

The Father Sheep

April 1950

1950



Seven Words About Easter



- 1—EASTER is important because it offers hope to a “grave-bound” race. Look elsewhere, and you look in vain.
- 2—EASTER is proof of all that went before. Christ’s claims were validated by His resurrection. “If Christ be not risen, your faith is vain” (I Cor. 15:14).
- 3—EASTER sounds a summons to earnest endeavor in exposing dying men to the living Christ. “Go quickly, and tell” (Matt. 28.7,).
- 4—EASTER is significant because your representatives (the missionaries) are depending on you to remember the cause of world evangelism at this special season.
- 5—EASTER is an opportunity for an unselfish missionary offering as an expression of true appreciation and an acknowledgment of personal obligation.
- 6—EASTER demonstrates our faith in the “ever-rising” Christ. His voice cannot be stilled. Because of your gift, He will speak through the missionary the name of some “hopeless Mary” today.
- 7—EASTER gives the Church its message of triumph. We will carry it to the ends of the earth!



APRIL 9

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS for WORLD EVANGELISM

The OTHER Sheep

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

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

Volume 37

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Number 4

The Greatest Word

THREE WORDS in English, but only one in the Greek. A word which carried great significance and caused accusers to confess that Christ was the Son of God. It was a shout of triumph. Jesus had been condemned by two courts and was marred, scourged, crucified. The religious people of the day, the great ecclesiastics, were against Him. The Jews derided Him. Pilate feared Him. The soldiers mocked Him. The disciples had forsaken Him and fled with the exception of John, who stood near. Judas had sold Him and Peter had denied Him. It was in such a circumstance that this greatest of all words was uttered. "It is finished" comprehends the salvation of the world.

So great was this triumph that one needy as the dying thief could find deliverance. Discernment to see in this crucified Man a King, courage to confess such a Man in such an hour, and faith that Christ had an eternal Kingdom were qualities which Jesus inspired in this man. Only Christ can inspire such confidence and offer such hope. Here there is encouragement for all men. No word of greater meaning had ever been spoken than burst from the lips of the satisfied Redeemer. "It is finished."

Such a pronouncement could be interpreted to be a sigh of relief since the earthly pilgrimage was ending and the glory of the Father's presence was near. His had not been an easy journey. Having deprived himself of every earthly accommodation. He had walked life's way enduring hunger, cold, deprivation, and shame. Though He was the King of the universe, a crown of thorns was placed on His head and a broken reed was given Him as a scepter. Ar-

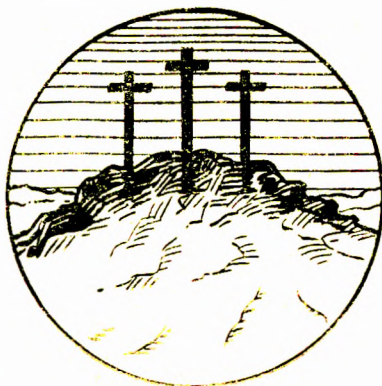
rogant soldiers blindfolded Him, saying, "Prophesy, who is it that smote thee?" He opened not His mouth. The jeers of men would soon be replaced by the hosannas of angels. However, it was no sigh of relief. It was an utterance so triumphant that the startled crowds fell back and people confessed Him as Lord.

The indestructible foundations of an uttermost and all-inclusive salvation were immovably laid. The veil was rent from top to bottom, and the kingdom of Heaven was opened to all believers. However, the task is not finished. The atonement is complete, but the world does not know. The glorious news, "It is finished," must be heralded around the world for each generation to hear and comprehend. If the victory which Jesus won on Good Friday and sealed by His resurrection on Easter Sunday has possessed your soul, the offering for world evangelism on April 9 will have significance.

This great victory was accomplished by the One who said, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work. Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest" (John 4:34, 35).

Those who know the tremendous needs and open doors are praying that each member of the church will face his world responsibility with self-denial. This is our day.

The greatest word ever uttered, the word of a Conqueror, challenges the church to the greatest effort ever expended, effort in harmony with the indescribable depths of the world's need and the all-inclusive design of the world's Saviour.



India Bound

By C. Warren Jones, D.D.

ON JANUARY 12 we quietly slipped away from pier No. 90 in New York harbor, aboard the giant liner, the "Queen Mary." Very soon we were headed east across the Atlantic for Southampton, England. Quite a boat! We later learned that the ship was 1,020 feet in length, 118 feet in width, had a crew of 1,200, and had 1,500 passengers aboard. They informed us that they could care for 2,300 passengers and that this number was reached during the summer season. During the war they carried 16,000 soldiers each trip when we were rushing our soldiers to the battle fronts in Europe. We left New York on Thursday at 12:30 noon, and at 10:45 a.m. the following Tuesday we were at the dock on the English coast about eighty miles from London. That night we remained on the boat. The next morning we boarded the train and were soon at Waterloo station in the capital of the British Empire. Rev. William Claydon, the pastor of our new church in London, was looking for us. In that great mass of humanity we surely were glad to contact someone that was interested in us. How wonderful it is to meet a friend, and especially under such circumstances! The next thing was a taxi, the hotel, and dinner. Following dinner, whom should we meet but Dr. Russell V. DeLong? He was nearly ready to board a plane for Boston, completing a round-the-world trip, evangelizing in Australia and visiting several of our mission fields.

On the following morning we boarded the train and started on a two-day-and-night trip for Rome, Italy. In two hours we were in Dover on the English Channel. During the war the Germans shelled the cliffs of Dover and bombed the city. It was near here that the evacuation from Dunkerque occurred. At Dover we transferred to a ferry boat and crossed to Calais, France, where we made connections with a train which took us to Paris by 6:00 p.m. At two stations in the French capital we spent two hours and then headed south.

Early the following morning we left France and entered northern Italy. Soon we were in the city of Turin. Here another train crew took over. To our great surprise our new conductor was a Nazarene. He knew of our coming, and when he saw us from the platform, he decided that we must be the couple that they were expecting. On our entering our coach compartment Brother Boccino Pio, the conductor, smiled and asked us if we knew Rev. Del Rosso. Assuring him that we did, we were soon enjoying the

company of an Italian Nazarene. We soon detected that he was limited in his English. He understood us fairly well, and several times during the day our brother found time to stop for a chat. We passed through the great city of Genoa and, as we passed through the city of Pisa, we got a glimpse of the famous leaning tower.

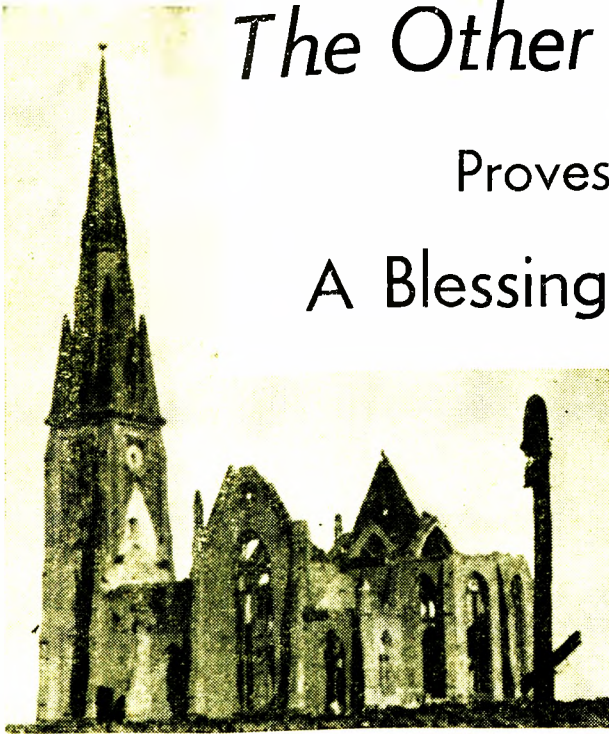
At 9:45 p.m. we pulled into the station at Rome. Here Rev. Alfredo Del Rosso was waiting to greet us and welcome us to Italy. With the help of our superintendent and the Nazarene conductor we were able to press through the great crowd, secure a taxi, and get to our room in the Hotel Flora. With a good night's rest we were ready to continue our journey. At Rome we had to change from the train to the plane. Knowing that we would not be leaving until evening, we had the day to relax, do just a bit of sight-seeing, and secure two more visas to our passport which we knew we would need en route.

