

The
OTHER SHEEP

JA 4 '50



January, 1950



World Travelers

By G. B. Williamson, D.D.

INFORMATION has reached me to the effect that on January 12, 1950, Dr. and Mrs. C. Warren Jones will leave New York City by boat for an extensive trip abroad. Their itinerary will take them to India, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Italy, Great Britain, and several countries on the continent of Europe.

In India Dr. Jones will be the principal worker in the annual district camp meeting. They will visit our mission stations in all fields where they go. Their trip is the realization of a dream of many years. They will be enthusiastically received by missionaries whom they have loved and for whom they have prayed for so many years. The national Christians to whom their names became familiar, during the twelve years Dr. Jones was in the Foreign Missions Office as executive secretary, will rejoice to see them face to face.

The spirit, vision, passion, and faith of Dr. and Mrs. Jones will be a blessing in every field and to every life they touch. Their testimony and message will kindle revival fires and inspire new devotion for Christ and the Church of the Nazarene.

In this year, 1949, Dr. Jones has traveled 30,000 miles, visited 200 churches, and preached 300 sermons. A full schedule for a man who has "retired." He expects to give the full benefit of his travels to the churches in Great Britain and in Canada and the United States upon his return about May 1. He says, "I want to get in two months of work before July 1."

Dr. and Mrs. Jones are making this long, strenuous trip for sheer love of the cause of foreign missions. It will be entirely at their own expense, but it has been approved by the Department of Foreign Missions and the Board of General Superintendents.

The thousands of Nazarenes who read these lines will wish Dr. and Mrs. Jones bon voyage and will remember them in prayer for health, safety, and heaven's rich blessing until they are home again.



The OTHER Sheep

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

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

Volume 37

January, 1950

Number 1

Investments for Tomorrow

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST is on the move. There may be seeming defeats at various points, and progress may appear to be slow at times; but truth marches on. The Church will triumph! His cause will not fail!

Unfavorable circumstances do not change this fact. While lying in the foul Burmese jail, with thirty-two pounds of chains on his ankles, his feet bound to a bamboo pole four feet above the floor, and the mercury over one hundred degrees, Judson was sneeringly asked by a fellow prisoner. "What about the prospect of the conversion of the heathen?" He calmly replied, "The prospects are just as bright as the promises of God."

The unchangeable laws of God are an encouragement. Consider the law of sowing and reaping. A missionary goes to plant a miraculous seed in men's hearts. The seed sown across the years has been the gospel. The sowing has been faithfully done. We can expect a harvest! Think of the law of intercession. Prayers offered through the years claim an answer. The faith of stalwart intercessors urges a spirit of expectancy upon the Church today. God will not fail to answer. A harvest awaits us! Remember the law concerning sacrifice. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit" (John 12:24). Thought of the "laid-down" lives of precious workers inspires faith for a bountiful harvest.

Investments in the God-given enterprise of world evangelism have been well made. Latest statistics received in the Foreign Missions Office indicate that substantial gains have been made in every phase of missionary activity. Our twenty-three foreign fields now have 24,048 members, 882 national workers, 76 main stations, 488 out-stations, 140 day schools with a total enrollment of 4,997 students, and 13 Bible schools with 286

ministerial students enrolled. These figures represent gratifying increases over the previous year.

The privilege of participating in the building of God's kingdom is an honor which every Christian should cherish. Each one has a place to fill and a work to do. "Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellowcitizens with the saints, and of the household of God; and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord" (Eph. 2:19-21). The saints of the past made generous contributions in substance and service. The cornerstone has been securely laid. The building "groweth unto an holy temple."

David Livingstone, who contributed so liberally, said, "I place no value on anything I have or may possess, save in its relation to the kingdom of Jesus Christ." Robert Moffat declared that if he had a thousand lives they should all be devoted to preaching Christ to those who had never heard the joyful sound.

The presence of men and women of knowledge and skill on the mission field is imperative. Missionaries of adequate training and ability must be found and sent. Their support must be guaranteed, their health guarded, and their homes and places of service (including schools, dispensaries, and chapels) must be provided. Literature must be printed and distributed. Money is required to accomplish this tremendous task.

Heroic missionary lives inspire us; splendid numerical gains and spiritual victories in Kingdom building stimulate us; the sacrifices of our 188 missionaries challenge us; the promises of God assure us; and His unalterable laws convince us. Investments of life and money will bear tremendous dividends tomorrow.

Life Through the General Budget

D. I. Vanderpool, D.D.

THE GENERAL BUDGET is the channel through which the Church of the Nazarene pours life-giving water to the thirsty millions who look expectantly to her. This budget must never sink in the thinking of our people to the level of a financial burden. Love for Christ and this cause will make it a joy to support this Life-Line Budget. This long arm of the church must ever be stretched out to the *other sheep* of distant lands. Anything that will sap this arm of will to reach and power to lift must be shaken off. Christ's commission to "occupy till I come" and "preach the gospel to every creature" must be completed by the Church. To meet this responsibility in an honorable way at least 10 per cent of the total giving of our church must be channeled through the General Budget.

The picture of the candidates for baptism represents some of the first fruits from General

Budget money invested in Haiti. I was thrilled with the happy expressions on their faces as they answered the questions I presented to them through an interpreter. They declared they had been definitely converted and believed fully the doctrines of the Church of the Nazarene. We received thirteen into full church membership in a service that followed the baptismal service.

I preached to fine crowds of attentive people in seven different services which I held. In one of these services in the country seven naked children from five to eight years of age lifted their faces in mute silence while they stood by the end of the rude platform. It was their way of calling for clothing and food for body and soul.

You are right that we cannot bear all the burdens of the whole world, but we must do our best or stand ashamed before Christ.



January Meetings

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| General W.F.M.S. Council | January 3-4 |
| Department of Foreign Missions | January 4-9 |
| General Board | January 6-9 |
| Superintendents' Conference | January 11-12 |

Your representatives will appreciate an interest in your prayers that divine guidance may be given in planning a challenging but reasonable program of advance for Christ.

Front Cover

On the front cover of this issue we are presenting a view of Mt. Hood in the state of Oregon, fifty miles east of Portland. It is an extinct volcanic cone of great symmetrical beauty, rising to a height of 11,225 feet above sea level. It was named in honor of Rear Admiral Samuel Hood of the British admiralty.

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Glimpses of Others

Climate

HOW WOULD YOU like to walk ten miles to preach the gospel when the thermometer registered 115 degrees? Our missionary in British Guiana tried this and reported a great blessing received because he was able to tell the old, old story to those who knew Him not!

In a large number of our fields of labor the climate is not very different from our own United States. However, perhaps one of the most difficult spots is Bolivia, where the altitude is greater than nearly any inhabited spot on the globe. For instance, La Paz is the highest capital city in the world; and this, coupled with the intense heat, helps to keep one's pace slowed to conserve what energy one might have. Have you ever, on a hot, humid day, felt as though there was not an ounce of energy left? Try to imagine that same feeling in a high altitude, and you can get just an inkling of what life in Bolivia must be like.

Our work in Africa is located in the temperate zone. While there is warm weather, there is also some of winter, though not too severe. However, in the bushveld region it is most difficult. It would be utterly impossible for our missionaries to live there permanently, and we have lost some of our native preachers with the dread black water fever (a virulent form of malaria) who were willing to give up a life of ease and go to take the gospel story to those in this sin-cursed, malaria-infested land.

