

Messengers of the Cross

In Palestine, Japan and Other Islands

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Messengers of the Cross in Palestine

REV. SAMUEL KRIKORIAN

AND

MISS REBECCA KRIKORIAN



Like a white cameo upon a dark setting, the career of this gifted missionary, Samuel Krikorian, is outlined against the black background of a nation's tragedy.

Samuel C. Krikorian was born in Aintab, Turkey, July 31, 1893. He is a scion of a wealthy Armenian family which traces its godly ancestry back two hundred years or more. Samuel's grandfather, Pastor Krikore Harootunian, was, at the time of his death in 1908, the oldest Evangelical minister of Armenia and Turkey. He was also senior pastor of one of the largest and most spiritual churches in the Turkish Empire, a church which he, himself, had organized fifty years before. Pastor Harootunian was a true man of God, holy in life, deeply spiritual, loved and revered by all who knew him. From earliest childhood, it was Samuel Krikorian's fondest ambition to follow in the footsteps of his sainted

desire to return to her native land to win some of her natural enemies for Jesus! In the mysterious providence of God, she has not, as yet, been permitted to do so, although a measure of her heart's desire is realized through the labors of her nephew, Samuel C. Krikorian.

He was a very small child when his aunt came to the United States, but she had taken an unusual interest in him from the time of his birth, always cherishing the hope that the little one would, in time, become a great man of God, a worthy successor to his sainted grandfather. When the lad was fifteen or sixteen years of age, Miss Krikorian began to seek the mind of the Lord about the advisability of bringing him to America to be educated for the ministry and the mission field. Her intercession prevailed, for in 1909, when the second frightful massacre was visited upon the Armenians in Turkey, the way was opened for Samuel to come to the United States. He arrived on August 25, 1909. A beautiful home was provided for the boy with Rev. and Mrs. Oetinger of the Christ's Home (a Faith School) in Philadelphia. He remained with these godly people two years while taking his High School course at Warminster, Pa.

After graduating from High School, Samuel also completed a course at the Bible School and Missionary Training Home of the Brethren at Grantham, Pa. While attending the latter institution, the lad was sanctified wholly. He was twenty years old at the time, January, 1913. He had been sweetly saved when only twelve years old, back in his own homeland. As the time of his graduation from the school at Grantham approached, the problem of a suitable College where the young man could complete his preparation for missionary service in the Near East engaged the serious consideration of both Samuel and his Aunt Rebecca.

While Samuel was attending school, Miss Krikorian had been lecturing in many of the Nazarene churches in the west and middle-west, and had become acquainted with many Nazarene people and a number of their pastors. After investigating the Nazarene College at Pasadena, she became convinced that, because of its spiritual atmosphere and its superior equipment, it was the best school in all the land for their purpose. Accordingly, she wrote to her nephew, urging him to come to Pasadena immediately after his graduation. This he finally did, although he had been tempted to take up engineering for a life calling in preference to the ministry. But his Aunt Rebecca prayed, and "prayer changes things." During his residence in Pasadena, Samuel lived with his aunt in a home ingeniously furnished by her with the expenditure of only thirty-three cents! The story of her marvelous achievements with her needle is related in her book "Jerusalem."

During his first summer in Pasadena, the young student was unable to find work because of his scruples against labor unions. So the little family practiced the "faith life" for a time, and the Lord honored their confidence by supplying their needs in a miraculous manner. But after the college term opened in October, Samuel found employment sufficient to pay all the expenses of his course. At the same time the ambitious student operated a jitney bus for a wealthy citizen down town! Strange to say, the burden of this heavy outside work did not in the least interfere with young Krikorian's studies. On the contrary, he easily led his classes in all departments.

At this time the World War broke out with all its horrors. Once more the Armenians were the greatest sufferers. Samuel's father and uncle, with their families, were among the number deported to Damascus. The sad news almost prostrated the young student. He was obliged to miss school for a few

weeks. But he rallied, and applied himself to his studies with, if possible, more diligence than before. At the beginning of his third year he asked permission of the faculty to carry the work of the last two years of the course in one year, so that he might be able to return to Turkey "to preach Christ to the Turks (his enemies) and to the Armenians (his own beloved people) one year sooner, if the Lord should open the way." On account of his superior scholarship, the permission was readily granted. His record during that year was so brilliant that he was not even required to take the examinations. He graduated, with honors, in June, 1917.

During his student years, Samuel Krikorian was, like the boy Jesus at Nazareth, "increasing in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." At the same time he was always modest and unassuming, an example of that genuine humility which is a mark of every true disciple of the Nazarene.

Notwithstanding his earnest desire, the way did not open for his immediate return to Turkey after his graduation. The Lord had other work for him at that time, and the divine plan for his future was not yet revealed.

Although a student of Pasadena College, Samuel Krikorian did not unite with the Church of the Nazarene until after his graduation, but finally, on December 2, 1917, he was accepted as a member of the First Church in Pasadena.

Soon after taking this important step, the young man began to tour the States under the auspices of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief. He continued in this work for more than a year with eminent success. Within a few months, more than \$50,000 was raised for the cause. Like Joseph in Potiphar's house, young Krikorian gained the confidence of his employers to such an extent that he was entrusted with the key of the vault whenever the Secretary

was absent. He also won the admiration of the public, who, to his great amusement, conferred upon him the title of "Doctor."

The months spent in relief work were strenuous ones for Samuel and for his Aunt Rebecca. Both were busy day and night in the Lord's service, and blessed results were realized. But the burden upon their hearts grew heavier each day. The opportunity to return to Turkey seemed to become more and more remote. On account of war conditions, not only was all of Turkey closed to them, but even communication through the mails was denied. Well-nigh in despair, Miss Krikorian took her burden to the Lord. At last, in February, 1918, a revelation from above was granted her. Quoting from her book "Jerusalem," she says, "Almost an audible voice struck my heart and said to me, 'Why don't you go to Jerusalem and open the mission in *Jerusalem*? The British have it now. The Turks have nothing to do with it any more. Go there! Make your headquarters there, and when the war is over, you can open branches all over the country, as well as in Aintab.'"

Overjoyed, Miss Krikorian wrote to Samuel, asking if he would join her in Jerusalem. He replied that he surely would, provided the Lord should open the way. From that hour both concentrated their prayers upon the proposed mission in Jerusalem where they would have opportunity to minister to both Turks and Armenians, and to Jews as well.

Although he soon became very popular on the lecture platform, Samuel Krikorian's Christlike humility was never spoiled by the adulations of the multitudes. All else was forgotten in his love for God and in his unselfish service in behalf of his unfortunate people. The desire to return to his homeland to minister to them burned in his soul with increasing intensity as the months and the years sped by. With this goal in view,

he was ordained an elder in the Church of the Nazarene at the District Assembly in Portland, Oregon, in June of 1918. Upon that occasion the young minister gave his thrilling testimony, including his own divine "call" and that of his Aunt Rebecca, to return to their homeland as missionaries to the Mohammedan Turks, concluding with an appeal for the opening of a mission in Jerusalem. The response from the audience was most enthusiastic. Dr. Reynolds promised to take up the matter at the meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions in October, and invited the speaker to be present.

In her book "Jerusalem" Miss Krikorian relates in thrilling detail the proceedings of that board meeting. Both Samuel and his aunt were present. When the gifted Armenian youth made his plea and presented Miss Krikorian's plan for a Nazarene Mission in Jerusalem, all hearts were touched, while great enthusiasm was manifested. Every one present, including a number of visitors, voted for the Jerusalem mission. Miss Rebecca Krikorian and Samuel Krikorian were both appointed prospective missionaries. The Board also appropriated \$5,000 to start the mission, and they prepared a plan for deputation work.

The newly-appointed missionaries left the meeting with full hearts, scarcely able to contain themselves for joy. Miss Krikorian was confidently hoping to establish and preside over a mission home, in connection with the Jerusalem work, where little Armenian orphans could be sheltered and cared for. This part of her plan has never, as yet, materialized, since she has not even been permitted to reach the field. Nevertheless, Rebecca Krikorian is the true mother of the Nazarene Mission in Jerusalem, since the inspiration for it was first given to her, after twenty-five years of heart burden and intercession.

After three years, largely employed in deputation work, Samuel Krikorian sailed for Beirut, Syria, on August 27, 1921. He proceeded at once to Jerusalem to launch the long cherished enterprise.

Finding Armenians from every part of the Turkish Empire in the Holy City, the missionary spent much time in visitation, seeking to get acquainted with his people and to win their confidence. The first difficulty encountered was that of securing a permit from the governor of the city to open a mission, since the governor wished them to take up orphanage work. But in December, General Superintendent Reynolds came to the missionary's assistance. At the General Assembly of 1928 Mrs. Naomi Kauffman related in a charming manner the story of Dr. Reynolds and Rev. Krikorian on the Mount of Olives where they spent an all-night vigil of prayer. In the morning the permit was freely granted, and the orphans were already provided for! About Christmas time a location was secured and services were formally opened.

During the first year Rev. Krikorian labored faithfully alone, gathering from the wreckage of his afflicted people a small nucleus for a church. When Rev. Kauffman and wife reached the field in the autumn of 1922, Brother Kauffman took over the superintendency of the work, while Rev. Krikorian continued to act as pastor. An account of the further progress of the mission is contained in the life story of Rev. and Mrs. Kauffman.

Rev. Samuel Krikorian has remained continuously on the field since his arrival in 1921. On March 5, 1924, in Beirut, he was happily married to Miss Hranoush Yardumian, a lovely Christian girl who had been teaching in a near east orphanage. Husband and wife have been working together through the years, and the Lord has abundantly blessed their labors. They send the following beautiful testimony:

"We thank God for His grace which has been sufficient all along the line. Many have been the difficulties and trials, but our precious Lord has been, and is, very near in every need. We know many of our people have prayed much for our work, and for our workers on this field. We do greatly appreciate your kind and effectual prayers, tears, and noble support. May God richly bless and reward you! There are great possibilities for our work in these Bible lands. Our determination is to press on and be a blessing to a greater number of souls."

REV. AND MRS. A. H. KAUFFMAN



These charming missionaries are products of ideal Christian training. Both were reared in Christian homes where the atmosphere was redolent with the spirit of prayer, and where the truth of the Gospel was demonstrated in the daily walk of godly, consecrated parents.

Alvin Horst Kauffman, Jr., was born July 22, 1893 in a minister's home at Peabody, Kansas. His mother was a deaconess, while his father was a consistent preacher of holiness from 1894 until his death in 1928. Both parents were members of the Church of the Nazarene at Grand Rapids, Michigan, when called to be with Jesus. Alvin, Jr., was a charter member of the same church.

From early infancy, Alvin was responsive to the sweet influence of the Holy Spirit, for he yielded his heart to God at the family altar when only five years of age. His father often found the little one on his knees, pleading for God's

blessing on the services at the church. The child was not, however, proof against the insidious temptations of school life. Under the spell of new associations, he lost his hold on God, and despite the gentle pleadings and the fond solicitude of the home folks, the boy's heart grew harder with the passing of the years until he reached the age of fifteen. Then, in a revival meeting conducted by the Rev. Fred DeWeerd, the boy yielded to the powerful conviction of the Spirit, and was genuinely reclaimed. He was sanctified ten days later, and from that time he has been consistently true to his convictions, finding his chief delight in the Lord's service. His early zeal found vent in street meetings, jail services, and personal work of various kinds.

The conviction that his life must be entirely devoted to Christian service was also planted in his heart in those early years, although at the time it was not made clear to him whether the field of his labors was to be at home or in foreign lands. With his heart and mind fully surrendered to God, the lad was content to follow the leadings of the Spirit, and to let the Lord have His way in the disposition of his life.

Young Alvin did not enter high school immediately after finishing his course in the grade schools. Instead he turned his attention to salesmanship, which employed his time and his energies for about four years. The experience which he gained during those years proved to be a valuable part of his education, for through it he gained a knowledge of human nature which enabled him to approach people tactfully, and to handle difficult situations successfully.

So it was with a mind rendered keen and alert by constant contact with various classes of people, and by a practical knowledge of business life, that Alvin Kauffman, with his brother Elmer, entered high school in 1911. He was eighteen years old at the time, but both lads easily made up for lost

time by taking double work, and completing the high school course in two years! In the fall of 1913 the brothers entered Olivet College where they again demonstrated their mental alertness by carrying double work. In three years they completed their courses in the College of Liberal Arts and the Bible college, graduating in 1916. Elmer was the president of the class, while Alvin was its valedictorian.

