

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

# OTHER SHEEP

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THE MISSIONARY ORGAN OF THE  
CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE



The horse is a noble animal. When two of them pull together and pull steadily we marvel at the load they can move. Let us learn from them, and we shall easily get our General Budget up the hill.

Now Let's Not  
Slump  
This Summer

There's No  
Substitute  
for Regular  
Giving



# The Other Sheep

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

REV. J. G. MORRISON, D. D., *Editor*

REV. ROY G. CODDING, *Office Editor*

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## A Bit of Sacrifice

Yes, he's a missionary with a wife and some children. Their salary is \$1,000 a year. But they offer to live on half of it—\$500—and to use the rest to start a school for boys. If we homeland folks had one-tenth the willingness to sacrifice for the cause that the folks in the foreign field have we'd put it over big. Aren't we going to regret that we didn't have more vision, more passion and more sacrifice when we meet Him with His sun-like face and blazing, fiery eyes at the judgment? when we see Him walking among the candlesticks and announcing His decisions? The investigation by Him of our deeds, actions, achievements, sufferings for Him and sacrifices for the cause literally makes us fear the coming of such a day.

## Supporting a Missionary as a Memorial

Some people erect monuments over their dead, cold stone shafts that never feel. Some erect buildings, bridges, fountains, libraries and churches. Some endow memorial chairs in colleges, or establish a memorial lectureship or a fellowship. This gets a little nearer to it, but—WHY NOT SUPPORT A MEMORIAL MISSIONARY? Leave a goodly sum to the General Board to be invested, and the annual interest used to support a missionary! Wouldn't this be just the ticket? Call it by your name—"The John Jones Missionary Memorial," for instance. Let your name be mentioned for years to come in love and reverence. Let your money preach holiness in mission fields ages after your body lies beneath the flowers.

## Is God Just an Anglo-Saxon God?

The Church must have the whole world for its field in order to be godlike. Any church that minifies foreign missions is stunted. Its god is a local or national deity.

The Church must have the whole world for its field in order to provide an adequate challenge for heroic endeavor. It was Christ's audacious imperative, "Go ye into all the world," that put heroism and conquest into primitive Christianity.

America set three times as many men to digging the Panama canal as Protestantism has ever sent out for world evangelism. Forward, all along the church!

## Saints in Toronto, Canada

This writer spent a most delightful week recently with the Parkdale Tabernacle holiness congregation, pastored by Rev. W. M. McGuire. Here in the heart of Canada's metropolis is a wonderful group of holiness people. They are true blue, aggressive, evangelistic, and have a blessed vision of full salvation for home and foreign lands. In response to a plea for Nazarene missions the people enthusiastically piled up \$200 for the cause, although themselves interested in the Oriental Missionary Society. We certainly enjoyed the fellowship, devotion and evangelistic zeal of this fine body of Christians. Their pastor, Brother McGuire, is a Spirit-filled leader with a great vision for spreading holiness over Canada.

## A Fine Consignment

Still they pour into the General Treasurer's office. Gewgaws, chains, rings, brooches—cast off when the Nazarenes took the pilgrim way of holiness. A fine consignment was delivered recently from Trinidad, Colo., where a regular "junk" yard for this material is maintained. Evangelist Bussey delivered the load. He had just closed a revival at Trinidad. Another reached us from Fairbury, Nebr., where the Nazarenes observed "a grand opening day." That is, they all opened their old trunks and forsaken jewel boxes and sent the contents to Kansas City, Mo. Soon all this will be turned into bonafide financial soldiers. These will march joyously to mission fields where they will form shock troops in the war against the world, the flesh and the devil.

## What Will We Suffer to Give Them Light?

Without the light of Jesus Christ's gospel all human institutions decay. When the house of God offers genius no welcome, it will turn to the piffling debate of the senate or to sordid chaffering in the market place. Literature becomes salacious and chaffy, and science gives one about as much hope as an icicle.

Without Christ and the Holy Spirit's restraint the eye of youth is lighted with the baleful fires of carnality, and unrighteous old age lives without honor and dies without anyone's expressing a regret. Inasmuch as God and Christ and holiness and salvation are the greatest gifts conferred upon any of us, how much will you give, reader, how much will you pray, how much will you suffer to confer these priceless donations upon some of the waiting one's among the millions over there? Our missionaries are doing just that. *Must we, shall we, call them home?*

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## LISTEN! WHAT IS MOST NECESSARY?

Work seems to be, but it isn't, good as it is. Food-'n-raiment makes a mighty bid, but fails to qualify, although tremendously needful. Education clamors clamantly, but is rejected. Wealth calls and beckons for recognition, but is turned down. Fame allures with gaudy attraction, but can't be accepted. What then? PRAYER! It's a million times more important than anything else one can name. Because if you pray as you ought you'll work as you ought. If your life is saturated with prayer you'll never go hungry or cold. If you pray satisfactorily and successfully, you'll be educated away past the highbrows, lowbrows or intermediate brows. If you really give yourself to prayer you'll be rich beyond compare. If you are a genuine intercessor with God, you'll be more famous than the famed of earth. Pray! Pray! Jesus takes the lid off all of heaven's and earth's resources and bids us help ourselves—"and all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, YE SHALL RECEIVE." Nuf sed. Enlist as a candidate. Pick up the thunderbolts of deity and hurl them at the King's enemies.

### Railroad Donates Station Building

We received a cheery letter from Lula, Okla., W. F. M. S., in which a direct answer to prayer is happily shown. Mrs. Birtie Clifford, the lively president of that society, writes as follows: "We greatly needed to enlarge our church building. It was too small to accommodate our growing Sunday school. We prayed and planned, but every plan seemed to fail until we learned that the railway station building was to be vacated for lack of business. We felt impressed of the Lord to ask the company to donate the station house to the church for Sunday school class rooms, and this we did. Praise the dear Lord, the company gave it to us. It is worth fully \$1,000. We have moved it up to the church, where it is being added to our building. Praise the Lord, we enjoy working to help pay the expenses of the church."

### Who Is Long on Profession Short on Performance?

There is no use of anyone's saying that he loves and believes in missions, unless you hear him talking about them, praying for them, and eagerly supporting them. EVERYBODY TALKS ABOUT AND SUPPORTS THE THING HE BELIEVES IN. If he fails frequently to mention foreign missions in prayer or conversation, if he never (or seldom) suggests that the cause of foreign missions ought to be financially cared for with an offering, and then alleges that he loves foreign missions and believes in foreign missions, that person is deceiving himself. Unless he lives in the backwoods where missions have never been preached or mentioned, so that he has no light on this vital subject, he's just fooling himself when he claims that he's interested in winning the lost races to God. Reader, do you know anyone like that, *long on talk and short on performance*?

### The Soviets Discard Sunday

Reports from Russia state that the Soviet Republic has annulled the common calendar and adopted one beginning with the establishment of Sovietism, November 7, 1917. Their year is now divided into twelve months of thirty days each. Five holidays make up the balance of the 365 days. Their month is divided into six weeks with five days in each week, Saturday and Sunday being discarded. Every worker has one holiday a week, but it is not the same day for all workers. That is, factories, offices and socialized farms are operated continuously, while a certain number of individual workers have a day of rest every day, giving all a day each when the week is ended. This revision of times and seasons gives Russia another mark of a certain troublesome character mentioned in Daniel, who sought to change times and laws. Russia's only hope is in the Christ she seeks to reject. Can't you pray for her?

### "A Little More Won't Hurt Us"

Passing through Woodstock, Canada, we were invited by Rev. and Mrs. L. E. Sparks, the pastors, to stop for a service. The work there is getting a good footing. The Sparks are sparkling with spiritual devotion and enthusiasm. They sing, play instruments, preach, visit, and in every way are religious leaders in the community. The Master has certainly

won to the Nazarene cause a gracious variety of workers. We have singers among the best, instrument players hard to beat, great preachers, fine pastors, and thousands of all-round workers. Among this host the Sparks have surely made good among us. Woodstock Nazarenes, under their leadership, are lifting the General Budget burden with a shout of joy. "It's none too heavy," said these enthusiastic pastors. For unbounded loyalty and devoted generosity commend us to Canadian Nazarenes east or west.

### "We'll Pile Up More"

"The fact that we are already overpaid only adds strength to our determination to pile up as much more as possible, between now and assembly," writes a fine Southern pastor. Amen. A spirit like that encourages us to press the cause of spreading holiness abroad.

### Finney on Prayer of Faith

There is a reason to believe, declared Charles G. Finney, the great evangelist, that millions are in hell because Christians have not offered the prayer of faith. When they had promises under their eye they had not faith enough to use them. Thus parents let their children go down to hell because they would not believe the promises of God. The signs of the times and the indications of Providence were favorable, perhaps, and the Spirit of God prompted desires for their salvation, and they had evidence enough to believe that God was ready to grant a blessing, and if they had only prayed in faith God would have granted it; but they turned it away because they would not discern the sign of the times.

You say, "This leaves the church under a great load of guilt." True, it does so; and no doubt multitudes will stand up before God covered all over with the blood of souls that have been lost through their want of faith. The promises of God, accumulated in their Bible, will stare them in the face and weigh them down to hell.

Many professors of religion live so far from God that to talk to them about the prayer of faith is all unintelligible. Very often the greatest offense possible to them is to preach about this kind of prayer.

### SACRIFICE YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

God's yesterdays were costly. They included many Gethsemanes and Calvaries. One of the first missionaries to China sat outside its forbidding walls for twenty years. One of the first to India died hopelessly broken at an early age. One of the first to Africa perished after a few months; but he left this immortal utterance: "LET A THOUSAND FALL, BUT LET NOT AFRICA BE GIVEN UP." Our Nazarene people for thirty years have prayed for missions, worked for missions, and given for missions. A NEW DAY IS NOW HERE. Success unparalleled awaits us. God's Spirit now moves among peoples who have, up till now, lived in darkness. It's high noon of God's today. But it means sacrifice for us today, just as His yesterdays meant sacrifice for the fathers and founders of the Church of the Nazarene. Dawns soon His tomorrow. This will mean still more sacrifice. The gospel task will never grow less. The missionary burden will never be lighter.

### Stripping for the Race

A special delivery letter floated into this office. It felt a bit bulky and solid in one spot. Opening it, out fell two gold rings and a note which read: "Enclosed find my two rings which I gave up when I found the Lord. Wish I had more to give."

The worth of these rings will be sent flying to mission fields. Thank you, sister, for starting them out to spread holiness. We realize that having found Him you had no further use for them. We wish every Nazarene would thus strip for the race—"laying aside every weight." What a conquering host we'd have! We wish every gold trinket in the possession of our church people could be started to foreign lands to preach Jesus to the lost. What a stream would flow across the sea!

### New England Prayer and Fasting Crescendo

We have 52 societies in the district, and 40 report prayer and fasting money. We raised over \$3,000 in that fund this year. Last year it was \$2,000, the year before that \$1,000. I believe with all my heart that getting our people to praying and fasting is going to spell a revival in our district. Prayer changes things.

MRS. L. B. CROCKETT, *Dist. Sec. P. and F. L.*

### Gandhi's Approval of Missionaries Is Limited

Asked if he would favor the retention of American and other foreign missionaries when India secured self-government, Mr. Gandhi replied: "If, instead of confining themselves to purely humanitarian work and material service to the poor, they extend their activities (as at present) to proselytizing by means of medical aid, education, etc., then I would certainly ask them to withdraw. Every nation's religion is as good as any other. Certainly India's religions are adequate for her people. We need no converting spiritually."

### The "Mite" in the "Might" Box

Out of a job, but with a heart burning for missions, a good Nazarene in Illinois found a discarded mite box. From the pay for his precarious odd errands, he deposited pennies therein, with many prayers, and sent \$1.25 for the General Budget campaign. Blessings on a gift like this. It is sure to be doubled to the giver—our Lord says so—good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over, shall men give into your bosom. Fortunate giver, with such a prospect. "Not what we give, but what we share!"

### Without Salary in May

The old Methodist Episcopal church has been hard hit in her foreign mission fields. Thousands of dollars deficit she has faced, and hundreds of missionaries have turned their faces sadly homeward.

This year threatened them with another cut. To stave it off, if possible, their World Service—that's what they call their General Budget—headquarters staff went without any salary in May. Added to this every one of them tithed his income. This fits in with tales of old-fashioned Methodist heroism, and is a lesson to others, as well.

### Gain in W. F. M. S. Receipts

The final report of the W. F. M. S. General Treasurer, shows a fine financial gain by our Nazarene women over last year. The prayer and fasting fund also gained some, while the Indian-head fund fell off. Considering the financial depression the report indicates an unusual victory. The women are co-operating with the general church plans splendidly.

### What Do You Laugh At?

Often character is revealed by what one laughs at. Often sacred scenes are the object of merriment. Accidents, facetiously depicted, frequently bring bursts of laughter. Marriage, love, divorce, the stork and the home tilts of "Mr. and Mrs." bring endless merriment. Scenes of drunkenness, efforts to enforce prohibition, cartoons of banditry and semi-veiled scenes of impropriety stir the risibilities of many. Are these dispositions to laugh at doubtful, questionable or sacred things an indication of a serious or of a chaffy character? We believe it's the latter. Can Christians do these things? We once heard a

tale of how a pastor failed to raise his General Budget related as facetiously, and to the evident merriment of the listeners, as though there were no tragedy of lost souls in it. The sweet seriousness that formerly accompanied a profession of holiness needs to be re-emphasized these days. The sense of the fact that "thou, God, seest me," needs fresh affirmation even among holiness folk. The semi-doubtful story, the joke with a slight salacious flavor or indirect reflection on piety or the church or God, needs to be driven from the minds of God's people.

### Minister Wu Discusses China's Missions

Dr. Wu is the Chinese minister at Washington, D. C. He is a cultured Christian gentleman, thoroughly acquainted with America. He recently discussed missions and missionaries among his people. Among other things he said:

"Educationally the missionaries are the pioneers, and much of the modern national movement is due to the early pioneering work of the mission schools. Some of the best equipped and most modern schools in China today are the mission schools. The humanitarian work of the missionaries, and especially the work of the doctors and nurses in the mission hospitals who have braved danger and disease, is of great merit in China.

"Incidentally," Dr. Wu added, "it was the missionaries who introduced modern medicine into China."

He gave a short message to the Christian church in America, as follows:

"I realize that you are not in China simply for educational and medical purposes and that your evangelistic work is your primary object, but I think your best evangelistic work is the personal example, precept and influence of those who are giving themselves in humanitarian service, such as the educational and medical fields."

Dr. Wu feels that much misunderstanding between the Chinese and Americans is wrought by the questionable movies which are shown.

### Selfishness in Church

Do manners betray us? Do we give ourselves away by the way we act? Do table manners reveal the well bred man or woman, or the selfish gourmand? Do home manners either exhibit true courtesy or show the lack of it? Are not even church manners often the mirror in which one's true self is revealed? Sitting tight at the pew end and letting others climb over you is as reprehensible as playing the "road hog" on the highway when car driving. If you must retain the end seat of the pew, at least courteously arise and step into the aisle when others would pass into the vacant seats beyond you. If you see others in the church not seated, especially women and children, it is a display of just sheer selfishness to retain your own seat. If the door opens behind you, do you twist your neck to scan the new arrival, despite the effort of the minister to interest you in the message? Do you carry on a discourteous whispered conversation during the discourse? If you do you ought to repent in sackcloth and ashes whether you are in the pew or sitting with other ministers behind the speaker. Do you converse while the solo is sung or the quartet rendered? Next time you do that inquire of the soloist whether she enjoyed the dull, monotonous mumble of your untimely conversation. Many singers, and speakers too, would just as soon be slapped as to have you hoarsely whispering either behind or before them.

### A STEWARD IS ONE WHO STEWS

A steward is a chap who is always in a stew over performing some service for his Lord. He's in a stew to get to Sunday school, and incidentally loads his car down with neighboring boys and girls. He's in a stew to back the preacher's sermons with his presence and prayers. He's in a stew to be present at prayermeeting and lift and pull. His heart boils and seethes to be sure and tithe and make a few offerings. He stews around till he is sure that the General Budget is raised. He fairly boils over if the pastor's salary is behind. He simmers gently only when he is doing his reasonable best for every part of the Master's vineyard. A steward is one who stews for God, holiness and souls. Are you stewing?

**The Missionary "Daily Dozen"**

1. Earnest prayer for missions each day.
2. Faithful tithing so foreign fields will have a constant income.
3. Join Prayer and Fasting League—one meal a week donated to Christ.
4. Read The Other Sheep. If you do not now receive it, subscribe for it. It costs a cent and a quarter a copy. A daily dose of Other Sheep is good for what ails you.
5. That dollar you've been saving? Send it to the General Treasurer for missions.
6. Get a coin envelope and put into it a coin a day for the heathen.
7. Join the W. F. M. S. If you're a Nazarene woman you owe it to the church to join, and if you're a Nazarene man you ought to join in order to learn something about missions.
8. Talk missions to your pastor, to your Sunday school superintendent and to your fellow church members. Some people's silence on the subject is enough to kill a lively missionary idea.
9. Tell your pastor that if he will preach on missions you will give him a fine donation. Then when he does, be sure and say "Amen" several times out loud.
10. Patronize the missionary birthday box. Jingle the pennies and talk a little on missions when you drop your money in.
11. Pray for every mission field by name. Learn the names of a few of our missionaries and pray for them by name. Keep it up. God will answer.
12. Get up a public missionary rally. Get your pastor to make a speech. Send for the district W. F. M. S. president, she can talk. Stand up in meeting yourself and tell what missions mean to you.

**Don't for Those Who Love Missions**

*Don't* fail to pray much. Missions prosper then.

*Don't* urge others to tithe and then fail to do it yourself. Consistency is fine.

*Don't* get discouraged. The first missionary to China waited ten years for a convert. Nazarene missions are only about twenty-five years old, and already we have seen fully ten thousand saved. Keeping everlastingly at it is what counts.

*Don't* stop fasting because you failed to observe the fasting day a time or two. Begin again and keep it up.

*Don't* be weary in well doing because of hard times, drought and depressions. Missionary advance can be made if we faint not. This financial storm will be over one of these days.

*Don't* fall out with your pastor because he is not as enthusiastic about missions as you wish he would be. Maybe in some other things he feels the same about you.

*Don't* let the W. F. M. S. become too distinct from the church in its activities. Remember it's as much a part of the church as the Sunday school or N. Y. P. S.

*Don't* hesitate to do the best you can, although handicapped by indifference, carelessness and misunderstanding. "If, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God."

*Don't* expect other people to be enthusiastic about mis-

sions when you yourself are negligent about other things.

*Don't* feel too bad when the pastor forgets to announce your missionary meeting. He didn't omit it on purpose. He was just burdened with his message and forgot you. Remind him of it again, and do it with a sweet smile. He'll be a missionary enthusiast by and by.

*Don't* keep your missionary interests shut up to a few women. Hold your missionary meeting at night so the men can come. Then go after them. Keep suggesting the matter until they come. Missions belong to men. It wasn't a woman's job in New Testament times.

*Don't* get sulky and quit because the church dumps the whole work of raising the foreign missions money onto the W. F. M. S. Do the best you can until you can convince the others that the task belongs to the whole church. As Dr. Reynolds so aptly puts it, "The whole business of the whole church is to carry the whole gospel to the whole world."

*Don't* growl and complain and lose your blessing because some shortsighted pastor refuses to allow the Sunday school to hear about missions, or to contribute once a month during the Sunday school hour to this hallowed cause. He will wake up some day and hate himself because he didn't see it sooner. Pray for him, co-operate with him, and love him. He's learning, and he cannot learn it all at once.

*Don't* feel too bad if people take The Other Sheep and then don't read it. We have found bundles of them, which never had been opened, waiting in the furnace room to be used for kindling fires. In spite of this there are many who do read it. We write for those who read it, not for those who do not.

**Does Our Love for Jesus Equal a Soviet's Love for Socialism?**

Communism, to a Soviet, is a religion. Indeed if Christians would love Jesus and serve Him and sacrifice for Him and praise Him and enthuse over His program as the Soviets do over their socialistic program, salvation would flow like a river, and Christ and the Church would soon conquer the world.

A returned traveler from Russia reports how a bright young Communist was laboring at his office task in Moscow when he was summoned before a Commissioner and told that he was chosen to report at once to China, where he had been selected to propagandize for the Soviets. At once he joyfully left home, family and affianced bride, to risk life and limb in spreading the Socialist faith. The American conversed with him as they traveled on the Trans-Siberian railroad. The young Russian was hilariously enthusiastic over his assignment.

*Suffering?* He expected it. It would be welcome, however, if by that means he could spread Socialism. *Death?* What of it? Would it not enroll his name among Bolshevism's immortals like Lenin and Stalen? *Sacrifice?* He was delighted with the opportunity for it. Not many of his fellow Soviets had the privilege accorded to him.

Too many of us modern Christians are, indeed, too modern. Comforts, conveniences and luxuries have, to too great a degree, sapped our heroism. Thank God, the old time martyr spirit is still found among our missionaries and mission field applicants. We are bold enough to say that we have fully one hundred missionary applicants, now on file,

(Continued on page nine)

**"NEUTRALITIS" IS AN OLD DISEASE**

**"Neutralitis" means to favor neither side. It means to sit on the fence. In the matter of foreign missions it means to hand out only a small gift accompanied by no prayer, no fasting, no agony, no deep interest. In home missions it means to damn with faint praise the effort to spread holiness in U. S. A. In the home revival effort it means to attend once in a while, but never to lift and sweat for genuine results. In the matter of tithing it means, don't oppose it, but don't accept it. As to fasting it means "Oh, certainly I believe in fasting when the Lord puts it on to me." As to the lost it favors their salvation, but doesn't believe in getting desperate over them. As to works it favors neither being cold nor hot, just lukewarm. The Word declares that people affected with neutralitis make even Deity sick.**

## From Beyond the Rivers of Ethiopia (Zeph. 3:10)

### Lady Evangelist Goes to Miss Cretor's Help

Miss Cretors introduces Miss La Barre, a Free Methodist with whom she had worked in Natal eighteen years ago. Miss La Barre's special theme is holiness.

Bethel Station, Sabie, Transvaal, April 11, 1931.

Dear Friends:

Greetings in Jesus' name! Great have been His mercies, or we should not be here to tell you of them. Weary in every limb, uneasy at every slight movement about me, and aching withal, yet I am praising the Lord for His protecting care. To the glory of God I want to tell you about my last trip.

Some time ago I promised to give a helping hand, for a time, to Miss Cretors of the Nazarene mission, at her new place sixteen miles out of Sabie, Northeastern Transvaal. Upon arriving at the village of Sabie which lies in the valley of the Little Sabie river, I rested at the mission there, conducted by Rev. and Mrs. Shirley, bringing the message on Easter Sunday. While it was yet dark I was awakened by a chorus of African voices, singing, "Up from the grave He arose," and it set the joy bells ringing in my heart to hear the Easter proclamation from these who had been in the darkness of heathenism, but now are filled with resurrection light and life. God gave us a good day, with two seekers at the altar of prayer. On Tuesday Miss Cretors arrived from Bethel and prepared to take me there with her on Friday.

The appointed day dawned fine, and we started about ten in the forenoon. Bethel station, where Miss Cretors is opening a girls' school which she has named The Ada Bresee Home for Native Girls, is located up in the Drakensburg mountains, hence we had to climb, and the truck was heavily loaded with building material and supplies. I have traveled miles in The Union of South Africa and in Southern Rhodesia, but this is the worst road I have seen. It was paved with stones well suited for cutting out tires, full of washouts and ruts, and in places so sideling there was danger of an upset. Miss Cretors and I walked up the steep hills in order to make the load less as well as to allay our fears. About half way we came to the shack of a forester, where we rested until the truck came up. There we had lunch while we waited for the return of the forester. Upon his arrival he agreed to let us leave the cement in his care until it could be sent for. We then got on better, but we failed on the last bad grade, and the driver secured a team of ten oxen to pull the load up. What a panorama greeted our eyes as we reached the top height! Just a sea of lovely hills and valleys. I could have gazed with rapture upon it for hours, but minutes marked my time, as we mounted the seat by the driver when our caravan came up. I chose the outside perch, hence I had to give my attention to keeping there, as we lumbered along, thrown to one side, then to the other, or bumped when a wheel would slip into a washout or rut. It was some job I can testify, and twice I came near being thrown out, though bracing myself with one arm and both feet, and holding the top with the other hand. Five hundred miles on the good roads of Michigan would not take out of a car

what this round trip would, though only thirty-two. I do not think the owner of that truck felt he was making anything, though he had been promised ten dollars, and that was increased a little. Rain was imminent, and as no cover had been provided for the goods Miss Cretors asked the Lord "To bind the heavens until we could get in," expressing it in African phraseology, and the prayer was answered. The load was quickly removed, and the men, not waiting for tea according to the custom of this country, started back. We prayed that they might get over the worst of the road before the rain should make it slippery, and we trust they did. Just at dusk the rain came in a heavy shower, then a little later it set in for all night and we know not how much longer. It is still at it, and this afternoon we are some wet, for it has found every crevice. But we are grateful that things are as well as they are in this beginning of the new station of Bethel.

### INFECTIOUS PERSONALITY

**Personality is a funny something. If a person has it it radiates a definite influence. One can feel it. It oozes out of the brain through the eyes. It exhales from the heart like the fragrance of a rose. It affects people like an infection. You went to complain and criticize. You came away to admire and obey. "Fools who came to scoff remained to pray." What was it? An infectious personality. It can be imparted to a letter. It can be conveyed in speech and looks. It changes, alters, convinces, controls. Some are born with a measure of it. Some are born without any of it. All can cultivate it. The baptism with the Holy Spirit confers it. It makes the ordinary human a successful missionary, a great soul winner, a great parent, or a great layman. It's a powerful something. When used for God it makes one master of every situation. It's the human spirit plus God's Spirit. It affects, it infects, it moves, it persuades. If you give all to get it it's worth the price.**

Upon our arrival the girls met us with smiling faces and clad in their best, and they escorted me to the little guest room made of iron and ceiled with reeds. After the load was stowed away the older Christians came out to bid me welcome. Supper over, I went into a little schoolroom to conduct evening prayer, and we were still there when Miss Cretors called to us very excitedly, and the men ran out to see what was happening. A big snake had entered the kitchen, but before they could get it, a hole in the corner by the wall offered a place of escape. We did not know whether this hole opened outside or not, but after waiting a while, the snake not reappearing, the people went home, and the girls proceeded to wash the dishes. A cry and a rush told us it had returned and we ran to arm ourselves. We could see it under the cupboard, and one of the girls struck it with a hoe, then threw the hoe and ran. She almost upset the small cupboard with its contents, which added to the confusion. It started for the hole again, but I intercepted it by

a blow from my club. Whereupon it coiled up in the corner, lifting its head in the air, and I retreated to the door, where we all stood to watch, and where we could escape (rain was pouring) if it should move towards us. In the meantime one of the girls had gone to call back one of the men, and he soon arrived. I pulled out the table to make room for operations, Miss Cretors held the lantern, and the battle began. He succeeded in wounding it, whereupon it started down the hole, but he pulled it back by the tail, and cut off its head before it could strike. These natives can move as fast as the snakes when after them, but they are not so swift at other times. It measured fifty inches, and was found to be a gray imamba, which species belongs to the cobra family, and is most deadly, there very seldom being time to save the life of one bitten, so quickly and powerfully does the poison act. I could easily have despatched it with a shot gun, but there was none, and by any other way we were playing with death. It is likely it took possession of the kitchen while Miss Cretors was away entering under the door and hiding in the wood box behind the stove. When Miss Cretors saw it first

she was close up, as it crawled from behind the stove along the side where she was working. That it did not strike her is marvelous, and that it did not chase us when we struck it is also marvelous. They are fighting snakes, and very swift. That some of us were not bitten is altogether due to God's protecting care. He bound its mouth. I am wondering who was praying just at that time. Do you wonder that we are full of praise? I told the man who killed it that Satan sent that snake because he was angry that I came, not wanting a revival to come in answer to prayer. He concluded it was true, but that Satan was overcome, for the snake was killed. Now we ask you to pray that God will send a revival to Bethel, and that Miss Cretors may be strengthened after these lonely months with no white person with her, and that she may be kept and that success may attend her efforts for these benighted people.

MARGARET M. LA BARRE.

**Read This Letter of Thanks and Instructions**

Dear Friends of Suffering Africa:

Just how much good your precious boxes of bandages are doing us and the injured I can never tell you. We thank you each and every one. Do send us more, especially some one, two and three inches wide. We can hardly get enough of the two-inch width. One little word of advice to help you and us: Please, *please* sew the ends of the cloth together before you roll up your bandages. It is most trying, when one is bandaging along firmly to prevent bleeding or for support or otherwise, to see the bandage suddenly fly loose, leaving the doctor or nurse helplessly holding a roll in the hand—all the pressure and time lost. One must bandage that would all over again. *Sew them together.* Make each roll *one continuous strip.*

Are you carrying us on faithfully in your prayers? God will reward you if you do.

We are in the thick of the battle these days, much of the time. But never in the history of the hospital has the presence of God been more real to the workers: Prayers are being answered, sick ones are turning to the Lord, and many precious lives are being saved. A revival spirit has been upon our station for some time past, and the local church is being nurtured and taught, line upon line and precept upon precept.

The African nurses are doing valiant service professionally and spiritually. Eleven beautiful Swazi girls are training as nurses. Five are quite new, but we are teaching them faithfully. Lectures are given every day except Sunday, and then they take services at home or at outstations. A wonderful little army for God we have here. Pray much for each one of us. Blessings on each reader.

MYRTLE A. PELLEY.

**Winning the Younger Swazis for Christ**

By DR. D. HYND

At our hospital station, Bremersdorp, Swaziland, we have just had the closing of our day school for the Christmas holidays. We had about 140 young Swazi children and, I should say, young men and women, for many are coming who have never had an opportunity to go to school before. It was a most inspiring sight to see those who were so recently seminaked, running about as goats upon the hills, now singing beautiful hymns in perfect harmony, reciting passages of Scripture, giving recitations, giving a short message in broken

English, and all clothed, clean and happy. They enjoyed the closing exercises just as much as any children in the homeland do.