In India it is necessary for our missionaries to go to the hills during the hottest part of the summer. The intense heat is such that it would soon break the health of the missionary to remain the year 'round.

Another difficult spot is Barbados and Trinidad, those islands of the British West Indies where we have work. It is particularly difficult in Trinidad. Because of the intense heat the term of service in some of the Latin American fields is shorter than the usual five years.

In the Philippines at least some of our work is located in swamplike territory, which, of course, is not conducive to good health.

But of all our foreign fields, perhaps Puerto Rico has the most nearly perfect climate. In the city of San Juan the highest temperature recorded is 94 degrees, and the lowest 62 degrees. Of course, the climate does vary over the island, but the mean annual temperature is 76.5 degrees. One may bask in the sunshine any month of the year without need for a heavy coat.



Strange Tasks

Many strange tasks become ours on the mission field; one of the strangest is that of mortician. To prepare bodies, place them in the coffins, and nail down the lids is indeed most difficult.

Did you ever hear of a fifteen-pound tumor being removed and the patient surviving the ordeal? Lomasonto came to us for help, with this complaint of ten years' standing.

At this time we also have a boy who is recovering after an operation for the removal of nine feet of intestine. This child, in attempting to jump over the wall of a cattle kraal, fell on the horn of an ox, and forthwith several feet of intestine protruded from the wound. He came to us in a sorry state, covered with cow dung.—*SYLVIA OINESS, Africa.*

Our church is in the midst of a contest. All are very enthusiastically inviting their neighbors and friends and proving what they can do for the Lord. Beginning with an attendance of 149, we have reached 288 in six weeks. Practically all stay for church and we are constantly praying for many to be saved.—*RUTH HESS, Guatemala.*

Rev. and Mrs. Russell Hayse wish to express appreciation for the Sunday-school literature which they have received for the work in Blaauwberg, South Africa. Because some of the parcels arrived with no return address, they have not been able to contact everyone personally. They are grateful for the pictures and cards which have been sent.



Reports

from the

Fields

Back Where They Live

By Evelyn Ragains

Nicaragua

SO WE WERE TO MOVE to Managua, the capital city of Nicaragua! As I thought about this, I felt that the oncoming move would be anything but what I had pictured missionary life to be. Many times we had been in Managua and spoken of the city becoming more modern every day.

One day, after moving here, I was visiting in homes with our pastor's wife. Some homes were nice; others, with one or two rooms with dirt floors and a few pieces of crude furniture. After visiting in several places, in one of which I was presented with a strange drink from the family gourd, we approached what appeared to be an alley. Walking up the alley, I was amazed to find a little village of perhaps ten or fifteen families surrounding one patio. There were dirty little babies sitting on the ground, some crying, others playing. A pig with her eight little young ones following her around was rooting up the dirt here and there. Chickens were scratching at the ground. Older children were running around naked or half-clothed. The noise combined with all the rest presented a picture of complete confusion. We stepped up to one door to invite a family to Sunday school. It was apparent that there was only room for a cot or two and perhaps a hammock. The room was dirty—dirt floor—and no other furniture. It is still unbelievable how one family can survive under these conditions. In such crowded quarters, cooking had to be done outside. There were one or two bathrooms (not modern) for all of the

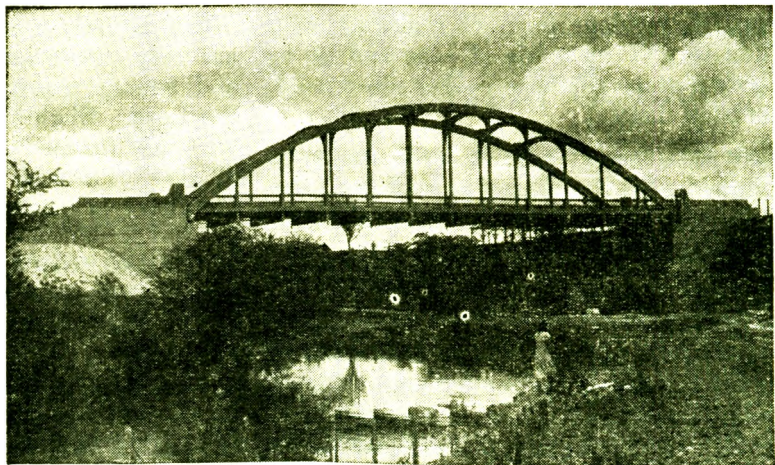
families. Walls inside the homes were covered with pages from magazines.

Many of these people appear to be happy and carefree. Others show drudgery and misery on their faces. When they step out onto the street, one would think that they came from well-to-do homes, for their money is spent on clothes. One day my husband saw a naked little boy standing on a busy street with a bottle of "Pepsi-Cola" in his mouth, which costs thirty-five cents. They do not spend their money wisely.

When we left the alley, I discovered that there were many hundreds of these little alleys with large numbers of people living in the rear. Although from the front there appear to be just one or two houses of average type, in the back is untold squalor.

Only our Lord knows the sin that abounds in the hearts and lives of these men and women—the sorrow and dissatisfaction. Only Christ can change these lives that are as dark as the houses and surroundings they are living in, and make them "new creatures in Christ Jesus."

After completing our visitation that day, I felt that Managua, of all places, is a mission field in which one could well spend a lifetime of service.



Along the Pan-American highway in Nicaragua

FEW FOLK in this old world agree with us as to the importance of the missionary enterprise. Often the missionary is laughed to scorn. Those of a solely materialistic mind will tell you the church is wasting its efforts as well as its finance.

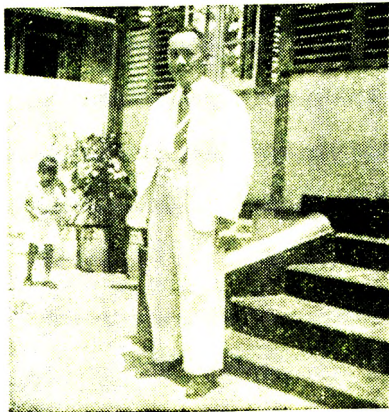
It is very possible that even within the church at home are those who are saying, "Do missions really pay?" Multitudes in the homeland church must wait until the crowning day to be fully convinced of the effect of the ministry of Christ on distant shores.

In the midst of darkness, desolation, and confusion in strange and unenlightened lands, even the missionary at times is confronted with that all-important question, "Do missions pay?" How wonderful it is, when we seem not to be making the progress we want to, and we begin to question, God again comes in such a real way and shows us the importance of *world missions!*

Do Missions Pay?

By Mamie Bailey Hendricks

Barbados



It was during our ministry in Trinidad that the kind providence of God brought us in touch with one of the most unforgettable characters. Peter Pua is a short, slightly-built little Chinaman. His small, shiny, beady eyes smile quietly when without hesitance he declares, "All I am as a medical doctor is the result of Christian missions in China." While he was just a small boy the missionaries received him, and not only brought to his heart spiritual truth, but helped him to acquire the necessary education and his medical training. Perhaps at that very time missionaries were asking, "Do missions pay?"

In the case of Dr. Peter Pua of Trinidad, British West Indies, most certainly missions pay. There, at one of the world's greatest seaports, we met this fine Christian doctor. At the very time he was ministering to our physical need, he was also treating fifteen other missionaries, all without charge. Thank God for the Church of Jesus Christ, ever ministering to the needs of poor, broken humanity. Ah! Yes, missions pay.

