

The
OTHER SHEEP



May, 1950

NY 650

Four Indian Mothers

THESE four Indian mothers represent those on every mission field who deeply appreciate what the missionary program of the church means to them and to their children. These mothers are among five hundred and eighty-four members who comprise the North American Indian District.



The little girl at the bottom of the page is Murphy Whitegoat of the Navajo tribe at the Twin Butte Mission in Gallup, New Mexico. The training in Christian doctrine which she will receive is a part of the work you are promoting through General Budget gifts.

There are now thirty-seven missionaries, nineteen main stations, fifteen organized churches, sixteen Sunday schools with an enrollment of eight hundred and fifty-five, and one Bible Training School with forty-four students enrolled on the Indian District.

Tribes represented include the Apaches, Arapahoes, Cocopahs, Cochitis (Pueblos), Comanches, Cheyennes, Diequinos, Hopis, Maricopas, Mojaves, Navajos, Papagos, Pimas, Poncas, Quechans, and San Domingos.

In the area served by our representatives there are 265,000 Indians. Tom-toms still beat a pagan call to thousands of blinded souls. We must reach them with the gospel of Jesus Christ.



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

May, 1950

Number 5

Mothers in Israel

WE SPEAK in behalf of our missionaries. Scattered around the world, having adopted various tongues and strange customs, they speak as one voice in remembrance of a day known only in Christian lands.

Mothers in Israel, your prayers have not been in vain. The work moves forward in every area, and Christian homes are being established in heathen lands. Since the hope of every nation is the establishment and maintenance of loyal Christian homes, we are grateful for your constant prayers and believing faith.

Your example of consecration and sacrifice has had a strong influence. These sterling qualities of one such mother have recently been in evidence in a daughter on the mission field. She writes: "When our baby was three days old, our oldest boy left for school after being home for one short month. He came early in the morning to say good-by. I could not stop the tears. He loved his little brother so much and noticed every little detail about him. That morning he went in to take a last peek. Having gotten better control of my emotions, I called him back, had him sit on a chair by my bed, and said I had something more to tell him. The tears were still wet on his cheeks as I spoke of his place in my heart. He had remarked just before leaving that I wouldn't miss him too much. I said, 'Now Mummy has a big, big heart. There is a special place for you that no one else will ever take.' He looked so little to be leaving. Saturday will be his seventh birthday. I had him put his head on the bed and we prayed together. My heart was too full to say much, but somehow God took those unspoken words from my aching heart. What a comfort there is in prayer!"

Mothers in Israel, we pay tribute to you! The training you have given, the ideals you have inspired, and the lasting influence of your home

have molded and strengthened the Kingdom workers now winning souls around the world.

Your high desire for these sons and daughters of the Kingdom has given them a vision of achievement for Christ which drives them on with undying conviction. Many of you have stood alone as did the mother of James and John. The piercing question, "Where is Zebedee?" (Matthew 20:20), has been the cause of embarrassment on numerous occasions. The family accompanied you to the sanctuary, but Zebedee was too busy. When Zebedee was disinterested, your sons were often unconcerned and your burden was increased. It is a high compliment to Christian mothers that they are able to lead their sons aright under such circumstances.



Mothers of this kind, who dedicate their children to God and train them to be stalwart followers of Christ, are honored at home and abroad on Mother's Day.

Our Nazarene Field in India

By C. Warren Jones, D.D.

OUR FIELD is located in Central India, 300 miles east of Bombay and 600 miles west of Calcutta. The length of the field is approximately 220 miles, while the width is 50 miles. We have the five main stations from which we are trying to evangelize the three thousand villages of our field. We have at least touched 70 per cent of these villages, in which all the people live. At present there are seventeen missionaries on the field, with three couples in the homeland and a new couple under appointment. We hope that all of them will reach the field during the year 1950. Of course, the Cooks and Dr. Speicher will furlough this year. We have a corps of eighty national workers.

OUR SCHOOLS

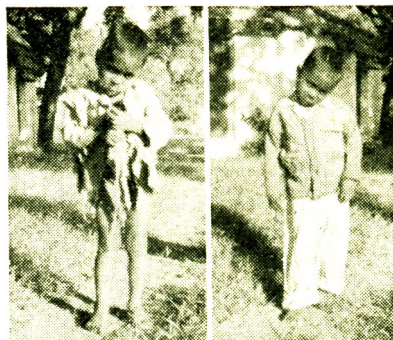
The coeducational school is located at Chikhli. Mrs. Orpha Cook is the supervisor. She has thirteen national teachers. Our school is required to measure up to government requirements. At present there are 280 boys and girls in attendance. All of them are boarding students. They have nine standards, which is equivalent to ten grades in America. The boys and girls go to the government high schools for the last two years of their work. If they go to America, the most of them are able to enter the Sophomore year. We should give the last two years of work, and probably will when we can add to our buildings and furnish equipment. Of the 289 students, all are Nazarenes excepting 30. These have come from Hindu and Mohammedan homes, but the great majority of them become Christians. The schoolwork, as far as the government is concerned, is over at 3:15 p.m. For the next forty-five minutes each day all the students take Bible study. They memorize the scripture and a great deal of it. All of them can tell you the doctrines of the church. They are required to memorize the General Rules. This school is filling a big place in our work. It is regularly inspected by the government officials, and we are highly commended for the work done. The examinations are not given by the supervisor or teachers, but rather by educators sent in by the government. This tends towards the maintaining of a high standard. It is readily

to be seen that just ahead our pastors, pastors' wives, and our lay leaders will possess a fair education. Too much cannot be said in favor of the school. We must stand by it, extend the curriculum, and add to the physical equipment. It is paying dividends now and will continue to do so across the years.

In the next number of *THE OTHER SHEEP* we will have a report on the Bible training school, the hospital, and other day schools.

Children's Day

June 11, 1950



This lad in India represents millions in the world today. The change from the tattered coat to the new outfit typifies the change in spirit which Christianity effects.

EVERY CHURCH SCHOOL should take advantage of Children's Day. A wonderful program has been written by Mrs. Ralph Earle, entitled "His Fruit Basket." This can be had for the asking.

Millions of children in the world are receiving no instruction in Christian doctrine, have insufficient food and clothing, and will never receive spiritual help unless the Church of Jesus Christ shows an interest in their welfare.

The offering received should be sent to Mr. John Stockton, General Treasurer, 2923 Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri, marked, "Children's Day Offering." This will count on the General Budget of your church.

A PROGRAM IN EVERY CHURCH SCHOOL

THE OTHER SHEEP

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CHINA HEADLINES

Is China lost? Should we write her off our list as hopeless, beyond the power of prayer? Make your decision after reading these latest headlines from our Kiangsi field:

1. FIFTY-THREE ATTENDING BIBLE CLASSES in the Fitkin Bible Training School
2. NEW CHURCH ORGANIZED IN BUDDHIST STRONGHOLD
3. NEW CONVERTS REQUEST HELP OF PASTOR (yes, in Communist China)
4. SERVICES WELL ATTENDED

Our Chinese pastor, a veteran of many years of service, closed by saying, "Will pray for us?" His English is poor, but I am sure you get the meaning. Will you pray for them?

