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DISTINCTIVE DAYS ON MISSION FIELDS
Compiled By Edith P. Goodnow

The Correlated Missionary Study Book
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01 -- A DAY IN OUR GIRLS' SCHOOL AT CHKHLI INDIA -- By Margaret Stewart

Brief History:

Our Nazarene Girls' School in India had a humble beginning. In 1921 it came into being in a crude building situated near the Buldana bungalow for missionaries. In those days we had no real school building. Because of this fact, later on it seemed advisable to send our girls to the Free Methodist Girls' School at Umri for their education. In 1932 we opened our own school for girls at Chikhli. Due to lack of money we were forced to close our school for the year 1934. In 1935 we reopened our Girls' School, and it has been running ever since.

Illiteracy:

The illiteracy among India's women is appalling. We can thank Christian missions for the marked increase in the percentage of literacy among Christians as compared with that of non-Christians. In our own Nazarene work we desire to reduce illiteracy in the Christian community, for our native Christians must be able to read the Word of God for themselves. We find that education appeals to the Indian mind. But culture without Christ only places a veneer over the surface of a heathen soul. We purpose to penetrate the crust and plant the divine life of Christ within. Simultaneous mental and spiritual development is always our objective.

Our Christian schools provide an entering wedge into the heart and life of India's youth. By this method they learn to know and trust the missionaries. Scholastic opportunity proves to be a step in the right direction, toward Christ, only if it is truly Christian education supervised by consecrated, spiritual missionaries.

The Missionary in Charge:

Her charge is an important one. She must take the initiative. Being genuinely saved, wholly sanctified and divinely commissioned of God will suffice for her spiritual equipment. Successful results will also depend upon practical qualifications. She should be a good social mixer, a capable financier, a firm disciplinarian, and a shrewd economist.

Daily Program of the Girls' School:

Breakfast. At 5:00 A.M. the rising bell rings: The girls are divided into two teams. The first team has charge of lighting the fires in the primitive stoves consisting of stones or bricks shaped up with cement, just high enough to allow the tender to push in the long sticks as they burn down. This team also prepares the breakfast. Let us watch one little girl as she goes about her cooking. She mixed the jawari or wheat flour into a stiff dough by adding only water. She shapes the dough between her two palms until she succeeds in turning out a large flat pancake. She gaily tossed it into the iron griddle and cooks it on both sides. As she cooks them, these unleavened cakes are collected in a basket made of bamboo shavings or palm leaves and taken to the verandah by another little girl. Yes, our open verandah serves the purpose of a dining room as well. The girls take their seats, cross-legged, on both sides of the long porch, facing the primitive fires. Each girl sees to her own table service, which consists of a brass plate and water cup only. The matron walks down the center with the large bread basket and serves the larger girls with one cake and the smaller girls with half a cake. She gives each girl a spoonful of pungent chutney made by grinding hot peppers, garlic, and spices together. The matron calls on one girl to offer thanks after the group has sung a verse of thanksgiving. A small piece of bread is broken off the large cake and dipped into the chutney, The hot morsel is passed gracefully into the mouth from the index and middle fingers of the right hand. With a slight toss of the head backward and a gentle shove of the thumb forward the process of eating is accomplished. This right hand is carefully guarded from disagreeable tasks of the daily routine because the Indian realizes it provides him with his only eating utensils. Whether the food be solid, semi-solid, or liquid in consistency, the method of eating remains the same. The first meal of the day over, each girl scours her plate and cup with sand, rinsing them with water, and places them bottom side up to drain in a wooden rack. The cooking team washes the large chutney dish and iron spoon and the mixing pans, and puts out the fires. Their duties are then over until the next meal.

The other team of girls sweeps out the sleeping quarters, which must directly be used for school rooms. The verandahs are swept. Each girl rolls up her sleeping mat and puts it on the dirt floor of the school room to help cover it. She sleeps on this mat at night and sits on it during the day. The sleeping blanket is shaken out and hung over a strong wire clothesline in the compound to be sunned during the hours of morning school session. Bamboo poles are suspended from the roof of the sleeping quarters lengthwise with wire. The blankets are neatly folded and hung over these poles at noon-time.

Chapel Service:

At 7:30 A.M. the cook sounds a large bell located in the missionaries' bungalow. This gong warns the girls that inspection of school will take place, and also summons the girls to chapel service. God's Word is read, hymns are sung, and prayer is offered. We recall many blessed times when God's presence came down "our souls to greet, and glory crowned the mercy seat." Quite frequently mass praying takes place which can be heard for a considerable distance. On other occasions several individuals pray. After chapel they march, single file, into their respective classes.

The Medical Aspect of the Girls' School:

At recess every morning our dispensary is open for treatment of any ailments the girls may have. In this way disease has been checked by preventive measures rather than curative means. India is a land of diseases, droughts, floods, famines and false religions, all affecting the physical life of its people. The most common maladies are skin diseases, sore eyes, tuberculosis, smallpox, cholera, malaria, measles, mumps, etc. When epidemics of various kinds reach nearby villages we see to it that the girls are inoculated. Hitherto God has protected us from the dreaded diseases of smallpox and cholera.

Extreme poverty and poor living conditions, with no opportunity for sufficient economic expansion, have also taken heavy toll from the Indian people. The Girls' School plays the part of a health center. Many girls come to us depleted in health. We find that the best medicine we can give them is three square meals a day. During the school year they almost always improve physically, sometimes to an amazing degree. Their diet consists mostly of leafy vegetables and grains, with fruit and meat sparingly. We find that the Indian people are well accustomed to meatless days.

One of the duties of the missionary is to purchase whatever meat is used. Hindus do not eat meat, so we make a yearly contract with an old Mohammedan woman to supply the Girls' School with meat for the school term. Twice a week she comes with another member of her family. They carry the huge piece of meat on their heads in a handmade basket, and are also burdened down with old-fashioned scales and with sharp knives having crescent-shaped blades. I have furnished them with a huge chopping block that stands outside the verandah. Beside it they spread an old gunny-sack on the ground and seat themselves. They hold the sharp knives between their big and second toes and, using both hands, cut the large chunk into small pieces with considerable speed. They then weigh the meat, receive their remuneration, and return satisfied to the village.

The missionary salvages her portion of meat from the center of the same chunk. After thoroughly washing it she stews it until it is tender. On other occasions the food-chopper is resorted to and we enjoy meat patties and meat loaf.

School Session:

School begins at 8:15 A.M. Our teachers are second generation Nazarenes who have been educated in our school and then sent to the Methodist School for teachers' training. Here they have met the requirements of the educational standards of India. They conduct secular classes according to the Indian village school syllabus. These classes continue until 2:00 P.M., at which time the bell rings again. The only intermission is a short half-hour recess at 12 o'clock, at which time a light lunch is quickly eaten.

Sewing Hour:

From 2:00 P.M. to 3:00 P.M. daily the sewing machine can be heard on the verandah of the missionary's bungalow. Under my supervision and with my help each girl in the school is given a complete new outfit. If she is capable of making the clothes herself, she makes them. The older girls assist the younger ones in making their own clothes. We all work together until every

member of the school is clothed. The clothes are collected in tin trunks until all are finished. At the December camp the girls appear in the new clothes for the first time. They are proud to display their work to their parents, many of whom have seen them but seldom since school opened on July 1. This new outfit is kept for use only on Sundays and special occasions during the entire school year. The previous year's outfit is worn to school daily. We have funds sufficient to provide only one outfit a year. It has to last for that time.

On our way back from the hills we search in Bombay for the best bargains in dress goods, for we found that, as in America, the assortment is better and the prices are more reasonable in the large cities than in the inland villages.

After the dressmaking is completed, the same hour is devoted to patching and repairing the everyday clothes and to making clothes for some of the desperate cases that come to us without any wearing apparel at all.

The last quarter of the year, lessons in embroidery, knitting and crocheting are given to the older girls.

Recreation Period:

Between the hours of 3:00 P.M. and 5:00 P.M. the girls are free to engage in anything they desire. Often they engage in washing their clothes, bathing their bodies and oiling their hair with coconut oil. The wash room is out in the open. It consists of a stone platform, one side of which is a stone wall about three feet high built on slant and ending in a trough which carries the waste water down the open drains. The girls swing the clothes over their heads and beat them against the fairly smooth stones provided for the purpose. The school furnishes each girl with a small piece of yellow soap weekly. After washing her clothes, she spreads them on the sand to dry. They are never ironed, but are neatly folded and placed in a little tin trunk with her other personal possessions.

The Evening Meal:

Between 5:00 P.M. and 6:00 P.M. the heaviest meal of the day is prepared. We budget our allowance for food and ration it daily from the locked storeroom.

A five-gallon tin of sweet oil has to last one month. A sack of wheat and one and one-half sacks of jawari grain has to last one week. Leafy vegetables, garlic and onions are purchased weekly on bazaar day. One piece of fruit is served once a week. Raw dark brown sticky sugar is served every Sunday morning. Rice is served three times a week. Stew beef cut in small pieces is served twice a week. Goat meat is reserved for Indian weddings, and for welcome and farewell services for missionaries. The meat is always curried. It is cut into pieces and stewed in a huge kettle. Peppers and spices and curry powder are added in abundance. This is served over rice as a rich, tasty gravy. A very small serving is sufficient for a European, as it will bring tears to the eyes and call for copious drinks of water to dilute the liquid fire and cool the burning tongue.

It is surprising how most missionaries acquire a taste for hot curry after they become acclimatized. In fact, they become very fond of it. They find that even the aroma while the curry is cooking furnishes a splendid stimulant to the appetite.

Vesper Services:

After the evening meal the student body meets again for worship in the chapel. The service is similar to the morning worship.

From 7:00 P.M. to 9:00 P.M. study period takes place. This class is supervised by the teachers. Seated on mats under the illumination of kerosene lamps and lanterns, the girls prepare their lessons for the following day.

Recess takes place from 9:00 P.M. to 9:30 P.M., after which they retire for the night. Each girl places her own mat on the floor of the school room and removes her blanket from the bamboo rod suspended from the rafters of the roof. She rolls herself up head and all in this blanket and goes to sleep on the earthen floor. All lights are supposed to be out by 10:00 P.M.

Influence of Christian Boarding Schools:

We are all familiar with the declaration of the Roman Catholic Church: "Give me a child until he is six years old and you can have him afterward." Allow me to make this statement: "Give me an Indian girl for six years in our Nazarene Girls' School and the power of Hinduism will be broken in her life."

In all non-Christian lands the darkest shadows, the heaviest burdens, fall on women. Apart from Christ, not one of them has, or can have, her God-given rights. The Indian nation can never rise above the standards of its womanhood. The function of our school is to mold and fashion our girls in His blessed likeness during their plastic years. Eventually they will fill important places in our ranks as Christian teachers, preachers' wives and real home-makers.

The future of any nation depends upon the character of its youth. The banks have proved that the character is the best collateral. We are striking the nail on the head when we give attention to the development of Christian character. Nurtured by a Spirit-filled life, such individuals will enrich India's villages with a type of womanhood that will be a blessing to heathendom.

We have many women in our Christian community who can bear testimony to the influence of our educational institutions. We have one Bible woman who gave this testimony out in one of India's unevangelized villages: "I am glad to testify that Jesus has saved me from all sin. I was born in a Hindu home. When I was but a small child my mother was very ill. The Hindu doctor called and told us that four miles away from our village there was a goddess. We were instructed to take my sick mother to the heathen goddess and kill a goat before the idol and she would recover. The next morning, according to the doctor's advice, we took Mother, together with the goat, to the heathen shrine. We were very poor. The sacrifice of this goat meant much to us. However, we sacrificed it gladly to the hideous goddess hoping for Mother's recovery. The

lifeless goddess gave us nothing. She neither saw our grief nor heard our groans. Crowds gathered during the religious ceremony only to partake of the feast. That evening we wended our way home. Mother grew worse during the night. The next morning she died. I was so young I did not realize what it all meant. At the age of eight I was sent to the mission school. Every morning during chapel service I received instruction from the Bible study conducted by the missionary. She prayed for us. Slowly I began to absorb its precepts. I closely watched the other girls in the school as they sang of Jesus and His marvelous salvation, His universal redemption, and His eternal heavenly home prepared for the Christians. A deep-seated hunger gripped my heart. I wished I knew how to pray. One day I went off by myself and tried to pray, but I didn't know how. I kept on trying and God helped me. Jesus became my Saviour in the mission school. Then I remembered about my poor mother, my own dear mother. This thought came to me: 'If I had only been a Christian before my mother died, I could have prayed to the living God and perhaps my mother would not have died.' The saving message came too late to reach my dear mother. Shortly after this, I was sanctified. With joy I give my personal testimony to you, my own kinfolk."

Today this Bible woman's children are also reaping the benefits of a Christian education. Her girls are in our Nazarene Girls' School, Early in life they are learning about Jesus and are serving Him.

Revivals in the Girls' School:

Our Girls' School has seen many gracious revivals. Shortly after school opened each year we planned for a real break in the school. We not only planned but we prayed until God came. Brother Beals, Brother McKay and our Indian District Superintendent were the guest speakers. We paved the way for their coming by earnest prayer. When they arrived the break was already at hand. God came on the scene and graciously answered prayer time and again. We found that revivals reduced disciplinary problems to the minimum. When things went hard, a revival always relieved the situation. A revival atmosphere pervaded the entire school year. Our girls returned to their homes with an experience of salvation within. I look back upon these outpourings of God's presence with great satisfaction, knowing that I had a part in praying the glory down and seeing India's daughters born again and sanctified by grace divine. But remember that such scenes could never happen if missionaries did not answer God's call, and if the Church of the Nazarene did not send them forth.

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02 -- A DAY AT BULDANA AND OUR BOYS' SCHOOL -- By Ralph A. Cook

Brother George Jetterson for many years has had a longing and desire to visit the work of the Church of the Nazarene in Buldana, India. At last, in the providence of God, his dream is about to become a reality as the old ship Hoogly with George on board docks at Ballard Pier in Bombay Harbor. George quickly makes his way through Customs and enters a taxi that deposits him at the Victoria Terminus just in time to catch the train at 6:15 A.M. for the all-day ride to Malkapur, three-hundred miles east of Bombay. At length the guard calls his station and George alights from the train to find us eagerly awaiting him. We pile into the mission car and drive for

twenty-eight miles through farm and forest land till at length we climb to the high plateau where, at an elevation of 2,200 feet, is located the town of Buldana.

We explain to George that Buldana is the headquarters of the Buldana District. Here are located the government offices: the District Commissioner, the District Superintendent of Police, Police Reserves to the number of 150, a government hospital, the Post and Telegraph Office and shops, stores and schools. A splendid government road connects Buldana with many towns both to the north and the south, for Buldana is the center of a large cotton-growing district and many cotton gins are located here.

Just as the night shades are falling we drive through the town and then shortly after under the arched sign which reads, "Church of the Nazarene Mission." We point out to George the church to the right which we tell him is generally called "Kansas City Chapel;" on down the driveway we indicate the two mission bungalows nestling among large banyan trees, and at the rear the Perry Memorial Dispensary. At our bungalow George is greeted warmly by Mrs. Cook and a group of Indian Christians who have heard of his coming. He enters the cozy bungalow to find the table all spread for the evening meal. "My, but things are certainly homey here!" he exclaims. "Yes," Mrs. Cook replies, "we try to live just as normally as possible even out here in India. Dinner is ready, and if you will all come we can eat now." After the meal and evening prayers, George who is very weary from his long trip, is shown to his room and crawls under a mosquito net to sleep his first night on Indian soil.

Early the next morning George is awakened by a medley of strange sounds. The sun has just risen, the temple bells are ringing, and crowds of people are moving along the road on their way to the temples and to their work. George remembers that he is not in America, but in the exotic land of India and, moreover, that this is the only day that he has to spend at the Buldana Station. Looking out of his bedroom window he notices that many people are already on the compound, and he wonders, as he hurriedly dresses, if this is not some special day and if he has not overslept. He hastens to the back verandah where he hears our voices only to find that it is barely seven o'clock, but that we have been up for an hour, which we have spent in the office in our private devotions and in taking care of correspondence with friends in America. We assure him that all the people are only going about their usual business and that this is not a special day at all, but just an ordinary day in the routine of our lives as Nazarene missionaries in Buldana.

At the back door he sees numbers of men sitting with large baskets of food, bananas, vegetables, fruit, etc., before them. They are waiting for Mrs. Cook who does the buying of supplies for the Boys' School. Soon she appears and George follows the process of her bargaining with great interest. After carefully inspecting the various wares she offers the men the prices that she thinks right and while waiting for them to make up their minds about her offers she steps over to watch the milkman milk the water buffalo. She explains to George that this is wise to make sure he does not water the milk, for lately she has been finding a dirty sediment in the milk that indicates that dirty water has been put into it. She tells him that some missionaries have discovered that the milkman was putting water into their milk right before their eyes. He accomplished this feat by placing a sizable rubber bulb under his arm and running a small rubber tube down his arm inside his shirt-sleeve. Each time he milked he would give the bulb a vigorous squeeze with his arm that sent the water down the tube into the milk.

At length the vegetable men all decide to accept the price Mrs. Cook offered them (as she knew they would), so she pays them the money and they leave enough vegetables, fruit, etc., to supply the hungry mouths of the one hundred and ten boys in the school.

While this has been going on, the people have been gathering for medicine, for Mrs. Cook has charge of the Perry Memorial Dispensary. Her Indian woman helper now appears, and together they begin to give out medicines for such varied ailments as malaria and "the itch." But here comes a woman carrying a large bundle in her arms.

"What does she want?" asks George. "What is she saying to you?" he continues, for he can see that the woman is in great distress.

But let the woman tell her own story, which Mrs. Cook rapidly translates for George.

"Madame sahib, I am bringing my child to you, for I cannot do anything more to help it, and I am afraid it is going to die. You can help it. Please take it and do something for it now -- before it dies."

Mrs. Cook lifts the covering from the "bundle" and discloses a pitiful little baby terribly emaciated and undernourished and suffering from an extreme case of sore eyes as well. She hurries into the bungalow and returns with some of her own baby's powdered milk, cod liver oil and calcium and with soothing medicine for the sore eyes. She speaks comfortingly to the mother; after the baby is fed and the eyes treated Mrs. Cook carefully explains to the woman just how to administer the food and medicine herself and sends her home comforted and with new hope for her baby's future. Yes, Indian mothers love their babies just as much as American mothers love theirs.

But now a young man comes up and interrupts the dispensary work with the news that the mimeograph he has been operating has just run out of ink and he will not be able to continue the printing of the new W.F.M.S study book in the Marathi language unless Mrs. Cook can get him more ink. She dispatches a boy to the office for a new tin of ink, the young man goes off happy and work at the dispensary goes on once more.

The ringing of the breakfast bell brings to an end the dispensary hour and brings us all together around the table. Already several people have come on business, but they have been told by our Indian boy that we have not yet had our breakfast and so are patiently waiting. It is a well-established Indian custom never to take up business until the meal is finished. At the conclusion of the meal we all retire to the front verandah where the Indian people working on the compound meet with us now for the "family morning worship service." At the close of a blessed season of Bible reading, prayer and praise George remarks, "It certainly is refreshing to contact God, whether in India or America, isn't it?"

"Yes, and we find our day always goes along much more smoothly if we all meet together in this way at the beginning of the day," I reply.

"Since I can spend only one day here in Buldana with you," says George, "I want to see everything of your work that I possible can in such a short time. How I wish I could remain longer, but since that is impossible I'll do the best I can to remember all I do see."

It is the fifteenth of the month, which is pay day and the day for reports at our mission so I invite George into the office with me to meet a number of the Indian preachers and thus get that angle of a missionary's life. We find that the yard is now full of preachers and other people all waiting to see me.

"Mr. Jetterson, let me introduce you to some of our preachers," I begin. "This is Amolik Master from Jamner. He is doing a fine work there. We are purchasing property, and hope to open another main station in Jamner soon."

"That is right," says Rev. Mr. Amolik. "There are many people there who wish to become Christians. It is indeed an open field for the gospel."

Just then Rev. S. J. Bhujbal, the District Superintendent of the Indian Church, comes in and is introduced. George, who has often heard of him, is happy to meet this mighty man of God. Rev. Mr. Buhjbal tells us that he is planning to hold a meeting in the Dhad section for the interested people there, and asks if he may use the mission equipment. We gladly grant the request, and send a man to the godown (storeroom) to give the preachers from that section the necessary lights, cloth and bamboo poles for the construction of the tabernacle, buckets and ropes, etc. We ask them to get a cart to take the goods out there, and to be sure to see to it that everything is in readiness for the meeting.

"Bhujbal Master," says one of the preachers, "there is a couple in Malwandi that wish to be married. Can you do it when you come out there to the meeting?"

"I will be glad to do so," replies Rev. Mr. Bhujbal.

"I have five people who are ready for baptism," breaks in another. "Can you do that too while you are in that section?"

"Nothing will please me more!" he replies. "I will be glad to take care of all those things when I come out there."

After Rev. Mr. Bhujbal has left the office George remarks, "Well -- I always thought that the missionaries did all the work of marrying, baptizing, preaching and so forth, but now I see I have been wrong."

"That is the way it used to be," I reply, "but it is no longer true with us. Since 1937, when our Indian work was fully organized, all that work has been delegated to our ordained Indian preachers."

Just at this juncture Mrs. Cook appears at the door of the office to say that she is just leaving for the Boys' School, and asks if George would like to go with her. Needless to say he would.

They hitch the trailer to the car and George helps her load into it the vegetables and fruit intended for the boys. They drive the mile and a half to the school and as they approach they hear the sound of the gong and see the boys filing out of the class rooms to form a long line in front of the Administration Building. Mrs. Cook introduces him to the headmaster of the school. The headmaster tells them that last night a panther came and killed the best calf, and he is anxious that something be done to rid them of this menace. While Mrs. Cook is supervising the disposal of their load of fruit and vegetables, George goes on a tour of inspection of the school with the headmaster. He sees the classes return to their places, some to their carpentry, others to tailoring and still others to farming. (He learns that the boys themselves do most of the farming on twenty-five acres, and so supply much of their own food.) Still others are busy with carpet weaving. He also learns that these industrial classes are all in addition to the regular course of study prescribed by the British Government.

At the end of this class period the boys all gather in the Buddy McKay Memorial Chapel. George is delighted with their wonderful spirit as he listens to these boys pray and take part in the service. He learns that many of these same boys go on from this school to our Bible Training School, and from there go out to become our preachers and teachers of tomorrow.

Mrs. Cook and George get back to the mission compound just in time to hear the bell ringing for the noon meal. We are seated around the table when suddenly we remember that this is Friday and so Home Mail day. In just a few moments Edward comes in bringing the mail, a nice large sack, and hands it to us. George is glad to wait for us while the mail is distributed and the most important letters opened and hastily read. After the meal is finished we attempt to take a little time for relaxation and the unhurried reading of the mail.

At two o'clock we hear the ringing of the church bell, and Mrs. Cook hastens to the church for the regular weekly meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. A boy enters with a note from the Malwandi pastor saying that they are having trouble with the brick contractor of the church there. The pastor fears that the bricks are not up to standard, and asks if we could come over and investigate. We take George with us and drive to the little cart road that leads to the town of Malwandi. Here we must leave the car and walk the remaining two miles to the town. After testing the bricks we find that they have neither been properly mixed nor baked and are already beginning to crumble. No, assuredly they are not up to standard, and cannot be used in building the church.

Since we are here we decide we might as well gather the congregation and have a service with them. As George sees the crowds who gather and observes their great interest in our message he is deeply impressed with the need of a church building for Malwandi. He is glad that a start has been made, but regrets that the crumbling bricks will delay the work.

Upon our return to Buldana we are met by a Cheprasi (Court Servant), with a large book and a government document stating that we have been granted four lots for a church building in Lahan Mera as a gift from the government. George rejoices with us at this heartening news.