In September 1916, following his graduation, Alvin H. Kauffman was ordained to the Christian ministry at the Michigan District Assembly of the Church of the Nazarene. The young minister was assigned to a pastorate near Saginaw, Michigan. He served the churches in that country for three years with the blessing of God upon his labors.

The busy years of his college life at Olivet brought a double blessing to Alvin Kauffman. For while the ambitious student was diligently applying himself to his books, and burning the midnight oil, fair Romance stole a march on him, painting his horizon with rainbow tints. At Olivet he found the girl of his choice, Miss Naomi Anderson, sister of Rev. E. G. Anderson.

This beautiful young woman is a native of Chicago. She was reared in a Christian Methodist home by a godly mother who looked well to the ways of her household, maintaining strict discipline, and keeping always in close touch with her children's social activities.

When Naomi was fifteen years old, her mother transferred her own membership to the First Church of the Nazarene in Chicago. At her very first service in the new church home, the young girl was convicted of her spiritual need. For several months she resisted the wooings of the Spirit, but at last she yielded, and was gloriously saved in a revival meeting in her home church in Chicago. A few months later she made a full surrender of all her worldly plans and ambitions, and was

sanctified wholly. Soon after this new experience, while at her evening devotions, the Lord definitely called the young girl to the foreign field. She gladly responded to the call, since her life was already irrevocably dedicated to the Lord's service, to go wherever He might lead. Although several years of preparation intervened, Miss Anderson never for a moment doubted her "call."

Following providential leadings, the missionary aspirant first completed a Business College Course. Then for five years she was employed as stenographer and bookkeeper in two large business offices in Chicago. Then, after a time, the happy day arrived when she was privileged to enter Olivet College to finish her preparations for her life work. Here, as already has been stated, she became entangled in the silken meshes of Romance, which bound her for life to Alvin H. Kauffman. Naomi Anderson graduated from Olivet in 1917. On August 14, 1919, in old First Church, Chicago, the solemn ceremony was performed which made her Mrs. A. H. Kauffman. (Parenthetically, Rev. Kauffman declares, "I got a mighty fine girl, and we've lived happily ever after!")

Since both had already been appointed to the Nazarene field in Eastern India, on November 7, 1919, the newlyweds set sail from Seattle for their distant mission field, arriving at Calcutta January 14, 1920.

After three years of splendid service in India, in 1922 our missionaries were transferred to the then new Nazarene mission in Jerusalem. Rev. Kauffman felt assured that this arrangement was a part of God's plan, for back in 1911 he had experienced a definite "call" to the Armenian people. Since their first arrival in the Holy Land, the missionaries have never questioned the divine leadings which brought them there to minister to the remnant of the stricken Armenian nation who have found refuge in Jerusalem.

They found Rev. S. C. Krikorian busily at work on the field. He had been in Jerusalem only a few months, and owing to the scattered condition of the Armenian population, he had found it necessary to devote much of his time to visitation, that he might become acquainted with his people, and win their confidence. He had succeeded in gathering about him a small nucleus for a church, but no organization had been attempted.

Owing to crowded conditions in the city, and extremely high rents, the missionaries experienced much difficulty in finding a location, but after much united prayer and effort, a large room was at last secured where services were opened on the first Sunday in December of 1922. A Sunday school was also started at the same time.

Our missionaries in Jerusalem labor against bitter opposition, especially from the priests of the Gregorian church. Nevertheless, their faith has never faltered, and the Lord has blessed their ministry of love with much precious fruit. In April of 1924 the First Church of the Nazarene in Jerusalem was organized with twenty-one members. The little flock was composed of Armenians, chiefly of the refugee class, very poor people who were living in rooms that were dark and damp "like caves of the earth." Their poor faces were deeply lined from the terrible vicissitudes through which they had passed, but they were radiant with a holy joy when they realized that they were to have a part in the first Armenian Protestant Church ever organized in Jerusalem! The missionaries also were exultant because they were privileged to plant the first Church of the Nazarene in the Near East, close to the narrow streets once trod by the Master's blessed feet, under the shadow of the Mount of Olives forever hallowed by His tears!

The missionaries were diligent and faithful. Under their watchful care the little vine of the Lord's planting flourished.

REV. MOSES HAGOPIAN



Rev. Moses Hagopian is a native of Harpoot, Armenia. Like the illustrious Law-giver whose name he bears, he was born in troublous times, the child of an oppressed and suffering race. Grim tragedy cast its baleful shadow even across his cradle, for he was only a little child when thousands of peaceful Armenians were slaughtered by the "unspeakable Turk" in the massacres of 1896. His family escaped from the

wreckage and found shelter in the American Missionary College in Harpoot, but it was only through a miracle, in answer to the father's prayers. Their beautiful home was burned to the ground, leaving the family destitute, but after the massacre subsided, the good father, by much toil and sacrifice, managed to keep his children together.

Thirteen years later, in 1909, persecutions broke out afresh, and the defenseless Armenians in Cilicia were cruelly butchered by the tens of thousands. At that time the massacres did not reach the Harpoot district, but during the next two or three years the political unrest became more and more acute. The very atmosphere became surcharged with danger for all Armenians, especially for the young men. Finally Moses Hagopian, then a young lad in his teens, was obliged to leave home. Although his way was beset with unnumbered perils,

the boy succeeded in reaching America in January, 1912. At last he was safe from the sword of the bloody Turk! But he was compelled to struggle for his existence under a mountain of difficulties. Like the youthful Joseph, the boy was little more than a child in years, a stranger in a strange land, alone, torn from the embrace of father and mother and loved ones, without friends, or influence, or money, or home! At first he could not even understand the language of his associates. But he was a brave little fellow, not easily overcome by difficulties.

From the port of entry he proceeded first to Boston where, for several months, he toiled for his living expenses through the long hours of the day, and attended night school in the evenings. His determination to conquer the English language was so strong that he repeated the hard words over and over all day long, practicing the spelling and pronunciation. This habit became so fixed that the process was often continued in his dreams at night. The lad's fitful slumbers were also frequently disturbed by frightful dreams of massacres in his native land, and of pursuit by Turkish soldiers.

No record was kept by the young Armenian of the sighs and the tears and the heartaches of those first lonely months in America. Indeed the experiences which cut most deeply into the soul are seldom spoken of. Nevertheless the exile was not alone. Five years before he left his native land, the boy had given his heart to the Savior, and the Lord did not forsake His own. Even as the God of Israel was with Joseph in Egypt, the Lord Jesus kept close to the side of Moses Hagopian, keeping him safe from the snares of the evil one, healing his wounded spirit, and guiding his foot-steps into his desired haven. The young man's soul was singularly guileless, apparently impervious to the insidious temptations of evil.

His supreme desire was for Christian fellowship and a closer walk with God. Because of the multiplicity of churches in America, he wisely besought the Lord to lead him to the one where his spiritual hunger could be satisfied. The Lord was not slack concerning His promise, for, in 1913, young Hagopian found his way to Berkeley, Calif., and into the Church of the Nazarene! There he discovered a band of people with shining faces, testifying to the abiding joy of the Lord in their hearts. Also, on the wall behind the platform appeared the precious words, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin!" Convinced that he had found the church of his choice, Moses Hagopian was soon received into the fellowship of the Church of the Nazarene, after he had accepted the Lord Jesus as his Sanctifier at the altar of the Berkeley church.

The young disciple needed all the sustaining grace of his new experience in the severe tests which followed. While in Berkeley he was unable to find work much of the time, so that he suffered the pangs of hunger and real poverty. But notwithstanding his straitened circumstances, the "call" to be a missionary to his own suffering people, which he had recognized even before he left his native land, became more pronounced and more imperative after he was sanctified. Feeling his need of missionary training, the lad bent all his energies to the task of acquiring the necessary education. Again the Lord helped, and he was enabled to enter Pasadena College in 1915. After two years in Pasadena, he removed to Nampa, Idaho in 1917. There he graduated from the Northwest Nazarene College in 1921, after working his way through the entire four years' course. In 1923, while still in Idaho, he received his final naturalization papers, and became a citizen of the United States.

This gifted Armenian student acquired his splendid education by six years of close application, augmented by much physical toil and much prayers. Moreover he was laboring all the while under the dark shadow of tragedy, and a heavy burden of sorrow.

During the first three years of his exile he received frequent letters from his family and loved ones in Armenia. But in 1915, during his first year at Pasadena, news of the cruel massacres in Turkey were flashed across the waters. The helpless Armenians were forced out of their homes in every city and village, herded together like cattle, and forced at the point of Turkish bayonets to flee into the Syrian desert. Multiplied thousands were slaughtered outright, after being tortured and mutilated in ways too horrible to describe, while other thousands fell by the wayside, or perished of hunger and thirst. From this date, our Armenian lad at Pasadena received no more letters from home. Through weary weeks and months, and even years, he waited in vain for a single word as to the fate of his own loved ones. Finally, after four years, the sad intelligence reached him that father and mother, and all who were dear to him, had perished by the fiendish hands of the Turks, all save one sister whom they had taken captive! A horror of great darkness settled upon the young man's soul. Not being able to study, or to think connectedly, he could only steal out to a secluded place in the school grove, and there pour out his agonized heart in strong crying and tears. But, even in the black darkness the blessed Savior drew preciously near to his suffering servant, whispering sweet assurances of His love, and pouring healing balm upon the broken spirit, until at last Moses Hagopian, made spiritually stronger through suffering, struggled to his feet, and sang through his tears,

“His grace is enough for me, for me,
His grace is enough for me;
Through sorrow or pain
Through loss or through gain,
His grace is enough for me!”

Thus in the strength of the Lord, this noble young disciple of the Nazarene has continued to serve his Master through the years.

After his graduation, for about two years, Rev. Hagopian was continually engaged in deputation work for the Missionary Board in the Northwest, North Pacific and Idaho Oregon Districts. Then one full year was spent in an itinerary which carried him across the continent and landed him in Brooklyn, New York. In this manner the prospective missionary raised the money for his transportation to Palestine, with pledges for his support on the field, and for equipment.

In the autumn of 1924 the happy day arrived when the new missionary was privileged to set sail for Palestine to carry his message of love and peace to his afflicted countrymen who had found refuge in the Holy Land.

During his first few months on the field, Brother Hagopian was associated with the Krikorians and the Kauffmans in Jerusalem, teaching and preaching. Then in February, 1925 he was permitted to move to Haifa, at the foot of beautiful Mount Carmel, to open a new mission. In company with Rev. Kauffman, he made the trip from Jerusalem over ground once pressed by the feet of the blessed Savior. They passed through many places familiar in Bible story—the sacred Mount of Olives, the traditional home of the prophet Samuel, Bethel and Mt. Hermon, Shechem and Jacob's well, and finally Nazareth and Mt. Tabor, one hour's journey from Haifa.

For one year our heroic missionary labored alone at Haifa, working against bitter persecution and opposition. He fought

the good fight on his knees, preparing the foundation for a good, strong work at Haifa. Then alas! The fatal retrenchment of 1925 ordered the closing of the new mission, and the missionary's return to Jerusalem! This involved the moving of all equipment back to Jerusalem, besides the loss of territory and the waste of time and energy. The disappointment was so keen that the missionary's heart was almost broken, and he was sadly tempted to despondency. But again the Lord sustained and delivered from unseen dangers.

Rev. Hagopian served several months in Jerusalem, and also evangelized to some extent in Syria. He visited the great refugee camp in Beirut where 20,000 Armenians were housed in squalid little huts, with sometimes from two to five or six families crowded into one small room. Our missionary preached in their large tabernacle to an appreciative audience of his own native people. He also visited in Damascus, where he walked through the "street called Straight," and was shown the window in the city wall through which Paul was let down in a basket. He preached to large audiences in that ancient city, and a number of souls were saved. He also brought the Gospel message to the Armenian refugee camp at Aleppo where he found 40,000 Armenians housed in the same manner as those at Beirut. At both camps he found some real saints who had retained their experience of salvation through all their vicissitudes, and he met a number of old friends whom he had not seen for fourteen years.

Perhaps the most interesting experience of his evangelistic tour was his voyage in a small sail boat across the Sea of Galilee from Tiberias to Capernaum. When halfway across, one of the sudden storms for which the lake is noted attacked our missionary's frail craft. The strong winds blew and the waves dashed high, just as they did upon the boat in which the Master slept, and again upon the other boat

which carried the infant church when the Lord came to them, walking upon the water! For a time Moses Hagopian expected to slip away to heaven from the bosom of blue Galilee. But once more the Master stilled the waves, and the boat soon reached the Capernaum shore.

