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OTHER SHEEP

Corozal

By Mrs. Louise R. Chapman

*Corozal, dark Corozal,
Heaven's light shall shine on thee;
Corozal, dark Corozal,
Christ hath ransomed thee.*

THESE WORDS have gone over and over in my mind since the night we visited Corozal. A little town, beautiful for location, on the very northern tip of British Honduras is Corozal. In front of her are the blue waters of the Atlantic Ocean. Above her wave stately palms and pretty tropical trees. Around and about her everywhere twine the many bright-colored Bougainvillea.

Her people are of many bloods—East Indian, American Indian, and African, all mixed with lighter blood or unmixed. About two thousand people live in the town of Corozal. Many more come from the hundreds of little palm-thatched huts that line the roads leading into this seaport town. A score or more of surrounding Indian villages add to her numbers. These all wait in midnight darkness for the coming of the light.

They had pitched a tent on a vacant lot. The people gathered in from villages, country, and town. One very old man walked a mile and a half and another man over seventy-one years of age rode seventeen miles on a bicycle. They filled the tent and walled it in with rows of standing visitors. There were over five hundred present. What a fine looking crowd of people they were! I was deeply moved by the rows of intelligent, clean-looking young men who might, if given the opportunity, learn to support and build Nazarene churches all over that needy district.

God met with us that night. The people joined heartily in singing and trying to sing. They listened attentively and responded readily. When given an opportunity, they moved forward to the altar. At least fifty people came to seek God for a definite experience. One whole bench full of Indian men, for the first time in their lives, knelt at the altar of prayer. Many of those bright-faced young men were among the seekers. Men, women, and children together wept and prayed.

But the tent was taken down. The missionaries returned to their stations, and the people went alone to their homes. There is no resident missionary in all that dark land. We have no property there. It made me weep to leave them with their deep soul needs when such wonderful provision has been made for their supply.

I will never forget Corozal. Upon every remembrance of her, sadness will fill my heart, until the day comes when we can give her a resident missionary and help her build a church building, until her sons and daughters are in our Bible school answering God's call and her people great and small have the light of the world in their town. That day will be God's great day for Corozal.

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

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Mountain Peaks

AS ONE drives along the Continental Divide, crossing and recrossing at an altitude of 7,000 feet, approximately one hundred and twenty miles north of Albuquerque, New Mexico, a sign presently comes into view which reads *Nazarene Indian School*.

It was here that Indian workers and delegates gathered from Oklahoma, Arizona, New Mexico, and California for their seventh annual district assembly on June 6 and 7.

The assembly was blessed by splendid special singing. An Indian choir from the Tucson mission and numerous solos, duets, and quartets in both English and the various Indian dialects inspired all who were privileged to attend.

Gains reported by the district superintendent, Rev. D. Swarth, the Indian workers, and the statistical secretary indicated a very successful year. The following facts will illustrate:

1. Only one church failed to raise its district budget in full.
2. The General Budget was overpaid by \$621.
3. The total raised for all purposes was \$14,191, an increase of \$1,516.
4. Property improvements were made at Winslow, Lehi, Twin Butte, Needles, Winterhaven, Low Mountain, and Tucson.

Services were characterized by a sense of the Spirit's presence. Rev. Amos Komah, ordained Indian elder, stated that the few days had been like a camp meeting. How the Lord did bless as workers gave their reports! It was indeed a "mountain peak" of blessing.

The following day on the same mountain the Board of Directors of the Indian Training School held its second annual meeting.

It was encouraging to note the progress which had been made. Three days ago 480 acres were purchased on the Great Divide for \$1,000. Today there are nine modest buildings. (See back page.)

The Board of Directors elected annually by the General Board, Rev. R. C. Gunstream, Rev. Mark

Moore, Rev. M. L. Mann, Rev. G. H. Pearson, Rev. D. Swarth, and the foreign missions secretary, found it necessary last year to restrict the student body to thirty students because of limited dormitory space. The quota was easily filled as the Indian students came from New York, Michigan, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona, and Montana.

On Friday, June 9, the Board of Directors enjoyed a very profitable meeting. Reports and plans evidenced wise leadership and diligent effort. Dr. C. Warren Jones was re-elected superintendent and the following staff members approved: Rev. A. H. Eggleston, principal, Mrs. A. H. Eggleston, Rev. and Mrs. V. R. Metzger, and Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Wheeler. The Board of Directors left the school feeling that a "peak" meeting had been enjoyed. Days ahead are bright for this new Bible training center for Indian workers.

Traveling some two hundred and fifty miles, we came to another mountain peak. The Ramah mission, located about twelve miles from Ramah, New Mexico, is situated on a plateau approximately 7,200 feet above sea level. Only a few years ago this work was started among the Navajo Indians, but it leads the district in attendance and self-support. This indicates the responsiveness of the Navajos and the splendid work of Rev. and Mrs. E. H. Timmer, who began the work, and Rev. and Mrs. G. H. Pearson, who carry it on today. The Sunday-school session began at 11:00 a.m., and the regular service was held at 2:00 p.m. When we left at 4:00 p.m. for a service in Winslow, they still wanted to hear the reports of the assembly delegates. It is their practice to meet each Sabbath day from 11:00 a.m. until 5:00 p.m. They listen eagerly, sing beautifully, participate readily, and give promise of truly great advancement. It was a joy to visit a few hogans, the council house, and trading post. It was a pleasure to meet Sheppie Martine, a converted medicine man, who is the Sunday-school superintendent, and Robert Pino, a converted silversmith, who inter-

preted the message to his people. However, the "peak" blessing came as we witnessed the people worshipping God in the modest chapel missionary dollars had constructed. They had traveled many miles on horseback or in wagons to attend the service. The work of the Ramah mission is most inspiring.

After a profitable service at the Winslow mission where Rev. and Mrs. Charles Scrivner are doing a splendid work and where we met the Indian lady who secured over seventy of the one hundred and sixty-six subscriptions to *The Other Sheep* which were recently obtained in an unusually successful campaign, we journeyed north deep into Navajo-land to Low Mountain.

This was an experience! Rev. Decker Yazzie met us at Keems Canyon and directed the way across the mountain through the wagon trails to the new mission which has been opened during the past few months. This country is both primitive and isolated, but is beautiful beyond our ability to describe. The people are untouched by modern modes and methods; but worse, there are no gospel message, no medical aid within reasonable reach, and no schools. We were astounded and overcome. There is nothing to say except, "Oh, what a harvest field! What an opportunity! Such need! What stalwart and responsive people!" May the God of high heaven help Brother and Sister Yazzie! It would be a pleasure to labor at their sides, but that is impossible. However, we can help by praying and supporting the General Budget.

May we share with you a portion of Brother Yazzie's report concerning this work.

"During the month of March our station was made a voting office for two days, where all our people that live in the vicinity could vote for their leaders of the Navajo Tribal Council. Otherwise, they would have gone twenty-five to thirty miles to vote, and most of them would never have voted due to the lack of transportation.

"And then during these drought seasons about every month the government sends out the relief supplies, and to make sure that our people of the Low Mountain area receive some supplies they made our station a relief supply distribution center. Every family received supplies and they were all happy. If it weren't for the Lord's leading us to this place, they would have to go so far for supplies that some would not receive government aid and they would never have heard the Word of God.

"Our outstation is Goldtooth, but we haven't been able to visit very much during last winter. Mr. Frank Goldtooth has been writing to us and saying, 'Please hurry and come to build the mission for my people.'

"Every five years the Navajo Council can grant the privilege to missionaries to open mission sta-

tions in the Navajo reservations. For that reason we asked the Navajo Councilmen to grant to us two pieces of land. After some consideration and discussion of the land and country, they soon found out that those two places we asked for were the neglected areas. They said that Low Mountain was so rough and steep that it was impossible for any vehicles to get through to those people. At Goldtooth it was about the same thing. They said, 'Go ahead. You can have both places and do what you can for your people.'

These "mountain peak" experiences have made a deep impression. Two conclusions have been drawn: (1) The Indian Bible Training School must be maintained to train Indian workers; and (2) unlimited opportunities on the North American Indian District should cause earnest prayer to ascend to the throne in behalf of these workers.



Prayer Requests

PRAY Here are some attendance reports from Curacao sent by Sr. N. Garcia.

Valentijn S.S.	60
Scharlo	150
Palo Blanco	27
Barrak 17	10

Let us pray much for our Nazarenes in Suffisant and the other parts of Curacao. They need help and encouragement.

