesus. The great bulk of them sleep on the floor, i. e., the bare ground, at night, and NEVER KNOW the sensation of a full stomach.

Our missionaries just now are terribly pressed by the decline of the American dollar in foreign lands, due to this nation's going

(Continued on page three)

## Some Bright Young Man or Woman

Select some impressive incident or article in *The Other Sheep* and ask some bright young man or woman to read it to the congregation. The members of your church will thus become acquainted with its value. If they subscribe and read it, your budgets will come more easily.

## The Ammunition Sheet

Shall not each pastor avail himself of the Ammunition Sheet distributed free by the Department of Foreign Missions and inaugurate the monthly church missionary meeting which many have found to be very helpful? Free samples of the Ammunition folders are to be had for a penny postal card.

## Stewardship Conventions!

### Stewardship Conventions!!

Cannot each church secure at least one Stewardship Convention within the coming year? An urgent request to the men at Headquarters will secure a speaker. Two or three churches combining in dating a tour will reduce expenses to a place where they can be reached. The splendid results of these conventions are felt wherever held.

## A Needy Field Needs a

### Yearning Worker

Nellie O. Ellison, a furloughed missionary from India, is eager to return to that ripened field and finish the life task accorded her by the Master. Let great prayer be made in the churches for this. She's ready. The field is ready. The only lack is finance. Who will pray the prayer of faith and release the means to support Sister Ellison in needy India?

## A Wonderful Revival

Though harassed and oftentimes ill with overwork, our noble band of missionaries is leading a wonderful revival in foreign fields. This is the harvest time for mission fields. Thousands are inquiring. Hundreds will yield to God if they can hear our gospel message a few times. In all the history of missions, now is the time to stand heroically by our workers over there, and see God's salvation among them.

## The Peril of a Divided Heart

A heart is in deadly peril when divided between the world and Christ. It is also in a bad way when it is divided over whether to support missions or no. A pastor is virtually lost when he allows himself even to debate the question in his own mind. Utter loyalty to God means to plead for missions even though your own support is threatened. God is faithful. He will bless the man who pleads for His mission cause.

**"Speak unto the people that they go forward." Those who go forward are the ones who will be ready to go upward at the voice of the archangel and the trump of God.**

## Mrs. H. F. Schmelzenbach

Recently returned from Africa, is with her children at Nampa, Idaho.

## Miss Maud Cretors

Home from Africa on furlough, stops in the East for a while.

## Miss Ora V. Lovelace, Formerly

### And Now Again at Des Arc, Mo.

At present she is on deputation work in her own Missouri District. After that she is to have medical or surgical treatment. Her desire is for an early return to her beloved field in Swaziland, Africa.

## Let's Relax Where We Tightened

It has been said of some church members—even of Nazarenes—that the first place where their "depression" showed itself was in their church offerings. If that was true of you, let that be the first place where you relax as times begin to improve.

## Our Fields Still Defy Hard Times

Though desperately pressed by lack of adequate receipts in the General Budget treasury and by the declining value of the American dollar abroad, our fields are still all intact. Plans for restrictions have been reluctantly adopted, but no mission station has yet closed its doors.

## Eight Years in Cuba

"It may interest you to know that I was one of the first missionaries sent out by the Church of the Nazarene. I worked eight years in Cuba. My associates were Brother and Sister John L. Boaz, Sister Leona Gardner, Rev. and Mrs. Frank Ferguson, and Bro. Glover. "M. GERTRUDE SMITH, New York City."

## Send a Postal Card at Once

We earnestly call our people to remember that there is a great quantity of free missionary literature, tracts, pamphlets, stewardship booklets and other interesting propaganda material at Headquarters. It is useless on the shelves, but mighty when poured into people's hearts. Who better can superintend the distribution of it than our pastors? Why not let these silent messengers assist in inspiring your people to heroic sacrifice in behalf of the sacred cause of missions?

### Why Not Generate One?

The Prayer and Fasting League is growing, but far too slowly. This gracious channel of devotion and sacrificial support can be made a rich blessing to the ones practicing it, and a glorious means of financing God's cause. When we fast we enable Him to do what otherwise He cannot do. Why not, pastor, inaugurate this movement among your people? If you have one, why not cultivate it?

### Boys and Girls Help Indian School

The Junior Missionary Society at Frankfort, Ky., led by Sister Carrodine Wiley, has sent \$5 to the girls' school in Chikhli, India.

Isn't this fine? American Nazarene boys and girls helping India's children. Wonder why thousands of other boys and girls can't lift a little on the church's load in India? Perhaps there are too few Sister Carrodine Wileys to suggest it to them. Wake up, good women, there's much room for service among the Juniors.

### Expects King David to Come

Judge Rutherford, successor to "Pastor Russell," and head of the Russellites, believes King David will return to this earth. So sure is he of this that he has needed his California home to him.

But you watch; the Judge will continue to live in it. We'd rather look for King Jesus, King David's mighty son to come, than to be on the lookout for David. And the preparation for the coming of Jesus is obedience. Obedience in securing the blessing of a holy heart, and also in evangelizing all peoples with His gospel. On, then, with the holiness revival in mission lands! Jesus is coming.

### Sold Blueberries to Reach Assembly

This great Central Northwest field, composed of Minnesota and South Dakota, is certainly missionary minded. Some of the pastors were so poor they picked berries and sold them enroute to pay for gas to come to assembly, but they brought in their General Budgets. They are a wonderful people, all on fire. After Doctor Williams' great appeals they would stand with uplifted hands and shining faces, and pledge every drop of blood they had for the cause of Christ at home and in pagan lands. Look out for a company like that. They'll perform miracles!

Brother B. V. Seals, the District Superintendent, is being enthusiastically followed and supported. He's a bit young yet, but that's a disease that a little time will cure. However, he's surely leading the Central "Norwesters" in a wonderful soul-saving effort. He flies over his great territory like a general rallying troops in battle.

They all, up in those chilly states, love missions, and are ready to sell their shoes, almost, to finance that sacred cause. The night is on, O Nazarene soldier, in the Central Northwest.

### Why We Celebrate a Jubilee

*(Continued from page two)*

off the gold standard. This has reduced the favorable exchange which formerly aided them, until they are in despair. India's cut 75%. China and Japan 50%, etc., etc. This is a calamity, and unless we can soon remedy it by sending larger remittances, we shall witness a woeful shriveling in missionary activities.

In spite of everything, however, gracious revivals prevail. Millions are hungry for God. Thousands accept Jesus as Savior after a few services. This is the harvest time for the mission fields. The missionaries are overworked — each doing the work of two or three. They need reinforcements, but how can we send them unless more General Budget money reaches us? Twenty-five new workers ought to go at once—but who will tell us to send them by forwarding additional money to us? And, if we wait too long, it means more missionary graves in foreign lands. Please pray.

But, because of such a gracious success as our mission fields show, we propose to hold a Jubilee next November. We shall praise God in song; we shall extol Him in Jubilee sermons; we shall pray for an intensification of His grace; we shall buckle the gospel armor a little tighter for another twenty-five year "run."

And we shall jubilate in our giving. An average of a dollar a piece — that's only four cents for every blessed year of our past church history—ought to roll in for the purpose of rehabilitating foreign missions and launching a great Jubilee salvation home campaign.

The Jubilee slogan is "Forward." We approve of it.

### Junior Reserve Contest

*Is your district working hard over the Junior Reserve Contest? Remember—it will close during the Jubilee Celebration at Thanksgiving time. Can you get the largest number of new members? Let's see who will.*

MISS MARY E. COVE, *Second Vice President, Woman's Missionary Council.*

### Miss Lovelace on the Wing

Recently home from Africa, she literally flew to the help of the Kansas City District Assembly; for Brother Eades, of Iberia, Mo., taking his pastor, Rev. Otto Shearer, in his plane, flew to Des Arc where they picked up Miss Ora V. Lovelace. Then they flew to Kansas City. Well, it was worth it, for after her stirring address to those "assembled" on Sunday afternoon, at the close of which she spoke of the sore need of a building for the boys' Bible training school at Pigg's Peak, Africa, we had one of those "times" which we used to have. The plates were passed to take an offering for Miss Lovelace; but Pastor Reed, of the local church, felt that the congregation wanted to do something more, so he spoke a few words of permission. "Yes," said one, "I want to give \$25 'over and above the budget' for that building." Thus began the hilarity. It went to \$660, a quilt and a diamond.

### Who'll Stand By?

The imperative task of the Church of Jesus Christ is to spread the holy faith of our Lord's salvation throughout the world. Wherever there are human beings Christ's militant army must not cease to push its conquests till such are reached.

The inspiring challenge of that imperative task is foreign missions. There the difficulties are greater, a higher quality of heroism is needed, and sacrifice of a keener kind is demanded.

To this mighty challenge the Nazarene movement has in past years gloriously responded. In the thirty years of its history it has entered twelve different foreign fields, led several thousand heathen men and women to Christ, enrolled over five thousand in sacred church membership, and witnessed the triumphant home-going of thousands of blood washed souls saved at its altars.

Our church has in its foreign fields generated heroes equal to any found in other denominations. It has furnished several martyrs for that illustrious roll written in heaven. For every one who has thus sealed his devotion with his life there are hundreds more, saved and sanctified young men and women, products of our schools, who are clamoring to throw themselves into the breach, stem the tide of temporary retreat with their lives, or lead any forlorn hope in mission lands to which the General Superintendents of our blessed church may direct them.

### Which Way Will You Vote?

Every dollar any pastor fails to secure on his General Budget apportionment is a frank and insistent request to close the doors of some of our missionary work.

A few dollars deficit in one's General Budget allotment here in the homeland looks small, but when its effect reaches our foreign workers it means bread snatched from missionaries' mouths, the discharge of native preachers, and the

eternal death of human souls. If our pastors sensed this a little more keenly would they not plead for money and beg for support as passionately as though they begged for souls? for that is what it amounts to.

Yearly deficits in General Budget apportionments, and yearly reductions in requirements for another year, simply advertise that our church is on the retreat in its relation to missions. How can we reconcile this with the gracious increase in its membership in the homeland?

#### The Fate of a Returned Missionary

"I have tried to get into Bible school work, but there is no opening. I have hoped to get into a pastorate, but there are at least half a dozen pastors in this district without a church. I have written several District Superintendents, but the answer always is, 'There is no place.'

"Before going to the foreign field I had the offer of a position in a holiness college. Twice was I offered mission work under another denomination, but I waited three years to get out under our own Board. I could then have entered a pastorate and had a home of my own, or entered any of a half dozen open doors whereby I could have been well off in this world's goods by this time. But I chose to obey God's call to foreign mission work.

"While on the mission field I poured back into the work there not only a large portion of my salary, but the money received from my father's estate upon his death.

"I came home on furlough at the beginning of the depression, not knowing a depression was on and not dreaming I would not get back after a year.

"I have wept and prayed daily to get back to the field. With a breaking heart I have watched all those who came home the same year that I did return to their different fields; and I have seen others come home later—and return. I have seen new missionaries appointed and go to their fields—and still I am waiting and praying and pleading.