After several months in Jerusalem, the way was opened for Rev. Hagopian to preach at the famous seaport of Jaffa. Also the Lord graciously answered the missionary's prayers in behalf of his sister Rebecca, who was taken by the Turks in 1915. Her brother did not know of her fate until 1919. His efforts to secure her release were unavailing, but he continued to pray for it during the years. Finally, in March, 1927, the glad message reached the devoted brother that Rebecca had miraculously escaped from the Turks, and had reached Syria! Her deliverance was through a miracle, in answer to prayer. The joyful reunion of brother and sister, after a separation of fifteen years, can better be imagined than described. Praise the Lord for His wonder-working power!

For three years the brother and sister worked together in Jerusalem and in Jaffa. In the latter place they encountered fierce opposition, and not a little persecution, not being able to secure a permanent place for their services. But they visited, and held meetings in their own home, and sang the Gospel, and demonstrated in their gentle forbearance the true spirit of Christ. In the summer of 1928 they succeeded in organizing a Sunday school, followed by regular preaching services. This forms the nucleus for the second Church of the Nazarene in Palestine.

Unfortunately, the moist, tropical climate of Jaffa so seriously impaired Brother Hagopian's health that the missionaries were compelled to return to the United States in Decem-

ber, 1928. Both are studying at Eastern Nazarene College at Wollaston, Mass. Miss Rebecca is taking a course of training in Christian work.

Surely the heart of the Church of the Nazarene should be very tender toward these precious Armenian missionary children who so earnestly desire to be remembered in the prayers of God's people. Both long to return to the field at no distant date, to carry on the work they have started with so much labor and patience. Moses Hagopian sends this beautiful testimony:

"God has been very gracious to me, and He has been training me in the school of sorrow all these years. I want to praise Jesus for all His mercies to me.

"Through many sorrows, toils and snares

I have already come;

'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,

And grace will lead me home."

REV. M. A. THAHABEYAH



Rev. Thahabeyah is a native of Syria, born in 1893 in Bludan, a popular health resort which is noted for its salubrious climate and its excellent water, as well as for its charming scenery. Rev. Thahabeyah may be considered a product of many religions. His parents were originally Greek Orthodox, but after the birth of their son, they were converted to the Roman Catholic faith.

They were, however, more liberal than the average Romanist, for they educated their boy in the Protestant schools in Bludan. The lad's name was Milhem, and since he was the only son of his parents, their hopes and affections were centered in him.

In 1900 the father of the family went to America to seek his fortune in the land where so many of his relatives and friends were already located. It is said that about four hundred natives of Bludan are residing in various parts of the United States. Little seven-year-old Milhem was left with his mother and three sisters, but he sadly missed his father. He envied every child who could climb upon his father's knee at evening time, and search in capacious pockets for candy. When the good father did finally return, after an exile of six years, it seemed to the lonely youth—now older grown—a dream too good to be true, that *he really had a father of his own!*

In 1911, after four happy years with his family, the elder Thahabeyah became alarmed over war conditions. The Turks were assembling their armies, and an edict was passed, forbidding any boy under age to leave the country. Fearing for the safety of his son, who was then eighteen years of age, the father determined to escape with him to America. By the employment of many subterfuges, the pair succeeded in reaching the seaport at Beirut. There the boy was arrested, being under age, but by the free and liberal use of "back-sheesh" his release was effected, so that father and son finally boarded a vessel which was to carry them to the "beautiful land" of America, "land of the free, and home of the brave."

After successfully passing inspection at the port of entry, the travelers proceeded to New York City which, in the estimation of the young Syrian, is the most wonderful city in the world. He mentally likened it to the New Jerusalem, because within it were congregated people from all nations and tongues, but on the other hand, he quaintly observed, it was built by human hands, and "guile and curse" abound within its borders, whereas the heavenly city is built by God, and no evil of any kind can be found therein.

From New York, father and son proceeded to Bryan, Ohio, and Ft. Wayne, Indiana, where they were welcomed by a host of relatives and old friends. Young Milhem started to work in the round house at Ft. Wayne, but the work was very hard and exacting. On one occasion, the lad was forced to work both day and night. He managed to hide from his boss one evening, and ran away home in the late hours of the night. He was so exhausted that he crawled into bed without washing his face or removing his shoes.

Fearing the effect of factory life upon his son's health, Mr. Thahabeyah took the boy to the country in Michigan and in Ohio, where he had many acquaintances. The lad

worked with these friends on their farms, and eventually he found employment as a salesman.

Up to this period of his life, Milhem Thahabeyah had always considered himself a Christian. He was neither a Jew nor a Mohammedan—so what could he be but a Christian? But his work as a salesman brought him in contact with many Protestant Christians. They were very kind to the Syrian youth, inviting him into their homes and taking him to their churches. The young man was deeply impressed with the difference between these Christians and the type with which he had always been familiar. His alert mind began to sense the truth that there must be a distinction of some kind between being born a Christian “after the flesh” and being “born again of the Spirit.” Some good evangelical people of Montpelier, Ohio, took an active interest in the boy, and under their godly influence the Holy Spirit’s conviction deepened. The lad did not know how to seek God, but he was “hungering and thirsting after righteousness” and, true to His promise, the Lord met him halfway, and satisfied his hungry soul with the witness of salvation. This happy crisis took place in 1915.

Thahabeyah’s conversion was genuine and thorough, and soon he was seeking the baptism of the Holy Spirit. He quaintly remarks that he was already familiar with water baptism. In infancy his grandmother had taken care of his baptism in the Greek Orthodox church. A little later his father took him to the Protestants in Bludan for a second baptism, still later, after the parents had become Roman Catholics, it was necessary to wash away the evil effects of the previous baptisms by the best approved rites of Catholicism! Finally, in Bridgewater River, at West Pioneer, Ohio, the young man, of his own choice, intelligently received the sacred rite from the hands of a Christian minister. Thaha-

beyah was surely well versed in water baptism, but the baptism of the Holy Spirit was something new—a divine work which could not be received through the laying on of human hands!

Wisely, the young man turned to the Lord, and the Holy Spirit performed His office work in the lad's heart, "setting his feet upon a rock, establishing his goings, and putting a new song in his mouth, even praises unto our God." The exuberance of his new-found joy found vent in shouts of praise. The simplicity of the young Syrian led to some amusing complications. He had not yet learned to recognize the lines of distinction between the various denominations. Consequently, whenever an invitation to join the church was given, young Thahabeyah promptly went to the front and offered his hand to the minister, whether the particular church he was attending was Evangelical, Free Methodist, Nazarene or United Brethren. On his part it was simply an expression of good fellowship. In this manner he unwittingly "joined" a number of churches, but when it was explained to him that it was his duty to make his choice, so that he could attend and support one particular church, he began to "disjoin," and finally cast in his lot with the Church of the Nazarene.

In the same year, 1915, he realized a call to preach the gospel. Without waiting for preparation or schooling, the young enthusiast began to preach in his broken English, depending more upon his enthusiasm to reach the people than upon his ability to make them understand his message. He drove in his wagon through the country, preaching in the homes, wherever he could get a hearing. So engrossed was he in the new found joys of the Spirit that he often found himself saying "Amen" to his horse instead of "Get up!"

This feature of his new religion precipitated the fires of persecution. His father and his Syrian friends all bitterly opposed his plan of forsaking his salesmanship for the sake

of preaching the gospel. When some Christian friends and advisers convinced the young man of the necessity of educational training for the Lord's work, and proposed a course of study in God's Bible School at Cincinnati, Milhem's Syrian relatives banded together and promised him \$500 per year if he would abandon the thought of attending school. But the young Christian was proof against all arguments, pleadings and threats. He was "pressing toward the mark for the prize of his high calling" and was not to be swerved from his holy purpose.

He attended the Bible school for a time, then returned to Montgomery, Michigan, where he organized and pastored a Nazarene church. He also preached for a time at Pioneer, Ohio. Then he continued his studies at Olivet College, pastoring a church at Westville, Ill., while attending school. In 1920 Milhem Thahabeyah completed his course at Olivet, and was ordained by Dr. R. T. Williams.

While attending Olivet, he received a number of letters from Rev. E. G. Anderson, suggesting the advisability of his return to his native Syria to carry the gospel message to his own people. Since, in his private devotions, Rev. Thahabeyeh received the assurance of the Lord's approval, he accepted the proposition. Satisfactory arrangements were effected with the General Superintendents, and the Lord's Spirit prevailed among the people so that a large sum of money was raised for the Nazarene work in Syria.

Followed by the fond farewells of a host of American friends, the new missionary sailed from New York for Syria, November 17, 1920, one year before Rev. Samuel Krikorian opened the mission at Jerusalem. He reached Beirut safely, then proceeded to Zabdani and his native Bludan. At the station he was met by a throng of townspeople and relatives, including his mother and three sisters, all eager to see the

boy who had left them nine years before. They found him the same Milhem as before—but with a difference. Older and larger grown, the slender youth had become a mature man, versed in the ways of the world, and trained in the school of experience. Moreover, his countenance was lighted by a gentle radiance which did not belong to the old days. The missionary's friends were soon to learn that this was the outshining of a new spiritual life, reflected from the face of Jesus Christ, for their kinsman had come to them across the sea in obedience to the divine command, "Return to thine own house, and show how great things God hath done unto thee."

Our ardent missionary began at once to preach the gospel to his old neighbors and friends. He opened a school for girls and boys which soon developed into a mission. After a time his father, mother and sisters, together with many old neighbors and friends, found their way to the foot of the cross and were blessedly saved. Faithfully the missionary has toiled through the years, quietly and without ostentation, but little known to the Church of the Nazarene. But the Lord has honored the labors of His servant with a rich harvest. In 1921-22 when General Superintendent H. F. Reynolds visited Palestine and opened our mission in Jerusalem, he also visited Damascus and Bludan, organizing a Church of the Nazarene at the latter place. On New Year's Day in 1928, Rev. A. H. Kauffman visited Brother Thahabeyah's mission at Bludan. He found there a prosperous church, with at least fifty members *who really know the Lord*, and with many earnest seekers at every service. The Sunday morning service numbered one hundred, including four interested Moslems who were attending their first service. The attendance at the Sunday school was about eighty-five.

In 1925 Brother Thahabeyah opened another work in the larger city of Zahlah which offers an inviting field for the

gospel. Best of all, while our devoted missionary has been busily toiling in the Master's vineyard, he has all the while been consistently demonstrating the beauty of a holy life in his daily walk, so that he is respected and admired by the entire community.

Rev. Thahabeyah's good work has not developed to its present proportions without touches of persecution, for the authorities of the Greek Orthodox church are very jealous of its influence over the people. On one occasion the missionary received a very insulting and threatening letter from the priest in charge of the Greek church in Bludan. However the whole populace, including the mayor and some members of the Greek church, were stirred to a high pitch of indignation over the matter, so that the offending priest was transferred to another place. Surely this incident presents conclusive evidence of the Christly character of Brother Thahabeyah's ministry.

Soon after his return to Bludan, the missionary married a sweet Syrian girl who is in perfect sympathy with her husband's work for the Lord. They have one little daughter.

These devoted missionaries have labored in silence, making few demands upon the church. But they cast longing eyes upon fields lying close around them which are already ripe for the harvest. They are patiently waiting and hoping for assistance from the Board and the church which will enable them to carry the Gospel into the villages in their vicinity, and to the half million souls in the ancient city of Damascus.

Messengers of the Cross in Japan

INTRODUCTORY

The beginning of Nazarene missions in the sunrise kingdom dates back to October 8, 1908, when the Holiness Church of Christ united with the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene at Pilot Point, Texas. A Sunday school was opened at that time in Kyoto by Miss Lula Williams and Miss Lillian Poole, who were already missionaries in the city, serving under the Holiness Church of Christ. They were soon joined by Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Chenault and Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Thompson. These good people labored faithfully for a few years under a mountain of difficulties, sowing much precious seed, and watering it with their prayers and their tears. The Lord blessed their efforts, and their labor was not in vain.

But the climate of Japan is very trying upon Americans. Some of the missionaries were obliged to return to the United States on account of broken health, some went to other fields, while Sisters Williams and Poole were furloughed. Thus the struggling mission was left shepherdless for a short time.