North of the Border Down Texas Way

By Edward Wyman

Texas-Mexican

THERE ARE PHRASES which capture our imagination and stick in our minds like cockleburrs in a sheep's wool. One such phrase, popularized by a well-known song, is "south of the border, down Mexico way." We fully agree with the sentiment of the song. Mexico is a country of enchantment and romance, and our only-recent and all-too-slight acquaintance with its appeal only increases our desire for a fuller acquaintance.

But at the same time another phrase, very similar to the first, comes to my mind and plucks at my heartstrings. Do you wonder what it is? "North of the border, down Texas way." To some that phrase would bring thoughts of the Alamo, or perhaps of some old Spanish mission, or fields of acres and acres of bluebonnets. To me it speaks of all that and something more—a great and needy missionary field. We are informed that there are a million, two hundred thousand Mexicans in Texas; and if we count the seasonal agricultural workers, the number would be swelled many thousands more.

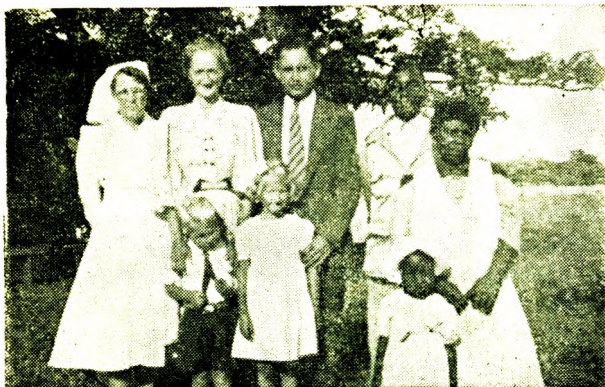
All of these multiplied thousands present a tremendous challenge to missionary effort. The field is great in the geographical area it covers, great in the number of souls involved, and even great in the difficulties and needs it presents. Our score of churches and missions hardly more than scratch the surface of the need. With all due recognition to the worthy gospel agencies at work, still taverns easily outnumber churches ten to one. And every kind of "ism" is to be found from Jehovah's Witnesses to the anti-trinitarian "Jesus Only." To meet the need adequately we should double and treble the present number of churches and missions.

May we never lose the urge to carry the gospel to the uttermost parts. But at the same time may we not neglect the Samaria of another racial and language group within our borders. Let us do our utmost to preach Christ to the regions beyond. But let us not neglect the opportunities near at hand. Pray that workers may be raised up, that urgent building needs may be met, that our young people may feel the call of God to Christian service, that a Holy Ghost revival may sweep our field. Pray for India, China, Africa, Japan, and South America. And while you are on your knees, won't you just breathe a prayer for the triumph of the gospel among the Mexicans "North of the border—down Texas way"?

* Entering a New Tribe

By C. S. Jenkins

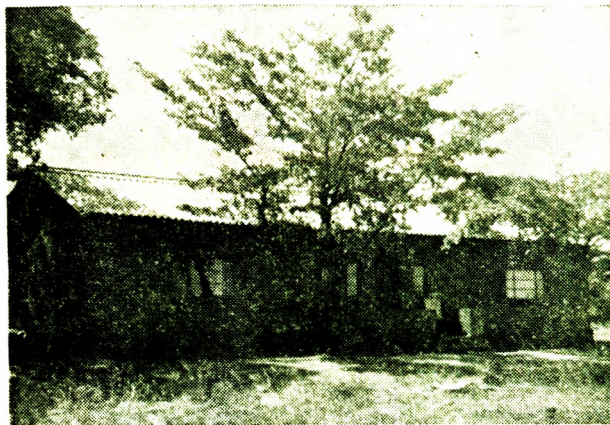
Africa



Kathyren Dixon, Jeannette Hayse, George Hayse, Evangelist Mamiane and Mrs. Mamiane, Gerald and Marsha Hayse, and Rennie Mamiane.

WE HAVE ENTERED a new tribe. Nearly forty years ago our sainted founder and wife, the Rev. and Mrs. H. F. Schmelzenbach, began the African Church of the Nazarene among the Swazis. In 1922 we began work among the Shangaans. In the Eastern Transvaal, our main station being known as Acornhoek, where is located the "Ada Bresee Memorial Girls' Hostel," we have worked mainly among the Shangaans but have believers among the baSutho as well. Nearly three years ago we began to pray that the Lord would give us openings into other tribes. Very shortly He began to answer prayer. We obtained an opening among a tribe called the vaPedi. There are also baTshuana and Shangaans there. This area, called the Blaauwberg, has a population of at least 50,000 people.

Rev. and Mrs. G. R. Hayse and Miss Dixon are our missionaries pioneering in this new area. The Lord is giving them the hearts of the people, and there have been many seekers after the Lord. Our missionaries were very fortunate in having to begin with them an African preacher and his wife, who are vaSutho, and know the isiPedi, which is a branch of the isiSutho. The preacher also knows several other African dialects, and



The new dispensary in Blaauwberg, where Kathyren Dixon is in charge.

English. They are real assets to the work. Miss Dixon, a nurse, has already begun treating the people and is winning their hearts by this labor of love. Rev. Hayse has been busy since arrival in building. At present the dispensary is finished. Miss Dixon is living in one room of it. A native nurses' home has been completed, and until recently the Hayses were living in it. Now they are living in the garage, which has been finished.



Miss Dixon and Mrs. Mamiane giving the people the Bread of Life before treating their illnesses.



Some vaPedi women, waiting at the dispensary in the Blaauwberg for treatment.

He is now working on the church building. It may be that we will dedicate it before Council.

We now have a small class of believers there who are being instructed in the rudiments of the gospel. Our Nazarene family in Africa is growing. Truly "the gospel . . . is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Amen.

The Blaauwberg is our frontier in the north. It is some 250 miles from Acornhoek, north and west. Pray for the Blaauwberg and its missionaries and African workers.

The Lord being pleased, this is the first article on our new work. In the past fifteen months we have been enabled of the Lord to open four new main stations.

A New Work

By N. R. Briles

Bolivia

PROBABLY the name *Jesus de Machaca* sounds a bit strange to you. Well, it is somewhat of a curious name, even though we translate it into English. *Machaca* is an Aymara word. It means *nuevo* in Spanish; and *de nuevo* would mean (more or less) anew, recently, or of late. So *Jesus de Machaca* refers to an image of Jesus, which at some time was carried into town.

We are building a chapel about two and one-half miles south of Jesus de Machaca. This chapel is being built in memory of Mary Torbett and is made possible by her daughter, Mrs. Ada Armstrong, of Bethany, Oklahoma.

The people are building the chapel themselves, but it has been necessary for me to take some materials to them. The first load weighed about a ton and a half, including the passengers. The materials consisted of a small tile machine to make tile for the roof, some cement, the molds, a little ochre (pigment to color the tile), and some used motor oil to put on the metal molds so the tile will not stick to them.

We wanted to start from home by 8:00 a.m., but didn't quite make it, as the boys who were to load up didn't arrive until after eight. Then, too, we noticed just before loading that one of the auxiliary springs was out of line. That meant straightening it and tightening the spring shackles, which meant more time lost.

