

Susan N. Fitkin

FOR
GOD AND MISSIONS



Basil Miller

SUSAN N. FITKIN



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by

BASIL MILLER

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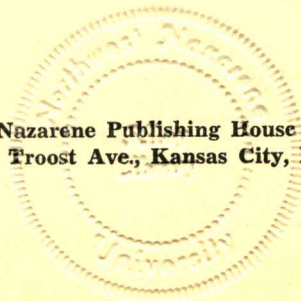


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PREFACE

Superlatives are usually dangerous. When applied to persons too often they are empty flattery not true to fact. But there are glorious exceptions. The personality about whom Dr. Basil Miller has written so radiantly is one of them. Without question Rev. (Mrs.) S. N. Fitkin is the most outstanding woman of the Church of the Nazarene and one of the great missionary leaders of the twentieth century.

This preface will offend the humility of Mrs. Fitkin but it is a sincere tribute to her Christlike greatness, for did not Jesus say, "Let him that would be greatest among you be the servant of all"? This First Lady of the Church is pre-eminently a servant of the Nazarene Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, of the cause of World Missions, of the Church of the Nazarene, and of the Kingdom.

The story of her life as unfolded in this book is more exciting than fiction. It is a miracle of divine providence and grace. Readers, be they old or young, men or women, clergy or laity, will be blessed and inspired.

Mrs. Fitkin has served successfully in many capacities—a loving wife, a devoted mother, the president of a world missionary society, a world traveler, an author of several books, a contributor to various religious periodicals, and an unctuous preacher of the Word of God. All of these activities are wrapped up in one personality on fire with an ever-consuming passion for lost souls.

The life of Mrs. Fitkin is an example, a blessing, an inspiration, and a benediction. Her tens of thousands of friends hope and pray that she may be permitted to continue to scatter her spiritual fragrance for many, many years to come.

For all her splendid achievements and glorious successes all glory and thanks are ascribed by Mrs. Fitkin

to her Saviour. Her complete commitment is beautifully expressed by her "Consecration Creed":

I am willing—

To take what Thou givest;
To lack what Thou withholdest;
To relinquish what Thou takest;
To go where Thou commandest;
To be what Thou requirest;

I am, O Lord, wholly and forever Thine.

May God grant that FOR GOD AND MISSIONS be scattered by the tens of thousands bringing its inspiration and blessing.

RUSSELL V. DELONG

*Dean, Nazarene Theological Seminary
Department of Missions*

BEAUTIFUL GIRLHOOD

Some lives are written in sand, and time's relentless tide soon obliterates all traces of them. The achievements of a few are cut deep in marble for the coming generations to admire. Others so live that their deeds are penciled in the minds of their contemporaries.

Susan N. Fitkin's influence is thus engraved upon the hearts of the women with whom she labored, and whose servant she has been for fifty-eight years. Few have left a trail so marked with divine power, and charted toward one goal. Early in life she heard the Master's voice. Henceforth there were no other allures to draw her eyes from the gleam of the heavenly vision. She served two generations of church womanhood humbly yet with sincere effectiveness.

She sought no glory for herself, saying rather, "I merely furnished the human instrument through which God could work. What little I might have accomplished, He did it all through me and for His glory. We are to be the channels through which God's power can flow into the world."

Hers was a global vision, implanted in her soul when called to labor in the Lord's vineyard. She early consecrated her life to God for world service, wherever the field, whatever the task. The Heavenly Father took this consecration, devoutly offered on the divine altar, and planted the deeds of her life in many lands and among peoples afar. Here they were to burst into a rich harvest.

The winds of March, 1870, blew cold across the forest-decked hills of Quebec, Canada. Near the village

of Ely, as they came to the comfortable farmhouse of John Norris, they rattled in the shutters, whistled around the corners, and leaned heavily upon the large dairy barn. Little attention did they give to the small wail that broke from a newborn daughter on March 31. They stormed out Susan's (as her godly parents named her) tiny voice as though it were of no power against their blustery violence. They laughed off with a light touch her competitive vocal efforts.

Little did those winds know that before they were warmed to gentleness by the spring's bursting sun, the tiny cry should give birth to a current of influence which would set up echoes in human lives many decades hence. And when the earthly voice was stilled, the power of that life would reverberate through eternity. For Susan was to live under the anointing of her Father's inspiration. Her guide was to be the Master of men, who glories in taking small human investments and multiplying them into powers as wide as the world, distant as the coming centuries, and lasting as eternity itself.

This was to be Susan's story. Little did those Quaker parents realize what God would do with the child. Yet they set a light before their family that pointed toward heavenly things. Seventy-seven years later their child Susan wrote:

"I saw the light of day in a home where there was a Bible and parents that believed in it, and provided a Sunday school for me to attend as soon as I could understand about a God of love and mercy.

"I might have found myself in a home, even in our own wonderful country, without a Bible and with parents having no interest in Sunday school or church, and have grown up without an opportunity to know anything about the revelation of a wonderful God providing salvation, and that it was for me."

The country where Susan and her family lived was new, and not long from the sound of the pioneer's ax. Schools were distant. But Father Norris determined this to be no deterrent to furnishing his family with the advantages of an education. He set apart a corner of the farm, facing the main highway, and thereon built a proverbial "little red schoolhouse." He dedicated this to training the minds not only of his children, but of his neighbors' children as well. For miles around, Susan says, the children came for their three R's. The school was a community lighthouse.

Some trudged through the snows, others were carted, and many the time the tinkle of sleigh bells announced the arrival of a bevy of scholars. Here was awakened a desire for learning in Susan's childhood mind. At the little school there sprang into being a longing to explore faraway regions of knowledge.

The teacher's influence did not stop when school books were closed and neatly stacked away, but it reached into Susan's home. For the teacher boarded with her family. Father Norris not only built the school and boarded the teacher, but he employed her as well.

The little building doubled for the house of God, for here on the afternoon of every Lord's Day a Sunday school was conducted, over which Mother Norris presided as superintendent. Lesson leaflets and other current Sunday-school paraphernalia were not then in vogue, so the Bible was the textbook.

"We memorized large portions of it," writes Susan from the vantage point of seven decades later, "which have never been forgotten, and have remained as an anchor to my soul. We sang from the little hymn books which Moody and Sankey had published. Down through the years the ringing melodies of such songs as 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus,' 'Only an Armour Bearer,' and many others have remained with me."