"I am not regretting having given myself and my money to God and to the mission field. That is stored up for eternity, and is bearing fruit in spite of the devil—while it would have perished with the using here. I only say, would God I had refused to come home on furlough, and could have died over there. Then there would be at least another grave testifying to my lost people there of the love of Jesus. Don't pity the missionary who has died on the field. Blessed were they in their privilege. God pity those who cannot get back—and for whom there is NO ROOM in the homeland.

"I am not writing this because I feel the 'Board' owes me anything—or is under any obligation to help me. David said, 'I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous for-

### THE GREAT ADVENTURE

A CERTAIN distinguished man (we've forgotten his name) who perished on the Titanic when it sank, is reported to have remarked, apropos of his expected death, "**This is our last great adventure.**"

To which, as a sanctified believer in Jesus, we make reply: **Death is no adventure to a Christian. It is fraught with certainty: first of reaching heaven, second of eternal companionship with Christ, third of gracious reward, fourth of rest from contact with sin, fifth of glorious consummation of all one's restricted powers. With these awaiting one, it is no adventure, arguing uncertainty, but rather a calm, confident expectation.**

The Christian's greatest adventure, instead of death, is the spread of the holy faith in the earth. This is sufficiently uncertain to make it genuinely **adventurousome**. This demands eternal **vigilance**, which is a necessary feature of every real adventure. It also requires **sacrifice, heroism** and a very close walk with the original Galilean Adventurer. Foreign missions is one of the big phases of this adventure.

But what human being is there who doesn't love an adventure, a heroic one, one which tests one's loyalty and courage, an adventure with a thrill. Jesus Christ is the only one who can give a better substitute for one's worldly ambitions by replacing them with heavenly ambitions; who can beat the thrill of business by the greater thrill of winning souls to God; who can drive out of human bosoms the passion for war by instilling therein the passion for spreading holiness among men. Spreading the faith is, indeed, "the holy war."

Forward, Nazarenes. Foreign missions is then a big part of the Church's greatest adventure. **Adventure your love in this cause, your time, your money, your prayers, your passion. You'll never be disappointed.**

saken, nor his seed begging bread.' But here is one of God's missionaries that will have to start out on the road, unless God helps speedily. Like my Savior, I have nowhere to lay my head.

"My prayer is always and continually with you and our leaders for our church and the mission cause, and with a crushed and breaking heart for the poor millions in foreign lands."

#### In Spite of Everything

The devil hates missions. He obstructs where he cannot obliterate. Like Job's case, he hopes to win by heaping up afflictions.

Our foreign fields suffered from the depression in the homeland. This crippled the workers, but they forged ahead, tightening their belts and praying a little harder every time the homeland cut the missionary remittances. The enemy used the depression for a club with which to beat the loyal toilers over there.

Then came Uncle Samuel's jump from the gold standard. Probably there were good, patriotic reasons for our old uncle's sudden desertion of the yellow metal. We don't understand it all. We only know he quit, and the American dollar, hitherto so royal and valuable in all foreign lands, began to decline. This cut the amount of coin which the missionaries could secure in exchange for American money.

This is another club with which our poor missionaries are being beaten by the adversary. Their work is threatened on every side. But—

In spite of everything, there is one continued and gracious revival in progress on our mission fields. Our workers are worn harassed and, many of them, ill. But they are supremely happy. God is winning thousands to salvation in Jesus, His Son, on Nazarene fields.

Shall not we in the homeland join the missionaries in rebuking the adversary of missions, and in meeting, with greater prayer and sacrifice, the impending threat of lessened support?

#### Inland Mission Advances in Spite of Depression

"The China Inland Mission now has 300 central stations and nearly 2,000 out-stations, and it numbers 1,326 missionaries, including wives. In the very wake of the Communist disturbance of 1927, which compelled the temporary evacuation of most of its stations, the mission was constrained to launch a Forward Movement, looking toward a speedier occupation of the yet unevangelized areas of inland China. In 1929 an appeal was made for 200 new missionaries to be sent out within two years. By the end of 1931, 273 new recruits (203 *members* and 70 *associates*) had actually been accepted and sent out, while during 1932 this number was increased by 91 further reinforcements from home. How enormous a responsibility thus to carry on, and even go forward, in times of broken banks, closed

stock exchanges, worthless securities, financial moratoria! Can we go on in the face of the general debacle? 'Yes,' would Hudson Taylor repeat if he lived today, 'I find God's bank notes are better than your bank notes. There is one serious defect in your bank bills, you cannot use them twice! But when you present God's bank notes, His promises, you don't tear them out of your Bible. Be sure you are in the path of obedience, and then you need have no other anxiety. Everything else, *everything else, He takes upon Himself.*'"

**With "R. T. W." in Iowa**

We spent almost a week in Iowa. The Twenty-first Assembly was on. The W. M. S. had a good report, and the N. Y. P. S. had a wonderful group of young, clean, splendid Nazarenes "in convention assembled." Brother Hardy Powers, pastor at Council Bluffs, was chairman of these young folks, and their spirit and devotion pleased us much. Sez we to ourselves: "The old Nazarene bears are rearing a lot of cubs that are likely to outpoint the old ones themselves in heroism, sacrifice and holiness, if they don't watch out."

Doctor Williams was captaining the assembly. His morning addresses were so convincing and unctuous the listeners often hadn't a dry eye left to see with. All our hearts were roused, stirred and inspired. He's a General Superintendent to be proud of; that is, proud in a godly way. He set the Iowa preacher men on fire, and when assembly closed they panted for the spiritual battle. Its leaders are bound to give it better days.

An old Publishing House debt was lifted, the District Superintendent's deficient salary was brought up, and other financial matters were adjusted, all with the good Doctor's customary finesse and contagious enthusiasm.

Brother C. P. Roberts was re-elected Superintendent for the tall corn state. He's strong on foreign missions, and is bound to lead Iowa Nazarenes to increasing victory.

We never expect again to hear that the saints up there have failed to raise one of their budgets.

**Short Sketch of the Indian**

**Girls' School Building**

The school buildings located at Chikhli were completed sufficiently to receive pupils in July, 1932, fifty girls enrolled. A girls' school has been in existence in our Western India mission for many years, but it has been moved about from pillar to post because of lack of suitable buildings. For several years it was carried on two hundred miles away at the Free Methodist mission. When, therefore, we refer to July, 1932, as "opening day," we mean the opening day of the new buildings.

All of the buildings are of brick. The main building has an iron roof on iron rafters. The administration building has a tile roof on wooden rafters. Tile fur-

**THE CHURCH'S SUPREME TASK**

**T**HE CHURCH'S great task, its overwhelming task, its all important, imperative task is not just to exist, and barely hold its own. No, it's to spread the faith, enlarge its borders, evangelize the people. To generate children for God's kingdom. It's to do this at home, and to do it abroad.

The church that can't—or doesn't—grow, is on the high road toward extinction. The law of life for Christ's cause is **expand or die**. To be sure, a declining denomination may last for ages, but it's dying just the same. Let us arouse, let us awake, let us revive in order to reach more souls—that's the church's imperative task.

This includes missions. The Master bids all to go and disciple unreached men. Those who can't go must send. The command is insistent. The need is clamant. A non-missionary church is already soaked in selfishness, is already on the toboggan slide of failure. God's blessing cannot abide long on a congregation that refuses to sacrifice heroically that the heathen may hear of Christ.

The church's impending task is to reach the unreached with Christ's offer of salvation. It must be performed. Difficulties? Of course there are. When Admiral Farragut was planning to ascend the Mississippi River in the war between the states, a brother officer expostulated: "Admiral, the river is full of torpedoes." "Never mind the torpedoes," shouted the Admiral, "full steam ahead!" Never mind the difficulties—**on with the Missionary Revival.**

**The Desolate Country**

ADELAIDE LOVE, in *All Things*  
 "Wits' End" is a desolate country  
 Where, over stubble and stone,  
 Most of us wander at some time  
 And always wander alone.

Yet, at the ultimate boundary,  
 After break miles have been trod,  
 Many have found a gateway  
 With the single inscription—GOD!

nishes a better protection from the heat for the lady missionary in charge. The girls, being Indians, do not need this extra protection. The whole makes a splendid new plant, the gift of God's good people to India. It is exactly suited to school purposes, and can be added to any time that future development may demand.

Our blessed Lord has given us two good revivals among our girls since we have been in this building. Most of them have been saved and sanctified. There are several new girls this year, some of whom are Hindus. We are earnestly praying for another awakening which will reach all of these.

There are already some evidences of the divine shower. Some of the girls are praying far into the night. Their prayers have a genuine ring. This occurs quite often of late months.

**Expressing Appreciation**

Alma, Nebr., Sept. 11, 1933.

To The Other Sheep:

And through it to the readers, missionaries, native converts and workers, boys and girls in our mission schools in Guatemala:—We take this method of thanking you one and all for your help, kindness, love and sympathy on the occasion of the death of Mrs. A. E. Lane. What a wonderful thing human sympathy is when seasoned with divine love. Dr. Morrison and Brother Codding were especially kind. God bless every one. His grace sustains us. And may you all ever enjoy His rich blessings.

A. E. LANE and FAMILY.

**AFRICA**

**The Two Kettles**

"Is there any thing too hard for me?" (Jer. 32: 27).

"There is nothing too hard for thee" (Jer. 32: 17).

MISS MARY M. COOPER

I praise the Lord with all of my heart, because I realize that this is true. I have seen the power of God in supplying the needs of our girls, since the funds were cut in September of last year. The large kettle was set aside and the small kettle was used in cooking the evening meal, that they might save food and thus bear their part of the burden in these difficult times. The Lord has made the smaller amount to satisfy.

As school was to open February 20 I wondered how the Lord was going to supply our need, as there would be from 35 to 38 girls to feed. I dared not tell even one to stay at home, though the money would supply the needs of only fifteen or sixteen. God had proved His power for the last three months of school, and the Spirit seemed to say, "Can't you trust me for a year?"

The girls returned, and during the past three months I haven't ceased to marvel.

Last year we used from seven to eight bags of corn a month, and not a bit of food was wasted. In these three months we have used twelve bags, which is only half of what we would ordinarily use. I have no explanation for this but "God." He surely has done this, and we give Him all of the glory.



THE LITTLE KETTLE AND THE BIGGER ONE

The little kettle has been used all of the time this year, as the girls have desired to save food—cooking only twice a day. Leya, the Bible Woman who is my helper, came to me last evening, and as we were talking she said: "Inkosazana, truly, it is God who is helping us, for the girls couldn't otherwise be satisfied with so small an amount of food." She continued: "One night I noticed a girl taking her food and putting it away until morning. I marveled. The Lord must have caused her to be full."

I rejoice in Him, and haven't felt for one moment like murmuring, even though our funds are cut so severely that support is coming now for only eight girls. I believe in Him, who hath promised, and who hath called us, and who loves these other sheep even more than we do. Please pray for us.

Some of our Nazarene people here in America have reduced the size of the family kettle so that Nazarene kettles in Africa might have something in them. Have you?

#### Council Meeting in Africa

The Tenth Annual Council Meeting of the Church of the Nazarene in South Africa convened at Bremersdorp, Swaziland, July 5-10. As usual, in this one time of year when all the missionaries get together, was a time of great blessing and inspiration to all who were privileged to attend. We were very sorry indeed that Misses Rixse and Martin, and Mrs. Penn and children were not able to be with us.