We also learn that we have been invited out to an Indian Jaiwan (Feast), at the home of Rev. S. J. Bhujbal in honor of our guest, Mr. George Jetterson. Dr. Speicher is to be present too, as she has arrived in Buldana to hold a clinic. We enter the Bhujbal home, leaving our shoes at the doorway, and take our places on the floor, sitting on large mats in a circle around the room. George is asked to offer prayer. We are then served with a milk curry by Mrs. Bhujbal, our gracious hostess and District W.F.M.S. President. We all eat with our fingers in true Indian fashion, dipping large pieces of pancake like bread into the spiced milk. When this course is finished large servings of curry and rice are brought in. Ah! Such a meal! No better food than this we think. Our only problem is that of capacity. George declares that he has never eaten such a feast before.

After the meal we return to the compound to load our equipment into the car for a service among the outcast group of Buldana. Dr. Speicher takes her hospital station wagon equipped with medical supplies, and we drive the other mission car. Borde Master, pastor of the Buldana church, is in charge of the service. Some of the boys have come over from the Boys' School and assist, boosting and praying earnestly for the service. George helps set up the magic lantern and hang the sheet on the wall of a house. We proceed to show the life of Christ. At the same time that this is going on Dr. Speicher is conducting her clinic. Her car is literally thronged with a crowd of outcasts who need, but seldom get, medical help. She is continually kept busy giving out medicines and treating first this one and then that one. George sees her treat so many people that he is amazed that she can handle so many. At the same time crowds of others are receiving the gospel by picture and the preached Word. We keep this dual service up till after 10:30. The people are still ready to listen to more preaching, while others still wish medical help, but it is so late and we are so weary that we must stop for this day. We leave them with promises to return soon.

As we drive homeward George says, "My, it seems a long time since I got up this morning so much has happened today. I have never seen so much need in my whole life before. I wish I could stay here to spend the rest of my days trying to meet this need." But we missionaries know that what George has just seen is nothing special -- it is "just an ordinary day" at Buldana Station.

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03 -- A DAY IN OUR TRAINING SCHOOL AT BASIM -- By Mary E. Anderson

The Basim Bible Training School Invites You
To Come And See Us Here From Next
Wednesday Noon Till Thursday Noon
Missionaries In Charge

Since we have been home on furlough so many have heartily said, "Come and see us," that today we want to return the invitation to you all, and ask you to come to see us.

High noon is a very disagreeable hour, though, to arrive at your destination in India, for it is hot and you are weary as well as dusty from your journey. But the bungalow seems cool and pleasantly darkened after the glare of the tropical sun. And I'll show you to your room at once. The house-boy will bring in your bedding roll, suit cases, water jug, lunch box, camera, brief case, sweaters, topees in just a minute so come right on into your room.

The room is spacious for coolness, 20x20x20, with no windows, but four doors, and the green curtains, green bed-spreads and green rag carpets make the room seem cooler too. I don't think there are any more rats in here, for Sacaram killed six just before you came. And the little lizards playing about on the walls are quite harmless. But if you should see a huge spider-looking affair it will be a scorpion, and do be careful of it. And I'm almost sure there will not be any snake come in to greet you, but if one should, here is the stick in this corner with which to kill it. You will want some warm water to wash your dusty face, and the old gardener will be bringing some to your bathroom door any minute now. If you have a chance, do look at his nice new kerosene tin in which he carries the water; he begged it from me this morning. And here are your towels. The folks in Idaho sent us a box with all these beautiful towels.

You will have time for a little rest, because classes do not begin until two o'clock and I will call at your door when the bell rings. You see Sacaram has your luggage all fixed now and your nets tied up on the beds.

And before you know it, it is two o'clock and we are entering the Bible School building. As you see, it is a fine place for our students, with its chapel and three class rooms. Would you like to see Amolik Master teaching first? He is the headmaster, one of our ordained men, and speaks beautiful English. He is teaching theology and the students say his courses are stiff, too. Are you surprised that we do not have any desks? Well, you see it is the Indian custom to sit on the ground, and our students are perfectly comfortable this way. Of course Amolik Master has to have a desk to hold all his books and papers. He goes right ahead with our school program whether the missionaries are here or not, and we depend on him a great deal.

You cannot understand this theology anyhow, so let us go into Prabaker Master's class. Prabaker is our right-hand man. He does everything from cutting the " Sahib's hair to supervising the field work and athletics. Just now he is teaching Old Testament History, and see all these fine charts he has made. He understands and reads and writes English, too, but will not speak it unless he has to.

Shall we go into the Sahib's class? This is a class in the manual, one for each year of study. And the students ask very interesting questions about our church at home and in other lands.

Of course, this class of mine is the one I know the most about. It is a class in homiletics. We do not have any textbook, so it is a lecture course and the fellows keep a notebook which I

trust will help them when they get out into the work. They are pleasantly surprised that there are so many fine points to sermon-making.

There is the bell and the classes change. You will wish to stay on here with me, for I have a class with the women now. Here they come, each one with a baby on her hip. These three girls, you will see, are still learning to read and write. So they cannot enter into the study of the Gospel of Mark. Instead, they are writing exercises on their slates. But the other young women have prepared a lesson on Mark 8:1-10. There are many questions about "The Way" which perplex them, so this hour is given to Bible study. And how quickly it passes! It is four o'clock already and a cup of tea will be most refreshing. So let us go back into the bungalow.

Here is the tea already on the table. Kondu made fresh bread today and the rolls with guava jelly will be delicious with our tea. And he made a chocolate cake, too. There is no scarcity of sugar and tea in India even in war time, for they are both products of the country.

It is good to rest a minute, because we must hurry down to the hospital for our hour of testimony among the patients. Dr. Speicher has done a splendid work in our hospital in its beginning, and the people have confidence in her skill and her religion. Three of the Bible School women go each time, which gives them experience in gospel work.

Are you ready now? The girls are here to go. This is Genabai and Sueshillabai and Luxmibai. They have song books for their song, and gospels to sell and pictures for the children. It is only a ten-minute walk from the Bible School to the hospital and the students enjoy going.

Several new patients are in today from different sections of our district. This gives us a splendid opportunity for new contacts, and please notice how eagerly the women listen as our girls tell the story we studied today in class from Mark 8: 1-10. This one poor woman is so sick I think I shall ask our students to have special prayer for her because Dr. Speicher doesn't think she can live through the night if God doesn't touch her. And she does not yet know Jesus as her Saviour.

Did you hear the car horn honking? That is the Sahib calling us to come with him to prayermeeting. We have our prayermeeting and all our evening services at 5:30 in India. And the church is down in the town so unless we want to walk a mile we had better get going!

One of the boys from the senior class is leading the prayermeeting tonight, and all the students are taking notes. So on Friday he will have all the criticisms in class from students and missionaries too, thus helping him to do better next time. While you are here we wish you to meet our pastor, Rev. Mr. Pagare. He is a good preacher and a fine pastor.

But back at the bungalow it is now time for our evening meal which we call dinner. You will want to clean up a bit, so when you hear the first bell ring you will know that there are still five minutes before dinner. It is cooler now and the food will taste better. Here is our menu: hot soup, then goat chops, mashed potatoes, mashed squash and fruit salad for dessert. I hope we can have a nice visit this evening. My husband will supervise the study period for the students and do some office work, but maybe we can chat.

I am glad you enjoyed your dinner. That was the 7:30 bell for study hours. And here is some one to see me at the door. One of the children on the compound is sick and I must go out to see about him. Excuse me, please, and just take a book there from the bookcase, turn up the oil light a little and make yourself comfortable till I return. I may be delayed because if I find the little boy very ill I shall go to call Dr. Speicher.

Here it is 9:30 and study hours are over and we did not get our chat at all. The youngster is threatened with pneumonia and some one will have to watch with him all night, so I told Dr. Speicher I'd stay till twelve and then she will stay the rest of the night. Maybe you would like to get some rest now because the rising bell rings at 5:30 and I want you to go to the village with me the first thing in the morning. So good night now and pleasant dreams.

Did the bell wake you? We have prayers before breakfast. Won't you read the Scriptures and pray with us? And now it is 6:30 already and time for our cup of tea. We will almost have to swallow it "on the run," for the students who go with us are already waiting with their song books and gospels.

These are three more of our Bible School girls I want you to meet, Indirabai, Anadibai and Hirabai. This is Manjulabai, our lady teacher at the school. This morning she will teach the women who stay in the class room while we are taking these three to the village. She wants a picture from the office and knows this is the only time she can see me.

Our girls who have so lately come from heathenism themselves are apt indeed in this village work, and you can see how eagerly the people listen to them. I trust when you get home you will tell everyone about this wonderful morning in the village. The time always goes so quickly. But we must hasten back to our lunch now because your bus is due here at noon.

School is out now at 11: 30, and our boys go into the fields to work. We have over forty acres here, and the boys do most of the farming through the noon hours up till 2 o'clock when their classes meet again.

Eat all you can because it will be a long time till you get a cooked meal again. Sacaram and Kondu have fixed you up a nice lunch and filled your water jug with boiled water. And they have taken down your bed nets and made your bed rolls ready.

I don't want to rush you at all, but here comes your bus! Good-bye -- and do come back and see us again when we can chat awhile!

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04 -- A DAY AT SCHMELZENBACH MEMORIAL STATION -- By Louise Robinson Chapman

The kings came to Endingeni today!

Who are the kings and what and where is Endingeni? The kings today are the Resident Commissioner of Swaziland and his party. Other times they might be any of the high government officials or perhaps royal guests from over the seas. "Endingeni" -- Place of need, so named by the old Swazies; "Peniel" said Rev. Harmon Schmelzenbach; "Schmelzenbach Memorial Station," say the missionaries after the home-going of its founder,

First, let us learn something about Endingeni. In northern Swaziland, nestling on the hillside overlooking the bushveld on three sides we find this beautiful mission station. The buildings are of burned red brick pointed with cement; the foundations are of stone, and roofs of corrugated iron that gleams in the sun until they may be seen for a very long distance. There is a pretty mission home, a small cottage, a large dormitory for girls, and many school buildings, out-sheds and native huts. The largest building in Swaziland is our well-built tabernacle that will seat, Swazi-fashion, fifteen hundred natives. It is built over the very spot where Brother Schmelzenbach lay as his soul took its flight to the other world. His grave is here by the side of this building. Just below this structure is the hospital plant where yearly thousands of needy people find relief from their pain and healing for their wounds. Around about these buildings and grounds are hundreds of beautiful trees, hedges, trailing vines and bowers of bright-colored flowers.

This station is the home of over two hundred needy natives. Some are pretty little motherless babies or witch-infants, so-called; some are young women who were sold for cows and who sought shelter with the people of God; others are students preparing themselves to be preachers, teachers, nurses or some other kind of church worker. Then there are the widows and the ones left homeless because of sickness, misfortune or witchcraft. On the plowed land surrounding the station, approximately two hundred acres, is raised about all the food this large family consumes. Most of the fields are used to raise corn, but there are acres of sweet potatoes, peanuts, beans, and tropical fruit such as oranges, grapefruit, bananas, pineapple, etc. This home, station and surrounding country, are cared for by three white missionaries and about fifty native workers who carry on an extensive educational, medical and evangelistic program.

Today, as usual, the day began long before sun-up. From every direction we heard the prayers of the natives in their private devotions, the boys from their mud huts, the girls in Clougher Hall, the women in their quarters and the workers in their homes. While it was still dark the big bell rang and everybody gathered in the church building for short devotions. The minute prayers were over, the place became a bee-hive.

We wanted everything in tip-top order for our guests, yet our regular work could not cease, so the boys hitched two span of twelve oxen each to go on with the summer plowing, while others tried hopelessly to get our old red mule, Coffee, chained to the cultivator. Of course, he would have to kick and fight harder on this day and break down more corn to make the garden look worse and also eat up our time. One of the missionary ladies with a couple of boys replaced some broken glass in the windows, righted a leaning fence post, replaced a part in a broken machine, trimmed some straggling limbs on the trees, straightened out the row of white-washed stones that marks the driveway, and finished numberless other such repair and finishing work that is so needed on every large mission station.

Another missionary worked with the girls. The whole station was given a general "going over." The lawns were cut, the whole outside swept with green-branch brooms, every building was swept, dusted and filled with flowers. Singing and shouting natives ran up and down swinging their brooms, others ran about carrying on their heads five gallon tins of water to pour in the big hole where the barefooted children gleefully stamped the red clay making it fly high over their heads and decorating themselves with great gobs of the soft mud. For the builder must have the stone, bricks and mud fixed and brought to him even if the kings were coming. Down at the dispensary the other missionary rushed about extracting teeth, binding up sores and giving out medicine. She had to see that the babies were washed, dressed and fed, for they are always a center of attention to our visitors. The sick and the dying also had to be cared for, prayed for and made ready for inspection.

At eight o'clock the breakfast bell rang. How nice everything looked after all the cleaning that had been going on. The cook had the food waiting. The three missionaries ran to the dining room where Alice had the fruit, coffee and cornmeal mush waiting on the table. The girls in their hall stood around their tables and ate their cornmeal porridge out of white galvanized dishes, dipping it out daintily with their fingers. The boys squatted on the ground in groups around their iron pots. They do not yet have a dining room or proper sleeping quarters. The children sat on their mats and ate their panfuls of porridge. Even the babies down at the dispensary had their bottles. Food is sweet to the Swazi.

Breakfast over, we put out all of our exhibits because the kings are especially interested in the industrial work. In the Girls' Hall on many long tables we arranged the school work. There were samples of beautiful seams and stitches, fancy work and scores of hand-sewn garments-men's shirts and trousers, complete outfits for the women, children and babies. There were baskets, ropes, twine, mats and rugs of various kinds, all made of grass, roots and leaves. There was the weekly washing nicely ironed and samples of bread, cake and other foods made by the girls in the cooking class. The boys put their exhibit in the carpenter shop. Tables, chairs, benches, beautifully carved bone and wooden walking sticks and other articles, models in clay and many other interesting things covered the tables and walls of their workshop. Their fields and gardens and brick field were also all ready for inspection.

Eleven o'clock, and over the ridge they came. They found us ready and waiting. On small tables on the front porch we had prepared to serve the so-necessary cup of tea. Greetings and tea over, we went immediately to our work. The natives were lined up before the school building. They sang the national anthem and did a five-minute drill; then the Resident Commissioner and his party inspected the school and medical work, while the children did an assignment given them by their visitors. The kings were much pleased with all the wonderful things they were shown, so the Commissioner asked for permission to address the whole family. He praised their singing, their school work, their beautiful, well-kept home. He told them he was proud of them and that they must work hard, study well, and serve faithfully the great, good God about whom the missionary had come to teach them. He told them how the white man had once been far less educated than the Swazi today, but how hard work and the gospel of Christ had lifted him to the place he holds today. The Swazies, he said, could and would find their rightful place by this same road.

One o'clock, Alice had a regular American dinner for the kings: fried chicken, mashed potatoes, corn on the cob, vegetable salad and pie. Much of this food was prepared in a way new to them, but they praised her highly for her good cooking. They seemed to enjoy it greatly. Outside the natives had their food. They had worked hard all year in school, field and church work. Anyway, it had been two months since they had had meat to eat, so for today, just to help celebrate a bit, we killed a large ox and they cooked it head, hoofs and all in big clay pots. Meat and porridge were indeed a feast to them.

Now it was three o'clock. The native police came with the cars and our guests bade us farewell. They have just disappeared over the ridge. We are still on the davenport where we sank with big sighs of relief and satisfaction. We have been reminding each other of all the kind words of our visitors, and laughing because Leah got frightened and spilled a few drops of soup down my neck at dinner time. Outside there is a tremendous din. The whole family is celebrating. They have relaxed completely from their strain. They have satisfied themselves and the kings, and for them the day's work is done. For the missionaries, too, the day is done. We have much to talk and think about. Of course, we will care for the sick, look after the building program and busy ourselves until late into the night with countless little tasks such as we always have to do, but, nevertheless, the day is done.

The kings have come and gone. Everything from one end of the mission station to the other is in order now and we are glad. We are glad to be on a mission station, glad for the visit of the kings, glad for all their kind words and help, glad for an orderly place once again. One day at Endingeni, a little different, 'tis true, from other days, but a day well-spent. Just now we feel the presence of Another, a heavenly King, giving His approval to our labors, and we say, "Yes, the kings came to Endingeni today."

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05 -- A DAY ON THE RAND -- By William C. Esselstyn

Life on the Rand is far different from that on any other of our mission stations. The Rand, short for Witwatersrand, otherwise known as the Reef, and often referred to merely as Johannesburg, is not only the greatest gold mining center in the world, but also is becoming a great industrial and commercial center.

Less than sixty year ago, in 1886 to be exact, this country was an expanse of barren South African veld only sparsely inhabited by a few natives and a few Boer sheep farmers. Then one day a prospector on trek to the gold fields of the Eastern Transvaal out-spanned his oxen and made camp for the night. His curiosity was soon aroused, however, by an outcrop of strange-looking mottled rock. He ground up a little in his mortar and, to his amazement, found that he could pan gold out of it. This was the beginning, and what a beginning! The striking of that miner's pestle against that first piece of pebble was like the striking of a steel against a sliver of flint, the sparks from which started a mighty forest fire. Gold is a magic word, and as soon as the news of its discovery had spread abroad, this veld, so green in summer, but so hopelessly brown and barren in winter, was transformed into a rough, hustling mining town. Johannesburg was being founded. But the Rand is far larger than Johannesburg, stretching as it does for thirty

miles in either direction east and west of the city. Along this vast stretch of reef has grown up not only the great city of Johannesburg with a population of over half a million, but also nine other municipalities with populations varying from a few thousand to well over a hundred thousand. This great concentration of people and the fabulous wealth which has poured forth from the mines have more and more demanded the conveniences and luxuries of modern civilization so that today we have here on the Reef our modern homes and apartment houses, splendid department stores, electric trains, fine street cars, the latest buses and hundreds of miles of paved roads. To be sure, there are many other things yet to be desired, at least by us Americans, and prices are usually extremely high as compared to those we are used to paying overseas. But that is all another story, and, in any case, all this may one day be changed, for the present war has so severely cut off imports on which the country has largely depended that there has been a great increase in home manufactures, so that the Rand is fast becoming a great industrial center and South Africa an industrial nation.

Now perhaps you are wondering where mission work comes into all this. I will say nothing now of the scores of thousands of native people living in the so-called "locations," that is, areas set aside for natives to dwell in. The Church of the Nazarene at present is doing nothing to help these people,, though they are in dire need. Our work is, on the other hand, with the men who come to work in the mines. Scattered up and down this Reef are two-score or more of mining companies, each employing thousands of natives, and working on such a vast scale that the great mine dumps built up out of the crushed ore, from which the gold has been extracted, look almost like a mountain range. The native men recruited to work in these mines come from almost every tribe in Southern Africa, as well as many from tribes in South Central Africa. They leave their families at home and come to stay for a year to a year and a half at a time. So it is that we have working here a few of our Swazi church members (though the Swazies do not like to leave their homes to work in the mines), a few of our members from the Eastern Transval and hundreds of our members from Portuguese East Africa, for the Shangaans are great favorites with- the companies because of their intelligence and aptitude in all types of mining work. While they are working in the mines the men live in great compounds, each almost a town in itself. The compounds are composed of rooms built end to end in long rows around the border of a large enclosure, the doors all opening inward into the enclosure. Thus the rooms themselves form the walls of the compound. Within this enclosure there are often other long lines of rooms, as well as the kitchen where the food is cooked in great steam kettles and dished out to the men with shovels. Then there is the room for periodically fumigating the clothes and blankets of the natives, the bath house with its shower baths continually running, the wash tubs where the men can wash their clothes, and sometimes a little store where they may buy fruit, or green corn to roast, or packets of sweet biscuits, or bottles of soda water. Each compound room accommodates from a dozen to as high as sixty men, though the average size holds about twenty-five; while compounds vary in size from a thousand or so up to more than ten thousand each.

And now -- what about that day? "Oh-ho-hum, it is time to stretch and get up, for the clock in the tower of the Catholic Convent at the end of the street has just struck six. O Lord, may the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts -- and the deeds of our hands -- be acceptable in Thy sight this day. Amen!"

It is seven-thirty now, morning prayers and breakfast are over and the children have just gone out of the door on their way to school. I am going to my desk for a little while, Margaret, for I must write a few letters before I go to the post office to get our mail. I will write the Schmelzenbachs that I made a date for them with the dentist for the 14th, so if they leave Bremersdorp on the bus on the 13th they will get here in time. It is too bad they are having such trouble with their teeth. And did you write Miss Dixon that we finally got that mosquito screening she needed and have shipped it to her? You did? Thank you! What did you say? Oh, you are going to work on the W.F.M.S study lessons and the mimeographing for the Bible School today? All right; that's splendid. Good-bye now."

"Yes, here I am back from the post office, Margaret, and I shall have to leave for the city at once. Yes, I mailed the letters. Here is some foreign post today; isn't this fine? A letter from the Board, some from our folk and a half dozen from other friends. I would like to stop and read them all now, but think I'd better not or I will not get done in the city before time for the meeting in the compound tonight. I will finish reading this mail when I get home tonight. Now do you have anything more to add to this list of things for me to get? A letter came from Miss Jester this morning asking that we get a plow for them to use in the school gardening, and Brother Savage wants me to get him some bricklaying tools so that he can begin on that new out-station church. Then I will try to get those yard goods for Miss Cooper's girls, and the Bibles for Acornhoek. But with the war on, I doubt if I can do it, for you remember we have been without Shangaan Bibles for months, and now even Testaments are no longer available. I am afraid that it will soon be just the same with Zulu, too. They told me last week at the Bible House that their stocks were very low."

From our mission home in Boksburg it is fourteen miles by car into Johannesburg, the shopping center of South Africa. Because it is the shopping center our missionaries living on the Rand have always been appointed as mission buyers by the Council. By doing this shopping we are able to assist materially our stations in the Eastern Transvaal, Swaziland and Gazaland.

It is three o'clock in the afternoon before I have finished all the business matters, and now there is just time to go see Zantiti. Poor boy, he had just come from his home in Gaza to work in the mines when he was taken sick and his doctors are mentioning the frightful word, leprosy. I must see him. The hospital superintendent ushers me into a long empty ward, cleared because of this suspicious case. Yes, our worst suspicions have been confirmed. I pray earnestly with the poor boy. He has no Testament, so I give him one of the last I have, for the war is making it impossible to get the Word of God in the native language. He confesses his hope and trust in Jesus, and I depart with my heart heavy. If only I could help him more!

It is drawing close to five o'clock now and I have promised to be at the compound at East Geduld at half-past. I must hurry home, and then on to the service. And so I do. There is Margaret in the kitchen fixing some tea. Will I have some before I go to the compound? Well, a cup would be refreshing. There is a peculiar little smile playing on her lips and as she ushers me into the dining room, who would be there but Brother Shirley! Well, well, Brother Shirley, where did you come from? You got in on the train this morning, and have been in the city all day seeing about some new type and supplies for the printing press? Well, I was in the city all day myself. What a pity we didn't meet. You are surely looking fine. How are Sister Shirley and all

the Acornhoek folk? And what do you hear from Floyd and Millard? That is fine. How about going to the compound with me tonight? Fine! And of course you will preach."

It is quarter to six as we drive up to the compound gate and there are three of our men waiting to greet us and carry our case of books. After stopping at the office to greet the compound manager we go on into the compound to our Nazarene room. It is swept and in order for the service with a table and a couple of chairs for the missionaries and the rest of the available space filled with benches. As it has begun to rain we will not have an open-air meeting first but will go right into the meeting in the room. The bell is rung, and the men begin to crowd in while we are singing the first song, a noble hymn of prayer for the salvation of the lost and the soon coming of Christ's Kingdom. They fill up the benches and crowd onto the beds until the room is packed. After some songs, prayer and a few testimonies Brother Shirley preaches. An altar call is given and seven respond; some seeking forgiveness, some sanctification. We have a good season of prayer with them and six arise to testify victoriously to the wonderful new work of grace that God has wrought in their hearts. The seventh is not so certain. This is the first time he has ever sought God and he is so steeped in heathen darkness that he does not comprehend what Christ can do for him. He only knows that his heart is hungry and that it has done him good to pray. He promises to keep on praying till he knows he is really saved. He seems to have gotten as far as he will be able to get tonight, and all we can do is to commit him into the care of the Lord and of the Christians in the compound. After we have done this the men say that they would like to learn a new chorus. So we sing for a few minutes. This time it is, "Joy, joy, my heart is full of joy!" in Shangaan, of course. They are adept at learning music and are soon singing it with ease and gusto, all but that sleepy fellow over there leaning against one of the beds. I never could brook those people who have to lean against something even when they are supposed to be worshipping and praising the Lord. "Come let us all stand up and SING!" And even he comes to life and enters into the song with the others. Tomorrow that song will be echoing a mile below the surface-of the: earth.