Those pioneer parents were crusaders for the right. Father Norris was a strict teetotaler, who fought to help wipe out the scourge of liquor. When election time came, he would drop everything that might be engaging his attention, and stump the neighborhood for the prohibition candidates. He marked his ballots for none but those who were prohibitionists, and his imagination would burst into flame under the stirring appeals of the temperance lecturer John B. Gough.

Nor did Mother Norris think electioneering and campaigning for prohibition were totally in the realm of men's activities. She was an active member of the W.C.T.U., and wore the little white ribbon, insignia of her battalion, with just pride.

"It was a great day for all of us," writes Susan, recalling the childhood heritage which was left her, "when Mother went as a delegate to the W.C.T.U. convention at Ottawa, the capital of our homeland. She considered it a great privilege to entertain Frances E. Willard in our home, and we children felt it an honor to belong to the Band of Hope. This proved a blessing to us throughout all our lives."

This mother was a talented woman, from whose mind poems dripped with the ease of speech. Many years later daughter Susan had the privilege of printing a volume of her poems after she had gone to heaven. The last one was written in 1914 when she was eighty years old. In the collection was a poetic tribute to her daughter's son Raleigh, who died when he was ten years old, and whom we shall meet later as the inspiration of an African hospital.

On starry nights, back in that Quebec home, the mother would take the children outside, and looking up into the heavens, would give them lessons in astronomy. At the little parties which the children gave, she would help with the entertainment by reciting a long poem in

Latin, much to the amusement of the children. The father would make his contribution by counting in the Indian language which he understood.

The numerals up to twenty-five in the Indian dialect, which her father spoke, have remained with Susan for seventy years. Today she can quote and write them as easily as when her father taught them to her at these parties.

The Norrises were a happy and busy family during these childhood days. There were duties for the boys in the fields, and for the girls in the home. The near-by forests were inviting, and the streams in summertime rang a merry tune as they rippled along their stony path. In the winter was skating, and the ring of sleigh bells. Those long winter evenings around the roaring fireplace were times of sweet comradeship with the members of the family group.

Out of those distant days came a contact with the North American Indians which lingered with Susan throughout her life. Some childhood incidents help mold the future, and mark the path of life's growing activities. One of Mrs. Fitkin's deep interests through the years has been a desire to missionarize the Indians of our country.

"My father was not only a farmer," Susan writes as she looks back over a life of fifty-eight years of Christian service, "but during the winter months he was foreman of a big lumber camp a few miles away. Being unable to secure sufficient local help, he decided to bring in Indians who lived some distance away. I shall never forget the day they arrived. There were about forty big, burly fellows in the lot. Father had sent teams of horses and wagons to bring them the twelve miles from the railroad station. They had been drinking and were a noisy crowd. We children were frightened as they scrambled out of the wagons with their baggage."

Since it was too late to take them to the logging camp, the father decided to have them sleep in one of the farm cottages. As he directed them to the cottage, the Indians saw a near-by hay barn, to which they pointed eagerly. But the father shook his head and indicated they were to sleep in the cottage instead.

"You little man," said one of the Indians in broken English, as he towered over the Canadian farmer. "We big men." And off to the barn the Indians started.

"Go to the house and bring my pistol," said Father Norris to one of the older boys. Shortly the lad returned with a huge horse pistol. Holding the gun in his hand, Mr. Norris quickly stepped between the Indians and the barn, and waved them down to the cottage.

This was a language the Indians understood, and after a short powwow, they scuttled to the cottage. The tension in the family group was instantly broken. "For all of us knew," says Mrs. Fitkin, reliving this childhood incident, "that the old pistol was not loaded. It was broken as well, and could not have been used, except as it had been to frighten them."

The incident was slight, but the contact with Indians was to bear glorious fruit in the years to come. For here were buried in her tender mind thoughts of the Indians' spiritual poverty, and when she came into the full sweep of her missionary activities, Susan *did* something about giving them the gospel in their own tongue.

For twelve memory-bright years the old Ely farm was Susan's home. Here she passed through the usual childhood diseases, romped with her brothers and sisters, felt the hand of parental authority heavy on her head when her footsteps would stray from the path which Father and Mother set for her. The Bible was the family Book, and from it flowed advice and chidings. Into the home

came visitors whose names now are among the Who's Who of that time.

In Mother Norris' heart there had been a deep longing sometimes to live in her own childhood home, for the community afforded better schools than the little schoolhouse on the farm. Also, she desired to attend services in the Quaker meeting house, which sat boldly though somewhat bleakly on a small knoll across the highway and opposite her parental home.

This dream came true in 1882, when the family purchased the homestead, and moved to East Farnham, Quebec, located about sixty miles from Montreal. It was a grand day in Susan's life, for she was enabled to take advantage of the better schools the community afforded, and especially to attend the Quaker meeting and the more fashionable English Church in East Farnham.

The meeting house was a simple little thing, plain as a Quaker woman's dress, with three windows on either side, two in front by the door, and high in the gable a rounded window. It was here that her father and mother, and her mother's mother and father before her, were members of the society called Friends.

As the years went apace, Susan studied the more advanced courses in the local school, and attended an evening class in French, which was taught by one who was a native of the French-speaking community in and around Montreal. Friends drew Susan's attention away from the Quaker meeting house, and in time she became a member of another church. But out of those Quaker sessions, when they waited upon the Spirit to move a member to speak, came a lasting impression upon Susan's mind.

"Here I was first convinced," she says, "that they had a knowledge of salvation that I knew nothing about, even though I was a consistent member of another church."

This was a tiny light, heaven-sent, which in time was to burst into the living flame of redemption in Susan's heart.

For four happy years, the family lived here as an unbroken group, though in due time the older boys and girls were sent off to college. In 1886, however, the family was saddened by the death of the father. This came as a blow, which was difficult to understand, but that Quaker mother had taught her children that God tempers the storm, and that through the shadows the divine plan would be revealed.

At eighteen Susan was a pleasure-loving, joyous girl, full of life and abundant energy. During this year, however, without a warning a shadow darkened her life. The full-bloom of energy seemed to wane, the roses slipped from her cheeks, which shortly were crayoned with pallor. She lost interest in the pleasant world round about. Slowly her appetite disappeared and her weight went down.

When the doctors were consulted as to the hope of recovery, they knowingly shook their heads, and tears came into the widowed mother's eyes. Beyond Susan's ears, the family whispered the dread word, *cancer*. When the mother asked the doctors, "And how long has she to live?" they replied, "A year or two at the longest."