The entire session was marked by the presence and blessing of the Lord, and the messages given in the devotional services were of great blessing to our hearts. This was especially true in the case of the new missionaries who have had to listen to preaching in a foreign language and were not able to understand much of what was going on for a year.

## THE GREATEST CHALLENGE

**N**OT only is foreign missions a big part of the Church's greatest adventure, but it is also its greatest challenge.

To change the hoary and erroneous conceptions of deity in the minds of a superstitious, vice-laden, sin-soaked people is a challenge to anyone. But with God assisting, the missionary goes forth facing that challenge. The captain of the ship on which Dr. Thomas Coke, the earliest Methodist missionary, sailed to India, said to the doctor as they sighted the headlands of India: "Do you think you can change these vicious, sinful, superstitious people of India into sensible Christians?"

"No," said Dr. Coke, "but God can."

Ah, indeed, with a Spirit-filled heart, a Spirit-indited message, and a Spirit-inspired book, our missionaries can freely and fearlessly face any nation, sure, ultimately, of success.

The great challenge is, however, not only to the missionary, but to every Nazarene and Nazarene supporter, as well. Will you who support missions, let the challenge of planting holiness in foreign lands face you, inspire you, thrill you and set you more intensely to praying, and even more generously to giving?

It seemed that our Superintendent, Rev. J. F. Penn, struck the keynote of inspiration for the Council in the very first service, when he brought a message on the text found in 2 Cor. 9: 8, "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." The fact that "God is able," and trusting Him to fulfill His promises, gave the missionaries courage to meet the problems of carrying on the work for another year under tremendous handicaps.

The past year was one of victory and progress in spite of the depression and all the other opposition of the enemy of the souls of men. The missionaries were able to report a good increase in full members of the Church of the Nazarene, those who had proved true through the long period of probation and were baptized and taken into the church, also in the number of

heathen who have accepted Christ and entered the class of probationers. Thank the Lord, the work has been steadily moving on. Some of the evangelists have been going out into new places and finding people who are anxious for the gospel and are asking for a preacher or teacher to lead them to Christ. The new converts in these places need someone to lead them and feed them, but how can we send them a preacher when we are unable to adequately support the native workers already in the field?

The doctors and nurses in charge of the hospital and station dispensary work also reported a good year, treating thousands of patients, and by this means of contact winning many souls to Jesus.

The greatest problem was how to make our budget reach all the needs of the work. But, where the needs were too great for the budget allowance to cover the missionaries went into their own meager salaries and pledged enough to at least carry on.

However, in spite of all the difficulties and trying problems, there was a note of victory throughout the entire Council meeting. The missionaries "encouraged themselves in the Lord," and went back to their respective stations with faith in God and a will to work and fight on against the powers of darkness.

Under the leadership of the Holy Spirit and our Superintendent, Rev. J. F. Penn (who was unanimously re-elected to that office), we believe that this new year will be one of still greater victory and progress.

CARL W. MISCHKE, Reporter

#### Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital—Evangelistic Contacts

DR. DAVID HYND

There are many evangelistic activities centering around our hospital at Bremersdorp, Swaziland, Africa. The many departments of missionary endeavor are in themselves avenues of evangelistic service, but over and above that there is the evangelism through preaching the Word. We encourage our African Christians to develop this side of their Christian service. The young men and women who are in our school at the station go out in bands to visit in the kraals and preach the Word and testify by word of mouth. Our African nurses also preach in hospital ward services and go out to the kraals as well. We have three regular preaching points within a radius of seven miles where regular Sunday services are held. One of these places now possesses a little stone church building donated by some home friends who wished to help establish the work there. At the other two places the services are held at a kraal.

It was my privilege to go to one of the latter today to hold services. Missionary work (outside of work in our missionary institutions such as hospital or schools) is a matter of real hand-picked fruit in Af-

rica, for the people—in Swaziland at least—do not live in towns or villages as in China and India, but live scattered in families separate from each other at one mile intervals over the countryside. A description of today's journey may help you to understand this better and help you to pray more intelligently for our work in Swaziland.

We set out from our hospital station about 9:30 in the automobile. For about four miles we—I had a native worker with me—rode along what we deign to call a "main" road. Then we struck off into the grassy bush following a rough track which for an hour pulled us round hillsides, down into valley, over rocky places and down to a river bank. Here we had to stop, for the track stopped there and led on from there by footpath. At the river bank we found about a dozen native convicts sitting by a lone tent looking after themselves. We forded the river on foot, leaving the auto under a tree, and for another hour we climbed hillsides, making for the kraal where are a little group of Christians called "Nazarenes," who are the result of the missionary zeal of the church of that name.

On our way to this kraal we passed a kraal where a young lad was standing. We hailed him, had a few words with him, and found an old woman was sick in one of the huts of the kraal. We went over through the grass to see her. Oh, the sad lot of these poor, dirty, ignorant sufferers. We found a poor old woman lying in a most filthy condition, decrepit with age and disease, cared for by a few younger women dressed in goat skins.

As we looked at this poor old neglected soul out on this lonely hillside suffering in body and mind, with no hope in her heart, everything utterly dark to her, a great burden filled our hearts. We told her of Christ, the Son of God, who cared for her and in whom she could trust. About the only comfort that we could bring to this old soul, who had lived a whole life-span under the influence of paganism, was to tell her of the home that this Jesus had prepared for us in the life beyond, and that if she trusted Him that home and joy would await her. We knelt down beside her in the dirt and commended her to the care of the great Bishop and Shepherd of souls.

As we trudged up the hill from that hut there was a lump in my throat, and I found myself praying to God that He might use us as missionaries to train native workers and native nurses who would go out into these strongholds of sin and disease, and carry the spirit of Jesus to these benighted people. Nothing but mighty prevailing prayer—not your money only—can overthrow the work of Satan in these dark places of the earth.

It was now raining, but another twenty minutes of walking brought us to our destination. Here we found a little group of clean, clothed, open-faced women and chil-

dren. The contrast could not but strike one, and gave one to see how the gospel, even in these same grass huts, can make a transformation. A hut was prepared for us with clean grass mats on the mud floor, and we crawled in on our hands and knees where we had a congregation of a dozen. A beer-drink was in progress a little farther on across a hillside, otherwise we might have had a few more crushed into the hut. We had to sit down on the floor with our long legs stretched out in front of us and do our singing and preaching in this attitude. When the time came to pray we all reversed our attitude. I suppose many homefolks, accustomed to comfortable churches, would judge such conditions not very encouraging for our professional evangelists, but that is how souls are won and converts are followed up in Swaziland.

The service over we set off again to find the automobile where we had left it. We found the native convicts all congregated near the car. I suppose a stranger to Swazi conditions would be surprised to find no policeman with them. It being Sunday there was no work for them. They were clearing a track which was to lead across the river and up the hillside where the government is anxious to experiment with cotton growing amongst the natives. The policeman would be there the next morning to see that they did their work. We got into conversation with the prisoners and found most of them were in "jail" for not paying tax, and such cases seldom run away, because the only place they can go is to their own kraal, and they can easily be found again. Some who have adopted more criminal methods, owing to contact with the white man, are kept under closer supervision in a jail building at Bremersdorp. We found this little group of Swazi men anxious that we give them a service. So we stood in a circle with them, sang a Nazarene Zulu hymn, and preached and prayed with them ere we started off home in the automobile. We believed the parable of the sower and the seed was fulfilled as a result of our day's sowing and reaping. Pray for us as we hand-pick the fruit for you in Swaziland. This is one side of missionary work that is going on.

"There are souls to rescue, there are souls to save,

SEND THE LIGHT, SEND THE LIGHT."

#### Easy Money?

#### No, Honestly Earned Money

The calendars put out by our Nazarene Publishing House for 1934 are unusually attractive and salable. They will give you an excellent way to earn money, and bless the homes in which they're put. Get in touch with your calendar secretary *at once, for now is the time to sell them.*

The Christmas cards, too, are the very best—both Scripture and non-Scripture texts. Sell them along with the calendars.

## SYRIA

### True Love

REV. M. A. THAHBEYAH

A man saw by the wayside two persons were quarreling with each other, but without a sign of anger. There was a piece of bread between them. "What is the matter?" he asked. He learned that they were brother and sister, and that each wanted the other to eat the bread. Both were very hungry. Probably either one's life depended on that small quantity of bread. This good man never in the world had seen such true love as this. He watched their innocent quarreling, and piteously wept! He has not said what he did, but this touching narrative explains itself, that he gave them plenty and to spare. Both left happy on their way.

This inexpressible sacrifice has already come to an act. Our faithful General Superintendents, General Board, each saint at Headquarters, our District Superintendents, pastors and evangelists, Woman's Missionary Society and all of our loyal Nazarenes have made a great sacrifice to save the life of their brothers and sisters, missionaries around the globe and national workers as well. Days and weeks have been spent in fasting and prayer to save His missionaries and hold steady His work. "And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people, . . . and have heard their cry, . . . for I know their sorrows; and I am come down to deliver them."

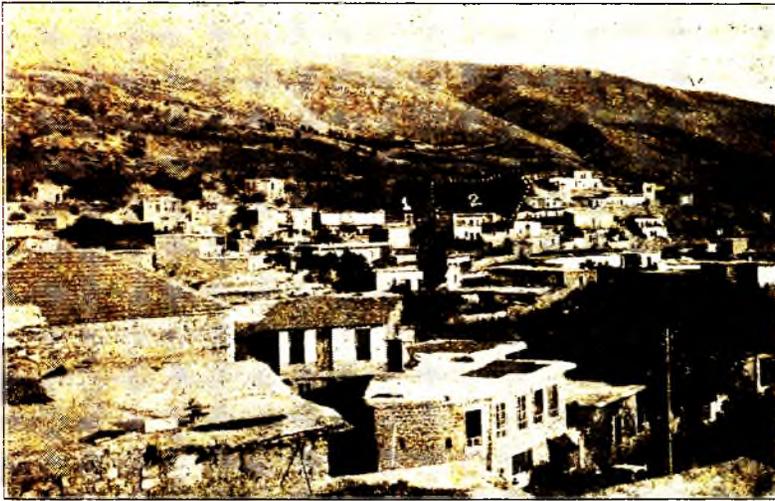
"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us." He so loved that He gave His ONLY Son. This spirit of the Nazarenes has been diving and plunging for over twenty-five years into God's deep fountain of true love. They give their own selves and things to have their fellow men fed on the bread of life. Praise the Lord!

#### No Real Home for Bedouin Arab

REV. M. A. THAHBEYAH

This word "Bedouin" relates to those who live in deserts; moving from one place to another. They live in tribes, and make their living on invading each other. They are tracing the steps of Ishmael, as we read, "Thou shalt call his name Ishmael, and he will be a wild man . . . and he shall dwell in the presence of his brethren; and he grew, and dwelt in the wilderness and became an archer." There was no regular home for him, neither likely ever will be for the Bedouin Arab.

Our Nazarenes in Bludan today are more like Ishmael and the Bedouins. No regular home for worship. After moving from one place to another, all these years, we settled temporarily in a hall. We are eagerly waiting for that promised day (hoping that it will be very soon) when we can erect a building of our own, and not be moving from one place to another, or stopping in a place not our home.