The service over and the last good-byes said, we return home. Margaret has kept some supper warm for us, but we are not very hungry, for before we left the compound the men insisted that we must sit down and have a cup of tea and some bread with them. That rather took the keen edge of our appetites for supper, for it was then eight-thirty and we were hungry, so ate liberally of the bread. But it is nine-thirty now and we can eat a little more. We sit down at the kitchen table, and as we eat we talk over the latest news about our missionaries, about our church and loved ones overseas. There is time now to read the letters that came this morning, and there is the evening paper to read, giving us the latest news about the war. "And how did you Come on today, Margaret? You got the missionary lessons for two quarters written? Well, that is fine. And six stencils cut, besides all the regular housework done, and then you found time for prayer with that poor old invalid, Mrs. Dean. And you say that Davida Ngonyama was here for some church letters? You gave them to him. Thank you. Now I am going to my desk to write that letter home to Mother. Then I will be right in and go bed. "Good night, Brother Shirley. Our day on the Rand is over."

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Ebenezer Mission Station is located in the southeastern part of the Colony of Mocambique, which is Portuguese East Africa, 200 miles north of Loureneo Marques, the capital of the Colony, and 20 miles from a Portuguese town called Manjacaze. In this town there is a government post, a post office, a small hospital and several stores. When people come to our station for the first time they think they have certainly reached the jumping-off place. Ebenezer is truly a "light set on a hill" and is known to thousands of natives in all that district. Here many a burdened, weary and footsore native has come and found relief. It is a veritable oasis in the desert for both soul and body.

A day at the station? Which day shall we choose? The night before the mail has been made ready and given to the mail boy who left before sunrise for the post office 20 miles away. The rising bell sounds, and all at the station prepare to go to the church for morning prayer. After prayer the work bell rings and the various helpers about the station are assigned their tasks for the day.

It is now breakfast time, but before we can reach the table word comes that a woman desires to see us. We find her in a bad state of mind, for our cattle have broken into her garden. Breakfast is left waiting for awhile and we go down to the gardens, anywhere from a half mile to two miles away, to ascertain how much damage has been done. We find in reality that not very much has been eaten. Then comes the task of determining what will wipe away her tears. We know, before going into the matter, that she will want more than the corn is worth, but we must be fair, because tomorrow we will want to preach to her. After a long discussion we finally reach an agreement. We wend our way back to the mission station realizing that we have lost a lot of time. Or have we lost it? Perhaps not -- for we still have her confidence, and it may be that in the tomorrows she will be another who will join the ranks of the redeemed.

Just as we enter the mission grounds the man who drives the water wagon comes to report that the tongue of the wagon is broken. We go to see it. Yes, true enough, and even worse, it is broken beyond being repaired, and three mission homes and a dispensary are waiting for water. Nothing to do, but to make a new tongue. After getting operations started in that direction we make another attempt to get our breakfast. This time we succeed. While we are eating, one of the missionaries, who is overseeing the building of a house, sends a workman to tell us that there is no more water with which to mix the cement and unless some can be gotten the work will have to stop. The missionary sighs and for the hundredth time lifts his heart in prayer for the long-looked-for water system. The emergency is taken care of by sending a number of women to carry water on their heads. As we are finishing the morning meal the last bell rings for school, and the boys and girls who have come from the nearby kraals, together with those from the boarding schools, are seen hurrying away to their class rooms, where their teachers, both missionary and native, are awaiting them. The Bible School students are already in their places when the missionary arrives. The service which is held daily at the dispensary also begins at this time and then follow the treatments.

While the schools and dispensary are carrying on their work the other activities of the station are proceeding apace. Here comes a boy with a letter from an outstation pastor. This out-station is 40 miles away, so the matter must be attended to at once so that the boy will be

able to leave for his homeward journey that day. This pastor reports a matter which must have the immediate attention of the missionary. So the missionary must consult his schedule, decide how soon he can visit the out-station and send word back by this boy. Also the pastor needs some medicines, so the boy goes over to the dispensary where the missionary nurse will fill the empty bottles which he has brought.

Now a preacher with some of his people enters the mission grounds. Oh yes, we remember now that there was a wedding scheduled for this morning. We not only conduct the ceremony, but we also take time to give the couple an exhortation on their duties to each other, and some instructions as to how to build up a Christian home. Thus we help to make one more light to shine in darkness.

The wedding over, our next duty at hand is to give food to some famine sufferers who have come seeking aid. We cannot give them much, as a large number are now coming daily and food is very scarce and expensive. As we give them the food we also tell them about Jesus, the Bread of Life. We wish that we had a little more earthly food, though, to give them.

It is now dinner time, and very little that the missionary had planned to do that morning has actually been done. While we are enjoying the noonday meal the man who takes care of the garden comes to tell us that several sacks of cement have been left at the mission siding. (Wish you could have seen that funny little old train that brought them!) But now we have no wagon we can use to bring these sacks to the mission station and there is no shelter near the siding. It may rain tonight, and if the cement should get wet...!! While we are considering this heavy problem the same man informs us that tomorrow is spraying time for the station cattle, but the spraying solution is all gone. We have no store just around the corner either. Another matter to consider and settle.

Dinner is now over and the twenty minutes remaining before the afternoon's duties will begin we spend in reading. Those few minutes pass quickly and just as the bell is ringing a note comes from the missionary nurse asking if there are any planks anywhere with which to build a coffin, as a baby has just died and the parents, who are Christians, have come in from a long distance. So we go to the storehouse and designate what boxes may be used for this purpose. Then we go in to pray and sympathize with the bereaved ones. On returning to the house we meet John, one of our native elders, coming to talk about some of the problems pertaining to his circuit. We counsel and pray with him.

In the school rooms the pupils are busy learning how to sew, knit, mend, crochet and iron. Later they will learn basketry and carpentry and the afternoon session will close with a Bible lesson. Some newly arrived missionaries are zealously trying to master a foreign dialect, so we devote the next hour to helping them. Here comes a group of middle-aged women who are learning to read. How eagerly they respond as we spend an hour or more with them. Just as they are leaving, word comes from the dispensary that the little coffin is now ready, and as we always bury the dead the same day they die, we go to perform this sad task with the bereaved parents ere the sun shall set.

Supper time has now come. Just as we are going to the house a leper approaches crawling on her hands and knees -- having thus traveled a distance of about 15 miles. She has heard of our refuge for lepers and begs to be allowed to join their company. We have told the caretaker only yesterday that we cannot take in another one, and we tell her this regretfully. Tears begin to roll down her cheeks as she says, "Then let me stay and die here in your village, for to be received into your leper colony is my last hope on earth." What could we do but to receive this poor sufferer?

We now sit down to our evening meal. The day is fast drawing to a close. What is the most profitable thing we can do this evening? With a twinge of conscience we look toward the large pile of unanswered letters from the loved ones and friends across the trackless deep. Then another stab of conscience -- there is that article to write for the Other Sheep. Yes, we will write that tonight. We settle ourselves nicely, but we are not yet in the writing mood. There is a knock at the door and the mail boy enters. Joy, oh joy! Just lots of mail from overseas, together with the Herald of Holiness and Other Sheep. We are just in the midst of reading our "home" mail when another knock comes at the door. This time it is a young man from the Bible School. He is not enjoying perfect victory in his soul, and has come to request our help in prayer. We pray with him till the answer comes and he goes away satisfied and happy.

It is now late and time to retire, but before doing so we finish reading the home letters and take a first quick glance at the papers. Then we add the letters of this mail to that already too-large pile of others waiting to be answered, for it is now so late that we must wait for "a more convenient season" for writing.

Thus another missionary day closes and the missionaries go to their rest. As we lie down, we review the events of the busy day and the question comes, "What have we done today to further the kingdom of our God?" The answer comes, "We have all worked together to establish in this land 'a people whose God is the Lord.'" We thank Him for the privilege of being in Africa, and we pray again that we may be real missionaries fulfilling ALL that the Lord expects of us. Then we pray for the infant church in Portuguese East Africa and in other parts of Africa, the church in the homeland, and the "household of God" everywhere. Then rest. Comfort provided by loving hearts of our beloved Zion. God bless them!

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07 -- A DAY AT THE CHRISTOPHER HAHN MEMORIAL STATION -- By Velma Mischke

How glad we are to hear that you are going to spend a day with us! A day isn't very long, you know; however, it is better than no visit at all, and if this day goes as most of our days do, you no doubt will have quite a little peep into life on our mission station.

We will meet you in Johannesburg with our car. We are a little over three hundred miles from Johannesburg, and we can make the trip one way nicely in one day. We leave the city immediately after breakfast, heading our car north and east most of the way. At first the country is very level, and you can see for miles, but after we have finished the first hundred miles the scenery becomes more interesting. Hills appear, and the road begins to wind, and before we

know it we are climbing and twisting and crossing rushing streams. So if you love beautiful mountain scenery you will have many thrills in store for you for the next two hundred miles.

Just before sunset we reach a little village called Bushbuck Ridge; the government headquarters, police station, stores, etc., of our district are situated here. We will leave the mountains now. We stop a moment and look down over the vast bushveld which stretches on for miles to the Indian Ocean. Our hearts are always greatly moved as we look down over this great stretch of country. It never fails to remind us of the vision Livingstone had of the smoke of a thousand villages ascending to heaven, where the people had never heard of the one true God and His love. Years later our pioneer Nazarene missionary, Harmon Schmelzenbach, was moved by the same vision. From this point you can literally see the same thing with your own eyes. We are now twenty-two miles from our mission station. You can see the road winding in and out down the mountain side. Down we go now, headed for the bushveld. Up there in the mountains you were glad for a wrap, but as we go down and down, you push your coat collar back, and run the window down. The air is balmy and feels good on your face. Before we reach the mission the sun has set, and as soon as the sun sets it is dark. No long lingering twilight in Africa.

We are here. We know you are anxious to see everything at once, but since it is dark and we have no electric lights it will be best for you to have supper and go directly to bed. Our house girls are so glad to see us that they have tried to cook what they think is a nice meal. It isn't what we would especially order after an all-day car trip, but we must eat some of everything to let them know we appreciate their effort. Don't be bothered if along black arm reaches in front of you to serve the person beside you, or if your water glass is slopped over a bit as it is placed before you. Just remember that these girls have been in the white man's house only a few weeks, and right now they are suffering from a bad case of stage-fright because of company! Possibly you would do worse if you were in their places. Now off to bed where the crickets, frogs and hoot owls will soon sing you to sleep. We hope the snakes will not try to visit you during the night. Just a few weeks ago the missionary shot a big one, five feet long, heading for the porch only a few feet away from your bedroom door. But that was in the hot summer time and they were much worse then.

The next thing you know the church bell is ringing and it is morning. Then you hear the voices of many people praying. That is morning prayers. You hop out of bed and run to the window -- the beautiful sight before you nearly takes away your breath. Just over there, about twenty miles away, is a range of big, craggy mountains, and as the sun peeps over the eastern horizon in the opposite direction, these mountains are bathed in a rosy and purple hue which is indescribably beautiful. They are part of the Drakensburg Range and we are just at the foot of them. Nearer all about us are small rolling hills, dotted with large beautiful African trees. Most of them remain green all the year round. A few miles farther on is the lowest part of the bushveld, where the heat is intense and malaria rages part of every year. If you were here with us for one hot season, however, you would agree that the heat and malaria are bad enough right here.

There are many things to attend to before breakfast. The school children who live here on the station must work in the gardens mornings and afternoons to help raise their own food. We tell them where to go every morning, and as they run off with their hoes you might almost think

they are very industrious. Some of them do take life seriously at times, and are quite dependable, but to most of them life is one long jolly good time with very few serious moments. You can't help loving them, even though they do stretch your patience and long-suffering almost to the limit at times. Here comes a boy now with a long face, and reports that when he was working on the fence yesterday he forgot to take the saw home with him when the bell rang and today it is not there and he cannot find it anywhere. You feel like shaking him, for experiences like this are common with him, but what would be the use? -- he said he forgot, and that word is enough to forgive you for any sin, great or small, in his estimation.

We are doing some building on the station, and now the builder comes to report that the water to mix mud is all used up. So we have to send for the man who helps run the farm, and he sends for the boys who will go for the oxen. But what does all this have to do with water? Well, the water has to be hauled from the river about a quarter of a mile away. The sixteen oxen are hitched to the wagon, the big iron barrels are loaded, half a dozen boys jump on, delighted to be excused from hoeing in the garden. But as they start to drive away the farmer remembers that the last time he made this trip the brake on the wagon broke and they almost had a serious accident. So the whole procession has to wait while the missionary tries to devise something that will act as a temporary brake. The brake went bad several days ago, but why report a thing like that till you need it again? The breakfast bell is ringing at the missionary home, but the wagon simply has to go for water now so the breakfast will have to wait -- which is not unusual. This doesn't help the spirits of the girls in the kitchen, however, because some of them go to school, and they will have to hurry to get the dishes washed in time to get to school on time, and it is such a trial to have to hurry!

The wagon is off at last and we run for the house-but on the steps sits one of our preacher's wives from away down in the bushveld, and a boy with a letter from another preacher off in another direction. We must take time to greet the woman and speak to her in a casual way, because it would be very improper to act in a hurry. We find that she has several things to talk with us about. Her husband is too busy to come because they are building a new church, so, since the baby is not well, she has brought it to the dispensary, and at the same time has come to talk with us about several of her husband's ministerial problems. She is willing to see us later when we will have more time to talk, so we ask her into the kitchen and have the girls give her some food. We take the boy's letter and go inside. As we are washing our hands for breakfast we happen to look out of the window. There we see the builder in the act of putting a window in the new building and he is placing it altogether too high. He must be set right immediately or it will be too late, so out we run again. At the table at last -- but here is the kitchen girl saying that the boy who brought the letter says that he was told to bring the answer back at once and so he wishes to start back immediately. We open the letter at the table. The preacher reports about a young man and a young woman in his church. They have been engaged for some time. The girl's parents who are heathen, think it is time for the young people to marry because they will need the cattle they will receive for their daughter, so they drive her from her home and to the young man's house and tell her to stay there. So they have been living together for several weeks now, and will the missionary please come at once and fix the matter up? He also wishes the messenger boy to bring back some books needed in his school. So while one missionary writes a hurried answer to his note the other goes to the book-cupboard on the back porch. Before we finish there, Gokwana (grandmother), appears with her bright happy old face asking for mealie meal

right away. "She is an old woman who has been driven from her home as a witch, so she came to the mission where she has lived for some time now. She does many things for her keep, and just at present is cooking for the working men on the new building. She should have gotten her mealie meal early in the morning, but she forgot, and you know what I said about that word. Back to the table again and a cold breakfast. Soon we hear someone outside with a violent coughing spell. Don't be alarmed, it is only one way of ringing the door bell. In other words, someone wants attention. Just in case it might be something important we run to the door to see. It is only some school children wanting to buy books, so we tell them to wait till we have finished breakfast. Now let me see... have we finished breakfast or not? Well, we will call it finished, anyhow. We now shut the doors and have family prayers. We have instructed the girls in the kitchen never to disturb us during prayer unless there is a fire or someone is dying.

The last school bell rings, and since it is the first day of school after the holidays, we run over to open the school and greet the children. We have native teachers who do all the actual teaching in the school of about a hundred and fifty children. We find that the head teacher who was away for the vacation has not returned, nor has he sent any word. So we make arrangements for the other teachers to take his classes till he arrives. We remember the waiting preacher's wife at home and hurry back to the house.

She tells us her troubles -- the people who have been making the mud bricks to build their new church have run out of food, and of course it is up to the missionaries to furnish more. They are also ready for a builder now to put the walls up and make casings for the door and windows. She also reports that the heathen father of one of our boarding-school girls says he will not pay any more money for her to go to school and so she better come back home. We cannot consent to this, because her people are all heathen, and this would mean that no doubt she would backslide and lose her soul. It means that we must add another girl to our already long list of girls we feed, clothe and give a home in order to save their souls. Many of these girls turn out to be lovely Christians and workers in our needy mission field. The preacher's wife also tells us that he had to be up all last night making fires and noises around his cattle pen to keep the lions away.

That pop-pop-pop you have been hearing over there is the little engine running the printing press. Two native men who have been trained for many years by the missionary do all of our printing. They publish two papers in the native languages each month, as well as much other Christian literature such as tracts, small song books, etc. It is nice to look into the print shop once in a while -- the ink and paper smell so good, and the two men are always so courteous and business-like.

Those awful groans and moans are coming from the direction of the dispensary, of course. Just look over there! The nurse is standing behind a man who is sitting on the ground. His mouth is wide open and she is struggling away trying to extract a big wisdom tooth. What a noise he is making, and we can hardly blame him for it. But when the tooth is out his face will brighten and he will thank the nurse over and over. Here on long benches are a great group of people waiting. Some have bandages in various places, some have swollen eyes, some terrible coughs, while others look just plain miserable -- they, no doubt, are victims of malaria. But isn't it a pretty little dispensary building? I will tell you why we think so much of it. It is because it

was built by money given us by the Swaziland Woman's Missionary Society. Surely you must have read all about it in the *Other Sheep*. In one of the rooms within we find two mothers with their sweet new babies, and in another room an old woman who came here as a heathen, but has given herself to the Lord. This often happens in our hospital and dispensaries. While we are looking about, a boy comes running in all breathless and excited and says that his father has been taken very ill and will the nurse please come right away. Upon questioning him we find that his fathers' kraal is some distance off, over paths and a river where it would be impossible to go with a car. So the nurse fixes up her bag and sets out on foot.

But I just must get back to the kitchen for a little while. Today is the birthday of one of the missionaries on the station, and I did so want to have a nice birthday dinner for her tonight. I started to cream the sugar and shortening before breakfast this morning for a cake, but that is as far as I got. I find one of our good faithful girls sitting in the kitchen who is leaving to go to Bible school in just a few days now. I must talk over some things with her regarding her wardrobe, school fees, etc., so I will do that now while I take another try at the cake. I soon leave it again to go to a box where I keep parcels that come from America to find some articles of clothing that the girl will need at school. As we pass the open window some women call to me from outside. They have brought huge bundles of grass on their heads, which we use to thatch our small buildings. We must look at the grass and count the bundles and pay for them. Some of the women take cash, some want to pay their W.M.S. dues, and still others want to buy books for their children in school. There goes the noon bell, and I haven't even started some of the things I wanted to get done this morning. The cake that was started before breakfast is finished and popped into the oven. The house girl, bless her heart, has some tea and sandwiches ready for lunch. I go to call my husband, who planned to spend the morning in his office working on accounts and necessary letters. His books are all spread out on the table, but he is nowhere to be seen. Here he comes now from the field, hot and tired and black grease up to the elbows. The plow wouldn't work, so he was sent for and has spent the morning fixing it.

It is nice to sit in the big cool dining room and relax for a little. Some of the other missionaries from the station drop in and we discuss our problems. What can we do about this, and this and this? Oh dear, if we only had the wisdom of Solomon! Soon we hear singing in the prayer hut. That means that the women have gathered for their weekly prayer meeting. So our discussion ends, and the women missionaries go to the prayer meeting. What a prayer meeting we have! The Lord meets with us in a gracious way, and we all leave the hut with lightened burdens. After the prayer meeting one of the missionaries goes with a group of women to visit some kraals nearby to remind the people of the revival that is to begin in just a few days. And here comes a little boy with a note from the teacher reminding us that we were to come and hear the songs that the school is practicing for a program. The children sing just beautifully. Oh, how we long for them to learn to love Jesus!

The school children are sent to their gardens again and as we go back to the house we see a woman sitting under a tree. She has a sad face and well she might have. Once she was a good Christian, but now she is back-slidden and her life ruined. We talk with her for awhile, but although her eyes fill with tears she refuses to pray now. She says, "Some other time."

I did so want to go to the post office today because it is the day we always get a letter from our little boy who is 250 miles away in boarding school. But it is too late now so we will have to wait till tomorrow. As we pass the office window we hear praying. On glancing in we see that it is the missionary and one of the out-station preachers who has come in to report some real troubles he is having in his church. May the dear Lord help him to get it all straightened out.

Now it is nearly supper time -- like a flash I remember the birthday cake I left in the oven. I run to the kitchen -- and what a relief! There sets the cake on the kitchen table in perfect condition, all nicely baked. For a wonder the kitchen girl didn't forget. We decorate it and do a few other special things for supper. Soon all the missionaries gather, and we enjoy a good birthday supper together without being interrupted once. We find out later that several people have been to the back door wanting one or another of the missionaries, but the girls in the kitchen refused to call us. No doubt our visitors will all be back early the next morning.

After supper one missionary runs off to the dispensary to take care of the sick and pray with them before they go to sleep, another to his home to pray and prepare messages for the coming revival, another to his office and accounts and letters which were not touched all day, and another to the school house to have study hours and evening prayers with the boarding students.

It is bedtime now and the bed looks so inviting, but since the car is going to the post office early in the morning, we just must get off that order for school books, and I know I will sleep better if I also finish that letter home I started three days ago.

While preparing for bed we notice the little motto hanging on the bed-room wall which says, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." This is the promise God gave us back there in Northwest Nazarene College when we said "Yes" to His call to Africa. Our hearts burn within us as we look back over the years in Africa with all their bright and dark days. How true that promise has been. He has always been near! And so, as we kneel to pray, we commit to His care all we have done today and all we have wanted to do, but didn't get done. He understands it all. Our hearts are flooded with a great peace and calm, and we thank Him for a needy place in which to work for Him and for OTHERS.

We hope you have enjoyed your busy day with us, and that you will soon come again. Help us pray, won't you?

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08 -- A DAY IN OUR CHINA TRAINING SCHOOL -- By F. C. Sutherland

Three hundred miles straight south from the famous old city of Peking in China, and forty-five miles from the railway which connects Peking with Hankow, is the city of Taming. Just outside the walls of this town is a group of gray brick buildings housing the headquarters of our Nazarene Mission in China. These buildings with the surrounding mud and brick walls cover some twenty acres of ground. As the visitor comes up the main driveway from the gate of the compound, as it is called, on either side of him are a group of two-story buildings of similar

construction. One, the Girls' Dormitory, was built by money raised by the Junior Missionary Societies in the homeland, and the other, the main classroom building, is called the Vieg Memorial, because Miss Vieg by her will left all the money from her Christians Mutual Benevolent policy (less funeral expenses, which are slight in China for missionaries), to be applied to the erection of this fine building. It is hoped that after the war a tablet can be placed in the building to commemorate her gift.

There is a Spartan simplicity about the school and its equipment, in the classrooms the students sit on backless benches, four inches wide; benches with backs are provided only in the chapel. The dormitories are unheated even in winter and the dining room likewise, but the classrooms have airtight heaters made out of tin crudely fashioned by the local Taming tanners.

Over the Boys' Dormitory in the attic is a grain storehouse, where hundreds of bushels of wheat and millet and corn are stored. This is the chief diet of the student body. The school buys and stores the grain in the fall at harvest time when it is cheap, and then continues to sell at the same price all year to the student dining room committee, which, in turn, collects the money for the grain from the students.