This was a dark prospect indeed for a girl, who but yesterday was buoyant in health. No smile now lighted her face, for she was as one marked for death. Daily she became thinner and weaker, when the slightest exertion seemed to drain the tiny reservoir of remaining strength. Her weight did not even tip the scales at the hundred mark.

The night in Susan's mind was black. Few if any rays of hope burst into her once sunny soul. She was in the Slough of Despair. The longest arm of human comfort and comradeship could not reach her, and the finest

medical skill then available could not touch her case. A light, however, in March, 1890, was to burst from another angle, a spiritual light, the gleams of which were to be eternity-bound.

"Just as everything in my life, from the human standpoint, looked blackest," she writes forty-three years later in *Grace Much More Abounding*, "a new interest was suddenly awakened. A traveling Quaker preacher held some cottage meetings in our town. I attended and began to realize that even though I was a consistent church member, I was not a Bible Christian."

For six months, she discovered later, a lady minister in the Friends' society had been praying definitely for her salvation. The prayers of her God-fearing parents and those of her minister friend were to touch the Throne. The Heavenly Father was calling her, though at times it seemed from afar. Her sickness bore a divine compensation, which at the moment was difficult to realize: God sent the furnace of affliction that He might refine the gold in Susan's character.

In the divine plan, there was more in life for Susan Norris than merely to become a pleasure-loving Canadian girl, however bright her mind might be, or great her earthly attainments. There was on the horizon of her tomorrow a heavenly investment of her abilities in God's service, the results of which could not be realized.

Sickness, even bordering on death, was the price she must pay to gain entrance into the open doors of providence. God had a work to do through this frail, less than a hundred-pound girl, which would be accomplished through the death route.

Facing death, Susan must be made to realize that life, even spiritual life, was possible through divine intervention alone. The only hope of life, at this time in her career, was eternal life. For the doctors offered her a few, fleeting, pain-racked months in which to live.

The message of John 3:16 brought the hope of eternal life, though her body might be committed to mother earth.

Susan was eager to grasp that hope. During the cottage revival meeting, held by this traveling Quaker evangelist, she listened eagerly to the call of God. When the altar was opened for seekers after this new birth, which the evangelist boldly proclaimed, Susan bowed, and sought the experience that the preacher proclaimed.

"Although it seemed very unlikely that I should ever hear a definite message on the subject of the first work of grace," she writes sixty years later in the *Herald of Holiness*, "God sent an evangelist to the little town where I lived, who held cottage meetings. And I was permitted to attend them. When I heard I could be saved and know it, I definitely sought the Lord."

Being ignorant of the way of faith at this time, she did not strike the rock of her redemption. Soul victory did not shine through the inner darkness. With this new gleam of hope, she continued to pray for the experience, which rang with such glad tidings as the preacher heralded it. Daily she searched the Scriptures for light on the subject. Living, as she realized she did, on borrowed time, she could not afford to face the Master at the gates of pearl without knowing that she had been born again.

She lived and prepared for one inevitable end, that of death. But in the dark gloom of her soul's night, a light was about to burst, a gleam from the heavenly regions was soon to illumine her dungeoned heart. And with the spiritual health of her soul taken care of, the Great Physician was to lay the gentle touch of His hand upon her ailing body, and speak the healing words, "Be thou made whole."

Then Susan was to walk with a song in her heart and her head held high, into the career which God had marked for her.

CHALLENGED BY THE VOICE

Before Susan could reach others, she herself must first be reached. In her soul were latent powers, which without God would lie buried beneath the surface, to smoulder into ruins. But touched, ennobled, purified by the Master's hand, they were to blossom forth to a rich harvest of souls. Deep in Susan's life were the abilities of a general. Once flamed into action by God's challenge, they furnished her the leadership qualities necessary to marshal two generations of church womanhood.

But God had first to awaken the embers of greatness within her character. She must be made to see her undoneness before the blaze of the Father's all-seeing eyes. Like Bunyan's Pilgrim, she must go down into the slough, before she could catch the vision of the City Celestial.

The cottage revival started the process. God gave Susan nothing to live for physically that she might see her true spiritual condition. Once the services were over, she turned her attention to the little Quaker meeting house, knolled just opposite her home. Here sacred scenes had been enacted during the years of its existence, if she could only catch the glory of them.

"I now began with new interest to attend," she affirms, "the Quaker meetings in the old meeting house. . . . My grandparents had been consistent members here all their lives. Many aged saints still gathered there and gave wonderful testimonies about knowing their sins were all forgiven and their names were written in the Lamb's Book of Life."

This was the atmosphere in which God's Voice could speak to her soul, and as the Voice spoke, the sickly young girl felt a stone grow cold and large in her breast. The flurry and flutter of the more popular churches near by did not awaken this sense of divine conviction for sins. The dews of heavenly outpourings, where saints abode near the Throne, were required to cause her to sense this deep need of God. She felt herself a sinner in the sight of the Almighty, and as a sinner she needed divine rescue.

Turning to the Bible for comfort, she discovered only the flashing sword of God's judgment of sin, and warnings against her personal transgressions. She became miserable and "knew I was a lost soul and on my way to hell." Before there was hope for grace to come into her soul, the true position of her life must be known.

The glorious fifty-third chapter of Isaiah shed a ray of hope into the dungeon of her being. Coming to the sixth verse, she sensed that redemption was as near as the reading. It dawned upon her that the route of salvation, this know-so story of being saved, depended upon going in at the first "all," and coming out at the last one. Here were the burning words of comfort for which she sought.

The goodness of God spoke invitingly. The Holy Spirit wooed, and Susan, doomed to die in a few months, was led to repentance. She gladly forsook all worldliness and sin, confessed her transgressions, and earnestly sought God to lift her from the miry pit. She had not yet learned faith's simple lessons, to get from God one must *believe*. But she was on her way.

Searching her Bible through, she prayed for a message from God, when out of the Scriptures flashed the truth, "I have blotted out thy sins as a thick cloud, and will remember them no more forever."

It was as though God had beamed an arrow of truth directly to her soul. Yet she sought further for assurance.

Leafing the New Testament, her eyes picked up the passage, "He that *believeth* on the Son *hath* eternal life."

"Oh, if I just believe, I shall have it," she said aloud, as the truth dawned upon her soul. Her faith leaped up to God, and at once she did trust His saving Word. As a heavenly light flooded her soul, the burden of sin was rolled away. This was that for which she sought, the evidence which her Quaker teachers had promised, once she believed. It was a knowable, a recognizable awareness of being a child of God. She had tapped the reservoir of forgiveness, and a well of spiritual water sprang up in her soul.