At 6:30 p.m. we were on board the giant Constellation with fifty other passengers. She took the air and we headed across the Mediterranean for Cairo, Egypt, at an elevation of 13,500 feet. It was easy for us to figure that we were traveling two and one-half miles above the sea. About midnight we circled over the ancient city and glided down onto Egyptian soil. Here we remained for more than an hour. Finally we boarded the plane again. By this time being very tired, we tried to relax; and, while the plane was speeding east at the rate of 300 miles an hour, both of us secured nearly three hours of much-needed sleep. When we awoke we were nearing the city of Basra in Iraq. We stopped for forty-five minutes. Between Basra and Dhahran in Saudi Arabia we were served breakfast. At Dhahran we had another stop, but this was the last one. On taking the air again, the steward informed us that in six hours we would be in Bombay. Sure enough, on schedule time at 6:30 p.m. the great ship of the air came to a safe landing at the airport at Bombay, India.

Immediately on leaving the plane, we saw hands waving a hundred yards away and we recognized the Fritzlans and Andersons. It took us an hour to pass through customs and to satisfy Indian officials. Then it took us another hour by taxi to make the twenty miles from the airport to our hotel in the city. The long journey halfway around the world from Kansas City to India was at an end. How we thanked God for traveling mercies and a safe arrival!

The Other Sheep

Proves A Blessing



A ROUTINE OTHER SHEEP renewal card was sent to a young man in Bremen, Germany, who has been receiving the paper because some friend in the States subscribed for him. The thirty-five-cent investment has proved a blessing.

The card was returned with the following: "I thank you for your card in which you asked me to renew my subscription of THE OTHER SHEEP. I am very sorry to be replied it that I am not able to pay the subscription in 'dollars' although I would like to get farther your excellent issue of THE OTHER SHEEP. The latest subscription I might get through an unknown dispenser.

"I was always very interested into your articles and news from abroad as I felt lots of love to your authors as they had shown to me that God all over the world is loved and that many, many boys and girls in the world are joined together in real Christian belief. This, dear sirs, made me very happy as over here the belief of God has suffered by the terrible war, the sad condition of life and some more—so that I had to fear there would be only a little number of people believing of God. You have also helped me a lot with your issue to get back the hope of a Christian world.

"Enclosed you will find a photo of our church which was destroyed by the war. This church is situated in the west part of the city of Bremen. This west part had a great population before the war. But the terrible war changed the wonderful houses in sad ruins. You would make me a great pleasure if you would send me farther THE OTHER SHEEP."

This subscription has already been cared for, but there are thousands of people who should know of the world program of the church. Subscribe for a friend today.

Clip and Mail with Remittance

Name _____

Address _____

Church _____

1 year, 35c

3 years, \$1.00

On Being a Missionary

*Some look to the life of service abroad
As an opening for adventuresome chance,
Since the thing that is far, like a distant star,
Has an aspect of greater romance.*

*Some fret within from wanderlust
And yearn to cross over the seas
And experience change in exotic range
From the tropics to land of the freeze.*

*Some chafe at restraint of their leaders
And imagine life free in Brazil,
Where the only command is from their own hand,
Knowing naught of the disciplined will.*

*True, there are tastes of romance,
But the diet is steady, hard work;
And the thrill of going is the joy of knowing
That the gospel brings light in the murk.*

*But success in the towns of the homeland
Is like the success of the field:
There are sowing and reaping, praying and weeping
Before there is ever a yield.*

—LYLE PRESCOTT

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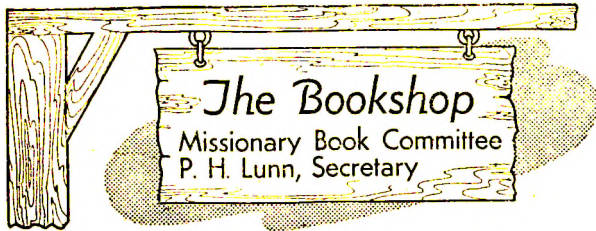
General W.F.M.S. Secretary

At the recent meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Council Miss Mary Scott was elected to serve as general secretary for the Society.

Having spent ten years in missionary work in China, she understands the value of backing the workers with prayer and financial aid.

Miss Scott graduated from Olivet Nazarene College with an A.B. degree in 1932, and later received an M.A. degree from the University of Michigan. Several years of teaching experience in Hammond, Indiana, as well as extensive contacts with the church in missionary deputation work, qualify her for this task.

With devotion and efficiency Miss Scott will perform the duties of this office and thus promote the great world-wide program of evangelism in which the church is engaged.



Nineteen Missionary Stories

From the Middle East

BY BASIL MILLER

(Zondervan Publishing House, \$1.50)

TRUE ACCOUNTS of zealous missionaries who carried the cross of Christ and planted it in foreign lands.

Sadr Ul Hofaz, a Moslem teacher and religious leader of great influence, is converted through a thorough study of the Bible. His success in preaching the gospel is inspiring.

Katrina Neff, who with her husband, Thaddeus, spent many years as a missionary in Egypt, tells of recent prayer victories. Revivals, personal answers, healings, and providential loadings are witnessed in answer to prayer.

In Baghdad, if you would find a certain old Indian Christian, he would tell you the Bible is Iraq's greatest treasure. If one should offer him date gardens which abound in the oasis of the desert, fast Arabian horses, holdings of the sheiks, he would say, shaking his head, that the Bible outshines them all. Read his story as related by Charles Bellingham, of the American Bible Society in Baghdad.

Lillian, known as the "Nile Mother" of the Assiout Orphanage in the Egyptian city of the same name, tested God's promises and was greatly rewarded.

The "Miracle of the Book at Seistan" demonstrates the fact that "God's Word will not return to Him void." Twenty years were required to see the result of a difficult experience which was endured by a faithful missionary.

Stories of Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Krikorian, who are serving as our missionaries in Palestine, will thrill your heart. Hranoush Yardumian faces martyrdom, is driven out with many others to die of exposure or be taken by fierce Kurds, but finally is safe in the city of Aintab, where she meets Samuel, her future husband. They were married and are now working together in the Holy Land. For twenty-six years they have labored in this country which has been called "The Cradle of Christianity." The victories of the work and the night of prayer with Dr. H. F. Reynolds on Mount Olivet are heart-warming experiences.

For an understanding of the value of medical missions, the account of the opening of a hospital at Doha, Arabia, is excellent. "Saudi Arabia has been opened to the gospel at the point of a surgeon's knife," begins the story. The church was found wanting—in men.

Thrilling stories and interesting facts make this book worthy of the attention of every person desiring knowledge of conditions and Christian activities in the Middle East.

Full Salvation Under the Southern Cross

BY FRANK AND LULA FERGUSON

(Nazarene Publishing House, 25c)

A few hundred copies of this sixty-two-page booklet are still available. Lula and Frank Ferguson spent a number of years among Spanish-speaking people and much of this time in Argentina. For an account of the beginnings of our work in this most advanced of the South American republics, this booklet cannot be surpassed. Write today for one of these remaining copies.