NOTE: Curacao is an island west of Trinidad.

PRAY God is moving in Peru. More and more workers must be trained for the fast-ripening harvest fields all about us. Some weeks ago we made a trip to the north to hold several services. In a small home in a new town we had some sixty Christians. The leader himself has been saved less than two years. He has a small mine in the mountain section of Avabaca. Through the years this place has been most fanatical and has resisted all efforts to enter it with the gospel. This brother wants us to visit him up there to hold services. Perhaps here is the key to entrance of the gospel into this stronghold of backwardness and superstition. Pray that God may lead in this matter.

—IRA AND LUCILE TAYLOR, *Peru*

PRAY Are you still praying earnestly for Africa? The time is short, the harvest ripe, and the laborers all too few. You who labor with us in the soul-saving business by upholding us daily in prayer are truly the backbone of this mission work. May God bless you daily as you intercede for the lost of Africa.

The Transvaal Bible School will open officially in August at Acornhoek for the Shangaans and Sothos. The native Christians are supplying the necessary beginning buildings with their missionary society offerings this year, and Rev. and Mrs. Mischke are prepared to teach; but we must have students. Keep on praying that God will call native men and women to preach the gospel to their own people. We need preachers! The territory is too big for one man to hope to be the evangelist and pastor, too, and reach the thousands in this area. All of the Transvaal needs preachers.

—WESLEY AND BILLIE ANN MEEK, *Africa*

PRAY Molly Ray took sick on May 1 and her appendix ruptured. The condition existed for twenty-six hours before proper diagnosis could be made and the operation begun. For days it was a tossup as to how she would come through.

On the night of her most desperate state Molly asked me to pray for her. There seemed to be very little to say, and I was suffering as though there were no hope. But imagination brought to my mind thousands of Nazarenes earnestly praying for God's blessing upon the missionaries for just such an emergency as existed in our immediate case. What our beloved church means in a moment like that cannot be expressed in words. And really I was resolved that if Molly could slip through that great net of prayer surely and unmistakably it could be nothing other than God's will.

—DAVID BROWNING, *British Honduras*

Pray Pray Pray Pray Pray

Have You Tried Them?

If you have not yet discovered how fascinating and informative the slide sets of our mission fields can be, why not try them? Sets are available from the following fields:

India	Africa
Mexico	Japan
Nicaragua	Guatemala

Write: DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN MISSIONS
2923 TROOST AVENUE
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Birthday Offerings

IT HAS BEEN SAID that "trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." This is certainly true in connection with the world evangelism program of the church.

Each minute contribution is significant. The Sunday-school children who gave their birthday pennies were having a very important share in the winning of the heathen. Of course, the fifty-cent pieces given by the adults must not be overlooked.

During the 1950-51 fiscal year which ended on April 30, the birthday offerings sent to Kansas City totaled \$32,022.76. All of this money has been used to enable national workers to carry the gospel to their own people.

Do not fail to place your birthday offering in the Sunday-school bank. This work is tremendously important. One hundred per cent co-operation would bring a surprising amount to be used for the great program of the church. This is no trifle! Give your birthday offering!

Is There a Harvest?

THESE ARE indeed harvest days. August begins the ingathering of grain, which will last in its varied phases until the winter months begin. The front cover is typical of the experience of many in the great wheat sections. Truly the harvest is plenteous.

However, we are thinking of a different and far more significant kind of harvest. Is there a harvest of souls on the mission fields?

From recent missionaries' letters we have gleaned an answer to this question.

"We are having revivals over this district in Northern Swaziland. God is giving an increase. In one of our smaller churches (outstations) last week twenty-three heathen were saved. It was a glorious meeting. Here on the main station we just closed a fine revival with more heathen in the services than at any time since I have been in Africa."—H. IRENE JESTER.

"A letter from one of our workers tells of a visit to a village not reached before. Seven families were won to Christ and several others were convinced of the truth of the gospel."—R. C. INGRAM.

"India is wide-open. The Hindus are being reached. Most of our recent camp seekers were Hindus."—HAZEL LEE.

The abundance of the harvest of grain should evidence itself in the spiritual harvest. The fields are white! Reapers stand ready! Support is required! Give as God has prospered you.

An Epoch-Making Open-Air Service

By C. Warren Jones, D.D.

THE PLACE where the service is held is always a matter of importance. This is true, whether it is in a beautiful temple, an ordinary church building, a tabernacle, a tent, a brush-arbor, or in the open air. During the ministry of Jesus, He sometimes entered into the synagogue; but many of His services were by the seaside, on the mountainside, or just out in the open air where the crowd was assembled. He was always able to adjust himself to the circumstances of the immediate present.

In the closing days of His ministry He looked forward to and planned for Pentecost. He arranged for a certain upper room in Jerusalem. Seemingly He wanted a quiet place where the believers could be alone and where they would not be molested by those of the outside world. Here several days were to be spent in one of the most memorable services of all time. The time was to be spent in prayer and in praising God. There was to be nothing about the service that would be of interest to those of the world. The whole affair was to be of tremendous interest to the one hundred and twenty faithful followers that would gather, determined to carry out the last command of their Lord, the one which He made just before He ascended to the Father.

However, on the morning of His ascension, He gathered the disciples and a large number of the believers together. There is some evidence that the crowd numbered about five hundred. Jesus led them out of Jerusalem and started for the Ascension grounds. What a memorable march! He led them across the brook Kidron, passing near the Garden of Gethsemane and over the Mount of Olives. Passing over the summit, they approached the village of Bethany. Here in the cool of the morning with the sun hanging over the land of Moab and Mount Nebo, Jesus brought the procession to a halt for an open-air service, one that has been talked about for more than nineteen centuries.

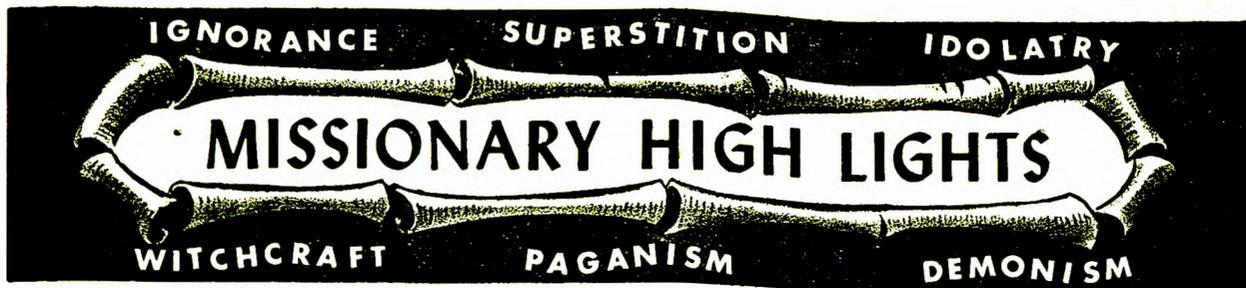
In Acts 1:4-11 we find the account of this service. The Speaker was Jesus Christ, and the crowd was made up of believers. Of course the eleven disciples were present. The message was the last one of our Lord while on earth, and that in itself marked it as important. It was a brief message, but that was characteristic of Jesus. He was able to say much in a few words. He began with a command "that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith he, ye have heard of me" (Acts 1:4). (Read Luke 24:49.) Very briefly He referred to the first

work of grace, "For John truly baptized with water." Of course, the disciples were still shortsighted. They still entertained hopes that He would restore the kingdom to Israel. He brushed the matter aside by saying that it was wholly in the hands of the Father. He called their attention to the baptism of the Holy Ghost. He told them that for them Pentecost was the next station, and that was to be followed by their evangelizing the world. "And ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judaea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." This telling them of their world-wide task was immediately followed by the ascension of our Lord.

The Lord started this service and gave forth His message, but He did not close the service. He began to ascend. As the Lord was enveloped by a cloud, "two men stood by them in white apparel" (Acts 1:10). These men have often been referred to as angels. The Scripture says that they were men. We do not know, but we like to think of these two men as Moses and Elijah. Who they were is not important. They came down from heaven to witness the Ascension, close the service, and add to the message of our Lord. "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven" (Acts 1:11). Thus, these heavenly messengers spoke, and that most emphatically, concerning the second coming of the Lord. There is no doubt that the two men departed at once and the believers started for the Upper Room in Jerusalem.