"I was a new creature," she said many years later; "everything seemed new—the sun, the trees, the green fields, the birds—all looked new. Old things passed away. My heart was filled with joy and gladness. God in His great love and mercy had given me a sky-blue conversion, which the devil was never able to make me doubt. What a marvelous grace, that brings us into the family of God, and gives us victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil!"

Henceforth to live or die, she was committed into God's hands. The ringing assurance that all was well with her soul reacted favorably upon her bodily condition. The calmness of this experience caused her to lie back in confidence in the Father's strong arms.

At once she sought the atmosphere where a spiritual kinship could be felt. In Farnham was the steepled Church of England, its tradition aristocratic, its liturgy stately. Also there was the Union Chapel with less form but more spirit, less ritual but more fire, kindled by the heavenly touch. Here were prayer meetings where the new convert could testify to the delight of her soul. Here as she exhorted and prayed, sang the songs of praise, Susan found encouragement and a needed strength to meet daily trials.

When she hitched her horse to the buggy, and drove to the village for prayer meeting, the unconverted relatives were sore vexed. But as she drove back alone, her spiritual life reverberated to the echoes which pealed as though they sprang from the "joybells of heaven."

During the summer God was to send her through another crucible of physical burning. He was to open the gates of glory, and offer her a chance either to enter or return to the broad field of service which was the world. That April, 1890, experience was to mold her tomorrows.

She was stricken with typhoid late in the summer, so deep the scourge that the doctor had mentally signed her death certificate. When the climax came, and the crisis was reached, one of her brothers rushed three miles to get the doctor who had been in attendance upon her. The physician shook his head, knowing that the case was hopeless. He would not attend one as well as dead.

That night the Vision was born! The gates of pearl were opened! The heavenly land came into prospect! As Susan lay sick unto death, she saw a vision of what she took to be David's valley and shadow of death.

"At the end of this valley was a gate," she affirms, "with a beautiful heavenly light streaming through, and lighting up the entire scene. Oh, I was so happy! I said, 'It is not dark at all; death is only a shadow.' Then the Lord whispered to me, and asked if I wanted to go in. I replied, 'Whatever is Thy will; I would not turn my hand over to decide.'"

Soon a calm brooded over that weary body, and the angelic wings of healing soothed her to sleep. When dawn broke, she awakened, as one who had been refreshed by hidden springs of life. She said to the family, "I am going to get well."

During the day, the doctor came to see what he thought would be Susan's corpse, only to be surprised with a new bloom which told his professional eye, "Susan is on the mend." The girl whispered the secret to him, saying, "I went down into the valley of death, and the Lord let me come back."

The shock of it all was too much for the doctor's credulity, and he shook his head in unbelief. In medical science, he told himself, things do not happen thus. And when he returned on future visits he said that Susan had later been attacked by dropsy, and even went so far as to affirm that she was a victim of the white scourge, body-burning tuberculosis.

Despite the medical man's forebodings, Susan began to mend, more through the courage of her own faith than the doctor's medications. Shortly she was able to be up, and from her lips burst a song of praise to God for grace to meet every trial and the needs of each day. The road to health was a long one for her to travel alone, this young convert, but as each new day dawned with it came a fresh supply of physical manna in the form of strength.

By late fall she was strong enough to visit a brother who lived forty miles from their home. Here she stayed several weeks, enjoying the brother's hospitality. She literally drank in strength, both spiritual and physical. There was a work of marshaling women for a missionary crusade for Susan to do, and God was preparing her for this task. She was to be no drone in the vineyard of souls, but a worker under heaven's anointing.

During these testing days, when she had to pray from the skies even the strength for each hour's duties, God was teaching her the needed lessons of trust. She was to master the truth that to achieve for God, she must commit her ways unto the Lord, as one who was without

strength or ability, and thus become an avenue through which God's strength and the divine power could operate. In Susan's weakness, the heavenly chidings were affirming, God's strength was to be made perfect.

The beautiful truth of Christ's return had been nestling with great comfort in her mind. One night in December, while thinking about Christ's second coming, she fell asleep under the wings of this thought. Then through a dream she was transported into another realm.

She stood in a little chapel, surrounded by friends and relatives, when suddenly the earth reverberated with the sound of a mighty trumpet. Rushing to the door, Susan beheld the sky lighted with a radiant glory.

Jesus appeared. It was He, she told herself, who had purchased her salvation by His own blood. Glad ecstasy flooded her soul as she leaped to meet Him. Then came the thunderous wail.

"I ran to the door to meet Him," she says in relating the vision, "when I was startled with loud wailing cries, and looking back, I saw most of the people on their faces, crying out in fear and anguish."

The shock of the tragic scene awakened her. Lying in bed, her body trembled at the thought of Christ's coming again. As she wondered what the meaning of the dream, she became conscious of the Divine Presence.

"It was like a person standing by my bed," she avows, "and in an audible voice saying solemnly: '*Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.*'"

The heavenly Voice had spoken. The vision was clear-cut, and the challenge had been thrown out to this semi-invalid. Susan, though weak in body, must accept the call. With the last ounce of her strength, the last grain of her determination, however close the end of

her race might be, she gave herself unreservedly to foreign service. Though others might term the call a delusion, a figment of her imagination, she was a missionary in spirit as much as though she were already in China or Africa.

The Heavenly Father had made no mistake in this call, and inwardly, Quaker-fashion, the Holy Spirit was working in Susan's soul. As 1891 came in, the Voice became more insistent, and she knew it was time to transmute the foreign service vision into the real fabric of a missionary life.

"No country was designated," she affirms many years later, "but I wanted to go where there was the greatest need. Knowing that China was the largest mission field, I felt God might be calling me there. I prayed about it, and the burden increased. During the year, the Lord had so renewed my strength physically that I was able to hold meetings with the young people. But I was constantly wondering when I should hear about the foreign mission work the Lord wanted me to do."

God had not misplaced the vision, for with the challenge, the avenues of her body were opened to receive that day-by-day strength which the Bible promises. With renewed energy, the vision became clearer, and the demand that she do something about it was more insistent.

Four years earlier in 1887 God had led J. Hudson Taylor to pray for one hundred new missionaries to go to China, and before the year was over the last of the hundred set sail for that land. The Almighty not only answered the prayer for this hundred new workers, but applications came into Taylor's office by more than six hundred other volunteers that could not be sent. With this enlarged conception of God's willingness to answer prayer, J. Hudson Taylor had broadcast a challenge to

the Church that a thousand more missionaries be furnished China.

He declared that within five years this new thousand would enable the Christian forces to carry the gospel to every person in China. Dr. Taylor had called a great conference with this as the rallying point, and as Susan read about it, the Voice began to speak.

"When I read about it my heart longed to be one of them," she says. "This was a clear, definite call, and I wondered when and how God would open the door, and where my work was to be."

She determined to lay herself on the missionary altar, and while visiting at her oldest brother's home, she asked him to send for a doctor to examine her for a health certificate. But the physician, having finished the examination, shook his head, saying, "You must not expect ever to be well." This was his final verdict, and when her application was sent to the Toronto headquarters of the China Inland Mission, there was no health certificate included.

She explained in the letter that she was not very strong, but was willing to be one of the thousand. Back came the reply, suggesting that she wait until she mended physically. She had thus gone the last mile of the way in offering herself as God's missionary to China. Meanwhile she was not idle in the Master's business. Whenever occasion presented, she worked with young people, and felt the inspiration of the Spirit upon her labors.

During the year she went to Montreal as a delegate to a Sunday-school convention, reaching out in her endeavors to do all for God she was able. While waiting to regain her health, and thus offer herself once more as a missionary, she could not remain idle. God had spoken and she felt herself a real foreign-field candidate. The burden was so great that she wrote a missionary article,

entitled "The Regions Beyond," for a Canadian paper. This was the first of hundreds that were to flow from her pen on "the regions beyond."

The sense that she herself do foreign service was so distinct and vivid that Susan Norris could never wander from its inspiration. The heavenly vision, coming in 1890, was the rock upon which her life was to anchor. God had so built into her soul the urge to *go* that when He shunted her services into other avenues, she continually kept the church aflame on missions.

This was the regions-beyond field, which the Almighty set as the sphere of her Christian endeavor. She remained as much a missionary through the following fifty-seven years of Christian service as she was back in those days when she offered herself as a candidate for China labors. The lines of providence, inscrutable as they may be, are never erroneous. Through the years this consecrated servant has accomplished more for missions than had she been permitted to offer her life a sacrifice on Chinese soil.

The glory was so great, the anointing so heavy upon her soul, that Susan could not sit idly by, and wait until the doctor's certificate made it possible for her to be sent to China. She continued to hold young people's meetings in and around her home. During this time she came in contact with a brilliant young theological student, who as he made his pastoral calls carried a stack of books beside him on the buggy seat. The lad devoted his Sunday evenings to lectures on popular subjects, which, though unmoved, the congregation enjoyed.

Came Sunday morning, when the theologian would try to lift the congregation's spirits through a heavenly anointing, they sat as dead and dull as though he had been delivering one of his evening lectures on some such subject as "The Good Use of Bad Animals."

But when Susan arose, he saw the people blessed under her simple Bible messages. And he wondered why! When he asked the girl preacher, she told him the reason.

"I gladly witnessed to saving grace, and tried to explain," writes the mature Susan, "that it is not the human but the divine in us that really brings blessings to souls. But this simple truth seemed harder for him to understand than the profound books with which he surrounded himself. I realized anew the meaning of that grand old hymn, 'Oh, to grace how great a debtor daily I'm constrained to be.'"

Mother Norris took her "little missionary," as she called her daughter, to various near-by churches where Susan held young people's meetings. The newly organized Christian Endeavor society had awakened the youth to their spiritual heritage, and they began to feel a responsibility for the Master's service. As Susan spoke, the hearts of the young people were warmed.

Those long trips home, however, were not always danger free. The nights were dark, the roads deserted, and in the timber near by were wild animals. One night on returning from a meeting where Susan was the speaker, the horse shied, and then ran away with the buggy and its occupants. On coming out of the woods, with the lights of home in the distance, Mother Norris suggested that the horse had been frightened by a bear.

During 1891, in the midst of these youth meetings when God's presence was so near, Susan could not free her mind from the sense that her field of labor was on foreign soil. Her soul was disturbed by the vision.

"I kept wondering about my call," she affirms. "Finally I became so concerned because I could not go to the foreign field, that one day while reading the Bible, I

asked God to give me something very definite concerning it. Suddenly my eyes were riveted on these words—which I did not know were in the Book—I *have not called thee to a people of a strange tongue and a hard language.*”

Susan sat in bewilderment as this thunderbolt from the Word tumbled her castles. She had dreamed of the day when she would speak Chinese to the multitudes of that nation. And now God was saying, “not to a people of a strange tongue and a hard language.” Sitting with her Bible open before her, she renewed her consecration, and lifting her voice spoke openly to the Heavenly Father.

“It is all right, Lord,” she said through the tears that scalded her cheeks. “I want only Thy will. I will be patient and trust Thee to reveal it.”

Into her heart, the peace of God which passeth all understanding came like a flood of contentment. She resigned herself to God’s will, and wherever the sphere of her labors should fall, this she knew, “The Heavenly Father doeth all things well.” She was learning the lesson of consecration.

Shortly afterwards God used visiting English evangelists to lead her into the deeper truths of commitment to God’s will. Mother Norris sanctioned Susan’s inviting the traveling preachers to their home. These spiritually minded workers opened the Bible to the girl preacher, and taught her the true meaning of devotedness to God. Teaching her, by means of Bible references, the nature and blessed privileges of consecration, they led Susan along the path of soul rest. Speaking at various meetings and in daily concourse at home, she not only studied the Bible passages, but endeavored to live the consecrated life.

On the flyleaf of her Bible she wrote her consecration creed, which "helped and steadied me many times through the coming years."

This was as follows:

MY CONSECRATION

I am willing—

To take what Thou givest;
To lack what Thou withholdest;
To relinquish what Thou takest;
To go where Thou commandest;
To be what Thou requirest;

I am, O Lord, wholly and forever Thine.

God was not long in whispering from the Bible precious words of encouragement. Susan's mind flooded with the promise, "I will betroth thee unto me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercies. I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness: and thou shalt know the Lord."

Those consecrated evangelists opened the Scriptures more deeply unto the girl preacher and told her that she could be made holy. With this vision before her, they prayed together, and Susan claimed the blessing by faith. But at this time she did not receive a satisfactory experience, although, as she affirms, "I saw it was in the Bible, and later preached it as definitely as I could."