THE EASTERN PART OF BLUDAN. "1" MARKS THE BELFRY OF THE LITTLE RENTED CHAPEL; "2" SHOWS OUR CHURCH SITE, WITH DOTTED OUTLINE

The Arabic proverb said, "Preparing the manger before getting the horse." We did prepare the church location twelve years ago, hoping to have the church building on it in due time. How many of the loyal army of Nazarenes would like to have a part in erecting a home for worship for their Nazarene brethren in BLUDAN? I do believe you are already actuated for the work in Syria. However, you wish to make a good start in Bludan. "Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, Even thine altars, O Lord!" And who then is willing to consecrate his service (fill his hand) this day unto the Lord?

### "He Whom Thou Lovest Is Sick"

REV. M. A. THAHABEYAH

The town of Bethany contains a very good family, true and faithful friends of Jesus. For a long period of time they enjoyed bright, cloudless days. Jesus has departed from them only for a short season of time. Darkness has visited this beloved family. Beloved Lazarus is seriously ill. The whole town is deeply concerned about him. His sisters are desperately terrified by his dangerous condition. Remember that Jesus KNOWS all about it.

Martha and Mary agreed to send word for Jesus. Well, good faithful saints, are you still strangers to His purpose in your lives? Never mind, you should present your case before Jesus. Hear their pathetic message: "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick." Jesus didn't hasten to heal His beloved friend. He wanted to work out His purpose. This Martha and Mary did not understand. Lazarus had passed human help, yet Jesus "abode two days still in the same place." Lazarus is dead and buried now, but the answer is, "This sickness is not unto death, but for God's glory."

Whenever Jesus steps into our matters, calamities must close up. Now "The Master is come and calleth for thee." Each of the tender hearted Nazarene sisters broke out with these words: "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." This is the farthest their faith can reach. The unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ and His unlimited majesty are still beyond their comprehension. "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God?" Here their faith started climbing up higher. Immediately the stone was rolled away and the Nazarenes buried their doubts, hallelujah! Jesus looked very pathetically and compassionately on the broken hearted sisters and the corpse of his very dear friend. What was the end? "JESUS WEPT!" He stood over the grave, over the corpse, in the very spot of trouble. "By this time he stinketh." Well, this wouldn't keep Jesus away from reaching out His helping hand. He that was dead came forth on hearing the voice of Jesus. Amen! The whole atmosphere at Bethany was marvelously changed; cloudless days again visited the beloved family in the indwelling presence of Jesus. Hallelujah!

The Church of the Nazarene is the beloved family of Jesus. She is going through a crisis in financial times. She is pleading with the Master, saying, "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick." An immediate answer is heard by every member in His beloved Nazarene family: "This sickness is not unto death, but for God's glory." We are exhorted only to BELIEVE, then He can bring our desperate depression to an end. In order to accomplish God's purpose, sick Lazarus will die; when God's purpose is accomplished, dead Lazarus will arise again to life and liberty. Lord Jesus, come to Bethany. Behold him whom thou lovest.

### Scarcity of Water in Syria

REV. M. A. THAHABEYAH

This year of 1933 will leave some things to be remembered for years. Rivers, streams and fountains decreased into one half, some to one third, others to one fourth, and some are absolutely dried up. If this is true of Syria, Lebanon and Palestine are worse.

Your Nazarene brethren here in Bludan are having just enough for drinking and about enough to supply their orchards and keep the trees alive for future years.

Our people in Syria feel it very much this year. Night and day they are thinking of supplying water by digging deeper and opening new springs. They want a plentiful supply to irrigate the rapidly growing orchards.

Other countries as well as Syria are suffering from drought. If we spend our silver operating these rivers for irrigation, we shall reap gold, and produce a hundred fold.

Have we these hard days decreased the channel of the living water? Have we been so dry as to not be able to irrigate thirsty souls? Have we some wasted channels, running under the ground? If so, brethren, dig deeper for living springs and don't let your great channels be wasted. The world is depending on your streams. Thank God for you, good brothers and sisters who are greatly sacrificing for missions. Just keep on, and I am watching for the day when your full stream irrigates the city of Damascus and the rest of the plains and valleys of dry Syria.

## CHINA

### Punishment Deserved

REV. H. A. WIESE

But was the punishment from God, or was it from the idol in the temple? Mr. Wang felt that his punishment was from God, and declared this conviction to the heathen stranger. Mr. Wang had been saved thirty years. He had taken his family from the interior to find a better way of making a living. This day he was returning on foot to his old home to see relatives, a trip of over a hundred miles. He had stopped at an inn to refresh himself with a drink of hot water and tea. A stranger sat at the same table who, as Mr. Wang soon found, was going in his direction, so he suggested that they walk together. Out less than a mile from this market village the stranger stopped suddenly in his tracks. He had a peculiar expression on his face, as though something was bothering him.

"What is troubling you?" asked Mr. Wang. The stranger said it was nothing at all, yet still made no move. He said he had forgotten to attend to a matter at the market. Although urged by Mr. Wang he would not tell him anything. The stranger finally said he would attend

to the matter when he went to market the next time, and they resumed their journey. Mr. Wang noticed something unusual in the incident, so pressed the stranger to tell him what he had forgotten.

The stranger then related the following: "There is a temple just ahead of us. The other day I went to that temple and petitioned the god to heal my eyes which had been sore for some days. I promised to burn so many pennies' worth of incense to the god if made well. My eyes are well and I meant to buy the incense today at the market but forgot it."

Mr. Wang felt then that he should give his personal testimony to this heathen man who had never heard the truth. But Mr. Wang failed to do so, fearing that he would not be understood. They soon arrived at the temple. The stranger dropped on his knees before the door, confessing to the god his shortcomings and forgetfulness, and that he would fulfill his vow at time of next market. He then asked Mr. Wang why he did not bow to this god and offer worship. Mr. Wang in telling the incident said, "I already felt condemned in my heart for not testifying to this man, and now to bow would be but multiplying my sins." Mr. Wang hence refused to perform worship.

As they left the temple court they had to stoop to pass through the court door, as it was low. Mr. Wang, however, bumped his head, and soon a stream of blood was running down over his face and side of his head. "Now," said the stranger, "see what punishment the god has brought upon you for not worshipping him. Did not I tell you that this god was powerful?"

Mr. Wang was able to muster courage now as he replied, "Stranger friend, I am not punished by the god of that temple, but by the true God who has been displeased with me for not testifying to you on the road and thus keeping you from bowing to this god of mud and thus sinning against the true and living God. God has punished me, and I deserve it. I do not and can never again believe in the gods and idols of these temples, I serve the true God and want to urge you also to turn and worship Him."

### The Bible in China

REV. H. A. WIESE

Robert Morrison was the first missionary to China, in 1808. He had, in addition to learning the language, the task of translating the Bible into Chinese. He was four years in getting out the first New Testament. With the help of others the whole Bible was later translated. By 1832 a total of less than 15,000 copies of Chinese Scriptures had been circulated, and much of this was outside of China. The barriers which for so many centuries had surrounded the "Middle Kingdom" were way very slowly.

From 1833 the distribution of Scrip-

tures showed a steady increase for thirty-five years, till the figures for one year reached the sixty-thousand mark. Up to this date all distribution had been free. After that date a small charge was set on the Scriptures. This, with the Tientsin massacre of 1870, made the Scriptures less popular for a few years. It is recorded that one of the things that brought the crisis in the Tientsin massacre was the charge against the foreigners that they were digging out the eyes of those whom they could beguile into their trap. When at last they found the proof of it in the form of a bottle of pickled small onions, which two Catholic Sisters had brought from their homeland, they seized the evidence, displayed it before crowds on the streets, said it was a bottle of pickled baby eyes. The small onions did look a bit like eyes. This was enough, and the massacre was on.

But before that generation had passed on—with only fifteen years of history to bury the hatred—the Bible had gone beyond its former peak by many thousands. This brings us up to the date of 1885. From that date there were sags in the line but, even so, a phenomenal growth is recorded, for in 1922 the Scriptures reached the six million mark.

At this time a veteran secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, from his long experience, ventured the conviction that China would never be able to use more than seven million volumes of the Scriptures any one year. Yet in the year 1927 the total circulation figure very nearly touched fourteen millions.

The withdrawal of missionaries then took place. Hundreds, possibly thousands, of mission schools were closed. Other factors also entered into cutting down the figure after 1927. While the total distribution of Scriptures has fallen since 1927, most of which were Scripture portions, as Matthew or Mark, it is encouraging to note that the sale for the New Testament and the Bible complete has shown a big increase even since 1927. The Testaments and Bibles are bought by those who have become Christians, so that this is a good indication of the progress that is being made.

I want to close with two verses taken from two different songs:

"An open Bible for the world—  
May this our glorious motto be!  
On every breeze its flag unfurled  
Shall scatter blessings rich and free."

"A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun;  
It gives a light to every age;  
It gives, but borrows none."

## INDIA

### Growing in Grace

REV. L. S. TRACY

One of the most encouraging features of our mission work is to see our Christian people growing in grace. Within the bounds of only one week four different

men have told me in conversation about their difficulties that God answers their prayers. They have said this with glowing faces and rather with a tone of glad surprise, as though it were more than they really expected.

One man is a Christian at heart but still unbaptized, and so is rated as a Hindu. I had advised him to go off into the jungle and pray when he was walking along the lonely roads from village to village. One day recently he told me that he had done this frequently, and that God heard him and answered him. He said, "I ask for a thing today and soon it takes place."

The next man is a convert of a few months. He was telling me of some trouble he had been having with his brother in which I had been able to give some little assistance, and how his caste people had tried to shut off his water supply and threatened to beat him to death or poison him; what a wicked man he used to be but the Lord had saved him from his sins and his deceptions. He is winning his enemies by giving them medicine for their illnesses, some of which he gets from us and some he prepares from roots and herbs found in the jungle. He seems to have a natural art in handling herbs. After recounting many of his experiences he ended with the statement that seemed to come from the bottom of his soul, "But God answers my prayers."

A day or so after that I was talking with another one of our recent converts who is older in grace than the last man. He said, "My greatest help in the difficulties and persecutions that come to me is prayer. God surely does answer my prayers."

The fourth man has been a Christian for perhaps eighteen years. The days of his most acute persecutions are over as he has won the confidence and respect of his enemies, but he has been miserably poor all of his life. Just recently he has been able to get money enough together without borrowing from us or anyone else that I know of, to purchase a piece of land for cultivation. The Indian loves the land, and he was very much pleased when he could purchase a small piece. He said, "God has answered many of my prayers. He has helped me to bring up my family, He has given me a little shop, and now He has given me a little field, and just this week He raised my grandson up from death by typhoid fever." I can remember when this man had a family of six growing children and a cash income of one dollar a month, with very little else.

All of these four men were talking to me at different times this week, and were not particularly talking of religious things, but voluntarily came out with these earnest testimonies of answered prayer.