In this swiftly-moving panorama, two great promises were made, one by the Lord and one by the two men in white apparel. The first promise was fulfilled within ten days, while the second remains an unfulfilled promise. However, the Lord will return and His coming is not far distant. When He comes is in the hands of the Father. We can trust our Heavenly Father to get Him back on time.

That which is of the utmost concern at the present time is that the Church of the Nazarene meet the challenge and help to complete the task which was wedged in between Pentecost and His second coming. The Church has had nineteen hundred years to work, and the task is far from being completed. Living now in the late Saturday night of this age, let us stir ourselves. Let us pray and give and work in order to fulfill the last command that our Lord gave us in that marvelous, epoch-making open-air service on the Mount of Olives. He is expecting us to do our very best. We must not disappoint Him.



An Inside View of Puerto Rico

By Paul R. Orjala*

BY A curious twist of events we missionaries to Haiti found ourselves in Puerto Rico. We had been caught in the gap between the customary procedure and the letter of the law in the process of procuring our permanent residence visas for Haiti, and we found it necessary to hurry out of Haiti just ahead of the immigration officials and proceed to the nearest point of United States owned territory to continue negotiations from there.

We found a hearty welcome and warm Latin hospitality in the home of Rev. and Mrs. Lebron Velazquez. We soon lost the "refugee" feeling as we found avenues of limited service in preaching and speaking (with Rev. Lebron interpreting) together with organ playing. When we arrived we were afraid our college Spanish had vanished beyond recall, what with the expulsive power of additional linguistic studies intervening. But we were soon surprised to discover the tentative return of our Spanish comprehension, though conversation remained painfully slow. We soon developed enough courage to start a class to teach some of the young people to read music for the improvement of the choir.

During these weeks of waiting for our visas we have had opportunity to get well acquainted with our Puerto Rican Nazarenes. In addition to speaking to them and playing for them, we have had the privilege of worshiping with them, talking with them before and after church services, and visiting in their homes. We have been able to observe the tireless work of Rev. and Mrs. Lebron, which has resulted in an island-wide recognition and countless new opportunities for the gospel.

Our missionary work in Puerto Rico is itself unique among Nazarene missions in that it is rapidly reaching indigenous proportions. The

economic status of Puerto Rican Nazarenes is such that within a few years they may be able to assume full financial responsibility. San Juan First Church has reached this point and is also sponsoring a self-supporting grammar school, *Colegio del Nazareno*, with classes through the fourth grade. As each new congregation increases in its own support, budget money is released for the establishment of new churches in other parts of the island.

Typical of the type of work Rev. Lebron hopes to develop throughout the island is the church in Ponce, the second largest city. We were privileged to speak at an anniversary service with standing room only in the church hall and a large crowd outside on the sidewalk. The present congregation is little more than a year old. Starting with five members, Angel Raphael Hernandez, the present pastor, has increased the membership to forty-five within one year, and he has forty-five additional candidates ready to be baptized and received into the church. The large number of visiting people and ministers from many other denominations at the anniversary services testifies to the reputation of the Church of the Nazarene in Ponce.

The Church of the Nazarene is the only organized holiness body in Puerto Rico, and it is widely known for its spiritual leadership. We spoke with one young man after a service who was a youth leader in a church of another denomination. He said that he had to come to the Church of the Nazarene to find out about the work of the Holy Spirit. The Christian character and consecration of the people, the spirit of the services, and the souls at the altar finding salvation and heart cleansing testify to the character of the work that Rev. and Mrs. Lebron are doing in Puerto Rico.

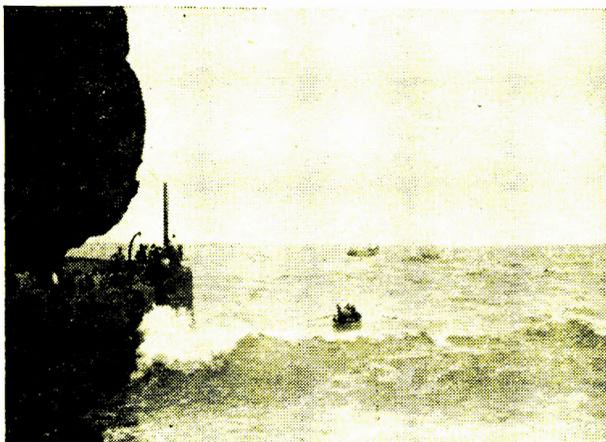
*Missionary to Haiti

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Povoacao

By Everett Howard

Cape Verde Islands



Landing on the shore of Saint Anthony. The little ship on the right in the distance is our "Boas Novas" ("Good News").

THE VOYAGE to St. Anthony was difficult and landing on the coast most dangerous, but in the midst of the revival that followed we forgot all the trials. Every service was blessed. Our ex-priest, Luiz Cunha, preached with perfect liberty and set the whole village on fire with his message, "Once I Was Blind, but Now I See." What he "saw" after coming to Christ was wonderful, but an atomic blow at the foundations of Roman idolatry.

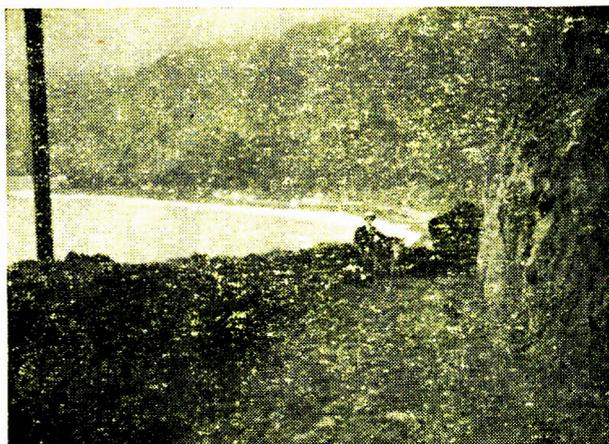
People came from everywhere. Long before the time the crowd was at the door. Some walked twenty miles every day to attend services, often coming through the rain with no sign of a raincoat—or any other kind of coat. They returned up those long, stony, and dangerous trails in the Egyptian-like darkness. Such love I have never seen!

The last Sunday I had the thrill of baptizing thirty-five new people and receiving them into fellowship. Who wouldn't want to be a missionary?

Our pastors, Ilidio and Constanca Silva, are wonderful nationals. They almost spoil their missionaries with kindness. For example, there in my bedroom was an electric light hooked up with a battery—something unheard of before. In the morning I found hot water in a cement tank with a faucet

over the wash pan. A perfectly "modern" arrangement set up just for this occasion! He preaches holiness and has a solid, spiritual church. Please join us in prayer for his health. He has something in his lungs that may be serious, and we cannot afford to lose this young man.

During the revival a young businessman who had been converted some months before remained along with others to seek the blessing of holiness. He prayed earnestly for an hour. Then



Everett Howard and his mule entering the village of Povoacao, Saint Anthony. This donkey trail runs half-way around this island, and the only mode of transportation is by mules or donkeys.

we went carefully over his consecration, but nothing seemed to come up that could hinder; so we had another round of prayer. Finally around midnight our friend came through shouting with both hands in the air saying, "Lord, I promise never to sell tobacco again," and then the heavenly fire fell. Now "Napoleon" is a Nazarene businessman—and he doesn't sell tobacco any more!



The village of Povoacao, where our Church of the Nazarene is located on the Island of Saint Anthony.

On Reading

"Letters of Esther Carson Winans"

By Lyle Prescott

I read a story of sacrifice,
Then turned to look upon my way.
It was so calm, so filled, so nice,
I fled to Calvary to pray.

I read of one far worthier than I,
And richly endowed in mind,
Who joyfully went forth to die,
After years of solitude, pain, and grind.

I knelt real low beside my place,
Too 'shamed to pray aloud;
And in my heart I saw Christ's face
And how beneath a cross He bowed.

O Jesus, King of Calvary,
Crowned with blood and thorn,
Help me live sacrificially,
That souls Thy crown adorn!

"And the Rain Descended"

By Marjorie Carter

India

THE LAST FEW days we have been having showers in Mahableshwar, where we are studying Marathi in the language school. Mahableshwar is a small hill station located on the crest of the Western Ghats about forty or fifty miles from the Arabian Sea. It is said that Mahableshwar is the Queen of the Western Ghats. The name Mahableshwar means "great power God." One is forced to think of God's great power when looking upon the majestic mountains and the beautiful scenery visible from this place.