The youthful preacher's mind was reaching out for the deeper things of God, and she read Frances Ridley Havergal's *Kept for the Master's Use*, and similar ones. These kindled a holy flame of zeal in her soul, and kept alive a keen hunger and thirst after the experience of full salvation, a vista of which the evangelists had opened unto her.

"But there was still a hunger in my heart," she says. Though she did not have the light on sanctification at this time, the soul longing was to be the means of leading her into the experience of heart purity. Often she prayed:

Lord Jesus, make Thyself to me,
A living, bright reality;
More dear, more infinitely nigh,
Than e'en the dearest earthly tie;
More vivid to faith's vision keen,
Than any outward object seen.

She had not yet attained the blessing, but she was a searcher. The glorious light was to burst a few years later.

Three

LAUNCHED IN GOD'S WORK

God was leading Susan into paths that she did not know. There was a noble work in the tomorrows for her to accomplish, which could be achieved only by a soul-consuming consecration to the divine will. She was to furnish the human instrument, with which the Father was to blaze a trail for missions that would extend around the world. Step by step she must learn the faith lesson—that as doors are opened one is to walk into them with full confidence in God's guidance.

The summer of 1892 was God's time when the door of her life's work was to be thrown ajar. She was twenty-two, and in such frail health that the least effort drained the small reservoir of her energy. During that summer the first world convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor met in New York City. When the local society of which Susan was a member received the news of the forthcoming convention, they decided to send her as their delegate.

She had made a place for herself among the youth of the community by her devoted efforts in conducting young people's services. As she thought about going to the New York convention, she decided best to let the honor fall upon another. For her health, she felt, would not permit the strain of the convention. But the youth of the society would not be denied the privilege of sending her, so their insistence grew into a clamor.

The voice of the society was to become the voice of God, urging, demanding that she go. For God had an appointment at the convention that Susan was to keep.

As usual, she took the matter to her Heavenly Father in prayer. This was to be the turning point of her career.

"I thought no more about it for several days," she says, "then, about a week before time to go, the Lord very definitely spoke to me, telling me that it was His will, and assuring me that while there He would reveal His plan for my life work. How I rejoiced. My feet seemed to have wings.

"I told Mother about it, and while she reminded me that my strength seemed insufficient, yet, if it was the Lord's will, she was sure it would be all right."

As she traveled alone to New York City, having missed the train which carried the Montreal delegates, God winged her soul with strength, and her heart was full of joy. For deep in her spirit was the sense that the Father was leading her, as by the hand. There was a calm assurance about her future, and on arrival, she knew the journey—the longest she had taken until that time—had not tired her.

Here she was to learn that "the joy of the Lord is my strength." Now as later, when God opened doors, she discovered that He also furnished the physical stamina necessary to step into them. Arriving at the convention, she found Madison Square Garden filled to near capacity with delegates and friends, not only from the United States and Canada, but from around the world.

Deep in her mind, however, as the meetings went by, was a wonderment as to "how and when I was to get the message God had promised." The days slipped by, and as the convention was drawing to a close, still there had been no peculiar revealing of the Father's will. Deep into her consciousness God was driving the message which one delegation carried—for each delegation had a banner with a special motto. This message was, "Saved

to Serve." As she looked at it, the truth crept into her heart, and God used it to stir her soul to a desire to serve others through the saving grace she herself had received.

On Friday afternoon the program called for denominational rallies. Susan at the time was not a member of any denomination, and a cousin of her mother, Seneca Stevens, a Quaker minister, invited her to attend the rally at the Friends' church with him. At this meeting God's hour finally arrived.

"Truly the Lord seemed to pervade the place," she says years later. "I found myself in a wonderful missionary meeting. When the speaker was announced, a small saintly looking man arose, and as he began to speak my heart was strangely stirred."

As he continued with his message, his words were so charged with a divine afflatus that Susan almost held her breath at times. "For I had never heard such a wonderful message before."

When he finished speaking, God seemed to whisper, "This is the man I sent you to New York to see. He will open the door that will lead to the work I have called you to do."

When God spoke so definitely, Susan sought an interview with the speaker, whom she learned was Dr. J. W. Malone. She discovered when talking with the doctor that he and his wife were opening the Missionary Bible Training Institute that fall at Cleveland, Ohio. He told her that the school was for "young people who are called to the Lord's work."

The Heavenly Father immediately impressed upon Susan's mind that it was His will that she be among the first to matriculate.

"I was thoroughly convinced," she writes, revealing the leadings of the Holy Spirit, upon which she had

learned to depend, "that was where God wanted me to go, and I returned home with a heart overflowing with joy and thankfulness."

It was this sense of relying upon the divine leadership which has marked the mature Susan's life work. She early discovered that victory was assured when she placed herself in God's hands to be used as He should determine. In the divine will, she sensed, there can be no place for failure when God touches one's efforts with holy anointings.

But on returning home with the glad news that she was going to Cleveland to train for God's work, she found doubters everywhere. Job's discouragers had nothing on her family and friends. The clamor went up, "It is a foolhardy adventure." Brothers and sisters tried to laugh her out of such an absurd desire. One brother, whom she visited shortly afterwards, called in the family physician, a total stranger to Susan, and asked him for a statement concerning her life expectancy. The family told the doctor about her plans, the purported trip and the school work.

After a thorough examination, the doctor shook his head when asked if she should undertake this exerting task. His words rang with such disheartenment and doom that they almost brought tears to the family's eyes.

"No, she must not think of doing anything like that, but if she keeps quiet and takes proper care of herself, she may live a year or two." The doctor's pronouncement was august, spoken with true medical finality, but the man of science failed to make a place in his program for a miracle of healing.

Twenty-two-year-old Susan Norris, sick and ailing, knew that God, to whom she had entrusted her life, who had wrought the miracle of redemption in her soul, was able likewise to lay the miraculous touch of His hand

upon her sentenced-to-death body. Though her life expectancy be as short as the doctor decreed, still she sought to channel herself in the course of the divine will for this brief period rather than to live longer without the breath of heaven upon her soul.

With the assurance that "I was in His will, I could not doubt but all was well." These words became the plan and policy of her life. Seeking first the Father's will, she was not afraid to venture in faith, however great the odds against her or the movement she led. One finds this written as a beacon across the path of the woman's missionary movement which she has marshaled among her Nazarene sisters for more than three decades.