At last we were on our way, and finally arrived at Guaqui a little before noon. I had brought along some sandwiches, but wanted something hot to eat and drink; so we bought us some soup.

It wasn't too bad. But then we tried some *segundo* (the second plate of the dinner) and it was hot two ways; but I managed to hide away most of mine. We started out again and, after driving something less than forty kilometers, we were at our destination.

After we had unloaded the truck, the pastor there served us a plate of soup. Then we went for a walk of about two miles to look over the location of the chapel. After returning, we ate supper, then rested awhile. In the meantime a few believers had dropped in, so we sang hymns together for a while. After evening prayers we retired.

The next morning we went to church. About forty were present for Sunday school. Then came the preaching service with a precious altar service. At dinner we all ate together. The menu consisted of boiled potatoes, *chuno* (dried potatoes boiled—not so bad), some quinoa cakes (quinoa, a small millet-like grain that grows only around here, so they say), and a piece of cheese or dried jerked beef—pardon me, I should have said mutton or llama.

During the afternoon service, we partook of the Lord's Supper. By four that evening, I was on my way home again. The roads were good and I had only three passengers. How good it was to get home to wife's cooking and a comfortable bed! Tired? Yes, but happy. Why? Well, because you are praying and giving of your means, and God is helping us together to help folks know Him, whom to know is life eternal.

HE CARRIED OUT HIS MISSION!

"He carried out his mission," said an officer of the Army Air Corps to a mother as he presented to her the medal which her son would have received had he returned. An assignment was given, and a plane rushed out over enemy territory, piloted by a young American. He reached the target. One bursting shell kept him from getting back to his base. Now, instead of her son's face, she sees a medal—his medal. Instead of hearing his voice, she hears his officer saying, "He carried out his mission." To us, as followers of Christ, there has been assigned a "mission"—to win a world back to God. We must find the part we are to take; we must continue Christ's mission; and we must not turn back until it is finished!—*Selected*.

Within the last one hundred years over a hundred million Chinese have starved to death. As you read these words, men, women, and children are dying at the same appalling rate of nearly three thousand a day.—*The Life of Faith*.

"The waters sh

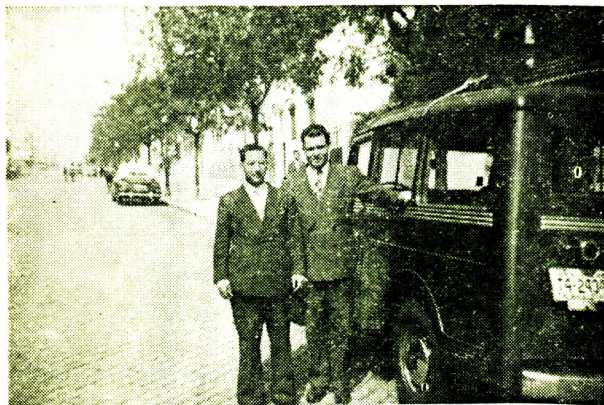
THIS IS TO SAY "HELLO!!" from Portugal. We are still here, waiting for a ship. Last month the government took all the space, but there is another ship the latter part of this month and we are hoping to get on it. During the delay we took the summer school course in the University of Lisbon to brush up on our Portuguese.

The best news we can give you is that our converted priest, Luiz Henrique Cunha, is returning to the Cape Verde Islands with us! After considerable difficulty we made contact with him. His mail has been withheld, so he received none of our letters for the past two years. Recently we drove to the interior, where his parents live, to find him. The car was parked around the corner out of sight while one of the Lisbon pastors went to call him, since his parents are so bitter against the "Protestants." I wish you could have seen his face when he rounded the corner and saw Garnet and me. It was like a sunrise out of a troubled sea. An appointment was quickly made for him to come to Lisbon. It is a long story and we cannot begin to tell you everything here. He has certainly passed through the fire of persecution during these past two years. His parents are fanatical Roman Catholics and did everything to discourage him. It was impossible to find a job, so he was forced to live with them and face the difficulties. At times he was given only soup to eat and had to make it himself. When he attended the mission in the city about three miles distant, he would be pelted with stones on the way home. Once he was shot at, and the wall was filled with lead where he had been stand-

ing. He tried to find work, but as soon as they found he was a converted priest everything was off. Once he was about to sign a contract for a position in a state college, teaching French, Portuguese, music, and Latin. But when the bishop found out about it, the way was blocked; and the friend who had helped him in getting the position suffered also. Even the washwomen who did his laundry were excommunicated. Once he tried to raise some chickens to sell, but was unable to rent a house and land for the project. But God was faithful and brought him through with victory, even though at times his spirit was greatly depressed. Once a committee of priests from the bishop came to him and offered to let



It was necessary for the Howards to spend some time in Lisbon, Portugal, en route to Cape Verde Islands.



Rev. Howard and ex-Priest Cunha with their jeep "Texas"

him return to the fold of Romanism with a good church and forgiveness and a liberal offering of several hundred dollars; but he refused flatly, saying that he would never renounce his faith in Christ. His hardest trial of all was the lack of communication. Not one letter from us or from the Islands was received, and he was completely cut off from all his friends to whom he had come for help at the time of his conversion.

Last week we drove to his home town and arranged the papers for his going to the Islands. and to tell his parents farewell. Brother Cunha is thrilled over the prospects of going to Cape Verde, and feels that God is calling him to evangelize the people where he was priest so long. He has spoken twice this week in Lisbon churches, and has more fire and liberty than ever before. Garnet and I are wondering if the past months haven't been to him what the Arabian desert was to Saint Paul, a time of rethinking and rebuilding

not overflow thee"

Lisbon, Portugal



By Everette and Garnet Howard

Cape Verde Islands

his whole theological foundation. As he expressed it recently: "My whole theological teaching was like a beautiful palace complete in every way, but without any foundation. Now I must tear it all down and start over." The Lord willing, he will sail the last of October with us to the Islands, and you will be hearing more from him later.

Some time ago we attended a convention at "Termas do Sao Pedro do Sul," about 200 miles north of Lisbon. There were representatives from twenty-one churches and eleven denominations. We had the privilege of speaking once and enjoyed the days of fellowship. The gospel work in Portugal is progressing nicely, and Portugal is a flower garden itself. It is the time of the grape harvest; rich valleys are covered with vines, and the country roads full of ox wagons loaded down with grapes. The pine forests, the cork trees, miles of olive trees, the famous ancient churches and monasteries, some of the older buildings

dating from the Middle Ages and others from the time of the Romans—all are interesting beyond description. We visited the University of Coimbra, the oldest in Europe, founded in 1290, and there saw a Bible over eight hundred years old. Portugal is a beautiful country and has everything one's heart could desire—except the *gospel*. The heart's cry of every pastor and Christian in Portugal is for old-fashioned revival and for true religious liberty as we know it.

We trust our next letter will be from Cape Verde Islands! Every letter from there makes us more anxious than ever to arrive. They have prepared a welcome service that is to last an entire week, and every day of delay seems like ages. Please remember us in your prayers, also our oldest daughter Elizabeth Ann, who remained in the United States for school. She is with her grandparents in Pittsburg, Kansas.

Help in the Hills of Cuba

By Lyle Prescott

Cuba

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth" (Psalms 121:1, 2).

THREE YEARS AGO Hildo Morijon, a young carpenter living in the hills of Pinar del Rio Province, Cuba, became ill of tuberculosis. His condition became serious, and he was sent to the sanitarium at Havana. It looked like near-tragedy, but God was ruling and overruling in Romans 8:28 fashion. In the hospital he came in contact with Christians, who led him to the Lord in a definite conversion; and later, through the ministry of Nazarene workers Edwardo Machado and Julio Bouzo, Hildo learned about the Church of the Nazarene and was led into the experience of entire sanctification. God began at once to use his testimony. Two brothers, soldiers, came to visit him, and Hildo led them both to the Lord. Today they are outstanding Christians in the midst of the sinful environment of army life. Also the influence of Hildo was effective in gaining regular evangelistic services at the sanitarium.

Three months ago Hildo was discharged from the sanitarium as cured. He returned to the hills of Pinar del Rio and began to testify for the Lord. In his first letter to me he rejoiced that all of his family except two sisters had accepted the Lord as their Saviour. The next letter told that the sisters also had become converted. The third letter begged me to visit them and hold a gospel service.

Three days ago I took Edwardo Machado with me and drove for six hours, until I pulled up in front of a humble but picturesque palm-thatched home where waited the smiling Hildo and a group of relatives. It had been an unforgettable trip, in which our eyes were torn between superb country scenery and terrible roads (that have since forced my car into a garage for substantial repairs). The summer rains had washed out parts of the crude oxcart trail, and we had detoured around farms, across boulder-strewn pastures,

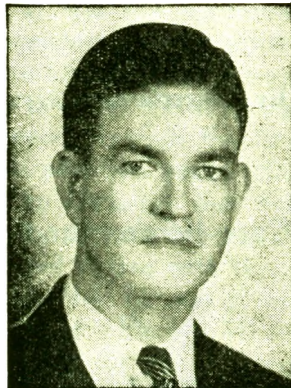
and over grass-slick hills, pushed at times by several neighbors along the way in order to make the steep grades. The highway had been fine, but the hour-and-a-half drive off the pavement seemed to last all afternoon. But what beauty! Grey-trunked, green-topped royal palm trees waved graciously at us. Fields of vivid green rice stretched away toward more distant hills blue in the distance. Higher up there were steep trails leading off to gray or white *bohios* (Cuban palm-thatched cottages), where oxen stood yoked to huge-wheeled carts. Farmers came out to see what car had ventured into their hidden country. Naked children stared at us in wonder.

At once Hildo told me that he had been testifying about holiness and that several of his family were hungry for the experience. I got my folding

organ out and we gathered in the *sala* (living room) to sing hymns. It was a bare room with dirt floors and palm branches overhead; but nobody thought of those details, for all eyes were on the little blue organ. Most of those present had never seen one before. Little by little they stopped watching my feet

and my hands play, and began to sing. On and on we sang. More relatives gathered. Some neighbors came in. On we sang. A muddy black pig meandered grunting through the room. Somebody kicked him, and he fled squealing through a bedroom. Eight yellow and brown baby ducks filed in and peeped lyrically. Two thin dogs stepped through the doorway, sensed the friendly atmosphere, and stayed. On we sang: "At the Cross," "There Shall Be Showers of Blessing," "There Is Power in the Blood," "Holiness unto the Lord," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and "In the Sweet By and By."

The old mother slipped out and prepared supper. On we sang in the growing darkness. God was in the ministry of music. The people sat as if spellbound. But finally Edwardo and I were called to sit down at a simple table in the next



room, where the mother presented us with soup, rice, guinea, and chicken. It was delicious. After we had eaten, others took our places about the table.

At seven-thirty we began the evening service with thirty-five gathered in. I passed out Nazarene Spanish hymnals. Few could read and not all knew the hymn melodies, though Hildo had done his best to teach the hymns he knew. But such seriousness on their faces, such spiritual hunger in their eyes; such wonderful attention, such courtesy! I unconsciously contrasted the scene with the indifference and rudeness we encounter so often in Havana.

There was a good spirit in the praying. Brother Edwardo testified, telling how he came to find the Lord. Then I preached on getting a change of heart. At the close we had a wonderful season of prayer for those who confessed they needed a change of heart. Then after more singing we dismissed. That is, I thought we dismissed; but when we went out to Hildo's little house to visit before retiring for the night, a group followed us. The night was pitch-dark. A stiff mountain breeze made the little kerosene lamp throw out a wildly dancing light. Young people gathered at the window, stood in the doorways, sat upon the bed, and together we talked about salvation and spiritual problems.

That night Edwardo and I slept on a bed with the contours of a sway-back horse. For a pillow there was a blanket rolled into a long, hard lump covered by a sheet. We were so tired that we slept soundly despite the strangeness of our surroundings.

Before light the next morning we were up with a prayer that God would greatly come upon our morning service that I had announced the night before. Our breakfast consisted of a cup of hot milk and coffee, called *cafe con leche*. By seven-thirty, twenty-five people had gathered and we opened in song service. I then preached on holiness, praying all through my message that God would sanctify these eager new converts. At the close, a row of youths stood to allow their bench to be used as an altar. Soon altar, chairs about, and adjoining space were occupied by young and old calling upon God. It was the best praying I had seen in Cuba. Hildo's brothers and sisters wept as they called on God for a clean heart. Edwardo prayed like a warrior. Hildo called desperately on God for his relatives. After some time several testified that they believed the Holy Spirit cleansed their hearts. I turned to the old mother and asked, "And has the Holy Spirit come into your heart?" She answered that she was not sure and did not care to say so until she was sure. I was happy for her honest attitude.

So we all got down and prayed about the mother. Before long she had her hands raised high and was shouting, actually shouting, "Glory to God! Glory to God!" with a radiant face. It was like a little camp meeting. And then we held a healing service for three afflicted persons present: Hildo's father, suffering from paralysis; an old neighbor lady suffering from a leg injury; and a four-months-old baby girl. Unfortunately I had no olive oil with me; but Edwardo spied some hair oil on a dresser in the corner, so I anointed the sick with Brilliantine and trusted God to undertake.

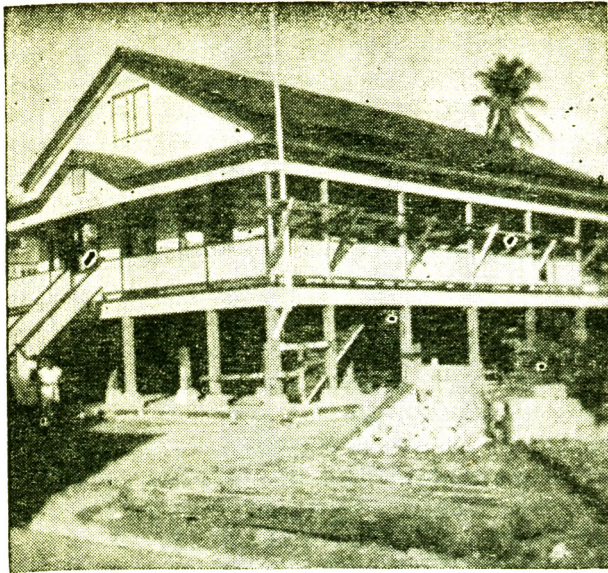
At last we said the final good-by to the adults, crowded in a flock of children for their first ride in an automobile, took them to the top of the first rise, unloaded them, and then set out over the oxcart trail for the highway and home. Our hearts were rejoicing in the privilege of preaching Jesus and witnessing His help in the hills of Cuba.

We left a supply of tracts and Nazarene hymnals with Hildo, who has regular services in his home Thursday nights and Sunday afternoons. Since returning home I have mailed him a Nazarene *Manual* and several Bibles. We expect to organize a mission among that hill group, and hope that before long we shall be able to build a *bohio* chapel for their services. Please pray for Hildo Morijon, who is already a Nazarene, that God will help him to win all his family and neighbors to the Lord.

Visiting Doshisha University, in Kyoto, Mr. Eddy "recalls the time when notice boards remained on the country roads: 'Let no Japanese become a Christian on pain of death,' and the non-Christian Japanese were proud and self-satisfied. Today they are humbled after the first defeat of their hitherto successful militarism. They are broken; they are responsive and open to new ideas, especially to Christianity as a possible moral foundation and dynamic for their new democracy. In almost every college in which I have spoken, hundreds of earnest and eager non-Christian students have arisen and signed cards as inquirers, to join Bible classes and make a study of the New Testament to see if Christianity is the best way for them and for Japan."

For a second time in Japan's history, "the door of opportunity is now wide open" before the Christian message. But "apart from the Roman Catholics and the Seventh Day Adventists, who are buying land and laying plans for hospitals, schools, and churches, the missionary forces and the impoverished Japanese Protestant Churches are not adequately responding."

—MR. SHERWOOD EDDY in *The Guardian*



Dedication of the Belize Church

By W. C. Fowler, Jr. *British Honduras*

PICTURED HERE is our Belize Church of the Nazarene, which was dedicated on June 5, when Drs. Williamson and Rehfeldt visited us.

The church is 30 by 60 feet and can comfortably seat 250 to 300. There must have been that many in attendance on the night of the dedication. The ground floor will be able to care for our Sunday-school departments and classes, and a large day school when such shall be organized.

Presiding at the dedicatory service was His Excellency, the Governor of British Honduras, Mr. Ronald Garvey. Other honored guests were Mrs. Garvey and the governor's A.D.C., Major C. V. C. Herbert.

In the morning service, at which Dr. Rehfeldt was the special speaker, there were eleven probationary members received into full membership, bringing the number to near fifty.

Both the church building and the fine group of Nazarenes are a monument to the effective labors of Rev. David Browning, who came to Belize just a little over four years ago. We pause to praise God for this milestone in our history, but feel as though this were a kind of commencement rather than the end of the battle. Our church is responsible for bringing the gospel to the 25,000 or more souls in this city.

"Why Didn't Someone Tell Me Before?"

By Earl G. Lee

India

WE ARE HAVING a heavy rain again this morning. Our rainfall for this season is about fifteen inches above normal. But this Saturday morning when our activity is limited due to swollen rivers and racing streams, my heart has been stirred anew with the vastness of our task. William, one of our fine Bible school students, came to my office door and pointed to a half-blind Hindu man, and said that he was on his way to Pandrapur. This city is one of the holy places in India where countless thousands of Hindus go every year, trying to find peace for their hungry hearts. This forty-year-old man had come onto the veranda of the Bible school chapel to escape the rain a bit, and this gave William a chance to testify. I went out and listened as he pointed the way of salvation to this man, blind not only in eye but more so in spirit. My heart was filled as I realized that to this soul the message was coming for the first time. William said, "You will not get salvation by going to Pandrapur. Jesus Christ died and rose again for your sins; and if you will believe on Him, He will give you peace. And wherever you are you can call on His name and He will answer." The man gave this reply, that stirred me anew, "If I had heard about this One before, I would not even have started for Pandrapur. Why did not someone tell me?"

We knelt on the stone floor, the rain pelting on the roof, just we four: William, this Hindu man, myself, and the "form of the fourth, like unto the Son of God." Yes, Jesus was there. William prayed. In my heart I asked God to let a ray of light fall on this man's darkened soul. He had never heard. It was not his fault.

He is going back to his village eighty miles from here. We gave him a Gospel, for he has a wife and child, and he said that someone will read it to him. Right now before he leaves he is curled up on the stone floor, sleeping. The reality of the matter is that I will never meet this man again; but he leaves here with a testimony, prayer, and the Word of God.

He is only one of the millions who have never heard . . . this is what stirs my heart.

WHO'S WHO



RAY AND RUTH MILLER

Rev. and Mrs. Ray Miller, missionaries to Trinidad, British West Indies, received their appointment from the General Board in January, 1949, and sailed for that field aboard the "Lady Nelson" in June of this year.

Richard Raymond Miller was born in Columbus, Ohio, June 3, 1904; while his wife, Ruth Andrews Miller, was born May 7, 1903, in Minneapolis, Minnesota. They were both graduated from Asbury College, Wilmore, Kentucky.

Rev. Raymond Miller was saved in February, 1923, and experienced the blessing of heart holiness approximately one year later. Mrs. Miller was saved when a child of six years and sanctified at twenty-one.

They were united in marriage June 20, 1928, and have the following children: Mary Moffat, aged twenty; Ruth Constance, aged nineteen; Raymond Boyd Andrews, aged twelve; and Heather Lea, aged three. Mary and Ruth are presently attending Bethany-Peniel College, Bethany, Oklahoma, where their parents were members of the staff preparatory to their departure for Trinidad.

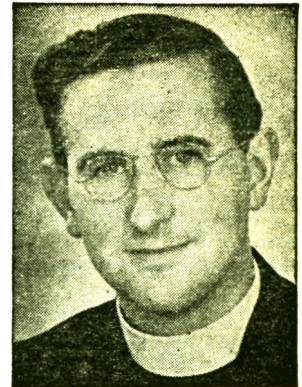


FAIRY COCHLIN

Fairy Faith Cochlin, missionary to Portuguese East Africa, was born near Ensign, Kansas, June 12, 1919, and received her elementary education in that area. She later attended Friends Bible College, Haviland, Kansas, and subsequently enrolled in Samaritan Hospital, Nampa, Idaho, where she was graduated with the degree B.S. in Nursing in 1947.

Fairy was saved in 1932 and sanctified four years later. After a brief period in Africa, she wrote: "I love the Lord with all my heart and plan to do my best for Him. When one looks out and sees the 'hungry multitude' who have never heard, you feel so bound, with no way to talk to them to help them—so again we turn our faces heavenward and pray, 'O God, give us ears to hear, a mind with which to comprehend, and a tongue with which to speak, so we can lead men and women, young people, and boys and girls from darkness into the glorious light of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.'"

Fairy Cochlin sailed for Africa in April, 1948, where she was appointed to the Ebenezer Station in Portuguese East Africa. Much of her time thus far has been spent in learning the Portuguese language; and because of the necessity for a special permit for work in that territory, she has been assisting in the work at our Bremersdorp Hospital until this permit is received. It looks now as though this long-awaited permit will be coming through very soon.



WILLIAM AND GRACE RUSSELL

Mr. and Mrs. William Russell were appointed missionaries to Palestine and began their first term of service in that field in February, 1947.

William Alfred Russell was born in Dublin, Eire, on January 5, 1918. Speaking of his conversion, he states: "I was born again of the Holy Spirit at the age of fourteen years. The Lord graciously sanctified me wholly six years later. I am now rejoicing in this glorious experience." William received his education at Emmanuel Bible School, Birkenhead, England, and at Hurler Nazarene College, Glasgow, Scotland.