Since our being in India cloudy days have been so scarce because we are just now looking forward to our first rainy season here. The rains come with the Southwest Monsoon, beginning on the coast first and gradually spreading inland over the rest of the country. So the time they arrive here is an indication of when to expect them on the plains, since they arrive there some weeks later. I'm sure this news is welcome to those on the dry, barren, scorching plains. The first showers have come and they have been refreshing. At some times they are sudden little

showers, and at other times these feathery clouds seem to just settle down upon us with a slow, steady condensation and it seems that everything becomes saturated with its moisture. But in a few weeks the rain will be literally pouring from the skies, as the annual rainfall is 266 inches here, 95 per cent of which falls between June and September. These few showers assure us that more will be coming.

Also, in recent days there has been another kind of shower—but one that also indicates the downpour which is to follow. It is a spiritual shower. What a unique privilege we have of studying with almost a hundred other missionaries from the United States, Canada, England, Scotland, Australia, New Zealand, Norway, Sweden, and perhaps other countries! There are ministers, teachers, doctors, nurses, and other trained workers, but all with one purpose of bringing the story of Jesus Christ to the people of India. In spite of the fact that we are from many denominations and different homelands there has been an unusual spirit of unity among us. One can sense the spirit of sincere worship in our daily chapel services, the midweek prayer meeting, and in the Sunday services. There has been much common concern for a revival in our midst that would reach out to all of this area of India. Our common purposes and our love for Christ have drawn us together in a strong bond of fellowship. Before Christ in our worship together every line of demarcation seems so distant from our minds.

Yes, the showers of God's blessings are falling, bringing a refreshing touch to our souls and causing new growth to spring forth. The soul-searching messages given in the six special services last week by an experienced missionary could have been inspired only by God. Our hearts were deeply stirred and, as if in one accord, we all fell at His feet for that reviving touch and power that we need so much to serve Him here. This reviving doesn't seem to be coming as a sudden shower that will quickly pass on. It seems to be hovering over the group as one of the feathery, moisture-saturated clouds with its peaceful, lasting effects.

As the name Mahableshwar means "great power God," so may His Holy Spirit descend upon each missionary here in the dynamic power which compels us forth prepared in heart as well as in language to give our utmost for His sake. Since we have already witnessed the beginnings in the slow, steady shower from above, pray that we shall receive the great downpour which in turn will spread across the whole of India. There is a great harvest standing ready for the gleaner's hand. Our time is so short! Pray for this language school!

By Joseph S. Pitts

THE IGOROTS are mountain people of northern Luzon. There are five tribes and Baguio is the heart of the Benguet tribe, a very peaceful people. Some of the tribes farther north are fierce, and in times of tribal wars are accused of head-hunting.

I have been told that 80 per cent of the Igorots are still heathen. Only about 20 per cent have been won either by Catholics or Protestants. Often I have wondered about their heathen religions. Yesterday we had an opportunity of observing for ourselves. One Benguet couple attends our services, and the wife has been blessedly saved. This lady took us to an Igorot feast called *canyao*.

I had seen one before, standing on a high elevation looking down on a cluster of Igorot huts. But being a stranger, and having no interpreter, I could not understand what went on; nor did I dare venture too close, for fear I would make these natives angry.

But yesterday we were guests, being accompanied by this Igorot friend, who answered most of our questions and tried to explain everything.

This feast was paid for and sponsored by one man, who told me himself, speaking through an interpreter, that it was costing him about 8,000 pesos or \$4,000. For the feast yesterday, fourteen hogs were butchered and five carabao (water buffalo). Today and tomorrow more will be butchered. The feast will last three days and two nights. Igorots from five barrios were invited, and this invitation included all the Igorots living in those barrios. There was more meat than the people could eat, so that each family will be given about five pounds to take home as a gift. There was plenty of rice, sweet potatoes, and gabi (another root similar to sweet potatoes), together with an abundance of rice-wine and coffee. Tables were set under the trees and loaded down with these foods, and people were eating all day.

Some Igorot feasts are compulsory, but this one was voluntary and of the biggest sort. Igorots who could speak English expressed it as a "blowout." It is intended to create greater friendliness, neighborliness, peace, and good will among the people. It is an act of great hospitality on the part of the man who sponsored it. He will be due high honor and respect by his people, so that he may travel throughout his tribe without fear of harm.

An old woman, who was so wrinkled and dried up she looked like a witch, acted as the priestess, presiding over the religious ceremonies of the feast. Igorots have both priests and priestesses in their religion. They believe that the spirits choose those whom they want to represent them. When a young person is given to having dreams, peculiar fainting spells, and perhaps a serious sickness, then "soothsayers" from among the people single this one out as chosen by the spirits to be a priest or priestess.

Igorot "Can

The person so chosen cannot eat all the food the people eat. His food is specially prepared. In an interview afterwards with the priestess of this feast, she claimed she could not eat beef for three days.

Before the feast began, some of the relatives went to the cemetery for a ceremony in which they burned rice straw and drank rice-wine and prayed to their ancestors to come to this feast, for they were going to kill many animals, and desired their presence to enjoy it with them.

At the house the priestess stayed in a back room, where she prayed for about two hours, with natives beating long slim drums and brass cymbals, to increase the charms or effectiveness of her prayers. As she prayed, she would call out the name of one of the parents or grandparents, and exclaim that the spirit was present to enjoy the feast. Thus she called the roll of the ancestors until noon. The Igorots believe that their ancestors are their mediators between them and God. They pray to their ancestors and believe that their ancestors will intercede for them to the Great Spirit of God in asking God to bless them and forgive their sins and accept them when they die. The Igorots have no idols or images, no temples or fixed places of worship. Their religion centers largely around these feasts: feasts for the dead, feasts in times of serious sickness, and feasts like this one showing good will to all—and they are held in their homes, with the priest or priestess presiding.

A chicken was killed, cut up, boiled, placed on a platter, and taken in to the priestess, who offered it as a sacrifice to the spirits while she was praying.

Five hogs were tied and laid in front of the priestess' room. These five were sacrifices. No one at the feast ate any of these, although they were killed and butchered. We were told that after the feast was over the meat of these animals would be distributed among the Igorots who attend the feast.

When the priestess finished her prayers in the room, she came out to bless the hogs that were waiting to be sacrificed. She held two delicate bows and arrows, one in each hand. They were newly made of green withes. She bent over one of the hogs and pricked its side with the bows. This was to inoculate it with the blessings of God. Holding the bows and arrows against its side, she prayed that God would make the hogs holy for sacrifices, and then bless all the hogs and carabao of the owner and sponsor of the feast. Then she took the bows and arrows over to the fire under the great caldron where the meat was to be cooked for the feast.

Next she pulled a wad of bristles from the back of each of the hogs. Holding this, she squatted facing them and prayed again. This time she prayed that God would bless the hogs and carabaos of the

to" or Feast

Philippine Islands

owner and prosper him, so that he could again sponsor another *canyao* in the near future.

After this, a man with a sharp bolo cut a small slash in the right side of each hog, over its heart. Five men with sharp stakes (cut from limbs of trees, with the bark peeled off), at a given signal, jabbed these into the sides of the hogs where the skin had been cut. They pushed these sharp sticks clear into their hearts—pulling them out, and ramming them in, and twisting them about many times. The suffering the hogs endured was great, and their squeals were loud; but it soon died down, and all five lay still.

A large fire was burning about fifteen feet away. One by one these hogs were carried on poles and held over this fire to singe off their bristles. Cogon grass (a tall, heavy grass) was spread over the ground as a mat on which to butcher the hogs. It served to keep the hogs out of the dirt, and also as a kind of an altar on which to butcher the hogs.

The hogs were split open and their inwards removed. The blood was carefully scooped out of each carcass by hand into a vessel and taken into the house, where it was poured into the large clay pots containing the rice-wine. Afterward as the wine was served, an old lady would reach with her hand down to the bottom of the jar and scoop up some of the sacrificial blood, put it in a cup, then pour rice-wine over it until the cup was filled. This was served to the people to drink.

The man who gave the feast and his wife were the central figures of the next part of the ceremony. The wrinkled, shriveled-up little priestess squatted by the first hog. In the opened carcass she set two coconut shells containing rice-wine. The man held the foreleg of the hog; his wife held the other. The priestess took a very old, rusty spear, which she dipped in the blood of the hog in its opened carcass, and pointed it at the bared chest of the man. Holding it pointed right at his heart, she prayed that he would be made honest and honorable and freed or delivered from all sickness and disease. The Igorots believe that sickness and disease are caused, not by germs, but by the spirits, either as punishment for sin, or to awaken them to the fact that they want something done in their behalf. The wife bared her chest and the priestess prayed the same for her. Then the man drank one shellful of rice-wine and his wife drank the other.