—REMIS REHFELDT



Reports

from the

Fields

An Eye for Color

By Evelyn Ragains

Nicaragua



ONE SUNDAY we arrived at Barrio Silva (our chapel in east Managua), to find the chapel completely changed. And what a change! Senor Reynaldo Guido, the owner of the house we were worshiping in, had made benches and a pulpit. We had been using rough boards for benches and a small table. He had painted the new benches green, the pulpit red, white, and gold. Our native pastor expressed the appreciation of the congregation and requested that don Reynaldo tell us what the colors represented. The green stands for hope; and on the pulpit red signifies the blood of Jesus; white for purity; and the gold on the top of the pulpit stands for the precious Word of God.

A few weeks later dona Antonia, don Reynaldo's mother, purchased a large Bible for the pulpit and twelve hymnals. The congregation began to increase, and then the first altar service—I never shall forget! I had one of my first opportunities to lead someone to the Lord in Nicaragua. Not possessing much boldness in using the Spanish language, I called upon the Lord for immediate help. He did come to my aid, and today this young "senorita" attends the services faithfully and testifies to being saved. Upon arriving at Barrio Silva about a month ago, an unusual color scheme met our eyes. A bright yellow-orange side wall and a leaf-green front wall caused us

to blink once or twice to be sure that it was really our little chapel. Yes, it was! Upon entering the building, we admired the freshly painted rose-colored walls.

Dona Antonia and don Reynaldo were happy on this occasion, for they had put in brick flooring and a sidewalk out in front, electric lights, and had built an adjoining room at the back of the chapel in order that their family would not have to live in the church. Now everything was completed except a sign for the church. This appeared the following Sunday. A handsome-looking sign in silver letters with red background stated that this building was the second "Iglesia del Nazareno" (Church of the Nazarene) of Managua. Inside on the rose walls hung a large plaque: "Holiness unto the Lord," "And They Brought Him to Jesus," and "God Is Love" in red and silver.

The lot on which the chapel stands, the building, the time spent in preparing this chapel for a place of worship were donated by don Guido, also the material that went into making it the chapel that it is. If the Church of the Nazarene had to buy this lot, erect the chapel with its present equipment, it would cost not less than \$3,000. He and his mother are being rewarded by seeing people bow at an altar of prayer for pardon.

His little seven-year-old boy Joel cannot be supplied with enough tracts and the *Herald of Holiness*. Each Saturday, Sunday, and Thursday he makes the rounds of Barrio Silva, passing out reading material and inviting people to the services.

The people can sing "Since Jesus Came into My Heart" in a way that stirs our innermost beings and makes us determine in our hearts to show a little more of the zeal and enthusiasm that don Reynaldo and dona Antonia show. God abundantly bless them is our prayer.

The Unseen Hand!

By John Hall

Cuba

THE OTHER DAY the children and I were in the car, going after my wife at the university. From where we live we have to go through a good portion of the city to reach our destination. In the rear seat sat Darleen, aged four; John, Jr. five; and in front with me were Coreen, one and one-half, and Aileen, six. Aileen was sitting near the door and, all at once, I saw the door swing open and Aileen fall out.

I was driving between thirty and thirty-five miles per hour. As quickly as an old car can be stopped, I did my best by using both hands and the foot brake. I expected to see her little body crushed in the street; but to my surprise, I saw the door open and her body somewhat twisted around, and she was holding with one hand to the door handle. Her feet were dragging in the street. As soon as I stopped she got up and got in the car. She was terribly frightened and white, but no damage had come to her.

All the people have been surprised and wondered how she could hold her weight with one little hand and her feet dragging in the street. There is only one answer. The unseen hand of God reached over and put her hand on the door handle and held it there until I could stop the car.

How often in this old world does the Lord stop harm and accidents from us; and many many times we don't know anything about it! My! how we do appreciate the protection of the unseen hand of the Lord!

sought the Saviour and found Him precious to her soul. Just before we left, a sister-in-law came into the home and, seeing what the Lord had done in the hearts of her loved ones, she too was wonderfully saved. After seeing the results of this trip, I was fully persuaded that every mission dollar invested to make it possible was well worth while.

God's Minute Man

By Mamie Bailey Hendricks

Barbados

FROM TWO O'CLOCK in the morning until nearly six Dr. Hendricks had been suffering from an acute stomach attack. It was almost unbearable. We did not have a telephone, and it was much too early to awaken the neighbors. At last, shortly before six, I walked to the home of some missionary friends. I was afraid to leave my husband alone, but there was no other way. We must find a doctor in the shortest time possible. With God as his Guide our friend Brother Shultz hurried to a doctor, a member of his own church. How wonderful, a fine Christian doctor! For more than two hours he ministered until his patient was relaxed and resting. But it was Sunday morning and I must remain home. Who would take the morning service? I was putting forth my best efforts to get a substitute when our doctor friend, who had already given us his services, very quietly stated, "I'll take your church service this morning."

At this special hour of need how thrilled our hearts were to meet the sanctified man of God! Truly we always think of doctor Leopold Lynch as *God's minute man*.

Dollars into Souls

By W. C. Vaughters

Guatemala

I watched as the blue-gray spiral of exhaust twirled upward from the water as our boat was pushed rapidly into the interior lake regions. In three and one-half hours the native evangelist and I disembarked at the little village of Bacadilla. We started through the little village, calling upon every home and inviting them to the services to be held in our chapel. In one home we entered we found a young man who was very sick. After our talking with him a while, he expressed his desire to become a Christian. He prayed a simple prayer and the Lord spoke peace to his soul.

His wife soon entered the home and, finding that her husband had been converted, she too



Bible Training School

By Spurgeon Hendrix

Argentina

YOU CAN READILY SEE that the Lord has sent us a nice group of young people to study His Word for the purpose of serving in the great harvest field in this part of the world. He has also supplied us with the necessary teachers to teach the Bible and relative subjects, and we consider it a great privilege to co-operate in such an endeavor in behalf of the great work of God and of the church.

We believe, after seeing the picture of a group like this, there will be no need to ask the question: Why have a General Budget in the church? The answer is evident: The General Budget is the financial life line by which we are able to carry on such work as the above. Truly, we thank God for the faithfulness of our people to the missionary cause represented in the General Budget, and they are to be commended for the missionary vision they have had. However, who would dare say that we, speaking of the church as a whole, have done our best?

Only God himself knows the latent possibilities there are in a group of young people such as those presented in the accompanying picture. Speaking of them in general, they are serious-minded, desirous of learning more, willing to be led into greater usefulness, are sacrificing and spiritual. It would inspire our Nazarene young people in the homeland to know of the sacrifices some of these young people make to study in our Bible school. Practically all of them work during the day in factories or in some kind of manual labor and then come each night to the classes of the Bible school, where they remain until 9:45 p.m., after which they go home (some of them making long trips of an hour or more by train, bus, etc.—no, not by automobile, for they do not have cars), getting to bed at perhaps eleven o'clock or midnight, to rise early the next morning to be at work again. It is hard for many of them to find time to study; so they carry their books with them to snatch precious moments on the streetcar, train, or

bus—to prepare themselves to work in God's great cause in the Argentine republic or possibly some other Latin American country.