This is North China, and winter mornings are chilly. There may be several inches of snow on the ground, though more often it is just cold. At six o'clock in the morning, while it is still dark, a student slips out of his bed, hastily dons his long winter garment of padded cotton, and hurries out into the yard where he rings the large bell. Soon dim little oil lamps with narrow wicks are lit in each room, where three or four students sleep in double-decker cots with only a small space between them. Even before the rising bell one can often hear the voice of prayer, as some have gone into corners of the school yard to find a place to pray. From the cook-house rises a cloud of smoke, and one hears the click-clack, click-clack of the bellows as the cook's helper fans the fire that is cooking the millet for the morning meal, or steaming the bread, which should be hot as it reaches the tables. Soon a long line of students pour out of the dormitory door nearest to the cook-house. They are going, each with a little enamelware basin in his hands, for warm water to wash their faces and hands. Then there is quiet till seven o'clock, except for the voice of prayer and the click-clack of the fire blower in the cookhouse. The students are all at their private devotions. One morning the dean of men came in with shining face. "I have walked the length of the corridors," he said, "and in every room there were open Bibles on the tables, and men on their knees on the floor."

At seven o'clock comes the call for breakfast, and in both the girls' and the men's dining halls, for they are separate, one can find students packed in just as tightly as room will permit. When all have entered there is a hush, then someone starts a verse of gospel song and all join in; then there is prayer; there are a few stragglers, and almost before one realizes it, the meal is over.

At a quarter past eight comes the call to chapel. In addition to the students there may be some of their friends or parents who have been staying in the compound for a visit. The girls sit on one side of the chapel and the boys on the other. The floor is brick and there is no stove, but garments are well-padded and the students sit crowded together on the benches. If hands are cold, they can be slipped into the long sleeves with which Chinese garments are provided. Someone, perhaps a student or a teacher, leads the singing, which is always hearty. All enjoy the

singing and there is very earnest prayer from burdened hearts. Some one may be called to lead in prayer or perhaps the leader says, t'ung k'ou tao kao, which means, "everyone pray," and then there is a regular Niagara of petition. A chapel address follows, and then this morning one student rises and says that he has something to say. He had been a leader in his village, a village headman, before he was saved, also a student of books of magic, "curious arts." He is holding these books in his hands. Now he is exhorting his fellow-students to let these things alone. "Have any of 'you books like these?" he asks. "If you have, bring them, and let them be burnt along with mine now!" He puts the books on the brick floor, touches a match to them and while they are burning the congregation sings a Christian song of victory.

A few moments after chapel is dismissed the bell for classes sounds, and the students go to their classes, the girls and boys entering each class by separate stairs and doors and sitting on opposite sides of the classrooms. Each class is opened by prayer and the calling of the roll.

At four o'clock, just as the last class is being dismissed, the postman is seen riding his bicycle toward the book-room with a parcel of books. At once there is a rush for the book-room to see what books have come, for Christian literature is scarce in China, and there is always an eager market for each new title that comes out. This afternoon the package happens to contain the "Woman's Star." It is very small and a simple little monthly for the home, but in less than half an hour all the copies have been sold.

Before the evening meal some of the students go out to take some form of exercise; perhaps a group go out for a short walk in the country. Some make calls on the missionaries at their homes. After the evening meal come devotions, then the bells call to study hours. The classroom is lit with a kerosene mantle lamp and everyone studies here as the dim little lamps in the dormitory rooms are so hard on the eyes. Everyone studies aloud if he wishes to, in Chinese fashion. During the evening a teacher drops in once or twice to see how things are coming along, but for the most part discipline is handled by the students themselves. Most of them are there with a serious purpose, and the problem of discipline is a minor one. At nine o'clock the study hours are over; some of the students remain around the dying fire in the stove of the classroom for awhile, others go to their rooms, or seek a quiet spot for evening prayer. At ten o'clock the dim little lamps in the rooms begin to be extinguished and soon darkness "descends on the long gray buildings, except for the light of the stars in the Oriental skies. There is no movement except when the night watchmen pass every couple of hours, with their flashlights turned on every dark corner as they go by. The missionaries commit their charges to the care of Him who "neither slumbers nor sleeps" and so a day in our China Training School is ended.

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09 -- A DAY IN OUR HOSPITAL AT TAMING -- By Henry C. Wesche

Our Nazarene hospital in China is located in the city of Taming, which is the headquarters of our Nazarene work in China. Taming is a city of about 30,000 inhabitants, in the southern end of Hopei Province, North China, about 300 miles south of Peking, and about 50 miles off the railroad. The Bresee Memorial Hospital, although not fully completed and officially opened and dedicated until about 1930, actually took in patients as early as 1925. It is located on

the compound of the Nazarene Mission just outside the North gate of the city wall in the North Suburb of the city. The building is a modern three-story structure of brick, with a steam-heating system, modern plumbing, running water and electric lights made possible by our own electric light plant. It has a capacity of 100 patients. A Nurse's Training School was maintained a good part of the time the hospital was open, and a number of fine nurses have been graduated and are now serving their own people. About 50 people were employed by the hospital to keep the place running efficiently. While much charity work was done and no one was ever turned away for lack of money, yet the patients were asked to pay their bills if possible. It was not till the last few years, however, that the hospital became anywhere near self-supporting. For the last year before the war with Japan the progress made toward self-support was very gratifying. Daily outpatient clinics were maintained, and here about 400 different patients were seen yearly, besides the return visits which amounted to many thousands. Since the opening of the hospital over 7,000 different individuals have entered the hospital as inpatients. About 3,635 operations have been performed.

Down through the years spiritual work seeking the salvation of souls went on continually. Eternity alone will reveal how many people have been definitely saved as the result of their coming to Bresee Memorial Hospital and hearing the gospel story there. Not only the preaching, but also the very atmosphere of the place impressed the people as being different from that of their own heathen homes and institutions. One military officer on walking through the wards of a Mission hospital remarked, "Why, this is like heaven!" A partial report from our native hospital evangelists during the last two years we were in China reveals that 277 people repented under their ministry. Considering that this was but a partial report we can be sure that there were well over 300 who found the Lord during these two years, or an average of about 150 a year. And no one can ever know the number who became Christians after leaving the hospital as the result of hearing the gospel while on their sick beds. We do know of one man, converted while a patient, who went home and within the next 9 months had led 20 persons to the Lord.

Needless to say, our days were more than full. Much of the time only one doctor was available, though there should have been two or three doctors all the time. I will try now to describe for you what well might have been a typical day in the Bresee Memorial Hospital, a busy day with but one doctor on duty.

Activity starts early, with breakfast for the patients about six o'clock in the morning. The nurses eat at 6: 30. At 7 o'clock is the nurses' night report in the Nurses' Superintendent's office. Here one of our American nurses, Miss Pannell, Mrs. Wesche, or Miss Eddy usually receives the report. A hymn is sung and prayer offered, then comes the busy time on the wards for the nurses, such as giving medicines, bathing and caring for the patients. Dressings are also done at an early hour. Usually there are so many surgical dressings that these are turned over to the nurses to do. Mr. Ch'ang is very capable at doing dressings and also at giving intravenous treatments. Twice a week the doctor sees all the dressings unless special cases demand closer supervision. Preparations are under way, meanwhile, for the operative schedule for the day which is usually very heavy.

Morning ward rounds are a daily event, usually started early so each one of the 60 patients can be seen before beginning the operations. All kinds of diseases are seen: fractures,

leg ulcers, sores of all kinds, infections, abscesses, cancer cases, cataracts, tumors, gunshot wounds and wounds sliced by bandits; in short, "all the ills flesh is heir to."

In the midst of all this suffering the gospel story brings real joy and peace. One young Chinese girl we remember had a generalized tuberculosis and suffered a great deal. She learned of Christ and came into a joyful experience. She liked to sing Christian hymns and pray, and when she was suffering the most she would sing and pray the loudest. She died one day in real victory. An officer in the army had a paralysis below the hips and could not walk. His mental distress was great, but one morning as I approached he looked up with a smile on his face and announced that he had become a Christian, and all his actions after this proved it. Gloom and agitation gave place to gladness and peace. What a joy to see spiritual results even when physical alleviation is not always possible.

The morning chapel service is a daily event. Everyone is expected to be present except a skeleton force who must remain with the patients. During the chapel service for the staff and the employees, a ward service is conducted for the patients. At other times the hospital evangelists will be found going from bed to bed talking to the patients individually.

A full morning is the rule in the operating room. From four to six operations are frequently performed in one morning. Today the first is the removal of an abdominal tumor which is so large that the patient has difficulty in walking. We find that the tumor weighs 40 pounds, and the patient came through in good condition. The next case is the high amputation of a thigh. This poor lad had a serious fracture, but waited weeks before coming for help. All attempts to save the leg have failed and this amputation is the last attempt to save the boy's life. Then comes a man who has been literally sliced up by bandits. We find several deep cuts in his scalp with fractures of the skull. One of these cuts sliced off a small portion of bone from the back of the skull exposing the membranes covering the brain. This operation takes considerable time, but finally everything is sewed up. (This patient hovered between life and death, but finally recovered and accepted Christ as his Saviour before he left the hospital.) Next comes a man with his whole leg badly swollen from a serious infection. We do an incision and drainage and remove a couple of quarts of pus. The last is an operation on the eyelids. The eyelashes have turned in and are rubbing the eyeball like a brush, producing partial blindness. The operation corrects this condition. These cases are operated on by the dozen in China.

A full morning like this usually takes till nearly one o'clock. The Chinese nurses then go to a late lunch and we foreigners to our homes to eat what has been saved for us. A little rest for a few minutes after the noon meal is not amiss and is indulged in whenever time permits. Often, though, there are interruptions which do not permit it. At any rate the afternoon clinic opens at 2 o'clock.

Long before 2 o'clock benches even outside the clinic are filled with waiting people, while within the waiting room is full of people and one of the hospital evangelists is busy preaching the gospel to them. Often he tells about several being saved in these services and of people begging him to come and hold a service in their village.

But at last the time comes to open the clinic. The doctor arrives and the people all try to crowd in at once, for each one wants to be seen first. The chatter of Chinese and the crying of many babies would make it almost impossible to work were it not for the fact that each one has a wooden paddle with a number on it, and thus each one is seen in the order in which he arrives. Only a few are let into the clinic office at one time. In this way we are able to proceed without confusion.

Again we see a great variety of conditions. One lad of 19 years but already a married man has a large tumor of the neck which must weigh at least 5 pounds. We try to get him to enter the hospital for an operation, and finally we succeed. Next a man wants to break the opium habit. We tell him that this will involve a three weeks' stay in the hospital. He, too, is willing to enter the hospital for treatment. The next man speaks for a man outside who has been brought in on a wheelbarrow and is waiting out there, too sick to move. We go out to see him and find that he has an advanced case of tuberculosis and has come too late for anything to be done for him. On a bed outside we see a young man very much emaciated and with numerous swellings all over his body. We find he is suffering from multiple abscesses. Probably literally quarts would be obtained on operation, but it is a grave question if he can survive any operative procedure. At last his father decides to take him back home to die without the operation. We are sorry not to be able to help him, but it is doubtful if we could save him anyhow and if he died in the hospital it might make others afraid to come, and so some who could be permanently helped would be kept away. Next comes an old man about 75 years old who is blind because of cataracts. We examine him and find that these can be removed with good hope of restoring vision. But he is afraid of an operation and decides to return home. Another man, this time a young man, apparently perfectly healthy in every way except that he is blind, begs us to operate on him. But, alas, we find that he has a condition that is inoperable, and so will have to be blind for the rest of his life. A poor beggar lad who sells peanuts at our front gate is among the clinic group. He comes regularly for eye medicine, and is always a charity case. He is so grateful that it is a joy to help him. The men are about all seen now, but we are not yet through. With only one doctor available we must now go over and treat the women who are to be seen waiting at the other side of the building in the women's clinic. Here again is a similar group suffering from all kinds of ailments. An old woman has a toothache, and we pull several teeth for her; most of them are loose. Then we give a child a short general anesthesia while we open an abscess. The wife of an official in the city has come with several servants and she is given proper attention. A woman has a swelling on the knee which we are sure is a malignant tumor, and the only hope of a cure will be an immediate amputation. We might as well talk to the wind. Under no circumstances will she agree to have her leg cut off. "Can't you just give me some medicine to put on it?" she asks. She is told that medicine cannot reach the trouble within, but that the tumor will grow and grow and eventually take her life. But she is unconvinced and goes home. At last the afternoon clinic is over, but there is still work to be done. Here is a patient who has been waiting for an eye examination, so this is given and glasses fitted. Now a hospital staff meeting to take up some special matters that have come up, so we hasten to that. After some discussion and due consideration the matters are settled and the meeting is dismissed.

We go back to the hospital to find that several patients have been admitted and they must all be seen, some to be examined more thoroughly and all to have orders written for their care and treatment. There are orders to be written for the operative cases for the next morning. Other

patients have some complaints and wish to see the doctor. We attend to them. By now the supper hour is approaching and we begin to feel the need of nourishment, but several other matters of administration must be attended to first. At length all is finished and we dash home for supper, hoping for, yet not really expecting a quiet evening in which to get off some correspondence and do some reading. These plans vanish, as they have many times before, as we leave the hospital, for there we see eight men just arriving with a stretcher. That looks like more work for the evening. We find on the stretcher a young man who became involved in some fighting in a village between the guerrillas and some other faction. He is a victim of circumstances, but has a serious stab wound in the abdomen. It is not a large wound, but is serious because a loop of the bowel is outside the wound, with a dirty piece of cloth covering it. His only hope is an immediate operation. We talk over the matter with his relatives who have brought him in, the treatment and probable outcome is explained to them, operation permit blank explained to them and finally signed by them, and other entrance formalities taken care of and the patient taken to the ward. We give the necessary orders for the preparation of the patient for operation. While the instruments are boiling and the other preparations are being made we rush home for a bite to eat. Then back to the hospital and scrub for the operation. This is a serious case. The outcome is very uncertain. We offer silent prayer that God will help and bless in every step. Then the operation begins: the abdomen is opened; the extruded bowel is resected; search is made for other possible injuries. About two hours is taken for this. To help assure a successful outcome a quart of weak sugar solution is given in the vein. The patient's pulse is good and he is resting well. It is the best that we can do. (The result of this operation was that the patient recovered and also became a Christian and faithfully read his Bible during his convalescence.)

But it is nearly eleven o'clock now, and we all go home to drop into bed. First, though, we thank God for strength for the day that is past, and entreat His help and blessing on all that we have done. Too tired for a longer prayer we drop into bed, and a day in our hospital in Taming is over.

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10 -- A DAY IN A CHINESE REVIVAL -- By Katherine Wiese

China, with eighty per cent of its population farmers, has its special seasons for evangelistic work. In our district, Hopei Province in North China, the best months of the year for meetings are from the middle of October to Christmas, and from the first part of February till wheat harvest in June. From Christmas to February the weather is too cold, often below zero, for evangelistic work, as we have little or no fire in the churches and the people who gather to attend the services have to sleep either on the benches or the dirt floor of the church or on dirt beds.

We will take you through a day in the evangelistic season as we start out on a long evangelistic tour. It is the day we begin a revival in Fan Hsien, fifty miles southeast of our headquarters in Taming. After the Fan Hsien meeting there will be many others before we return to Taming.

We rise early as it will take about three hours to make the trip by car. We look at the suitcase, hoping that enough warm clothes have been packed, that extra sweater, the Chinese

padded garment, heavy stockings and over-shoes, not for mud but to keep our feet warm. We make a hurried trip to the kitchen, "Lee See Fa, have you enough supplies to last five or six weeks? Do you have the five-gallon oil can mudded and bricked to be used as a cook stove while we are out? Do the army cot sticks fit, and has enough bedding been packed into the roll?" The Bible School students, preachers and missionaries come over to let us know that they will be praying for us and for the meetings. We run over to the book room to see if Sister Sutherland has our order of Bibles, song books and books for study classes ready for us. We also secure a supply of tracts and Bible posters. Then we check on the gasoline lantern to see if an extra generator and mantles are with it. We always take one or two of these lanterns with us to light the churches; otherwise, with only the lights of the average Chinese church we can see only the faces of the people on the front seats. A supply of gasoline for lights and car has been made ready, as well as engine oil for the car. The car tools, etc., have been packed into the car the day before.

We must be off, so after a brief song and prayer we head the Chevrolet out of the compound. Six miles and we reach the river. How we hope there will not be several carts ahead of us at the ferry waiting to cross. As we come down to the river we look eagerly for carts and also to see if they will have ten-inch boards for us to drive onto in crossing from bank to the ferry or if they will have just some narrow five or six-inch ones. We get on with only one cart, two cows, a wheel barrow and fifteen or twenty people. The river once crossed we are soon on our way and across the sand to the road.

About ten o'clock we near our destination. We see a group of people coming out of the city, and soon we are near enough to hear that they are singing a Christian song; they are our church people coming to greet us. We get out of the car meet them as they all bow and say, "Peace, Pastor and Teacher!" It is a joyous time, but we cannot linger long, for it is time for the first service. When we reach the church more people come out to greet us. "Where are the children?" they ask. "Are they all well?" We answer these and similar questions no less than a hundred times in the next few hours.

We get our Bibles and start to enter the church; we are informed that the singing has been going on for over half an hour already. We call for another song to give us time to become adjusted to our surroundings. The offering has been held off till the missionaries arrive to make sure that all the people will be inside the church. While the plates are being passed an old woman rises to testify; she has a special love-offering to give and she wishes to tell her story first. Her son has been very sick and she prayed to God for his healing. She tells in detail how her heathen neighbors scorned and mocked her over her son's illness, saying that it was all because she had taken up with the foreign religion that her son was so ill. But the Lord heard her prayers, raised up her son in a miraculous way, put to silence and shame the scoffing neighbors and gave her much in addition to praise Him for. Now she wishes to give a dollar as a special offering in appreciation for all God has done for her.

It is just an ordinary Chinese service and it is so natural and easy to fall into the spirit of the meeting that when we open the Bible to preach it is God who is in charge of the service and not we. We preach for an hour or more. (It is generally more!) We give the altar call and fifteen come forward and there is much praying and weeping. We endeavor to help each one of the

seekers, finding out just what is their need, what they have done, and explaining what the Lord requires of them and the necessity of going all the way through.

It is after one o'clock before we go to eat. We find that our faithful cook has had a time to get the fire started as there was no dry fuel to be had; finally he went to the gate-house and cooked the food over there. The flies are bad, as no windows are screened. We have barely started to eat when the church board from Tung Kou comes in. "Will you not come over and give us a meeting?" they plead. We have to tell them that we are sorry, but every day till harvest is already slated. They go on to tell us how badly they need a meeting, and say that if we cannot give them a full meeting, then one day would be better than nothing. When we are unable to promise them even one day, they beg that we run over and give them at least one service, even if we have to take the time from one of our other meetings. They argue that surely no church would be so little and selfish as to deny them that much. We are forced to tell them that we have already given our solemn promise to these other churches and cannot begin the practice of taking time away from where it is promised -- they will have to wait till next time. Tears roll down their cheeks as they stand there in disappointment. They do not see how they can go back to their church and admit that they could not get the missionary to come for even one service. We kneel and pray with and for them that our God will comfort their hearts, and we add an earnest prayer that God will send forth more laborers into this needy field in China. As we arise from our knees they suddenly realize that we have not eaten and apologize profusely as they withdraw. We start to eat again when others, thinking we have had ample time for our meal, come crowding in. "Will you pray with me for my sick mother?" one inquires. She adds that her mother has been sick for a month and cannot eat; the worst of it is that she is not... a Christian; will we pray for her soul as well-as her body? We kneel and have prayer with this burdened daughter. Our meal? Well, finally we rush through it as something incidental, for many others are by now waiting for us. A woman who came in with several others speaks up first, "I have not heard from my son for months and I am so worried about him; will you not pray for his safety and that I may hear from him soon?" We kneel again and pray over this matter with the mother till relief comes.

But now the church bell is ringing for afternoon service and the congregation has begun singing. Fortunately, it is only a step from our room to the church. We find the church crowded and have a difficult time pushing our way to the platform. Without the desired chance of getting alone to pray for the afternoon meeting we look out over that great crowd of hungry faces and feel so inadequate for the task before us. From within we cry, "Blessed Holy Spirit, use our lips to feed these souls." Before us are Christians waiting to be fed, and sinners hungry for the truth. After a refreshing season of prayer we take our text and begin preaching. In the midst of the sermon a man towards the front gets to his feet with tears in his eyes. "Pastor," he says, "the Holy Spirit has brought to my mind \$20 I borrowed thirty years ago and have never paid. The man from whom I borrowed it has gone to Shensi, but I will write at once and get in touch with him and pay that money. I do not have the money, but pray for me that God will help me." He hurries to the altar and falls on his knees. Now a woman is coming down the aisle crying, "Pray for me!" She continues, "I am unable to love my mother-in-law; she curses me and has burned my song book and Bible, and tells my son not to follow these foreign devils. She keeps saying that I am crazy. Please pray for me that I may love her!" Soon the altar is full, but still they keep

coming. As we see them and think of their problems and needs we cry inwardly, "Lord, meet their needs, for Thou God alone canst help them!"

After the meeting is over we start back to our room at once, as it is late. The beds should be set up and the bedding unrolled. Someone stops us to have a Bible verse explained. Another wishes to know if we have any books to sell. We have and take some time to sell Bibles, books and calendars, as a crowd gathers the minute we begin to open the case of books. A pastor comes especially to ask if we have penny Christmas calendars, and soon many other pastors from other churches have gathered and supplied themselves with enough calendars for all their people. At length someone comes to our rescue by saying that the missionaries must be tired and that we should be allowed to go to our room for a little rest before the evening service.

Just as we get our bed set up for the night the local pastor comes to the door. Listen to what he is saying, "Those eighteen women who walked in the fifteen miles have brought no bedding. Some of the younger women had babies and small children to carry, while the older women had all they could carry in their supply of millet and bread for them to eat during the days of the revival. You know that it is very cold and may snow tonight; what do you think I should do for them?" He continues talking, "I do have a little tent which is not being used; do you think it would be all right to let them have it to cover themselves up? I know that a tent should not be used like that, but we cannot allow those women and children to sleep in this bitter cold without covers of some kind. There is not a quilt left in the town to be rented; all have been rented out." We agree that his plan is a way out in this emergency, and he goes to carry the tent to the women while we try to eat. Before we have finished, several come in just to visit with us, and now they wish to report how the Lord has been blessing them and tell of the priceless souls He has helped them to win. One wishes to talk with us about his spiritual problems and by the time we have helped him and prayed with them all the evening song service is nearly over. As we make our way through the crowd toward the platform suddenly confusion reigns to the left of us. Some one has been stung by a scorpion, an extremely painful mishap. We go out to treat the victim, while the congregation goes on singing till we return.

At last we are back on the platform, and opening the Word of God. As we look over the great crowd before us we feel that we understand how Jesus felt as He looked on the multitude and was moved with compassion. We are very tired in body, but God gives us fresh strength and at the close of the sermon more souls bow at the altar. Some of these seekers need special help; we call these to our room one by one. We ask the first one what seems to be his trouble that he could get nowhere at the altar, and here in the privacy of our room we get his life story, at least as far as his spiritual difficulties are concerned. We kneel and pray with him that God may direct him in the straightening of his life's tangled skein; we instruct him; we give him God's promises to the obedient. At last joy sweeps over his soul, and he goes out to begin straightening up his past acts. Another comes in, and then another, and thus we pray and instruct till late in the night.

At last the final one has gone; we are weary and cold, but as we kneel by the bed for our own devotions we look back over the long day just passed with the victories won, and we think ahead to our messages for the morrow; our prayers finished, we rise and cast off our heavy padded winter garment which makes our shoulders ache and crawl into bed with half our clothes on to keep warm, as we say, "Thank God; one more day's work done for Jesus!"

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11 -- A DAY WITH THE INGRAMS IN SALAMA -- By Pearl Ingram

If you will look at a map of the western hemisphere, you will find a little country, Guatemala, in the very center of the Americas. Then to find Salama, stick a pin right in the middle of Guatemala, and there you will find us living close to the center of town in an old-fashioned Spanish house. We can say, "Geographically we live in the Jerusalem of the Occident." Since coming to the field in 1921, we have indeed found it our Jerusalem from which the good news of the kingdom has gone out in every direction.