One-half of one of the hogs was prepared in a certain way. All the skin was cut off from it. From around the eye, the skin was carefully cut away, so that the eyeball protruded. This half-hog was hung up over the door of the room where the priestess had prayed. We were told that this was to keep the

evil spirits away. Other portions of hog meat were hung around on the walls.

Outside, during all the feast, a dance was in progress. Two men with native drums sat to one side, beating them with their fingers. Those participating in the dance pranced, swerved, and circled round and round. Two men in the circle beat brass cymbals, and one beat together two pieces of iron. One man had two ceremonial blankets of the ancestors draped one over each shoulder, and a woman was dancing wrapped in an ancestral blanket. These two, with hands in the air, swerved and pranced to the beat of the drums and cymbals. Anyone could dance, provided he wore the ancestral blankets.

The drums and brass cymbals were the only semblance of music we heard during the feast until that night. The old people sat in little groups in the house. Many sat on the floor leaning against the walls. Some sat on benches. They had us sit on a bench in the center of the room. The priestess sat in one corner with a group of very old ladies around her until we requested that she come and sit by us and explain many things we were curious to know.

The people were smoking and drinking now profusely. Outside, young and old were dancing in several circles to the beating of the drums and cymbals—a monotonous drub-a-dub-dub with no variety to it. The man who sponsored the feast had drunk until he almost "passed out." He was sitting on the floor in the house, leaning against some woman. His wife still was quite sober, for it is their custom in such a feast for the wife to stay sober to look after her husband. She was doing a good job, quite often punching him in the side or slapping him to make him behave. About the room first one little group, then another would break out into a low, swaying, almost mournful tune, singing back and forth. We were told they were singing their sentiments to the family who gave the feast or singing to one another.

This was to continue all through the night and the next day. During the night they expected the spirits of the ancestors to enter into some who were quite drunk and take charge of their being, causing them to act in queer, outlandish ways.

As we sat or moved about among the people, our hearts were moved with compassion for the multitude. In spiritual darkness and superstition their hearts cry out to God. They realize there can be no forgiveness of sin without the shedding of blood. But can the sacrifice of chickens or hogs compare to the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, who is "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world"? Can the spirits of their ancestors, who were sinful as they, compare as a mediator to Jesus Christ, the sinless One, who is at the right hand of the Father interceding for us?

We covet the prayers of Christian people everywhere, that God may give us wisdom in ministering to these people who grope in spiritual darkness.

Ants for the Master's Harvest Field

By Doyle Shephard

Japan

On the seventh of March we arrived at our new station of Sapporo City, Hokkaido, Japan. In spite of the cold temperature, the warmth of the welcome we received could not have been surpassed. Brother Oye, our native pastor, and several others were at the station by seven-twenty in the morning to greet us. After a very fine breakfast in Brother and Sister Oye's home we went to the home of Dr. Odagiri, the fine Christian Japanese physician who is giving us rooms in his home until the mission home can be completed. We found that our goods had previously arrived. With the aid of our good Japanese friends it was possible for us to sleep on our own beds the very first night.

The first Sunday the attendance for Sunday school and the worship service in the morning was about seventy-five. These services were for the young people and adults. In the afternoon about fifty-five children attended the children's service. Then again in the evening we met together to worship our Lord. He warmed our hearts with His presence.

Sacrificial giving from the homeland has made possible the construction of a national pastor's parsonage, missionary home, and church building in this, the capital and largest city of Hokkaido. The parsonage was completed a little over a year ago. We are now constructing the other two buildings, hoping to have them completed near the first of August.

It is our desire to establish many mission stations in Hokkaido that will eventually become churches. Through these we trust many shall be born into the kingdom of God. In Kamiashibetsu (a town about three hours from Sapporo by train) we have a small work. About forty attend the worship services. This meeting was started by a young woman and her two brothers, children of a coal miner. They first became Christians through the suggestion of their father about two years ago while living in Kyushu, the southern main island of Japan. Their mother is dead. The father had said to them, "Please get a Bible and study it. Even though I am not a Christian I want you to learn about Christianity." The coal company transferred them to Kamiashibetsu, Hokkaido. The young woman asked Brother Oye to come to their town and conduct services in their home. The services were blessed of God and several were converted. Four have been baptized. The services are now being conducted in the very fine kindergarten building which the coal company constructed. A short while ago I went with our pastor

to visit the place. While there we learned that a man living near town had been fighting Christianity. Just the week before this he had visited several in Kamiashibetsu, including the young lady's father. He convinced him that Christians were not the proper people to have in his town. The father in turn instructed his children to cease going to church services. Please unite with us in prayer for all concerned.

Most of those whom we reach in Japan today are the young people from very small children to the end of the college years. Many of the older people are not opposed but say, "We are too old. Teach our children." Nowhere in all the world would you find finer, more desirous-to-do-and-learn young people than we have in Japan, except that so many lack Christ.

This new field offers a tremendous challenge. Of the four main islands of Japan, Hokkaido is the second largest. It is about thirty miles from the Russian territory of Sakhalin. Its area amounts to 21 per cent of the whole area of Japan, and its population exceeds three and a half million, many of whom know little or nothing of the gospel. It is approximately the same latitude as Colorado, but its snowfall is by far heavier. In fact, most labor ceases and people sit by their fires in the winter as the snow deepens and packs. The houses are all made with high-pitched roofs which assist in making the snowfall near the houses very deep. Our arrival seemed to accompany the entering of the first breath of spring, because immediately the snow began to melt from the streets and residents emerged from their buildings with their wooden snow shovels to throw the snow from near the house out into the street, where it would melt faster. It was very amusing to see little children and grandmothers, young men and old, all throwing back the snow and removing the winter's collection of rubbish (long hidden by the snow), as if all were bears digging from their caves of hibernation. Peddlers began to cry their wares in the streets. Nature itself seemed hastily to burst forth in shoots, buds, leaves, and blossoms, as if saying, "Hasten, the summer days are limited!" And we were reminded of the Psalmist's words, "Teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom" (Psalms 90:12).

Since the severity of the winter is sure and long, food becomes scarce and roads are piled high with snow, the summer must indeed be a time of storing up after the manner of the proverbial ant. "The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer" and gather

their "food in the harvest" (Prov. 30:25; 6:8). Such are the duties of those who provide for the temporal needs in Japan's Hokkaido.

The duties of those who carry the spiritual message are much the same except for the difference between the calendars of the temporal and the eternal. We feel that our spiritual summer may not extend over many more of these temporal years. We must work while it is summer, for the warmth of the freedom to spread the gospel is gravely threatened. Today many of the lost are seeking a knowledge of God. But how soon will the winter come when the reapers must withdraw from the harvest field? With all of our hearts we must labor during the warm summer days, as ants gathering precious grain. Oh, that God may multiply strength and vision and power! So many need the gospel, and there are so few to carry the message!

General MacArthur once said to E. Stanley Jones, "The Christian Church has not had such an opportunity in five hundred years as it has in Japan." Dr. Jones has just completed another visit to Japan. He says, "I say, never in a thousand years has the Christian Church had such an opportunity as it has in Japan today." He believes that within ten or fifteen years Japan will either be Christian or Communistic. These young people are patient. They study long. They think hard. But they will not wait forever to decide whom they will serve. O dear ones at home, do continue to join us in fasting and prayer for our beloved, spiritually empty Japanese.

One young person said to a missionary not long ago: "I am a blank sheet of paper. Write on me what you will, including Christ. But remember, I have a scientific mind. I understand that Communism is scientific, so I lean a little that way. But I am a blank sheet of paper. Write on me what you will."

This expresses our opportunity and our responsibility to a great extent. Many are leaning toward Christianity rather than Communism.

Today the people of Japan are as a great flock of wandering sheep which is almost in the clutch of the enemy and yet almost ready to plunge into the arms of the Redeemer. Here is our wide-open opportunity to have a great influence upon the answer which shall be given by a nation to the question, "What shall we do with Jesus, which is called the Christ?" Oh, the need is so great! We cannot be satisfied just to do *something*. We must do our best to face the stupendous task at hand, namely, giving a hungry nation the Bread of Life in a comparatively short time.

Of the 2,500,000,000 people in the world today, one billion have never heard of Jesus Christ.—*Selected*.