But the Lord provided for this emergency by sending upon the scene Miss Cora G. Snider (now Mrs. Rushling). She was visiting in Japan in 1911, in company with Rev. Mrs. M. L. Staples. Seeing the desperate need of the mission, she offered herself to the Missionary Board to fill the vacancy until reinforcements could be sent. She was accepted in 1912, when she took full charge of the Kyoto work. At first she labored alone, but after a short time Rev. J. I. Nagamatsu came to her assistance. Rev. Nagamatsu was a consecrated Christian Japanese, a graduate of Pasadena College. After work-

ing together for a few months at Kyoto, Miss Snider and Rev. Nagamatsu temporarily closed the mission there while they opened a new station at Fukuchiyama, only two hours' ride from Kyoto.

In this new location General Superintendent Reynolds found them in 1914 when he visited Japan on his first missionary tour. They were the only Nazarene missionaries in the flowery kingdom at the time, but Dr. Reynolds brought with him Rev. and Mrs. Humphrey, also Miss Lillian Poole and Miss Lula Williams, who were returning from their furlough. Sister Snider's health had suffered severely from the climate. She surrendered the superintendency of the Japan mission to Rev. Humphrey, and returned at once to the homeland. Brother Humphrey and the other missionaries reopened the mission at Kyoto, leaving the Fukuchiyama work with Rev. Nagamatsu and wife. All worked harmoniously together under serious handicaps until 1915, when Brother and Sister Humphrey were obliged to return to America because of illness. Miss Poole's health also broke down, and she reluctantly left the field with the Humphreys. This left only Miss Williams in Kyoto, with Rev. and Mrs. Nagamatsu at Fukuchiyama.

This brief outline traces the history of the Nazarene mission in Japan to the arrival of Mr. I. B. Staples with his gifted wife, Rev. Minnie L. Staples and Rev. Hiroshi Kitagawa, who landed in Kumamoto in January, 1915.

Some of these early missionaries have retired from active service. Others have been called to their reward, among them Rev. Humphrey who departed to be with the Lord in 1929. A few of them are laboring in other parts of the Lord's vineyard, hence their names no longer appear on the roll of missionaries listed under our board. Nevertheless, the Church of the Nazarene owes much to their unselfish, devoted serv-

ice which prepared the way for later achievements. Consequently, the story of Nazarene missions in Japan would be incomplete without at least this brief, honorable mention of these early missionaries, even though their life stories do not appear in the pages of "Messengers of the Cross in Japan."

REV. MRS. MINNIE L. STAPLES
and
MR. I. B. STAPLES



The advent of these splendid missionaries, with Rev. Hiroshi Kitagawa, introduced a new era in the history of Nazarene missions in Japan.

Mrs. Staples is one of the Lord's "called out ones" through whom He performs exploits. Where she goes, this remarkable woman is a whole host in herself. Her forceful personality fairly radiates sunshine, for her great heart is big enough to embrace the whole world, and it is always filled to the brim with Christly love which is continually overflowing in deeds of mercy and kindness.

Minnie L. Staples was born in a southern home in 1883. Since her family was a worldly one, she was denied the advantages of early Christian training and example. During her childhood she enjoyed no church privileges of any kind,

neither did she have any Christian friend to tell her about Jesus, and to instruct her in the blessed Word. Consequently, her ideas of God were a bit confused. He lived in her thought as a Being to be both feared and loved, but very remote from her little world. Nevertheless, so deeply spiritual was her nature that she carried through all those early years, hidden deep down in her childish heart, an intense, longing desire to know the Lord more intimately, and to learn how to please Him. Although she did not know how to pray, the child often stole out to the cotton field, seeking a secluded spot where she could cry out her heart for the God whom she was seeking in the dark. Finally she made a firm resolve that she would give her heart to the Lord on her sixteenth birthday, no matter what the cost might be! As that birthday drew near, the young girl was in tears the greater part of the time, while she sought with increasing earnestness the One whom her soul longed for! Without a single friend to help or instruct her, the dear girl planned to spend her birthday in prayer, but, to her disappointment, she was kept strictly at work until night-fall. When the evening's work was disposed of, she ran to her room, and fell upon her knees at her bedside, where she sobbed and wept until two o'clock in the morning. Then she slipped into her parents' room, gently wakened her mother, and whispered into her ear, "Please Mother! forgive my sins, for I must make peace with God. I want to go to heaven, but I don't know how to pray!"

Although the mother was not a Christian, the Holy Spirit prompted her reply. "I can't forgive your sins, child. No one but Jesus can do that. Ask Him."

The effect was magical. Instantly the young girl realized, for the first time, that Jesus could save her! Quietly slipping out of the house, she ran to a place some distance behind the barn, where she prostrated herself upon the ground, and

lifting her eyes to the starry heavens, she cried, "Oh God! if you will save my soul, I'll serve you all the days of my life!" The Lord, as always, lent a willing ear to the sincere cry of a penitent soul. Instantly the young girl's entire being was flooded with unspeakable joy. She seemed to see her sins "rolling away" from her, and she knew that the Lord had "cast them into the sea of His forgetfulness!" At that moment a passionate love for her Savior was kindled in the young convert's heart which has continued to glow and radiate with increasing brilliancy through all the years.

The ardor of her newly found joy found vent in testimony and praise, for she longed to tell "every soul in the world" the marvellous story of salvation. The Holy Spirit also performed His office work by illuminating the Holy Scriptures, which Miss Minnie proceeded to read and study with intelligent appreciation, committing whole chapters to memory. Her testimony and her ardent prayers bore early fruitage in the conversion of her father and mother and other members of the family.

The young disciple matured rapidly, both in body and in mind. At the age of seventeen she was as mature as a young woman of twenty-five. At that age the Lord called His chosen one, and separated her unto Himself for special service. The Holy Spirit prepared the way before her by opening doors of opportunity. First she entered a hospital to take nurse's training, for she longed to give her life to ministering to the poor and sick who were not able to employ a nurse. After six months training, she was transferred to the State Orphanage in Topeka, Kansas, where she lavished the wealth of her boundless love upon the little orphaned children under her care.

But after three and a half years, the Spirit led her into a larger field of service. She was first licensed as Evangelist in the Friends' Church at their Kansas Yearly Meeting. Then,

at the age of twenty-one, she was ordained in the same church. In her new capacity she was privileged to carry her healing message into the slums, to brighten the homes of the poor and needy with her cheery presence, and to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation in churches and schools, wherever she could find an open door.

At some time during this period the young evangelist met Mr. Isaac B. Staples, a very worthy gentleman, a member of the Friends Church. He was reared in a Christian home, converted in childhood, and sanctified in 1904, about the time that the lady of his choice was ordained to the ministry. He persuaded the brilliant girl minister to accept his devotion, and to add his name to hers. So she became Mrs. Minnie L. Staples, so well known to all missionary lovers in the Church of the Nazarene.

In 1907 Brother and Sister Staples removed to California where they became affiliated with the Church of the Nazarene. Mrs. Staples was ordained a second time by Dr. P. F. Bresee, and a little later, she realized a clear and imperative "call" to foreign missionary work among the Japanese people.

She first opened work in a large Japanese camp in Upland, California. She conducted evangelistic meetings, preaching and exhorting, with prayers and tears, pleading with those Japanese boys to accept the blessed Savior who alone could give them rest and peace of soul. At first she encountered stubborn opposition, because the anti-oriental sentiment was very strong on the coast at the time. But compelling love and holy zeal finally prevailed. First Hiroshi Kitagawa, the book-keeper of the camp, fell under conviction and was blessedly saved. A glorious revival followed which resulted in the organization of a Japanese Nazarene Church in Upland, California. Similar revivals broke out in other places as Sister Staples traveled from place to place with her message of

divine love, until hundreds of Japanese sought the Lord, and many of them were called to preach.

Upon her earnest solicitation Mr. Kitagawa instructed Mrs. Staples in the Japanese language, and very soon she was able to speak it like a native. Finally the time seemed ripe for the evangelist to carry her healing message to the land of her adopted people. Her good husband, after earnestly seeking the mind of the Lord, was convinced that it was his duty and privilege to go with his wife, to hold up her hands, and at the same time to "enter a boundless field" where he, himself, might have "unbounded opportunity to teach the Word and the blessed saving power of the gospel." He had always cherished a desire to preach. So he cheerfully resigned his good home and his excellent position as telegraph and station agent, which he had held for many years, and prepared to accompany his gifted wife and Hiroshi Kitagawa to the beautiful Sunrise Kingdom.

On January 5, 1915, the three missionaries landed in Kumamoto, Rev. Kitagawa's former home. At that time Rev. and Mrs. Humphrey, with Miss Lula Williams and Miss Lillian Poole, were still laboring at Kyoto, and Rev. Nagamatsu and wife were stationed at Fukuchiyama. The new missionaries proceeded at once to open evangelistic services at Kumamoto. The Holy Spirit worked mightily among the people from the very first. The new mission grew so rapidly that in four short months, on April 4th, they sent for the District Superintendent, Rev. Humphrey, to organize a Nazarene Church at Kumamoto! Eighteen beautiful converts were examined in the faith, received as members, and the church was duly organized. Since some of the new Christians felt called to preach, it became necessary to start a Bible Training School at once in the Staples' home, for the instruction of native workers. The blessing and favor of God was with the Kumamoto work from

its beginning. The Holy Spirit wrought wonders among the people too numerous to mention in this brief sketch. Many souls were saved, numerous lives transformed, and valuable property was acquired for church, and classrooms, and for a missionary home.

Similar manifestations of the Lord's blessing and power have attended Sister Staples' ministry through all the years, while she has traveled from city to city, and from village to village, as her blessed Lord did in Galilee, everywhere proclaiming and demonstrating the message of divine love to the masses of a teeming population who have never before been reached by the gospel. Now, as in Jesus' time, the common people hear the message gladly. Many hundreds of precious souls have found the Lord under the Spirit-filled ministry of this remarkable woman of God. Missions have been established in new centers and in numerous out-stations. Since the retrenchment of 1925 Sister Staples has continued her evangelistic ministry without any remuneration from the Department of Foreign Missions, with, if possible, even greater zeal than before, and with even more abundant visible proofs of the divine favor.

In 1928, our missionary evangelist, with Rev. Kitagawa, spent about four months in the United States, both attending the General Assembly at Columbus, as delegates. Sister Staples' stirring messages, illumined by her radiant smile, and animated by her holy zeal, added much to the interest of the missionary programs.

On her return voyage to Japan, Sister Staples found five hundred Japanese on board the ship. She immediately obtained permission to hold evangelistic services among them, in which many were saved. She also discovered among the steerage passengers, many that were sick, and in destitute circumstances. To them she ministered with kindly words and

gentle touch, and with financial aid as well, by interesting the first class passengers, and collecting from them the sum of \$200 for the aid of the sufferers.

When she reached the field, on September 1, 1928, the evangelist was greeted at the station by crowds of enthusiastic friends who escorted her at once to the church for a season of thanksgiving and praise for her safe return. She was rejoiced to find the work in good condition, and her people, for the most part, faithful. With her accustomed energy, the missionary resumed her evangelistic labors at once, traveling from village to village, searching the "highways and hedges" and "compelling" precious souls to come to the Lord Jesus.

In addition to these achievements, a great burden for the patients in a large Tuberculosis Hospital was laid on her heart. After returning from America, she opened meetings in the hospital which were attended with such remarkable success that in November a Church of the Nazarene was organized among the patients, who eagerly accepted Christ by scores, more than a hundred seeking salvation during the winter months!

Our ardent missionary also opened a similar work in a large Leper Hospital of five hundred patients, and with equal success. A Church of the Nazarene has been organized among these unfortunates also, and from both institutions many precious ones have already been called home, with the assurance of sins forgiven, and with songs of praise on their lips!

Several years ago Sister Staples organized a similar work among the employees of a large department store in Kumamoto, which has been greatly blessed of God. Other Tuberculosis and Leper Hospitals are extending invitations to Sister Staples to hold evangelistic services for their patients. In fact, doors of opportunity are opening on every side, more than one ra-

diant evangelist can enter without assistance. But we pray that the Lord may continue to sustain and bless His faithful servant, and speedily send re-enforcements to her assistance, so that His work may not be hindered. Only the judgment day will reveal the abundance of the harvest garnered through this remarkable missionary's consecrated ministry.

REV. HIROSHI KITAGAWA



Rev. Kitagawa claims the distinction of being Sister M. L. Staples' first Japanese convert in California, and his missionary career has been continuously associated with hers ever since the Lord saved him.