Grace Alice Russell was born July 19, 1918, at Stoke, Newington, London. "When I was born again of the Holy Spirit at the age of twelve years," testifies Mrs. Russell, "I received a missionary vision and a desire to help those living in sorrow and darkness. With this aim in view I entered nurses' training school and spent two years at a Bible school. During this time I experienced the cleansing and baptism of the Holy Spirit." Mrs. Russell also is a graduate of Emmanuel Bible School in Birkenhead.

The Russells were united in marriage April 26, 1946, in Belvedere, Kent, and left the following year for Palestine. Because of difficulties in that country, they have been compelled to move to Trans-Jordan to continue their missionary endeavors.



The W. F. M. S.

Edited by Miss Emma B. Word, Secretary-Treasurer, 2923 Troost Avenue, Box 527, Kansas City 10, Missouri

EMPHASIS FOR FEBRUARY

THE CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE IS blessed with a good staff of missionaries, numbering now approximately two hundred, and we are thankful that the number is growing. We need more and more missionaries to enter the doors that are opening to us as a church. While we are all anxious to stand by the foreign mission work and our missionaries on the field, we must not forget that some of our missionaries are growing old. They have labored long and faithfully, and now their days of service on foreign soil are over.

We hold these heroes and heroines of the Cross in high esteem and love for their works' sake. But something more is required of us than just to love and esteem them highly. We must be faithful to them when their days of active labor are over. We must provide them with comfortable homes in which to live, and also with medical care when needed. They are worthy of our kindest and best consideration, and we would be neglecting them at the crucial hour in life if we failed to stand by them with our means and support in the sunset days of life.

We also owe a debt of love to our missionaries, both on the field and on furlough, when they are in need of special care. The Relief and Retirement Fund is devoted to this worthy purpose, and for this cause it has been brought into being. To neglect this fund is to neglect a sacred and worthy ministry to our needy missionaries.

But, let us do a little figuring. If 70,000 women each pay 10c, that would equal \$7,000 a year. That would be a fair sum if everyone supported it loyally. But then, you know, we must make allowance for those who do not support this fund. However, even if everyone did support this fund, the amount would not be nearly enough to meet the yearly demands.

Just figure up what dentistry, medical care, and hospitalization cost today. Due to the high cost of living on foreign fields, which is much higher than in the homeland, many of our missionaries are not getting the proper diet to keep their teeth in good condition. In consequence, most of them have huge dental bills when they arrive home, to say nothing about the medical care required in so many cases.

In view of all this, let us do what we can by way of faithfully paying our dues of ten cents a member a year. In addition to the dues, let us arrange for an occasional extra offering for this fund. We would also urge faithfulness in sending in the names of those who have passed on, to have them placed on the Memorial Roll. The contribution of \$25 which accompanies each name will do much to supplement this fund, and at the same time you will be honoring the memory of those near and dear to you.

We appreciate very much the way you have supported the Relief and Retirement Fund up to the present time, and we are depending on you to do your best in the coming days.

MRS. LOIS W. COLLINS,
General Secretary, Relief and Retirement and Memorial Roll Fund

A Prayer for the New Year

*Give me the Christ soul, God—pure,
brave, serene—*

To meet these days,

*Ready to walk, head high, with firm,
sure tread,*

The year's strange ways!

*Teach me to be a steward of all things,
Owner of none;*

*Glad to give up my will, since Thine,
my God,*

Shall still be done.

*Let me live grandly, seek the things
that last,*

Press toward love's goal;

*Win—jewels? fame? Nay, better;
when earth's past,*

Stand—a crowned soul!

*So be my Helper, Father—comfort me
With staff and rod,*

*Till I give back to Thee Thy year,
well lived*

For man and God!

—SELECTED

Secondhand Clothing for British West Indies

A letter has just been received from Mrs. A. O. Hendricks stating that they have received permission from the government to receive parcels of used clothing for the needy down there. Only light, summer-weight clothing should be sent.

Parcels should be addressed to The Church of the Nazarene, % Dr. A. O. Hendricks, P.O. Box 253, Bridgetown, Barbados, British West Indies. Mark on the outside of the parcel "Used clothing for free distribution."

Medical Boxes to India

Our hospital in India is pretty well supplied with bandages and medical supplies. The need now is for duty money to take care of the parcels already received. Our missionaries are so appreciative of the supplies sent, which will greatly assist them in carrying on the medical work in the hospital.

APPRECIATION FOR MISSIONARY BOXES

We wish that we had the space to publish the many letters received from our missionaries, expressing appreciation for the lovely parcels sent to them by the women of our societies. Some have written that the parcels have been received in the nick of time, supplying a real need. Let us continue this labor of love for our worthy missionaries.

Remember that the wholesale valuation should be given when mailing. Then do not forget to send money for duty, which usually averages about one-third of the declared valuation. This money should be sent through our office, specified for duty for the missionary receiving the parcel.

We have been instructed by our missionaries in Latin America not to send parcels to them on account of the exorbitant duty. Do not send these parcels unless especially requested by the missionary.

EMMA B. WORD
General Box Secretary

IMPORTANT NOTICE—PARCELS TO INDIA

It would be almost impossible to carry on mission work without parcels. We thank God for our noble women who do such a wonderful work in supplying the needs of our foreign hospitals, dispensaries, schools, and of our missionary families.

In a recent letter from India one of our missionaries informed me that their *Duty Fund* on parcels was \$250 in the red. The duty on personal parcels for missionaries is not included in this amount.

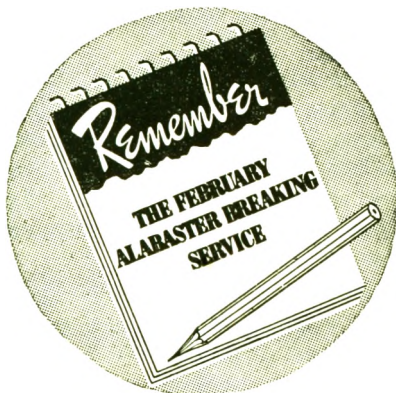
We must send parcels to our foreign fields, but send only good and strong clothing and supplies. Mark a very low value on the parcels. Send plenty of money for the duty.

Perhaps every society which has been sending parcels to India could send now a few extra dollars to help in getting this \$250 duty bill paid.

LOUISE R. CHAPMAN

AN IMPORTANT MONTH

February is an important month in our W.F.M.S. The second Alabaster Breaking Service is to be held. Almost one hundred thousand Alabaster Boxes have been distributed. Let us make the most of this service and bring in our love gifts for the purpose of building churches, chapels, dispensaries, and other needed buildings on all our mission fields. Material for the Alabaster Breaking Service is found in the first quarter's *Council Tidings* for 1950.



Alabaster Boxes Are *Dulile*

LOUISE R. CHAPMAN

My Swazi name is *Dulile*—Do Right. *Dulile* means expensive. One of the reasons I was called *Dulile* was because I was forever talking to my girls about the price of soap, books, pins, food, and good religion.

Now *Dulile* begins on her American grown-up girls. Alabaster Boxes are *dulile*. Don't waste even a single one. We want every one that will fill one to have one. But Alabaster Boxes are expensive. They are much *dulile*. Therefore, girls, do right.

Signed: DULILE

In mission lands the heathen population is still increasing far faster than the Christian population.