Also, at the weekly prayermeeting day before yesterday, the dominating note in the testimonies of the people was "an-

(Continued on page thirteen)

## Woman's Missionary Society News

Edited by Mrs. T. D. Aughey, Madison, Tenn., Superintendent of Publicity

Dear Folks:

If you never see or hear from this editor again, you can know that she was snowed under at last by reports that could not be published for lack of space. Seriously, we are sorry that many of you have to wait so long to see yourself in print (and fine reports they are, too, that you have been sending me). Just be patient. Your time will come. But in the meantime don't make me any sadder by not writing me. I want to keep hearing from every one of you. Could we not pull together for all of our space to be given back to us? Wouldn't it be nice to be all caught up again?

### Why Not a Standard Society Contest?

Contests! How popular they are! A little friendly rivalry between Sunday schools, and presto—the attendance increased in each. Why not carry the contest idea over into the W. M. S.?

Let the districts where zones are organized have contests between zones. See which zone can have the most standard societies. Which district will be the first to take up the contest idea? Let me hear from you about developing the plan.

There are three more years until the next Quadrennial Convention, but it will take those three years to bring some districts up to a one hundred per cent standard. Later we might enter into contests between the educational zones.

District Presidents notice: Please appoint a district standard society secretary, whose duty it will be to encourage and instruct societies how to become standard, also to keep a record of those which have become standard. *Keep in touch* with your General Standard Society Committee.

MRS. FRANCES SHORT,  
Standard Society Secretary.

### Junior Reserves, Attention!

Faces front! Shoulder arms! The war is on! Every Reserve must fight for his district in the contest now waging! Enroll more Reserves! Who will win when the battle is over on Thanksgiving Day? Forward, march!

For further orders, write the Commander in Chief, Miss Mary E. Cove, 155 Elm St., Wollaston, Mass.

### Prayer and Fasting League

A comparison of statistics will show that even in this year, the worst of the depression, the P. and F. League has made an increase.

For the years ending April 30:  
1932-33 .....\$27,622.16  
1931-32 ..... 26,982.32

District reports show the following three leaders:

New England District .....\$ 2,975.87  
Southern California District.... 2,551.60  
Chicago Central District ..... 1,955.50

Our membership has grown to the grand total of 10,439. The six of highest membership:

North Pacific District .....920  
Pittsburgh District .....656  
New England District .....653  
Chicago Central District .....546  
Kansas City District .....541  
Southern California District .....528

Surely the dear Lord has helped us during these strenuous times. The Prayer and Fasting League is fast becoming a very vital part of the W. M. S. work.

Organized one in your church?

MRS. L. A. REED, P. and F. L. Sec.

### Items of Interest from Reports of 1932

Districts leading in—

*Number of societies\**: Chicago Central, 76; Pittsburgh, 68; New England, 58.

*Members\**: Pittsburgh, 2,366; Chicago Central, 1,886; Ohio, 1,458.

*Standard societies*: Northern California, 21; Southern California, 19; New York, 16.

*Prayer and fasting*: Chicago Central, 893; Southern California, 536; New England, 503.

*Organization*—100% (a society in each church): Northern California.

*The Other Sheep\** (more than a thousand): Pittsburgh, 1,419; Southern California, 1,404; Chicago Central, 1,376; New England, 1,194; Ohio, 1,120.  
*Y. W. M. S.*: Southern California leads with 17 societies and 248 members.

*Juniors*: Chicago Central, 752 members; Southern California, 688; Indianapolis, 642.

\* These items are from the District Assembly Minutes of 1932.

### W. M. S. DISTRICT REPORTS

Mrs. Nellie M. Hoffman, 618 Milton Ave. S., Jamestown, N. Dak.

### Arizona

The annual meeting of the Arizona District W. M. S. was held at Peoria, Ariz., May 12, with Mrs. J. R. Green, district president, in charge. Interesting reports from every society in the district showed that it had been a year of sacrifice, tears, prayers, and hard work; but through it all was a wonderful note of victory and determination to press on. Finances compared very well with other years when

there was no depression. God is able, praise His name!

The afternoon session held many good things. Every one felt it had been a good day, and that the year had seen much accomplished and the missionary cause advanced in the Arizona District. Phoenix First Church had the only standard society.

We believe better things are in store for the W. M. S. in Arizona.

MRS. W. B. M'ALPIN, Supt. S. and P.

### New York

The seventeenth annual meeting of the New York District W. M. S. opened on Monday evening, April 24, in the Church of the Nazarene at Binghamton, N. Y. We were delighted to have with us at this time our beloved missionaries from Africa. Rev. and Mrs. C. S. Jenkins, who by their testimonies, songs and messages made us rejoice in the fact that we have some part in getting the gospel to the ends of the earth.

The Tuesday services were given over to the transaction of business. Good reports were given of the year's activities. Through the Prayer and Fasting League over \$1,850 was raised, Danbury being the banner P. and F. L. society. Almost \$200 was received for the Indian fund, and Altona took the banner again this year for this fund. Our Christmas gifts to the missionaries amounted to \$287.50. Total receipts for the year were \$8,793. Hoople Society led the district by raising \$17.50 per capita. We voted to underwrite the support of Rev. and Mrs. Eckel, Japan; Rev. and Mrs. Tracy, India; partial support of Rev. J. I. Hill, Barbados; and to share equally with the New England District the support of Miss Margaret Stewart upon her arrival in India.

Twelve of our 36 societies are standard. The name of Mrs. Laura Rodd has been added to the memorial roll, and Dr. Julia R. Gibson and Mrs. Annie Eyerma have been made life members. Sister Murphy was re-elected district president.

God was truly with us in this meeting, and as we look over the past year we can exclaim indeed, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us!" So, trusting in Him for increased strength and enlarged vision, we enter the new year determined to "work till Jesus comes."

CAROLINE TILLOTSON, Secretary.

### Manitoba-Saskatchewan

Our District Assembly convened at Saskatoon, July 19 to 23. Our W. M. S. had a good delegation present, and truly it was a time of refreshing from the Lord. The good reports showed that our women

had worked nobly. Several public programs had been held, the study books had been used, and missionary literature had been given out including one hundred and twenty-five copies of *The Other Sheep* monthly. Our membership has increased, two new societies have been added to the district, and several Y. W. M. Societies have been organized.

MRS. N. B. WELCH.

### Kansas City First Church W. M. S.

Feeling that this church near Headquarters holds a special place in the thought of all loyal Nazarenes, doubtless the Woman's Missionary Society of First Church, K. C., Mo., may also hold special interest for those interested in missionary doings. So I send this brief sketch.

This society was organized fifteen years ago and has the distinction of having had the same president all of that time. It is Mrs. B. W. Dwight.

Starting with eight charter members, we now have eighty-one, with an average attendance of forty. On our rolls are the names of ten life members. The Y. W. M. S., sponsored by the senior society, has thirty-nine members. An all-day meeting each month consists of an hour for devotions followed by a social hour "over the tea cups," then business meeting and lesson study.

The history of our study of the mission fields would make an interesting story. Long before the time of organized study arranged for the missionary societies, we were delving into the mysteries of life in India, the home life of the warm hearted Chinese and the polite Japanese. We were thrilled by the immensity of South America, and no less by the spiritual needs of its women and children. In fact every mission field where we had, or hoped to have, missionaries inspired us to learn about its people and their reaction to the teaching of the gospel. Now we are faithfully following the programs arranged by our leaders and finding great profit and blessing in so doing.

Study has greatly broadened our vision of the world's needs and inspired us to share our spiritual and temporal blessings. Our more than one hundred Prayer and Fasting League members will help to pray the glory down at home and abroad.

PUBLICITY SECRETARY.

### Who's on the Shelf?

REV. J. W. MONTGOMERY

Not Mother Felmlee! No sir, not on your life! Why, if every preacher of the Northern Indiana District who is younger than Mother Felmlee, and supposed to be more active, had gotten out and secured as many Prayer and Fasting League members during the past four or five weeks as she has signed up, and if each member secured should pay only one dime a week into the missionary treasury, it would amount to a little over *forty-three thousand dollars a year!*

Rev. G. H. Harmon, her pastor, and I ran in to see the good old saint and soldier the other day for a few minutes, and she said she could not get around over the field as much as she would like to, but that she was all ablaze for missions, especially since the assembly, and had visited several churches and signed up nearly one hundred members for the Prayer and Fasting League! May the Lord increase her tribe everywhere!

## ARGENTINA

### Opportunities in Argentina

MRS. FRANK FERGUSON

*Retrospective*

One has said, "My mind to me a kingdom is"—how true.

My mind runs back to 1905, when I was in Cuba. The burden for South America's millions was so heavy on my heart it seemed more than I could bear. The Lord spoke to me through Exodus 14: 15, 16: "Wherefore criest thou unto me?" (second clause of the 15th verse). "Lift thou up thy rod" (first clause of the 16th verse, then the last two words in the 15th verse), "Go forward." For days I cried to God to know what "rod" I could lift up.

Brother McClurkan replied to my numerous requests pleading to come to South America, by saying that when they had the money they would send me. The Lord heard prayer and sent me money to return to the United States. Brother McClurkan had said I could come home if I paid my own way. One day Miss Leona Gardner, one of my collaborators in Cuba, said to me, just before I left there, "Miss Lula, the Lord is going to give you some messages to the people at home about South America."

I left Trinidad, Cuba, March 18, 1905. Reached New Orleans March 24, 1905, and arrived in Birmingham, Alabama, on the 25th. Workers from the branch of the work met me and I was permitted to speak in behalf of the millions on this continent. Money was handed me for my fare on to Nashville without any appeal, and on to my old Kentucky home to see my dear old father and the loved ones whom I had not seen for over two years. After a short visit I returned to Nashville for the spring convention. I enjoyed attending the services, but at first had no chance to speak on South America.

On Saturday morning as I sat in the service I prayed that God's will be done; if He had anything He wanted me to say to give me an opportunity. No opening on Saturday. When I arose on Sunday morning the Holy Spirit gave me my message. Philippians 2: 5, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." The enemy said, "You have not been asked to speak." I said, "If the Lord wants me to speak He will give the opportunity." Bless His name, He did. I

spoke in the tabernacle at three p. m. to a large audience. The Holy Spirit honored the service. Brother McClurkan asked all who desired to do more for foreign missions to come forward. The altar was crowded with Christians. This was the beginning of about eighteen months of constant service.

On Monday after this first Sunday's experience, while speaking to the stenographer in Brother Benson's office, he called me to come to his desk and introduced to me an elderly man and said, "Miss Lula this brother wants to contribute something to the work in South America." My reply was, "All right, put it into the work in South America." That was the first contribution from our Nashville people to this work in South America.

### *Actual Conditions*

The Church of the Nazarene has three organized churches in the city of Buenos Aires and two organized in outside towns and seven outstations. One of the congregations in the city now worships in its own building. They pay monthly installments on the lot besides other current expenses and a little to the support of our Argentine pastors. One of the outstations has its own building also. They pay monthly on the lot. The Sunday school collection of first Sunday from all of the churches and most of the outstations goes to the support of the national pastors. All of the outstations take care of local expenses except in one instance. But they do not as yet cover rent on pastors' living quarters nor on pastors' support.