Reader brother, sister, we are sure this all interests you, or you would not be reading this article. Does the thought of the missionary enterprise stir and warm your hearts? Do you really carry a burden in prayer in behalf of our missionaries, our Bible training schools, our national workers, our students in the Bible schools, on our respective mission fields? Moreover, let me refer you to the Word of God for another question, after first looking at the accompanying picture again. Think of the possibilities for the cause of the gospel wrapped up in those young people; then let the Apostle Paul ask you a question: "How shall they preach, except they be sent?" (Romans 10:15) Yes, it takes money to carry out the Great Commission, as well as genuine praying. It takes money to support national workers to go and preach the message of salvation, many times to unsympathetic, opposing, indifferent, and superstitious fellow countrymen. But it is the task of the church to do everything within its power to make it possible for these young people to fulfill the calling God has given them. That's where the General Budget comes in! That's where you and I come in too! And, through this means, our beloved church carries on its missionary program all over the world. Can God count on us to do our part? Let us prove to Him that He can!



By Roger S. Winans*

ON THE HEADWATERS of the various tributaries of the Amazon are many rapids, which the Indians of the Inca empire called doors or gates. The Spanish conquerors adopted the Indian word, and they are still called "pongos" or gateways. Commercially they form the continental divide of South America. Below the rapids commerce goes to the Atlantic, and above them it goes to the Pacific. Our Sunsuntsa station is located among the upper rapids of the Marañon River. One map, after naming about a dozen of the worst rapids in a section of two hundred miles, adds, "and forty-one other bad passages." Some of the worst rapids are seasonal, dangerous in high water and quite safe in low water, while others are dangerous in low water and not quite so dangerous in high water. In moving from Sunsuntsa to Temashnum it was necessary for us to pass through eight of these rapids, including two of the very worst. They are bad in high water and worse in low water. The Indians take to land in passing these particular rapids. They prefer traveling thirty miles over steep trail to risking their lives in the rapids. "Foreigners and other foolish people," the Indians say, "go through the rapids."

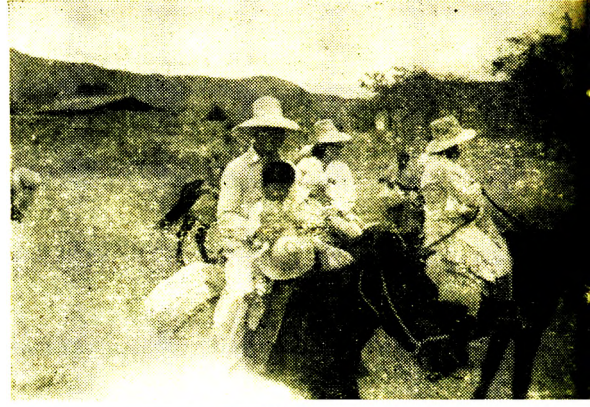
We planned going through the rapids in January, but high water stopped us. After many delays we finally embarked on June 9 with the river in about the proper state. It was high enough to cover the rocks in the dashing rapids, and low enough for the whirlpools to be fairly calm. We took every possible precaution, tying the rafts with the strongest vines in the forest and using life preservers for our family. We thought we were poor, but when we had our goods on the rafts they were well crowded.

The first little incident of the journey was caused by the milk cow. She broke through the railing on the back end of the raft and straddled the poles in such a way that we had to slack her rope and let her off into the water. We brought her around to the side of the raft and lifted and drug her on. We had scarcely finished before the first rapid was in sight. It was of the whirlpool type and was on its good behavior, so we passed without difficulty. One of our raftmen was an old-timer at the business, and knew every crook and turn in the river, and was awake to every danger. He was equally skillful with the broad paddle or with the long sweep oar with which we had provided our raft. His companion was a good hand with the paddle, but did not understand the use of the long oar very well. We passed through a beautiful stretch of wooded hills just a little more rugged than those along the Panama Canal. The water was quite smooth, with here and there a little stretch of swift current which led us near some projecting rock. Then followed a rapid runway which our raftmen refused to admit in the list of "pongos." It ended with a whirlpool just below a big rock well out in mid-river. By dint of hard rowing we missed the rock by five or six feet.

Coming around a bend in the river, we sighted high mountain peaks towering like giants on either side of

*Retired Peruvian missionary

Through



the Gates

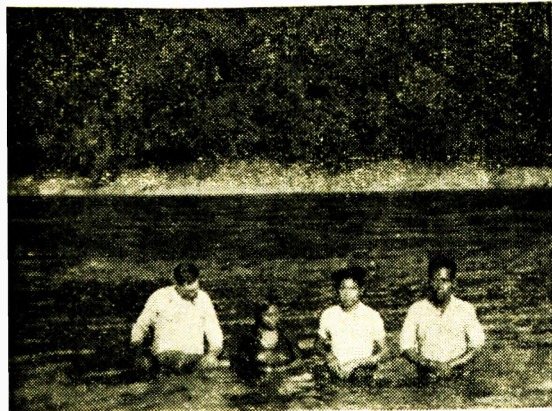
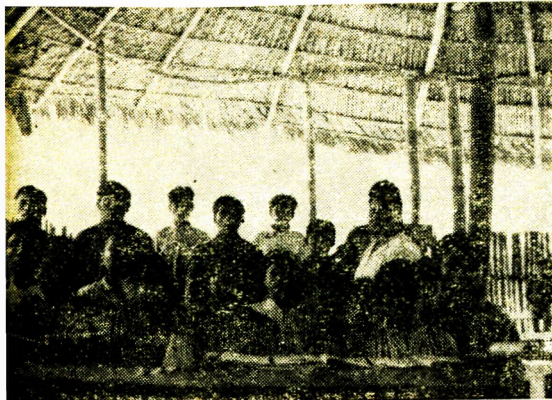
Peru

the river and realized that we were approaching the real rapids. The first rapid, called the sighing rapid, was not very bad. It wet us a bit and frightened one of the dogs which had persisted in staying on the lower deck. The next rapid was somewhat worse. The waves dashed higher and were more violent, but we passed without serious damage. Then followed two smaller rapids. We experienced some difficulty in keeping our raft headed straight, as the current would twist it from side to side.

Then we hit the worst rapid of all, which is called the new rapid, as it was formed a few years ago by some freak of nature. Our inexperienced raftman was unable to handle his long oar properly, and we were carried against a steep wall on one side of the river and passed so near that one of the long oars was caught by the rocks and the socket in which it rested was broken. Two young men were traveling with us as passengers, and one of them was helping some with a broad oar on the back end of the raft. He had climbed on top of the freight to escape the violence of the waves and left his paddle dangling from a heavy fish cord. It was also caught by the rocks and snapped in two. This left us with only one long oar and one broad paddle at a dangerous place in the rapids. We talked of trying to make a landing, but there was no place to land. As hastily as possible the broken socket for the long oar was repaired, but in the meantime we were again carried against the wall. As the raft turned sidewise it was caught near the middle by a large rock. Fortunately, the current was not very strong and the shock was not severe. Slowly the raft swung around until it came clear. Soon the oar socket was repaired and we were preparing for the last big "pongo," when we noticed that the upper deck was leaning dangerously to one side, and many of the stakes which supported it were broken. We hastily untied the ropes and a small cable from the head of the raft, and tied the deck in place. We had just finished when the "Lorocacha," which the natives call "the father of the pongos," came in sight. A few tremendous plunges, a few turns in the whirlpools, and we left the rapids behind.

We were traveling in a dangerous condition, however, and all agreed that it would be best to land and unload for repairs. A night on the riverbank, wet to the skin by the all-night rain, finished our experience. The next day two hours' travel on a smoother river brought us to our new mission sight. We had some difficulty in making the landing, as the first rope we sent ashore was snapped by the force of the current. A small whirlpool at the landing carried us around and around until we got the cable ashore and were able to land.