Of China's original 188 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.

If 1,000 missionaries were today to land in India, each one could have a parish all his own of 550 villages.

The heart of South America is "the greatest stretch of unevangelized territory in the world."

DISTRICT ANNUAL CONVENTION NOTES

The San Antonio District reports an interesting convention at San Benito, Texas, August 23.

Reported raised for General Budget was \$8,315.26. Raised for all purposes \$10,095.00.

The quadrennial theme "That They Might Know Him" was carried throughout the session. District officers' reports were encouraging.

Rev. Mrs. Pearl Keeton was unanimously re-elected district president.

Special speaker was Dr. Roy Cantrell, who brought a timely missionary message.

The first W.F.M.S. Convention of the Northwest Oklahoma District was held August 29 in Bethany.

Reports showed progress in every phase of the work. The membership is now 1,186. Over \$23,000 raised for the General Budget. Rev. David Browning, from British Honduras, brought encouraging reports of the great work that was being done in British Honduras. Mrs. E. Y. Davis spoke on Latin America and always stirs her listeners. Her message was challenging as well as informative.

Mrs. Roy Cantrell, district president, had guided the district efficiently during its first year; but on account of duties and responsibilities in connection with the college, she declined to be considered another year.

Mrs. Mark Moore was elected to lead the women on for the coming year. She has vision, ability, and a mind to work. Within a week following the Convention she had organized three new societies.

Northwest Oklahoma enters a new year accepting the challenge of our general president and pledges to her and the Council its co-operation.

The Southwest Indiana District held its first W.F.M.S. Convention August 22 and 23.

Encouraging reports were given by all departments. Fifty-five societies reported with a membership of 1,854. Over \$24,000 was raised for all purposes. There were 2,026 subscriptions to the *Other Sheep* reported.

Mrs. Louise Chapman, general president, was the special speaker. Her inspiring messages were a blessing to all. She presented the Alabaster Plan, which was enthusiastically received.

Mrs. Leo Davis, who had made such a fine beginning, was re-elected for another year.

An unusual and blessed Convention was held by the Chicago Central District W.F.M.S.

It was a privilege to have Rev. John McKay, from India, as special speaker. His messages were a great blessing to all.

Mrs. Howard Hamlin, in Japanese attire, delighted the Convention with her description of and visit with a typical Japanese family.

Representatives from the local societies, dressed as natives of our mission fields, presented a colorful march.

Thirty-nine societies reported over \$23,000 raised for all purposes.

Mrs. George Mitcham, the enterprising district president, was re-elected.

The North Carolina District W.F.M.S., under the efficient leadership of Mrs. C. E. Shumake, reports substantial gains in all departments. Raised for all purposes \$4,600; raised for General Budget \$3,200, thus enabling the district to overpay the General Budget 86 per cent. Three new societies were organized during the year. The Alabaster Box Plan was enthusiastically accepted.

Mrs. Shumake was unanimously re-elected for her third term.

Rev. Raymond Browning climaxed the convention with an inspiring and challenging message relating to his trip to British Honduras.

The North Carolina District W.F.M.S. has launched plans for a greater year in the world-wide work of our church in her labors, "That they might know Him."

Kansas City District W.F.M.S. held a very interesting Convention September 6, at the District Center. Under the leadership of the efficient district president, Mrs. Dell Aycock, increases were shown in all departments. Mrs. Aycock continues to lead the district another year.

Dr. Howard Hamlin, of Chicago, was the special guest speaker and stirred hearts to greater missionary activity as he spoke Tuesday morning and Tuesday night of the great challenge we have in the Orient. It was a privilege to have Mrs. Hamlin in the convention.

Rev. Whitcomb Harding gave a very interesting report of the Indian camp meeting to be held in Sumner, Oklahoma.

The district is going forward under the blessing of the Lord.

Last year the American Bible Society sent 180,000 copies of the Sermon on the Mount in Japanese to Japan. General Douglas MacArthur is reported to have said to the late Dr. John Temple, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, that "the Bible is the essential Book in helping toward the moral and spiritual recovery of Japan."

BOYS' and GIRLS' Page

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

HELLO AGAIN, BOYS AND GIRLS!

A very, very happy New Year to all of you! I'm sure that for many children and grownups in many lands the last year was much happier because of your prayers and the money you have sent to help them.

Again you sent money to the boys and girls in each country where we have our "Juniors' Own Missionaries," for Christmas, and it won't be long before we'll be hearing from them.

GREETINGS FROM ALASKA

Now we received this interesting picture from Alaska quite a while ago, but too late to fit into last winter's pages. So we saved it for this winter. These people are Rev. and Mrs. Hudgins and their three children: Charlene, nine years old; Carolyn, five; and little Victor, three. By



the time you read this it will be about a year after the time this letter was written; so Mrs. Hudgins will notice that I've added a year to the ages she wrote. However, I imagine the things that interested them then still do. For instance, it's fun for Charlene to have her school right across the street, so that when the freezing, dark winter sets in she can just dash over in a minute, and there she is. And Carolyn probably still loves to play out-of-doors, no matter how freezing the weather. And I'll guarantee that little Victor is still saying every little while, "I want an apple." (His mother says he's always hungry. I guess all boys are. Are girls, too?)

Here's something in Brother Hudgins' letter that astonished me. He said that the first boat of the preceding summer had arrived the middle of June, but it had been icebound for several days before reaching Nome! Icebound in June! Doesn't that sound queer! Then he said that, even after the boat arrived, it was impossible to unload it for two or three days because of the ice floes.

God is helping these missionaries up in Alaska, and those in other cities than Nome, too, to lead many people to Jesus Christ. Mr. Hudgins said that many people had written saying that they wished they knew what they could send that would help them out, and I thought you Juniors would like to know too.

If you sent letters air mail, they would get there in time to help make a lot of children and young people happy even the rest of this winter. Straight mail and parcel post might be held up because of the winter freeze-up, but air mail goes through. Here is what would help: games to play indoors (they have to stay in so much during the long, dark cold months, when the sun sometimes barely rises, gives them a few hours' peep, and then goes down again); patterns or pictures of things children could make (and I should think it would be grand to send materials out of which they can be made, for there's no duty to bother up there); ideas of things to do, and group games to play when children and young people gather together for social times. Some such materials are very light, and could go in one of those long, heavy envelopes, air mail, without too great cost.

Why not write Brother Hudgins and tell him what some of you did in a social gathering where you had an especially good time? And some might send some materials which you used then and had not destroyed, for it is very difficult for them to get things up there. They have to order by mail a great portion of all their winter's supplies and have them sent up by boat in the fall, for no boats can get there in the wintertime. Even if some things don't get through without delay, our missionaries will be delighted to have these supplies ready for another winter, or for use in social gatherings at any time.

But most of all don't forget to pray for them, and for all our Junior Society projects, and for all our workers everywhere.

Lots of love from your "Big Sister,"

MARY E. COVE

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for LIFE and ETERNITY
through our ANNUITY CONTRACT

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2. Your money will help the great missionary projects of the church and will work for the uplift of humanity
3. Your money will not be wasted on "will" trouble or probate court proceedings
4. You share the spiritual benefits and blessings of the missionaries

For Further Details Write ...

JOHN STOCKTON, General Treasurer

2923 Troost Avenue

Kansas City, Missouri



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