The Lord Provided

By Don Tucker*

THE LORD provided our means of transportation to the jungle village of San Antonio. There crowds of hungry-hearted Maya Indians gathered night after night to listen to the gospel. How interested they were! How keenly they listened! We were blessed when we saw so many kneel for the first time at the feet of our Redeemer, and our whole being was thrilled at the sight of smiling faces and lifted hands which testified to the fact that Jesus had lifted their load.

Deeper and deeper into the jungles we went. The sky was almost lost from view, and the overgrowth along the narrow path pressed in on all sides. Our trail led us up many a hill and down into many valleys. It led through mud as well as streams, and all seemed to be underbrush.

We were on our way to Pueblo Viejo, a journey of ten miles.

There were only two horses for three of us, and so it was arranged that two would ride at a time while one walked occasionally.

As we traveled on we found that a mule was following us and, knowing that our journey was long and feeling sure that its master had need of it, we tried to turn the animal back several times. It persisted in going with us, and so it was left alone to follow.

On our return we found that the trail had become almost impassable. Heavy showers of rain had fallen and were yet falling; but no one had to walk, for we had realized that God must have provided the mule, which was yet with us. Though we arrived at our destination hungry and wet, we were all royally mounted and thankful, for God had indeed provided us with the mule, and we had made use of it.

The remaining days of our evangelistic campaign were spent at Columbia India, Columbia Spanish, Barranco, Punta Gorda, Ten Mile, Cross Pass, Big Hill, and Forest Home. God's presence was felt in a special way, and He blessed us with many seekers.

We thank Him for providing for our needs, but most of all we shall be eternally grateful to God for providing a full and free salvation which satisfies each human heart.

*National worker in British Honduras

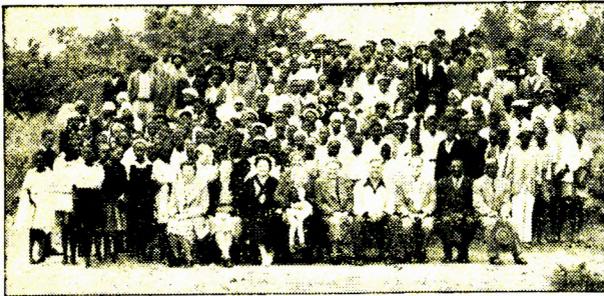
Japan has an estimated population of 83,196,000. From reports issued by the Japanese Statistics Bureau there are 40,811,000 males and 42,385,000 females. Recent census also revealed that the population of Greater Tokyo increased to 6,275,000. The Japanese city is now the fourth largest city in the world, following London, New York, and Paris.

Youth Camp

By Velma Mischke

Africa

THE FIRST WEEK in April was a red-letter week of new achievement in the Eastern Transvaal. We had our first district youth camp. On some of our other districts two camps were held, one for girls and one for boys. However, since this is one of the smaller districts and a youth camp is something new to the people, we decided to have the boys and girls at the same time, for fear the crowd would be too small if we divided them. Many times our African people are a bit slow to take up with new things, so we felt that we would have to do a lot of talking and working to get them enthusiastic about this. We made pep talks in district gatherings, and as Mr. Mischke and I visited the churches over the district we told the people all we could think of to get them excited over a district camp for the young people. We made plans for workers, food, places to sleep, etc., and then awaited the day for them to arrive. We thought if one hundred boys and girls arrived that would be very good. So in getting material ready for classes, games, etc., we thought we were making plenty of allowance when we prepared for one hundred.



Youth Camp group

The sun began to set on the afternoon of the day appointed for the young people to come in. And the young people began to come. They came by the dozens, by twenties, by thirties. From every direction they began to come. The cooks who had prepared supper for them came to us wringing their hands, saying there was not enough food. We told them to make the helpings smaller, but see that everybody got a little. The places we had planned for them to sleep in were crowded out. The girls, who were supposed to sleep in the dormitory, had to move to the big tabernacle. There was no thought of the boys' squeezing into the very small boys' dormitory we have here, so they all had to go to the church. The bell rang for the first service and we all went to the church. The church was full. At the close of the service four missionaries and two evangelists established

themselves at tables to register and divide the young people into classes for the next day. After we had registered all within the age limits, we had exactly two hundred. And the next day a dozen or so more came in.

We had a lovely time. Everybody made the best of a few little inconveniences. All of the pastors and most of their wives came along, and they worked hard and faithfully helping to supervise and do anything they could. The pastors slept with the boys, and their wives with the girls. They took charge of early morning prayers right in the building where they slept. After breakfast we had four Bible classes, two going at the same time to take care of different age groups. None of the schoolrooms had sufficient seats or desks, but some sat on the floor and some stood and seemed to enjoy it all thoroughly. Just before noon everybody gathered in the church for a chapel service. After lunch we had singing class, then handwork classes, and then games until suppertime. Every evening we had a great evangelistic service in the church. It would have blessed your heart to see three and four rows of benches across the front of the church with as many as fifty and sixty young people bowing their knees and hearts before God. On the fourth day at noon the gathering was dismissed with a final chapel service. Opportunity to testify was given and scores of young people thanked God and the missionaries for the wonderful opportunity they had had of learning to know God better. We asked that everyone who had received very definite help spiritually during the meeting stand. We counted fifty. So we feel that the effort was well worth while. Over two hundred of our precious young people had had opportunity to feast spiritually and physically.

During the five days they were here they ate about three-fourths of a ton of corn meal and about one thousand pounds of meat. We had to buy the corn meal, but a good farmer friend of ours permitted Mr. Schemelzenbach and Mr. Mischke to shoot two "wilde beests," so that solved the meat problem.

The special workers for the camp were Mrs. Esselstyn, Rev. and Mrs. Church, Rev. and Mrs. Schmelzenbach, and Rev. and Mrs. Mischke.

"As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: they shall part alike." —I Samuel 30:24.



DAVID SOL

David Jesus Sol, the superintendent of the South Mexican District, was born in Villa Flores, in the state of Chiapas, Mexico, on October 30, 1902. Converted at the age of eighteen, David felt the hand of God upon his life. He was converted under the ministry of one of his former pastors, and several years after his conversion he himself became the pastor of the church.

He reports his call to Christian service in the following testimony: "Not many days after my conversion and while reading the Bible I felt the call of God to go and preach the same gospel that I had received, to my own people and neighbors. Since then I have been preaching to the Mexicans."

Even before he was a student in Bible school, David organized a number of missions in Villa Flores. In 1931, he began his training at the Mexican Nazarene Bible School in Mexico City, graduating in 1935. Between 1935 and 1938 he worked as a colporteur, distributing gospel portions and religious materials wherever the door opened.

In April, 1939, he was ordained an elder in the Church of the Nazarene. The following year he began pastoring the Guadalajara church. He was appointed assistant district superintendent in 1942, and in 1943 was made district superintendent of the South Mexican District.

God has blessed the ministry of David Sol mightily through the years and has enabled him to be a pioneer in establishing missions among the Mexican people. He also started the Second Church of the Nazarene in Guadalajara.

The vision of winning souls to the Kingdom is shared by David's brothers, Lauro and Moises, who are also ministers.

The South Mexican District was formed by uniting the Central District and the Southeastern District in 1948. At present this district has 36 organized churches, 38 outstations, and 1,435 communicants in full standing.

Who's Who



J. R. LEBRON-VELAZQUEZ

Jose Ramon Lebron-Velazquez was born on March 19, 1916, in Patillas, Puerto Rico. Before entering the ministry, he attended a school of journalism and was a newspaperman. He then attended a Bible institute to prepare himself for Christian service. On January 14, 1950, he was united in marriage with Ruth Tentori in Kansas City, Missouri.

Concerning his early contact with the Church of the Nazarene, Jose has written: "I had corresponded for a long time with the foreign missions secretary, Dr. C. Warren Jones. In 1942 we met at the annual meeting of the American Bible Society in New York and discussed the matter at length.

"The Church of the Nazarene is the newest denomination in Puerto Rico and the only organized holiness work in the island. The Nazarenes came in 1943 when General Superintendent Dr. H. V. Miller visited Puerto Rico to take over an independent holiness movement founded by the writer."

The General Board officially appointed Jose as the superintendent of the work in Puerto Rico. He has been spreading the gospel of Christ not only through the organization of holiness churches but also through a district radio broadcast, "The March of Faith," that reaches many people in the Caribbean area.

The opportunities in Puerto Rico for the propagation of the Word are great because of the intense population. In an island only one hundred miles long and thirty-five miles wide live approximately two million people. Here is a field that is indeed "white unto harvest."