1. Leaving the airport, we continue our journey to Aguarunaland on mules.
2. Next we journey on two small rafts made of bamboo poles.
3. The climb over the very steep mountains is too difficult, so we are carried by the Aguarunas in a canvas seat. On the level and down the mountainsides we can walk very well.
4. The last lap of the journey (one day) we make in a long, narrow dugout canoe like this.
5. Our house—note the pineapples at both sides of the walk.
6. Part of our schoolboys, our Peruvian couple (workers), our Aguaruna student teacher, his wife and baby, and Mr. and Mrs. Winans.
7. Baptismal service—left to right: Roger Winans, wife of student teacher, student teacher, Peruvian soldier.
8. A bottle tree, on the road to Aguarunaland.



On the Island of Fogo

By Ernest Eades

Cape Verde Islands

ON MARCH 16 we set sail in the sailing boat "S. Clara" and set our course for Mosteiros, on the north side of the Island of Fogo, a distance of forty-five miles. Sister Eades found a little space in the small cabin that was half full of sacks of corn, and Brother Mosteller found a place to lie down also. Margaret Anne and I put ourselves on top of some other sacks of corn

victory in many cases. We are trusting that some who did not yield will yet break under the power of the Spirit.

After our stay in Mosteiros, we entered a rowing boat with all our baggage, plus a large oil drum and six sailors, and made our way around the coast to the town of S. Felipe, which is on the south side of the island. After leaving the port, we lifted a small sail about the size of a shirt and let the wind carry us gently along. But twice the little mast broke; so finally the sailors began to row. The voyage took five hours. Will our stomachs ever get used to these rockings that we get continually? When we arrived to disembark we had to go in with the surf; and when we got close enough in, big, black, brawny arms grabbed us, lifted us out of the boat, and, carrying us high above the waves, took us to shore. These men have the habit of ducking those who pay badly, so we made sure to pay them well.

What a reception our pastor and the Christians of S. Felipe gave us! They had not been visited for a year and were overwhelmed with joy. We had full meetings each night, and many found Jesus as Saviour and Sanctifier. In this place a man doesn't bother to marry. He just takes a woman to live with him and, if she doesn't suit or if he sees another that he likes better, then he sends the first one away. Thus there is a low standard of morals, and anyone who wants to get married is made fun of. But, hallelujah, the gospel is still the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth. Three men who got converted decided to marry the women with whom they were living. These were the first Protestant weddings in this town and afforded a grand opportunity to preach Jesus.



Cold-blooded dentistry. This woman sat and let Rev. Eades take out eight teeth all at one time, and with no anesthetics!

under the open sky. We made a good trip, covering the forty-five miles in twenty-seven hours. The journey was uneventful with the exception of the usual seasickness and the shower we got from a big wave that broke right over our little boat and soaked Margaret Anne and me through to the skin. Nearing the port of Mosteiros, we were greeted with the strains of "Victory, victory, blessed blood-bought victory." Oh, how our hearts thrilled to hear the songs of victory through the Blood, coming from the lips of those who had been recently redeemed!

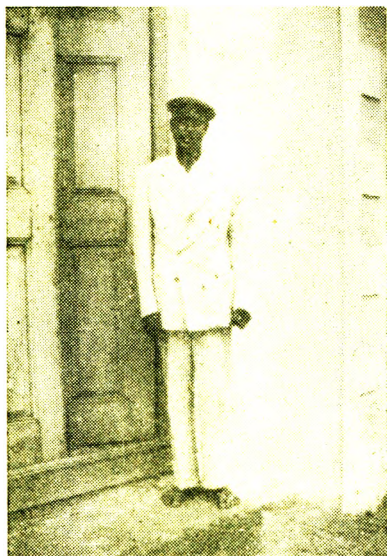
Here in Mosteiros we put into practice some of our training that we had received at the Missionary School of Medicine in London. We had brought our dental forceps with us, and during the two weeks spent in Mosteiros extracted thirty-five teeth.

While we were extracting teeth, the Lord was extracting sin from the hearts of the people and giving them a greater love for himself. Each morning we met early for prayer and during our stay saw twenty-seven at the altar seeking God's blessings. We fought many battles in prayer, especially among the Christians, but God gave the



The three couples, with the national pastor to the left and Rev. Eades to the right.

A man suffering from dropsy came to the services in rags and filth. He prayed and wept bitter tears of repentance. After receiving assurance of sins forgiven, he prayed for healing. Within a few days his abdomen diminished two inches, and he was able to work again. Brother Mosteller gave him a suit, and the following is a picture of this man after being cleaned up both physically and spiritually through the power of the gospel. His name is (Gigante) Gionte. He is over six feet tall.



Gionte

Another man who had been under conviction for a whole year sought out our pastor here and asked him to pray with him and was beautifully saved. He smoked and was a drunkard, but since his conversion he has stopped drinking and smoking and is a living witness in the midst of this people. All his neighbors say that he is a real Christian and accept his testimony.

Such are the triumphs of grace.

These are good days in Nicaragua. Through the channel of the dispensary new contacts are being made. Five hundred and forty-seven treatments during January not only brought relief to numbers of suffering bodies, but afforded opportunities to give tracts, speak a word of comfort or cheer, pray a prayer, give a testimony, and thus point these who walk in darkness to the Light of the World. Through our churches and missions the Spirit is working. The Sunday schools are increasing, bringing in many who have never before heard the gospel. What a joy it was yesterday to teach seventeen boys and girls who had come to my class, four of them being new ones! Their reverence and attention to the lesson showed that they love the stories of the Bible.—LESPER HEFLIN, *Nicaragua*.

A Light Set on a Hill

By W. C. Fowler, Jr.

British Honduras

ON MY FIRST TRIP to the Toledo District I met Mr. Richards. He had been in correspondence with the mission for some time. He was converted about four years ago while living in Peten, and since that time had returned to British Honduras to witness to his people and to pray that some evangelical group would come to help in the work.

While visiting in Columbia, a reservation for the Kechche Indians who had found refuge in British Honduras from slavery, Mr. Richards suggested that we visit some of the believers across the river from the reserve. This humble home stood out, indeed, as a lighthouse in that community.

Even the little girl who came to ferry us across the swift Rio Grande evidenced at once the result of Christian teaching. Even the yard and grounds about the home showed evidence of a higher idealism. The home, built of the crude materials at hand, was airy and clean. Dona Juanita was a bright, intelligent woman, clothed with that certain grace and dignity of beautiful Christian motherhood known wherever the gospel has been carried. It would have warmed your heart to hear them sing with that special note of joy and devotion. I am sure there must be many who note the wholesome difference in this home, this light set on a hill.

Perhaps you would be interested to know how it is that there is this Christian home surrounded by paganism. Here is the story as best I could piece it together.

Several years ago Don Pablo and his wife, Dona Francisca, members of our Benque church, were in this part of the colony, having come on account of Don Pablo's work. Being a Chiclero (gatherer of chicle gum for our chewing gum), he goes from place to place where the gum is flowing. These believers were not content to hold for themselves the precious gospel; but, when they saw such need all about, were moved to try to do what they could. Among those who heard and received the gospel were Dona Juanita and her family.

Mr. Richards, coming from time to time, has encouraged them in the faith. The last child in the family was dedicated by Don Pablo; so the whole family feel as though they are Nazarenes, and we feel that we have a real responsibility to them. The gospel is being spread by our faithful laymen. The doors are opening. They are pleading for us to come and help. The laborers are so few. Won't you help us pray?