Whatever the discouragements, Susan knew that the Cleveland Institute was God's will for her. Though she entered the school somewhat late, due to not receiving directions early enough, fall found her registered as a student. Here she discovered a spiritual atmosphere in which her soul was to flourish like the palm tree.

"There was the Quiet Hour every morning," she notes in picturing the beauty and glory of this her first away-from-home school experience. "From eight to nine we learned to worship and to be still, and listen for His voice . . . as we made our requests known unto Him. The memory of the blessings received has proved a great stimulus to faith along life's pathway."

Dr. and Mrs. Malone, who brought daily messages from the Bible, proved an inspiration. God's Word took on a new power as these consecrated teachers explored its depths with the students. Here a lasting impression was made upon the Canadian girl preacher, whose heart eagerly drank in the Christian stimulations as they founted at the Institute. Friendships were formed which have lasted more than five decades. Among the students were several youth, who were to become famous Naz-

arene leaders, such as Dr. E. P. and Emily Ellyson, and Dr. E. J. Lord, as well as others.

There were necessary lessons which the young preacher must learn from divine inspiration before God was ready for her to launch into the career for which He was preparing her. It was not in the divine plan that Susan should be a sufferer, and her usefulness be shortened by a frail body. The years of sickness, when each month looked like it might be her last, served their mission. She was brought low that she might master the lesson that the arm of the Almighty is not shortened, and God's supply is overabundant. Long and tiresome the physical journey which brought her to the awareness that a sound body was attainable from the Father, no less than a clean soul. The incident which taught her this truth was a lesson assignment.

When she had been at the Institute about a week, the teacher requested her to prepare a message for the class on the question which Jesus asked the infirm man at the pool, "Wilt thou be made whole?"

"I prayed and studied and prepared an outline, never once thinking about the message being especially for me," she writes. ". . . As I knelt to pray, just before going to the class, the Lord whispered to my heart the words of the text . . . and I knew He meant it to be a personal message."

Immediately her faith took hold of the divine offering of health for her body. As she quickly replied, "Yes, Lord," a shower of joy and glory flooded her soul. The swift events of the class routine, and the following duties of the day blotted out any thought of the incident until she retired for the night. As she lay in bed, Susan realized that she was on her side, and there was not the usual pain. For more than two years she had been unable to lie on either side while sleeping.

“‘Oh,’ I shouted, ‘the cancer is gone! I am healed!’ and it was true. . . . From this time I gained strength rapidly and was able all through the year to carry my school work and assist the students in gospel services.”

Those were gracious days at the Institute where practical work and study were dovetailed together. Downtown the school opened a mission named “The Whosoever Will Mission,” where evangelistic services were held nightly. The students took turns in conducting the meetings. The experience was invaluable, for it taught the young preacher to expect souls to be brought to the Lord under her ministry. As the down-and-outers attended, she saw them kneel at the altar and ask God to come into their souls. A band of boys from the street, ranging from twelve to sixteen years of age, for months created a problem at the night services and the Sunday school which was conducted on Sunday afternoons. They outwitted several teachers through their tricks, and laughed as one by one these would-be gospel workers resigned the class.

One Sunday afternoon Susan went to the school, and watched as the boys stamped into the hall, mischief-bent. As no teacher appeared to handle them, the boys took the situation in hand, and pointed to the new students whom they noted in the audience. When the superintendent told them their last teacher had resigned, he semi-threatened to turn them back onto the streets.

A tall Jewish lad, their leader, became the spokesman, and said they would be good, if they could have another teacher. They also asked permission to choose their own. When this favor was granted they arose and began to point at the new arrivals. At last they agreed on their choice, and said, “We want that one with the black, curly fur coat.”

As the superintendent looked at the slip of a girl, he doubted if she could handle the near-ruffians. But when

the boys insisted on their choice, he asked Susan if she would take the class. Refusing at first, she finally agreed, seeing the eagerness on the lads' faces. From that time on there was no more trouble with the boys. A change soon was apparent among the youth. They learned to respect their teacher's wishes. "Hands and faces were cleaner," says Susan many years later, "and hair combed, and when I kindly asked them not to chew tobacco in class, they desisted."

As time passed, the lads were touched by Susan's gentle personality, and began to respond to her instruction. They entered into the social events which she planned, when together they sang gospel songs, and were served ice cream and cake. It was not long until the girl's prayers were heard, and one of the boys knelt at the altar and gave his heart to the Lord. "Soon one after another was at the altar, laying his young life at the Master's feet."

These were needed lessons in soul winning which were in God's curriculum for the girl preacher to learn. At the outset of her ministry, there must be souls for her reward. Hers was not to be a gospel career barren of spiritual fruit. God had a higher service for her to achieve, and she was now laying the foundation for a lifework of soul winning. Through more than five decades of preaching since those days of mission teaching, God has given her souls, and her messages have plead for decisions.

When the door of Christian service opened, Susan, though young in God's work, gladly stepped into it. The occasion arose when a call came to the Institute for a gospel team to conduct a revival at a Friends' church just outside of Indianapolis, Indiana. A talented young lady evangelist was selected as the leader, while the Canadian girl preacher was sent to assist in whatever way pos-

sible. Susan affirms, "I did not expect to preach." But God had other plans outlined for her.

The meeting was crowned with salvation scenes long to be remembered by the young evangelist. For God gave them souls, and the people were moved. When time came for the meeting to close, the tide of redemption and restitution raced so high that the assistant was asked to continue the services, while the more gifted speaker went on to her next appointment. God was in this arrangement.

On the first Sunday morning, Susan spent much time in prayer and meditation. She opened her heart to the Spirit's incoming as the most vital part of preparation for becoming God's voice to the congregation.

"On the Sabbath," she writes, "I prepared to go to worship. In the early morning the Lord met and refreshed my soul with a very sweet message from His word, but I had no intimation that I was to pass it on to others."

God had spoken to her about the "open door," noted in Revelation 3:8. He opened the Word to her mind, and allured her into the depths of the second and third chapters of this book. As she meditated, her heart warmed, and the Heavenly Father flooded her soul with a message. On arriving at the Quaker meeting house, she found the building filled even to the doors. There were not enough seats for the congregation, and several were crowded at the entrance.

This was God's morning to launch Susan's gospel career. Entering the room, she saw on the "high seat," across the back of the building, the elders, two aged men on one side to be matched by two aged women on the other. She walked well toward the front where she took a seat. Bowing her head for a moment's meditation, one of the women elders invited her to come forward and sit

in the front. The preliminary service was soon over, consisting of a prayer by an elder and a hymn, Quaker-style.