ENRIQUE ROSALES

Enrique Rosales, the superintendent of the North Mexican District, was born in Esperanzas, Coahuila, Mexico. He is a graduate of the Latin American Bible Institute. Beginning work with the Church of the Nazarene in September, 1936, Enrique was ordained by Dr. J. W. Goodwin two years later. At this time he had a very profitable job in the States; but since God called him to preach the gospel to his own people, he went down to Monterrey, Mexico, to start a new work.

October 18, 1939, the first service was held at Calle Tamaulipas and Cinco de Febrero, in Monterrey, Nuevo Leon. The Lord blessed the faith of Enrique Rosales, and one year later the First Church of the Nazarene in this city was officially organized. This congregation formed the beginning of what is called the North Mexican District today. The present membership of the Monterrey church is nearly two hundred. There is also a Second Church of the Nazarene in Monterrey, which is doing a great work for God in the salvation of souls. On May 1, 1951, fifty-one candidates were baptized in General Teran, Nuevo Leon.

This man of God has pushed his way through to small mining towns in the Sierra Madre Mountains, and has been instrumental in organizing several churches.

The North Mexican District at present has 35 churches and 30 missions. The total membership is 2,400, and 1,905 are full-fledged members.

When Rev. Ira L. True was appointed as superintendent of the Southwest Mexican District, Dr. Chapman appointed Enrique Rosales to fill the superintendency of the Monterrey-San Antonio District. Some time later the Monterrey-San Antonio District was divided into two districts, and Enrique was left in charge of the North Mexican District. In spite of persecution and opposition, the work in this district has been blessed of God.

The W.F.M.S.

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

SEPTEMBER EMPHASIS Study and Missionary Reading Course



BOOKS ARE BRIDGES

This very interesting observation about books appeared in a recent edition of *Church Woman*: "Books are bridges." How true!

Books are bridges which fill in the great gaps between the peoples of our world. How often our judgments of other races and nations would be tempered with sympathetic understanding if we only knew the background, customs, pattern of thought, ideals, and religion of those different from us! Books form a bridge to take us over the morass of misunderstanding, prejudice, and mistrust to the lovely valley of mutual understanding, tolerance, and faith in other peoples.

Read the 1951-52 study and reading course books for a better understanding of our neighbors to the south. You will be more grateful for the privileges you enjoy in Christian, democratic (Protestant) America and more understanding of the needs, problems, and oppression of those who live in Latin American countries under the rule of Romanism.

BOOKS ARE BRIDGES. Let us use them to bridge the gaps.

Books for 1951-52 are listed on the back page of the *July Other Sheep* and in the current *Council Tidings*.

GENERAL PRESIDENT'S NOTES

Self-support in Guatemala



Our Guatemalan Nazarenes are doing well with their program of self-support. They are everywhere building churches and parsonages. The nationals themselves do the building, make

or furnish the material for the walls, cut out native timbers for the roof, and prepare everything for the roofing material, which is bought from General Budget funds, Alabaster Box money, or approved specials. It is a great de-

CALL TO PRAYER



AUGUST 31
is the day
for all Canadian,
British, and U.S.
districts to observe
24 hours of prayer.

Pray Pray Pray

light to see all of these many new church buildings. The national church is gradually taking over the support of their national workers. This is the goal towards which we press. This noble effort is worthy of our praise and prayers. Let us remember them in our rejoicing over victories won on our foreign fields and let us pray with them that God will send a sweeping revival to revive the hearts of our Christian people and to fill the churches they have builded for their Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

—LOUISE R. CHAPMAN

FROM THE SECRETARY'S MAILBAG



Our Nazarene church in Anchorage, Alaska, has established an enviable record in membership. Mrs. Korody writes: "Our membership in the W.F.M.S. is 100 per cent of our church

members. The twelve women are active members and the eleven men are associate members," making a total of twenty-three. They have twenty-six in their Prayer and Fasting League!

A letter from William Russell reads: "In our Sunday school in Zerka about twenty-one children sought the Lord for salvation on Christmas Day. We are longing to see greater victories in this

new year, yea, nothing less than a real Holy Ghost revival."

MISSIONS ON OUR MISSION FIELDS

Rev. Thomas Ainscough of Argentina gives this encouraging report in a recent letter: "The Lord has given us an increase of 12 per cent in church membership, 25 per cent in the local W.F.M.S., and 25 per cent in Sunday-school attendance. The ladies of the W.F.M.S. have caught the missionary vision and have contributed bandages and clothing toward helping the lepers in Africa. The children have done their part in sending to Nazarene Indians in Peru. On October 24, 1950, we began a series of sunrise prayer meetings. Every morning at 5:45 a faithful group meets for prayer for revival. We are trusting God to meet the need, and pour out a revival upon this sin-cursed world before Jesus comes."

LORD, TEACH ME TO PRAY

As the disciples listened to their Master pray, there sprang up within their hearts a deep desire to have that same sense of oneness with the Heavenly Father. The disciples recognized that this was more than ritualistic praying. This was praying—communing with the God of the Universe. "Lord," said the disciples, "we want to pray like that. Teach us to pray."

Much has been said about prayer, but I wonder how many of us really pray. Do we really pray, or do we just say prayers? If I would be taught of God to pray, it will mean complete self-abandonment to the One to whom I pray; it will mean a revelation of things in my life God wants to eliminate; it will mean walking in the light of the vision of what He wants me to be; it will mean a crucifying of self-pity, prejudices, indifference, ill feeling toward others; in short, it will mean a complete dying out to self and selfish practices, for real prayer extends itself into practice in everyday living.

Yes, Lord, teach me to pray. I would be one who communes with Thee; I would be one who learns of Thee; I would be one whose very acts and attitudes always reflect Thy Spirit who dwells within.

Teach me to pray.

DISTRICT CONVENTION BRIEFS

Washington Pacific—May 1

The Seventh Annual W.F.M.S. Convention of the Washington Pacific District was held on May 1 in the new

Seattle First Church. The theme of the convention was "The Time Is Now." Mrs. Orpha Cook and Dr. D. I. Vanderpool brought great missionary messages.

An outstanding event of the convention was when Mrs. Vernon Wilcox, district president, paid special tribute to two mothers: Mrs. MacDonald, mother of Stella MacDonald, and Mrs. Beebee, mother of Mrs. Harold Hess.

Mrs. Wilcox was re-elected with a wonderful vote of confidence.

—ALICE BUTCHART,
Superintendent of Publicity

Akron—May 1 and 2

The Ninth Annual Convention of the N.F.M.S. of the Akron District was held in Akron First Church. The theme was "To Serve This Present Age." Speakers included Mrs. Bertha Humble, who spoke inspiring during the convention; Mrs. Mary Anderson, home on furlough from India; and Rev. H. G. Purkhiser. Reports evidenced this to be a good year with gains on several lines. Mrs. D. D. Palmer was re-elected to serve as president for another year.

—MRS. E. M. PARKS,
Superintendent of Publicity

The high point of the Akron Convention was reached when the young people, with tears in their eyes and joy in their hearts, told what God had helped them do for missions. The adults backed this event with shouts and amens; for had they not all been workers together?

—BERTHA HUMBLE

Idaho-Oregon—May 14

The Twenty-eighth W.F.M.S. District Convention of the Idaho-Oregon District, convening at First Church, Nampa, opened with a prayer and fasting service led by Mrs. Mary Kate Schmelzenbach. Miss Mary Scott, general secretary, was the special speaker. Words cannot describe the blessing she was to this district. She challenged us to reach the goals as set forth by the General Council and then to pray as we have never before prayed.

Mrs. Kinzler was re-elected president.

—MRS. L. R. STURTEVANT,
Superintendent of Publicity

Florida—May 15

The Florida District W.F.M.S. Annual Convention was held in the Orlando Central Church on Tuesday, May 15. Dr. G. B. Williamson not only brought us greetings from our mission fields but also gave us a great vision and determination to fulfill all obligations that are ours toward our brothers and sisters in these far-off lands.

During the convention there were on display several miniature buildings, schools, churches, etc., constructed by Mrs. Edith Coe, to impress the folk to give all possible in the Alabaster boxes. Reports from the district showed gains

on all points. Mrs. Julia Eby was re-elected president.

—MYRTILLA W. TRIPP,
Secretary of Publicity

Oregon Pacific—May 21 and 22

The theme of the Oregon Pacific District Convention was "This Is Our Hour." Stirring messages from our own missionaries, Earl and Gladys Mos-teller of the Cape Verde Islands and Orpha Cook of India, made this theme burn into our hearts. Dr. Samuel Young brought the closing message of the convention. His message was world-wide in scope, though he reported in more detail his recent tour to the Cape Verde Islands.