With the Navajos

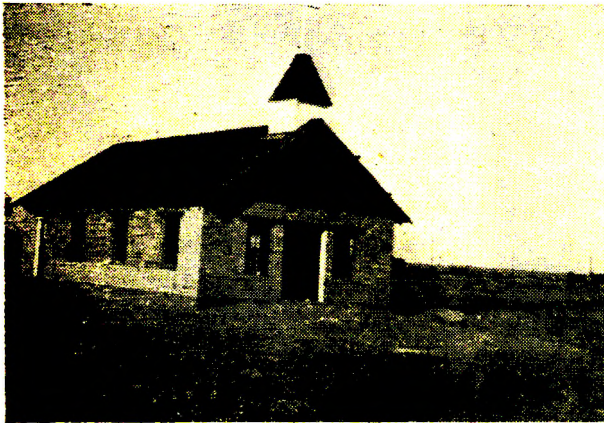
Mrs. Florence Yazzie*

American Indian



Florence and Decker Yazzie

IT WAS a Sunday morning in winter. We were having a blizzard that morning and it seemed as if no one could come because of this. We usually went after some of the members on Sundays but couldn't start the car, as it was frozen.



Indian Mission at Winslow, Arizona

Though everything seemed dark, I just went into the church and knelt at the altar and prayed for our people that couldn't come, and pretty soon I heard the door open and shut. I turned around, and there were nine children and adults covered with snow. My heart was filled with joy.

*Navajo Indian, Winslow, Arizona

Contrasting Sacrifices

By Leslie Fritzman

India

TODAY is Good Friday.

"What on earth is all that awful racket I hear—shouting, bands playing, and the drums have been beating all day long! Surely the Hindus are not starting to celebrate Christian holidays, are they?"

"No," came the reply, "that happens to be a special Hindu celebration at the temple of Devi, the smallpox goddess, right on the outskirts of town. Thousands of people from all around come once a year to bring offerings, fulfill vows, and sacrifice goats."

"Sacrifice goats! Do you mean orthodox Hindus—who are not supposed to kill animals?"

"Yes, they slit their throats and offer them to the idol and then take the meat home and have a big feast."

"I can scarcely believe it. What else do they do?"

"Women bring sweetmeats and toss them into the air. Some come all the way from their homes to the temple, prostrating themselves full length on the ground. Occasionally the goddess is believed to enter into a woman, whereupon she dances around and sometimes gets worked up into such a frenzy she scarcely knows what she is doing."

"What benefit do the people expect from all these goings-on?"

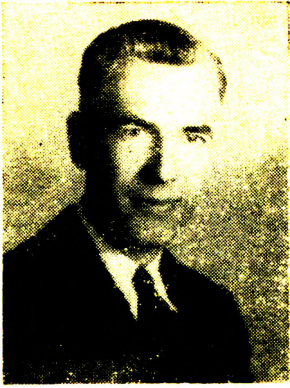
"Oh, they think the goddess will send blessing upon them and their homes."

As we walked near by on our way to the Good Friday church service that evening, little fires were still glowing around the temple, a few late-comers performed their ceremonies, incense hung heavy in the air, and the ground in front of the idol was red with blood. What a contrast was the Christian service that evening as we prayed and meditated upon the Supreme Sacrifice when God gave His Son to be crucified on the cross, that all men who believed on Him might have their sins blotted out forever and gain eternal life!

O Lord, help us to be faithful in telling these darkened hearts about the great Atonement—the only effective Sacrifice man has ever known or can know!

Your love has a broken pinion if it cannot fly across the sea.—Babcock.

Who's Who



KENNETH AND ANNE STARK

Kenneth Alexander Stark was born October 19, 1913, at Calgary, Alberta, Canada. He was saved in June, 1924, and sanctified in October, 1938. His A.B. degree was received from Northwest Nazarene College, and he did postgraduate work at the University of British Columbia. He has received two degrees from McGill University in preparation for his medical missionary work.

Anne Marie Scheel was born at Ladysmith, Arkansas, on April 16, 1917. She, too, became a Christian at an early age, being only eleven years of age, and was sanctified some five years later. Her college training was received at Northwest Nazarene College, also.

Both Kenneth and Anne have some years of experience as teachers, even though Kenneth is now a physician and surgeon. They were married at Medford, Oregon, on June 8, 1941.

While awaiting sailing instructions for Africa, Kenneth accepted a position on the staff of the Presbyterian Mission and Hospital at Ganado, Arizona, as a medical missionary among the North American Indians.

They have two children: Flora Linda, born June 26, 1943, and John Kenneth, born June 24, 1948. All four of them set sail from New Orleans on October 4, 1949. Dr. and Mrs. Stark are now serving at the Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital.



GLADYS NAOMI OWEN

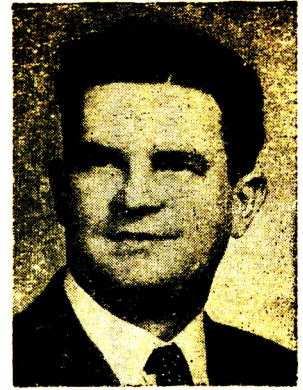
Gladys was born August 29, 1917, at Milton, Pennsylvania. She was saved early in life, at the age of five, and sanctified some five years later. She received her A.B. degree from Trevecca Nazarene College, and also a Master's degree from Ohio Wesleyan University, located at Delaware, Ohio.

She was reared in a minister's home and always took part in the various phases of church activities. This circumstance, contrary to the sometimes prevalent idea, created within her a love for the work of the church, and a desire to do her part in spreading the gospel to those who know Him not.

Although the major part of her college work was in the field of education, she made it her business to take as many courses as possible in Bible, Christian doctrine, Greek, and other subjects pertaining to Christian work.

All of these gave her a splendid background for teaching in our African field, to which she felt definitely called. While in college she took advantage of the opportunity to visit the county workhouse, the jail, and hospitals, always an untiring worker and a girl of prayer and faith.

On October 27, 1946, her faithfulness to the call of God was rewarded when she left New York by plane with a large group of workers going to Africa.



HAROLD AND RUTH HESS

Harold Eber Hess was born July 26, 1908, at Newton, Kansas, and his wife, Ruth Ursula Beebe, was born July 24, 1909, at East Fairhaven, Massachusetts. They were married at Long Beach, California, on August 7, 1936. Both attended Pasadena College, and were graduated with A.B. degrees.

At first, both felt called to work among the Japanese people, and during their school years at Pasadena worked in a Japanese Sunday school.

Among other things, Harold and Ruth studied Spanish. Ruth taught one year at Pasadena Academy in the English Department.

On August 30, 1942, they set forth for Guatemala, the land to which they felt called.

While home on furlough, from April, 1947, to March, 1948, they spent one semester in the Nazarene Theological Seminary, and were a great asset to the student body of the institution. Their quiet, consecrated lives left an impression on their fellow students that will be long remembered. Theirs have been lives of unassuming devotion that have left a sweet incense upon those they met.

Since their return to the field, they have again been enveloped in the multitudinous duties of the Bible school, and Harold has again taken up the problems peculiar to the office of treasurer, in which capacity he had served previously.



The W.F.M.S.

Edited by Miss Mary L. Scott, General Secretary

ATTENTION! LOCAL W.F.M.S. TREASURERS

Remitting W.F.M.S. Funds

Due to changes in the W.F.M.S. office, arrangements have been made with the general church treasurer, Mr. John Stockton, to handle all the W.F.M.S. funds. Remittances should be made as follows: Mr. John Stockton, General Treasurer, 2923 Troost Ave., Kansas City 10, Missouri.

Remit the following funds direct to Mr. Stockton: General Budget, monthly dues of 10c per member, Easter and Thanksgiving offerings, general missionary offerings such as Prayer and Fasting, Indian Fund, National Workers, and Medical Missions. Always specify the Prayer and Fasting funds, as a separate accounting is kept of that fund. Other funds mentioned are reported under offerings.