Ding-ding-ding-ding-ding! The town clock, on the tower of the soldiers' barracks two blocks away, awakens us thus before dawn. My husband throws back the light sheet, grabs his bathrobe and we are on our knees. His voice increases in fervor as our prayer proceeds. I hear the policeman on his beat pause at the open, barred window, then pass on. Mr. Ingram's intercessions slip out of his native tongue into the Spanish unconsciously. I add my praises and petitions to his, and we come to our "amen" point about the time the distant clock strikes six. We have just time for a cold shower before Mercedes and Susanna, our faithful helpers, ring the 6:30 bell for breakfast.

Rap-rap-rap! The zaguan (street door), is opened by Pedrina, our school girl. A mozo wants work, she says. Well, our street does need cleaning. "Tell him he can take one day to each side at the regular wage -- 16 cents per day," we tell her. He hangs his rope sack up on the corner post, gets out his machete, and soon we hear its ring on the rocks as he begins to dig out the grass roots from between the cobblestones.

At breakfast we discuss our duties for the day. Mr. Ingram says, "I must mend that tire that had the puncture coming from Coban the other day, for who knows how soon I may be having to use the car again, though gas rationing is going to make us plan our trips more carefully from now on. I must also send a circular letter to all the churches, and if you could find time to copy that article for the Other Sheep and the one in Spanish for El Cristiano I would be glad. When the pastors come in for their month's help, please remind them of the committee meeting for the Zone Camp-meeting arrangements."

"Someone is waiting to see you," says Susanna. My husband gulps down his penol (corn coffee), and makes for the corridor, which also serves as a general waiting room. I give a few words of kitchen direction to my two girls and leave them fifty cents in change for their market buying, then follow my husband. Oh, it is Felipe, our Indian worker from the next town, San Miguel, and with him there is a tall, husky young fellow we have never seen before. Felipe introduces him as "one of my latest converts." They have come to take back a pulpit for their little church. The young man will carry it on his back, using the mecapal (head strap). Felipe also wishes some large Bible pictures for his lesson talks. Joy shines in their faces as they tell of the new congregation being raised up in a nearby village. We rejoice with them, for eighteen years ago we helped plant the Precious Seed there, and now -- after many years, behold, God is giving the increase! We pray and offer praise with them.

When they have gone my husband hastens to the garage, which is on an adjacent lot, to fix the punctured tire. I settle down to the typewriter to copy the articles he requested. Soon Mercedes appears at the door. "The mozo (boy), says he would like to have two cents to buy tortillas for his dinner."

"Very well; here they are, but tell him he mustn't leave his work too long."

After fifteen minutes -- a telegram! I stop and carry the square, folded paper over to the garage, where I find my husband down in the pit under the ear, doing an oiling job. I break the telegram's seal and read it to him, "Husband seriously ill; urges you to come." It is signed by the wife of our worker in Rabinal, an out-station eighteen miles away over the mountains to the west. "Well, I got this car back into shape just in time, didn't I?" says my husband, climbing out of the pit and wiping his greasy hands. In fifteen minutes he drives away, taking a neighbor boy along for company.

I resume my typing; the first article is almost completed -- "Excuse me, but there are two Indian women here who insist on seeing you." I leave my work and go to the corridor. "Please, dona Perla, won't you do us a great favor? Some old clothes for my boy, and a dollar to help us plant our corn?" I look at them closely, but am not sure of their identity. A dollar for corn? The sound of a passing airplane diverts our attention, and we step out into the open patio and look up to see a U. S. military flier overhead. I decide that old clothes will be a wiser help than the money, so rummage around and find a used shirt and overalls of my husband's to give them. "Next week he will be wondering what has become of them." I say to myself, as I fly back to my typewriter.

Good! One article is finished at last! "The carpenter wants to know if you will not advance him a dollar on the work he is doing for you," asks Mercedes from the door. "Very well; here it is. But who is that inquiring for don Roberta at the door now?"

"It is a man from the mountains wanting to see the missionary," she says.

"All right, maybe I will do. Show him in," I say. The man who enters is dirty and ragged, but I note an unusual brightness in his face. He says, "I have come to find out about this Way called the gospel. Somebody said that you folks would sell me a Book that explains all about it." The rest of the morning is spent in explaining "The Way" to the eager seeker, and after prayer he leaves happy with a fifty-cent Bible under his arm.

The dinner bell so soon? Where has all the morning gone? I eat alone. Before the dinner dishes are washed it is our rule to gather our household together in the corridor for family worship. Sometimes neighbors drop in,

"Hello, dona Rosula. Come right in. How are you today?"

Our neighbor replies, "I have come about Gabriela. She is very sick in the hospital in Guatemala City, and I wish you would pray for her."

After we have read a portion from the Word we include this new petition in our prayer, and when we rise from our knees we feel that God has heard and answered.

While the girls do the dinner dishes I go to take my siesta inside, away from the midday heat. An hour later the "Chev" arrives at the door, and we all gather round while my husband helps out the sick man, very pale and hardly able to walk. No doubt about it, it is malaria, we think. We fix a bed for him in our spare room, where we keep several cots for our national visitors, fixed the way they like them with palm sleeping mats. His wife has come with him to help nurse him. We send for the government doctor immediately, but he is out of town.

My husband eats his belated dinner while I tell him of the events of the morning. 'Now do come and rest a bit; you must be tired, for that road over the mountain is always so nerve-racking.' He starts, but just then comes the mail, and there are several letters from the States. My, which shall we open first? I find a letter from my dear old mother telling about her ninety-first birthday celebration, and he finds letters from 2923 Troost Avenue, Kansas City, U. S. A. -- "Dr. Jones agrees with me that we must go ahead with our missionary project, and he says the General Board and the homeland church are behind this advance program. Good! That encourages us. We must keep our face set toward advance. New missionaries are appointed to Guatemala, too. Fine!" By now he has forgotten that he was tired. The rest of the afternoon we walk with lighter step.

At five o'clock during supper my husband says, "Are the saddle pockets packed? Tomorrow I must be off for the mountains early to avoid the afternoon rains. -- Say, I discovered when I took the mules out of the pasture this afternoon that my hobby is needing attention again. The bee-hives are full of honey. We must have pancakes and honey when these new missionaries come, because they won't be liking our fried black beans and tortillas for breakfast at first. By the way, this is prayer-meeting night, isn't it?"

In prayer-meeting we sit together in the congregation and are gratified to note the increasing ability of our national pastor in leadership of his own people. There is a good spirit of praise, testimony and prayer, and we each add our bit to the service.

At 9:30 P.M. we are on our knees again by our bedside, and we close our evening prayer with, "Thank Thee, dear Father, for another good day spent in Thy service in Guatemala." Then -- "He giveth His beloved sleep."

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12 -- A DAY AT COBAN WITH THE ANDERSONS -- By R. S. Anderson

Coban is the capital of the Department (Province), of Alta Verapaz, Guatemala, Central America. The township has a population of 45,919. It is situated 135 miles from Guatemala City, 200 miles from Port Barrios on the Atlantic, and 210 miles from San Jose on the Pacific side of the Republic of Guatemala. There is a daily bus service to Guatemala City. It takes from 10 to 15

hours to make the trip one way. Our altitude is 4,200 feet and our rainfall from 300 to 500 inches. We have less rain in March, April and May. Coban is in a valley with wonderfully beautiful evergreen mountains and hills on all sides. Our climate is mild. We are only about 1,000 miles from New Orleans, Louisiana.

Today the treasurer, your humble servant R. S. Anderson, has gotten behind with his book work on account of the extra duties of the building program and necessary visiting of the churches and out-stations, so he must start at 2 a.m. to be ready with his financial report. Then too, we like to work at night, for there are always so many interruptions in the day time that it is almost impossible to get book work done. The alarm sets at two easily, for when there is an important trip to be made we generally arise then and leave before four so we can have breakfast and fellowship with the Ingrams in Salama at about seven. This morning three hours on the books without a single rap on the door enables us to get the situation in hand again.

The first call of the morning is a boy from the Boys' School with a note from Sister Coates, saying that the sick believer from La Tinta, who has been here in the government hospital for three weeks, has died, and the inside director of the hospital wishes to know if we will take charge of the burial service. This brother was an Indian Christian from a coffee plantation near La Tinta, and has no relatives here. So we find a suitable box for the casket, send it to the hospital, and later go to see them place the body in it. At the set time we will get some Indian men and a few of the Bible School students and members of the local congregation and walk up to the general cemetery, a mile up the side of one of the neighboring hills.

We take a "spin" meantime around the construction work to make sure that everything, is coming all right with the new church building.

At ten o'clock I must report at the office of the mayor of the city. After three attempts, I find that I have been called there because of a lake that has formed in the back lot of one of the neighbors of the Girls' School. Eight years ago the authorities ordered a drain ditch put in at the back of our property to carry off the wash water, etc. But now the neighbor through whose property the general drain water flows stopped up the ditch, thus causing the lake. This drain ditch cost the mission about \$75.00. At last, after much discussion, we are ordered to connect our drain ditch with the city main that has been built since we made our ditch eight years ago. We have very much desired this connection with the city main, but have always thought it impossible, as our property is more than 100 yards from the city main and there is only about 18 inches of fall. (After close calculation, however, and raising part of the street, we are able to make the connection which enables us to build a sanitation system that has been needed for years, and will add much to the value of our property.) But at the office this morning I am given 30 days to build the ditch or I must pay a fine. (Actually it is going to take more than 30 days for them to grant my request to raise part of the street.) You see, it takes a good deal of R. S. Anderson's time to attend to mission business in public offices. Not that there is so much business, perhaps, but down here it takes a long time to do a little.

Back home again, and here comes Mrs. Alvarada. She has come to "see" a Bible. Since the war, Bibles are getting very scarce here, especially those with a thumb index. She is very

desirous of having one of this kind, and there is only one left, so she has come to ask us to lay it aside for her. She does not have the 75 cents to pay for it now, but she hopes to get it together soon and return for her much-desired Bible. Her visit takes about an hour of Mrs. Anderson's and my time. But she is a widow now and lives about 20 miles out in the country, so it is hard for her to get to town, and when she does come we must do our best to make her visit a pleasant one and a blessing to her spiritually. We encourage her on in her Christian experience, pray with her, and send her away happy. And this is the way a lot more of our time goes.

Now here comes Domingo Potzoc. The W.F.M.S and Mission Council have arranged to employ him in doing house to house visitation among the Indians of Coban. Domingo is one of our Indian Bible School boys who has recently married, so we have arranged for the young couple to move to Coban and do this city missionary work. We find that he has spent all his money on getting married and needs a little now to begin here on, so I advance him \$3.00, which he considers a very adequate amount. He, too, goes away happy.

Next a note comes from our daughter Margaret Birchard asking what the last decision is about building the rock wall at the back of the hospital property. If we are to build now, she will dig up the flowers, shrubs, etc., she has planted there, but if not, she is ready to do some more gardening. We send word back that she can go on with her gardening, for with the other building on our hands we can't undertake the wall now.

We see nine men outside with sacks of lime on their backs. We are very much in need of lime in our work, so I must leave everything to go out and buy it.

Here comes the pressman with the proof of the Sunday School Lesson. We are a little behind, so that must be ready as quickly as possible so the paper will be in the mail in time to reach Peru and Argentina on time. The printers are ready for more material also. Paper is very scarce and war conditions are making it harder and harder to get, so I must run to the stores in town to see if I can land a ton or two from the local market, even though it comes at a high price. Some job work has come in, and there is no paper for it.

The hour set for the burial arrives. Rev. R. W. Birchard, the local pastor, has kindly consented to take charge of the service. I only speak a few words at the grave, as I knew the brother a little better than the others of the party. We have a very precious service; the presence of the Lord is blessedly felt.

When we get home we find that while we were busy here and there the masons have made some serious mistakes in the building. The work will have to be all taken out and done over.

Miss Lane brings word that the big clock at the Girls' School refuses to run. It needs to be cleaned and set going again. Her stove grate is burned out also.

But then word comes that one of our oxen has fallen down the steep side of the mountain and hurt himself. We drop everything to go and attend to him.

By the time we return Margaret Birchard, our nurse, needs to be taken to San Cristobal to attend Marta de la Cruz, who has come down with typhoid fever. The family will need injections, too. It is at least an hour's drive over there.

After supper we remember that this is letter writing day. Mrs. Anderson, will you help me? The workers need their money, so if you will look after the writing of the letters, I will put the checks in them and mail them. But first I must buy revenue stamps and get the checks ready to enclose.

Much remains to be done after that is finished, but it is so late and we are so tired after our long day that we say with the Spaniard, "Hasta manana!" (Until tomorrow!) "God bless us all. Goodnight."

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13 -- A DAY IN OUR GUATEMALA BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL -- By Eugenia P. Coats

The Nazarene Bible Training School of Guatemala is located at Coban, a picturesque city of some eighteen thousand inhabitants, healthfully situated in the highlands of Alta Verapaz. Its 4,200 feet altitude puts it in the region of eternal green, where drought is unknown and where fruits abound.

Since Coban is the headquarters of our Nazarene work in Guatemala, it is the logical center of the institutional work of the Church. For the benefit of those who might not know: the Bible Training School occupies three large commodious buildings. One, the home of the young women, is directed by Miss Neva Lane; another, the home of the young men, is under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Coats; and the third is the school building proper where the classes are coeducational.

The Girls' School is recognized as the center of much of the school work, for it is there that we maintain the joint dining room, class room, chapel, library, and keep all the musical instruments except those used for practice in the Boys' School.

The upkeep of these two homes, as well as the gardens is done by the students themselves, as each student is required to work three hours daily to pay for the class tuition, so you can see that the rising bell must ring not later than five-fifteen in order for the students to have their half hour devotional period before the tasks of the day begin. Yes, even before breakfast, which comes at six-thirty, both homes are scenes of busy life; the students are making beds, sweeping rooms and corridors, dusting furniture, while some are preparing breakfast and others getting the dining room ready. Each one has a task, and all work with a smile. A lazy person cannot be happy here, neither can one who does not wish to walk with the Lord.

The day of all days in the Bible Training School is the Day of Prayer, which is observed the last Friday of each month.

On this special Friday of which I am writing, the students had asked that we begin with fasting and prayer. The morning devotion was observed as usual, as well as the other morning tasks, but instead of going to the dining room, the young men met in their prayer room and the young women in their prayer tower. A hushed solemnity pervaded the atmosphere, and access to the throne was easy. Prayer and tears mingled that morning as the Holy Spirit poured out His blessing upon us all.

Eight o'clock found the entire student body in the chapel room, and the attitude of worship grew as we sang, "My Jesus I Love Thee," "Abide With Me," "The Old Rugged Cross," and "I Gave My Life for Thee." The students had been given permission to ask for their favorite songs, and the singing was so spontaneous and Spirit-filled that it was hard to change the order of the service.

The special verses given for this year, Ephesians 6:11, 18 -- "Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil," etc. -- were read, and then opportunity was given for personal expression, a testimony, a confession, a petition for prayer, a special verse or song as one felt moved by the Spirit. After a meditative pause some wonderful testimonies followed.

Alfonzo Barrientos, a young man of twenty-three years, arose and told how he had been fearfully tried about coming back to school. The enemy reminded him how he needed clothes and insinuated that he should have hunted work instead of losing his time in the Bible School. But Alfonzo remembered how marvelously God had opened the Bible School door to him, and asked prayers that he might not fail God.

His sister, Mercedes, told how for three years she had prayed that the way might be opened for her to come to Bible School. For these three years she had stood practically all day in the river washing clothes to help make a living, mingling her tears with her prayers and wondering when she would be permitted to come. In Lanquin she was the pastor's standby, acting as Sunday School superintendent, and taking advantage of every opportunity to evangelize. This is her first year with us, but her clear testimony to full salvation and her beautifully humble spirit already make her a great blessing to the Bible School.

Ruben, a young man reared in a Christian home and for whom much prayer has ascended to the throne of grace, spoke next. While only a child he gave himself to God. He is one of our most musical students; he has a sweet bass voice, composes songs (both words and music, very creditably; and in many ways is outstanding. But he is of the self-sufficient type, and needs prayer that he might make a full consecration of himself to God. He said that he was always happy to be called a child of God.

Don Pablo Pena, our new assistant music teacher who for ten years was director of the band in Flores Peten, was the next to speak. He has been saved less than a year, but is diligently walking in the light. We are glad to hear him tell of his great heart-hunger and express his strong desire to be sanctified. He was the first one to go to the altar when the opportunity was given.

Gudelia Carcamo testified to the victory in her heart. She told us of a vision the Lord gave her while she was in the hospital about a year ago. She passed so close to death's door that it seemed to awaken her that she was not completely ready, and had to ask the Lord to give her another chance. We are all witnesses that after Gudelia returned from the hospital she sought the Lord with importunity until she knew the Lord had sanctified her wholly. She is a young woman of eighteen years of age, a person of splendid Christian poise and character.

The presence of the Lord was so wonderfully manifest that although we desired to call all to prayer, yet because the testimonies came so spontaneously, we let the Holy Spirit continue His direction of the meeting.

Raquel Cano, one of the prayer pillars of the Bible School, wept as she told of her great joy in being able to return and finish her Bible course. Last year she pastored the congregation at E1 Chor and returned this year to complete her Bible work. She was wonderfully sanctified about three years ago, and has walked since with constant victory. She is a true standby in the Bible School.

Guillermo Paau, an outstanding Christian young man of German-Indian nationality who is acting as Inspector in the Boys' School and also teaches the Quecchi Indian language to all the Bible School students, told of his great joy in being able at last to come to the Bible School. Since 1935 he has been praying that the Lord would open the door for him to come. He was exceedingly happy because he had at last actually received the experience of entire sanctification.

Julia confessed that she was having a real battle in her heart and asked our prayers. Her battle was over a love affair. Years ago her parents had promised her to a young man who was not saved. He belonged to an influential family and had considerable money, which had its insidious appeal for her. Her real battle was whether she would be willing to obey God in the matter. At last she got a degree of victory that morning and later in our special services she got definite victory. She is one of our best workers with the children. She needs your prayers.

It is impossible to give you all the testimonies, but I do wish to tell you about Francisco Banos, the young man that walked from Flores, Peten to Coban, a distance of about a hundred and fifty miles, or ten days of hard walking through jungles, in order to come to Bible School. Francisco wept as he told how he was led to the Lord by his father. Seemingly he was sick unto death, and afraid that he would die in an unsaved condition, knelt by his bedside and begged him to give himself to the Lord. With the help of his father, although he was burning with fever, Francisco knelt by his bedside, and God wonderfully saved him. He arose and shouted because now he was ready to die. But the Lord said, "I want your life," and Francisco promised to serve Him.

The testimony service had lasted an hour, and as we went to our knees we were conscious of the presence of Christ and enjoyed easy access to the throne of grace. For some forty minutes a real burden of prayer was upon the student body, after which we had a few minutes of recess then returned for the preaching service.

Rev. Harold Hampton, our new missionary, brought us a marvelous message on, "Ye are the temples of the Holy Spirit." His Spanish came fluently and he preached with great unction. We have never had a Day of Prayer with greater manifestation of the Spirit of God than on that day. The altar was full, and for almost an hour we were on our knees. Several gained definite victory, and Don Pablo testified to having been sanctified. Truly the Holy Spirit walked among us that day.

Our Day of Prayer is in reality but a half day, for it closes at 12 o'clock. The afternoon classes continued as usual, and the young people who had their classes in the morning had their work and practice hours in the afternoon. Miss Lane gave about six classes a day on the piano, and Don Pablo gave two hours each afternoon in note reading, and special help to the three accordion players and the two violinists, looking forward to the organization of an orchestra for the church. I gave two classes in Bible to the First Year Preparatory students, and one of the native teachers gave two classes in the fundamentals. One of the most interesting classes of the afternoon was the advanced Quecchi class. There were eight Quecchi Indians and four ladinos who speak Quecchi as if it were their native tongue who took this class, and they were translating hymns and preparing messages in Quecchi.

At that particular time I was having a most interesting experience. I took it upon myself to teach a young Pocomchi Indian who could speak Spanish and Quecchi as well as his native tongue, but who had never learned to read or write. I attempted to teach him by the new phonetic method recommended by the Synod (the federation of evangelical churches in Guatemala). I had two objects in doing this: I was much interested in the young man and wished to help him all I could, and I wanted to try out the method. In six weeks' time he was reading very well, and I was able to turn him over to the other teachers. I consider that the hour a day that I spent with him may some day prove a real investment in the evangelization of the Indians of our District.

The experience of this young man interested me so much that I am constrained to tell you about it. It has caused me to see more clearly than ever that God himself is calling out the young people of Guatemala for the Bible Training School. He had Catholic parents and was brought up in one of the most fanatical Catholic towns in our District, Purulha. As a boy of 13 years he was definitely convicted of sin, but as the Christians in Purulha were much feared by the Indians he had practically no one to whom he could go for help. His older brothers were wicked men and by the time he was fifteen years old he was following close in their footsteps.

One day while taking a load of liquor to Panzos they decided to steal some of it from the casks to drink. They were soon drunk and in this condition recklessly plunged into a dangerous river for a bath. The heat is intolerable in that section and they were drunkenly trying to escape it by submerging themselves in the river. Only the providence of God saved them all from being drowned, for the strong current carried them far down the river before they were able to get out of it. This young boy, Santiago (James), decided then that he would remain in his sins no longer, and very soon after that he accepted the gospel. He encountered much persecution from his whole family, but while on account of his ignorance he did not walk very straight, yet he never gave up his firm purpose to serve the Lord. While serving as a soldier on guard in Livingston the Lord definitely spoke to him about working for Him. Santiago knew that he couldn't read or write and lived among a people who knew no more than he, so he didn't know what to do next.

When we received a young man from Purulha Santiago began to wonder what he would have to do to be able to come to the Bible School. Time passed and his desire became so strong that every time he heard of anyone he knew coming to the Bible School he cried because he couldn't.

At last I heard of him and his great desire to study in order to work for the Lord and sent him word to come to see me. Of course he came and after the usual preliminaries entered the Training School. Please pray for Santiago and his wife who are both seeking sanctification, that God will completely meet their own soul needs and make them both soul-winners among the Pocomchi and Quecchi Indians.

The afternoon classes begin at 1:20 P.M. and continue till 5 P.M. From 5 to 5:30 when the weather permits the young men play football on the school athletic field, or all the students play together. The supper bell rings at 5:30, and since Friday night is the night for the young people's service in the church, there isn't much time to lose in order to do the necessary work and to study half an hour before church time.

The regular two-hour study period is cut short on the nights there are services in the church, but as soon as the service is over the students hurry back to their respective homes to prepare their lessons for the next session.

Thus the day closes. The glory of the Lord still lingers with us. We forget some days, but the Days of Prayer we can never forget.

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14 -- A VISIT TO DAMASCUS -- By James Blaine Chapman

It is claimed Mohammed refused to look toward Damascus when he passed in the near vicinity. He had heard that the city was very beautiful, and he feared lest its beauty should tempt him to tarry, and thus he would be hindered in the carrying out of his mission which he believed had been assigned him. Damascus is one of the oldest -- some say the very oldest -- continuously inhabited cities in the world, and even to this day it is such a place of interest and beauty that no fully informed traveler is satisfied until he has seen this meeting place of the old and new, and usually he turns from the one street that can correctly be called "Straight" with reluctance -- he fain would tarry longer.

We first came to Damascus from Baghdad -- across the five hundred miles of the Syrian desert from the east in an American-built bus driven alternately by a Syrian and a New Zealander. We arrived in the chill of an early morning in late December, and were met by missionaries Kauffman from Jerusalem and Thahabiyah from Damascus and Bludan. Later we came again from Jerusalem over the very route which is supposed to have been taken by St. Paul, and we had pointed out to us the very spot beside the little brook where it is said Paul saw his transforming vision. Within the city we visited the supposed "House of Ananias," saw the place where Paul is believed to have been lowered from the city wall in a basket that he might escape the persecuting Jews, had pointed out to us the "House of Naaman the leper," visited the

Christian cathedral which is now a Mohammedan mosque, and spent many hours in the shops and bazaars of this colorful metropolis of the past and present.