Splendid gains were reported, which achievements were largely the result of the efficient leadership of the district president, Mrs. Gordon Olsen, who was overwhelmingly re-elected.

—MRS. W. D. MCGRAW, JR.,
Reporter

Northwest—May 21 and 22

The W.F.M.S. of Northwest District held its annual convention in Yakima First Church, May 21 and 22. The convention speakers were Rev. and Mrs. C. G. Rudeen, of N. Caragua. Everyone who heard them went home determined to do more for the great cause of missions.

The theme of the convention was "Let the Gospel Bells Ring Out." On the platform stood a large glittering bell with a cross above it. As each society reported, a tiny bell was placed on the large one, making the finished effect very beautiful.

Mrs. Eugene Weber was re-elected for the coming year.

—MRS. TOM LITTLE,
Superintendent of Publicity

Southern California—June 5

The First Annual W.F.M.S. Convention of the new Southern California

District was held at University Church, San Diego, on June 5. Mrs. D. I. Vanderpool told of her trip to Cuba. A very excellent crowd gathered to hear the evening message given by Dr. Vanderpool. Each church showed a fine spirit of co-operation and a determination to do its best for the Lord during the coming year.

—MRS. BERNICE HUGHES,
Superintendent of Publicity

PRAYING CLEAR THROUGH

Rev. Alfred Chesson, pastor of the Campsie Church of the Nazarene, Sydney, Australia, is a "fragrant soul." For many years he stood for a vital experience of salvation, encouraging younger men in the way, and influencing all whom he contacted to seek the deeper things of God.

When the Church of the Nazarene came to Australia, Rev. Bert Berg, the district superintendent, wrote his old friend urging him to join up with the church and assuring him that it was just what he had been looking for. The reply he received was characteristic and revealing.

"Praying and fasting. Indications strong."

Some days passed before Rev. Berg received his second letter. It read: "Praying and fasting. Indications stronger. Not quite sure."

Again some time elapsed. Then the third letter arrived.

"Praying and fasting. Indications still stronger."

Finally the fourth letter came. "Coming in. Everything crystal clear."

Brother Chesson had prayed clear through. He has been a staunch Nazarene and a dependable leader of the church ever since.

—AUDREY WILLIAMSON

ALABASTER CORNER

Goal for September Opening

NOT LESS THAN \$75,000

If we contribute

\$75,000

the total received

will exceed

¼ million.

\$100,000 IF POSSIBLE

If we contribute

\$100,000

money for projects

already approved

will be supplied.

Other urgent needs

await approval.

LET'S MAKE IT \$100,000!

Who Wouldn't Give to Build for Eternity?

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE

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

HELLO AGAIN, BOYS AND GIRLS!

Having a good time this vacation? Fine! And are you working hard at your assignments in Junior Society? Yine again!



Now here are two pictures about people in Mexico. Mrs. Escudero, district president in one section of Mexico, sent them. Picture No. 1 is of the Woman's Society in J. M. Garza, Chiapas, but it looks like a Junior Society; doesn't it? I guess all the women take their children along with them. These women and children have suffered much persecution from the people there, but they have been true to Jesus in spite of it. Picture No. 2 is of a little new church in St. Christopher, Obrigen. See all the boys and girls down in front. Pray for our young Nazarenes down in Mexico. We have many churches there and many fine Juniors.

Christmas in Cape Verde Islands

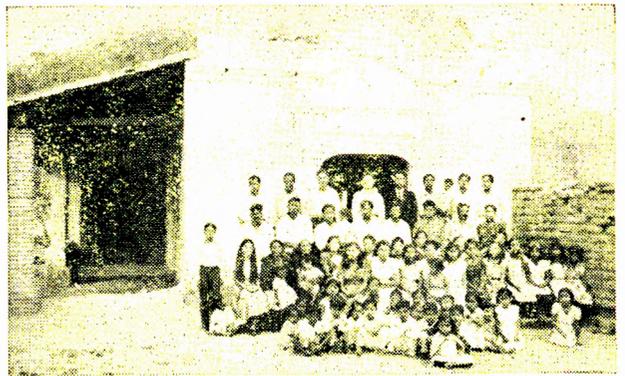
Do you think it is queer to write about Christmas in this hot month? There is a reason. The Junior Society Commission wants all the special money for Christmas in early this year, because it takes so long to get it to some of our "Juniors' Own Missionaries." So send yours in soon, through regular channels, only marked "Special for Juniors' Christmas Fund." Now here is a cutting from a report sent by Miss Lydia Wilke, our "Juniors' Own Missionary" in Cape Verde Islands.

"The Cape Verdeans love *festas*, as they call feasts or celebrations. In Santa Catarina the boys and girls kept me busy weeks ahead getting ready for our Christmas program. How everyone flew around those last few days, practicing, sewing, getting the tree, etc.!"

"Surely God helped, for when the hour arrived the church was filled with people. Not one person needed prompting, and everything went smoothly."

"They did so well that I promised the Junior and Primary children a *pequena festa* (little feast) at my house. They could hardly wait. At last they came. Thirty-six children played games for an hour and a half, and then we had our feast--cooked kid, mandioca (a root vegetable), rice cooked with tomatoes and pimento, bread, and cookies. Did you notice that they ate a kid? Now don't tell your friends that we eat children here in Cape Verde! Of course you all know that I'm writing about a young goat. It tasted good!"

"But Christmas means gifts, doesn't it? And I haven't mentioned one. Not many Cape Verdean children get gifts at Christmas time. They are so poor even a dinner such as we enjoy is unknown to them. In the Catholic church they seem to consider many other days more important here. Many of the 'Saints' Days' are times when they have feasts, and many people get drunk."



"Each year the missionaries have tried to give a tiny gift to every child. Often they dug very deeply into their own pockets to do this. Now some of the larger churches take offerings to help, but the smaller churches could not manage alone. There was rejoicing last year when fifty dollars arrived from the Juniors of America; but when one hundred dollars arrived this time (1950), we were thrilled. God bless the Juniors!"

* * *

Aren't we Juniors glad that we can do these lovely things for the children where they have so much less than we do!

Lots of love from your "Big Sister,"

MARY E. COVE

The Memory of Sibaha Lives On

By Robert Jackson

Africa



I was just leaving the mining compound where we had been holding a service when I noticed two women who were talking together and glancing at me. This was not a mine compound such as you would find in Johannesburg. This is just a small gold mine set among the beautiful hills of Swaziland. The compound is a collection of grass-thatched, mud and pole huts built by the natives themselves.

Finally the older woman jumped up, ran over to me, clasped my hand, and began kissing it, all the while talking excitedly in deep Swazi. When I understood her story, my heart was humbled, and I felt I had stood for a moment in the shadow of a great man who had loved and died for his people.

She had mistaken me for the son of Harmon Schmelzenbach and was rejoicing because she had seen the son of the great man who had pulled five of her teeth when she was just a girl many years ago. After explaining to her that I was not his son but another missionary, I went away praying that God would help me to have the same spirit and devotion as this great man who pioneered our missionary work and is so deeply loved by the people.

As I travel over the hills and among the kraals, I hear the name Sibaha mentioned with respect and admiration even by those who have not accepted the way of salvation. Although he has been dead for twenty-two years, the memory of Sibaha lingers on in the hearts of the people of Swaziland.



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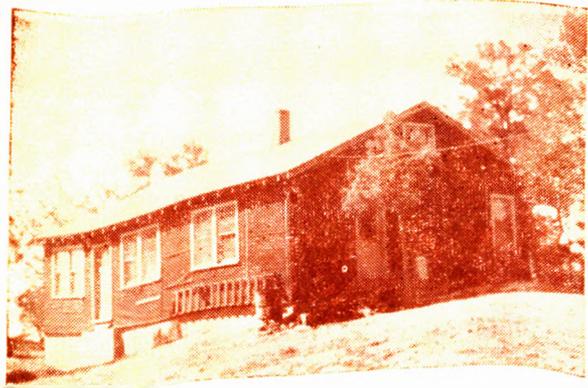
Administration Building
(Chapel—Study Hall—Dining Room—Kitchen)



Boys' Dormitory



Girls' Dormitory



Principal's Home



Farmhouse

There are three additional buildings: the laundry, the manual arts shop, and a barn.