Hiroshi Kitagawa is a native of southern Japan, born in Kumamoto, June 11, 1888. His father died when the son was only ten years old, leaving the mother with six children.

They had a little home, but no money for living expense, consequently the bereaved family suffered the pinch of poverty and endured many hardships while the children were growing up. But Hiroshi was an ambitious lad, and a dutiful son. He longed to help his dear ones by providing them with the necessities, and some of the luxuries of life. He determined, after finishing high school, to go to the United States where he could earn money, and accumulate great wealth.

The boy's dream of America was like that of many other foreign immigrants. He pictured it as a land of plenty where any industrious person could acquire great wealth. He also took it for granted that all Americans were *Christians*. Alas! that disillusionment should come so quickly after he landed in San Francisco! The city had recently been rocked by the great earthquake, and it presented a most unsightly appearance. Moreover, the anti-Japanese sentiment was at high tide on the coast, so that our Japanese boy, with others of his race, was constantly subjected to petty persecutions. Stones were

thrown, and vile epithets hurled in his direction. The young man had come to the United States expecting to find a high standard of morality practiced in a Christian land. Hence when he discovered graft and trickery abounding in the business world, and found that society was dominated by an ugly race prejudice which is entirely contrary to the spirit of true Christianity, it is little wonder that he was bitterly disappointed in the Christian religion, and naturally his mind conceived a bitter prejudice against anything pertaining to it. He knew but little English, while his social contacts were confined to the hardened, worldly class of working people. His young spirit was crushed and broken, but when tempted to discouragement, he steeled his heart, and determined to be like his associates and "get money at any cost," for upon its acquisition he based his only hope of independence and happiness. He found employment as bookkeeper in a large Japanese camp in Upland, California, where he labored for eighteen months with a sad heart filled with bitter disappointment and keen resentment.

But at the end of that period, he was privileged to come in contact with a living demonstration of genuine Christianity which effectually broke down his prejudice and changed the entire course of his future life.

In January 1910, Sister M. L. Staples came to the camp, seeking the privilege of holding evangelistic meetings with the boys. The warm radiance of her vivid personality attracted the attention of these young orientals, embittered though they were by the abuse and petty persecutions. But, since the meetings were conducted in English, they could not understand enough to catch the drift of her message, and they were puzzled to account for her unusual display of emotion. They could not understand why the tears should course down her cheeks when she talked about her "Jesus." When Kitagawa asked her if she was sick, she replied, "No, I am not sick, but

God has called me to lead you dear Japanese to become Christians, and get ready for heaven."

When the evangelist asked Kitagawa to teach her the Japanese language, and to interpret for her, he refused to teach her, but consented to interpret because he wished to learn English. He did so, however, with a spirit of criticism and unbelief.

Soon the Japanese boys tired of the frequent visits of the missionary to their camp. Although they understood little of her message, there was a holy sanctity about the very presence of this woman of God which seemed to rebuke the drinking and smoking and card playing with which they employed their leisure time. Kitagawa, who was their spokesman, requested her not to come any more. But the ardent missionary refused to heed the rebuff, even though it was repeated several times. For another month she continued to visit the camp every day as before, always with tears in her eyes, tenderly urging the young men to accept the blessed Savior who alone could give peace and rest of soul.

Finally the Lord came to the assistance of His faithful handmaiden. Sickness broke out in the camp. Many of the men were prostrated with various ailments. This situation offered Sister Staples a golden opportunity which she was not slow to improve. Every day she visited the camp, through cold and rain, braving contagion and discomforts, determined to win these stubborn youths for Jesus. She never came empty-handed, but always laden with flowers and fruit, and various delicacies. Later it was learned that she killed all of her chickens to make soup for the sick boys!

Her cheery presence in the sick room was like a breath of heaven's ozone, the radiance of her smile was like the glow of sunlight on a winter's day, while her touch on fevered brow was like that of a mother when she soothes her child

to sleep! While she prayed and ministered, hearts were touched, and prejudice was breaking down.

After this, in view of the missionary's great kindness, young Kitagawa consented to teach her his language, but he warned her that he did not wish her to teach him about her God! Needless to say, his warning was not heeded. It would be as easy to stem the course of Niagara as to restrain Sister Staples from speaking of her Jesus!

After three visits to her home, Hiroshi Kitagawa was so thoroughly broken down under powerful conviction that, after a sleepless night, he returned early one morning to the evangelist's home, prepared to surrender to the Lord and to cast himself upon divine mercy! To his surprise, he found her radiant with victory. For she too had passed a sleepless night, wrestling in prayer for his salvation, and for that of his companions. She had "prayed through" for them, and had the assurance that Kitagawa would be saved, and that a gracious revival was about to break out among the Japanese in the camp!

Her prediction was verified. Kitagawa's glorious conversion was followed by that of scores of other Japanese. The Spirit worked mightily among them. After four months, Dr. Bresee and Dr. Goodwin came to Upland to organize a Japanese Nazarene Church. Sister Staples encountered much difficulty in securing a site for a building, and even after one was purchased, residents of the community sent a petition to the City Council to forbid the opening of a Japanese mission at that place. But much prayer was offered, and again the Lord undertook for His little flock. The petition was denied by the President of the Council because his Japanese servant had been beautifully saved in Sister Staples' meetings.

After his remarkable conversion, life took on new meaning for Hiroshi Kitagawa. His ideals and plans were all changed. Instead of dreaming of the material blessings which wealth

would bring, his mind was filled with visions of service for his Lord, and of carrying the gospel message to his own people in his native land. Realizing a "call" to the ministry, the young man left high school and spent three glorious years in the revival atmosphere of Pasadena College. From February 1911 he also spent much time in Christian work among the Japanese in the camps, and in August 1914 he applied to the Missionary Board of the Church of the Nazarene for an appointment as missionary to Japan.

After graduating from the Theological Course at Pasadena, in January 1915, Rev. Kitagawa sailed for Japan in company with Brother and Sister Staples. He took his companions directly to his mother's home in Kumamoto, where they remained for three weeks while hunting for a house.

The missionaries worked together in beautiful harmony, building up the splendid mission at Kumamoto. Their efforts were blessed with remarkable success from the very beginning. Many received the gospel message and became sincere Christians. Only four months after the missionaries landed in Japan, the District Superintendent was called to Kumamoto to organize a Church of the Nazarene. Four of these first converts felt a call to Bible study and special service for the Lord. With these promising young people for a nucleus, a Bible Training School was started which was ably presided over by Rev. Hiroshi Kitagawa for a number of years. He carried this work in addition to his pastoral duties. As a teacher, Kitagawa is always thorough and systematic, sparing no pains in the training of his pupils for active service in the Lord's vineyard. For many years he also edited a little Japanese paper for the Christian Japanese.

Sister Staples places a very high estimate upon the quality of Brother Kitagawa's work in all that he undertakes for the Lord. He is capable and industrious, conscientious and faithful, a splendid Bible student, and successful in winning souls.

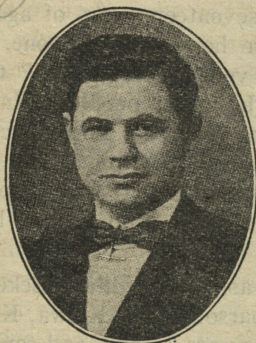
Much also might be said of his humble, unselfish spirit, patient under reverses, willing to sacrifice for the Lord's dear sake. During the early years of his missionary career, he experienced anew the pinch of poverty, but he did not think of complaining, and the Lord has taken care of his needs. Even his wedding suit was provided by a friend across the seas.

One year after his return to Kumamoto, Rev. Kitagawa was married to a beautiful Christian girl who was a teacher in a mission school in Tokyo. They are blessed with a happy Christian home and four bright, interesting children. The little boy, about five years of age, accompanied his father to the United States in the summer of 1928, to attend the General Assembly at Columbus, Ohio.

At present, Rev. Kitagawa is the very efficient Superintendent of the Japan Missionary District. His heart is heavily burdened for his people who are hungry for the spiritual bread from heaven. Revival fires are burning brightly in Japan, and the people are turning to the Lord in great numbers. The greatest need on our Nazarene field in Japan at the present time is a Bible Training School where the missionaries can train our native workers so that they may not become entangled in the seductive snares of Modernism, which is already widely disseminated in the Flowery Kingdom. Since the heavy duties of District Superintendent have been placed upon him, it is no longer possible for Brother Kitagawa to carry the school work. Hence the Bible School has not been functioning for some time, and its loss is keenly felt.

Rev. Kitagawa writes from a full heart, "Now is the time in my country to work hard for Jesus. People are hungry and sad, and disappointed with idols and stone gods, many thousands committing suicide because they have no hope. I want you to pray for us and the work, for His coming is near, and we must not fail Him."

REV. AND MRS. W. A. ECKEL and REV. ISAYAMA



William Andrew Eckel was born June 10, 1892, in a Methodist parsonage at Charleroi, Pa. Since he was the son of a Methodist itinerant, the lad's early education was picked up "on the move," under constantly changing environments. He accepted Christ as his Savior when only six years old, and when ten years of age, he was sanctified under the preaching of Dr. H. F. Reynolds.

While William was still a child, his family moved to New England, where they joined the Pentecostal Churches of America at Haverhill, Mass. Rev. Eckel, Sr., served as pastor of that church for three years, during which time, in 1907, the Association of Pentecostal Churches of America, of the East, united with the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene of the western coast. In this manner William Eckel came into the Church of the Nazarene, as he says, "on the ground floor, through the eastern gate."

The boy kept true to God through childhood and adolescence, and retained his experience of salvation through all the vicissitudes of high school and college life. He felt a definite "call" to the ministry at seventeen years of age, and was ordained by Dr. Bresee before he was twenty-one. The young minister also recognized a very distinct "call" to the foreign field to minister to the Japanese people. Since he gladly yielded himself to the divine will, the Lord graciously prepared the way before His servant, ordering all his steps. For surely it was through divine guidance that the prospective missionary discovered the charming lady who was to be his wife!

Florence Marguerite Talbot was, like William Eckel, the child of godly parents, born in a parsonage in Kiowa, Kansas. She was sweetly saved when seven years of age, and sanctified when thirteen in a revival meeting conducted by her own father. She became a member of the Church of the Nazarene in 1907. Florence was a very earnest little worker, and she manifested remarkable ability for leadership at an early age, assisting in meetings from the time she was twelve years old. Also from her earliest recollection, the child cherished a fond desire to become a missionary. When she met the ardent young minister whose missionary call was so definite and so compelling, the young girl discovered that her own long cherished missionary aspirations had been the whisperings of God in her soul, calling her to special service for Him.

The young people who had so much in common were soon united in marriage, after which they went to the Pacific coast to prepare themselves for missionary work in Japan by preliminary service among the Japanese in California.

Although, like Esther Carson Winans, Florence Talbot was the only and well-beloved child in the home, her godly mother cheerfully surrendered her treasure for larger service for the

Master. Her sacrifice was the offering of a sincere heart, but happily it was not required of her, for before the time for the final separation arrived, the Lord opened the way for the mother to accompany the young missionaries to their field of labor, where she has remained through the years, a valued assistant, both in the evangelistic work and in the home. Her presence on the field made it possible for both Brother and Sister Eckel to attend the General Assembly of 1928 as delegates, while the mother "tarried by the stuff" and took good care of the children, a young daughter and little twin boys.

While in California Rev. Eckel finished his schooling in Pasadena College. The ambitious student employed much of his time during the school terms, and all of his vacations, in intensive evangelism in the Japanese camps. He served as director of the Japanese work in Southern California for more than a year before he, with Mrs. Eckel, sailed for Japan in February, 1916.

The missionaries did not sail alone. They were accompanied by Rev. Isayama, who, for two years, had been their Japanese instructor and interpreter. Rev. Isayama had been beautifully converted in Sister Staples' home. Later he was sanctified wholly, and definitely called to evangelistic work among his own people. Since the date of his return to his native land with Rev. and Mrs. Eckel, this devoted Christian Japanese has remained on the field, tirelessly laboring for the Master in church and Sunday school and various forms of evangelism. Rev. Isayama is one of the two ordained Japanese elders in the Church of the Nazarene, and he is also one of the most successful workers on the field. Rev. Eckel says of him, "He has been greatly used of the Lord in gospel work. He is a strong, sound preacher, tender and sympathetic, although he will not tolerate sin in any of its forms." Rev.

Isayama has been so closely associated with Brother and Sister Eckel in all their missionary labors through the years that an account of their ministry would be incomplete without at least a brief mention of their most valued assistant.

Upon their arrival in Japan, the new missionaries immediately took charge of the mission at Kyoto, where Miss Williams was bravely carrying the burden alone. The Lord helped and added His blessing while they concentrated their energies upon building up the work in its various departments. A new mission was started in a distant part of the city, new Sunday schools were organized, and evangelistic services were conducted almost continuously, sometimes in the city, and often in outlying districts where the people had never heard the gospel preached.

In April 1918, Miss Williams, with an associate lady missionary, was left in charge at Kyoto, while Rev. and Mrs. Eckel, with Rev. Isayama, started a new mission at Kure, a beautiful naval center on the Inland Sea. In September, Rev. and Mrs. Thatcher came to the new station to assist the other missionaries in a revival meeting, during which many earnest seekers found the Lord. The missionaries wished to remain at Kure, where the prospects were very favorable, but when the workers at Kyoto returned to the United States in 1919, it became necessary for them to resume the leadership at that station in order to conserve the work. Shiro Kitagawa (a brother of Hiroshi Kitagawa) and his wife took over the work at Kure.

Since that date, 1919, Rev. and Mrs. Eckel have resided continually at Kyoto, with the exception of three years furlough and deputation work in the United States, making ten years of faithful and efficient service on the field. Even when the fatal "recall" of 1925 was sounded, these missionaries, with Brother and Sister Staples, remained at their post, depending

upon the Lord to provide for their material needs. Since that time, the blessing and favor of God has been manifested upon the Japanese field in greater measure than ever before.

The ministry of Rev. Eckel and his charming wife, like that of Sister Staples, is intensely evangelistic, the only type of ministry which can meet the needs of the beautiful Sunrise Kingdom. A mistaken impression prevails among many that Japan is already practically evangelized. Quite the reverse is true. Missionary effort thus far has been confined chiefly to a few large cities, whereas ninety per cent of Japan's population is found in the rural districts. Consequently the masses of the people have never been touched by the gospel, and they are entirely ignorant of the true meaning of genuine Christianity. Moreover, most of the missionary organizations in Japan have been working along educational lines to the sad neglect of evangelism. As a result, many of the most keenly intellectual of the oriental nations are in danger of becoming entangled in the meshes of modern infidelity, while she is attempting to put on the outer husks of western civilization without the saving power of the gospel which gave it birth.

Our good Nazarene missionaries are keenly aware that the lovely Flowery Kingdom can be saved only through the transforming power of an inner experience wrought by the Holy Spirit upon the heart of the masses. Consequently they are busy night and day, carrying the message of salvation to the rural districts and the villages, everywhere preaching "Jesus Christ and Him crucified." The evangelistic services are usually held in tents which can be carried from place to place. They are always filled to overflowing, for the masses in Japan are hungry for food which can satisfy the soul. Earnest suppliants from every walk in life—teachers, artisans, factory workers, business men and laborers—all come to these meetings, where many of them weep their way to the foot of the

cross and find there the sweet assurance of sins forgiven. Revival fires burn brightly and continuously on our Nazarene fields in Japan under the Spirit-filled ministry of our missionary evangelists, and only God knows what the final results will total.

Our Brother and Sister Eckel are still young in years. Sustained by an undying devotion, and animated by boundless enthusiasm, they are "pressing toward the mark," always rejoicing in the glad privilege of bearing the message of divine love to perishing souls in the picturesque land of chrysanthemums and cherry blossoms.

Surely these Spirit-filled messengers of the Cross are worthy of a warm corner in the affections of God's people, and of a place of remembrance in the intercessions of the saints!

REV. PAUL C. THATCHER
REV. GERTRUDE E. THATCHER



These good missionaries were both reared in Methodist homes. Paul C. Thatcher was born in a Methodist parsonage at Malden, Mass. Gertrude Pritchett was a native of Brooklyn, N. Y. Both were converted when children, the young lad at the family altar, the little girl in a revival meeting.

Paul Thatcher received a part of his education in a Methodist school, but finished at Eastern Nazarene College. He experienced a call to the ministry in his early boyhood, but while attending the Eastern Nazarene College, he was sanctified wholly, and soon after recognized a definite "call" to Japan. He also met Miss Gertrude Pritchett during his college term. They were married June 21, 1911.

The young people had much in common although their early experiences differed widely in some respects. The young man had a heart which was readily responsive to the voice of

the Spirit whispered to both of them that the time had now come to make application to the Missionary Board for appointment. A letter was immediately despatched to Headquarters. They were accepted, and appointed to sail for Japan as soon as arrangements could be made.

Missionaries at last! They at once resigned their pastorate and packed their goods. Then they toured the New England District and held missionary meetings in New York, also at a number of places on their way across the continent to San Francisco. Finally, on May 17, 1917, the missionaries, with their little five year old daughter, boarded an outgoing steamer bound for the land of the rising sun! The date is marked in their calendar as one of the happiest of their lives.

The new missionaries were sent first to assist in the Staples' church at Kumamoto, while studying the language. At the very outset some serious difficulties were encountered. They reached Japan in the rainy season, and since their own beds failed to arrive on the steamer with them, for a whole month they were compelled to sleep under damp quilts on damp straw floors in Japanese houses. Mrs. Thatcher contracted the double malarial fever from this unaccustomed exposure. Her condition was serious, and although her life was spared, her health was impaired to such an extent that the missionaries were not able to finish their first term of service.

The language study was also a difficult problem, since no provision was made for attendance at the language school, and the native Japanese hired to act as tutor was inexperienced. It was necessary to keep a dictionary always under the arm, even when visiting the stores to buy food! But the missionaries applied themselves with great diligence to the study. Even during the hot season when other mission workers go to the mountains for relief, the Thatchers remain in Kumamoto, digging away at the difficult language! The Lord rewarded

their diligence by giving them remarkable proficiency. Their progress was truly miraculous, for after only three months, they could read Japanese, and understand and speak the common vernacular, and even sing correctly from Japanese song books! They give to God all the glory for this remarkable achievement.

At the end of the three months of study, they were able to take charge of the mission at Omuta. There they conducted an intensive evangelistic campaign in which many precious souls were saved. Wonderful street meetings were a distinctive feature of this campaign.

After three months at Omuta, Rev. and Mrs. Thatcher gained the consent of their District Superintendent and of the Missionary Board to open a new work in some needy city where an opening could be found. After much investigation, they settled in Nagoya, a city situated farther north than any of the Nazarene missions. Although it is usually very difficult for an American missionary to rent a Japanese house, on account of social and racial prejudice, Rev. and Mrs. Thatcher were fortunate enough to secure a house from a Buddhist priest on Buddhist temple grounds! Brother Thatcher frequently sat, Japanese fashion, on the floor with this priest, telling him of Jesus who can save from sin. The priest was under deep conviction, and was often moved to tears: He admitted that he had lost faith in his own religion, and believed the gospel. He lacked the courage to break from the traditions of his race, but he courteously offered to sell his school plant to the missionaries, with the privilege of taking over all of his students. In Nagoya the missionaries were also in vital touch with the most popular editor in the city. Both the editor and his wife were seeking Christ. Here also a single sign on the door announcing the opening of a Sunday school brought a crowd of children half an hour before opening time. Eighty crowded into the first service, and one hundred into the second. The

attendance kept increasing until the services became genuine revival meetings. Surely no better opportunity was ever offered for intensive evangelistic work! But a letter from the Missionary Board conveyed the discouraging intelligence that there was not sufficient money in the Treasury to purchase the Buddhist school property. Alas! for a depleted General Budget!

So, with sad hearts, our missionaries were obliged to pass this golden opportunity by! The board advised opening work in some location between Kyoto in the north and Kumamoto in the south.

The little group at Nagoya wept and clung to their missionaries, piteously begging them to remain with them. They followed to the depot with lovely presents, pleading for at least a promise from the missionaries to return to them some time, or to send some other! With breaking hearts the missionaries could only promise to do their best. When the train pulled out, it was followed by strains of gospel song, the last farewell of the pathetic little group left behind!

In accordance with instructions from the board, Brother and Sister Thatcher next selected the city of Okayama for a mission site. They rented a liquor store and transformed it into a neat and attractive mission. This was not accomplished without hard labor and much patience and grace. But the Lord gave them glorious success at the very first service. Mrs. Thatcher played the organ and the little girl beat the drum, while Brother Thatcher led the singing, and a native preacher stood at the door to invite the people in. At the end of the third hymn the seats were all filled, and before the close of the service, *eighty men were gloriously saved!* This was in the fall of 1918. Dr. Reynolds came soon after the opening of this work, and he organized it into the Okayama Church of the Nazarene.

The mission continued to prosper under the evangelistic ministry of the missionaries, who remained at Okayama one year. They greatly enjoyed their work there, but sickness interfered and necessitated a hasty return to America. A little son, David, was born in Okayama. After his birth, the mother's health suffered, and it was feared that she could not live unless she could get home for a very serious operation. So, with bleeding hearts, our missionaries were compelled to leave their little flock and the land of their missionary dreams, to turn their faces toward the homeland. The operation was remarkably successful. One year after it was performed, the doctor gave Mrs. Thatcher a certificate of perfect health.

Ten years have passed since they left the shores of Japan, but Brother and Sister Thatcher have not been idle. They have been busy in pastoral work, never neglecting to stir the fires of missionary zeal wherever they may be. At present (1929) they are located at Camas, Washington.

But they feel that their divine "call" to Japan has never been revoked, while their ministry there was only just begun. Through the weeks, and the months, and the years, every day and every night, they have been waiting and longing to return to the fair land to which God has called them! Oh! for a General Budget that is filled to overflowing with the tithes and offerings of God's people, so that these, and other "chosen ones," called of God and anointed for special service, may be permitted to resume their labors once so graciously sealed with the Lord's approval!

MISS BERTIE HAYNES KARNs



Miss Karns is one of our southern girls, born in Clarksville, Tennessee, and reared amid the picturesque scenery of her native state. She attended high school near home, graduated and taught in rural schools before she was eighteen years of age. She also attended college for a short time.

Miss Bertie was an ambitious student. She aspired to eminence in the educational world. But when she came in touch with holiness teaching, she was thrilled and attracted, even though a stigma was attached to it in certain circles. When she made her consecration, and yielded her will, her outlook upon life became radically changed. In place of her dream of educational achievement, a vision of the foreign mission field, with its millions of perishing souls, filled her mind and her heart. She had been mildly interested in foreign missions before, but after her new experience they became "*the burning issue* from which there was no escape." A burden of personal responsibility, never felt before, was laid upon her heart which she carries until the present day. This new vision and this new burden constituted Miss Karn's "call" to the mission field.

In 1915 she entered Trevecca College in Nashville to train for missionary service in Japan. After completing the four

years Training Course, she was appointed to Japan, soon after her graduation. She sailed for her chosen field in November 1919.

The new missionary went first to Kumamoto, where Rev. and Mrs. Staples and Rev. Kitagawa were stationed. But a worker was greatly needed in Omuta, about one hour's train ride from Kumamoto. During her first winter in Japan, Miss Karns took care of the Omuta work, going back and forth on the train from Kumamoto. But in April 1920 she took up her residence in Omuta where she worked with the Japanese pastor and his wife, and studied the language whenever she could spare the time.

Although her language study was sadly handicapped by a multiplicity of duties, the charming little missionary soon won the hearts of her people by her gentle ministry and her winsome personality. She was the only foreigner in Omuta, but while there she found Kaoru San, a beautiful Japanese girl who could speak English fluently, since she was born and educated in Honolulu. Miss Karns was greatly attracted to this young girl whose heart was hungry for spiritual food. Kaoru frequently visited the American teacher (Sensei) at her home, and soon was beautifully converted there. She then took Bible training under Miss Karns, making her home with the missionary for several months until she was prepared to enter a Christian Training School. Kaoru dedicated her life to the Lord's service. The relationship between the missionary and her protegee developed into a deep and lasting affection like that between mother and daughter. In fact, Miss Karns always speaks of Kaoru San as her "Japanese daughter." Since Kaoru could speak such excellent English, she became a very valuable assistant to her Sensei, acting as interpreter and teacher.

Miss Karns remained two years in Omuta, teaching, visiting, and taking care of the numberless details of the mission, rejoicing in her work, and dearly loved by her people. But the climate proved to be peculiarly injurious to the missionary's health, consequently she was transferred to Kyoto. In the large capital city she gained a more perfect understanding of the Japanese as a people, since she was brought into personal touch with the different classes of society.

The work of the mission at Kyoto was very heavy. Miss Karns found her time so crowded with a multitude of routine duties that she was not able to devote enough time to her language study to acquire the proficiency she so much desired. Besides, it was very difficult—often impossible—to secure a private tutor. So the missionary was never satisfied with her progress along this line. Nevertheless, wherever Miss Karns went, in Kyoto as well as in Omuta, the Lord gave her the hearts of the Japanese people. There was something unusually winning about the little missionary which never failed to attract. No doubt it was her tender love for them, so like the love of the Master, that her people recognized, and they never failed to respond to it in fullest measure.

But the beloved Sensei was not permitted to remain long with her devoted little flock. After two years of faithful service in Kyoto, following the two years in Omuta, in February 1923, she was stricken with the flu, followed by double pneumonia, complicated with a nervous breakdown. This attack kept her in bed for eight weeks. Physicians advised an immediate return to the more salubrious climate of the United States. At first the stricken missionary refused to consider the proposition. She felt that she would much prefer death on the field to the stigma of being a "quitter," and the pain of leav-

ing her beloved people. But, after much prayer and a desperate struggle, she became convinced that it was the Lord's will for her to return.

She sailed for the homeland in the autumn of 1923. Kaoru San, with a crowd of other friends, followed their missionary to the port of sailing. With tears in her eyes, the Japanese "daughter" whispered a last, lingering farewell to the dear Sensei who had been instrumental in bringing new joy and new light into her darkened life. It was also a sad, sad day for the missionary when she was obliged to say good-by to the beautiful land of her choice, and to the gentle, affectionate people whom she had learned to love so tenderly. And Kaoru San! the sweet girl companion who had become so inexpressibly dear to her! The missionary was anxious in her behalf. Only so recently redeemed from heathenism, she would find much to contend with. Her near relatives were devout Buddha worshippers who could never understand Kaoru's devotion to her new God. Then there was the danger of a marriage to the wrong man—a heathen man—for such matters are always arranged by a "go-between" in Japan. But the Sensei could only pray, and whisper, with tears in her eyes, "Kaoru San, be true to Jesus! He will help you. We shall look forward to the future and the hope of meeting again!" So they were separated, the American Sensei and her Japanese "daughter."

Several years have elapsed. Many prayers have ascended to the throne, and many letters have winged their flight across the sea, from west to east, and from east to west, while Kaoru San has been toiling for the Master in the land of cherry blossoms, and the Sensei has been equally busy in His service on the western side of the great ocean. Happily, the missionary's prayers have prevailed! Kaoru San has been true to Jesus! Best of all, one glad day a message to Miss Karns speeded across the waters, bearing the welcome tidings that Kaoru

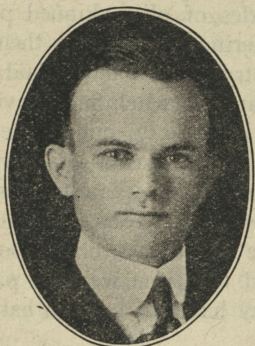
San was happily married to Shinohara San, a devoted Christian Japanese! Together they will continue to tell to their own people the precious story of Jesus which Kaoru first learned from her dearly loved American teacher!

As to the missionary herself, her furlough has been profitably employed in deputation work, and in intensive study. For the last three years (1927 to 1929) she has been completing her college course in Bethany-Peniel College. Next year (1930) she hopes to receive two college degrees.

Like other furloughed missionaries, Miss Karns is patiently, yet eagerly, waiting for an open door of opportunity to return to her chosen field. From a full heart she writes, "*My heart is in Japan*, and the great missionary cause. Without it Christianity has no point or meaning. To it my whole soul is dedicated, is, and shall be given as the Master of the vineyard leads on."

God grant that a well-filled General Budget may prove to be the open sesame which shall swing wide those doors of opportunity for Miss Karns, and for other precious missionaries of her kind. Amen! and Amen!

REV. CHARLES HARRIS WIMAN, MAUD WALKER
WIMAN



Twenty-five years ago (in 1904) Charles Wiman was a little barefoot boy of seven years, busy at play with brothers and sisters on his father's farm near Merkel, Texas. While he played, the little lad dreamed—happy, childish dreams of some day becoming a preacher! His play-time was of short duration. Being the second son in a family of fourteen children, he was pressed into service on the farm long before he was grown. But even the heavy labors in field and garden did not keep the boy from dreaming. When eleven years of age he accepted Christ in a revival meeting in a Baptist church. From that time his dreams began to take on more definite form, all centering about the thought of service for his blessed Savior.

Three years later, when fourteen years old, he came in touch with the people called Nazarenes. Under their ministry, his receptive mind quickly responded to their Wesleyan inter-

pretation of holiness. He yielded himself in full surrender, and united with the Church of the Nazarene in the summer of 1912. Then indeed his dreams took wings, and began to soar to lofty heights. They carried him across the sea to the land of cherry blossoms, where multitudes of olive-skinned people are kneeling at costly shrines, offering worship to their ancestors! A great burden for these strange people was laid upon the heart of the young lad, with an overwhelming conviction that amounted to a divine "call." One day, out in the field alone with God, the brave boy met the question squarely, and whispered the eternal "Yes" to the Lord's plan for his life. Since that hour, he declares, "everything has led toward Japan!" He adds, "While we have not always understood the delays, and the seeming reverses at the time we were passing through them, we see now that they have all been in harmony with a divine plan and purpose."

But Charles Wiman was more than a dreamer. The practical side of his nature was keenly alive to the importance of preparation and training for his life work. This he could not secure on the farm. Consequently, in August 1913, when sixteen years of age, the youth made his way to Hamlin, Texas, to attend the Central Nazarene College. He reached his destination empty-handed, with not even sufficient money (\$1.45) to purchase a return ticket home. But his brave young spirit did not flinch in the face of difficulties. He remained at that school four years, studying diligently, and paying expenses by "washing dishes, sweeping floors, carrying mail, picking cotton, or anything else that came to hand." And that was not all! The young man's ability must have been above the average, and his evangelistic zeal remarkable, for he was licensed to preach November 18, 1913, only three months after entering school, and when only sixteen years old! The boy preacher conducted some evangelistic services during the sum-

mer vacations before applying to the Missionary Board of the Church of the Nazarene for a missionary appointment, December 2, 1916.

In 1917 the young student joined the army as a volunteer in the medical department. He served in France and England from January 1918 to January 1919. Although he did not see much actual fighting, he did receive valuable training which later proved very useful on the mission field.

Upon receiving his discharge from the Army in May 1919, young Wiman immediately returned to Hamlin, Texas, arriving just in time for the college commencement. Upon this occasion he met, for the first time, Miss Maud Walker, the young lady who was to become "the one woman in the world" so far as he was concerned. Cupid is a swift worker when souls are congenial. The wedding was solemnized just one year later, in May 1920.

But in the meantime, the prospective bridegroom returned to Central Nazarene College, in September 1919, as a student teacher. He studied hard during the year, finished his college course, and received his A. B. degree in the spring. He had already received his missionary appointment. So the month of May, 1920 marked two important crises in Charles Wiman's life—his marriage and his college commencement.

Miss Maud Walker was born at Ladonia, Texas, December 26, 1897, but when she was a small child, her family moved to Bowie, Texas. During her childhood and early youth, Miss Walker resided in or near her home town. Like her future husband, she was saved in a Baptist revival when twelve years old, and later sanctified in a Nazarene meeting, at which time she also united with the Church of the Nazarene. The young girl felt that the Lord had some special plan for her life, and her most earnest desire was for a Christian education to fit her for acceptable service in the Lord's vineyard, wherever He

might lead her. For four long years she worked very hard, saving her money for school expenses. Then she took a special Bible Course in the Central Nazarene College, continuing to work for her expenses during the entire period.

As before stated, it was in Hamlin, at the commencement season in May 1919, that she met, for the first time, the young soldier-preacher, Charles H. Wiman. With so much in common, it is not strange that the girl's heart quickly responded to his missionary zeal, and she gladly consented to share his labors in Japan, convinced that it was the plan of God for her life. Miss Walker was kept busy in Christian work during the vacation of 1919, and in March 1920 she applied to the Missionary Board for appointment to Japan.

After the commencement and the wedding, the newlyweds spent the summer of 1920 touring their native state in the interests of Nazarene Foreign Missions. Finally, on October 27, 1920, with exultant hearts, the missionaries were permitted to sail on the Fushimi Maru for lovely Japan, so famed for her chrysanthemums and her cherry blossoms. The dreams of youth were realized when the missionaries were only twenty-three years of age!

They spent their first night in Japan with Brother and Sister Eckel in Kyoto, but the next day they proceeded to Kumamoto where Sister Staples had started their splendid mission five years before. Since Brother and Sister Staples were on the eve of returning to America on furlough, the new missionaries were soon left with the heavy responsibility of the mission station upon their young and inexperienced shoulders. But they studied the language diligently, worked in the Bible school, taught English classes, and superintended as best they could. The Lord was near to help, and the young missionaries soon won the hearts and the confidence of the Japanese by their holy, Christlike lives. On October 24, 1921, just one year after

their arrival in Japan, the first baby, Margaret Glyn, came to bless their home, born in the International Hospital at Kobe.

After eighteen months at Kumamoto, the missionaries moved to Kyoto in the spring of 1922. Here they ministered until the following September when, greatly to their regret, they were obliged to return to the homeland, after two years of faithful, happy service in Japan.

Since their return to America, our missionaries have not been idle. Rev. Wiman employed the first two years in pastoral work. Then he went to Bethany, Oklahoma, where he has been serving as teacher in the Bethany-Peniel College, and as assistant pastor of the Church of the Nazarene. He has also improved his spare time in diligent study, taking advanced work at the University of Oklahoma, and at the Oklahoma City University. He has received an accredited A. B. degree from the latter institution. At present he is Dean of the Bethany-Peniel College, as well as assistant pastor of the church.

Rev. and Mrs. Wiman are still young—only thirty-two in 1929. Their life work is only commenced, and the “call” to Japan has never been withdrawn. They were supremely happy while in Japan, their hearts fairly exulting in their work. They love the Japanese, and are loved by them in return. Brother Wiman writes, “While on the mission field we were never homesick nor lonely for one single moment. When we boarded the ship to sail for America, it was with exceedingly heavy hearts, and not a day has passed since then that we have not been homesick for our adopted land!”

Our missionaries are better equipped for foreign service now than they were when they first went to the field in their early youth. No doubt it was for this better training that the Lord has detained them so long in the homeland. But now these good people are cherishing fond hopes of a speedy return

to the land of their dreams to open a Bible Training School, which is the greatest present need of the Japan field.

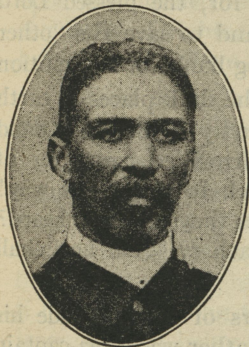
The question arises, 'Why has this important enterprise been neglected so long?' The answer is "A depleted General Budget." A full budget would provide for the erection of the training School. It would also enable our splendid missionaries, Rev. C. H. Wiman and his precious wife, to finish their course with joy in the land to which they have been called.

Oh, Nazarenes! Let us pray, and labor, and give as never before! God grant that we may soon go over the top! Amen!

Messengers of the Cross in Other Islands

Messengers of the Cross in Brava, Cape Verde Islands

REV. JOHN J. DIAZ



Rev. Diaz is a sweetly saved Portuguese evangelist. In 1901 he founded a Nazarene mission in his native island, Brava, Cape Verde Islands, one of the oldest of our Nazarene missions. For twenty-eight years he has been the only pastor of the mission, which, under his ministry, has been graciously blessed of God.

John J. Diaz was born in 1873 in Brava, under the dark shadow of Roman Catholicism of the virulent type which prevails in all Latin American countries. When a boy, his mind was bound by Romish superstitions. He was taught to hate and to fear all Protestants as agents of the evil one. He recognized no religion save that of his parents. He says, "I had no Bible, no gospel, no light, no other idea but to do what the church ordained and commanded. I was to ask no questions as to whether these commands were right or wrong. If the church gave stones for bread, I was to take them, and give thanks for bread."

Notwithstanding the spiritual darkness of his environment, the Portuguese boy instinctively sensed a hollowness and a mockery in the Roman system which failed to satisfy the heart. In his young mind persisted a conviction that somewhere there

must be something better for the soul than the religion that he knew. What that mysterious, invisible "something" might be, and where it could be obtained, he knew not, but to his fancy it seemed to be in hiding, far away beyond the mountains. Poor lad! the Savior was not so far away as he imagined. For it was God that his soul was longing for, the blessed Lord Jesus who came to this world to seek and to save His "other sheep" who have lost their way in the fog banks of superstition and sin. Alas! how many such souls in the dark places of earth are vainly seeking for God, groping blindly in the night, and falling by the wayside, because no Spirit-filled messenger of the cross has come with the gospel torch to light their way! "How shall they believe on Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach *unless they be sent?*"

When young Diaz was sixteen years of age, he bade his mother good-by, and went to sea. His father was a sea captain who often sailed between the Cape Verde Islands and the United States. After two years, the lad landed in New Bedford, Mass., where he fell in with evil companions who quickly led him downward in the paths of sin. But the God whom he did not know was watching over the homeless boy. One evening, some two years after his arrival in New Bedford, he received an invitation to attend a Protestant mission. Although his associates tried to dissuade him, reminding him that all such gatherings were of the devil, the boy's curiosity to see the inside workings of a Protestant meeting prevailed over the intimidations of his crowd. Who shall say that the Holy Spirit was not guiding the wanderer into his desired haven?

The cordial welcome which he received at the mission warmed the heart of the lonely Portuguese boy. His first visit was followed by others. The young man began to in-

vestigate the religion and the practice of the Protestants, and he found them not so bad as he had supposed. He then examined his own condition to see upon what his hope was resting. Of the results of his self examination, he says, "I perceived my faith was dead, for it was without works. It did not rest upon the finished work of Christ, neither did it bring forth the fruits of righteousness in me. But, praise the Lord, He helped me to believe His word, and to rejoice in His salvation!"

A fierce struggle with the enemy followed his new experience, but eventually the Lord gave him complete victory.

One year after his conversion, John Diaz first heard of sanctification. He began at once to seek the experience, and soon, at a mission in Providence, R. I., he received a clear witness to the cleansing of his heart. Immediately the Spirit began to speak to him about his people, seeming to ask him if he was not going to tell them of Jesus. At first he pleaded ignorance, not being able to read the Bible correctly, but soon he began to apply himself diligently to reading, and without a teacher, he gained a fair knowledge of English. Then, when the Lord called him, he did not wait for even a partial preparation, but began at once to testify in public meetings, addressing his exhortations chiefly to his own countrymen in New England. A number of people, including his own father, were converted under the testimony of the young enthusiast. Several Portuguese young men were sanctified wholly.

A few years later some of these friends advised John Diaz to return to his native Brava to carry the glad news of salvation to his old friends and neighbors. His pastor and members of the Nazarene Church in Providence also advised him to become a missionary to his own people.

The necessary arrangements were finally completed. The new missionary consented to venture forth upon the slender

salary of \$16 per month, and the way opened for him to make the voyage in a sailing vessel. The ship sprang a leak before she was fairly out to sea. For sixteen days all hands, both sick and well, were kept busy at the pumps to keep the vessel afloat. Some of the Apostle Paul's experiences on the briny deep were relived by the young missionary and his companions at that time. But at last, when hope was almost gone, land was sighted, and they drove into the harbor at San Miguel in the Azores. Later they sailed on to Brava.

At first his relatives received the missionary cordially, but they warned him that it would be both foolhardy and dangerous to make mention of his religion, since priests, authorities, and public opinion were all arrayed against it. But the missionary had come for the express purpose of delivering the gospel message, and he was not to be turned from his purpose. He and his companions persisted in telling over and over again the wondrous story of salvation. Bitter persecution followed. Indeed a recital of Brother Diaz' experiences during this period of his life would read like a chapter from the Book of Acts! The priests stirred up the people with their superstitions, terming the missionaries "devils," and declaring that Diaz was in the habit of holding conversations with the devil under his bed! Infuriated mobs attacked Brother Diaz twice, at one time beating him almost to death. The missionaries were forbidden to hold meetings; they were pelted with sticks and stones. Four times they were dragged into court and ignominiously cast into prison. But they bravely emulated the example of Paul and Silas. The sweet strains of gospel song were wafted through the prison bars, and when released, the messengers of the cross kept on traveling from village to village, telling everywhere the sweet old story of Jesus and His love, and living the Christ life in view of all their enemies. The

struggle was hard, the testings severe, but love finally prevailed! Prejudice was gradually broken down, many souls were saved and a goodly number sanctified.

In 1921 the Mission Sunday school at Brava enrolled 142 members, and the work has been steadily increasing ever since. A good church building, which seats four or five hundred people, houses the Nazarene congregation. Persecution has given place to friendliness on the part of the populace. The mayor gives his sanction to the work by frequently attending the services. Most remarkable of all, even the priests often come to the meetings, and they allow the children to attend the Sunday school! Surely the Nazarene mission in Brava is a notable demonstration of the power of the Holy Spirit to break down the strongholds of Satan, when He can use for an instrument a humble missionary who is entirely devoted to God! The Cape Verde Islands once formed a veritable "priest's nest," but John J. Diaz has been laboring for more than twenty-eight years in Brava, the only Protestant missionary (for a short time he was assisted in school work by Rev. and Mrs. Leon Brown) in a population of 12,000 Roman Catholics—and behold, what God hath wrought! Truly, "the people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits!" But since Brother Diaz' lot has been cast in a very remote corner of the Lord's vineyard, the Nazarene people know little about him, and are not aware of the noble work for God which has been established in these Islands at the cost of much suffering and magnificent heroism. Hence we take pleasure in introducing our brother, Rev. John J. Diaz, to the Nazarene public in "Messengers of the Cross."

The Brava Mission is one which deserves the attention and support of God's people. Eight other islands of the Cape Verde group are in sad need of the gospel. Some attempts

have been made, but they have been handicapped by lack of funds, and of workers to pastor the new stations.

Brother Diaz, the noble Portuguese messenger of the cross who has suffered so much persecution for the cause of Christ, desires a place in the intercessions of every loyal Nazarene. Surely he deserves it! May the Lord's richest blessings rest upon him, and may many others like him be raised up to carry the message of salvation to their own people!

Here - Sr.
Hutchinson

Messengers of the Cross in Barbados and Trinidad, B. W. I.

REV. AND MRS. J. I. HILL



These worthy missionaries were reared in Missouri, in the very center of the Ozark mountain region, a country famed for the bold, picturesque beauty of its scenery, and equally remarkable for its isolation from the path of modern progress. Rev. Hill declares that it is the most "back-woods country in the world." No rumbling trains disturb those mountain solitudes, while the horseless carriage and the aeroplane are scarcely known.

Rev. Hill spent his boyhood and youth amid the simple mountain folk. He was the proud father of three children before he enjoyed his first train ride. At about the same time the mysteries of the telephone were explained to him, but it appeared to the rustic youth so "spooky" that he refused to talk into it, resigning the privilege to his more courageous wife!

Naturally, the mountain boy's education was extremely limited, so far as schooling was concerned, but the lad possessed an active mind and an observing eye. His time was divided between farm labor, fishing in the lovely mountain streams, and hunting in the primeval forests. The primitive life of the wild-wood has its compensations, God's marvellous

book of nature was opened wide to the bare-foot boy, and it revealed to him many of its precious secrets. The glorious tints of the sunrise, the lofty grandeur of the mountain peaks, and the green coolness of the forest shades were indelibly stamped upon the boy's growing mentality. The myriad bird-calls of the woodland became familiar to him as his own mother's voice, while the lad early acquired an intimate knowledge of the feathered and furry denizens of the forest such as can never be gained from books alone. Living so close to her heart, mother nature became the boy's first teacher.

Nevertheless, young Hill was not without appreciation of the value of book learning. He was a great lover of the few books that he could gain access to, and he studiously applied himself to the mastery of their contents. Like Abraham Lincoln, he would read until compelled to go to bed, sometimes until very late in the night. He also learned to sing well by note from the old-time song books, and easily became a leader in his community because of his ability to read and to sing. In truth, this lad's environment was almost identical with that of some of the world's greatest men, such as Abraham Lincoln and Bud Robinson!

At a very early age young Hill was married to a sweet mountain girl, a rare and noble character, such as may frequently be found in the Ozark country. The girl bride was an earnest Christian who never ceased to pray for her young husband, although, for a time he resisted her gentle influence, and drifted into wild, rough habits. But finally, under strong conviction, he yielded to God and forsook his evil ways. But when the Lord called him to preach, the young convert rebelled, and went back into sin even more deeply than before.

But the Spirit kept on striving, and the good little wife kept on praying until, after four years, the prodigal returned to God with sincere repentance, promising to do anything the

Lord might require. At this crisis, the "call" seemed to be to the ministry, and to special work among the negro people. He understood it to mean that Africa was to be his future field of labor. But the new convert was already the father of five children, so that it was impossible for him to leave home. He prayed much over his "call," and promised the Lord faithfully that if he could not reach the shores of Africa, he would at least "make it hot for the devil at home." This promise he made good for many years in the homeland.

Without waiting for a course of training, Brother Hill began at once to preach to the simple folk whom he had known from infancy. While he preached, he studied diligently and faithfully. The Lord honored the conscientious efforts of his servant. The young preacher did not always remain in the mountains. He kept on studying and preaching until, with the Lord's help, he gradually worked his way up in the ministerial ranks until he was able to hold an honorable place among his brother ministers. He was ordained an elder in the Church of the Nazarene in 1909. Although he never enjoyed the advantages of a college education, Rev. Hill has served our church schools in various ways. He helped to build the Bethany-Peniel school, and for a number of years he served on its board of trustees. He frequently lectured in its halls, always assuring the boys that even though he might march at the tail end of the procession, he "was going to make them hump to keep out of the way!"

For three years Rev. Hill was Superintendent of the Western Oklahoma District, and he was serving in the same capacity on the Southern California District when the Lord at last opened for him a door of opportunity for missionary work in the British West Indies. During all the years the early "call" to the African people was never forgotten. After his children were grown and flown from the home nest, this "call" again

became insistent, and it was made clear that his particular field was to be among the negro population of the West India Islands.

On August 27, 1926, Rev. J. I. Hill and his good wife landed in Barbados, B. W. I. One month later they went to Trinidad where they made their home while they proceeded to preach, and work, and organize, and build churches in the various islands. The missionaries found the negro population composed of very poor people, many of them almost destitute of clothing and other necessities of life. At the same time they are industrious, possessed of a native intelligence, and peculiarly receptive to the gospel message. Consequently the labors of our missionaries are crowded with almost phenomenal success. Within the short space of two and one half years, Rev. and Mrs. Hill have organized fifteen churches which aggregate six hundred members. They also have eight hundred in attendance at the Sunday schools, and several strong young peoples' societies. The language spoken on these Islands is English, a fact which tends to facilitate the growth of the mission.

For a time the missionaries were ably assisted by Rev. and Mrs. George W. Surbrook, a worthy young couple who greatly desire a regular missionary appointment under the Church of the Nazarene. Early in 1928 Mrs. Surbrook reported eight W. F. M. S. societies in Barbados! Not only the women, but also the men, are so greatly interested that they can not be induced to miss a single meeting! They always fill the room to overflowing, with crowds at windows and doors eager to get in! This means real sacrifice, for most of the women work in the cane fields every day.

In July 1927, General Superintendent Reynolds visited all of the churches in this new field. He was amazed and delighted with what he found. After personally interviewing each mem-

ber of the several churches, taking a record of each one, he gives this unique mission his unqualified approval. At this time General Superintendent Reynolds organized both Trinidad and Barbados Districts, appointing Rev. Hill Superintendent.

On July 1, 1928, a great baptismal service was held in Trinidad, about four miles from Port of Spain. Fifteen candidates were lined up to receive the ordinance which, in that country, means "*a complete break with Romanism and the world!*" Many of these precious ones lost their homes, others were severely beaten because they had accepted Christ, and determined to live clean, respectable lives. Yet they received the holy rite of baptism with shining faces, happy to suffer persecution for Jesus' sake!

The West Indies offer their share of the creeping, crawling, flying pests which infest the tropics, beside the heat and the dampness and the malaria. But it also offers limitless possibilities for evangelization. Consequently our missionaries are happy and content, and greatly in love with their work. They desire the prayers of the Nazarene people for a rich harvest of souls in their corner of the Lord's vineyard.