But, of course, we were most interested in the work directed by Brother Thahabiyah, our missionary to Syria, who was born in Bludan, and who, after his conversion and sanctification in America, returned to his own people to preach and testify and direct the work of evangelism among his neighbors and kinsfolk. Brother Thayabeah's wife is a true helpmeet, and their daughter is a lovely Christian young woman. Their quarters in Damascus and their home in Bludan were places of refuge and refreshment to our entire company.

Both in Damascus and in Beirut we preached to good congregations of Armenian Christians, and found among them some truly choice saints. But it was in Bludan, twenty miles out of Damascus in the general direction of Baalbek, that we saw the heart of Brother Thahabiyah's work. Here the people are all Syrian and speak the Arabic language, and their meetings are characterized by great zeal and holy demonstration, and fruit and growth are in evidence in encouraging measure.

One morning we went with Brother Thahabiyah on his round of pastoral visitations. We started reasonably early, and continued until almost noon. The people were courteous and spiritual, and invariably showed the highest respect for Brother Thahabiyah, whom the whole population consider their friend and benefactor. Our visits were pretty much confined to the homes of Christian people, and their homes were uniformly neat and clean and airy and pleasant. They were largely the homes of the frugal poor, but there was never any want of cordiality. In every home the people insisted on serving coffee, and their coffee is ground very fine, made very strong, and served in dainty little cups. I am not much of a coffee drinker, and so after we had visited half a dozen homes and drunk that many cups of Turkish coffee, I began to feel the effects, and sought for some way to escape from further drinking which still would not cause offense. I asked Brother Thahabiyah to make the coffee in the next house and instructed him to make it very weak. But when the good housewife saw his procedure, she imagined that he was cutting down the amount of coffee as a matter of economy and came determinedly and made the coffee even stronger than she was wont to do that we might be assured of full courtesy and hospitality. In the end, we had to make a shorter tour than we had planned to save ourselves the ill-effects of being completely "over-coffee'd." But the fine hospitality of the people was very real and very refreshing. It is this fine tendency to "forget not to entertain strangers" that makes one of the best roads into the hearts and homes of the Syrians for the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Every night while we were in Bludan we preached in the church with Brother Thahabiyah acting as interpreter, and our hearts, as well as those of the people, were refreshed and blessed in fellowship and outpoured blessing. Brother Thahabiyah is a strong spiritual leader and a wise advisor for his people in all matters pertaining to their lives before God and with their neighbors, and he has gathered a goodly number of faithful ones together into the church and community, and aside from the language barrier, one could scarcely know the difference between a service here and in any other Nazarene Church in any part of the world.

Bludan is built on the sides and tops of the hills, and it happens frequently that one man's front yard is the top of his neighbor's house. And just after a rain, people will be out working

hard with hand rollers to pack down the earth so it will turn the ram and keep the house below from being injured by inadvertent leaks. This situation was of great interest to us.

It is little more than fifty miles from Damascus (and Bludan is even closer) to Baalbek. And when Paul was converted on the Damascus road Baalbek was the most thriving temple center in the pagan world. The giant stones of the foundation of the principal temple there still challenge explanation. But in all his writings Paul never mentions Baalbek, although when he went from Damascus to Antioch he must have passed near, if not actually through, the place. But Paul was so enamored of the gospel, and so full of faith in its power and adaptability to all men that he did not even stop to consider its principal competitors. What are the giant stones of Baalbek compared to the "Rock of Ages"? What are temples of the finest marble compared with a heart filled with the Holy Spirit? What are the riches of merchant princes compared with the all-sufficiency of Christ. What is the patronage of soldiers and emperors compared with the favor of the God of heaven?

The Christ who commissioned us to go into all the world and preach the gospel has promised to be with us always, even unto the end of the earth. Let us trust Him while we now prepare for the greatest forward movement in the history of modern missions. In this new crusade Damascus and Bludan and all of Syria will, I am sure, receive special attention and will be the recipients of fuller blessings than ever in the past. This is my prayer and my faith.

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15 -- A HOLY DAY IN THE HOLY CITY -- By A. H. Kauffman

The Holy City, Jerusalem, City of Peace, City of the Great King, World Capital of Religion, these are a few of the titles given to the best-known and most honored city of all the world. The Old City, still thoroughly oriental and antiquated is situated astride the four hills, Moriah, Zion, Acra and Bezetha. Its narrow, winding streets, often arched over with buildings, provide a perfect setting for the panorama which one's fancy marshals forth. The Arab, in flowing robes, or the Jew, with full white beard, might well be one of the patriarchs or prophets of old.

The Holy City celebrates three sabbaths. Friday is the Mohammedan's day of prayer. Business as usual is the rule in the market-places, but the "faithful" find time to repeat the noon prayers at the Mosque of Omar in the Temple Area. The Jews observe Saturday, but their Sabbath begins at sunset on Friday. Every orthodox Jew's shop is closed on the Sabbath. Services are held at the numerous synagogues and at the famous Wailing Wall of the Jews. Sunday is the Christians' day of worship.

It is religion that characterizes Jerusalem, and makes it different from all other great cities of the world. Notice Jerusalem's skyline There are no tall smokestacks indicating an industrial city. It has no high office buildings accommodating great commercial enterprises. Its skyline is marked by the slender minarets of mosques, the domes of synagogues and the bell-towers of churches.

A Sunday in April dawned with a cloudless sky upon a silent, sleeping city. An unmusical clanging of great bells in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher called worshippers to the early mass of the Roman Catholic and oriental churches. These same huge bells awakened the missionaries to the work and worship of another Lord's day. They arose very early on the first day of the week, for this was Easter Sunday.

A sunrise service had been planned and was to be held in the mission chapel. Very quietly and reverently the men, women and children entered the front door and took their places. Before the time to begin (6 a.m.), every seat was taken and chairs were brought in. After the congregational hymns, fervent prayer was offered by Rev. Krikorian, the Armenian pastor. Announcements were made and the offering was received. Mrs. Kauffman played the folding Bilhorn organ as a choir of splendid young people sang an Easter anthem in the Armenian language. The writer preached on the resurrection of Christ. The people were almost entranced. The presence of God seemed as real as if we had been in the very anteroom of heaven. All joined in the closing hymn which repeated the glad fact of the resurrection. After the benediction, the people followed a very old Armenian custom of greeting one another with the words, "Jesus Christ is risen from the dead" or responding with, "Blessed is the resurrection of Jesus Christ." No one said, "Good morning," "Hello," or "How are you?" Only the Easter greetings were heard. It was beautiful indeed.

No time to waste now. The missionaries must hasten off to another service which begins at eight o'clock. This is the union Easter service (in English), at the Garden Tomb on the north side of the Old City. There is no great church to hallow its site. In the out-of-doors nearly two hundred Christians sit or stand in front of an open, empty tomb. Familiar Easter hymns acclaim a risen Saviour. A quartet of young men from Asbury College sing of Him who came forth from the deep, dark tomb and lives forever. An English padre preaches on the text, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" A congregational song followed by prayer closes the service. That last song entitled, "He Arose" re-echoed in the hearts of those present for long afterwards.

"Up from the grave He arose,
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes;
He arose a victor o'er the dark domain,
And He lives forever with His saints to reign,
He arose, He arose,
Hallelujah, Christ arose."

But there is to be one more service before noon. We hurry to the Street of the Prophets in the new and modern part of Jerusalem. At ten o'clock we join in the English service of the American Church. The beautiful stone edifice is well filled. Quite a few Christian Arabs, several Christian Jews, many American tourists and perhaps a dozen missionaries compose the cosmopolitan congregation. The glorious swelling music of the organ lifts the congregation to heights of worship. The bell in the tower of the church marks the time for service. The audience stands to sing the doxology. The invocation, congregational hymns, responsive reading, pastoral prayer, solo, announcements and offering precede the sermon. The pastor preaches a moving sermon on "The Resurrection as the Foundation of Our Faith." After the dismissal, oriental and occidental Christians mingle with joy and gladness.

At three o'clock the people gather again in our Nazarene Chapel for the regular Sunday afternoon service. (Sunday: school was omitted on account of the special Easter services.) In this service Rev. Krikorian preaches with a broken heart. Tears course down his cheeks as he pleads with precious souls. Hearts are moved by the Spirit of God. As the altar call is made several come forward for prayer. They meet God at the mercy-seat where His grace is outpoured.

The work of salvation is going on today in the historic city of Jerusalem. Sin and depravity abound here as elsewhere. Into its darkness the Church of the Nazarene is sending the gospel light. Your missionaries are turning people "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God," and they do "receive forgiveness of sins and inheritance among them who are sanctified." Salvation is the same all around the world.

But now that the service is over, the missionaries go out to make Easter calls in the homes of the people. The first stop is at the home of a widow with two children. She does washings for a living, but she is a faithful member of the Prayer and Fasting League. We must accept refreshments before we leave. Turkish coffee and small cookies are passed to us. She also serves Turkish Delight, an oriental candy. We offer prayer, and the Easter greetings are exchanged as we take our departure.

We make many other calls that are much similar. The evening passes swiftly. It is late when we reach our home. Weary? Yes, but we are exceedingly happy in the service of the King on such an Easter Sunday in the Holy City of Jerusalem.

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16 -- AN EVENTFUL DAY IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIES -- By Robert Danielson

Barbados, a small coral island in the Caribbean Sea, fourteen miles wide and twenty-one miles long, located some thirteen degrees north of the equator, bathed the year round with tropical sunshine, and swept constantly with the cooling trade winds, is the headquarters for the work of the Church of the Nazarene in the West Indies. This little island is one of the most densely populated places in the world with twelve hundred people per square mile. The great majority of the population are of the African race and as a rule are peace-loving and religious.

We have chosen November 30, 1941, as the day about which we shall write. The occasion is the dedication of our new Central Church in Bridgetown and our regular District Quarterly Meeting combined.

The day begins at six o'clock in the morning, when immediately after breakfast we start to pack the tent with all its pegs and long pole into the car along with all the baptismal robes, and start for Land's End Beach, where at seven o'clock we are to have a great baptismal service in the peaceful waters of the blue Caribbean. We arrive at the beach in good season and proceed at once to pitch the tent, which is to be used as a change room for the candidates. We lay out the robes and get everything ready for the service. Soon the great crowd begins to gather from every direction and from every corner of the island. Several hundred form a great circle around the

candidates and our service gets under way. In the early morning air the songs of Zion mingled with shouts of joy and praise ring out across the peaceful sea, We have a season of prayer, instruct those who are to be baptized, and lead a class of forty-five out into the water to administer to them the rite of Christian baptism. Just as soon as the baptismal service is over we pack the tent back into the car and rush home, where we unload, change clothes, and just have time to get to the church for the next service.

It is now ten o'clock, time for the morning service in the church to begin; the beautiful church with room to seat one thousand people is rapidly filling as the opening song is announced. The people sing hilariously; they are overflowing with joy; they shout; they wave their hands; they clap -- -what a glorious sight. After the song service we receive into full membership in the church a fine class of seventy-three, forty-five of whom were baptized in the early service. Next on the program is the morning message, to be delivered by the District Superintendent. The power of God falls on the congregation and at the close of the service the long altar is lined with seekers weeping their way through to victory.

At two o'clock after a brief recess for lunch we have another wonderful song service. Then comes the event that many have been waiting for: a wedding. A couple from one of our outstations have come in to be married. The groom is a man in his seventies and the bride a woman in her forties. The bride is simply but beautifully dressed in a long white wedding garment with a long train carried by a little girl, and she carries a beautiful bouquet of flowers. After the wedding ceremony we serve communion to the congregation in groups of twenty-five. This takes the rest of the afternoon.

At seven o'clock, the appointed hour for the evening service, approximately a thousand people are in the church as the service begins. My, how the waves of glory roll over that great congregation as they sing; we have never heard anything its equal; it is truly wonderful. It is needless to say that it is easy to preach to that great, eager crowd that night. At the close of the service the altar is again lined with hungry hearts.

Thus closes a day that shall never be forgotten here, the day for which our people have been waiting and praying for many years, the day when at last we dedicate the new Central Church that we have been so greatly in need of for so many years. Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

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17 -- A SABBATH DAY IN BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS -- By C. Warren Jones

This beautiful island is two thousand miles southwest of Miami, Florida. For size it is twenty-one miles from north to south and fourteen miles from east to west in the widest part. One will get some conception of the density of the population when I tell you that 200,000 people live on this small island. Looking west from the city we have the great Caribbean Sea, which stretches west to Central America.

We arise early on Sunday in order to be in readiness for a full day. Our District Superintendent, Rev. Robert Danielson, has already informed us that we are to have four services, the first one being scheduled for 7:30 A.M. We pile on the old Ford and run through the city and around the bay for a baptismal service. The people are already gathering. They have walked from the various churches on the island, some of the groups covering as much as fifteen miles. Those coming in a few minutes late were readily forgiven, as they had walked so far in order to be present at this early service. What a crowd of black people! Ninety per cent of the island's population are Negroes. After singing and praying and a very brief message by the writer we witness the baptizing of twenty-one men and women by immersion. It was a blessed and impressive service.

We now return to the Washington House for breakfast. No, that is not a hotel; that is the home of our missionaries. Then how came the name? There is no mistake about it. There is a small sign, bearing the inscription, "Washington House" on the front of the building. The house and property face a nice street, across which is a small city park, lying between the street and the sea. This is the house in which George Washington spent a winter when he was a young man. It was while here that young George was stricken with smallpox and came near dying. We do not have the exact year that this happened, but it was about 1750, or about 193 years ago. The house is more than 200 years old, but it is yet in a good state of preservation, making a fine home for our missionaries.

It is now time to start the morning service, scheduled for 10:30 o'clock. This Central Church in Bridgetown is one of twenty on the island. As we neared the church it became evident that we were going to have a crowd. With a building seating three hundred and fifty comfortably, we had at least five hundred inside the church and vestibule. They were so crowded in the pews that when they stood to sing you could not tell where the aisles were. The altar was full, not of seekers, but of people sitting on it. Even the platform was crowded with people. Then there were still several scores of people on the outside trying to get close enough to the open windows so that they could at least hear.

And in the afternoon service we had more people than in the morning. Though we really wanted to make an altar call, we gave up in despair. We had too many people.

We went back to the Washington House, hoping and praying that we would not have so many people at the night service. Evidently we did not get our prayers through. Anyhow, the Lord seemingly paid no attention to it, for when we arrived at the evening service we found more people than we had at either the morning or the afternoon service. The fact is, it was discouraging, we had it on our heart strongly to preach and give an altar call. When we looked on that great crowd, outside as well as inside, we were tempted to quit. They were packed in that building like apples in a box, and there were enough people on the outside to fill the church again.

The time finally arrived for the message. During the preliminaries we planned how we might make an altar call. Our altar was already full of people using it as a seat. When we finished our message we had to wait until the District Superintendent could clear the altar and get those more than thirty people through a rear door and out into a vacant lot. We hurriedly called for

seekers, and had twenty-seven in less than five minutes. We changed the order of the service. We had to, for all the room was taken.

What an experience! Hoping and praying for a smaller crowd, and stopping the altar call for lack of space for the seekers! It was all so opposite to the "American way of life." Many days have been forgotten because they were so commonplace, but not so with this last Sunday in Bridgetown. As long as we remember anything this day will stand out as one of the great days of life.

When we were in Bridgetown the new church, 50x80 feet, was under construction. When it was completed Rev. Robert Danielson had the dedication service on a Sunday afternoon, and over 850 people were present. At the night service people were turned away for lack of room from the auditorium which seats 1,000. What an opportunity to get the gospel to the hungry multitudes! We can probably plant at least six more churches on the island, which will give us twenty-five churches or centers from which we can give out the gospel, hold up Jesus Christ and thus pay our debt to a people for whom Jesus died.

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18 -- A DAY WITH OUR ARGENTINA TRAINING SCHOOL -- By L. D. Lockwood

In the heart of Buenos Aires we have located the Bible Training School of the Church of the Nazarene in Argentina. Buenos Aires (Good Air) is a great modern city of street cars, buses, underground railways, beautiful public parks, telephones and mail service to the door five times a day, yet thronging with three million people who need the Saviour; for although it is a very religious city, its great churches, idols and "forms of godliness" all lack the Redeemer of men who alone can pardon sin. It is greatly to our advantage to have the Bible School here where it is easily accessible to the young people of our churches in the city as well as those from the small towns outside. And even while I have been writing these lines news has come that We have been able to buy the building in which we have been located for the past two years. Now it houses the Bible School and the Central Church. It is ours and yours, for it belongs to the Church of the Nazarene.

When the alarm sounds at six o'clock in the morning we are especially glad, as we think of the many duties of the coming day, that we no longer have to make six trips a day, six blocks each trip, to do our work, as we had to do at first. So when I arise early it is possible to go to my study at once to pray. To pray? Yes, every day must begin with prayer, for "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Sometimes on awakening after a very hard day with a late retiring hour I am tempted to feel that I must have more rest. But no, prayer is more important yet and I am reminded of the song, "Oh, how praying rests the weary." How true it always is, and I go to the breakfast table refreshed spiritually, mentally and physically.

While we are eating, the students we are helping with the "student help" money from the faithful Nazarenes at home begin to arrive. One comes to clean the class rooms and light the oil stoves to warm the rooms. Although the students do not, as a rule, have fires to warm their homes, they are glad to come to a warm place to study after long rides on the busses and street

cars. Another student arrives to run the printing press that we have had for about six months now. (During this time we have put out the circulars for all the special meetings for our pastors, as well as thousands of tracts.) Esther has come also to dress the baby and care for him during the morning while wife is teaching.

It is 8:45 now, and at the sound of the bell, the classes begin. Mrs. Costa, our national teacher has a class in Castellano (Spanish), for all of our students need to study their native tongue, for but few of them have studied more than the sixth grade before coming to us. At the same time Mrs. Lockwood is teaching a class in "The Prophets -- Jeremiah to Malachi," with a raised voice that indicates earnestness. In the meantime I am helping the printery boy -- there is much to be taken care of today, for the young people of one of the churches are going to distribute tracts, and their pastor has ordered two thousand of a new kind that we have not put on the press before; of course, we'll run off ten or fifteen thousand more while we are at it for a reserve supply.

It is time now for the second class of the morning. Mrs. Costa is teaching in one room, I in another, and wife has three music students -- one in the study room, one on the landing upstairs and one down in the church. All teachers, students and instruments, can be heard at the same time or at least can be heard trying to be heard. In the midst of all this the telephone begins ringing--they need some of our books at one of the book stores; then the door bell rings -- our national treasurer has come to get the check for the national pastors.

The fifteen-minute prayer period has arrived, and the Lord has put it on our heart to talk about lying and deceit, so I take five minutes to pour out my heart's burden. More classes follow. A young man comes and tells me that he just must talk with me. He says that he hasn't been sleeping well and even last night almost came to talk with me at midnight. When the classes started he had signed the paper signifying that he had kept the school rules, but while he was signing he had the mental reservation that he "had kept them in his home," and this had been troubling his conscience ever since till he just must confess. "God gave the sermonette directly to me this morning," he declared.

During this interview Mrs. Cochran has been teaching her weekly class in "Christian Experience" -- the practical side of holiness -- for our students must go out to witness and preach with a deep, consistent experience themselves. I hear Mrs. Costa as she teaches a simple course in Bookkeeping, for what pastor can run a church without being able to keep the financial system straight? Now it takes years before the treasury work can be given over to a believer.

Today the noon hour is spent in fasting and prayer that God will bless us all and help us solve all our problems as He would have us. But at two o'clock the three printery boys come to work, so they must be given their instructions. Maria, a senior girl who has learned English in our Bible School, comes to translate and prepare some class notes. This year she has translated several books and many times we have come in and found her weeping and praising the Lord for the blessings in these books.

Now there is studying to be done, for wife and I each have four classes tonight, and some mail came this morning we must attend to, and several copies for proof reading have just been

brought up. There's the telephone again -- will we help in a N.Y.P.S service in Valdenego on Sunday? No, we have already made promises for three services, but we will send a student to help them out.

It is five o'clock; Carol has come home from school and we must have supper at once, for at six o'clock the students will begin arriving for their evening classes. Two come from shoe factories, a girl from her office, two servant girls from their work, a young man from the telephone company, another from his student pastorate, another from a tailor shop, a woman from her dressmaking room, and many others from other types of work. One shoemaker lad tells us that his lessons aren't really well prepared, but that he went home from classes last night and studied till midnight when he was so sleepy that he decided to go to bed and arise early this morning to study before going to work. But he was so tired that when he kneeled to pray he went sound asleep on his knees and his sister found him kneeling there this morning when she went to call him. He took cold during the night, but if we will just be patient with him, he will get his notebooks ready yet. We see other tired faces and some troubled brows, but we know that the prayer time will soon take away many of those furrows.

How they are singing in the chorus! Those who sing well are singing to their hearts' content, and the poorer singers are lending every effort to do their part and keep as nearly in time as they can, for it is a four-part chorus, and they do surprise me with the really beautiful music that rolls out of that room. I just wish you could hear them!

It is eight o'clock and we are to have four classes yet. The first is "Prophecy," with another class going on at the same time. But the power of God descends on the Prophecy class -- students are weeping while others are sitting with faces aglow -- the hour to close comes, but who can change classes with such, a wonderful Presence pervading the room? We think it will be better to sing and pray and testify as the Spirit leads. Floods of glory sweep' over our souls. Instead of being able to close at 9:40, it is 10 o'clock as the Bible School closes behind the last tired but happy student.

We go back to the empty class room to finish the uncompleted work of the day. We know if we don't finish those letters to our loved ones the boat will surely leave without them. And in these war days, who knows when another boat may be in?

It is midnight now and we have just retired. But it is difficult to sleep. Haven't we had a blessed day? Yes, there was lots of hard work, there were even some trials, but it all pays big dividends. We sigh, turn over to sleep possessed with the conviction that missions pay.

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19 -- A DAY WITH OUR ARGENTINA NAZARENES -- By Marie Cochran

Buenos Aires! The fifth largest city in the world, and the largest city south of the equator. It claims to have the longest and widest street in the world. It abounds in schools, hospitals and Catholic churches. It is a mixture of modern conveniences and ancient customs, of religious superstitions and intellectual unbelief. It is a melting-pot for the peoples of the world's five

continents, and, withal, a great open door for the preaching of the gospel "to all nations." The greatest need of Argentina is the gospel of Jesus Christ. Argentina is a great Spanish-speaking country; it is the most advanced nation of South America, but it is also considered the most difficult mission field on this southern continent.

In our local congregations in Buenos Aires, Rosario, and scattered towns nearby we have nine or ten different nationalities represented in our congregations, but we never stop to think, "That man is a Russian; the man on his right is an Italian, and the one on his left a Spaniard." No, we forget racial divisions and are "all of one accord" in worshipping our Lord and Christ. For example, the other night an Englishman stopped in front of one of our churches out of curiosity; a sanctified Italian offered him a tract and invited him to enter the meeting. A little later an American missionary brought the gospel message. The Englishman went to the altar where Spaniards and Argentinians helped to pray him through. Thus we see how four or five different nationalities contributed their part in bringing this soul to the Lord. Now to begin our "day" among these dear people.

Morning

We rise early and have our private devotions before helping the children get ready for school. After they are gone, we climb the outside staircase to our little "study" on the roof to begin the day's work. This morning it falls to our lot to finish correcting the proofs for our District paper, *La Via Mas Excelente*, (The More Excellent Way). We publish this twelve-page paper monthly and send it to different parts of Argentina, and even to other South American republics. After making the corrections, we set the old mimeograph to working to run off some Sunday-school choruses for our young but growing work two hundred miles away in Rosario. In the midst of this office work come phone calls -- one from Lujan; the native pastor there wishes to talk to the District Superintendent; another call from a member of our church here on Donato Alvarez asking for prayer in a trial she is going through; and yet another call about some District missionary work. Between these interruptions we manage to finish the choruses and get them ready to send off on the afternoon mail.

Our District paper carrying messages of hope and cheer touches hundreds of lives. These choruses are taught to the Sunday-school children; they, in turn, sing them in their homes, and sometimes parents are converted as the result of their children's songs and testimonies.

Afternoon

We have scarcely finished an early dinner when there comes a telephone call for us to come to pray with a certain young man, son of one of our Nazarene women. This boy was brought up in our Sunday school, but has drifted away from God and the church. Yesterday he went to a swimming pool and stayed in the water for some four or five hours. As a result he became very ill, and when his mother returned from church last night she found him writhing in agony. She called the doctor who looked grave over the boy's condition and said that this would no doubt mean months of illness if he should manage to escape with his life. In his suffering this boy "looked to the Lord," and called for the pastor to come and pray for him. We hasten there at once. After much weeping, praying and repenting of his sins, God in mercy saves him, taking

him back into the fold. In his prayer he confesses to the Lord his hard-heartedness; he told Him how on different occasions in the church services he had heard the Spirit calling him; that he knew the message was especially for him, but that instead of going to the altar, he had arisen and left the church; he tells the Lord he knows he is not worthy to be forgiven, that he had rejected Him when he had a good position and good health and all was going well with him, and now -- almost at death's door -- there was not much he could offer the Lord, but if he would have mercy on him, he would serve Him as long as He permitted him to live. I think I have never heard more heart-broken pleading than I listen to in these moments. And when God touches his heart and gives him peace the change in him is wonderful to behold! At the same time the Lord touches his body, and we leave him rejoicing in the Lord as his Saviour and Healer. Praise God!

After making this visit, we ride some three miles across the city, in streetcar and bus, to visit an old blind lady. She has known the Lord for some eight years. When I am passing through a trial (for even missionaries have them sometimes), I like to visit Dona Maria. Her simple, childlike faith in God; her patience in the midst of suffering and blindness; and her faithfulness to the Lord in Catholic surroundings, is an inspiration to me. From time to time friends visit her and try to convince her of the necessity of returning to Catholicism; even her own daughter adheres to the old worship, but God is keeping her true. Praise the Lord!

After this trip, we take an electric train to a small town about twenty miles from Buenos Aires for a missionary meeting. This week we are conducting afternoon Women's Meetings there, giving them simple studies in Holiness. This afternoon there are twenty-seven present, and three seek the Lord. May God bless these dear women and girls. After the service we take a cup of tea with the native pastors and then hurry back to Buenos Aires.

Evening

We reach the city just in time for a hurried meal before it is time to conduct an evening service in one of our churches where we are giving weekly studies in the Gospel of Mark. How the Lord does come down "our souls to bless." The people listen with eager interest and attention. At the close of the service, a young girl comes forward to get saved; she is the granddaughter of one of our Nazarene women. After she has prayed through to victory we stay awhile to take care of many different details of the work which require our attention. Then a walk of three blocks, a ride on two different busses, and we are home, tired but happy in the Lord!

Thus we live and work with our beloved Argentine Nazarenes. Our contact with them is varied, but in every way we work together for the winning of souls and for the extension of full salvation in this great South American republic. Remember that our church is the only organized holiness church in all Argentina today, and please pray for us and for our Argentine Nazarenes!

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It was mid-afternoon when the two missionaries and I with our saddle mules and one pack animal came out of the last thicket which lined the dim forest trail on either side, and found ourselves right on the little plateau beside the swift-flowing Marañon, one of the tributaries of the great Amazon, where is located the "last mile-post" in the Nazarene missionary enterprise, which the missionaries themselves call Sunsuntsa. I do not remember what they say the name signifies, but it was chosen as befitting the hopes which the place embraces, and the missionaries themselves always pronounced it with a sort of relish that made one feel it was a place of great importance.

If one could come directly from Miami to Sunsuntsa he would surely realize a tremendous shock. The campus is just a tiny slope beside the river. The buildings are all of bamboo construction, and behind and beyond are the trackless forests of the sparsely-settled tropics.

But we had been on the mountain trails and forest paths for two weeks, where life consists of simple ability to endure. On the Pacific plains of Peru are located the only cities of the republic, and the people there are predominantly white, Spanish by blood, and among them the principal commercial activities of the country are carried on. The conditions of life are relatively modern, and but for the language barrier, one might think himself in some remote section of his native land. But back from the coast at a distance of about fifty miles are the foothills of the great Andes, and at these foothills one must leave all forms of modern transportation and proceed either on foot or on mule-back. Of course, we chose the latter method. As one proceeds into the mountains evidences of Indian blood appear in the faces and habits of the people, and on beyond the crest of the mountains the white blood gives way, and full Indian blood and habits of life come into their own.

These Indians have nothing to sell, and their wants are largely supplied by the forests and streams, so they have no commercial interests and hence no demand for modern transportation. Often the mountain trails are narrow, slippery from torrential rains, and wind over the pass at an elevation of thirteen thousand feet. The location is within two or three degrees of the equator, and one's life is made miserable by reason of the insects which abound in such a favorable environment. We were bitten by fleas and sand flies until we could no longer tell whether we were infected or were just "enjoying" the after-effects of departed parasites. Mosquitoes punctured our skin to such a limit that we were mentally prepared for the scourge of malaria which came on us immediately upon our return to the coast. Thus it is the natural barriers with which the place is surrounded rather than the actual distance from some center that entitles Sunsuntsa to the designation "farthest outpost of the Nazarene enterprise." And it was such an approach that had prepared us to welcome the sight of Sunsuntsa with something of the enthusiasm that characterized "The Immortal Ten Thousand" Greeks who returned from Persia with Xenophon, and who, at first sight of their long-desired goal, cried, "The sea! The sea!" For here in the wide-reaching wilderness was a little patch of familiar life which forcibly reminded us of home, and we were ready to say, "Sunsuntsa" with something of the fervor which the missionaries manifested when they pronounced the name.

Here on this little slope between the Marañon river on the right, and quick-rising hills on the left, the tangled forests in the foreground, and those long, dim mountain trails behind us were

the unmistakable evidences of the presence of men "of like precious faith" with ourselves. Here was the public building used as a chapel and a school house, the missionaries' two-room hut, the native teacher's dwelling, the little saw mill that Brother Carson built, and the little unfinished house which was to be our private sleeping quarters while we remained at the mission. The construction of all the buildings was of bamboo and grass with just a few boards from Brother Carson's saw mill here and there, more as tokens than as real units of construction. Here were Brother and Sister Walworth, the missionaries, and here were the Aguaruna Indians whose camps were scattered throughout the neighboring forests. On the hillside above these simple buildings was the grave of Esther Carson Winans, marked by a rough unlettered stone and enclosed with a fence of primitive construction. The dim trail which we had followed so long ended here. If one went farther he must use a raft on the Maranon river or make his way through the unmarked forest. Sunsuntsa was literally "the end of the trail."

Our next day, Saturday, began at dawn, as the days all begin for the people of the tropics. When we came out of our place at first blush of day, we found the campus already well filled with Indians who were determined not to miss anything of interest that might transpire in connection with the visit of the two strange white men to their isolated home. During the day we inspected the mission buildings, tested the new motor-boat on the nearby river, and held a memorial service beside the grave of Esther Carson Winans. Everywhere we were attended by Indians young and old, all dressed in deerskins and birch-bark cloth, the men with their upper bodies splotted with fresh paint to indicate their appreciation of the unusual character of the occasion. Later in the afternoon Brother Walworth opened his treasure of "barter goods" and called the people about to settle with them for the goods and labor they had furnished the mission during the week. Money was not the basis, for each took his pay in goods. Since this has been their life-long custom, there was nothing strange about this procedure to them; they, like their brothers in China and early North America, knew something of the art of haggling. The missionary proposed to give one a piece of bright cloth in exchange for the work he had done during the week (and there is no danger that these Indians would overwork), but the Indian held out for a little hand mirror in which he found his image reflected, much to his amusement and delight. The missionary offered a bright silver coin (just as a matter of ornament as far as the Indian was concerned), in exchange for a stalk of bananas, but the Indian wanted the piece of bright cloth that a previous customer had rejected. But in the end all the barterers, missionary and Indians, were satisfied, and all separated as good friends, some of them no doubt confident that they had been unusually fortunate in their bargaining.

But Sunday is the climactic day of which we write. At the breakfast table Missionary Walworth said, "I just don't know how we are going to work it today. We are expecting you to preach, and the Indians will be here en masse to hear and see you, but I can't speak this dialect well enough to interpret for you, and there is not an Indian here that understands English. The only way I can think of is for you to sit down there behind the little table and preach your sermon in English. I will sit here beside you and say what you say, as best I can, in Spanish, and we will have to trust to one of the sixteen-year-old Indian boys who knows some Spanish to get the message over to the Indians."

The little chapel was filled for the morning service. All the regular attendants were there, the irregular attendants made special effort to be on hand, and some who had never been to the

chapel before came in. The missionary had explained to me, "There is not a time-piece in Aguaruna Land, so you do not need to hurry. Make everything as plain as you can, and we will pray that the Holy Spirit will make the service a blessing."

I sat there behind that little table and gave them the best and simplest thought that canoe to my mind in connection with Paul's statement, "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men." Brother Walworth said it over into such Spanish as he judged the sixteen-year-old Indian interpreter might be able to grasp. The boy in his turn stood beside the missionary and responded with guttural sounds and queer noises that did not register on our uninitiated ear as words at all. But the strain on the boy was terrific. It was not the effort to speak, I judged, but the effort to hear and understand exactly what was said that he might pass it on correctly. So about the middle of the sermon the first boy gave up and another lad of about his same age was called up to try to go on.

Among the people on the right of the speaker sat the local chief, He was a man who had himself been a cruel warrior and a practicer of the terrible "head shrinking" ceremonies of this primitive people. He had been the friend of the missionaries for some time, and had occasionally attended the meetings before. But today he was especially interested, and listened closely that he might understand. Sometimes when the interpreter did not make the thought clear enough, the Old chief would give him the signal to say his words over again. To such requests the interpreter always responded with patience and care. In this way all that I had to say was said three times and much of it four times, and so it should not surprise any of us that this service was of long continuation.

But when we finally came to the end of the formal message, I used great care in the exhortation and invitation, but pressed home the fact that "today is the day of salvation," and that no one should leave the question of his soul's salvation unsettled because of any other consideration whatsoever. We waited at last for any to respond to the call to choose Christ, and to come to the front for prayer and for confession of his choice and faith. The chief, without a sound, slipped out from among his people, and knelt with us beside the little table that had just served as the pulpit desk. The two Indian boys who had acted as interpreters, one of whom was the chief's own son, led in prayer. The missionary prayed a few words in the dialect, as I prayed silently. Then, by the help of the interpreters, we urged the chief to make his own prayer. He did not pray fluently. His words came slowly and there were many long pauses. At last he ceased altogether, and there seemed to be no more that could be done, so we closed the meeting as quietly as we could. But after the dismissal the chief stood and extended his hand. The interpreter said, "The chief says he came here with a bad heart, but now God has given him a good heart." Being a little pressed for something appropriate to say, I suggested that the chief come to the missionary's house every day and let him know whether this good heart remained good. The chief took this as a literal order, and for eight months, barring the few times when his excursions for game and fish made it impossible for him to reach his home, he came daily to the missionary's house, and said simply, "I still have a good heart."

My own work took me far away, to Chile, Argentina, Africa, Britain, and back to North America. Then there came a letter from the missionary saying, "The chief died yesterday. Two days ago he came for the last time to tell me that his heart was still good. Then pneumonia, and

yesterday he crossed over, and I sincerely believe he went to heaven. He was, of course, but a child in knowledge, and many of his practices would not pass the challenge of enlightened Christian conscience, but I believe he did the best he knew, and that God had mercy on him, and saved him and took him to Himself. I have just been thinking of the tremendous and wonderful surprise that greeted this man of the woods when his eyes first beheld the City of God."

And so today I think again of Aguaruna Land and of that Sunday when the chief found God. And I know that day is typical of many other days which have come along the lives of the Winans, the Walworths and the Peruvian preachers who have manned this distant wilderness post, and my prayers go to up for them and for the people there that many, many more of them may come to Christ for light and life and peace and joy eternal.

The joy of the missionary life is in the fact that everyone the missionary sees has a need that the missionary can meet. It is all wrong to suppose that such cultured people as the missionaries usually are could actually enjoy the inconveniences and unsavory things which fall to their lot in the lonely places of earth. They are not happy because of these things, but in spite of them. Their joy comes from helping people and saving souls for the Master's kingdom. Their jewels are the trophies they are able to lay at the Master's feet. Thank God that my life has been enriched by association with some of those who have "counted not their lives dear unto themselves" that they might make Christ known to the neediest of the earth.

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21 -- AT WORK IN WACHINTSA IN AGUARUNALAND -- By Mabel Park Winans

Here comes Ware, the most careless of our school-boys, asked for a needle to sew his shirt, which he had torn in a tussle with one of the other boys. As we give it to him, we hope that from now on he may keep his clothes not only mended but clean also, without so much exhortation on our part.

This morning I am awakened in the dim light of the coming day by the sweet sounds of the schoolboys singing and praying in their early morning devotions. I remember that only three short years ago not one of these boys had heard the gospel, not one knew redeeming grace. Meditating on the great change God has wrought in their lives, I praise Him for it and for the privilege of telling the precious story of Jesus to this needy tribe deep in the heart of Aguarunaland.

We give out the provisions for the boys' breakfast, then look to the Lord for His blessing and guidance. While I am on my knees waiting in prayer, He comes with a sweet surprise, a new chorus straight from the heart of our loving Father. He knows we need another chorus in Aguaruna and so blesses our heart as we sing it. Soon it is being sung with great blessing in nearly all of our meetings.

Now Tsekeno has just brought some goods for a shirt, and will he se, noe cut it out for him? It does not take long and he goes away happy. As I begin to work on our breakfast Tsekeno

suddenly remembers that he needs thread with which to make his shirt. This is provided for him, and I resume my preparations for breakfast.

Soon after seven o'clock some of the boys come asking if it is time to leave off the work which we had given them to do early in the morning. We tell them to work fifteen minutes longer and then they may bathe and get ready for breakfast. Several come asking if I will treat them. An epidemic of sore eyes is on, and they come several times a day to have their eyes bathed. They are soon treated and given an invitation to prayermeeting in the evening.

Are my biscuits burning? No, but they just escaped. Will Roger please come to breakfast before the biscuits get cold? But he is in the middle of putting the wire on a machete for one of our field workers, though he will be through soon. Just as we are sitting down to eat another of the field workers comes asking for medicine, for a big poisonous ant has stung him. It takes only a minute to put some salve on the man's foot and soon he goes back to his work somewhat relieved.

Oh yes, it is time for the first bell. Will Samuekash please ring it? And will Manko call the boys who are down at the river bathing, that they may not be late for school? Now, let's dismiss everything from our minds and enjoy our breakfast. Just before we finish, along comes Awananch, a neighbor, wanting to exchange eggs. They like our nice big Rhode Island Reds and, in order that they might improve their flocks, we offer to trade eggs with all who will bring us fresh ones. We tell Awananch to wait just a little, that we shall soon be through eating.

It is now time for family prayers. How precious is the Word -- living, encouraging, strengthening, blessing. And the little booklet "Come Ye Apart" is just what we all need. As we go to our knees we have many things for which to thank God, and we look to Him for still greater answers to prayer -- the salvation of our precious Aguarunas, and that they may be kept for Him kept for the Master's use.

When we arise from prayer we supply the needs of the school: some chalk, a pencil, a tablet. Now we must get our letters written, for the mail goes soon. Just as we start the first one we hear people coming and one of the women crying. We are told that the younger woman's baby died and they have come to tell us about it. The mother pulls something out of her basket and we see a piece of clay, with what? -- the tiny print of the little baby's foot. The young mother cries without restraint, the tears flowing down her cheeks. As we try to console her, tears come to our own eyes. We tell her that her little one is safe with Jesus, and will never suffer again, and if she wishes to be reunited with it she must prepare herself, come to the Lord Jesus, confess all her sins and He will give her a new heart and some day take her to heaven. Soon she and her sorrowing husband are on their knees asking God for forgiveness. Time will tell if they mean to go through with Him.

Recess time and the boys come marching to our house. One "boy is to bring the water, another to make the fire, three to wash the cooking vessels, three more to cook, and the others are to play. Brother Garcia comes in for his lessons. He is a fine, willing worker about the yard and fields and a good, consecrated young man, but is somewhat backward in his studies. He tries very hard and is beginning to advance, especially in his Bible class.

We prepare for our chapel service. We are telling our boys the story of Alexander Mackay and his work in Africa. They are much interested, especially as the vegetation and climatic conditions, also many of the customs, are much the same there as in Aguarunaland.

All the school boys come asking permission to bathe. They soon return, each one asking about his afternoon work. A large group is sent to weed out the field, three are given permission to wash their clothes, two go to fish, while another asks if I will cut out a pair of pants for him, I cut them out and he makes them... A canoe-load of people is coming up the river. "Who are they? Where are they from? What do they want?" are the questions that always arise in the Aguaruna mind. They soon arrive, a full dozen of them, wanting to work in our fields. As some of them have never been here before, they must first see a few things, so strange to them. They look at our clock which they call "itsa dakungamu," a picture of the sun, the sewing machine, and above all at our large mirror. They are not at all backward in asking us to bring it out that they may see it. We oblige them and they parade before it, then turn it around to see the back of it. It is only a board. Some are afraid to look toward the mirror, but seeing the others looking at it venture a fleeting glance. One man has brought his wife to see our kitchen cabinet. She stands and marvels as she sees me open and shut the drawers. Here is an opportunity to tell these strangers about Jesus. How many of them have heard before? Only two. We show them the Sunday-school chart and tell them of Jesus who came to save us from all our sins. We invite them to the evening service to hear more.

We hear Margarita's lesson on the organ, and the class in English. The afternoon is gone. A rain is coming up. The sky is black and the wind is blowing leaves about. Hurriedly we begin our supper, hoping to finish before the worst of the storm arrives. But the strong wind and rain blow through the open space above our low wall, wetting and bringing leaves into our plates. Fortunately for us the storm is soon over and we finish eating.

Now it is prayermeeting time and we have a large number present, as many of the field workers attend. They listen attentively as Roger preaches. At the close the altar call is given. Several of the boys go out to invite people to seek the Lord. One little fellow, one of the youngest of our schoolboys, goes out to invite his mother, but she refuses. Another of the youngest boys invites his uncle. We pray that the uncle may accept, as he is old and we have been praying for him for several years. He comes, prays earnestly, and God answers. Along with him are two others, one young man who has sought before, but gone back to drink. The other is a young lad of about fourteen, fine looking and with a good honest face. All give testimony to God's saving grace. We sing a chorus as we rejoice with them. Would not kings envy us the privilege of winning immortal souls here in Aguarunaland?

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22 -- A DAY IN MONSEFU -- By C. H. Wiman

Come spend a day with us in Monsefu.

Since you have nothing else to do, you might as well chose Monday as that is an "off day" in the compound. At 5:30 a. m. day begins to break, and we are awake. But I am no mood to get up. Yesterday we were in Motupe and arrived home about midnight. I wonder about that drunk to whom we gave a "lift." And then I start wondering about many more things and a lot of problems. There is our sick preacher boy who came so near dying with lung hemorrhages. Will he pull through? But I want to sleep a little longer. Sleep doesn't come. And so we are wide awake, running over the plans for the day, and praying about the various situations as they present themselves. Prayer and meditation give the necessary strength- and courage to face the day, and we are soon dressed and at the typewriter for a little hurried correspondence.

We are planning for the Bible conference, and I need some material from my portfolio. Oh, yes! I remember; I left it in the car last night. Hurrying to the garage, I make a careful search which fails to reveal the missing article. Yes, I know I had it. Carefully we go over the events of last night. At the police station where we "controlled," the bag was placed on the back seat. We stopped only twice before reaching home, once to pick up the drunk, and once to let him out in front of his house. The bag was either stolen by that drunk, or fell out of the car, accidentally, with him. Right after breakfast I'll have to drive back over that thirty miles of bad road and check up. And I have no time for that extra trip today.

But just then breakfast is called, and we sit down to papaya, sausage, eggs, jelly, toast and coffee. Our morning devotions are from "Come Ye Apart," for which we are indeed grateful, and before we are through, an urgent knocking at the door brings a messenger to advise us that our tuberculous boy is threatened with another hemorrhage. Quickly we gather the necessary instruments and medicines and rush to the humble home where he lives. His wife's face is drawn with sleeplessness and anxiety. It takes only a short time to boil the hypodermic needle, and then a careful search for the vein which is so hard to find because the patient has lost a great deal of blood, and has been able to eat very little. Slowly, the life-giving serum enters the blood stream, the wife's anxious expression relaxes somewhat, we have a short season of prayer, realizing that only the power of God can give that dear boy a new lease on life, and then we are gone.

Many duties are calling, but we must get that brief case. An hour and a half of driving brings us to the house where we left the drunk last night. This morning he is sober, and a perfect gentleman. No, he has not seen the case. It was certainly not in the car last night. But we are not convinced. There is only one thing to do -- report the matter to the police and advertise in the local paper. Much valuable time is spent at the police station answering all sorts of questions. Then the notice is in the local paper. Just as we are starting for home, we see a group of boys playing on the sidewalk. A policeman suddenly appears from nowhere, and they scatter like a bunch of quail, one diving directly in front of our car. We come to a screeching halt, but can literally feel and hear the young body being torn beneath the wheels. I jump out and pull the screaming child from under the car. Apparently, he is still in one piece. A policeman comes up and orders us to the hospital, so off we go, taking the child, who proves to be only frightened, apparently saved by a miracle. A hurried trip to the police station to make a statement in the matter finishes our morning, and still nothing has been accomplished.

We hurry home to a late lunch, and then hope for a little quiet for a siesta. We are just dozing when an insistent knock at the door cannot be ignored. The woman pastor from Oyotun is

just stopping between trains, and there are some things that need immediate attention, Their chapel is unbearably hot for day services. Can't something be done? And then she has been able to buy a house with four walls but no roof. She has gotten the rafters, but now it is raining much and she has nothing to keep out the rain. Robbers have come and stolen some of her things. Will it not be possible to give her a little financial help to get the roof put on? And so we promise to study out some plans for ventilating the chapel, and we'll do something about the roof. We can, perhaps, spare a hundred soles, for she has labored heroically, and has worked a near miracle in securing the property that she is now trying to make livable. And so she goes away happy, with the promise of a visit from the District Superintendent in the near future.

But what is that terrible clatter and banging outside? We hurry out and see that the wheel has fallen off the windmill, and there it lies on the print shop roof. The axle had broken off clean. The boys are called, and soon the carpenter-mechanic has the broken piece out, and it is on the way to the shop to be fixed. A hurried note is sent to all the mission compound to be very sparing with water till the windmill is repaired. Now it is too late to resume our siesta, so we go to our desk to try to clear that up -- it's always in a mess. The unpleasant things first, is a good rule. Here is that letter from Carlos in Lima. He is always ailing, and went down some time ago to enter the government hospital. He soon became disgusted with that, and went to the home of relatives. He was in Bible school for a time, so feels that we should be responsible for him. He also seems to think that we are made of gold, and he does not hesitate to ask for his share. We have tried to tell him the facts, but he does not seem to understand that the help we have already given is all we can do. He must be told again. And so that letter is written. And we pray that Carlos may yet find himself, and not be lost entirely to the Church. But he must get a much deeper experience than anything he has yet known.

And then I sit with my head in my hands trying to get a little inspiration for that Other Sheep article, but everything is going dead wrong, and there is no inspiration. I can't write; I can't think. But there is one thing I can do. It is not long until supper time, and a turn in the kitchen behind a big apron will do me good. A survey of the pantry reveals the "makings" for a nice stew, and I am hungry for a good stew. Soon it is bubbling away, and I feel better. Now I can pick up a magazine and scan it while keeping one eye on the stove. But who are those strangers at the door? They are officials from the city come to notify us, much to their regret, that we can no longer keep our cows inside the city limits. Yes, they know that our stables are clean, but it is an order, and to enforce it on others they must enforce it on us also. No amount of reasoning can change the situation. And so we must find some other place to put our precious Holstein cows which are almost invaluable. And that means more expense at a time when we already have too many expenses. Finally we promise to comply at the earliest possible date, and they leave. But our appetite is pretty well ruined.

We had almost forgotten that Monday night Bible class. Supper over, we sit down to the preparation of the Bible lesson, and just have time to squeeze in the last note when the bell rings and we go to class. The attendance is fine tonight and everybody seems interested. In a very few moments all the problems of the day are forgotten, and for an hour we live in Genesis with this group of eager young men and women. At the close comes the question period, with "no holds barred." And such questions! So the time flies, and before we know it the clock is striking nine-thirty. The group is dismissed, but one lad wishes a private conference. He is having his

own personal difficulties, and temptations have been coming thick and fast. We go over his problems, and then have a short prayer together. He feels a lot better, and leaves with his head up.

And all at once I feel very tired, but I am content. I have been able to help somebody today. And so to bed with a magazine till sleep comes. Not much done, but we've tried to be a Christian today.

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23 -- A DAY WITH THE BURCHFIELDS IN MONSEFU, PERU -- By Catherine Burchfield

I wish you could have been with us when we made our trip to Peru to visit our Nazarene mission station last month. John and I had wanted to visit one of our mission fields for years, but when he came from the office one day, and suggested that we do it now, I thought he was teasing me until he admitted that he had already made definite plans for the trip. John's employer had given him a vacation with pay, and Uncle William had promised to help us if we ever made a trip to South America because he had worked there as a young man. We had to begin our packing at once, because John had bought tickets on the Pan-American plane for Monday; they told him that by leaving on Monday we could be in Peru by Thursday. Was I thrilled! How great it was going to be to see our Nazarene missionaries, Oscar and Catherine Burchfield, for they were old classmates of ours we had not seen since they left for Peru over two years ago. Of course, John tried not to appear excited, but anyone could tell by the way he talked about the trip day and night that he was just as much thrilled as I was at the prospect of this trip to Peru.

Early Monday morning we boarded the big Pan-American airliner in Miami, and soon were up in the clouds going for Central America. It was nothing new to John to be traveling by air, but it was the first time I had ever been off the ground in a plane, and I enjoyed it so much. We had a fine trip. It seemed to get warmer and warmer as we traveled south. Of course, you know the planes travel only by day, so we stopped in Panama for the first night. Then we spent another night in Columbia and had to change planes there, so while we waited for another plane that would take us to Peru, we took in the sights. We stopped over in Ecuador, too, and there we had the chance to walk around a bit. It was very interesting to see the Indians in their quaint garb. From there we took off again with Peru as our next stop, and I began getting more excited than ever because soon we would be in Peru and meeting our old classmates. John asked the steward to notify us when we were over Peru and he very obligingly did so. He was a nice young fellow, and tried to teach us a few Spanish words while we were with him so that we would not be entirely ignorant of the language when we arrived.

"Now we are getting ready to land in Chiclayo, Peru," said the steward, and John could hardly hold me still because I wanted to look out of both sides of the plane at once. We had a good look at Chiclayo from the air, and I should say that it was a city of about 25,000 inhabitants, though it is spread out all over the countryside. From the air we also got a good view of the new International Highway that is now nearly completed all the way through Peru. We noticed a little strip to the north that has not yet been paved, but to the south the road stretches out toward Lima like a long blacksnake basking in the sun.

The Burchfields and the Wimans were at the airport to meet us when we arrived. It was surely good to see Oscar and Catherine again and to meet the Wimans for the first time. Catherine looked about the same as when we saw her last, and Oscar had not changed much either except that he looked more serious and dignified now that he was a father. Yes, they had the baby with them when they met us. His name? Oh, didn't you know that they called him Richard after his Grandpa Anderson who is a Nazarene missionary in Guatemala? Oh yes, he's a very healthy-looking youngster. Whom does he favor? Well, I said he favors Catherine, but, as sometimes happens, John didn't agree with me.

From the airport we went through Chiclayo and down the Pan-American highway about three or four miles, and then we turned onto a dusty side road near a bridge where a sign pointed the way to Monsefu. Mr. Wiman said we could have come on the train instead, and it would not have been so dusty and dirty, for the train from Chiclayo to Monsefu runs right past the mission station. On the road we passed a number of ox-carts, hauling sugar cane to the mills, and now and then donkeys would cross the road in front of the car, and Oscar would have to blow the horn furiously and go through a lot of maneuvers with the steering wheel to keep from hitting them.

I was really surprised when we arrived at the mission station. It is such a large place, about the size of a city block, and just on the outskirts of Monsefu. What did I think of Monsefu? Oh, it is a terribly dirty place, but the mission station makes such a wonderful contrast to the town. Once inside the gates we saw the three houses, the carpenter shop, the print shop, the student dormitories, the church, and the school. I wish I had time to tell you all about them all. It was Thursday afternoon when we arrived, and after a look around we had a siesta for an hour. The siesta? Oh, they say, "It's an old Spanish custom," but it's a good one, because a nap does help so much when it is so extremely hot. After a fine supper with the missionaries we went to the chapel for the evening prayer service. It was led by the Peruvian pastor, Brother Del Wildes, and was very inspiring and worshipful. John and I did not understand many of the Spanish words, but we felt that the Lord was there as we worshipped with them. The chapel is lovely. It was planned by Mr. Wiman, and it is very well built, especially adapted for the tropical climate, and adequate for the annual assemblies of the District. I liked the comfortable pews, and the crosses on the windows, and the platform furniture, and but really, you must see it to appreciate it!

Our day with the Burchfields? Oh, yes, I was just coming to that. It was Friday morning and John and I got up very early so that we would be sure to see everything that happened from the very beginning of the day. Catherine had told me that breakfast would be served at 7: 15, but we were up much earlier. I liked the tropical fruit we had for breakfast very much. Catherine served papaya with orange juice, and how I liked it, but John said that it had a perfumey taste -- whatever that is! The rest of the breakfast was about the same as we serve at home. There were cereal, biscuits, and let's see--scrambled eggs and coffee. While we were eating, a young man came to the door and handed in a slip of paper. Oscar said something about a list, left the table and went to the office to get some money for him. The list? It was the market list for the school. You see, they buy the vegetables, the meat, and the other things they need to feed the students at the market early each morning. After breakfast we had devotions, and by the time we had

finished it was eight o'clock. We had said that we wanted to attend the classes of the Bible School, so Oscar took us to the classroom and left us, saying that he had to finish preparations for his Theology class. So we visited the Bible class of Mr. Lint, one of the Peruvian teachers, and it was very interesting to hear him teach the students about the Bible in the Spanish language. After the Bible class we attended Oscar's Theology class, That was followed by the devotional service that is held each morning. After a hymn was sung, a verse of Scripture was read and a short message was given. The theme was, "Consecration and the Sanctified Life," and after the message two young men went forward to seek the blessing. The service closed with a song and a prayer. Yes, we tried to sing along with them in Spanish, but we did not make out so well, so we just sang in English and no one seemed to notice.

After the devotional service Catherine invited us to her classes with the girls, She had five young women in a class called "Preparation for Service." Oh yes, anyone could note the difference in Catherine's Spanish. She had never had to struggle to learn it as so many other missionaries have had to do. There are some advantages in being missionaries' children after all, I guess. She had another class in Vacation Bible School work and said that she was also teaching a class in music at night which we were sorry we could not attend. She has arranged her schedule, she told me, so she can do some housework after breakfast and bathe the baby before it is time for her classes. Just after we reached the house after classes a young man from the print shop knocked at the door, and said that he had a proof that the Senora should correct as soon as possible. When that had been done she left me in the living room to be entertained by the baby while she made preparations for dinner. But soon, however, Richard and I had wandered to the kitchen because I was anxious to "snoop around" a bit to see what was going on out there, I saw the bread that had been baked the day before; one native girl was cutting up a chicken while yet another was churning the butter. Milk? Oh, you see, the mission has its own cows for the needs of the compound.

We had a fine dinner, and then a siesta. John and I were back in the living room of the Burchfield home at 2:15, and while we were there discussing what we would do next, a young man from the Bible School came asking if he might talk over a problem with Oscar. He was taken to the library, and after a discussion of the problem followed by prayer, the young man went away feeling better. From two to four Oscar was busy helping with the work of the compound. You see, each student must work two hours each day for his expenses. There was a car to be greased, packing on the windmill to be changed, a broken electric line to be repaired, and the garden to be irrigated. Each of the students was assigned a task. Then on Friday the printers must be paid, the carpenter given money to buy lumber, and while we were talking in the living room a little old man came with a bill for alfalfa for the cows.

At four o'clock it was decided that we would go to Chiclayo because we were anxious to see more of the city, and there were letters to be taken in, and considerable buying to be done for the School. Yes, they buy the staple things like rice, potatoes, sugar and lard in Chiclayo because they are so much cheaper there. We were surprised to find Chiclayo a thriving city. Of course, the narrow, cobblestone streets were interesting for us to see. They say that the highway has done much to make Chiclayo what it is today.

After the buying was done and the business all taken care of, we went to a Chinese restaurant where we had supper. It was the first time John and I had ever attempted to eat with chopsticks, and I must say that we both had plenty of difficulty. We finally gave up in desperation and called for knives and forks. We then had to rush back to Monsefu in order to get there for the weekly meeting of the Literary Society. This is a part of the Bible School work, and teaches the students to plan programs and to speak and sing in public. The program was very interesting, and after it was over we went to the Burchfield home to hear the latest war news on the radio. The news broadcast over, we retired.

Early the next morning we were off for the airport of Chiclayo in the mission car. We left Peru with a feeling that it is a land of great spiritual need. Now we will know better how to pray for our missionaries who are laboring there. It was a real treat to see them at their everyday tasks, and we were glad that we could be with them for a little visit, even if it were only for a day. We'd like to return to Peru some time when we could stay longer!

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24 -- DAYS WITH OUR MISSIONARY SECRETARY IN MEXICO -- By C. Warren Jones

Our sister republic to the south is a challenge to the Christian church in general and to the Church of the Nazarene in particular. This is true, if for no other reason than for what we have done already in Mexico. We have gone too far to back out and quit now. We must be true to our mission to this people.

The population of the country is approximately twenty million. While it is regarded by many as a Catholic country, yet there are two million Protestants. True, some of these are not spiritual Christians, but they do not wish to be numbered among the Catholics. Of the remaining eighteen million, five million are atheists. The great majority of this latter group, when they reached the place where they could no longer tolerate the old church, decided that there was nothing in religion, and that the idea of God was only a myth. The remaining thirteen million are connected, in one way or another, with Catholicism. This gives us a slight idea, at least, of the religious condition in Mexico today.

The common people are susceptible to the gospel. In our visits to various countries we have never found a people with a greater heart-hunger. They crowd our churches; they listen with the greatest interest; they will walk long distances for nothing else but to hear a gospel message.

Mexicans In The United States

Today there are several million of these people living in the United States, especially in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California. Along this border, north of the line, we have several churches with good prospects for others to be organized. We have just established a Mexican Bible Training School in Los Angeles. Our greatest need in the work now is pastors and evangelists, and we can supply this need only in our school. We must double and then treble

the number of churches in these four States, and our only reason for this is to get the gospel to these hungry, waiting people.

Lower California

Outside of one Baptist Mission in Tijuana, the Church of the Nazarene is the only Protestant Church which has work in the peninsula, which is seven hundred and fifty miles in length, We are pushing south and we hope to have eventually a line of churches and missions extending the whole distance. We have been seventy-five miles south of the line to the city of Ensenada. Here we have a Sunday morning service. The night before we drove out five miles for a service at a mission. We found ourselves in a simple chapel with a dirt floor. Probably sixty people were present. When the altar call was given a woman made her way to the altar. It was all new to her, as she had never been in a Protestant service before. She accepted Christ and was saved in that service. We are sure of this, for in a few weeks she was at the same altar again seeking earnestly for holiness of heart. Our point is that she was saved the first time she ever heard the gospel. This is not an unusual occurrence in Mexico.

Monterrey

This beautiful city, the Pittsburgh of Mexico, is situated one hundred and forty-five miles south of Laredo, Texas. The population is more than two hundred thousand. Here we have a fine group of people with Rev. Enrique Rosales as pastor. This pastor is a great leader and not only pastors this church, but also evangelizes the surrounding country for the distance of a hundred miles. Already we have several churches established and preaching places from which we give out the gospel, using Monterrey as a center. This church is the Heddie Olson Memorial Church; it is located in the southern part of the city very close to the federal highway connecting Laredo with Mexico City.

Guadalajara

This city is fast becoming another great center for the Church of the Nazarene. The population numbers more than two hundred thousand, and it is situated four hundred and fifty miles northwest of Mexico City. In and around this city within a radius of twenty-five miles we have several churches and missions with more than a thousand Nazarenes.

On our first visit to the city we had one week-night service. This was before we had a church building. The only place for the service was in a private home. On inquiry we found that they were expecting a crowd of two hundred and fifty. Suffice to say, the homes in Mexico are not built like the homes in the United States. Since it was the dry season of the year, it was not supposed to rain, but it did. How it rained! It poured throughout the evening and far into the night. Naturally, we gave up hope of having a service under such adverse weather conditions. With our religious background we couldn't conceive of people coming to service. The announcement had gone forth that we would be there to bring the message. We had the advantage of having a closed car and just before 7:30 we drove up to the home. On our arrival we saw the crowd gathering, though all had to walk and some many blocks. How many were present? The count showed one hundred and sixty-five. What an inspiration to a poor preacher!

Think of so many people wading through the water, and others drenched to the skin just to hear a gospel message! But another surprise was in store for us. Just before we began our message we were informed for the first time that we were to have another service in another home three miles away some time before midnight. Could it be possible? They assured us that such was the plan. There was nothing left for us to do but to co-operate and do our best to keep up with this crowd of Mexican Nazarenes. The best we could do was to dismiss the first service at nine o'clock. We hurried to our car; the downpour had not abated in the least. We raced across the city. In the second home the people were waiting. Here we found a congregation of fifty. We cut the preliminaries to one song and prayer and then came to the message. It was nearly eleven o'clock before we could close. Two services in one evening, in private homes, with two hundred and fifteen out, in spite of what looked like, from all outward appearances, a second flood on the earth. Forget? That is impossible. Of course, we do not wish to forget such a people.

A year later we returned to the city to dedicate the first unit of our First Church of the Nazarene, and had the privilege of preaching to a crowd of nine hundred and forty-five people, all inside the building and seated. Since the dedication a fine group of the members have moved to another part of the city and organized the Second Church. The work is growing, and this beautiful city in western Mexico has already become a great center for the Church of the Nazarene.

Mexico City, D. F.

The capital city is situated on a plateau of seven thousand feet elevation. The population is reported at one million five hundred thousand. The city is beautiful, with broad thoroughfares, spacious parks and many fine buildings.

The site on which our First Church and Bible Training School Building is located was purchased years ago, Dr. H. F. Reynolds and Dr. V. G. Santin chose the location and purchased the lots. At that time they were in the edge of the city, far from paved streets and cement sidewalks. But time has wrought a great change. Now we are in a semi-business district and within walking distance of the center of the city. Our property is valuable, and will continue to increase in value. We have two other churches in the city and plans are now under way for the fourth church.

It is a joy to minister to the people at First Church. One is never obliged to preach to empty pews. The crowd is always there. They pack the building. If one intends to make an altar call he must plan beforehand how to eliminate the people around the altar so as to have room for seekers. The people enjoy music and like to sing. They never ask the minister to cut his message short. They never leave until the service is completed.

Dedication Service

We have always supposed that church buildings should be dedicated on a Sunday morning. In Mexico we learned that the day makes little if any difference. Not only so, but a building can be dedicated at any hour of the day, the evening service answering for the purpose just as well as the morning service. On my first trip they asked me to have a dedication of the

Second Church in Mexico City on Saturday night. This seemed strange. We were fearful that the crowd would be small, but we acquiesced and they announced the service for Saturday evening. When we arrived the building was crowded. Every seat was taken, the platform was crowded and more than forty persons stood during the entire service. On another trip, with another church to dedicate, they set high noon as the hour, and that on Saturday. I told the brethren that I had heard of weddings at high noon, but a church dedication at that hour was something new to me. But the crowd was there, and seemingly we got along just as well as if it had been Sunday morning.

Good Givers

Our people in Mexico are good givers. True, they do not have much to give, but the Lord pays little attention to the amount given. We recall that when Jesus lived on earth one day he was in the temple when the offering was being received. He noticed that the rich gave a little out of their abundance, but he noticed that a poor widow passed by and threw in two mites. He not only noticed this, but he called special attention to the widow's offering. She gave all that she had, and back of the gift was the motive which pleased Jesus. In Mexico, if our men earn fifty cents a day they are doing well. With three dollars a week a man will support his family, and on Sunday morning he will place at least thirty cents on the offering plate to aid in getting the gospel to others. We have found that they are unusually faithful in their tithes and offerings.

A Strange People

It is so easy to look at the people of another country and label them as strange. When we talk with them however, we find that they have already decided that we are very strange. Then we are confused. Are they strange, or are we? It is true that their habits are very much unlike ours, but we might as well admit that they seem to enjoy life as much and get along about as well as we do.

We mention a few of their habits, but with no thought of criticism. In fact, we as a people could follow their example along some lines with much profit. They carry their Bibles with them to all the public services. They expect the minister to read the Bible and they want to read with him, or at least follow him as he reads. They do not leave their song books in the pew-rack. No, they carry them home to sing during the week. They use the book at home as much if not more than in church. They like their beans so well that they serve them quite often for breakfast. (Editor's note: this is also done in New England, with the famous New England baked beans.) It is a little hard on folk that have never had anything but cereal and coffee for breakfast. But why fuss about it? Let them eat beans for breakfast, It is their country. We are just the visitors.

Southeastern Mexico

In Southeastern Mexico lie the great States of Oaxaca and Chiapas. Here our work has enjoyed a good growth. This territory lies from six to eight hundred miles from Mexico City, and from the capital is in the opposite direction from Guadalajara. From this latter city on a straight line to the farthest church in the State of Chiapas it is twelve hundred miles. One can see that geographically this is a great district, a large territory for our District Superintendent. There is no

doubt but that very soon and possibly this year there will be a division of the district and these two southeastern States will form a new district.

Tomorrow In Mexico

It has been with great effort that we have planted the Church of the Nazarene in this republic. Our beginnings were very small, but God gave us a great leader in Dr. V. G. Santin. He has led on across the years, and has had a fine family to help him. Gradually we have acquired property. One of the most recent acquisitions that will prove a tremendous asset to our work is the three-story brick building with some thirty rooms that houses our Bible Training School. This was built adjoining our First Church and is well located in the city. God has helped us to lay a good foundation in Mexico. With our national leadership and ministry and the possibilities of adding to it there is a bright future for our work. The opportunity is all that one could ask for. We have just gotten a start in the large city of Vera Cruz, which is located on the Gulf. We must enter the cities of Puebla, Toluca, and Morelia and from these centers work out into other cities and towns of which there are scores. The people are there. The opportunity is there before us. God is challenging us to do something about it. It can be done, and we must not fail God and the hungry-hearted people. We can do our part in winning hundreds of thousands in Mexico to Jesus Christ and the Church.

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25 -- A VISIT WITH OUR DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT IN MEXICO -- By Alfredo H. Santin

Mexico today has a population of twenty million, and out of this number only one hundred thousand have accepted Christ as their Saviour. Mexicans as a rule are people of great faith, strongly inclined to believe in something, very religious by nature. Our people were followers of a pagan religion mixed with theocracy till they were conquered and civilized by the Spaniards when they were forced to follow the Roman Catholic faith, and to the present day Mexico is considered as one of the many countries powerfully dominated by the Roman Catholic Church.

The real truth is that today many Mexicans are following a blind religion, for they have inherited a form of religion from their forefathers with no heartfelt conviction and no sound doctrine as a foundation. The outstanding result is reflected in the low morals of this people, their sinful and vicious habits, their idolatry and superstition. Of course, this life of sin becomes even worse when cloaked by a false religion. Only the preaching of the living gospel in all its power can shed light upon these millions of lost and ignorant souls.

Today the Church of the Nazarene is opening the way for the Mexican people to be led to Christ, lifting them from their sad condition into the glorious knowledge of salvation through the sacrifice of Christ their Redeemer. This great task is being done by the Mexican Nazarene Church supported by the General Missionary Board, and aided by men of faith, our native workers with a real calling.

The First Church of the Nazarene in Mexico City has the leadership in membership as well as in missionary work, and from it have gone out many preachers and pastors who are at present in charge of many fields throughout the country till today there are twenty-four organized churches and forty-six missions; most wonderful has been the example followed by the other churches at Guadalajara, Tonalá, Villa Flores who are fitting out men and women to preach the Gospel. Our field in Mexico embraces nine states, namely Chiapas, Oaxaca, Vera Cruz, Puebla, Mexico, Michoacán, Jalisco, Baja California, and the Federal District with seven million souls, where we feel responsible for spreading the good news of salvation.

Since the laws of this country eliminate foreigners from taking part in this religious task as pastors or evangelists, it is up to us Mexicans to carry on the work of salvation among our countrymen. This requires preparation, and in order to meet this great need we have been working through the Bible School in Mexico City since 1922, preparing men and women to take their places in their respective fields.

The Lord alone has been our support in many different phases of our work. One of these is the publication of our monthly newspaper, The Nazarene Herald, which is circulated in our congregations to instruct the people in the doctrine of entire sanctification, and to carry news of our missionary work in all our different fields. Another example is our Sunday-school leaflet, Bible Lights, which is circulated among the members of our Sunday schools.

Our Young People's Societies and our Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies throughout the country furnish real help both in a financial and a spiritual sense; really, what could we do without their great aid? I well remember when I was pastor of the Second Church of the Nazarene in Mexico City of paying a pastoral visit to a sister who was the wife of an unconverted man and living under the most miserable conditions as well as suffering actual ill-treatment from her husband -- how she was the means of a never-to-be-forgotten impression on me. "Brother Pastor," she said, "my husband prohibits my attending church, and does not allow me to join the W.F.M.S., but for three months now I have been a member of the Prayer and Fasting League. We are supporting a colporteur, and, therefore, I place these silver coins in your hands toward his support]" That poor woman who had barely enough money to buy two meals a day still felt her responsibility to help support a Christian worker! This is but a sample of the co-operation given by the women of our W.F.M.S. Do you wonder that God blesses and advances the work? Our Young People's Societies are likewise supporting us. At a campmeeting not long ago one of our young men sprang up and amidst laughter and tears said, "This is one of the happiest days of my life, for my father has found salvation!"

Our preachers often carry the greatest burden. About a year ago one of our local licensed preachers who has already given ten years of his life to part-time gospel work, a man of great faith and a living testimony, wrote to us saying, "I feel a great burden for lost souls, and I wish from now on to give my full time to the preaching of the gospel." Our Missionary Board has now been supporting him for over a year with \$20.00 a month, whereas previously he had been making \$70.00 a month to support his wife and his seven children. He freely gave this up for the smaller salary when he took a full-time pastor's charge. This is only one example of many I might give of the interest and love for the work of salvation among our Mexican people. They are ready to sacrifice their own comfort that the gospel might be made known.

You may be sure that we are not working in vain; we are going through persecution many times, and even physical sufferings, often lacking adequate buildings in which to preach and teach the people, but we are seeing practical results in this work of salvation. People throng to our churches during evangelistic meetings, and these hunger-stricken and blind creatures -- often filthy in mind as well as body -- are transformed into this new life in Christ Jesus. Many a time we have seen them later so utterly changed as to have indeed become other creatures. For them, "Old things have passed away, and all things have become new!" Glory to God for the three thousand Nazarenes in Mexico who are living testimonies of what Christ can do in this country! AMEN!

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THE END