Alabaster Offering (be sure to specify this fund). This is not credited to General Budget, but is a fund raised over and above General Budget for property and buildings on our mission fields.

Foreign Missions Specials, such as individual offerings to missionaries, duty on missionary and medical boxes, and special foreign mission projects. Foreign missions special projects assumed by various districts should be remitted direct to Mr. Stockton and not to the district W.F.M.S. treasurer. Foreign Missions Specials should always be clearly specified, so that proper credit will be given.

Remit the following funds to the district W.F.M.S. treasurer: General Expense Funds (annual dues, 25c per member), Relief and Retirement Funds (annual dues, 10c per member), Memorial Roll Funds (offering of \$25—send name of one to be placed on Memorial Roll with remittance to district treasurer, and she will order the certificate from Headquarters), District Expense (amount set by District Convention).

The district treasurer will remit the General Expense, Relief and Retirement, and Memorial Roll Funds to Mr. John Stockton, the general church treasurer, 2923 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Missouri.

WOMAN'S GENERAL FOREIGN MISSIONARY COUNCIL

ANNOUNCEMENT

Mrs. Florence Davis, vice-president, 1016 Washington Ave., Golden, Colorado, has also been elected General Alabaster Box Secretary.

MAY EMPHASIS

May is the month to emphasize THE OTHER SHEEP. We now have over 125,000 single subscriptions. We should get another 10,000 this year.

This little paper is a representative of the great lost world. Wherever it goes it will plead for the dying. Whoever reads its pages will see visions. Without visions, people perish.

Let us pray, plan, and push. Let us ask largely and expect abundant results.

A SPRING DRESSMAKING MEETING

We have come through the winter months and spring is now here. Perhaps we need something a little different in the way of a curiosity-tickling program that will appeal to women at a time when interest becomes somewhat dulled.

For invitations, send out samples of material with cards pinned to them as price tags are pinned in the stores—strips of voile, dimity, gingham, etc., about two by five inches.

On the card—

Just a sample here you see

Of what our meeting is to be.

You'll not guess it, I am bound,

So meeting night just drop around

(date and time) _____

(where meeting is to be held)

For the programs, printed on wrapping paper, cut in the shape of sleeve patterns, blouse patterns, skirt patterns, write:

1. Trimming (songs to dress up the program)

2. Measures (a chart exercise giving statistics of our various mission fields)

3. Thread (prayer—the thread that leads up to God and His promises)

4. Hooks and eyes and zippers (important to hold us together—business meeting)

5. More trimming (special musical selection)

6. The material (the meat of the program—study hour)

7. Needles and pins (sharp points from many sources—short reports from OTHER SHEEP or other missionary news)

8. Final trimming (song)

9. Lining and padding (light refreshments)

Some societies might want to use this program in connection with their meeting for preparing a missionary box. At any rate the program will provide something different and, if carried out properly, will help in increasing interest in missions.

ADDING INTEREST TO THE STUDY ON JAPAN

In every Japanese home there is one place of special significance. It is the *tokonoma* or honored place.

In Japanese homes it is the center of interest in the best room. It is decorated with a scroll painting and a flower arrangement placed on a low stand at one side.

This "honored place" could easily be reproduced and afford interest to any missionary society. Select a special place in the room where the meeting is to be held and then add the decorations. The scroll may be made of wallpaper about 20" x 80" with some Oriental design. Place a contrasting plain border at the top and bottom. The top and bottom edges may be pasted over broomstick handles cut two inches longer than the width of the scroll. A cord at the top may be used for hanging it on the wall.

A low table may be made from a small box covered with crepe paper. A bowl containing an arrangement of flowers is placed on the table, thus making the *tokonoma* complete. Artificial flowers such as pear or cherry blossoms may be used.

JAPANESE REFRESHMENTS

If light refreshments are desired, it would be interesting to serve them in Japanese style. Serve guests on individual trays, if possible. All should be seated on the floor. The hostess kneels before each guest, and offers her the tray. Teacups are filled a little at a time all around the room, until each guest receives a full cup of tea. The food should be arranged on the plates attractively to make an artistic design, if possible. Small pieces of spongecake, Nabisco wafers, or puffed rice squares may be used.

GENERAL PRESIDENT'S NOTES

A dear little lady said to me one day, "Do you know the SHEEP paper? I got it at a bargain. The lady gives me twelve copies for only 35c, and they bring it right to my door."

Humpty Dumpty: "You've been listening at doors—and behind trees—and down chimneys—or you couldn't have known!"

Alice: "I haven't indeed! It's in a book."

Like Alice in Wonderland, we will know a lot of wonderful things if we read THE OTHER SHEEP.

He said unto the women: "Go quickly, and tell . . . that he is risen."

THE OTHER SHEEP

WHAT DOES THE BIBLE SAY ABOUT JAPAN?

1. Why send missionaries to Japan? (Mark 16:15)
2. What Messianic prophecy is appropriate for the Sunrise Kingdom? (Mal. 4:1, 2)
3. What prophecy contains an exhortation for Japan? (Isa. 60:1)
4. What parable tells what needs to be done in Japan? (Matt. 13:33)
5. What verse did Neesima say was the sun among all the stars which shine on the pages of God's Word? (John 3:16)
6. What should be our Christian motive toward Japan? (II Cor. 5:14-21)
7. How may Japanese become stars in His crown? (Dan. 12:1-3)

Selected from the *Woman's Missionary Magazine*.

Shall we always say, "No," to a dying world?

PERSONAL LETTER FROM CHIANG KAI-SHEK

TAIPEH, FORMOSA
January 19, 1950

Mrs. S. N. Fitkin
894 Longridge Road
Oakland, Calif.

DEAR MRS. FITKIN:

We have received your most encouraging message through the kind care of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kiehn.

Please thank and reassure members of your society that my wife and I will stand by our duty in leading our people toward eventual liberation and that we have never doubted our God shall see us through, whatever odds and difficulties in store for us. We shall also pray, so that His wisdom will keep your people in freedom, happiness, and lasting peace.

With wishes for your good health.

Very truly,

(Signed)--CHIANG KAI-SHEK

Let us say, "Yes," in the Easter Offering.

NOTICE

We have just received a letter from Miss Dorothy Davis, asking that we insert a note of thanks from the hospital staff for all of the parcels of medical supplies, bandages, etc. that have been sent to them. The parcels come through without any difficulty when they are sent in parcel post packages, and the weight limit is eleven pounds. Our hospitals need these supplies and are so appreciative of anything that is sent.

Some of God's greatest men are Nazarene women.

W.F.M.S. OF AFRICA DISTRICT

We are happy to report progress in the work of our Africa W.F.M.S. during this past year. Once again our women have demonstrated their faith by their works, both financially and in their endeavor to win souls for the Saviour, who has done so much for them. We are continually made to marvel at their wonderful spirit of perseverance in the face of great difficulties and hindrances, and their willingness to sacrifice. Not only have they worked hard with their hands to procure the money which they have so gladly given and to make possible the handwork which we saw displayed at the convention, and which was afterwards sent to dispensaries, outstations, etc., to be used as needed; but they have spent many hours in doing personal work, visiting the sick, and praying for a revival. As we have listened to their testimonies at conventions held during the year, we have heard nothing but words of praise and gratitude for the privilege and opportunity afforded them, through their society, or working for the Lord and their people who are still in heathen night. We trust that their vision of the condition of lost souls may continue to increase from day to day.