The cause of entire sanctification must go forward. Two editions of the "Christian's Secret of a Happy Life" have been published, and most of them sold. Also an edition of "Simple ABC's of the Second Coming" by E. G. Marsh. Most of these also are in circulation. A young lady who works in an evangelical book store when spoken to regarding the second coming said it seemed to her that it must be a lie as she had been a member for a number of years of one of the largest evangelical churches in the city and had never heard it on this wise. The difficulties are here, but God is greater Praise His name.

Perhaps the clearest and strongest book in Spanish on definite second blessing holiness is "Wholly Sanctified," by J. O. McClurkan. It was translated into Spanish by one of the national workers of the Church of the Nazarene in Argentina, and this book puts the teaching of Scripture at this point before the Spanish speaking world in no uncertain terms. Some one has said that if you want to get folks sanctified put out holiness literature. We praise the Lord for enabling us to do something on this line.

In this field at present we count about 250, including members in full standing and probationers. A Sunday school enrollment of near 500, with average at

(Continued on page thirteen)



### HELLO AGAIN, BOYS AND GIRLS!

I'm still having a wonderful time getting the most delightful letters from Junior Reserves and others. The list is growing so fast that I shall have to leave out the cities, tho' I'm keeping these carefully in my files, so that soon I can publish the district which has the most members of this fine young army. Look up the requirements in other issues of this page, and send in your request for badges right away.

Here is the list of those who have written, and whose names were not reported before. (All but one, the last, is now a member of the Junior Reserves, and is earning money for this great work, our Portuguese East Africa Boys' and Girls' Building, or some other project given them in certain districts where they preferred to keep one they had been working on. It is all

right either way.) Glenn Lawson, Kenneth Lawson, John Richard Phillips, Verna Jean Phillips, Charles Ogden, Pauline Freese, Dorothea Jennings, Douglass Acton—ten whose names appear in the Post Office Corner, and Phyllis Mundy. We're expecting that Phyllis will soon join this army too.

I have some of the dearest pictures of Junior Reserves, but I'm going to save them for one of the pages of the Missionary Number of the Herald of Holiness in November. Watch for them. Your daddy takes it, doesn't he?

Lots and lots of love to you all,

From your "Big Sister,"

MARY E. COVE.

P. S. Address me now at 155 W. Elm Street, Wollaston, Massachusetts.

## LUDIA WHO TRIED TO BE A WITCH DOCTOR

(A Continued Story—Chapter 4)

I told you something very strange had to come before Ludia could be a witch doctor. You see in Africa they feel that to be a real witch doctor you must prove first that the spirits are calling you to that life, and this is the way you would have to prove it: You would have to run to the river at night and catch a big snake, one whose bite might kill you if you let him get at you just right. Then you must bite the head of the big snake, and bring it back to the village, without letting it hurt you a bit. If you did that, then you would prove that you were to be a real witch doctor.

Now Ludia must prove her call to be this dreadful creature, the witch doctor. The great night arrived. When nobody was watching, she slipped out into the night, stole down to the river and watched. Sure enough, there was a great, deadly snake gliding through the grasses by the water. Trembling with excitement she captured it, and after quite a struggle with the slippery monster, managed to bite its head. But, alas! on the way home, the great writhing serpent pulled itself out of her clutches, and was gone.

Poor Ludia! She wasn't to be a witch doctor! You remember that I told you how sick she was at times. Well she now became much worse. Dreadful pain stayed in her eyes, ears, and nose. The witch doctors made deep cuts in her forehead, thinking (poor people!) that this would let out the bad spirits who were troubling her. But it didn't do her a bit of good. She thought she was going to die, and she was very much afraid.

The African people don't know that Christians go

to be with Jesus in a wonderful land, and so are not afraid to die.

Then it was that Ludia remembered the words about Jesus which Brother Schmelzenbach had said that day in her home kraal, when she was a little girl. And now it was that God sent help to this precious black girl.

Some boys from our Nazarene mission came over to her kraal to preach. By this time poor Ludia was so sick that she could not walk; but she crawled out of her little hut to listen. That night something wonderful happened to her—but that will have to wait until next month.

(To be continued)

### Post Office Corner

This month I have chosen part of the only letter written, up to date, by one of our Junior presidents, for the whole society. Here it is:

"Dear Miss Cove:

The Juniors of our society were very much interested in the Junior Reserve Band. The following children are the ones who would like to have their badges. Edna Mae Hall, who is raising a chicken; Cristine Leigh, a chicken; Rex and Ruth Cox, a chicken; Betty Haggard, a chicken. The children who are going to run errands and give money for the same purpose are Harry Leigh, Martha Moore, Rose Leigh, Evelyn Hall and Marjory Hall.

"We enjoy very much the Boys and Girls' Pages in the Herald and The Other Sheep. We should like to know if there is any price on the mite boxes, or if they are free. If they are free, please send us 24, but if they are not free, please send us the price so we can send for them at once.

Your little brothers and sisters,  
The Science Hill Juniors."

You see they are in for the whole program. Let's hear from some more societies like that.—M. E. C.

### Growing in Grace

(Continued from page nine)

swered prayer." There has not been any recent effort along the line of prayer, and no unusual emphasis placed upon it that would call forth these expressions, but they come out of the experiences of the people themselves as they meet the problems of life that come to them.

When I remember that a few years ago all of these people were making their petitions to gods of wood and stone and brass and mud, I feel that the gospel is really taking root in this most difficult and unpromising field.

Buldana, Berar, India,  
August, 1933.

### Opportunities in Argentina

(Continued from page eleven)

tendance of 364. The past assembly year the contributions on the field amounted to about \$2,749.32 (U. S. money).

The influence of the truths given forth in ways mentioned is, we believe, too far reaching to be calculated by denominational statistics.

We trust that He that ministereth seed to the sower will both minister bread for your food and multiply the seed sown (2 Cor. 9: 10).

### Prospective

The Lord has been pleased to bless the efforts put forth by the representatives of the Church of the Nazarene here in Buenos Aires and the surrounding sections. The conviction is, and has been for years, that "If we tarry [as the lepers said in 2 Kings 7: 8, 9] some mischief will come upon us." "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty" (Prov. 11: 24).

We have reached a stage in the work here, with the nucleus that we have in this city, that it seems that we must carry this full salvation to others also. Humanly speaking it is impossible; but, thank God, with Him all things are possible. There must be those of the Lord's called out ones in the States who have heard the Lord say, "Go ye . . . into Argentina and preach the gospel."

The need is appalling. Here are a few statistics, and remember that practically all these are live, growing towns and cities,

Rosario 300,000 people. These are cities of over a hundred thousand population: Cordoba, Tucuman, La Plata, Avellaneda. The following have over 50,000 each: Mendoza, Santa Fe, Salta, Bahia Blanca. Then of 20,000 and over are Parana, Corrientes, San Luis, Moron, Mercedes, Chivilcoy, Pergamino, Azul, San Nicolas, 25 de Mayo, 9 de Julio, Tandil, Lincoln, Pehuajo, Junin, Lujan, Campana, San Isidro, San Fernando, Coronel Suarez, Tres Arroyas, Zarate, Bragado, Esperanza, Concepcion Concordia, Rio IV, Santiago del Estero, San Juan, Catamarca. There

are others of large population but this is sufficient to show how great is the harvest. The laborers are few. An aggressive holiness mission is needed in all of these towns. In a few years they will do much towards their own expenses, but they must be reached first.

There are some who feel called to the work, they should be taught the truths of the Bible. Study to show thyself approved unto God—2 Tim. 2: 15. How can they understand except they be taught. This is the work of the Church of the Nazarene to preach second blessing holiness to this people.

### The Year's Work in Argentina

REV. FRANK FERGUSON

This finds us beginning another year of labors for the Master in this field. Eight years ago the 17th of July Mrs. Ferguson and I landed in Buenos Aires after an absence of almost three years from the field.

We can say with the psalmist, "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."

Above all we thank God for the souls that have been saved during the year, and that most of our people have held firm and grown in grace. Some have been sanctified. The workers have all been able to remain at their posts, and have been active in seeking to reach others with the gospel message. The offerings on the field have kept up well, showing an increase over last year.

All the work in hand reported at our last assembly has been maintained, and this year some of the outstations report noted progress.

The Villa Ballester outstation has been able to rent a hall and also has been organized into a church. They hope to be able to secure a lot and build, some offerings have been made for this purpose.

At Ituzaingo also they have been able to rent a hall. Both of these congregations started in homes of believers and have paid their own expenses from the start. They are cared for by pastors who have other work under their charge.

At San Fernando progress is noted. They still meet in the house of one of the believers and hope to build a room especially for the meetings on the same lot, which is owned by the brother in whose house they now meet. This work under the direction of the pastor in Behring Street has been cared for almost exclusively by a lay worker.

At Villa Urquiza the work was closed for a time due to an error in which the brother in whose house the meetings were held became involved. Later on, after this brother moved out, the owner who is also a member of the congregation in Behring Street offered the same room, and services were resumed and a Sunday school organized. A number of people have been converted and are coming on.

At Merlo circumstances in the work brought a change of location of the hall as well as change of residence for the

workers who lived there. Miss Garcia, the pastor, moved to Castelar and Mr. and Mrs. Lopez moved to Rodriguez. The Lopez family are now living on their circuit and Miss Garcia is at the other end of hers from where she was before. Notwithstanding the change and other adversities the work has held up and we hope to see it grow under the new arrangement.

At Lujan, where the meetings are held in private house, changes have come about by the family in whose house meetings were started moving to another town. However another home was opened for meetings and good interest is reported. Rodriguez holds its own, and we trust that now, as they have a resident pastor, more progress will be made. Moreno has been able to maintain the hall with some outside help, and we hope they will soon be able to meet all their expenses.

One of the most encouraging features of the year was the inauguration of two buildings of our own for the housing of the congregations at Castelar and in Calle Behring, Buenos Aires. The one in Castelar is a wooden hall measuring about 30 by 15 ft. A portion has been partitioned off as a room for the caretaker. In Calle Behring the building is brick, measuring about 53 by 20 ft. At the rear a portion partitioned off serves for the present as dwelling for the pastor and his family. All the work on these buildings has been done by volunteers, and each congregation understands that it is to bear the burden of payments on the lots. And the burden of materials for each also falls on that congregation. They have done well considering the limited means at their disposal.

The associate congregation at Sarandi has gone forward in spite of some adversities. They have increased in number and are buying the property which they occupy.

We thank God for all and take courage, looking for large results in the near future.

### A Modern Martyr

D. C. BALL

(The main incidents of this story are true, only a few details being supplied by the author.)

"Hanley! Hanley! run here quick with your pistol!" Hanley heard sounds of scuffling and bumping against the furniture overhead, and then Dr. Howe's voice rang out through the halls in the above words.

Hanley did not take time to go around the long dining table, but placing his foot upon the bench on which he had been sitting he vaulted over the table and seized the pistol off the pantry shelf, taking the steps three at a time. He was in the hall upstairs almost by the time the echoes of Dr. Howe's voice had died out in the still night air.

Just as he reached the door of the

room from which the noise of strife had come a shadowy form slipped by him and out onto the veranda and down the stairs which went down on the outside.

Dr. Howe, a moment too late, said, "He's broken away from me; catch him!"

In order to give the fellow such a scare that he would not return (for he was sure it was a sneak thief) Hanley ran out on the veranda, pointed his pistol upward and fired into the air. At the same instant there was heard the sound of a collision of some kind and a falling body on the veranda floor.

Dr. Howe called out, "You've shot him, Hanley! Someone bring a light."

Hanley said, "No, doctor, I could not have shot him, for I pointed the gun straight up."

"Well, let's investigate, anyway," said the doctor. As a light was brought from the kitchen by a servant he and Hanley descended to the lower floor, to where a body lay huddled at the foot of the stairs.

"Be careful, doctor, he may be 'possuming' in order to take you unawares," said Hanley.

But upon investigation they found the fellow, a young Mexican, quite dead. After examining him quite carefully Dr. Howe said:

"He must have fallen down the stairs and broken his neck when he struck that post at the foot of the stairs, for there is no bullet wound anywhere upon him, nor even a drop of blood, which is remarkable. That clears you of killing him, Hanley."

"Who is he, anyway?" asked Hanley.

"He is that discarded lover of Maria's and he was hiding in her room. She came and whispered to me at the supper table that someone was hiding under her bed, and thinking the girl must be mistaken I went to investigate without saying anything about it to anyone, but I found the girl was not mistaken. I started to drag the fellow out and he grappled with me, and we had quite a scuffle before I called you," said Dr. Howe.

"He came to steal some trinkets he had given me and that I had refused to return when I broke the engagement," said Maria, the cook, who was leaning over the banisters on the stairway looking at the limp figure below.

The scene of the story is laid in southern Mexico. Dr. Howe had come here several years before as a medical missionary, and his practice became so large that the need of a hospital for his patients induced him to purchase a large frame building that had been used for a hotel before the removal of the railway shops had caused the owner to go out of business for the lack of patronage. He employed a number of servants to look after the buildings and grounds and to wait upon his patients, among whom were a number of Americans who had come to this mild climate because of its salubrious

effect on those afflicted with diseases of a lingering nature.

Hanley Travis had come to this country from his home in Texas, bringing his brother who was in the last stage of the "white plague," with the hope that the mild climate would prolong the days of the loved one; but the change had proved too sudden for him and he passed away in a few months.

Hanley, having for a long time had a love for missionary work, had remained to assist the missionaries in establishing the recently planted mission station. He was of much assistance to them, materially as well as spiritually, for he was an all around mechanic as well as a very spiritual Christian.

The pistol which a friend had given him as he was leaving for Mexico, and which proved through an unfortunate chain of circumstances to be his undoing, he had never intended to use against his fellow man, but as his friend remarked when persuading him to accept it, "It is for your protection against the wild beasts you are likely to encounter in your travels through that half-civilized country." Hanley had accepted the well-meant gift of his friend, but had never used it before this fatal night, and now had not intended to take the life of even a sneak-thief, for the missionaries had come to preach a gospel of peace, and to teach the natives to turn the other cheek, even when smitten unprovoked.

"We must notify the *presidente* before he hears of this unfortunate occurrence from some other source," said Dr. Howe. "And it would look much better for you if you did so yourself, Hanley. I know you can't speak Spanish very well, but I will write a note to the *presidente* that will summon him to the hotel, and then I can explain the matter to him fully."

Hanley took the note and trudged away to the office of the *presidente* in the municipal palace, as they call the adobe building where the city government is domiciled, but finding him not in his office he made his way, accompanied by one of the soldiers sent to show him the way, to the *presidente's* residence. That official was at supper, but finished hastily when he read the doctor's note, and hastened to accompany the *gringo* (stranger) to the Hotel Americana, as the place was still called.

When he arrived there quite a crowd of Mexicans had collected who had been attracted by the shot; and some of them, who were relatives and acquaintances of the dead man, were talking excitedly of vengeance upon the *Americano* who had come among them to shoot them to death.

Dr. Howe, however, was assuring them that the man had not been shot, and that the *presidente* had been sent for and would make a careful investigation and see that justice was carried out.

It seemed, though, that these friends and relatives were not so anxious that justice

should be done as that they should have an opportunity to wreak vengeance upon the supposed slayer of their friend, and were inclined to take matters into their own hands. After the customs of nearly all half-civilized countries, they planned to shoot first and investigate afterward. They were held back, however, by a number of their countrymen who had attended the services at the mission and had come under the influence of the gospel and were friendly toward the missionaries.

All of the motley throng fell back before the *presidente*, and he made his way to the prostrate figure on the veranda which Dr. Howe had allowed no one to move after he made his hasty examination of the body. The *presidente* greeted Dr. Howe in a friendly manner and then said "Que cosa este, amigos?" (What is the matter here, friends?)

Dr. Howe related to him in Spanish the whole occurrence from the beginning, exonerating Hanley from either the intention or fact of the slaying. After having made a superficial examination of the body he ordered it turned over to his relatives to be prepared for burial, which in this warm climate usually takes place in a very short time after the death.

Turning to Dr. Howe he said, "As much as I dislike to do so, I think it will be best to place this young man in the *carcei* (jail) for the present, owing to the fact that this man's friends are very much stirred up over his death and they might do him bodily harm, if not take his life in revenge. I do not believe that he committed the crime, but it will be necessary to have at least a preliminary examination, though I believe he will be released without further trial."

Dr. Howe consulted for a few minutes with Hanley and then said, "Very well *Senor el Presidente*; I believe, too, that it would be best to put Hanley where these angry fellows cannot do him harm for a few days, or until they are convinced that Hanley did not shoot him. Hanley says that it is perfectly agreeable with him, so we will accompany you to the *carcel* at once."

The *carcel* was merely a room in the city hall that was lined with stone inside of the usual adobe bricks and the only door to it opened into the office of the commandant of the small garrison quartered there, and its only window was small, high up in the wall, and closely barred.

Hanley took with him his hammock to sleep in, and a few necessary toilet articles, and with Dr. Howe followed the *presidente* and his retinue to the city hall, where he expected to spend at most only a few days. The *presidente* was very kind, and recommended to the captain who had charge of the prisoners that Hanley be allowed all the courtesies that could be accorded a prisoner in the way of visitors, and that he be allowed to re-

ceive presents of food, etc., from his friends.

When, in a few days, Hanley's preliminary trial came off the relatives of the deceased Mexican testified that they had before the burial discovered a bullet hole in the back of his head, concealed by the long coarse hair; and this testimony was corroborated by a native doctor whom they had summoned to inquire into the cause of his death.

"In view of this unexpected evidence I shall be compelled to bind the prisoner over to the court *distrito federale*, in order that a trial may be had that is fair and impartial; for this matter, considering the new light thrown upon it, is altogether outside my jurisdiction," said the *presidente*.

Hanley was remanded to the *carcel* for a few days, and before the sitting of the district court was sent to the capital of the department which was about eighteen miles from the little city in which the foregoing occurrences took place. Having friends in the mission at this place also, Hanley was well looked after and cared for, but the jailers here were not so considerate of him as those had been in his home town, and he was put into a large ward where criminals of every class were herded, and the *gringo*, who could speak very little Spanish, was treated with little respect by his companions in misfortune. Hanley, however, had the consolation of knowing that he was innocent of any crime, and as he was permitted to have his Bible and hymn book he spent much of the time in reading his Bible, in praying and singing. Having secured some Gospel portions printed in Spanish, he read these to those of his fellow-prisoners who would listen, for, though he did not know the meaning of many of the words, yet he had learned the rules of pronunciation, and these Mexicans could understand fairly well his reading, and also the songs he sang in his Spanish hymn book, though he understood very little of them himself.

After about three months his trial came off, and in spite of the fact that his friends did all that could be done, employing the best legal talent that could be procured in that part of the republic, even interesting the American consul in his behalf, he was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to spend five years in prison.

After he was remanded to prison his friends did not relax their efforts in his behalf, but made numerous attempts to get an appeal, or at least a new trial, but to no avail, for it is proverbial that, "When they get one in jail in Mexico they throw away the key."

"Mr. Travis, I deeply sympathize with your unfortunate son who is in that Mexican prison, for I have spent some time in that country, and know something of the conditions in those vile places. I believe

that I could go down there and through men of influence with whom I became acquainted while there obtain his release. I have been making some calculations as to the expense, and I believe that if you could raise \$150 among your friends his release could be effected." These words were spoken by Mr. Lang, a commercial traveler who was temporarily out of employment, to Hanley's father, who, with his family, lived in a little town in Texas, where he was engaged in teaching school.

This kind offer revived hope in the heart of the father, who was deeply grieved that his son should be so unjustly imprisoned, but thus far had not been able to devise any plan to assist in getting him released. Only trust in God had sustained the heart-broken family in the midst of the trials through which they were passing. Some seem to think that trials of this kind are visible marks of the displeasure of God, but not so. Some of the truest and most consecrated saints of God have passed through these fiery trials. It seems sometimes He selects some of these upon whom and through whom to demonstrate His power to keep in the midst of trial and persecution; and lets blow after blow fall upon them as though He had utterly forgotten and forsaken them. When He does bring them out and deliver them it is with faith more bright and a capacity for usefulness greater than they ever had before; so the test proves best for their good and His glory, and they are made to rejoice that they were counted worthy to suffer for Him.

As soon as Mr. Travis' friends heard of the offer of Mr. Lang they quickly raised the sum that was needed, and Mr. Lang was started on the way to southern Mexico to attempt to procure the release of the unjustly imprisoned boy.

Stopping off in Mexico City, he secured audience with some of the officials who were high in governmental circles and enlisted their influence in behalf of Hanley, but found that they would not be able to do anything for him until he had first secured the favor of the local authorities in the city where the trial had taken place.

Proceeding to that city he took up his residence at the mission, and obtained interviews with the local officials, first obtaining permission to visit Hanley in prison and give him some little tokens of affection that his relatives had sent him. Hanley had been able to procure materials for making hammocks, which were sold for him by his friends, and thus was able to procure clothing and other necessities which were not supplied him by his captors.

The time dragged along slowly while Mr. Lang was working upon the sympathy of the local officials. At night he slept on a cot in the church building. The missionary had warned him: "You had better keep all the windows closed and barred at night, for there are many sneak thieves in this city, and they are very sly

in their depredations. They have actually stolen our food and cooking utensils out of the kitchen while we were eating in the adjoining room. Your clothing is not safe here, even in the church, unless the doors and windows are securely fastened."

One warm night Mr. Lang left the window near his cot open that he might get the benefit of what air was stirring, thinking he would arise and close it before he went to sleep, but a cool breeze from the sea sprang up and lulled him to sleep, and the next he knew the light of another day was streaming into the room and the missionary was knocking at the door.

"Here are your trousers that I found a little way up the street when I started to the market," said the missionary.

Upon investigation Mr. Lang found that his pocketbook was missing. After dressing they both walked up the street and a little beyond where the trousers had been found they discovered the pocket book quite empty, of course.

That put an end to Mr. Lang's efforts to free Hanley, for with the money he had hoped to hire an attorney to work on the case. He borrowed sufficient funds from the missionaries and other Americans to pay his way back to the States, and had to report to Mr. Travis that his efforts were all a failure.

About six months later a colony of missionaries was formed in the little town where Mr. Travis was teaching school, to go to the same part of Mexico to which Hanley had gone. Again the friends of Mr. Travis came to his aid and raised funds to send him to Mexico to make another attempt for Hanley's release. So many going in a body, cheap rates were secured for the party, a car was chartered, and the party arrived safe at the little town in southern Mexico.