A NEW VENTURE

Two weeks ago I started holding clinics at our Mafutuni Health Center. I have felt a burden for such work ever since I first visited some of our dispensaries and saw how the native nurses were carrying on alone. In some cases I felt many more people could be contacted if only a missionary could visit the stations more often to instruct the nurse and help her hold clinics. I go out in the jeep each Tuesday. The first time there were twenty patients, which we considered a very good number. The next week we had fifty. When I saw the large group gathering, it stirred my heart, as so many were heathen coming for the first time. Our native pastor of the church there came over and helped us hold a service with the people under the shade tree in front of the dispensary. We pray that this will be a means of getting many into our church there and of winning them to Jesus. If it proves successful at Mafutuni, we would like to do the same thing for our other outstation dispensaries.

Here at our dispensary on the main station we have treated 1,200 cases during the first eighteen days of February.

—RUTH MATCHETT, Africa

EVIL SPIRITS

Recently a short trip was made to the Zambezi Valley to take care of some building that needed to be done.

The first evening that we were there we had a service with the people who had gathered, and enjoyed the singing of the school children. The second evening we heard drums and singing, so we went to witness something that we had not seen before. We asked the teacher what they were drumming for, and he told us that there was a woman who had been sick for some days and they were going to make her well by dancing. We walked over to the village to watch. We found two "musicians" with the drums, one large one and one small. They were beating them with their hands. We wondered how their hands stood the continuous beating. It was quite light with a nearly full moon, so we could see quite clearly. Soon we saw the sick woman lying on the ground in the midst of the crowd. Where she came from we could not see. The people made a circle around her and she lay there for several minutes. Finally she began to roll from one side to the other, slowly at first and then faster and faster. When she rolled against the feet of the people in the circle, she went back in the other direction. This went on for some time; then she sat up. She began shaking her head from one side to the other quite violently. Gradually she calmed down and other women helped her to her feet. What was the purpose of it all? we asked. The idea was to drive away the evil spirits which were causing her to be sick.

—Pilgrim Holiness Field Report

OUR GENERAL BUDGET DOLLAR

As stated in the February 20 issue of the *Herald of Holiness*, this is the way the General Budget money is distributed:

For every \$100.00 in 1948-49:

- \$84.23—Missions
- 3.60—Education
- 2.74—Ministerial Benevolent Fund
- 2.02—General Superintendents
- 1.37—Church Extension
- 1.34—Contingent Fund
- 1.30—Church Schools
- 1.10—General Assembly Fund
- .93—Young People's Society
- .58—Stewardship
- .49—For Missions Trust
- .30—General Board

The above does not include the special funds sent in for missions. When these are included, the amount for missions would increase to \$86.11.

—INK-LINKS, NEW YORK DISTRICT

The missionary was speaking, pleading earnestly! "We go out among the heathen and tell them about Jesus. But what we say falls upon minds that do not comprehend. Our truths do not find their way into the minds and hearts of our listeners unless the Holy Spirit illuminates their minds. It is prayer that brings this to pass. We can all pray. When the Holy Spirit, as a result of your prayers, comes upon a service, then the heathen begin to learn. They receive and comprehend the wonderful truth of our Christ. Then they find God and our work is successful. So won't you please pray for us, for foreign missions?"

I sat there in the audience listening. Her words struck my heart and mind. She had stripped away every excuse with her truth. I was face to face with my responsibility to a lost world, to the great missionary work of the Church of the Nazarene!

True, there is no time or space that limits the effect of sincere prayer! We stand shoulder to shoulder with the missionary out there on the foreign field! Together we must labor. We are our brother's keeper! The missionary is the mouthpiece of a mighty volume of prayer, talking with anointed lips to the darkened hearts and intellects of those who know Him not.

"O God, help those of us who live here at home to walk out onto the frontier of human need, with our prayers! May we use the great privilege that is ours to pray. May we pray, pray, pray! Then, our time, energy, and finance will bring full fruition in the salvation of the many, many people who need Thy great redemption! Amen!"—V. H. LEWIS, *Supt. Houston District*.

MISSIONARY INTEREST

The W.F.M.S. of First Church, Miami, Florida, has been organized this year into a "Family Missionary Circle," and includes not only the women but the men and children as well. The monthly meetings are held at the church in the recreation room and start with a covered dish supper at 6:30, after which we go into our business meeting and missionary study hour. This has proved very popular, and we have fifty-five to sixty in regular attendance.

Our president, Miss Anna Lueking, is proving to be a most enthusiastic worker in this great cause of missions, and is putting forth every effort to make this year in the W.F.M.S. a great success for God and His great cause in reaching the unsaved of the earth.



Religions

ON MOST OF OUR FIELDS the predominating religion is Catholicism. This is the religion of our Latin American countries.

In Africa and Haiti, as well as some of the other West Indies, voodooism (commonly called "black magic") is still practiced. This consists largely of sorcery, and formerly included human sacrifice and cannibalism, with various practices specifying the use of human blood, preferably from a white person. It seems that even the medicine men are quite "modern" in that they "specialize" in a given field. For instance, there is the art of rain-making, divining, "doctoring" the crops, purifying the army, and healing disease.

India, China, and Japan have some religions in common. Before the introduction of Christianity, there were three outstanding religions in China—Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism. Mohammedanism also has a large following. In India Hinduism has more adherents than any other. Besides this, there is Jainism, Sikhism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Zoroastrianism, and Animism. The most important religions of Japan are Buddhism, Shintoism, and Confucianism. Then, for the Knights a special order called Bushido was organized, and their creed was composed of traits from all three of the leading religions.

In the Philippines we have Catholics, the Independent Filipino Church, Moslems, Buddhists, and Shintoists.

The large percentage of the population of Palestine is of Semitic origin, and they are divided into three main groups: Jews, Muslims, and Christians. Here the Muslim religion has absorbed much of Judaism into its beliefs and practices.

While Syria is largely composed of Moslems, the Greek Orthodox and Armenian Orthodox groups come next in size with a sprinkling of Catholics.



Reports

from the

Fields

"E'en Down to Old Age"

By Orpha Speicher, M.D.

India

*"E'en down to old age," "I'll . . . cause thee to stand,
upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand."*

HOW OLD WAS SAGUNABAI?" I asked, as we sat in the refreshing shades of evening, which cooled the earth after a day of intense heat.

"Well," answered the aged Ambibai, her back bent more than ever since the death of Sagunabai, her sister, "in the year of the great famine, about 1901, her son was five years old."

"And what of her husband?" I asked.

"Oh! he had already forsaken her for another," she replied. "My own husband was dead, although I was younger than she. Our father had left this world some years before, and so we sisters with our mother came from the Mogulai side to Basim to break rocks on the road. For this we were paid in grain, so we didn't starve."

"Then how," I queried, "did you learn of Christ?"

"You see," she answered, "we had no sooner reached Basim than I fell ill with cholera and was separated from the others into a cholera camp. Once I was left for dead—but strangely I recovered, and ran away as soon as I could walk, searching for my relatives. When I came up to my mother and sister, they were in conversation with a strange woman, who left them immediately when she recognized that I had just come from the cholera camp. When I asked about her, they said she had spoken only a few sentences but had said she worshiped one God, who was sore distressed at our worship of many gods in many shrines. They had learned the one God's name, Jesus, and that more could be heard about Him at the mission on Sundays. After that we never missed a Sunday."