At our last annual meeting our Africa women, in conjunction with the Africa M.M.M. and our Juniors, put into the hands of our missionary of Witbank zone the sum of \$2,000 with which to erect a church in that area. The building is now completed and already proving to be a great blessing to the community which it serves.

Three years ago we missionaries began a special prayer effort which has proved a great blessing to the work. We pledged ourselves to pray every Tuesday morning between the hours of five and eight o'clock. Our African constituency were also happy to unite with us in this special endeavor to bring about the desired revival. God has been working, but all felt that we had not yet seen the victory which is in store for us; so we are pushing forward in our praying that we may have a great outpouring of His Spirit.

While on the subject of prayer, I would like to mention something which was brought to the attention of our Swaziland women last year by their African district president. She had become greatly burdened concerning the spiritual and moral condition of the children of their own families and suggested that a time be set apart when the women would all go to prayer, right in their own homes, and pray especially for their children. They voted that the very

early morning of Tuesday and Thursday of each week should be devoted to this need. We told the women on the other zones what their Swazi sisters were doing, and they were equally as eager to join in helping to wield this mightiest of spiritual weapons. At the annual convention this year, the women from all zones reported that there were evidences of answers to the prayers and heart cries of these special seasons, and they desired that this special prayer time still be observed. Our women are daily learning the value of real prayer in their own lives and in the work of soul winning.

As we review the statistics of 1947-48 and compare them with those of 1948-49, we note that in all three divisions of the missionary society, namely, the adults, young women, and Juniors, there has been an increase financially and numerically on nearly every zone. This, to me, reveals the fact that real heart service has taken the place of working for prizes and rewards. Several years ago we discontinued the awarding of banners for the amount of dues brought in, as we felt that our people should learn to do it as a love service to God and their fellow men. A soul saved as the result of fervent prayer and personal contact is, after all, the best banner or award that a woman could have for bringing in her dues or for any other service she might render to the Lord. A few statistics:

1947-48

W.F.M. Societies	121
Members in W.F.M.S.	2,192
Dues Brought In	\$1,518.60
Prayer and Fasting Members ..	2,189

1948-49

W.F.M. Societies	129
Members in W.F.M.S.	2,298
Dues Brought In	\$1,617.37
Prayer and Fasting Members ..	1,924

They do not give extra offerings in money, but the handwork which they bring in each year is counted as an offering. The value of the handwork this last year (1948-49) was \$245.55.

MRS. PEARL M. JENKINS
District W.F.M.S. President

Arabia, with a population of 7,000,000, has less than fifty openly confessed Christians.

The latest Conference on Moslem Missions characterized the Moslem advance in Africa as perhaps the largest world missionary problem confronting the whole Church.

ALABASTER CORNER

I'd rather pour it on Jesus' feet than on myself.

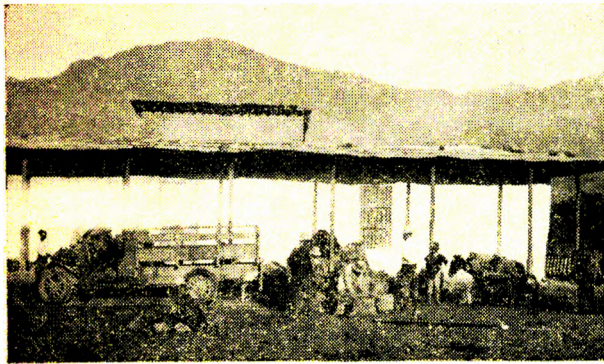


BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE

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

HELLO AGAIN, BOYS AND GIRLS!

Don't you love springtime and Easter? We do, especially those of us up in the north who watch the bare trees burst into buds and blossoms. Let us all keep close to the Christ of Easter and do everything we can to send this beautiful Resurrection story around the world to those who have never heard it. *A great Easter Offering* will help such a lot! Has each of you Juniors saved up all you can for this?



Here is an old picture: "where the auto road ends and the bridle path begins, en route to Jaen and Pomera," in Peru. See the mountains, where thousands of people live who need this message of the risen Christ. Remember them and all the others when you pray.

Lots of love from your "Big Sister,"

MARY E. COVE

Correction About Alaska

In January we wrote about sending some things to help our young people in Alaska, but we thought nothing but air mail reached them in wintertime. Later, word came that this was not now correct, but that all mail gets through even in winter, by special arrangements. Of course air mail is faster. So if you still have those things which we mentioned, why not write by air mail to Rev. Lewis Hudgins, Box 24, Nome, Alaska, and enclose an air mail stamp? He will tell you how to handle things.

Story of Buddha's Birthday

You have been looking for this story, as we told you it was coming. But the very interesting letter from the Shepherds, our "Juniors' Own Missionaries" in Japan, came early, and we knew you would want that first. Before we write about the birthday, let's think a bit of who Buddha was. He was a great man who lived in India long, long years ago, and taught the people a new religion. There were some good things in his doctrine, but nothing about the true and living God. His religion spread to China and Japan. After he died great statues were made representing him. Buddhism has become a system of idolatry now, with its many temples and images. Before these images the worshipers kneel, ringing a bell to wake the gods, bowing their heads, clapping their hands, repeating prayers in words that have no real meaning to them, and offering money. Those who become Christians from Buddhism feel as if they had come from a great darkness into a great light. We all feel that way, for sin in any form in any country brings darkness; but their change in thinking and living is so marked that it is a joy to see them discover the truth of Christianity.

Many people in Japan recognize Buddha's birthday, which falls on April 8. They think of this day as we think of Christmas. Boys and girls and older people gather cherry blossoms that have fallen from the lovely Japanese cherry trees and heap them up in piles where a group are waiting. With a bamboo needle and threads of hemp, they sew the petals into many chains. Then, often in families, they go to the temple. Many of the people carry along tiny buckets, made from sections of bamboo stalks.

In front of the temple on this day there is a little thatch-covered booth, the house of a "Baby Buddha," a tiny image, standing on a bronze lotus in the center of a stone basin. In the basin, surrounding the little image, is licorice water. As the boys and girls come to this place, they hold up their little bamboo buckets and the priests fill them with this sweet licorice water, which they pour over the little Baby Buddha.

MILLER MEMORIAL IN MANAGUA



\$5,000
for a
Church in Managua, Nicaragua

To supplement funds already invested for a location in this capital city, Mrs. Rhea Miller and Rev. and Mrs. Robert Quanstrom are making available the sum of \$1,000, and the General Board recently approved a special of \$5,000. Any individual, church, or district interested in contributing to this project honoring the labors and ministry of our beloved late general superintendent, Dr. Howard V. Miller, may contact the Foreign Missions Office.

FITKIN MEMORIAL BIBLE SCHOOLS

\$74,276.75 *W.F.M.S. Special*

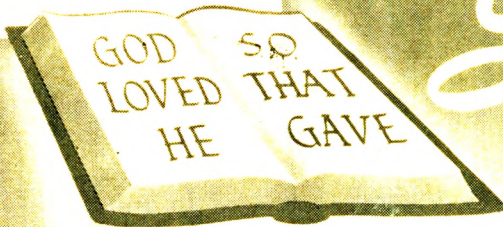
CHINA	\$31,451.22
JAPAN	24,276.75
BRITISH HONDURAS	9,274.39
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS	9,274.39
	<hr/>
	\$74,276.75

A Chain of Memorial Bible Schools

In Honor of the

W.F.M.S. General President Emeritus

RUTH E. GILLEY
OLIVET NAZARENE COLLEGE
KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS
OS 10-52 CC



Sharing
THE

**GOSPEL
MESSAGE**
with **OTHERS**

**EASTER
OFFERING**

*Sunday
April 9th*

CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE