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The

OTHER SHEEP



May 1951



CHILDREN'S DAY

JUNE 10

A SPECIAL DAY

Children's Day, June 10, will afford one of the most splendid Sunday-school rally days of the entire year. Members and friends will welcome this occasion.

A MISSIONARY PROGRAM

For Children's Day, June 10, a missionary program entitled **All God's Children** has been prepared by Grace Chapman Ramquist at the request of the Department of Foreign Missions.

A NEEDED EMPHASIS

The emphasis on Children's Day, June 10, is greatly needed. The instruction for the children will be lasting, and the inspiration for the adults will be wholesome.

A WORTHY CAUSE

Missionary offering envelopes for Children's Day, June 10, will be provided upon request. Adults should be given an opportunity to give a "plate" offering. The children should have envelopes well in advance.

A WORLD ENTERPRISE

The income from Children's Day, June 10, will be used around the world. The church operates 96 day schools with 6,432 pupils enrolled and 838 Sunday schools with 38,052 scholars on its twenty-three foreign mission fields.

A UNITED EFFORT

The Children's Day emphasis merits 100 per cent co-operation—"a program in every church." Only five cents per scholar in the homeland would net \$22,500 for children elsewhere. Let's unite to make June 10 an unusual day

The OTHER Sheep

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

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

Volume 38

May, 1951

Number 5

A Crowning Day

MAY 13 is a time of climax. It brings into focus the most outstanding event of the Christian Church, emphasizes one of the deepest and most appreciated sentiments of the human family, and marks the completion of an important week in the nation.

Whitsunday commemorates the coming of the Holy Spirit upon the Church. This experience sent the

disciples as bold witnesses into the world to make the gospel message felt as the Holy Spirit opened doors and quickened the human conscience. The Church began its history and development at Pentecost. It continues to make progress only as the Holy Spirit is permitted to manifest Christ through each member by infilling the heart and using the Christian as a medium to reach others. "A self-indulgent church disfigures Christ; an avaricious church bears false witness against Christ; a worldly church betrays Christ, and gives him over once more to be mocked and reviled by his enemies." The Holy Spirit is here as a Safeguard and as a Leader. May our hearts be open in this day of unusual need.

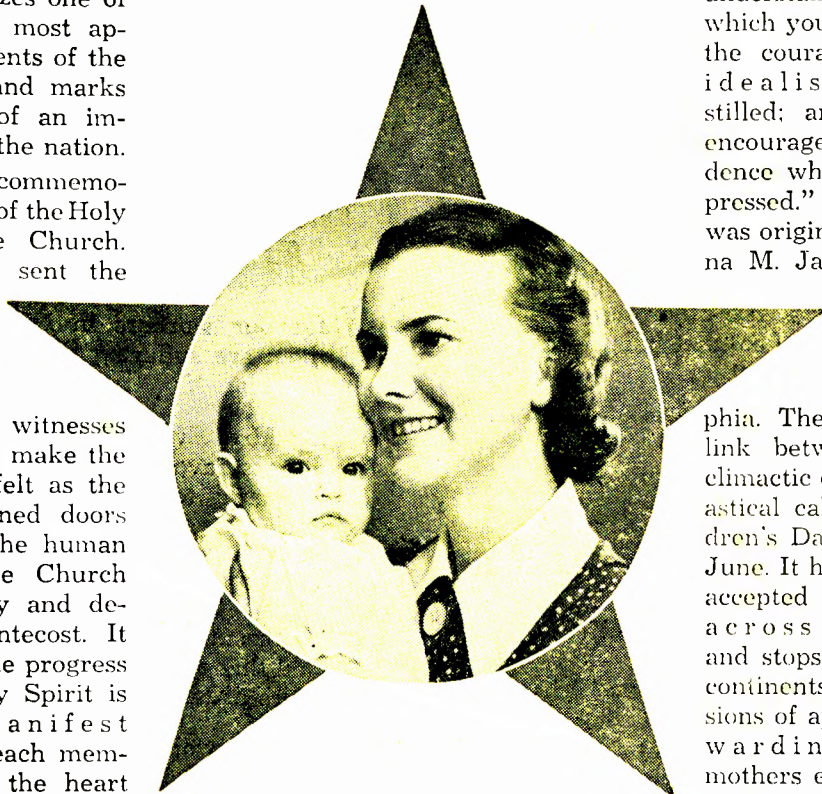
Mother's Day enjoys the chief place in the civil calendar. In secular life there is nothing to equal it. Appreciation for the sacrifice, toil, and training of Christian mothers is expressed on this grand day. At least once each year in the busy life of the world, everyone pauses to say: "Mother, I

am deeply grateful for the sorrow, pain, and tears which went into my upbringing; for the patience, understanding, and love which you have shown; for the courage, vision, and idealism which you instilled; and for the faith, encouragement, and confidence which you have expressed." Mother's Day was originated by Miss Anna M. Jarvis, of Philadel-

phia. The day was set as a link between Easter, the climactic day in the ecclesiastical calendar, and Children's Day, the "jewel" in June. It has been so widely accepted that "it leaps across national frontiers and stops not at oceans or continents." May expressions of appreciation be rewarding to consecrated mothers everywhere.

National Family Week, May 6-13, is gaining momentum in the life of the nation. The lasting influence of the home either as a sweet fragrance or a terrible poison gives significance to such an emphasis. Men of moral strength have expressed themselves as follows: "This great nation was founded upon the little group of sturdy Christian homes that constituted Plymouth Colony. Not to commerce, fleets, nor armies, but to such homes goes the secret of America's greatness and power"; "Save the homes and the welfare of the country is guaranteed"; "World conditions are secondary in importance to the disastrous decay

(Continued on page 4)



"Other Sheep" Month

MAY IS OTHER SHEEP Month in the W.F. M.S. The emphasis upon boosting the subscriptions to this paper is very much appreciated.

Articles from the missionaries are informative and inspiring. The success of the gospel in heathen lands is related from various standpoints. The preachers, teachers, doctors, and nurses give glowing reports, which should be read by every member of the church.

Thirty-five cents per year is certainly a very reasonable subscription rate. The General Board has maintained such a low price only by paying an annual deficit of several thousand dollars. This is done to get the paper into thousands of homes.

The General W.F.M.S. Council voted to set the goal for subscriptions at 200,000 by the time of the General Assembly in June of 1952.

Let every district reach the goal in new subscriptions as listed on the inside back cover of the April issue of THE OTHER SHEEP. This will be the first step toward the stated goal. The other step to final victory will be taken next fall. Boost the "Sheep" during May!

Faraway Places



"House of the Songs"

YOU LIVE in the house of the songs." These were the words of the nurse at the tubercular sanitarium. We had gone to visit the son of Mrs. Montoya, a member of my Sunday-school class, who only a few weeks ago had come into our church and had sought the Lord at the close of the service. As she arose to testify she told how the Spirit had drawn her into the church. She was heavily burdened; two sick sons, and her husband out of work. The songs and prayers she heard coming from the church had called loudly to her troubled heart, and she came seeking rest and a refuge. Jesus, the Christ, met her heart's need and she has been coming faithfully to the services.

This afternoon Miss Lane and I accompanied her to visit her son of seventeen, now seven

months in the sanitarium. We found him improving and friendly. During the short visit with him we urged him to read the Bible and to put his trust in Christ. We then left the mother to visit with her son while we passed among the patients and friends, giving out gospel tracts. On our way out we were met by the nurse on duty, who greeted us in a very friendly manner and asked if I lived in the section of the city called "Porvenir." To my reply that I did she said, "I know where you live. It is the house of the songs." We found that she was a lover of music and had listened outside the window to the gospel songs. She readily accepted our invitation to come to see us. Join us in prayer for Elva Jogas, the nurse, that she may soon have a song in her heart, "Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb."

NOTE: This was received from Lucille Taylor in Peru



Prayer Requests

Pray for our workers in Nicaragua. Most of them are suffering from severe attacks of malaria.

Pray for Mrs. Everette Howard. Recent heart attacks have alarmed the missionaries. She is coming to the States for medical attention.

Pray for workers who are facing terrible persecution. One field superintendent wrote: "Persecution is increasing noticeably; pray God that our faith may not fail us in these hours of testing."

Pray for the work in Livingston, Guatemala. Brother Vaughters writes: "We are launching a day school. A good Christian teacher offered her services. She is very much interested in helping to break down the prejudice that exists toward the gospel. Pray for this work."

Pray for the fifteen new missionaries placed under appointment last January. They will be sailing this summer and fall. Preparations and adjustments must be made which will require unusual help.

Pray Pray Pray Pray Pray

THE OTHER SHEEP

Our Future in Cuba

By C. Warren Jones, D.D.

OUR FUTURE in Cuba is going to be exactly what we make it. The door is open and the opportunity is before us. The need of these five millions of the race cannot be passed by lightly.

True it is that it is a Catholic-dominated country, but that is not a sufficient excuse to lessen our efforts. We have succeeded in other countries where the Church of Rome has for centuries been the dominant factor socially, politically, and religiously. A religious name means little. The social level and the need of men's hearts determine the need of the people. We are not saying that Cuba is worse than other countries, but we are saying that we have visited no country in Latin America where the people stand in greater need of the transforming power of Jesus Christ than do the people of the island of Cuba.

We have before us a difficult task, and in no wise are we trying to minimize the same. It is great, but most challenging. This is not only because of the need but because of the gospel of Jesus Christ and our ability to take the gospel to the people. God stands ever ready to transform the lives of the Cuban people. He has already done it, given us an earnest of what He desires for this people. What He has done for some is an evidence of what He wants to do for many. What a change the grace of God makes in the lives of this and every other people! It is past understanding, but a glorious reality. "Is there anything too hard for God?"

We have gotten a good start, established a beachhead. Now we must "strengthen our stakes and lengthen our cords." Our stakes are those of vision, faith, prayer, passion, zeal, and a holy determination. Let us put these stakes down deep in our spiritual makeup. Save us from becoming flabby, weak, and self-satisfied. Let us enlarge our vision. It is pitiful how many of God's people are nearsighted. About all they can see is the work of the local church, that which is near at hand. With all of our periodicals, we should be able to get a good view of our neighbors and be able to find out their needs. In doing this we shall have less time to complain and pity ourselves. Our seeing others with all of their needs will have a tendency to reduce selfishness to a minimum. Prayer is just as potent a factor as it was in the days of Jesus. The Apostle Paul was a strong advocate of prayer. His success as a missionary was largely a result of his devoted prayer life and the prayers of his associates. The success of the Church has been measured by the intensity and the fervency of praying Christians. Faith needs to be strengthened. We must believe

in God, in our task, and have faith in ourselves to do that which God has called us to do. All of these stakes must be made strong, so that they will hold regardless of the circumstances.



We must continue with the task, with the work so well begun. Our central purpose must ever be to reach the people with the gospel. Giving them an education and lifting their living standards will not suffice. The seat of the trouble is in their hearts, and nothing short of a saving gospel will meet their needs. The great majority of these people have never heard of Jesus Christ and His power to save from sin. We must put on exhibition the genuine product of Christianity, the changed lives of men. It must be more than a veneer. It must be the power of God turned loose in temples of clay. Such a change will make an appeal. New creatures in Christ Jesus will grip the unsaved, and they will say as of old, "We never saw it on this fashion before." We can build our Zion in Cuba. We must train our young ministers and develop national leaders. The day may come when foreign missionaries will not be given the liberties that they now enjoy. We may see a day when we shall be obliged to depend upon national leadership. If that time does come, we must be ready to make the change.

There is a future for us on this island. We must take advantage of our opportunities, enter the open doors, and possess the land. As a great missionary once said, "The future [in Cuba] is as bright as the promises of God."



While some Jewish publications are warning the Jews not to settle in Palestine because of the time of Jacob's trouble—the great tribulation—that is just ahead, other Christian Jews are making it a point to go to Palestine. There is a new Christian Hebrew settlement at Petach, near Tel Aviv. Christian Jewish groups hope to set up six other similar settlements.—*Pilgrim Holiness Advocate*.

The 1,100,000 Jews who have returned to Israel from all over the world are 25 times as many as those who left Babylon under Zerubbabel.

—*Prophecy*

With the arrival in Palestine of the first family of settlers from the Belgian Congo, the number of countries represented in the ingathering of Israel to Palestine has reached sixty-one, according to the *Jewish Agency's Digest*.

The silver shekel from the Old Testament times will again soon be in circulation in New Israel. This is the first issuance of Jewish money since 144 B.C.—*The Mennonite*.

The Protestant in Spain today belongs to a minority that has few rights. He is singled out for persecution whether he looks for a job or applies to a government agency for privileges that are supposed to be accorded to every citizen.

A Protestant professor in Madrid, for example, was removed from his post and thrown into jail on the grounds that he was a Communist. Actually, he is a Baptist. He left behind a wife and four young children, who almost starved to death because, not being Catholics, they were not entitled to ration books and could not obtain food.

Recently the professor has been released from jail. He too is starving, since no one can get a job unless he has official proof that he belongs to the state church. It is now eight months since his release, and he has been unable to obtain a single day's work.

DO YOU KNOW?

THAT—in mission lands the heathen population is still increasing far faster than the Christian population?

THAT—of China's original eighteen provinces one-quarter of the total area is still unclaimed as the field of any mission, while many parts of the remaining three-fourths are yet unworked?

THAT—if one thousand missionaries were today to land in India, each one could have a parish all his own of five hundred and fifty villages?

THAT—apart from a few tiny points of light, an area of four million square miles in the heart of Asia, with a population of thirty-four million, still lies in unrelieved spiritual darkness?

THAT—Arabia, with a population of seven million, has less than fifty openly confessed Christians?

THAT—the latest Conference on Moslem Missions characterized the Moslem advance in Africa as perhaps the largest world missionary problem confronting the whole Church?

THAT—the heart of South America is “the greatest stretch of unevangelized territory in the world”?

—LOUIS A. JACOBSEN, in *First Baptist Reminder*

A nationwide census was recently taken in Bolivia. It will be a great help to the missionaries in furthering their work, although it was primarily taken to further the country economically, etc. The city of La Paz is supposed to have 325,000 people. What a great opportunity, and so few to take the gospel to them!

A Crowning Day

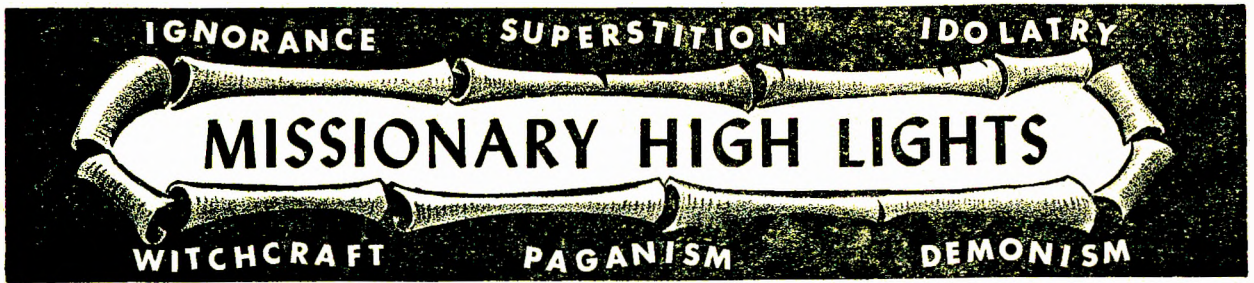
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of religion in the home.” With juvenile delinquency increasing at a rapid rate because of a lack of parental guidance and discipline, the ninth annual observance of National Family Week should cause every family to concentrate upon doing “first things first.” The family altar should be established if this important feature of family life has been neglected. May every home in America be truly Christian.

The present world situation calls for a Spirit-filled church, great old-fashioned praying mothers, and staunch Christian homes. What a “gathering-up” of important issues! May 13 is a crowning day.

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Cover photo by Philip Gendreau



Some Through the Fire

By Frances Vaughters

Guatemala

IT WAS a beautiful Saturday morning with a deep blue, cloudless sky overhead. No one thought that before the blue of the sky had faded into the gray-black of nightfall, tragedy would strike a hard blow and effect the whole of this peninsula town. Never before had it struck as it did this beautiful morning. It was ten-thirty and the regular passenger boat, which runs from Livingston to Barrios, was just ready to leave Barrios to return home. The boat had recently been remodeled and was a treat to the eye. In fact, it was such a handsome and fast-traveling boat that Norma's father took her off another boat and placed her on the "Colon" for her return trip to Livingston. Norma had gone over to Barrios to see her father and to bring back a few things for her mother. The parents were separated, and it was Norma's lot to be the "go-between." She was our own Sunday-school girl.

The boat had just pulled away from the dock when some of the passengers saw gasoline seeping onto the floor. In a few seconds more the boat was a mass of flames. Eleven-year-old Norma was trapped in the cabin along with other passengers. All managed to leap into the water, but it too was on fire. There was no one to help Norma. Frantically she cried, "Don't let me die here." A Livingston Chinese store man went to her rescue and succeeded in helping her out of the flaming boat and into the water. In twenty minutes the boat was a charred wreck. Life preservers were thrown into the water, and some of the huge liners and freighters that were docked in Barrios waters, and the S.S. "Quirigua" immediately sent one of her lifeboats to rescue the survivors who were in the shark-infested waters. Norma was horribly burned, as was also the Chinaman who tried to help her. Norma's flesh peeled off when her clothing was removed.

When the news of the catastrophe reached Livingston, we were stunned. It did not seem possible that such a thing had happened to our townspeople. But it had, and our Norma was the most critically burned. Had the accident happened here, the injured and the burned would

have suffered more intensely, since there are no doctors in town and no medical help for such cases. Norma lay in the Barrios hospital for three days between life and death, after which Jesus sent His angels to bear her away to His heavenly home. Our hearts were broken, for we all loved this child. Not quite two weeks before, she had been the angel in our Christmas story. She played her part well, and made a beautiful angel. Two nights before the tragedy, Norma had heard about the picture which was being shown at the local theater and in which Christian people had been burned to death. She told her mother that she would have to die that way because she was a Christian. Her death has been the means of showing her parents the way of salvation. They plan to give their hearts to Jesus.

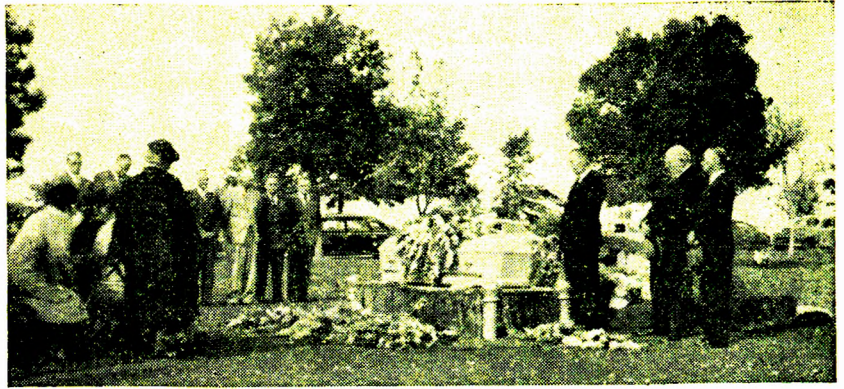
The body was returned to Livingston for burial. The grandparents insisted upon going through all of the heathenish Roman rites, which were carried out in native fashion. The parents were against this, but did not seem to be able to control the situation. As the funeral procession passed by our own Nazarene chapel, we remembered that this was the one bright spot in Norma's life. She loved to sing our songs and she loved our gospel teachings. She had looked forward to the day when her burns would be healed and she could once more pass through those same chapel doors and join us in our singing. How happy we are that she has passed through the pearly gates and is singing the song of the redeemed! She was an example of what Jesus can do in saving and keeping a child in a godless environment.

Little do we realize when we sing the well-known hymn "God Leads Us Along" that it may be through the water, the flood, or even through the fire; but she made it—"and through the Blood." The home-going of our little Sunday-school girl has stirred the hearts of all of our believers and has helped all of us to see that it pays to be ready when the Master calls.

Double Tragedy Strikes

By Ira L. True, Sr.

Southwest Mexican



THURSDAY MORNING, January 25, the cry of "Encendio! Encendio!" ("Fire! Fire!") was raised at the San Luis, Sonora, Mexico, station. The missionary home was on fire, and the roof was a mass of flames. No one knows what set it on fire; but once the house was ablaze, nothing could stay the monster of fire. Soon all the worldly possessions of the Ainsworths and the Morenos, who are the Mexican pastors, were smoldering ruins. Much contributed to the quick destruction. The roof was about twelve inches of powder-dry thatch, and the walls were of dry pole construction. Among the larger things lost were the light plant and the new pump for the well. A brand-new Servel refrigerator was blown to bits. All clothing, books, furniture, and little prized personal effects were ruined. On one side could be seen the ruins of a sewing machine. Here was a piece of trunk frame, and over there a burned and useless couch.

All this happened while Brother Ainsworth and the Mexicans were busily engaged in starting a new church building which had been made possible by the Alabaster funds. What to do now was the great question. The Southern California and the Los Angeles districts rallied to the cause. Rev. Joseph Morgan of San Diego First Church and his men, under the direction of Brother Harley Bailey, commenced work on a plan to start building for the missionaries two new houses that would not have thatched roofs. Brother Ainsworth directed this good group, which made the long trip each week end from San Diego to San Luis to donate their labor. All seemed to be progressing well and the future again seemed bright. Brother Ainsworth testified that in all of this God kept him so happy in his soul that he did not feel the loss of his things one bit.

This bright picture was suddenly plunged into deepest darkness. As the writer stepped into a place of business on Tuesday noon, February 27,

he was met with these words, "They are trying to locate you with an important message." The sad message was that Brother Ainsworth had slipped and fallen that morning as he was working and had been killed instantly. With a quick prayer for divine guidance, Mrs. True and I jumped into the car and in a few hours were at the border, trying to console and help Mrs. Ainsworth. The great Master alone knows why this happened at this time.

Brother Ainsworth's body was brought to Yuma, Arizona, and from there shipped to San Diego, California. He was buried there on Friday, March 2, to await the coming of His Lord, whom he loved so much. One more empty place in the front ranks now waits to be filled.

Sister Ainsworth has asked to be sent back to carry on the work and at the present writing is on the field carrying on the work so well started by her husband. Let us pray for her.

A Mother's Day Trophy

By Lorraine Schultz

Africa

A MOTHER of some of our fine school children at Acornhoek, Transvaal, had lived near our mission station for many years. But to all appearances, this mother, Inkosikazi Mabaso, was not interested in becoming a Christian. Her six children became regular attendants in the Sunday school and the school, but she steadily refused to attend services. For years she supported her family by cooking, and selling a beer called *Masheshakuluma*—for the weekly beer-drinks which are so much a part of African life.

The women of the church at Acornhoek carried this mother on their hearts. In 1949, during a special Mother's Day service, she consented to attend Sunday school and church. Her six children were

also present. Then a year slipped by before we again saw her in the church services. Often she was seen on the road in a drunken condition. Her children, however, continued in the Sunday school and the church.

Prior to the next Mother's Day we saw her at a native store and reminded her that the next day was Mother's Day. But she had no intention of coming to the service. But our women had continued praying for her and, sure enough, on Sunday morning she was in the service. That morning she heard another gospel message. Were we not to see her again until another Mother's Day? The seed was being sown.

A short time later, she came to a regular Sunday morning service. That morning Brother Elmer Schmelzenbach poured out his heart to the people and made an altar call. Without hesitation Inkosikazi Mabaso made her way to an altar of prayer, weeping and sobbing her way through to victory. Here was another African trophy to lay at the Master's feet. She gave up cooking beer, and came to work on the mission station. She entered the probationers' class in the church and has been faithful in attendance. Two of her sons have now become full members.

Pray for our African mothers, that God will save many more and give them courage to walk with Him.

How God Saved and Sanctified Me

By C. C. Jamandre*

Philippines

IT is so wonderful how the Lord Jesus saved me. I studied in a ministerial Bible school and was a pastor for more than ten years; but I had no experience of salvation. After being in the ministry for two years, I married. In the course of a few years we had two sons. Although I was a preacher, I was bothered by the "old man." If my wife did not cook the food to suit me or if there was anything else I did not like, I would abuse her. If the two children provoked me to anger, I would place them in the corner and clap them and hang them to the ceiling inside a rice bag. Such things happened often. I was a preacher, but I did not have peace in my heart or in my home.

One day holiness preachers came to Labayog, Sison, Pangasinan, where they were holding open-air services. My wife and I went with several of our members, but our aim was solely to argue or debate with them. The first night I heard the preaching of salvation and my heart

was touched, for I was not yet saved. The second night we went again. The Word of God pierced me, but I would not yield to the calling of the Holy Ghost. The third evening as soon as the sermon ended there was an invitation. My wife went and knelt before the altar, crying like a child. She gained the victory and was overflowing with joy as we went home. When we were in bed, I knew that my wife was praying for me. I could not sleep; the Holy Spirit was speaking to me and saying, "You need to be saved."

The fourth night we went again. As the invitation was given I wanted to run to the altar, but Satan said to me, "Wouldn't you—a pastor—be ashamed to go? What would your members think? Why should you go?" The devil deceived me at this point, and I went home with a heavy heart. My soul was troubled, and I could not sleep.

The sixth night the revival was nearing its close. I did not let my opportunity to go to the altar pass by. There I confessed and repented of all my sins. I gained the victory and my soul was at ease that night. Praise the Lord! Jesus saved me from my sins; all my burdens rolled away.

Though I was saved I was still easily irritated. The following Sunday a missionary came. He preached about sanctification, and there I discovered that my life had not yet been sanctified. When the altar call was made I was the first to go, for I wanted to be sanctified—to be baptized by the Holy Spirit. While I prayed, I felt the Holy Ghost come into my heart rooting out the "old Adam." That is why there is now unmeasurable joy in my life and in my home.

I love the Lord with all my heart and soul and truly thank Him for saving and sanctifying me. I am more determined each day to go all the way with Him. I am glad I can work in the Lord's great harvest field. My desire is to draw ever closer to Him. Pray for me.

*Pastor, Church of the Nazarene, Asan Sur, Sison, Pangasinan, P.I.

A missionary writing from India told of severe famine there because of three years of dry weather. He told of a young mother who sold her three-year-old child because she could not feed it. Villagers ate sawdust and many died. In one district village people eat no more than four times a week, and some of the poorer ones are limited to two meals alone.

—*Gospel Herald*

A new and modern Russian dictionary of foreign words has just been published in Russia. The definition of the word "missionaries" is: "are usually the first spies and intelligence agents of imperialist aggressors."



Zulu sitting on his grass mat in the sunshine outside the leper hospital.

THE NEW LEPER COLONY is situated some thirty-six miles from our Bremersdorp hospital, where there are about sixty patients.

Recently when the doctor went over for a Sunday morning, the service was opened for testimonies before the message. We want to share with you some of their expressions of joy and praise. "Ye are my witnesses." These words come in a new way as you look into the disfigured yet shining faces and hear them declare what salvation through Christ means to them.

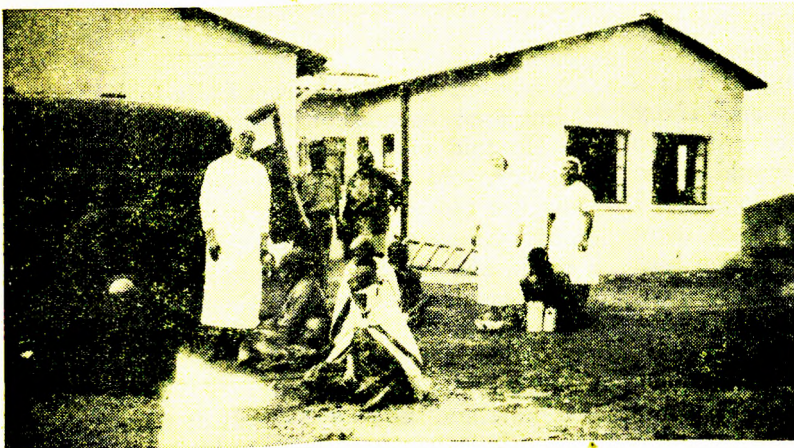
No doubt you will remember Zulu. With sightless eyes, disfigured face, and twisted feet which no longer carry his weight, so that he crawls around, old Zulu had never been to church before at the new location. This morning he had crawled along the ground to the car, and then sat on the floor between the seats in order to reach the church. When the service was over, he repeated the performance in reverse. What joy to him to worship with the others! He joined in

the singing and listened carefully to everything which was said. Then his opportunity to testify came, and in a voice made hoarse by leprosy he said: "I, blind man, and one who was spiritually blind for many years, wish to give my testimony. I am a leper, have lost both legs and suffer much pain. My present physical state, however, does not surprise me, for I believe that I am reaping that which I have sown.

"In my youth I fell into bad company in Johannesburg and went very deeply into sin. I wasted much of my money on drinking, gambling, and buying expensive clothing.

"The day came eventually when I found myself unemployed. Without any income, I very soon had no clothing to wear, nor food to eat, except that which I found in garbage bins; yet I still drank heavily.

"I traveled to Mafeking and then home to Swaziland but, having neither food nor clothing, I decided to return to Johannesburg and once again try to find employment. I was anxious to make money quickly and easily, and there I tried to devise ways and means of doing this. I remembered that some Swazi friends had carried on illicit dagga trade [the dagga, or Indian hemp, being smoked for narcotic purposes]. I devised a plan whereby I could smuggle this dagga through without being detected by the police. My friend and I bought clerical collars and black suits and dressed ourselves as ministers of religion. We filled pillowcases with dagga and sprayed the pillowcases with expensive perfume in order to hide the smell of the dagga. We then started off on our train journey to Johannesburg, comfortably seated in second class compartments, pretending to read our newspapers. When we arrived in Johannesburg, our luggage was never examined, while many other people were arrested for this same offense.



Lepers arriving at the new leper hospital in the leper ambulance. Mr. Sowden, Miss Cole, and a colored nurse are shown with the patients. Mr. Sowden is employed by the government of Swaziland as superintendent.



Dr. Powers speaks to a leper building is the church which

ers Testify

"While in Johannesburg I was taken ill and after some time my complaint was diagnosed as leprosy, so I was compelled to return home to Swaziland. My family did not want me because I was a leper, and so I decided to segregate myself from my family and friends and live with a group of lepers at Enqabeni in Swaziland. I was two days traveling to this place and at night I slept out-of-doors in the rain, for no one would give me shelter. I eventually reached my destination, and there I encountered many difficulties and endured much physical suffering.

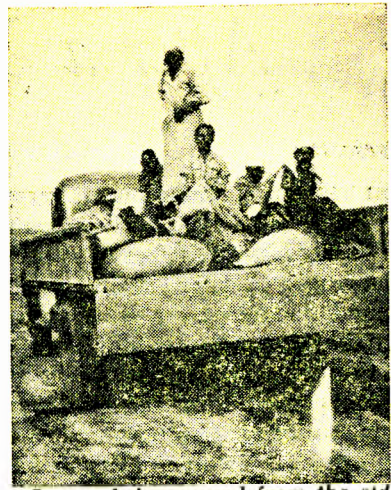
"Then one glad day when some Nazarene missionaries came to conduct a service for us, I was convicted of my sin through the preaching of the Word. The light of the gospel revealed to me the vile state of my heart; and, as I surrendered my heart to the Saviour, joy and peace flooded my soul and I was able to praise Him for His great salvation.

"Today I am living at 'Temb'elihle' or 'Good Hope,' our new leper colony at Mbuluzi. God mercifully took me away from Enqabeni. I am sure I should have died had I remained there. Now, though sightless and without legs, I continually rejoice in the Word, for I know that He has saved my soul.

"I have the assurance in my heart that when I leave this present world I shall see Jesus face to face—the One who saved me from all my sin. I am waiting for Him to take me to heaven whenever He chooses to call me."

Then rose a tall, well-made man whose face shows the dread disease. He was wearing new shoes, made of soft leather, to protect his poor, deformed feet. He the "right-hand" man in the leper hospital.

"I am so glad to have this opportunity to testify, the first opportunity since coming to this new place. Long



Lepers being moved from the old camp to the new site by the mission lorry.

ago I was a herdboyc on the big mountain called 'Isikalo sobulembu.' I was herding sheep. I knew nothing about Christianity, but I had heard people speak of becoming Christians and the desire came to me to become a Christian also. But how could I, for I did not know the way? But God helped me to keep that desire in my heart, and the day came when I knew my sins were forgiven. I could not read, but God taught me. We older people are glad to hear that we, too, can learn to read and write. I shall sleep well tonight after having had this opportunity to testify."

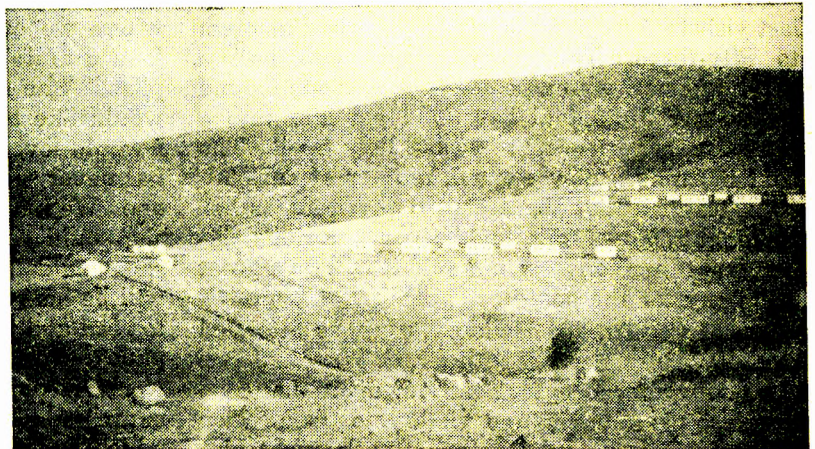
There are women also who are lepers.

Dressed in white with a blue cross sewed on her headdress, an old woman of the sect called *Amazioni* arose to her feet,

"I am saved and made whole in Christ. Hallelujah! I was a blind person, but now I see. I have been preaching Christ for a long time and will do so until I die."



at the "old" leper camp. The lepers built themselves.



The "new" leper camp. The Bremersdorp hospital staff has charge of the medical work in this new government camp, and Miss Elizabeth Cole is in charge. While she is on furlough, Miss Esther Thomas is stationed there.

After a Year and a Half

By Lyle Prescott

Cuba

I HAVE JUST VISITED our mission at Arroyo Hondo, Pinar del Rio. I want to take inventory and see where we are. My first service there was a year and half ago. A year ago we built a nice chapel on land donated by a converted farmer. The mission has a pastor, Hildo Morejon, with four or five regular services each week. There are eight full members and fifteen probationary members. The eight active members have been baptized by immersion. Twelve children have been dedicated to the Lord. Three children have been born into Nazarene homes there. A Christian mother and an infant have died. A couple has been married at the church.

Because of the inspiration of the church building program, three homes have been built close to the chapel. The pastor's apartment has been enlarged. The parents of the pastor have improved their house and added a nice porch. Most of the houses have been painted to match the chapel. Land has been cleared off and gardens put in.

When I first went to Arroyo Hondo, I found the brethren dedicating most of their farm to raising tobacco. Now the farm grows no tobacco. Instead the same land is producing sweet potatoes. Even the name sounds better.

The reputation of our Nazarene work has spread across that end of the island. As I walk along the country roads, I hear men say, as they turn in their oxcarts and look back at me, "That's the American who holds services." A month ago an American rode horseback four hours to visit our church.

Brother Julio Bouzo accompanied me on my last visit to Arroyo Hondo. He preached at night to fifty-three. The congregation, with half a dozen fine new young people in it, was spellbound as Brother Julio told how God led him into a Christian experience. It was a holy spell. The next morning a new woman, mother of six children, testified that she accepted the Lord as her personal Saviour. She has been a notorious sinner, and if her conversion is real it will be a great testimony for the gospel.

Six of the Arroyo Hondo Nazarenes attended our little camp meeting with Dr. C. Warren Jones at our missionary center near Havana in January. It meant greater spiritual victory to them. Two of them located a relative near by, brought him to services, and got him converted. Now we have a new mission in that relative's home. The group returned to their hill community literally

shouting the victory. The old mother of the pastor had been definitely sanctified. Now, double the number plan to attend camp meeting next year.

Surely God is with us at Arroyo Hondo! Surely the four hundred dollars invested in the chapel has brought rich returns! Surely the redeemed believers have been the salt of the earth and the light of the world! In the past year and a half there has been no smoking around the homes of our Nazarenes—no drinking, no wild parties, no fighting, no stabbings. Peace has prevailed. Gladness has brought forth songs and testimonies. Twice death has come, but the tranquil hope of the Nazarenes was a marvel to the scores of Cubans who attended wakes. It has been "Victory in Jesus!"

Yes, it has been a good year and a half at Arroyo Hondo.

Heaven for Me

By Hazel C. Lee

India

MUKTABAI, the children's ayah, and I were talking about heaven one day. I tried to tell her the different things about heaven she could look forward to. Naturally, much of our talk centered about Jesus and the great joy it will be to see Him. As our conversation was in Marathi, my description was necessarily limited. Finally I said, "Perhaps heaven will be a place where we can do those things we have always longed to do on earth and been unable to accomplish." She liked that idea and asked me what I would like to do in heaven. I promptly told her I would love to be able to play a pipe organ. She has never seen a pipe organ, so I tried to describe one. We have a piano in our home and from that she could get the idea. Then I asked her what she would like to do in heaven. "I know what will be heaven for me," she said, "just to be able to read and write!" My eyes filled with tears. To play a pipe organ—to read and write! What a world of difference! Truly the scope of the unexpressed desires of the heart depend on that which one already possesses.

We Americans take our great privileges so lightly. We have free education. Anyone who wants to can learn to read and write. But here

is a new Christian, a poor Indian woman who was married when seven years of age and taken to her husband's home at the age our daughters are roller-skating and dressing up for birthday parties. One whose life has been so very circumscribed—living with someone she did not love, being harassed by a demanding mother-in-law, cleaning brass cooking pots, carrying heavy water jars, pounding rice, cooking over a smoking fire, cleaning grain, working from sunup to sundown for people who did not care! Finally, after she was unable to bear a child, her husband thrust her out. She did field work for a meager wage until she came to us. When did she have a chance to become literate? As soon as I could I gave her an opportunity to attend a literacy class; but for one who had never studied for twenty-six years the effort was too much for her, and she quit.

It is only a thought—but maybe when she shyly slips through a gate of pearl someone will hand her paper and a pencil and the magical world of reading and writing will miraculously open up to one who has wistfully gazed all her life at its closed doors.



Grandma Bah is one of the first Navajo Indians who accepted Jesus as her Saviour. She is very, very old, but never misses a service. Her children and her many grandchildren have followed her in the "Jesus way." She is a wonderful example of what God can do for a poor Indian woman. She is a happy Christian and a blessing to all.—
THERESA SWARTH.

MAY, 1951

Pleading Hands

By Neva Lane

Peru

IT WAS in the General Assembly in 1928 that Esther Carson Winans' hat was in the missionary exhibition from Latin America. It was an ordinary hat like everyone wears here in Peru where the sun is really hot. The extraordinary thing about it was the long cut across the crown and several smaller slashes of a machete in the hands of a fanatical man as he struck at her head. The Winans' had gone to Santa Cruz to evangelize and were met with strong opposition and finally the attack upon their lives. Each time the long knife (machete) came down, Esther praised the Lord for the privilege of being a martyr for Him. But the Lord still needed her light in spiritually dark Peru and delivered her from the fanatic's hand.

That was the first time I heard of Santa Cruz, a prosperous town up in the Sierras (Andes). Then lately a missionary was talking about the great need in these mountains and mentioned Santa Cruz. Some years back they had visited this area and held several services. The attitude of the people had been greatly changed. Even to the upper class they were very friendly and attended the services with interest. Crowds were good, but the missionaries could not stay long. "Come back soon," they were urged. That was more than ten years ago.

Recently at the N.Y.P.S. Convention in Chiclayo our hearts were touched as we were told of a special invitation from Santa Cruz. And this is not the first pleading invitation that has been sent. It has been twenty-five years since they tried to kill the Winans' for their testimony of the gospel. Prayer has changed the attitude of those precious mountain people. They will make strong, faithful Christians. Oh, that some way may be found quickly to answer the call to take them the message of full salvation!

Rev. Martin Niemoeller, who, because of his courageous stand and unfaltering *faith* in God, spent eight years in a German prison, made a surprise visit at the Florida Chain of Missions in St. Petersburg, February 12. He told people there that "we will never win a war against Communism without putting up a better spiritual fight."
—Selected

Famine in India is again threatening. The monsoon has failed for the fourth successive year, and conditions in South India are becoming extremely serious.

—American Friend

Northern Week End

By Paul R. Orjala

Haiti

THE CLOCK on the Sacra Coeur steeple tolled three o'clock, and I was still frantically trying to get a taxi. Where were they? "Out to lunch," our neighbor said. And Rev. Egen, our native pastor, and I were supposed to board the Gonaives bus at three! Finally a cab came into sight. I hissed frantically (Haitian style) to get the driver to stop and climbed anxiously aboard, brief case in hand and my Kodak-35 dangling around my neck.

After a wild ride through Port-au-Prince's narrow, winding streets, Brother Egen and I finally arrived on the Rue du Quai, where the busses and trucks were lined up for departure to all the major towns of Haiti. It was Saturday afternoon, when the streets and shops are swarming with people. Chickens cackled, vendors chanted, automobile horns honked, and dust continually rose and settled in the sultry heat.

But our bus had not yet left. Shortly after we got our seats (just over the right rear wheel), the ticket agent came aboard and discovered that there were passengers for intermediate points on this bus, which was supposed to be the Haitian version of an express. He stated that the bus would not leave until those passengers got off. One hour and about seven thousand words later, the bus left with all the original passengers.

Heading generally northward in the early dusk of winter, we soon left the pavement to bounce the remaining ninety miles of "road." We crossed the fertile Cul de Sac plain with its fields of sugar cane, climbed through the foothills of the Trou d'Eau range with its mountains planted in sisal, sped through the coastal banana plantations of the Arcahaie area, and soon arrived in the mid-Saturday evening revelry of the town of St. Marc. After a half-hour's pause for the driver's renewal of local acquaintances, we took off in the tropical night across the cactus-ridden plain of the Artibonite, dotted occasionally with patches of maize and cotton.

Five hours after leaving Port-au-Prince we arrived in Gonaives, where we caught a truck which took us about eight miles northeast to the rural community of Canal Bois, where our main church in northern Haiti is situated. After a snack of sweet potatoes, fried bananas, and fried fish from the Bay of Gonaives, Brother Egen, the local pastor, Cauvin Mesadieux, and I slept in the mud-walled, thatched-roofed church. Early morning revealed the rustic beauty of the little church surrounded by a neat vegetable garden on three

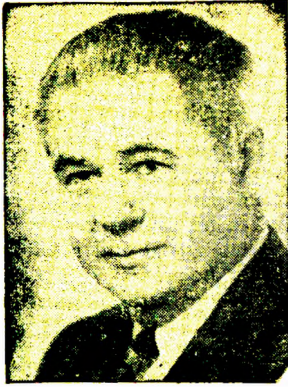
sides and with a huge mango tree in front shading the clean-swept earth. The Haitian ritual of sweet, strong, black coffee as soon as your eyes are open in the morning was succeeded by a hearty breakfast, during which the "faithful" (as church members are known in Haiti) were gathering.

At eight-thirty, in accordance with Brother Egen's plans, we began examining the baptismal candidates in the shed used for the day school. After I spoke briefly on I Peter 3:21, Brother Egen gave an exhortation and called on each one for a testimony or verse of scripture. Simultaneously, Sunday school was being carried on in the church, as we could tell from the singing.

The whole group of more than a hundred then gathered in front of the church and began the trek of about two miles to the place of baptism. Singing both French and Creole hymns, we marched down the shaded trail through patches of maize, millet, bananas, and tree beans, passing under giant cactus trees, papayas, and towering mangoes. After a few songs, scripture, and exhortation, sixteen candidates were baptized.

Back in the church gaily decorated with crepe paper in many colors, we continued worshiping with a Communion service, reception of the newly baptized as members, and dedication of three babies. In spite of the length of the service (it finished at two-ten), the people remained attentive, and the presence of the Holy Spirit was evident throughout. It was a great day for all the people and for us too. We completed our acquaintance with the remaining preachers who could not attend the Port-au-Prince preachers' conference the month before, and gained firsthand knowledge of the people and that section of the country. The "board meeting" after dinner disclosed to us that the principal interest of the people is to reach out farther with the gospel of full salvation.

We were unable to get a truck ride back into town that night, so we set out in the tropical moonlight, Egen on a donkey and I on a spiritless horse that was slower than the donkey. After spending the night in the pastor's home in Gonaives, we started for Port-au-Prince in the front seat of a truck, where we had a good view of the passing scenery as we headed southward down the coast. From the emerald waters of the Bay of Gonaives to the emerald waters of the Bay of Port-au-Prince we thanked the Lord for all that we had seen and heard.



WILLIAM AND FLORENCE ECKEL

William Andrew Eckel, a veteran missionary to Japan, was born in a Methodist parsonage in Charleroi, Pennsylvania, on June 10, 1892. He was converted when six years of age and sanctified four years later under the preaching of Dr. H. F. Reynolds.

In 1907 the Eckel family affiliated with the New England group that eventually became a part of the pioneer Church of the Nazarene. At Olivet Nazarene College, William prepared himself for the mission field. He was ordained by Dr. Bresee.

Florence Marguerite Talbott, also of godly parentage, was born on November 30, 1890, in Kiowa, Kansas. Saved when seven and sanctified when thirteen years of age, she early manifested ability in Christian work.

After the marriage of William and Florence in Kingswood, Kentucky, on July 24, 1913, they went to work among the Japanese in California. Their first term of missionary service started when they sailed with Rev. Nobumi Isayama on February 5, 1916, for the Flowery Kingdom. Since then, the Eckels have contributed over twenty years of service in Japan.

Four children, now established in their own homes, have blessed the Eckels: William Dohn, born June 1, 1915, in Los Angeles; Azalea Marguerite, born July 2, 1920, in Kobe, Japan; and the twins, Baldwin Talbott and Eugene Talbott, born March 2, 1924, in Kansas City, Missouri.



Who's Who



CLARENCE AND MARJORIE CARTER

Among our most recent missionaries sent to India are Clarence and Marjorie Carter, whose first term of service started on July 22, 1950.

Clarence Lowel was born in Wilder, Idaho, on October 30, 1918. He was saved when thirteen years old and sanctified when sixteen. From Northwest Nazarene College, he received his A.B. degree in 1940; and from Nazarene Theological Seminary, his B.D. degree in 1949. It was while he was attending a missionary service conducted by Fairy Chism at N.N.C. that he heard God speak to him about the need for missionaries in India.

Marjorie Lucile, born near Coyville, Kansas, on July 3, 1922, was saved when she was eleven and sanctified six years later. Her call to missionary work came, however, when she was thirteen years old. A graduate of Northwest Nazarene College and of the Samaritan Hospital School of Nursing, Marjorie was granted a B.S.N. degree and an R.N. in 1944.

The Carters were married in Nampa, Idaho, on January 17, 1944. To them have been born two children: Emmalyn Lucile, born July 19, 1946, in Nampa, Idaho; and Lauren Wayne, born September 10, 1948, in Kansas City, Kansas.

At present the Carters are studying the language and are living in an addition to the Buddy McKay Memorial at Dhamandari, one mile from Buldana.



JUANITA GARDNER

Juanita Irene was born at Smith Center, Kansas, on March 14, 1922. She was saved in 1941, and sanctified six years later. She received her R.N. degree in 1944 from the Samaritan Hospital School of Nursing, and graduated from Northwest Nazarene College in 1947, *cum laude*, receiving her B.S.M. degree.

Before going to the field, she was active in the local church activities of the N.Y.P.S. and Sunday school. Juanita states that the Lord called her to be a missionary while she was praying for a definite experience of sanctification. It was such a definite and clear call that she never doubted that it was God's will for her life.

It was on September 22, 1950, that she sailed from New York on the S.S. "La Estancia." Upon arriving in Africa she began studying the language, and spent the first few weeks in intensive study. Because of the urgent need for nurses on the field, she is now working in the Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital in Bremersdorp.

CORRECTION

In "Who's Who" column of April, 1951, "Mary Blanche Campbell" should have read "Mary Blanche Campbell Bowerman."



The W.F.M.S.

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

JUNE EMPHASIS PRAYER AND FASTING

Fast and Pray

If I cannot tramp the jungle
Where benighted heathen dwell;
If I cannot sail to islands
The golden word to tell;
If I cannot set my footprints
On the missionary way;
Yet I can be a servant,
For I can fast and pray.

And I have the declaration
Of God's redeeming Son:
By prayer and fasting only
Some victories are won!
So, though I have no mission
In places far away,
I can expand the Kingdom
If I but fast and pray.

The sacrifice is tiny
That I am called to make—
To miss a meal for Jesus
And a dying world's sake!
To simply be a member
Of the Prayer and Fasting League—
While worn-out missionaries
Collapse from sheer fatigue!

O God of high compassion,
My selfish way forgive!
Oh, teach me in the shadow
Of Calvary to live!
Oh, drop Thy word from heaven
And break my heart today,
That it may be a privilege
For me to fast and pray.

—LON WOODRUM

GENERAL PRESIDENT'S NOTES



May is OTHER SHEEP emphasis month. We will need to work hard to get 200,000 subscriptions for our missionary paper during this quadrennium.

It can be done, so let us do it. This is the time to get the work done. Every member of the W.F.M.S. can secure one new subscriber or send a year's subscription to a friend.

Talk to God about THE OTHER SHEEP paper and the other sheep that the paper represents.

Dues

Pay your dues at the beginning of the year, as much as possible, and

then you can have the time for the rest of the year to enjoy study and prayer in your group meetings.

A GOAL GETTER

I spent some time in Topeka, Kansas, recently. With apologies to the Topcka, Kansas, N.Y.P.S. I pass on this poem—

A goal-getter goes till he gets
What he goes for.
A goal-getter goes till he reaps
What he sows for.
He fixes a goal and resolves
When he sets it
That the way to the goal is
To go till he gets it.



1951 GOALS AND QUOTAS

Let's get down to brass tacks and face the facts. If we succeed in reaching our quadrennial goals, each district must succeed in reaching its quota. The membership quotas given below are based on a 25 per cent increase of the total membership reported in 1950. The goal for readers is based on 50 per cent of your total membership in 1951, assuming that you reached your membership quota.

District	Total Members Reported in 1950	Membership Gain Necessary	Goal Total Members 1951	Quota for Readers 1951
Abilene	1,173*	293	1,466	733
Akron	3,250	813	4,063	2,032
Alabama	1,039	260	1,299	650
Albany	883	221	1,104	552
Arizona	642	161	803	402
Arkansas	1,294	324	1,618	809
British Isles	674	169	843	422
Canada West	1,096	274	1,370	685
Central Ohio	2,851	713	3,564	1,782
Chicago Central	1,246	312	1,558	779
Colorado	1,451	363	1,814	907
Dallas	1,010	253	1,263	632
East Michigan	1,538	385	1,923	962
Eastern Oklahoma	1,503	380	1,883	942
East Tennessee	851	213	1,064	532
Florida	1,329	332	1,661	831
Georgia	1,036	259	1,295	648
Houston	875	219	1,094	547
Idaho-Oregon	1,511	378	1,889	945
Illinois	2,216	554	2,770	1,385
Indianapolis	2,222	556	2,778	1,389
Iowa	1,641	410	2,051	1,026
Kansas	1,905	476	2,381	1,191
Kansas City	1,756	439	2,195	1,098
Kentucky	1,920	480	2,400	1,200
Los Angeles	2,229	557	2,786	1,393
Louisiana	990	248	1,238	619
Maritime	280	70	350	175
Michigan	1,628	407	2,035	1,018
Minnesota	707	177	884	442
Mississippi	435	109	544	272
Missouri	1,534	384	1,918	959
Nebraska	787	197	984	492
Nevada-Utah	209	52	261	131
New England	1,886	472	2,358	1,179
New Mexico	468	117	585	293
New York	727	182	909	455
North Carolina	718	180	898	449
Northern California	2,848	712	3,560	1,780
North Dakota	483	121	604	302
Northeastern Indiana	2,920	730	3,650	1,825
Northwest	1,351	338	1,689	845
Northwestern Illinois	1,020	255	1,275	638
Northwest Indiana	1,473	368	1,841	921

Northwest Oklahoma	1,394	349	1,743	872
Ontario	560	140	700	350
Oregon Pacific	1,974	494	2,468	1,234
Pittsburgh	2,077	519	2,596	1,298
Rocky Mountain	547	137	684	342
San Antonio	829	207	1,036	518
South Carolina	680	170	850	425
South Dakota	214	54	268	134
Southern California	2,070	518	2,588	1,294
Southwest Indiana	2,115	529	2,644	1,322
Southwest Oklahoma	1,164	291	1,455	728
Tennessee	1,398	350	1,748	874
Virginia	704	176	880	440
Washington Pacific	1,098	275	1,373	687
Wash.-Philadelphia	2,752	688	3,440	1,720
Western Ohio	3,092	773	3,865	1,933
West Virginia	2,228	557	2,785	1,393
Wisconsin	840	210	1,050	525
N. American Indian	70	18	88	44

*All 1950 membership figures given above include both W.F.M.S. and C.M.S.

FROM THE SECRETARY'S MAILBAG



This very urgent request for prayer came a bit too late to get in the regular prayer request list; but I pass it on to you, for it is a pressing need. Mrs. Pitts of the Philippines writes:

"Our most urgent need aside from the salvation of souls, which of course all of us feel, is that of getting land for putting our buildings upon. It is very difficult to secure land with clear titles. The fact that records were lost during the war does not help any. We do feel desperately a need for others to help us pray."

APOLOGIES, MISSOURI!

The following report was referred to me in September. I am very sorry indeed that this report was lost in the "shuffle" on the secretary's desk. I'll try not to let it happen again, Missouri.

The Twenty-eighth Annual Convention of the Missouri District W.F.M.S. convened August 7 and 8 at the

District Campgrounds, Fredericktown, Missouri.

God's Spirit was manifest in many ways as the convention progressed under the capable leadership of our district president, Mrs. J. W. Hoffert.

Mrs. Hoffert gave her annual report to the convention Tuesday afternoon. The wonderful vote of confidence given her in the election is indicative of the united spirit in the district W.F.M.S. work.

The Spirit-filled messages of Dr. Howard Hamlin challenged us to greater prayer for our missionaries, especially in the Orient.

The convention closed with a prayer and determination to make the coming year the best in the history of missions on the Missouri District.

MRS. EMMA R. BECKMAN,

District Superintendent of Publicity

There's a Way

Many interesting and touching letters come to my desk. Last October I received a letter with a ten-dollar check enclosed, with the following explanation:

"For a long time I haven't been strong and have had to hire a lot of my housework and washing done. On

weeks when I'm able to help do my washing I put the money saved away for missions. And I do praise God for the strength He gives me. How I do love the work of missions and wish I could do ever so much more!"

Los Angeles District Midyear Convention

Convention day, November 9, was a "red letter" day for the Los Angeles District W.F.M.S. The music was uplifting and the speakers challenged us to increased endeavor for the cause of missions.

The station wagon, "Casa Robles," presented to the Missionary Home by the societies of the Los Angeles and Southern California districts, was on display.

ALABASTER CORNER

Alabaster money has already been sent to the respective fields for the projects listed below (as of March 7, 1951). In some cases Alabaster Funds have provided the entire amount needed for the project; in other cases only a portion of the needed money has been taken from Alabaster Funds:

We hope to have pictures of many of these buildings when construction is completed.

1. African Hospital Expansion
2. Home for Missionary in Guatemala
3. Mexican Work in Phoenix
4. Missionary Home in Japan
5. Georgetown Church in British Guiana
6. Bible School in Guatemala
7. District Property in Trinidad
8. Chapel and Living Quarters in San Luis, Southwest Mexican District
9. Institute Church Parsonage, Texas-Mexican District
10. Chapel in Nicaragua
11. Church in Jalapa, South Mexican District
12. Building Needs at the Bible Institute, San Antonio
13. Army Hut in Fingal, Australia
14. Repairs and Rebuilding of Our Compound in Manjacaze, Portuguese East Africa, which was leveled by flood and tornado
15. Church in Witbank, Africa
16. Dispensary in Protea, Africa
17. Missionary Home, Naboomspruit, Africa
18. Church in Senahu, Guatemala
19. Church in Tamahu, Guatemala
20. Church in Laredo, Texas
21. Bible School Property in Cuba
22. Chapel at Five Rivers, Trinidad
23. Church in El Cayo, British Honduras
24. Parsonage for Hall's Road Church at Barbados
25. Parsonage Fund, Barbados, to be matched by an equal amount in Barbados
26. Bible School Property Improvements, Indian School, Lindrieth, New Mexico
27. Furniture for a Cottage in Casa Robles
28. Damascus School, Syria
29. Chapel in Baguio City, Philippine Islands
30. Chapel in San Juan, Second Church, Puerto Rico
31. American Indian District—Winslow, Lehi, and Ponca
32. Chinese Church, Los Angeles, California
33. San Luis, Sonora, Mexico—to help rebuild after the fire

My Alabaster Prayer

DEAR LORD:

*My alabaster box I bring to Thee—
A lesser gift, as You can see,
Than Mary brought, of old, to You
Of spikenard rare, and costly too.
Because of love I bring it, Lord.
I cannot a costly gift afford.
Like Mary's, may its ointment be
A sweet perfume, dear Lord, for Thee.*

AMEN.

—LAURA RAISOR

Prayer and Fasting

HIGHLIGHTS



Our Lord is endeavoring to save us as individuals and as a nation. We have the prescription in II Chronicles 7:14. Read for yourselves.

Prayer and Fasting receipts for 1950—\$195,990.38.

Prayer and Fasting League members in 1950—66,791.

Let's keep praying.

Let's keep giving.

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



BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE

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

HELLO AGAIN, BOYS AND GIRLS!

How are all of you Juniors these beautiful spring days? Up here in New England we're doubly happy after a cold, snowy time in the early spring.



Here's somebody else who looks happy too. This is the picture of Moses Morales, the son of Dr. and Mrs. Morales, down in Mexico. He was nine years old a while back, and he's dressed up as a *charro*, something like our cowboys. It must be one of their dress-up suits; don't you think so? It looks as if Mexican boys love to play cowboy as much as you boys do up here in the U.S.A. ★

Moses' father is a doctor, and also he's district treasurer of the Southern District of our church down in Mexico. His mother was the president of

the district W.F.M.S. for quite a while. So you see he has parents who love God and our church and missions. They dedicated their son to the Lord when he was born, and they have asked us to pray that God will keep this boy and, if He wills, use him in His service someday. Now he is in the Methodist College down there and he's doing fine work. They must have classes there for younger boys.

We haven't studied about Mexico in our Junior Societies for a long time, but we don't want you to think that our church is doing nothing down there. We have two fine districts in Mexico and many churches with trained Mexican pastors. Then we have two Mexican districts down in the southwest part of our country on the border of Mexico, and a fine training school for young Mexican preachers.

Those of you who live in the Southwest meet many Mexican people. These people, many of whom do not speak our language, have not had the teaching that we have had about what Jesus Christ can do for us. When they do hear it, and begin to read the Bible, many of them become wonderful Christians. Sometimes they are so earnest and active in their service to God and the church that it puts us to shame.

So let us pray for all the missionaries and workers among the Mexican people here and over in Old Mexico, and always, as young Christians here, be especially kind to those who may not have so many friends, and those who find it hard to learn our language. In that way you may win some of these boys and girls to Jesus. When these Mexican young people, especially over in Old Mexico, really give their hearts to Christ and are converted, some of them go through very hard persecution. But God gives them great courage, and as they stand true in the midst of hard trials they win others to Christ. We believe young Moses Morales will be a real Christian soldier.

And you too—you're going to be faithful Juniors; aren't you?

Lots of love from your "Big Sister,"

MARY E. COVE

Missionary Incentives

“There appeared unto them cloven tongues” (Acts 2:3).

GOD’S HOUR came at the Feast of Pentecost. The Holy Spirit fell upon the waiting disciples, purifying their hearts and empowering them for service. It is fitting indeed that the Feast of Pentecost, which was kept in remembrance of the giving of the law upon Mount Sinai, should be the day for the beginning of the new era. The promulgation of the evangelical law to every creature is to supplement the idea of the law given to one nation.

Speaking with other tongues on the Day of Pentecost signified the fulfilling of the Great Commission. They were to preach the gospel to every creature, to disciple all nations. However, there was an insuperable difficulty at the very threshold. They could not speak the various languages of the people represented. To prove that Christ could give authority to preach to all nations, He gave ability on this occasion to preach to the various peoples in their own languages.

The cloven tongues which appeared unto them in the Upper Room were given to signify that God would through them divide unto all nations the knowledge of His grace. They also indicate the large place which human speech must occupy in the dispensation of the gospel. Dr. J. W. Goodwin said, “When the heart has been made free through this fiery baptism, the symbol of tongues aflame with holy fire to carry the glad news seems most striking.”

May the prayer of Bishop Spangenberg, Wesley’s first Moravian teacher, yet become a reality:

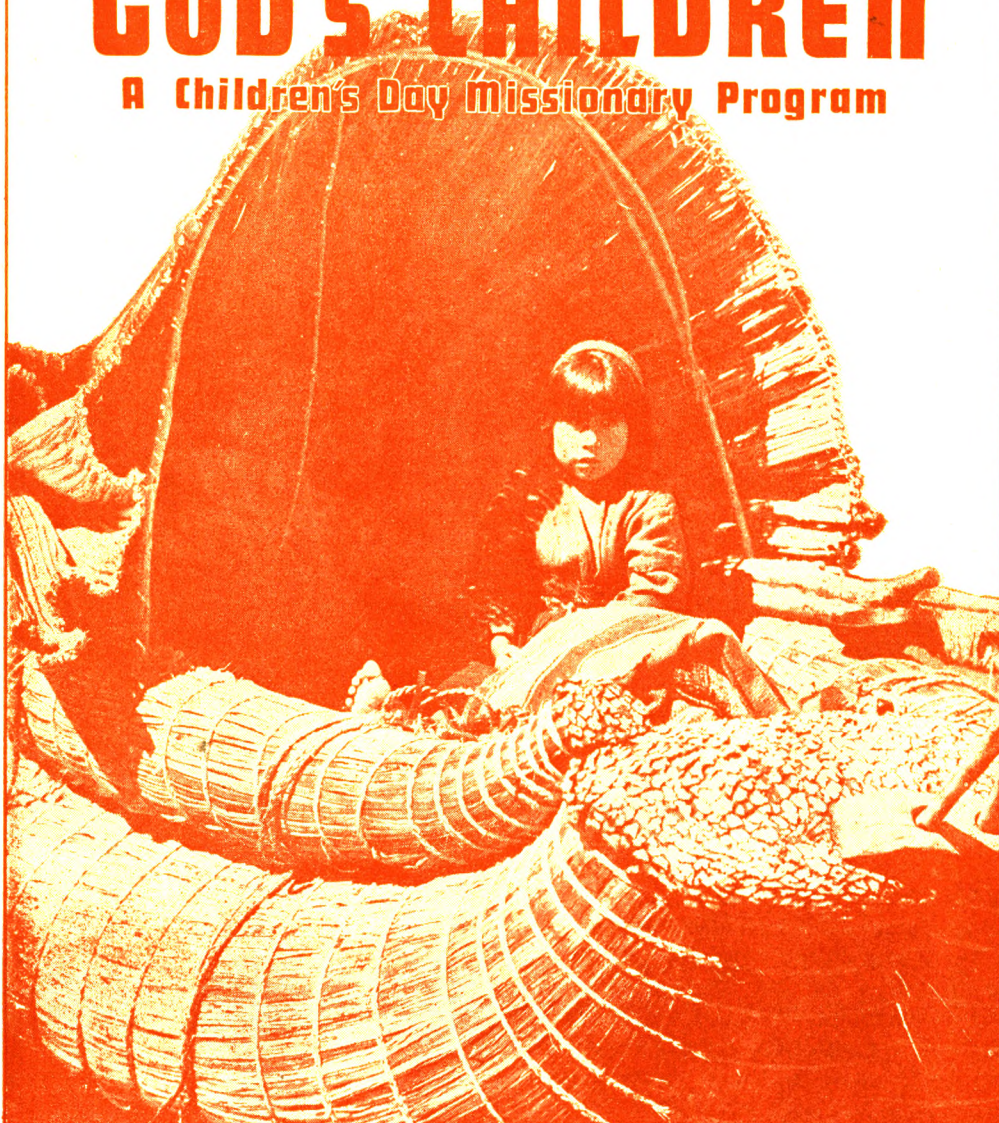
*O Spirit of the Lord, all life is Thine;
Now fill Thy Church with life and power divine,
That many children may be born to Thee,
And spread Thy knowledge like the boundless sea,
To Christ’s great praise.*

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All **GOD'S CHILDREN**

A Children's Day Missionary Program



Compiled by Grace Chapman Ramquist