They were illiterate, but began to study. They

were soon ready for baptism and sent to Khamgaon to a refuge for famine widows. There they learned to do Bible women's work and spent many years assisting in the girls' school. They supervised the girls on building work, helped with buying for the school, and went often to preach in villages with the missionaries who were there. Sagunabai had been pensioned for seventeen years and Ambibai for eight when Sagunabai died. The two had been faithful in prayer and were a strong influence for good in the Basim church and community.

The funeral had been the evening before at the hospital. Ambibai stood by the casket under a light hung from a little tree and testified that she felt assured her sister was with the Lord. Tears were few.

As I followed the bier, a Mohammedan woman grabbed my arm near the hospital gate. "Oh," she said, "your Christian manner of funerals is so comforting! I have never seen this before."

After quite a crowd had gathered around Ambibai and the other relatives there in the evening shadows, she said: "I know it is only one day since the burial, but if I seem too festive please forgive me. My sister often said she thought those who dig graves in the hard rock at the cemetery should have at least a cup of tea, and so I have called all who helped make the casket and dig to have a cup of tea." There where recently had been family quarrels and trouble, I realized that all had united to care for Sagunabai in her last illness and to sit together in the evening thinking of her life when she was gone.



VACATION BIBLE SCHOOLS

By Neva Flood

Nicaragua

ALTHOUGH more than a month has passed since we closed our last vacation Bible school, it seems that I can still hear the voices of many precious children singing, "*La clase ha terminado, ya vamos al hogar*" (the class has ended, now we are going home), and I can see their little hands waving to me as they continued singing, "*Adios, adios, sed fieles al Senor*" (good-by, good-by; be faithful to the Lord). The hearty co-operation of all the missionaries made the direction of our eight vacation Bible schools a pleasure for me this year. May I give you a few of the high lights of some of our schools.

Miss Crain and I set up housekeeping in the back of the church in Tola, a little town some distance from San Jorge. This was our first school, and living conditions were a bit different from those at home. We slept on camp cots. Our mosquito nets protected us from our friends, the bats, which fluttered over us every night. A card table served as dining room table, sink, and desk. As necessity demanded it, our wash basin became a bathtub or a dishpan. My two-burner kerosene stove made cooking a more simple task. Once the native pastor and his family graciously served us a duck dinner, and on another occasion we enjoyed eating fresh shrimp with them. Their dining room consisted of a lean-to affair in the center of the patio. There were no walls, just a low roof over our heads. Our unwelcome guests, the pigs, kept running under our feet to gobble up the crumbs which fell from the table. I was thankful that we didn't eat by electric lights; the darkness didn't reveal all that was entering my mouth. However, I enjoyed the native food and appreciated their hospitality. The few inconveniences we experienced were forgotten in the light of the spiritual blessings we received in Tola. The adults, as well as the children, displayed an unusual interest in the vacation Bible school. All were enthusiastic students. Our hearts rejoiced when the invitation was given to seek the Lord; there was almost a unanimous response. The children really prayed and God met their need. A number gave clear testimonies to His saving grace.

Nor can I erase from my mind the memories of our school in Granada. Every morning a large group of happy children was waiting at the church to greet us—Mr. and Mrs. Ragains and me—with a warm "*buenos dias*" (good morning). The small auditorium couldn't ac-

commodate the many children who attended. I cannot forget one boy of Junior age who was a faithful attendant. The first or second day of school I noticed him shuffling along on the floor on his knees. I was just about to reprimand him for his conduct when I observed that he was a helpless cripple. His body from his hips down had not developed normally. His little spindling legs served only to crawl on. How thankful I was I had spared him my harsh words! His other means of travel was in a little cart drawn by a goat, which we saw quite frequently on the streets of Granada. He demonstrated a sincere interest in the Bible school activities and always manifested a sweet Christian spirit in spite of his affliction. God rewarded our efforts in Granada as in Tola with many children seeking and finding the Lord as their Saviour when the appeal was made.

Our next school was in Diriomo, a town near Granada. After a week of riding in the Ragains' jeep over the rough road to Diriomo, and being bathed in clouds of dust every day, we still felt we "could take it" and that the results obtained were worth all of the aches and pains we suffered on the way. We found a group of enthusiastic children waiting for us every morning. They co-operated nicely in learning their scripture verses, painting their tin cans, and making their plaques. They also listened attentively to the Bible stories. Their enthusiasm didn't wane on the last night of the closing program. We had a full church. The Catholics didn't appreciate our service, however. They demonstrated their displeasure by shouting as loudly as they could just outside the door of the church. As they lifted their voices in praises to "Maria," we sang lustily, "There is power in the blood of Jesus; there is power through His death on the cross." During the service, rocks were hurled on the roof and in the building. In the midst of all the danger and the excitement the children, as well as the adults, remained calm and the Lord protected us from harm. His presence was very evident during those tense moments.

The last school in which I assisted was in La Chocalata. One could hardly call this place a town, for it was just a group of native huts nestled in the hills several miles from San Jorge. La Chocalata was accessible only on horseback or by jeep. Fortunately, we were able to travel by the latter means. We covered the distance of six miles in an hour, so it wasn't exactly a paved highway on which we traveled. We had no

chapel in La Chocalata, but a brush arbor served in its place; and during the memory and hand-work periods Mr. Rudeen and Mrs. Stanfield taught their Junior classes under the shade of near-by trees. Even though we lacked proper equipment and the wind was continually blowing our easel and feltogram board on the ground, God blessed our feeble efforts. I never worked with a more attentive group of children. They listened with rapt attention to every Bible story and enthusiastically sang the choruses we taught them. It appeared that crayons were a new toy to some of the children, and the Christmas cards that we used for making bookmarks were a special novelty. They were thrilled with these little things which had become so commonplace to us. It was difficult to bid this fine group of children good-by on the final night of the program. They had won our hearts!

I have related our experiences in just four of the vacation Bible schools. Miss Heflin, the Stanfields, and the Wellmons could give details equally as interesting of the other schools which were conducted. May I add that our total registration included more than 280 children and our regular attendance was over the 200 mark. The results were most gratifying; many children found the Lord as their Saviour. Vacation Bible schools bring great dividends in Nicaragua!

SUICIDE!

By Lyle Prescott

Cuba

I SET OUT from home to make a rather long trip on mission business but in Havana missed my bus connection, so, dejected, returned home. My original plan having fallen through, I decided to call at the tuberculosis sanitarium, my usual plan for that afternoon of the week. Upon entering the main hospital building of the institution I learned that one of the patients I regularly visited had tried to commit suicide the night before. He was still conscious. How glad I was that I had missed the bus to Havana! Now I could pray with this needy young man.

I found my friend Hiram propped up in bed, waxy pale, listless, unable to speak above a whisper, a veritable skeleton. He recognized me but was unresponsive. Over his left chest was a new patch of tape where he had stabbed himself with a butcher knife, then ground the blade around trying to find his heart. Strange how he still lived! I asked him to let me pray for him. He did not respond, yet he did not refuse me; so I prayed. I pleaded with God to save the poor, dejected, lost boy. Then I exhorted him the best I could, patting his emaciated arm.