Mr. Travis began to work in a quiet way, interviewing the local officials and giving them the story of Hanley's life, and being a very earnest Christian he made a favorable impression upon the officials. Hanley's devoted Christian life had made friends for him among those with whom he had come in contact, and many of them would have been glad to release him had they dared to do so, but many a jailer had been compelled to take the place in a prison cell of a prisoner whom he had permitted to escape, so now they feared to connive at his escape, while they would have been glad to have him go.

Finally one of the officials who occupied a most responsible position with the government said to Mr. Travis when he called upon him, "Mr. Travis, we have tried in every way we can think of to free your son legally, but have not been able to do so, and it looks now as if he will be compelled to serve the full five years, and we fear that in his condition it will mean the same as a life sentence for him, for he will not survive the rigors of jail life in Mexico that long. We have decided to let Hanley go, provided he will

just walk off some time when the guards have their faces turned the other way, and you will get him out of Mexico without raising any hue and cry that would let the friends of the dead Mexican know of his escape and thus bring down upon our heads the wrath of our superiors in office."

Mr. Travis signified his willingness to do this and the next time he saw Hanley he let him know that he would be given a chance to escape. In a few days this chance came when the prisoners were taken down to the creek for their weekly bath and to launder their clothing. Hanley had tied up some of his most precious possessions together with his clothing, and when they arrived at the creek he separated himself from the other prisoners and walked up the stream as if looking for a more secluded place to bathe. The guards seemed so determined not to see him that he kept going until he came to a little clump of timber where his father was waiting for him with two wiry Mexican ponies, saddled and bridled ready for the journey. Mounting these they rode on up the stream until they reached a bridle path that ran around the foot of the mountains for several miles and finally emerged from the timber into the wagon road a mile or so from the little town from which he had been sent. By this time the sun had set, and when they reached the town it was quite dark.

Going by the mission station they bade farewell to the friends there, and not daring to visit the hospital which was in a more public place, Dr. Howe was sent for, who bade Hanley a tearful farewell, saying, "My boy, I owe you a debt of gratitude that I can never repay, for I truly believe you saved my life by your prompt action that fateful night. God bless you and reward you, as I never can, for all you have suffered for me."

Mounting fresh ponies that were furnished them by their friends, they again set out in the night, and when morning dawned they were many miles away. About ten o'clock in the morning they arrived at a little town on the railroad where they would not be recognized, and leaving the ponies with a ranchero to be called for by their friends, they made their way to the station, and when the daily mixed passenger and freight train arrived they boarded it and were on the homeward journey.

Great was the rejoicing among relatives and friends when the father and son arrived at their home town in Texas. The most prominent business men of the town had become interested in the case through the prominence given it in the local paper, and upon learning of his return called to congratulate him upon his safe return to his native land.

Several friends who had been praying for his release gathered at the home of his father and mother in the evening, and prayers of thankfulness and gratitude were

sent up to the Father above who had so remarkably answered prayer.

About a year later this writer attended the campmeeting in the town where Hanley and his parents lived and talked with him about the ordeals through which he had passed. His body was wasted and worn by the disease which had fastened itself more firmly upon him during his confinement in unsanitary quarters. He said,

"Brother Ball, I am only awaiting the time when Jesus shall call me home, and there is no bitterness in my heart against those who have so cruelly wronged me, for I know I am soon to go to give an account for the way I have lived; and while there are many things in my life that I regret, that cannot now be helped, I have never, and never will, have to repent of murder; for such a thought, intention, or desire has never entered my heart. I cannot regret my trip to Mexico, for though brief and stormy was my stay there, I fully believe I shall some time meet in heaven some of those in whose hearts I planted the gospel seed in that dark land. 'Twas there I bade good-bye to my dear brother whom I soon shall meet, and he too will share the spoils with me, for the few months he spent there and his triumphant death among them made a deep impression upon those with whom he came in contact."

A few months later we heard that Hanley had passed on to his reward, as truly a martyr of Jesus as those who were burned at the stake in olden times.

### Missionaries of the Church of the Nazarene

#### AFRICA

John Short Memorial Station  
Miss Anna Lee Cox, Stegl, Swaziland, S Africa.

Schmelzenbach Memorial Station  
Miss Fairy Chism, Miss Dora A. Carpenter  
Miss Louise Robinson, Pigg's Peak, via Barberton Swaziland, S. Africa.

Pigg's Peak Station  
Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Esselstyn, Rev. and Mrs. Carl Mischke, Pigg's Peak, via Barberton, Swaziland, S. Africa.

Christopher Hamu Memorial Station  
Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Shirley, Box 42, Sabie, Transvaal, S. Africa.

Ebenezer Station  
Rev. L. C. Ferree, Secretary of Council; Mrs. L. C. Ferree, Miss Mary M. Cooper, Miss Minnie C. Martin, Miss Eva Risse, Manjacaze, Gaza, via Vilade Joao Belo, Portuguese E. Africa.

The Reef Work  
Rev. J. F. Penn, Treasurer of Council; Mrs. J. F. Penn, P. O. Box 81, Boksburg, Transvaal, S. Africa.

Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital Station  
Dr. and Mrs. David Hynd, Dr. Mary Tanner, Miss Myrtle A. Pelley, Miss Bessie Seay, Miss J. Evelyn Fox, Box 14, Bremersdorp, via Mbabane, Swaziland, S. Africa.

BRITISH WEST INDIES. Rev. and Mrs. J. I. Hill, P. O. Box 253, Bridgetown, Barbados, B. W. I  
CAPE VERDE ISLANDS. Rev. John J. Diaz, Brava, Cape Verde Islands.

CHINA  
Tamingfu. Rev. and Mrs. Peter Kiehn, Dr. and Mrs. R. G. Fitz, Miss Myrl Thompson, Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Wiese, Miss Catherine Flagler, Tamingfu, Hopel Province, North China.

Chaocheng. Rev. and Mrs. L. C. Osborn, Miss Ida Vieg, Chaocheng, Shantung Province, North China.

GUATEMALA  
Coban. Rev. and Mrs. R. S. Anderson, Miss Neva Lane, Mrs. Eugenia Coats, Mr. Harry Coats (Associate), Coban, Guatemala, via New Orleans.

Salama. Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Ingram and Miss Leona Gardner, Salama, Guatemala, via New Orleans.

#### INDIA

Buldana. Rev. and Mrs. L. S. Tracy, Rev. and Mrs. Prescott L. Beals, Miss Amanda Mellies, Miss Margaret Stewart, Buldana, Berar, India.

#### JAPAN

Kobe. Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Eckel, 1875 Kannonbayashi, Sumiyoshi, Kobe, Japan.  
Kyoto. Rev. Hiroshi Kitagawa, Nazarene Church, Honmachi, Kyoto, Japan. N. Isayama, Karasumara, Nakatachiuri, Kyoto, Japan.

#### MEXICO

Mexico City. Dr. V. G. Santin, 14 A Del 5 de Febrero 231, Mexico D. F., Mexico.  
Juarez. Rev. Santos Elizondo, 3304½ Alamoerode St., El Paso, Texas.

Mexican Border Work. Rev. and Mrs. E. Y. Davis, 1728 S. Oxford Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

PALESTINE. Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Kaufman, Rev. S. C. Krikorian, P. O. Box 178, Jerusalem, Palestine.

#### PERU

Sunsunta. Rev. and Mrs. R. S. Winans, Rev. and Mrs. D. H. Walworth, Jaen, via Chiclayo, Peru.  
Monsefu and Chiclayo. Rev. Guy C. McHenry, Miss Elsie Haselwood, Apartado 85, Chiclayo, Peru.

#### SYRIA

Bludan. Rev. M. A. Thahabayah, Bludan, Syria.

#### FURLOUGHED MISSIONARIES IN WAITING

AFRICA. Mrs. Minerva B. Marshall, 182 Union St., Franklin, Mass. Rev. and Mrs. C. S. Jenkins, 52 S. Central St., Haverhill, Mass. Miss Ora V. Lovelace, care Mrs. Lena Fltz, Des Arc, Mo. Mrs. Lulu Schmelzenbach, 908 16th Ave. North, Nampa, Idaho. Miss Maude Cretors (address given later).

ARGENTINA. Rev. and Mrs. Frank Ferguson, 2923 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo. (temporary).

CHINA. Miss Hester J. Hayne, 2923 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo. Miss Glennie Sims, 1286 A. N. Sierra Bonita Ave., Pasadena, Calif. Miss Mary E. Pannell, Escondido, Calif. Rev. and Mrs. O. P. Deale, 1018 N. Ardmore, Los Angeles, Calif.

INDIA. Rev. and Mrs. Geo. J. Franklin, Gary, Ind., care Church of Nazarene. Rev. and Mrs. A. D. Fritzen, Allerton, Iowa. Rev. and Mrs. John McKas, 125 Clark St., Clarksville, Tenn.

PERU. Rev. and Mrs. Ira L. True, care Northwest Nazarene College, Nampa, Idaho. Mrs. Guy C. McHenry, Olivet, Ill.

#### RETIRED

AFRICA. Mrs. C. A. McConnell (nee Miss Bellew), Bethany, Okla.

ARGENTINA. Rev. and Mrs. Carlos H. Miller, 608 Redfield Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

CHINA. Rev. and Mrs. F. C. Sutherland, 107 Ivy St., Nampa, Idaho. Rev. and Mrs. A. J. Smith, 1362 Skinner St., West Salem, Ore. Miss Blanche Hines, Beaver Lodge, Alta., Can. Dr. C. E. West, Northern Bible College, Red Deer, Alta., Can.

EASTERN INDIA. Miss Ruth Williams, 725 Lane St., Topeka, Kans. Miss Lou Jane Hatch, 137 Elizabeth St., Pasadena, Calif. Miss Nellie Ellison, Geneva, Nebr. Mrs. Myrtle Mangum White Whittier, Calif. Mrs. Willard J. Parker (nee Miss Maude Varnedoe), 303 W. 34th St., Savannah, Ga.

JAPAN. Miss Bertie Karns, 1103 McKenzie Drive, Phoenix, Ariz. Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Wiman, 2923 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo. Rev. and Mrs. Paul C. Thatcher, 734 Pacific St., Camas, Wash.

WESTERN INDIA. Miss May Bursch, Buffalo, Kans. Rev. and Mrs. K. Hawley Jackson, 1912 25th St., Everett, Wash. Miss Ruth Rudolph, Antelope, Tex. Rev. and Mrs. Roy G. Coddling, 2915 Forest Ave., Kansas City, Mo. Rev. and Mrs. F. Arthur Anderson, 214 E. Park, Stockton, Calif. Miss Jessie Basford, care of Trevecca College, Nashville, Tenn. Miss Eva Carpenter, 1105 Temple St., Compton, Calif. Miss Agnes Gardner, 303 Whitman St., Walla Walla, Wash.

PALESTINE. Moses Hagopian, care of Eastern Nazarene College, Wollaston, Mass.

PERU. Miss Augie Holland, 1007 Douglas Ave. Nashville, Tenn.

Keep in Mind November Nineteen for Foreign Missions