There was also a prize distribution, and those who had excelled in their examinations, their attendance and their manual work received prizes. Many of these prizes found their way to Swaziland in the boxes which came from over the sea to our hospital station.

Our large church building was packed with parents and friends of the children, many of whom are from heathen kraals which consist of a few bee-hive grass huts and a cattle enclosure. One often wonders how they can look as clean as they do when one considers how they have to live. There was a marked contrast in the children in the school and those in the audience and the contrast was a definite testimony in itself of the uplifting power of the gospel of our Christ.

This is a great work for God, this training up of the young, a wonderful opportunity for winning them for Christ.

We have only an African lad and girl to train this growing mass of young bounding life in the way of the gospel. We have been crying to God over this great opportunity which presents to us such a clamant need. For two years we have been pleading for missionaries to care for this most important work. We have been praying. **PRAY YE. PRAY YE THEREFORE THE LORD OF THE HARVEST, THAT HE WILL SEND FORTH LABOURERS INTO HIS HARVEST.**

**A Swazi's Report**

By DR. D. HYND

In looking over the book in which Hezekeli, our ambulance boy, keeps a record of his journeys, I found the following attempt at an annual report in English, which may interest your readers:

NAZARENE CHURCH SWAZILAND  
AMBULANCE  
1931

This work was carried on by the grace of our Lord Jesus. It has been a blessing one to many other people as it was to the driver also. I remember many of them were those who comes from far away as Pigg's Peak and their ways was from Balegare and from Pigg's Peak port via Forbes Reef.

While this car was not here, some of them would fail to reach the hospital and away they suffered and died without seeing the Dr. himself.

Now the Lord may be praised for we have a new helper and a new life. Let's all try to let it take us to the Dr. whom we would never see.

HEZEKELI MKABELA.

**African Giving and Testifying**

At Pigg's Peak, Swaziland, South Africa, on W. F. M. S. Sunday, the members bring their quarterly dues (25c), and each one, when her name is called, tells how she obtained the money. Most of them toiled for several days. Some sold one of their few chickens, others sold their scarce eggs, or grass mats. The giving on the part of these sacrificing Christians is joyous, even hilarious.

How earnest in prayer are these people. They have found early morning to be the best season for prayer. They pray at the coming of the morning star, some time between three and four o'clock.

The Christians of Swaziland talk much about heaven in their testimonies. They breathe the thought that their sojourn in this world is but for a short time. They exemplify the scripture: "Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

## OUT OF OUR MAIL BAG

### Other Sheep Leads to Conversion

I prize The Other Sheep. It is indeed a valuable paper. The picture on the front cover of the December number, representing our Lord as a shepherd rescuing a lamb, put my dear mother, who was unsaved, under conviction, and she was later led to Christ. I assured her that Jesus was, in that same way, endeavoring to rescue her from the devil. Praise the Lord for a paper of which even the pictures preach the gospel.—Mrs. Jennie M. Fisher.

### On Steamship to Africa

We have some of King Alonzo's royal family on board. They got on at Gibraltar yesterday, on their way to Marseilles and then on to Paris. The king, I understand, has gone to England.

I feel really selfish enjoying all this alone, the sea is like a mill pond and it is clear and bright. I have been through this twice before, but I have never seen it like this. I have always come later in the year, usually in the winter, and it has always been cold and rough. I have not been seasick a minute or missed a meal.

Surely the Lord has led all the way. I have never realized His presence more than I do these days. I am anxious to get to Africa to work.—Bessie Scay.

### Shoeless Children Send Money for Missions

We want to tell you how glad we are that we were able to send an offering for the closing-of-the-year campaign, although it was small. We are glad to send it. It seemed impossible to get any offering in this drought stricken district and our people have very little money. Many are being fed by the Red Cross. However, we had a day of fasting and prayer on Friday and trusted God for results. Some children who did not have shoes to wear saved eggs for two weeks and brought the price for the praise offering.

God gave us a gracious time and a good offering. We know "prayer changes things." We want a greater vision and to do more to preach the gospel in other lands.—Mrs. A. F. Daniel, Letona, Ark.

### Doubles the General Budget

We are praying for our missionary work. We have our general apportionments overpaid. They will be about double by assembly. Prayer and fasting and a wide-awake W. F. M. S. president have made it possible. Sister J. H. Mickey is our president. Her husband was governor of Nebraska. She raised over twenty dollars in the sunshine bags for the girls' school in India.—H. C. M., Nebr.

### Sick and Hungry, She Sends Her Last Dollar

"I was out of bread and sugar and was sick and in need of medicine, with only one dollar left. But we had a missionary rally to help on the deficit. God plainly impressed me to give the dollar, so here it is! What a blessing I received—and haven't gone hungry either.—Mrs. E. A., Texas.

### To Obey Is Better Than Sacrifice

A young man, a member of one of our churches in the Indianapolis District, also a member of the N. Y. P. S., came to the W. F. M. S. president one day and said he wanted to pay his prayer and fasting pledge for the year. He desired also to pay his pledge of \$25 to Olivet College. The sister, knowing his circumstances and letting her sympathy get the better of her, asked him to wait a few days and pray over it. However, in a few days back he came and again offered her the check covering the full amount. Again she hesitated to accept it, feeling that he might be a little hasty. She knew he had no promise of steady work. He told her God had put it on his heart to pay for the whole year in advance and also to pay his Olivet pledge. He said, "I may be laid off any time and then I wouldn't have anything with which to pay." She accepted his check. His father and brother also were working with him in the same factory. The next week the father and brother were laid off but this young man was kept on the job. He supported the others. He declares that he thinks it was because he obeyed God.—Mrs. C. J. Quinn.

### Captures the Banner—Two Fine Gifts

The Church of the Nazarene at Cliftondale, Mass., was presented with the Foreign Missionary Banner at the New England Assembly, for raising the largest sum per capita during the year. Two Cliftondale members forwarded \$50 each since the assembly to help prevent retrenchment in our mission fields.—T. B. G., Mass.

### Cotton Plant, Arkansas

Cotton Plant is on the Rock Island from Brinkley to Newport. It is also on highways 17 and 11. It is surrounded by as fine farming country as can be found anywhere. It has five cotton gins that run day and night during the cotton season; it has a very large veneer mill. There are three or four churches but only one has a pastor, and he refuses to take the Herald of Holiness. It has a population of about 3,000 people.

About a year ago Rev. H. Milligan moved there with his family. He is an electrical engineer and was

employed by the veneer mill. Being a Nazarene preacher he would not stay out of services, and as there were none of his own church he attended the Methodist. He was asked to teach the Bible class, but they were not satisfied with his teaching, and finally the pastor refused to allow him to teach. But he had gotten a hold on some of the people, and they proposed to go to his home if he would continue teaching them.

This was the way the work began there. It was not long until the people desired to have regular preaching services; and then a young people's society, and last, but not least, Mrs. Milligan organized a W. F. M. S., though not a one of them was a Nazarene. All these departments are functioning today.

Rev. and Mrs. Milligan are real missionaries—home and foreign. They are working at home, and in this home work they have enrolled three real Chinese children. I have seen them. They are sweet children, bright, snappy brown eyes. They bring their money to Brother Milligan to create a fund to build a church building in Cotton Plant.

I am particularly interested in these Chinese. I feel that

### BETTER TO WHISTLE THAN TO WHINE

A whistle, even with a graveyard near, is better than a whine. A whistle means you will endeavor to do your best. A whine means you are whipped already. Does the revival meeting pull hard—faith says whistle, and doubt says whine and blame someone else. Is the salary in arrears—don't whine, that will only make matters worse. Whistle and do your best, God is still reigning and loves you. Do the church's budgets look formidable—express your faith and optimism, don't "beef" and complain. Your reasonable best is all you can do anyhow. If that raises the budgets, well and good, if it doesn't, you've done your best. Why growl and blame others? Cheering does more than chiding. Whistling is better than whining. Faith will give you a buoyant heart. Let us carry our gospel tasks with a mighty trust in God, and do our best to girdle the globe with salvation.

it will be such an honor for old Arkansas to send these children back to their homeland, well saved and sanctified, filled with holy fire to do missionary work among their own people. Will you join me in prayer to God that this will be so? Certainly this is not impossible with God. Drop Brother and Sister Milligan a letter, and encourage them in their work.—JOHN W. OLIVER, *District Superintendent.*

**A Beautiful Example**

By MRS. JULIA A. SHELHAMER, 1810 Young St., Cincinnati, O.

The University of Cincinnati is now espousing the cause of the Negro. One of its twelve large classes in sociology gives special attention to the study of the African race in America.

Dr. William O. Brown, the instructor, is a Southern gentleman of the highest polish. In his large class there are not only young men and women but also business and professional men. He thoroughly understands his subject and is conversant with conditions in this and foreign countries relative to the Negro.

His soul seems aflame with a heaven born ambition to bless the dark race in its efforts to rise and also to create a more brotherly feeling between the Negro and the Caucasian.

The attribute of gentleness which King David freely acknowledged had made him great, pervades Mr. Brown's spirit as he lectures, compelling these who otherwise would differ with him to acknowledge the truth. Mr. Brown is tactful, energetic and resourceful. His appeals in behalf of the downtrodden Negro could hardly be excelled by a Philadelphia lawyer.

He stresses mainly the thought that "all men are created equal" and "of one blood" and that all should be treated as men and not as races. He believes in class distinction rather than race distinction, that color should not prevent one from rising. He feels indignant at his own people for compelling the Negro to pay taxes when in many places he is not permitted to vote.

His comments on the doctrine of white supremacy are both serious and ludicrous. Just imagine an ignorant white man, with the tobacco juice running down the corners of his mouth onto his shirt bosom, considering himself superior to a clean, intelligent, educated Negro just because he is white! This idea is cursing both races and is responsible for the trouble between the Negro and the Caucasian.

Dr. Brown considers the practice of lynching a relic of the dark ages, unconstitutional and decidedly inhuman.

**Nine Ways**

There are nine ways that men respond to responsibility "I won't" is a tramp, "I can't" is a quitter. "I don't know" is too lazy. "I wish I could" is a wisher. "I might" is waking up. "I will try" is on his feet. "I can" is on his way. "I will" is at work. "I did" is now the "boss."

By checking your answer to the call of duty, you can, by this convenient table, tell exactly where you stand on the ladder of success.—The Henryetta (Okla.) Nazarene.

(This is a good thermometer to put under a church's tongue to ascertain its General Budget temperature.—EDITOR.)

**A Picnic in South Africa**

On Thursday we all went on a picnic down to a river about ten miles away. Perhaps you would have laughed to see the missionaries from both directions arriving on horses, mules and donkeys, and part of the crowd standing on a big rock in the middle of the river because the water was too deep to be crossed by a donkey. But when a person does not have a horse he is thankful for a mule (as long as it doesn't buck), and then when there are no more mules he is grateful to have a donkey to save him from walking. And so we all arrived! We all had a good day of relaxation and play. We found a place where the water was not deep enough to fear crocodiles (there are many in African streams) and yet deep enough to swim in a bit. All the girls and women missionaries found much pleasure in splashing about. After a picnic dinner we all played games, and returned home at a late hour.—Letter from a Missionary.

**Dues Paid, She's Ready to Die**

"Oh, no! I can't die *now!* I *can't* die now! I must not die before I get a shilling. I can't die without giving another offering to the Lord. I get such a big blessing when I take my shilling that I must not die until I pay that for the next time." She meant the 25 cents which she paid each quarter as a member of the W. F. M. S.

These were the words of a poor old dying black woman who had been delivered from heathen darkness only a short time. Parting with loved ones was nothing to her—it was the shilling which she did not have, which claimed all her thought. She talked so much about that wonderful, wonderful blessing she received every time she gave her shilling, and insisted that she couldn't die without one more time being thus blessed that her heathen people had no rest or peace until they heeded her pleadings and went to get her only earthly possession—a goat. This she persuaded somebody to buy on the spot so that she could get the money. Her shilling in the hands of her pastor, she was blessed and happy—ready to die.—Fairy Chism, Swaziland, Africa.

**ONLY TWO BURNINGS—LOVE AND HATE**

**Love is the only redemptive force in the universe. Hate doesn't redeem, it damns. Love organizes, hate destroys. Love is soul health, hate is soul disease. Love is joy, hate is misery. Love is riches, hate is poverty. Love is the breath of God, hate is the foul vapor of hell. Love sings, hate growls and complains. Love is sunshine pouring radiance even on morass and carrion. Hate is a vulture which revels in death and rotteness. Love gives, hate hoards. Love loves the unlovely, hate hates even the good and the true. Love girdles the globe with salvation, and goes hungry to give Christ to the lost. Hate grows fat on spending for self and derides foreign missions. Love is finally attracted to its resting place in the bosom of God, for it is like Him. Hate hates God, hates itself, hates everybody else, drops into a hateful hell, and burns with hate forever. Hate is the never-dying worm, the unquenchable fire, the flame that torments, and the outer darkness. Reader, is it all gone from your heart?**

**Pastor Draws General Budget Cartoon**

We are indebted to Pastor F. K. Guy, of Johnson, Kans., for the General Budget cartoon on front cover of this issue. This is a happily executed picture, and is appropriate to Brother Guy's own church, which last year paid 450 % on its General Budget. This year it bids fair to exceed 200 %.

**Does Our Love for Jesus Equal a Soviet's Love for Socialism?**

(Continued from page five)

any one of whom would welcome a summons to sacrifice, suffering and death in spreading holiness among under-privileged races as enthusiastically as the young Soviet welcomed his assignment to spread Socialism in China.

Our difficulty is not to find martyrs and heroes for missions among our youth—not at all. We have them by the hundred. Our trouble is to develop sufficiently the sacrificial spirit at home.

# Woman's Foreign Missionary Society

Edited by Mrs. C. E. Hardy  
Trevecca College, Nashville, Tenn.

## New England Annual Meeting W. F. M. S.

The annual meeting of the W. F. M. S. of the New England District convened in the chapel at Eastern Nazarene College, Wollaston, Mass., April 21, 1931, with the president, Mrs. Olive M. Gould, presiding. The reports of the district officers showed a good gain along all lines. Sixty-eight delegates were present. The presence of Mrs. H. F. Reynolds and Mrs. J. B. Chapman was much appreciated. The Fitchburg society was in the lead for Indian-head coins, and the Malden society came in first with their prayer and fasting league. The treasurer's report showed that the grand total for the year was \$10,208.41. In spite of the financial depression throughout the land our people have had a very heroic spirit and the finances have gone ahead of any previous year. We close the year with a greater vision and passion for our missionary work. All the district officers were re-elected on the nominating ballot, and are as follows:

*President*—Mrs. Olive M. Gould, 27 Garland Ave., Malden, Mass.

*First V. P.*—Mrs. Lottie M. DeLong, 17 Willow St., Somerville, Mass.

*Second V. P.*—Mrs. Minnie M. French, 8 Taft St., Haverhill, Mass.

*Rec. Sec.*—Rev. Lura Horton Ingler, 12 French St., Pawtucket, R. I.

*Cor. Sec.*—Mrs. Amie R. Brown, 74 Snow St., Fitchburg, Mass.

*Supt. of S. and P.*—Mrs. Una M. Austin, 74 Washington St., Revere, Mass.

*Treasurer*—Mrs. Susan D. Shepherd, 52 Sycamore St., Waverly, Mass.

REV. LURA HORTON INGLER, *Rec. Sec.*

## Alberta District Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the Alberta District W. F. M. S. was held in Calgary First church, Saturday, April 4, 1931. Under the leadership of Mrs. E. H. Osborne our W. F. M. S. has made a very creditable gain in membership this past year. One new society was organized and one resurrected. We now have 223 members, 172 being active members. Our second vice president reported seven Junior societies, and a good work being done by our Juniors. We have 60 prayer and fasting league members in ten societies. Last year we had 184 subscribers for *The Other Sheep*; this year we have 282. And we sold 1,324 calendars. All of our 15 societies, with the possible exception of one, are taking and enjoying our splendid course of study. Our box committee chairman had written our societies to bring their donations for a box for Africa to the annual meeting, and we were rejoiced to have much lovely material and many useful things brought in. There were 62 tea-towels, 43 bath towels, 11 guest towels, 4 quilts, 4 tablecloths, 1 pair curtains, 16 pillow cases, 2 hot water bottles, 1 sheet, 4 scarfs, 2 rugs, 28 dresses and numerous pencils, toys, pins, buttons, etc. We were sorry our dear General President, Sister S. N. Fitkin, could not be at our meeting. Our officers for this coming year are:

*President*—Mrs. J. R. Spittal, Red Deer, Alta.

*First V. P.*—Mrs. E. H. Osborne, Delburne.

*Second V. P.*—Mrs. P. J. Bartram, Rimbey.

*Secretary*—Mrs. H. J. Bean, Craigmyle.

*Supt. S. and P.*—Mrs. S. S. Toppin, 1325 11 Ave. W., Calgary.

*Treasurer*—Mrs. E. E. Roper, 11116 64th St., Edmonton.

MRS. H. J. BEAN, *Dist. Sec.*

## British Isles District Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the British Isles District W. F. M. S. was held in the Church of the Nazarene, Burger street, Parkhead, Glasgow, Scotland, April 1, 1931. The business session, held in the afternoon, was ably presided over by our district president, Miss E. S. Latta. Reports were given from every society, including two new societies organized in the year. The treasurer's report showed an increase over last year of \$68.37. Last year \$616.50 was given to foreign missions, while this year we have given \$684.87. When we take into consideration the small income of the people, this is wonderful giving. It has been our custom to display the goods for the African hospital. Last year the amount was so large that we feared we could not meet the same standard this year, but when the goods were displayed they showed a substantial increase. The goods in these boxes are the work of the W. F. M. S. and the N. Y. P. S. sewing societies and the work and gifts of the Sabbath schools. There were quilts, blankets, bedspreads and every imaginable article of clothing, as well as gifts of soap, candles, copy books and pencils. The evening public meeting was presided over by our General Council Representative, Mrs. George Sharpe, wife of our District Superintendent. The program was rendered by members of the District Executive Board. Miss E. S. Latta was elected president for another year.

CATHERINE CUBIE, *Reporter.*

## Portland First Church W. F. M. S. Makes Good Record

The record of the work of the society of First church, Portland, Ore., is indeed very gratifying. We are fortunate in having as our president Mrs. J. E. Bates, who has the faculty of knowing how to keep us all at work.

Our membership has increased during this year from 36 to 60, with an average attendance of 37. Our literature committee has distributed 9,989 pages of literature. The sewing circle of the society prepared a nice box for Mr. and Mrs. Coats, in Guatemala, and sent it down by Dr. Chapman, besides giving out over 500 garments to the needy of our own city. Mrs. Donnell J. Smith, the wife of our pastor, is the superintendent of study, and the interest has so increased that we have read 34 books of missions. God has greatly helped us in our finances, and enabled us to raise for all purposes this year \$795.78. Our prayer and fasting league has increased until we now have 45 members. We have always observed the days of prayer and fasting mentioned in *The Other Sheep*. Above all we have the presence of the Holy Spirit in our meetings, which means more to us than all else, and a beautiful spirit of unity and fellowship prevails.

MRS. ADA COFFIELD, *Reporter.*

## The W. F. M. S. in the British Isles

By MISS FRANCES LOUISA COLLINS, *District Secretary*

The secret of the success and progress of the W. F. M. S. in the British Isles is an efficient district president, who spares neither time nor labor in this great cause. Regularly each quarter the district officers (executive committee) met in the president's home. Quarterly reports were given, not only by the treasurer, but by all those holding office. These meetings were times of blessing to the officers in attendance, and through their prayers, we believe, to our societies and work in different parts of the world.

Two new societies have been organized the past year, leav-

Prayer Cards are furnished. Use list of missionaries in *The Other Sheep* of June.

ing only two churches in this district without a W. F. M. S.

It has been our custom to have two district rallies each year, one in the spring and one in the autumn. These are improving each year. Last autumn we used the public program sent out from Kansas City, women from different churches taking part. Our recent spring rally was in conjunction with the N. Y. P. S. of this district. A very interesting program was obtained by arranging carefully selected items from *The Other Sheep* on our Latin American fields.

Our annual business meeting was held April 1, from three to six p. m. Reports were given by seven district officers, twelve local presidents, four representatives from girls' classes and four from children's meetings. In the evening a public service was held, conducted by our honorary president, Mrs. George Sharpe. The members of the executive committee gave short talks on the various branches and funds of the W. F. M. S. The offerings taken at these services were for the girls' school in India. Our finances came in very well during the year, and our treasurer's annual statement showed an income of £142-3-8, or about \$690. We praise God for such whole-hearted giving, which was not without sacrifice.

#### Washington-Philadelphia District Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the Washington-Philadelphia District W. F. M. S. was held in Reading, Pa., Tuesday, April 14, 1931, preceding our District Assembly. Reports from the district officers showed a healthy increase in both membership and finances. Last year we reported 15 societies; this year 20. Four of these are new societies and one was reorganized. We now have 650 members in all, of which 434 are active. Our prayer and fasting league members now number 110 and our subscriptions for *The Other Sheep* 500. We trust to be able to report next year, if Jesus tarries, some standard societies. We were delighted to have Dr. J. G. Morrison and Sister Leona Bellew with us. The District Officers elected for the coming year are as follows:

*President*—Miss A. Cora Slocum, 3622 Springdale Ave., Baltimore, Md.

*First V. P.*—Mrs. C. E. Ryder, 421 Derstine Ave., Lansdale, Pa.  
*Second V. P.*—Mrs. R. E. Dobie, E. Prince George St., Cumberland, Md.

*Cor. Sec.*—Mrs. S. Edmund Slocum, 3622 Springdale Ave., Baltimore, Md.

*Rec. Sec.*—Mrs. Orville Shafer, 361 Glen Ave., Bloomsburg, Pa.  
*Treasurer*—Mrs. Geo. E. Hudson, 7 Sibley Ave., Hyatsville, Md.

*Supt. S. and P.*—Mrs. L. V. Tobias, 414 Lee Highway, Clarendon, Va.

Chairmen of Committees: *Medical*, Miss Ruth A. Biscoe, 1834 W. Saratoga St., Baltimore, Md. *The Other Sheep*, Mrs. H. M. Flood, 105 Grand Ave., Cumberland, Md. *Indian-head*, Mrs. Blanche Gary, 628 Hibbard Ave., Collingdale, Pa. *P. and F. League*, Mrs. J. F. Hilbert, 1512 Chew St., Allentown, Pa. *Calendars*, Mrs. Bessie Grainger, 1332 Green St., Reading, Pa.  
MRS. S. E. SLOCUM, *Cor. Sec.*

#### Forward, Support the Skirmish Lines!

By S. B. CHARLTON, 25 Russell St., W. Somerville, Mass.

The Church is not a citadel or fortress, but an army in the field in an aggressive warfare against sin. The enemy is strongly entrenched the world over, and among his greatest strongholds are the heathen lands, where he has held undisputed sway for ages.

The Church of God has declared war on these strongholds, and, to be assured of a measure of victory, wise strategy is required of its leaders, an unbroken front by the rank and file, and persistence and determination on the part of all.

In times of war, lines of skirmishers are sometimes sent out in advance, and what gives them courage to undertake such a mission is the assurance that their nation's army is at

their back. But if the main army should fail them at the crucial hour the outcome would surely be disastrous to the cause.

The Church of the Nazarene is enlisted, with others, in this great war upon these strongholds of sin. The battle lines are far-flung, even to the remote corners of the world. In accordance with orders from the governing body (delegates of the various churches in General Assembly) the general staff has sent out detachments of skirmishers to these distant battle fields. We, one and all, members of the Nazarene army, are bound by our union with the Lord and with one another to support such a move.

It is a serious offense for a soldier, or body of soldiers, to violate the pledge of enlistment to their government. Is the violation of our enlistment pledge to support our church work of less concern? Yet that is what happens if we fail to do our best.

The skirmish lines of our church army on these distant battle fronts are facing a crisis. Delay might be fatal at such a time. Will we fail of our duty and give comfort to the enemy? Or will we rise in our God-given might and at once give assurance to those on the front lines that immediate needs will be promptly supplied, and a guarantee given that reinforcements will be sent to their aid in the near future?

We can if we will. Let "No retreat" be our watchword and "Forward, March," our battle cry.

#### Cures Modernism, Creates Missions

By H. C. MORRISON, D. D., in *Pentecostal Herald*

When the Holy Ghost fell in power at Pentecost and the hundred and twenty were filled and intoxicated with joy, and the forked flame of fire rested upon their heads, did they want to sin? Did they question the deity or the power of Jesus Christ? Were they good subjects to listen with pleasure to the cant and ridicule of higher critics? Would they have clapped their hands to the platitudes of sneering sidewhiskered doctors of divinity from the East or over the sea? Nay! Nay! How utterly impossible! The apostle Peter said on that occasion: "The promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." Experience among men, and devout women not a few, down through the centuries, and throughout the Christian nations, and over in heathen lands today, demonstrates the words of the apostle to be true. The Holy Ghost is in the church of God today. He comes in definite baptism upon consecrated, trusting hearts, and applies the atoning merit. With divine fire He consumes dross, He illuminates and sanctifies, He makes Pentecost a glorious reality in the soul, which destroys all doubt about the inspiration of the Scriptures, the authority of the prophets, the deity of Jesus, and full salvation through His precious blood. He "Exalts the Lord high over all in hell, or earth, or sky; angels and men before him fall, and devils fear and fly."

#### A Sacred and Pathetic Donation

Our people love the sacred cause of missions. The recent closing-of-the-year campaign proved this over and over again. In one envelope from Idaho were a dime and a quarter. It had been sent through the W. F. M. S. These coins had been used eighteen years before as weights to close the dead eyes of the donor's stalwart young son, who passed on in the prime of his youth. They had been held by his parents as sacred from that day. The father, now near to death with a cancer, with his large family in straitened circumstances, heard the call for the missionary goal. All they could give were those coins sacred to the memory of their departed son. These they sent with many prayers. Truly the blessing of our divine Lord shall ever abide upon love and devotion so sacrificial. The church is to be congratulated on the numerous heroes and heroines within its fold. May their number continue to increase.

# Neighbors Living Southeast of Us

## Highways and Hedges in Argentina

By MRS. LULA FERGUSON

"And the Lord said unto the servants, Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled" (Luke 14: 23). Merlo is a town some twenty miles out from Buenos Aires on the Western Railroad. There are electric trains every hour and oftener according to the time of day.

For a number of years we have seen the need of opening a work there. Several years ago the start was finally made. Many difficulties had to be overcome. The workers, who took up their residence there and from the start have borne the burden of the work, were two young Argentine girls. They are fully saved, sanctified and called to the Master's service.

Progress has been slow but sure. Some who were saved there have gone on to glory. But the group shows a Sunday afternoon gathering. The young lady indicated is one of the two who started the work. The other one married a young man who is called to the work and they continue living in Merlo, at the same time caring for the work in Rodriguez, another town some fourteen miles farther out.

Besides the work in Merlo and Rodriguez, where they have mission halls, they have found open doors in the nearby towns of Moreno, Libertad and Castelar. Cottage meetings are held in each of these places. At Castelar also we have a small hall where they hold Sunday school on Sunday mornings and also preaching service on Friday nights. On Sunday nights some one of the brethren goes out from Buenos Aires to hold the service.

These three workers have also visited a number of towns, giving out tracts and offering the Scriptures from door to door, thus carrying the light into the neglected out-of-the-way places. A partial report of the first quarter of the year shows sixteen visits to near-by towns, besides the work done in Merlo, Rodriguez and Castelar.

Lujan, where there remains some influence of seed sown in other years, is visited regularly. This is the town where the national patron saint known as the "Virgin of Lujan" is located. Her shrine is visited by thousands each year.

Something of the weekly program of these workers may interest you. I mention only the regular public services. Much visiting in homes, trips to new towns and house to house work go to make up their program also.

On Sundays the three, David Lopez and his wife and Miss Garcia hold Sunday school in Castelar at 8:30 a. m. In the afternoon David and Soledad must take the one o'clock train for Rodriguez in order to be there in time for Sunday school at three p. m. They remain for a preaching service at eight p. m. and arrive home in Merlo at eleven p. m. On the same day (Sunday) Miss Garcia, in company with Dona Virginia (Soledad's mother), holds Sunday school in Merlo. Brother Sacilotto, one of the licensed preachers, goes out from Buenos Aires and teaches the men's Bible class. They often have an open-air meeting between Sunday school and night service.

Monday is rest day. On Tuesday the three visit Rodriguez and hold services afternoon and night, returning to Merlo at eleven p. m. On Wednesday nights they all come to

Buenos Aires to assist in the service on Avenida Gaona. Thursday afternoon a ladies' meeting is held in Merlo and the same night the regular mid-week service there. Friday night they have a meeting in the mission at Castelar, and on Saturdays either a cottage meeting in Moreno or Libertad or a street meeting in Merlo. On Wednesdays they alternate between Castelar and Moreno with afternoon cottage meetings.

As you see, their efforts are quite scattered, but with no other gospel work at all in the towns mentioned, and many going out into darkness without Christ, they seek to cover as much ground as possible and redeem the time because the days are evil. Don't fail to uphold in your prayers these faithful workers. Besides the public services, visiting homes and needy towns, Miss Garcia also does the translating for a small paper called "La Via Mas Excelente" (The Better Way). She has also translated two books which we have published. At present she is working on the third. She gladly does this work without extra remuneration in order that the truth of holiness may be put before the Spanish speaking people in many lands.

Mrs. Soledad Lopez and Miss Garcia have finished the course of study, and together with Jose Marino and Antonio Lopez they expect to be ordained while Dr. Chapman is with us.

David Lopez is doing something on the course of study besides his co-operation with the others in active service.

To those who are contributing for the support of Argentine workers we wish to say that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

## Two Conflicting Campmeetings

By MRS. GEORGE SURBROOK

A number of years ago, when our son William was a little boy, we were on our way home from the Cincinnati campmeeting and stopped over night in a public park where we got permission to put up our small tent. Across the way there were many bright lights and bands playing. William asked his father

what it was, and he replied, "the devil's campmeeting." The next morning, when the attendant came up to our car, William asked him if he had been to the devil's campmeeting. I can see yet the astonished look on the man's face.

We were reminded of this incident last evening as we sat on the platform of our Port of Spain hall and looked across at the bright lights and saw the big wheels running and heard the shouting and commotion from the Coney Island Circus which is pitched across from us on the Savana.

Those who have read Dr. Chapman's recent articles in the Herald of Holiness on Trinidad and Barbados will recall his plea for halls, also the request of the Trinidad brethren. Soon after Dr. Chapman left we went to church to find, to our dismay, that the hall above us had been rented out for a cigarette advertising campaign and that it had already begun. It was in the nature of a lottery with a big wheel that went around making considerable noise. Added to this was the continual tramping of people going up and down the stairs and the talk and laughter. So while our hall was filled with people anxious to hear the gospel it was impossible to make ourselves heard. The next night, which was testimony service, it was worse, and the smell of tobacco was nauseating.

## THE WONDERFUL KINGDOM OF DO-AZ-YA-PLEZE

Some folks live in the kingdom of Do-as-ya-pleze. No suggestions or programs or intimations or methods for them. "Aw gwan," they say, "I'll do-az-I-pleze." Even some pastors have been known to greet with this the District Superintendent's suggestions about pressing the General Budget. And once in a very great while you will find a person living in the kingdom of Dress-az-ya-pleze. Modesty? It is no longer a modern commodity with them. They have entered the kingdom of Dress-az-ya-pleze. The Japanese have a spirit which they worship called "The Great White God of Self-restraint." Wouldn't it be great if the do-az-ye-plezers and dress-az-ya-plezers should suddenly confront that spirit. What do you suppose would happen?

We were congratulating ourselves that quiet and peace were once more restored, and went happily to church on Sunday only to find the circus across the way. The night before there had been a dance in the hall above and our hall was covered with dirt and dust and filled with tobacco smoke. In the afternoon we had to go three times across the way to bring

in the children, and then had to close the doors and windows in order to have Sunday school.

As you enter your beautiful Nazarene church after reading this please pray that God may soon answer prayer and give us a place of our own to worship in where we shall not be subject to so many unpleasant interruptions.

## The Free Methodists Could No Longer Shelter Our Girls

So we just had to provide buildings for them and for those in charge of them

Six years ago, having no place for the daughters of our Christian workers and other girls in our charge in Western India, we entreated the Free Methodists to take them into their school, nearly two hundred miles east of Buldana, for a year or two till we could provide quarters for them. The "year or two" stretched out to six, till our kind neighbors, the Free Methodists, had to tell us positively that they could not shelter our girls longer. They are now at their homes or the homes of Christian friends in and about Buldana for the hot season vacation and until we can shelter them. Thank God, means have been found to provide shelter, and Brother Tracy and Brother McKay, I understand, are pushing the construction work, of which Brother Tracy tells us below, with night and day shifts on some lines.—R. G. C.

but in this particular instance we have been able to purchase them, though we have had to haul them fourteen miles in ox carts. We even had to have two water carts and iron water barrels made before the work could begin. One of our Christian men made the carts. Also, we made three reinforced concrete tanks to contain the water used on the work which will be used later for school purposes. The water carts also will be used by the school. I suppose that everybody knows that along with the erection of the buildings we are digging a well.

All of this preliminary work is now completed, about one hundred and twenty-five thousand bricks are on the ground, several hundred cubic feet of lime has been burned, the foundations of the school building are in, and last week a good beginning was made on the plinth, which is the portion from the surface of the ground to the floor and is of stone masonry. The well, which is twenty-five feet in diameter—sort of a combination storage tank and well common in this part of the country—is now about fifteen feet down from the surface and the rock is beginning to appear damp, which suggests that some water is not far away. The blasting in the well is done with black powder in a primitive but effective manner. Someone asks, "But why not use dynamite?" We could use dynamite, but it would have to be shipped in from Bombay, and be handled by us or by an expensive expert from outside, and would cost very much more than powder. The powder is made locally and handled by local men, and we do not have the bother of securing a license and complying with the many regulations applying to dynamite in this country. We do not care how primitive is the method as long as it gets the material out of the hole, saves our money, and gives the people employment.

We had a Bombay firm of architects make the preliminary drawings but did not have them carry the work through in the usual manner because of their distance from the work—three hundred miles by rail and forty-two by car—and the dif-



GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN FOR WHOM THE BUILDING IS NEEDED RIGHT NOW

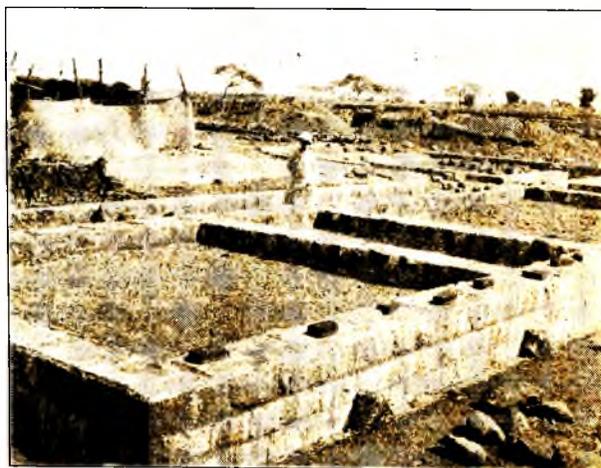
### Girls' School Building in India

By REV. L. S. TRACY

After many years of shifting and inconvenience, pleading and waiting, praying and hoping, we are now in a fair way to have adequate buildings for our girls' boarding school in Chikhli, Berar, India, and it is difficult for anyone to imagine how thankful we all are to God and to those of His people who have contributed to make this possible. The land is purchased and the buildings and well have been begun.

To explain the details of building in this land compared with building in America would perhaps be interesting to only a few, but I might say that we do not have here any builders' supply dealer of whom we can order all our supplies. Much of the material we have to take as God prepares it for us.

Most of the lumber is brought from the jungles and sawed on the premises by hand, but as the walls are of masonry only enough for doors and windows and some other things is required. Stone for the plinth is broken in the jungle, hauled to the work, trimmed and built where needed. Stone for road metal to use in the foundation is broken by hand on the premises. Small limestones are gathered in near-by river beds and fields and delivered at our kiln on the premises at so much a cubic foot. These are burned in our kiln, mixed with sand and water and ground into mortar, by two mills operated by bullock power. Often we have to burn the bricks,



A CORNER OF THE PLINTH OF THE GIRLS' SCHOOL BUILDING, CHIKHLI, BERAR, INDIA, UPON WHICH THEY ARE NOW BUILDING THE WALLS OF BRICK

ference in their method and material from those used here. In the country districts we follow the methods used by the public works department of the government, which are very satisfactory and very permanent.

For the foundations we dugged down to the rock and filled the trenches with road metal and mortar properly mixed and rammed down hard. This makes a sort of concrete such as is used in the best building work in these parts. From the foundation to the floor is the plinth of squared stone masonry, from one to three feet above the surface of the ground because of a slight slope in the surface. The walls are to be of good brick mortar, pointed with cement, and the roof of the school building is to be of iron trusses and girders and galvanized corrugated sheets. This gives protection against both the weather and white ants. Good ventilation will be obtained through windows and doors and a special opening in the apex of the roof. The roof of the portion to be occupied by the lady missionary in charge of the school will have tiles and a special ceiling to give protection from the sun.

For sanitary arrangements we hope to put in a septic tank which is an innovation in this part of the country and will be a wonderful improvement over the usual Indian system. Every precaution is being taken to insure that the work shall be simple, convenient, and substantial.

Regular prayer and preaching services are held with the workmen, for we want it to be an evangelizing agency from the very beginning. Several have raised their hands for prayer.

Two babies have been born among the families that are camped on the premises in connection with the building work, and there has been one case of smallpox.

### Gracious Awakening in India

By MISS AMANDA MELLIES



Here is a picture of the women I have been instructing, and their husbands. The five women were all saved this week. On Monday I asked Mrs. McKay to talk to them. Two of them and our cook's mother were saved that morning. And yesterday in the women's meeting, after a talk by Mrs. McKay, two more were saved, besides three who were in from the district. Then last night the fifth one was saved. You may be sure I am rejoicing.

Well, it seems I got ahead of my story. We are in the midst of special meetings for those who wish to become Christians. Brother Tracy thought of this plan and asked all the Indian workers to tell the people that were interested in salvation to come to Buldana for a meeting, March 24-28. He announced that we would pay their transportation, or rather fetch them in to Buldana in motor cars and our motor bus, which we received from Eastern India. Well, on Monday the men brought in about fifty adults besides children. On Tuesday about that many more came. We have not checked up yet, but think there are more than 125 here, including the

children. Oh, I wish you could see them drink in the truth! It is a great sight.

I have been burdened for the women especially, and have been holding on for all of those who came to be saved. Yesterday afternoon Mrs. McKay, who is preaching to the women every day in the women's meeting, asked all to pray. All had asked to be saved previously. After a season of prayer five testified to finding the Lord.

Mrs. McKay has preached in night services so far and will preach tonight. Last night she preached on "What must I do to be saved?" Then Brother Beals gave the altar call, and every woman in the church who had not previously been saved went to the altar, and all professed salvation. About thirty or thirty-five men were at the altar, too, but how many prayed through I do not know.

A leader from Manubai—the village from which my students came—was saved. His salvation will have great influence on others from that village. This man's wife was brought to Jesus last night.

The devil is stirred in Buldana. A Brahman man has asked permission twice to speak to the people who are to be baptized. Of course that could not be allowed in our church. This man and another have attended all services, and yesterday they took two New Testaments with them. I am praying that these Brahmans may be so soaked with gospel truth that they will turn to Christ.

### Church Recognized in Syria

I just had a few pleasant days with Brother Thahabeyah at Bludan. The work is prospering. New people are being brought in and that is always an encouraging sign.

I have been here in Beirut several weeks on mission business. I expect that in a few days the Church of the Nazarene will be fully recognized and our work duly registered in the office of the High Commissioner for Syria and the Lebanon. Following this, I shall proceed with the recording of this action in the offices of the Commissioner and Governor of Damascus. Then we can carry forward any phase of our work, hold land or transact any business in the name of the Board.—A. H. Kauffman.

### Some Snap Shots in India

By MISS AMANDA MELLIES



This picture shows our Sunday school among the outcasts in the poorest section of Buldana. As some of the boys had attended school they had some idea of order, but the little girls had never sat still for five minutes before, let alone giving attention to a song or a story. I appointed myself a committee of one to keep order among the girls. When this Sunday school was started in January it took my whole time and attention to keep them quiet while the Bible-woman told the story; but I am glad to report that they do very well now. You should have heard their attempt at singing in January, and the way they sing now. Two Bible-women stand in the background.



Women who attended our special meetings, some of their children, myself, Mrs. McKay and Mrs. Beals. Thirty or more of those in this picture came from other places to learn more about God and to be saved. On Thursday night, after a gospel message by Mrs. McKay, all who had not been saved earlier in the meeting professed to be saved—about a score of women that night. Mrs. McKay preached to the women every afternoon, and God blessed in those special services for the women.



Men who attended the special meetings. This picture and the one above were both taken on Thursday morning, March 26, 1931—a day I shall never forget. Five women were saved in the afternoon meeting and 17 to 20 more at night, also some 35 or more men. Imagine, if you can, that many men at one side in the church praying to be saved, and the women at the other. It reminded me of campmeeting scenes in U. S. A. People are stirred as never before, and no one can estimate the results of this meeting. Of course the devil was stirred, and some were afraid to step out because of Brahman opposition, no doubt, nevertheless they received light which may eventually lead them to Christ. Pray, pray for India. God is moving in this dark land.

**Only a Match**

It was nothing but a match, and red headed at that. Its bulk was a pine splinter. But it started the fire in the locomotive which drew, with its exhaustless steam, a great string of coaches loaded with humanity.

Who will be a match and start something? Who will sacrifice himself in order to start a fire in some spiritual locomotive? Who will be a revival match? A missionary match? A prayermeeting match? Wanted: matches with which spiritual fires can be ignited. Don't wait for a fire to start itself in your community, be a match and start one.



Plowing in India with plows and yokes, doubtless, such as Elisha used and our Lord made in Palestine.

**An Open Letter to the Pastors**

Dear Brethren:

There is a tendency in some quarters to hold that the foreign missionaries do all of the sacrificing while the pastors at home have an easy time of it. I wish to say that I feel from the depths of my heart that this is not a correct conception.

I have always felt that the majority of our pastors are sufferers and burden-bearers along with us, and my eleven years at home have but intensified that feeling. During this period at home I have sat on home mission and other district boards and have been closely identified with several home mission projects, as well as with the regular pastorate, and I know that many of the pastors are not a whit behind the missionaries in their spirit of sacrifice and devotion to the cause of God both at home and in the foreign fields.

This is clearly evidenced by the manner in which the pastors have stood by the whole work of God, and especially the portion represented by foreign missions during the present financial depression. We on the foreign fields are deeply grateful for the response of the church to the appeals of the General Board at this time, when there has been so much hardship in so many parts of the country.

Your sacrifices may be of a different nature from ours, but they are not inferior in intensity, and I want you to know that we missionaries realize this and appreciate them. I think that the Lord permits the devil to give us all about all that we can endure no matter where our sphere of service may be. We missionaries stand up for the pastors.

Your brother and colaborer,

Buldana, Berar, India.

L. S. TRACY.

April 15, 1931.

Let Codding say, "Yes, indeed."

**Items From India**

By REV. L. S. TRACY

Two lady missionaries were driving in a car in the province of Orissa when they saw a wild elephant coming down the road toward them. There was neither time nor room to turn around, so they tried to pass him. This he resented, put his tusks under the car, and turned it over just as one would a strange bug. Fortunately he did not trample the car but proceeded on his way, leaving the women pinned underneath. They managed to extricate themselves and walked fourteen miles through the heat to a place where assistance could be obtained. The experience was such a shock to one of them that she was in the Calcutta hospital for some time. We met her just after release from the hospital and heard her story.

Three young men graduates of Asbury College have been holding revival campaigns in the Orient for several months and are now in India. They recently closed a very fine twelve-day meeting in which a large number came to the altar. Mrs. Tracy presided at the piano throughout this meeting. They are now beginning a six-day convention at

Mahabeshwar, in Western India, where many missionaries and others go for the hot season. This campaign is under the auspices of the India Holiness Association, and Mr. Beals has immediate direction of it. Of course all of these services are in the English language and are conducted on western lines.

Some years ago a prominent missionary society in India decided to eliminate the name of Jesus Christ from much of its literature. Now many of its buildings have been sold and its work is in a very poor condition—naturally.

Last week a Jain and a Hindu came to me saying that some Mahars near their village contemplated becoming Mohammedans. They did not want them to be Mohammedans, but preferred that they should be Christians, so very urgently requested us to come down and make them Christians. We explained a little of what it means to be a true Christian, and gave them a Bible to read. Needless to say that we do not "make Christians" in that way, but the desire of these two men was at least interesting.

The climate and the sanitary conditions of India are hard on the missionaries, it is true, but these are not the things that break them down. It is the meanness, the quarreling, the untruthfulness, the dishonesty, the subtlety, the pettiness, the inefficiency, the jealousy, the poverty, and the sin of an idolatrous country that breaks them. There is nothing ennobling about idol worship and there are very few really noble idolators.

The foundation of the girls' school building in Chikhli is all in, and we are beginning the superstructure. The building is to be one story with brick and mortar walls and iron roof, including iron trusses and beams. This is the most permanent in this land. Tiles can be put on over the iron roof to break the heat. We have also made a good beginning on the digging of the well. They are now blasting. The whole countryside is interested in this proposition. It is a good investment for the gospel.

### How to Visit the Holy Land

By REV. A. H. KAUFFMAN, *Jerusalem.*

The thought in the mind of the writer is to offer to the many Nazarenes who are thinking of such a trip to Palestine a few suggestions that may prove helpful. We have no scheme for financing your pilgrimage. We are not working for any particular steamship line or tourist agency. But we have seen such extremes among the thousands of those who visit Palestine each year that we believe some of our observations will be interesting or helpful, or possibly both.

At this Easter season the city of Jerusalem is full of visitors from every quarter of the globe. Hotels are full of guests. Oriental and occidental jostle each other on the streets. The only generalization that can be made to include them all is that they present a spectacle of endless variety.

Just as there is great contrast of costume and language among these strangers in Jerusalem, so there is a great difference in their motives for coming. With some of the American tourists the trip was almost accidental—certainly incidental. This side-trip happened to be included in their schedule on a world cruise. So small is their personal interest that they refuse to leave the automobile to see or hear about the sacred places. There are others who come merely from curiosity. It is probably the one great place that they have not seen. They have heard so much about the Holy Land that they come to see it. It is a matter of being entertained. They are not benefited.

There are thousands who come from spiritual motives. They are in search of peace of mind (as the Hindus or Moslems make pilgrimages to their holy places). It may be that the pilgrimage is in keeping of a vow made in sickness or

distress. Or it may be made in the hope of obtaining some merit or absolution. As one looks on their devotions, one is bound to think within himself, "Oh, if they only knew Jesus Christ as we know Him."

There are three other motives which seem paramount. Visitors to Palestine should come to learn. Those who learn most are those whose minds have been best prepared before reaching Palestine. The trip to Palestine should have some unselfish element. There should be the desire to be of some help to others. Many avenues of helpfulness may be found, especially in connection with mission work in the land. Above all, it seems that the visit to Palestine should be made not only to know the Land better and understand the Book more clearly, but to draw nearer to our Lord Jesus himself. To walk in His blessed footsteps through Galilee, Samaria and Judea, by the Jordan, in the Temple Area, through Bethany; to kneel in the Garden of Gethsemane; to follow Him to Pilate's Hall and to Calvary and the Tomb, should draw out such loving devotion for Him as the soul never knew before. Such a visit becomes almost a sacrament. It opens new avenues of fellowship and blessing that unfold through life and increase as the years roll on.

### Jerusalem Notes

Jottings from the reading of REV. A. H. KAUFFMAN

"I know that beneath the shining example of the elect few in the non-Christian world there is a vast area of idolatry and pollution and unrest and superstition and cruelty which can never be healed by the forces which are found in the non-Christian religions."

"The work may be slow, but it is sure; for the Word of God is pledged to it."

"Many a time, when my heart grew faint within me, I have gone forth beneath the glorious starlit sky and, looking up, gained fresh courage for the work. For there, emblazoned on the heavens and shining down upon this lonely land, was God's own sign, the Southern Cross, at once the prophecy and the pledge that her

'Fetters shall be broken, And the slave shall be a man.'

"So Mr. Jones gave £500 to missions at his death, did he?" Reply, "I did not say he gave it, but he left it. He relinquished it because he could no longer hold it." An annuity is far better than a bequest.

"The purpose of medical missions is to win men to Jesus Christ by use of methods precisely comparable to those used by Christ while on earth as the great Succorer of bodies as well as the divine Savior of souls."

"It is when one sees them [missionaries] by the thousand in every land, and in every tongue, and the mountain honey-combed, and slowly crumbling on each of its frowning sides, that the majesty of the missionary work fills and inspires the mind."

"Every evil which has been removed from Hinduism in modern times has been by compulsion from without, and in defiance of a persistent sentiment and the determination of its orthodox followers."

William Carey wrote to friends, "You may always enclose a pinch of seeds in a letter." Not a bad suggestion, is it? Do you gather seeds from your garden? Have you ever put a pinch of them in a letter?

How long since you read Matt. 28: 19, 20; Acts 1: 8; John 4: 35, and Matt. 24: 14? Read them again and pray for God's work in other lands. Will you do it?