Soon afterward I called on Hiram again. And again I had prayer with him. He motioned another patient to come help him. I did not understand what he wanted; the other did. Together we pulled Hiram to an erect sitting position; then the patient pulled a bandage from Hiram's side, and from a hole in the side simply poured blood and matter. Hiram cocked his head to one side and gazed apathetically at the ghastly flow from his body. I did not feel like fainting, but I nearly vomited from the odor.

Later I called again on Hiram and prayed for him. He let me fan him. Sunday evening I met his father, who told me that during the afternoon Hiram had yielded his heart to the Lord. I hoped it was more than words whispered to pacify the Christian friends dealing with him.

The next day I had to make a long trip. When I called again at the hospital, Hiram had died. Certainly I am praying that God will make me a better personal worker.

And now I must keep working with the living; for the same day that Hiram died another patient, three beds away, tried to commit suicide by leaping through the open window to the ground below. Fortunately the ground was soft from a recent rain, and the boy suffered no more than a broken arm. But what a lesson on the power of influence and example! What we Christians do to save the lost we must do quickly, for sin and tragedy are taking their toll around us.

1. God had only one Son, and He was a Foreign Missionary.
2. The followers of Jesus were first called Christians in a foreign missionary church.
3. Every book in the New Testament was written by a foreign missionary.
4. Every epistle in the New Testament was written to a convert of foreign missions or to a foreign mission church.
5. The Book of Revelation was written to seven foreign missionary churches.
6. The Gospel of Luke was written by a foreign missionary convert.
7. The Book of Acts describes the first foreign missionary journeys.
8. Every apostle but one became a foreign missionary.
9. The only one who did not become a foreign missionary was a traitor.

—Bulletin of the M.E. church.
Great Falls, Montana.

Back "Home"

By Velma and Carl Mischke

Africa

ON THE EIGHTH DAY OF OCTOBER we again said farewell to loved ones and friends, to start a third term in Africa. Both times we left the U.S.A. before, we sailed from New York; so it was a new experience for us to sail from New Orleans this time. However, we enjoyed it; and the pastors of our three Nazarene churches there, together with their people, were very kind and helpful to us. May God bless them. We sailed down the Mississippi River and out through the Gulf of Mexico. Soon after leaving the Gulf we saw the Bahama Islands in the distance, and that was our last sight of land for three weeks, until one morning at 2:00 a.m. we saw the lights at the entrance of the harbor of Capetown. It was the season of hurricanes in the South Atlantic. Our boat was delayed several days in sailing because of very high winds, and as we sailed we heard about storms not too far away. We had rough, windy weather all the way, but never really got into a storm. We knew very well that thousands of Nazarenes on both sides of the ocean were praying for our little boat to ride the waves safely. And we know the God who answers prayer and calms rough seas; so we had no fear.

Our travel companions were Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth Stark and little Linda and John. They were going for the first time, so it was our privilege to introduce them to Africa. We had long Zulu classes with them every day except Sundays; and since they had studied some before leaving the States, they were able to write their first examination a few days before reaching Capetown. They also memorized Zulu testimonies; and although we were not privileged to be at Bremersdorp for their welcome service, we heard from others that they did very well. They are really digging at Zulu now and, we know, would appreciate your prayers.

Since Capetown is a long way off from any of our mission stations, there were no familiar faces there to greet us. However, we felt perfectly "at home" as soon as we stepped from the gang-

plank. After doing necessary business there, we left by train for Johannesburg. When we arrived there we had the joy of being met by some of our own missionaries. The Esselstyns, Chalfants, and Brother Graham were there. In a few days Dr. Hynd came up and took the Starks to Bremersdorp with him.

We Mischkes have been stationed back at Acornhoek in the eastern Transvaal. That is where we worked during our last term of seven years; so you may know we are glad to return there. Just for the present we are in Johannesburg, taking the place of the missionaries who are stationed here but cannot come just yet.

About the middle of January we will be going to Acornhoek to stay. Soon after we arrived we went down for a few days just to say "hello" to our missionaries and African people there. What a welcome they gave us! We arrived later in the evening than we had expected (we were reminded that African roads are not like

American highways), so the crowd that had waited along the road for us had entered the church. We were ushered in by the missionaries, and, lo, the church was crowded. As we entered the door they all stood and waved their hands at us and began to sing. Oh, it was wonderful just to be "home" again! Regardless of the late hour there were speeches and special songs, and then a time for handshaking. That little group of praying and fasting women that we told you about so many times, and some of you saw their picture, were there in full force. They danced around us, and hung onto our hands, and wept for joy—and so did we. The preachers from over the district were there and, although they are not as demonstrative as the women, yet their faces shone, and their hearty handshakes and broad smiles made us to know that we were welcome indeed. Oh, yes, the call to Africa still rings clear in our hearts. What a privilege to help dig and polish these diamonds in the rough! Finally we managed to get to the door of the church, and to the missionaries' home, where a lovely roast chicken dinner had been waiting for about four hours! Yes, it was after midnight when we got to bed, but who cared?



SOME NEW CONVERTS

By Katherine Wiese*

China

THE SECOND SUNDAY we had services in Kian a businessman, who was in Kian buying sugar for a firm in Hankow, came to the morning service. God spoke to his heart and he returned for the evening service. After service he stayed to be prayed with. The next morning found him in the Bible study class. Every moment he could spare from business found him with our workers. His face was always shining. In about two weeks he had to return to Hankow.

He wrote letters testifying how God was helping him. About a month passed when business again brought him to Kian. The first place he made for was the church. Carrying his Bible under his arm, he came each evening. He had learned to sing several songs and was ready with a testimony of God's grace and love. Again after a month business took him back home, but he writes he is staying true to God and has found a mission which he attends. Although he may never be a Nazarene because we have no work in that territory, he will always say, "I found Jesus in the Nazarene mission of Kian the second Sunday they were there."

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Wang lives in a very devout Buddhist home but young Wang is not a Buddhist. He is a high school student who became acquainted with Brother Wiese while he was staying in the Y.M.C.A. before he found a place to rent.

When we opened services he was always on hand. He also joined the Bible study class. He bought a Bible. Someone stole it. He bought another. When he took it home his father burned it. He bought another and left it at the church for safe keeping. His folks then kept him busy, so he couldn't attend church. The boy he left his Bible with went to Shanghai and took Wang's Bible. Now that school is open, Wang has more liberty; so again he came to church and asked for his Bible. The workers told him this boy had gone; so he said, "Well, I must buy another Bible." Last Sunday he brought out another student. Pray for this boy.

- - - - -

When Mr. Cheng and Chiang came from Tientsin, they were on a boat from Shanghai. The last two days on the boat they met a young student who was returning home from taking college examinations. Our men, always on the alert to tell the gospel story, told him about Jesus and His power to save. The boat reached Kian about midnight and our men came to the church.

The next morning I was in the back yard cooking over a charcoal stove when in rushed a young man.

"Did two men arrive here last night from Tientsin?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"Was Chiang Tai Hwa one of their names?" he questioned.

Again I answered in the affirmative.

"Is he here now?"

I pointed to where Mr. Chiang was staying, wondering if they had forgotten and left something on the boat.

Later I learned he came saying, "I want to know Jesus. I want to be without sins." They prayed with him and when he got up he said: "I must change my name. In high school I named myself a name meaning 'Power, Education, and Wealth.' I thought these were what I should strive for to bring happiness, but that name won't do. I am going to take a new name meaning 'Looking above.' This is what I intend to do." (Chinese change their names many times during a lifetime.)

His home is up the river several miles from Kian. He bought a Bible and left for home. After about ten days he returned for Sunday and spent a few days in the city and most of it at the church. Every time he comes to the city he stops by. Last week we sent our preachers to his village. He comes from a wealthy family, his older brother being an official. His mother has been a devout Buddhist for over thirty-five years; in fact, she is a teacher of Buddhism. They treated our preachers so royally and hoped they would open work in their village.

In the village is a church member of forty years' standing but who drinks wine. Our young convert preached to him and said, "Christians don't drink wine."

We plan to pitch the tent here when it arrives. Pray for this promising young man.

*Written prior to the evacuation of missionaries from China.

One Sunday, when the collection was for foreign missions, the collection bag was taken to Mr. Dives, who shook his head and whispered, "I never give to missions."

"Then take something out of the plate," the elder whispered in reply; "the money is for the heathen."—*Presbyterian Record*

Charity begins at home, but it doesn't end there.

"Yes, I Love the Jews." Arabs."

By Thomas Ainscough

Argentina

IT HAPPENED on the second Sunday evening of the Holiness Convention held in the big tent just prior to our Annual Assembly in Buenos Aires in the month of March. When we gave the altar call for those who wished to be sanctified wholly, the first to come forward was an Arab. Then another man came and knelt at the Arab brother's left. Then a young converted Jew came and knelt at the second seeker's left, and then several more. The Jewish brother was converted some months back. He came to Brother Hendrix at his church and was gloriously saved. During this Holiness Convention he came to the altar several times seeking holiness. One night I felt led to ask him if he had testified to all his relatives about being saved. That is a supreme test for any Jew, as it may mean being cast out of the home and family forever.

Rodolfo, the Jewish brother, said that he was willing to do anything to receive the Holy Ghost and that from that time he would begin to tell all his family that he had accepted Christ as His Saviour. This he has done, and now we see him at the altar for holiness.

During the altar service, our attention was called to the fact that the Arab and the Jew together were seeking the Holy Ghost. And so I knelt beside the Arab and said to him, "*Don Juan, ama Vd. a los Judios?*" (John, do you love the Jews?) He replied, "*Gracias a Dios, amo, tambien, a los Judios.*" (Thank God, I love the Jews too.) Then I knelt beside the Jew and said, "*Rodolfo, ama Vd. a los Arabes?*" (Rodolfo, do you love the Arabs?) "Yes, I love the Arabs," he replied; and raising himself from the altar a little, he stretched over the man beside him and gripped the Arab's hand with an exclamation of "Thanks be to God."

At the testimony service later both men testified to having been sanctified wholly.

Here we have two extremes, Don Juan, the Arab, middle-aged, with several years of Christian experience to his credit, and the Jewish brother about twenty-five years old. Both need our prayers, that the Arab might continue to be a pillar in the church and that Rodolph might be used in the ministry of saving men.

Dedication

By Gladys Hampton

British Honduras

ONE SUNSHINY DAY in March, 1946, marked "ground-breaking" day for our first Nazarene church in British Honduras—at Benque Viejo. Mother's Day, May 12, 1948, after long delays, we celebrated our first service in the beautiful building now practically completed.

The people wanted a dedication service then, but we missionaries wanted a general superintendent present to dedicate our church. When we were told that Dr. G. B. Williamson and Dr. Remiss Rehfeldt were coming to British Honduras in May, 1949, we knew that our desires would be fulfilled.

So, June 5, 1949, three years after its beginning, our lovely native limestone and mortar church was dedicated by our general superintendent, Dr. Williamson. At five o'clock in the morning, Mr. Hampton took out the truck and picked up people along the road who wanted to

attend the service. By nine-thirty the church was full, and for our Sunday-school count we had 224 present; some came later.

The Government District Commissioner of the Western District presided, and Dr. Williamson brought a masterful dedication sermon.

God has been good to us in Benque Viejo.



Sunday Afternoon in Jail

By Earl Hunter

Guatemala

AS I HAVE many times visited the jails, never did I imagine myself as the one being visited behind those bars—but, alas, it happened!

Having gone to La Libertad early Sunday morning, finished the morning service, and then eaten the fine native dinner with the good lay leader in whose house I learned so much about how to eat without knife, fork, or spoon, we were just relaxing and about to begin a sort of delicate discussion over a little problem that had arisen in the congregation when the jeep horn began to sound endlessly.

As battery current is always a dire problem in these parts, I kindly called out asking the offenders to be conservative on the use of my horn. With that a drunken soldier called me out and clearly was determined to arrest me in one way or another. Though I showed him the legal and up-to-date papers on the car, he had me when he asked for my driver's license, for it had been stolen by a pickpocket. (He had not seen me driving, however.) After my useless explaining, he ordered me locked up and went back to the dance and drinking feast from whence he had come. Doubtless he figured on getting a good bribe, for it is commonly thought that all Americans are rich. But I was neither prepared nor disposed to bribe him. He was entirely out of order, and I was surprised to witness the fact that there is not a soul in a well-organized municipality that dares to counteract an order of a drunken corporal in the national police force when such a corporal is violating the national constitution in many ways.

I relaxed and rested and better prepared myself for the evening service. The municipal authorities cranked almost endlessly on the little old phone to try to get in contact with a superior official. But it was a holiday and Sunday. Men I had never known personally looked up the offending soldier and begged for my release, to no avail. The soldiers guarding me (for such a jail couldn't hold a man who might want out) knew me and didn't want to detain me. People I had never known came and offered to help. One dear old Catholic lady whom I had visited when her husband died sent me a hot tamale and coffee before I could possibly be hungry, and custom demanded it to be eaten, even though I was invited to a good supper with other brethren. If they had left me in jail, I perhaps would have had enough food for a multitude—and that in a town that has been radically Catholic. Even the dance broke up with men fighting over the opinions of the missionary.

When, after three and one-half hours of grinding, the departmental office of the police was contacted, by using a strong voice to reach a good part of the way, the telephone dimly brought an order for my immediate release. Since I did not have on my person the fifty cents phone charge, the men threw in and paid it.

There was just time to look up the now staggering corporal and inform him of our victory before going to supper and then to a well-attended service. That day the Lord publicized our work while I rested better than I could have done by working hard. If we had a national pastor we could organize the church in La Libertad.

Full Moon's "Who's Who"

By Earl Mosteller

Cape Verde

WHEN'S FULL MOON THIS MONTH?" "When's full moon?" "Is tomorrow full moon?" "What does the calendar say?" These are questions heard about every twenty-eight days in Cape Verde. The night of full moon means full-mooners' night of prayer.

We used to meet at nine o'clock and go as a group to the seashore. What a hallowed spot! Later we took a half-hour's walk up an isolated ravine to pray. While there we never did actually find Jacob's ladder but we certainly did find a gateway to God and glory. Since the Maud Chapman Memorial church came into being, we have met in her tower room. There we were not frightened by the prowling long-horned bulls nor molested by the penetrating moonbeams.

It occurred to us that you might like to know who was present last night. We were fourteen in number:

Eduino, a blacksmith
Joaquim, a tinsmith and plumber
Humberto, the second city official of this capital city, Praia
Bernardo, head nurse from the hospital
Milton, public works employee and young people's president
Caldeira, a former merchant, assistant pastor
Eades, missionary
Gay, missionary
Dr. Rosa, leading lawyer
Bettencourt, government press linotype man
Custodio, head of the telegraph station
Marujo, the principal tailor
Eduardo, store clerk
And, yours truly

REDEEMED ! ! !

By Mamie Bailey Hendricks

Trinidad

IT WAS my first service in our little church in Couva. I had met the pastor and his family, but everyone else was new and somewhat strange to me. The bus brought me early, and as I came to the church one lone lady attired in black sat toward the front. As she leisurely thumbed through the hymnal and in a low undertone repeated stanzas of what seemed unfamiliar songs, I also noticed she was silently weeping. Without wanting to appear too inquisitive, I just smiled and made a few passing remarks.

The congregation came. There was a beautiful spirit throughout the service. It was easy to preach the message of both comfort and invitation. Speaking as for eternity, the messenger entreated all who would to "come and partake of the Water of Life freely." That morning the altar was filled with earnest seekers. There to my right knelt the lady in black. In that hour of sorrow and bereavement, in the best way she knew how, she sought the Lord with all her heart. It was the first time she had ever been in the Church of the Nazarene. She was a member of a church that looked upon us with disdain, and bitterly opposed our every effort.



Nearly a year has passed; and under trying circumstances and much persecution our dear sister Lenore Yates, who is the postmistress in Couva, has stood true to God. At our last quarterly meeting in Trinidad she united with our beloved Church of the Nazarene. After having been in government service for thirty-five years, she will be retiring in September. "I want to live for Christ and others for the rest of my life," is one of the last statements she made to me just before we left Trinidad.

Rolling Drums in Swaziland

By Robert Jackson

Africa

BOOM ta, BOOM ta, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, rolled the drums as we wound our way up out of the swamp we were crossing to the tree planters' compound. We had often heard the call of the drums as we began our services with the men. Tonight, arriving later than usual, we found the men dancing to the rhythmic throbbing of the tom-toms.

As I watched the men by the light of the log fire, I saw them dressed in their breechcloths and skins, dancing with their knobkerries held high. I thought, Now this is a real heathen dance. But how mistaken I was!

Upon asking the native preacher who had come with me, I found that it was a dance which they had learned in Johannesburg. The men in the many compounds scattered throughout the timber plantations and the near-by gold and asbestos mines were practicing these dances and would later hold a great competition. Could you see some of these great gatherings of raw heathen dressed in their native garb and educated natives dressed as heathen with a few frills added which had been brought back from the mines, your heart would go out to these needy people still lost in darkness.

What a mixture of heathenism and modern civilization there is! Bright cloth to tie around the waist and to hang over the shoulder; the latest dances and sins from the big cities; these mixed in with spears, knobkerries, witchcraft, big pots full of native beer, and heathen darkness. It is a bad mixture which brings evil results. I've spent many a wearisome hour suturing up ugly gashes caused by those evil-looking spears.

Have we nothing better to offer them than modern evil to mix with their heathen wickedness? Thank God, we do have something better! When I saw a man step out of that group and give himself to Jesus, I knew that here was the answer. Jesus still saves to the uttermost and satisfies the human heart.

Pray for us in our work here with these people. The devil offers much that glitters to these darkened hearts, but only Jesus can give the gift more precious than gold.

BIBLE TO PRINCE

A high official of the imperial Japanese household called at the Japan Bible House in Tokyo and asked for a copy of the Bible for the crown prince. He said, "The prince wishes to read the whole Bible during his summer vacation."



EARL AND MABEL HUNTER

Earl Dean Hunter was born September 11, 1915, at Arapahoe, Colorado; was saved in 1926, sanctified in 1932, and called to the ministry and the mission field in 1933.

Mabel Irene Allen was born April 11, 1915, at Dallas, Oregon; was saved in 1928, and sanctified in 1938. Her call to the mission field has been with her from childhood.

Earl graduated from Northwest Nazarene College with a Th.B. degree, while Mabel graduated from Nurses' School in 1940 and received her B.S.N. degree from the same college in 1941.

They were married October 31, 1940, at Nampa, Idaho, and to this union three children have been born: Earl Dean, Jr., born August 26, 1942, at Mason City, Washington; Ronald Joseph, born May 22, 1944, at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho; and Wanda Fay, born August 7, 1949, in Guatemala City.

The Hunters are on their first term of service, having left the States July 1, 1946. At the present time they are stationed at Flores, Peten, in the northern part of Guatemala, where the people are very primitive and there is no other Protestant work.

Mabel has a small dispensary and treats those who come to her for their physical needs. Earl writes: "One of our favorite occupations is personal evangelism. Very recently in a ten-day trip I talked with over two hundred persons one by one about their souls' salvation."



WHO'S WHO



CORA COATES WALKER

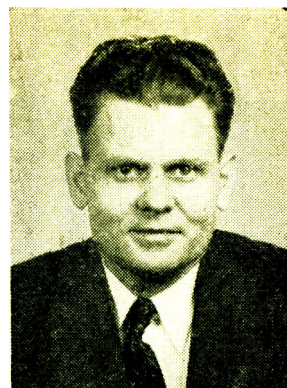
On May 24, 1916, in Calgary, Alberta, Canada, little Cora came to bless the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Walker. When only twelve years of age she felt the call of God to go as a missionary and prepared herself, accordingly, to go as a nurse.

Cora received her R.N. degree from the General Hospital in Calgary, and attended Canadian Nazarene College, receiving a Christian Worker's Diploma. She spent some time in the pastorate and in evangelistic work and was made a consecrated deaconess in 1945.

During her first term of service she spent most of her time in medical work, and had the pleasure of seeing the building of the dispensary and its dedication on July 23, 1947. She also has done her share of preaching and working with the young people.

To show something of the depth of her consecration, we quote: "I offer myself not by compulsion, but in love, first of all to my Saviour who gave all for me; and secondly, to the lost, darkened, and suffering peoples of Central America, a part of whom, I believe, are my responsibility."

Cora is now back in Nicaragua on her second term of service, and to help her in the tremendous task of caring for the health of the people is Lesper Heflin. The dispensary, very appropriately called "House of Health," not only ministers to the bodies of its patients, but the nurses also give them the story of Jesus. Of course, our medical work is only a means to an end—but so often it is the means of opening otherwise tightly closed doors.



EVERETTE AND GARNET HOWARD

On July 15, 1906, in the little town of Burlison, Tennessee, there was born one who was destined to be one of the greatest missionaries that the Church of the Nazarene has ever had, Everett Dewey Howard. He was converted at the age of six and sanctified at the age of fourteen.

Garnet Gray Sherman was born February 2, 1910, at Coffeyville, Kansas. She was converted when ten years of age, and sanctified three years later.

On August 9, 1932, they were united in marriage at Pittsburg, Kansas. Both Everett and Garnet are graduates of Kansas State Teachers College.

Feeling a burning call to the mission field, they sailed on November 1, 1935, for the Cape Verde Islands.

Elizabeth Ann was born November 27, 1933, at Ottawa, Kansas, and Mary Josephine was born August 13, 1937, in the Cape Verde Islands.

During their terms of service they have seen many miracles of grace wrought in the hearts and lives of the Cape Verdian people. Some of the outstanding things are the conversion of a Jesuit Roman Catholic priest, the fountain of water that came out of the rock on the Island of Fogo, and the healing of the leper.



The W. F. M. S.

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

EMPHASIS FOR JUNE

THE PRAYER AND FASTING LEAGUE

IS THE CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE LIVING ON A MINIMUM OF PRAYER?

"Assume that HE
is working as well as
thyself."



Prayer changes things
and men
and homes
and churches
and nations.

Don't Forget to Fast



Don't Forget to Pray



Don't Forget to Give



In a world so full
of conflict and
confusion, we
may put our hand in
the hand of the
King of Kings, and
feel secure, for our
faith will carry us through
every experience that life
can bring.

Faith is the gift
of God. Faith is
something very power-
ful, active, effective,
which at once renews,
regenerates, sanctifies,
and leads one alto-
gether into a new
way of life.

"By prayer,
... let your requests
be made known unto
God."

Missionaries beg for us to
pray. They feel strong when we
intercede. They have power with
God and man when Christians
pray across the wide expanse
of land and water.

You cannot es-
cape facts. Thou-
sands upon thou-
sands are being helped
by our faithful praying,
even though they are
beyond reach of our voices.

The fog in the valley will
not check the gracious
supply from the hills.

Membership
62,636

BELOVED! WE ARE NOT ALIVE AS WE SHOULD BE TO THIS
MEANS OF GRACE!

IF WE TRULY REALIZED THE VALUE OF FASTING AND PRAYER,
WE WOULD RESORT TO IT MORE FREQUENTLY AND OUR LIVES
WOULD BE FAR MORE EFFECTIVE.—LET US PRAY.

—Mrs. L. A. Reed, General Secretary, Prayer and Fasting

Amount Raised
\$202,946.49

FIRST AUSTRALIAN DISTRICT W.F.M.S. CONVENTION

Held at Burwood, New South Wales, on Tuesday, January 3, 1950



Front Row: Left to Right—Miss Wiltshire; Mrs. Johnson; Miss Spratt; Mrs. Tweddell, district superintendent of study; Mrs. Dawson, district president; Mrs. Berg, district secretary; Miss Halbert, district treasurer; Miss Bagley, qualified nurse and missionary candidate; Mrs. Penney.

Back Row: Left to Right—Mrs. Clucas; Mrs. Clarke; Mrs. Daniels; Mrs. Clucas; Mrs. Maddar; Mrs. Bale; Mrs. Redfearn; Mrs. Fletcher; Mrs. Garratt; Mrs. Hutchings; Mrs. Peard; Mrs. Chesson; Miss Hodgins.

AUSTRALIAN DISTRICT W.F.M.S. CONVENTION

January 3 was a day of unique importance in the young history of the Church of the Nazarene in Australia, when the first convention of the W.F.M.S. was held in conjunction with the third Annual District Assembly at Burwood, New South Wales.

To us who were privileged to be present, it was more than an ordinary occasion because the presence of the Lord was so sensibly felt and preciously real in every portion of the service. Even the business part of the program, which is so easily apt to be mere business, proved at least in this instance to be business "plus," and a real refreshment to the soul.

Brother A. A. E. Berg (district superintendent), as chairman, made a valuable contribution to the spirit and success of the convention.

It was fitting that Brother W. D. Pinch, our missionary to the aborigines of Tweed Heads, New South Wales, should have been the appointed speaker on this occasion. He left us all with much to think about, and a big challenge to do something towards God's mighty scheme of world evangelization.

Sister Dawson climaxed the session with her district report, in which she introduced the Alabaster Box, and in such a spirit that in anticipation of the "breaking" the house seemed filled with the fragrance of the gifts-to-be.

AILSA SPRATT, Reporter

PRESIDENT'S NOTES

The Communists are organizing a campaign to enlist 500,000,000 Asiatic women to Communize Asia. Let us organize a campaign to enlist 100,000 Nazarene women to join with us to Christianize the world.

Let the women take for their Prayer and Fasting slogan for the coming assembly year: *A Family Altar in Every Nazarene Home.*

—LOUISE R. CHAPMAN

EASTERN MICHIGAN DISTRICT CONVENTION

The first W.F.M.S. Midyear Convention of the new Eastern Michigan District convened January 24 at Flint, Michigan. To a crowded auditorium of zealous, missionary-hearted W.F.M.S. members, Dr. Howard Hamlin of Chicago spoke with a burden and inspired them to increase their missionary vision and missionary giving.

Dr. O. J. Nease was the speaker of the evening, and after a spirited message by him Dr. Hamlin showed his very enlightening pictures of Japan.

Under the efficient leadership of our district president, Mrs. W. M. McGuire, our new district is effectively meeting the great missionary challenge. For our home mission work we are helping to start a negro work in Detroit, Michigan.

—MRS. EVELYN HUFF,
Superintendent of Publicity

A THOUGHT FOR MOTHER'S DAY

Why are mothers being honored in America today instead of being sold like cattle, as in many non-Christian lands? CHRIST IS THE ANSWER.

ALABASTER CORNER

The breaking of the alabaster box of ointment upon the head and the feet of Jesus wafted a sweet perfume down the centuries. The act was the outpouring of love—lavish, uncalculating.

So I too find highest joy in my own Alabaster Box giving when I slip in, not that which I can spare, not that which duty or compunction of conscience enjoins, not even when I contribute that which measures some self-denial. My greatest joy, my closest kinship with the one who washed His feet with her tears comes when love so prompts the gift that spontaneously, uncalculatingly, extravagantly I give.

Jesus said, "She loved much."

—MRS. G. B. WILLIAMSON

"Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness scaled up" until too late.

A Nazarene church with 36 members in a town of 1,200 (Davenport, Oklahoma) reports \$63 in the February Alabaster Box opening.

BOYS' and GIRLS' Page

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

HELLO AGAIN, BOYS AND GIRLS!

I've just been reading a newsletter that was sent out to leaders of the Junior Society. It said they were taking for a slogan "One Thousand New Junior Societies!" It said, too, that new societies were being organized every little while. It said something else that was fine—that they weren't going to stop until we were much nearer our aim, "A Junior Society in Every Nazarene Church." Now what are you boys and girls doing about this—I mean those of you in the hundreds of churches where there are no societies? You haven't any idea what you're missing. I just saw one of the little Japanese houses made in our society here, and I know these boys and girls are having a great time with the stories of Japan and their handwork. And only God can know how much the prayers of all these groups mean, and the money they bring in so faithfully.

DO SOMETHING YOURSELVES

Don't wait until somebody thinks things all out for you and gets everything ready. Do something yourselves. Get together and talk to your pastor, and tell him you just must have a supervisor. If there isn't any right at hand, pray until God puts this work so heavily on someone's heart that the pastor and board will decide that it can't wait any longer.

How many of you can name all our "Juniors' Own Missionaries"? And where they work? Great! Then you know Brother and Sister Stanfield in Nicaragua, that great country down in Central America with the wonderful big lake with the same name. Well, here is a letter from two other missionaries in Nicaragua. We want to know all our missionaries. So here is a chance to get acquainted.

MANAGUA, NICARAGUA

HELLO, BOYS AND GIRLS!

I would like you to meet Joel Guido. His picture is on this page. After service one day, I saw Joel enjoying a long stalk of sugar cane. In his hand was a long machete (knife), which most of the Nicaraguan men and boys carry in this country. This picture was taken as he sat out in front of the chapel, with a red band hat on his head, eating sugar cane.

Joel does much to make our services better. Every Saturday, Sunday afternoon, and Thursday he walks the dusty, bumpy, and often thick, muddy roads of Barrio Silva, passing out tracts



written in Spanish. If we forget to supply him with enough, he reminds us that he needs more. Joel is working for Jesus in a fine way, we think. Don't you think so, too?

He lives in a house that has a dirt floor and not much furniture. His daddy turned their house into a chapel, so that the Church of the Nazarene could have services in East Managua. (They now live in back of the chapel.) The building is brightly painted in yellow and green. I wish each one of you could visit one service. The children and grownups sing enthusiastically of the joy Jesus has brought to their lives.

Now don't forget to pray that the tracts that Joel passes out to the people in his neighborhood will be read by them, and help them to find Jesus. We want Joel to live for Christ always and continue to give out tracts. Remember to pray for him.

Love from your missionaries in Nicaragua,

LOUIS AND EVELYN RAGAINS

We appreciate this letter, don't we, Juniors? Maybe some would like to write a note to Rev. and Mrs. Ragains, Apartado No. 302, Managua, Nicaragua, and tell them so. Don't expect an answer, for they would not have time for that. But we'd be very happy to get such letters and pictures from many others of our missionaries; wouldn't we? We have not put anything about some of our newer fields on this page because we haven't received pictures. So come on, missionaries; we're waiting for you.

Lots of love from your "Big Sister,"

MARY E. COVE

THE OTHER SHEEP



Missionary Books

at greatly reduced prices

The following are books on missions and mission fields which have been used in the reading course. They are excellent books and should be on the bookshelves of those interested in missions. Since the Publishing House is closing out stock to make room for new numbers, they have slashed the prices of these to a ridiculously low figure. Several of them originally sold for 75c. List the titles you wish and order today from the Nazarene Publishing House, 2923 Troost Avenue, Box 527, Kansas City 10, Missouri.

Beth and I in India <i>By Gertrude P. Tracy</i>	10c	Messengers of the Cross, Palestine <i>By Amy N. Hinshaw</i>	10c
Foreign Jewel Series (7 stories from foreign fields in pamphlet or tract form)	10c	Nazarene Missions in the Orient <i>By Mrs. S. N. Fitkin and Emma Word</i>	10c
Hazarded Lives <i>By Edith Goodnow</i>	25c	Other Americas <i>By Mary Louise Salsbury</i>	5c
From Darkness to Sunlight <i>By Edith F. Cove</i>	5c	Our Friends in Guatemala <i>By R. E. Bower</i>	5c
Let Us Look at India <i>By L. A. Marquart</i>	25c	Under Tropical Skies <i>By Rev. Mrs. S. N. Fitkin</i>	5c
Lord's Doings <i>By Fairy Chism, Ora V. Lovelace West, and C. S. Jenkins</i>	25c	Unreached Indian <i>By R. E. Bower</i>	10c
		Tomorrow in Latin America <i>R. L. and Esther Lunsford</i>	25c
		Over in Old Mexico <i>By Rev. Mrs. S. N. Fitkin</i>	5c

Songs of Missionary Conquest No. 2

COMPILED BY HALDOR LILLENAS AND ROBERT W. STRINGFIELD

An altogether new compilation of 65 songs to be used for group singing in any service where the cause of missions holds the center of interest. To make it entirely practical for such use, a choice selection of devotional hymns has been included. There is nothing comparable to be found anywhere.

The book was first introduced by the General Convention of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in St. Louis, Missouri. It is printed from large, clear type on a high quality paper.

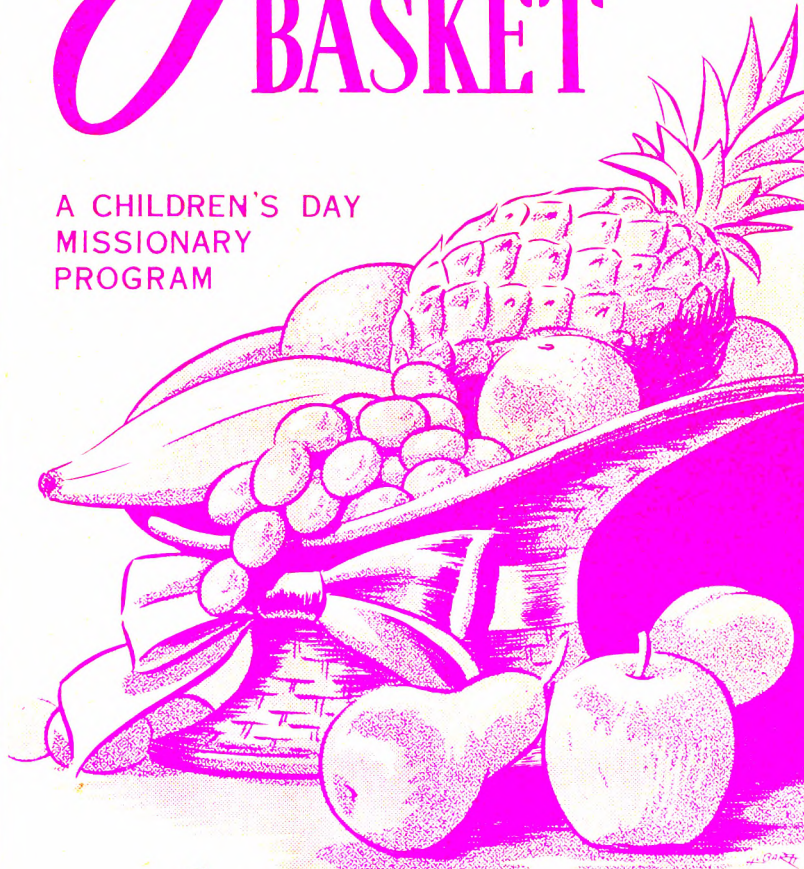
30c a copy, postpaid. Twelve or more, 20c each, transportation extra.

NAZARENE PUBLISHING HOUSE

KANSAS CITY 10, MISSOURI

HIS *Fruit* BASKET

A CHILDREN'S DAY
MISSIONARY
PROGRAM



By Mabel M. Earle

CHILDREN'S DAY — JUNE 11, 1950

- ✓ An outstanding feature for the Sunday school
- ✓ An opportunity to help children around the world