"Feel perfectly free, dear," whispered Susan's elder friend, "thee go ahead now and give the message the Lord has given thee."

God came on her, and as she arose to speak, she felt the power of the Spirit flowing the words through her mouth. This was her first real sermon, and as she proceeded, she saw the people accept the message. On finishing, the folk were blessed with the truth, and they praised the Lord for His refreshings.

"It was all so wonderful," she affirms years later, "and I was thankful and happy in the assurance that the Lord had indeed chosen me to preach the glorious gospel, even though I was not to be a personal messenger to foreign lands."

When this revival was over, Susan joined the evangelist, a Miss Hammond, in southern Ohio for a second meeting. The January weather dipped below zero, and the trips to the meeting house from the entertaining home were unforgettable sleigh rides. They sat in a huge box of straw, which was on the farm sleigh, and by the time they reached the church they found themselves half frozen.

The tiny stove did little to blast the winter out of the meeting house, and when the girls preached, they hopped about from foot to foot, in an endeavor to stir up enough circulation in their feet to keep them from freezing. On the return trip to the farmhouse, they faced an unheated room and a frosty featherbed, which would scarcely be warm enough for the preachers to drop off to sleep before the man of the house was calling them to breakfast.

"But in spite of the severe weather," writes Susan from her comfortable winter home in Oakland, Cali-

fornia, in December, 1947, "and the small attendance, some precious souls were saved and sanctified wholly. And we returned to the Institute and to our warm rooms with thankful hearts, praising the Lord for the privilege of winning a few souls to Jesus."

All of the events of her life henceforth were to flow into this one channel. She was to be from this moment on consecrated to His work. There might be other calls and demands on her strength, yet first and supremely she was to devote her ransomed powers to proclaiming salvation's glad news. Those holiday revivals became the springboard for a career of Christian service that was to outlast five decades.

At the close of the Institute year in the spring of 1893 the girl preacher felt the call to put her hands to the gospel plow in some tangible place. Finishing her training course, the Almighty opened a service door in a new town which was just being opened up in Northern Michigan. The town had been plotted, maps sent out, and public and private buildings planned. People began to center their homes and activities in the new locale.

The Friends did not forget these incoming people. They selected Susan as assistant pastor of a little church a mile or so away in a small settlement. She not only worked among the youth of the church, but served as a welcoming committee of one to greet the new arrivals at the forthcoming town. She prayed in their homes, invited them to attend divine services, and devoted her time to following up the results of these calls.

During the summer God gave her many opportunities of service. Among the new arrivals came a family with several small children, the mother of which was sick. The pastor discovered that she formerly had been a Christian, but had become bitter against religion.

Day by day Susan visited the woman and prayed with her, "bringing in a bit of cheer and sunshine."

When she finally won the ailing mother's confidence, one day she took along her Bible, for the girl preacher felt that the woman's time was quickly running out. Sitting by the bedside, she held the frail hand of the sickened one, and without mentioning religion, Susan opened her Bible and began to read. She had selected scriptures dealing with the return of the backslider, and God's welcoming promises.

Tears brimmed the woman's eyes, and when the reading was finished, the bedridden wife poured out her heart to God in confession. Slowly she wept her way back to the Throne, and amid much rejoicing she anchored her feet once more upon the rock of her redemption. Later, when her soul had been healed, the girl preacher suggested that they pray also for the touch of Jesus to be laid on her sick body. Shortly the healing came about and the woman arose to minister to the family.

This experience taught the youthful Quaker preacher the power of personal contact and the value of coming to soul-grips with individuals. No audience was too small, even though it consisted of but one, to demand her utmost attention and effort.

Sickness at home called Susan back to Canada late in the fall of 1893, where she was to remain out of gospel harness only a few weeks. The tidings of her work began to spread among the Friends and other groups, until at the break of 1894, she was asked to conduct a revival in a Vermont church. During the cold January God blessed the services. And the people, now without a stated pastor, fell in love with this young Canadian, who already had been set apart as a minister by the Friends society. Though they did not give a certificate of license or ordination, still the Quaker sanction of approval for the work of God had been placed upon her.

At the close of the meeting, God was to thrust her into a new type of work, that of serving as pastor to a local congregation. The church invited the girl preacher to remain with them as their pastor. "I felt I was in divine order," she says, "and so I spent a blessed and profitable year with this dear people."

When the year was out, another call came from the same district to pastor a congregation located at a health resort in the Green Mountains. Here she tapped a new reservoir of strength, and during the year along with an outpouring of spiritual health, she grew strong and well physically. God was preparing her for years of strenuous labor, which would demand a physique as taut as a bowstring and energy as abundant as an artesian flow.

The church was edified by her consecrated efforts. Her sermons touched young and old alike, bound up with gospel anointings the brokenhearted, and so illumined darkened souls with salvation light that at the end of the year a revival spirit spontaneously broke out among the folk.

When this was at its height, the chairman of the evangelistic committee from the Friends' New York district visited the church. Seeing the work of God which was going forward with such spiritual dispatch, he decided that the girl preacher's labors were needed in his domain for evangelistic work. This was an ordering of God, for Susan had not yet experienced the full incoming of the Holy Spirit in sanctification. There had been a gleam of scriptural light thrown upon her need and the blessing of this fullness, but as yet she had not been sanctified.

God was leading her southward where she was to meet the people among whom her labors were to be centered for more than fifty years.

HOLDING ALOFT GOD'S MISSIONARY BANNER

God led the young preacher into New York state as by the hand, for there was a deeper work of grace she was to experience. Long she had sought the fullness of the Holy Spirit in sanctifying power, and many times she had laid hold of it by faith. Yet in its completeness she had not touched the healing fount. It was this anointing and preparation for a vital career of Christian service which she lacked. God gave her souls in her pastorates and the revivals had been times of blessed victory.

She felt, however, her need of the Holy Spirit's cleansing and empowerment for service. As she started her first revival for the New York Quakers early in October, 1895, she sensed the Spirit's touch upon her messages, and her words became as arrows barbed with truth. When she drew the gospel net at the close of her sermons, there were seekers at the altar. Shortly more than thirty had been converted, and testified to the change God had wrought in their lives. Conviction settled upon the congregation, and the meeting was well on its way toward a vital outbreaking of old-time religion.

In Clintondale, just a few miles from Unionville where she was evangelizing, a holiness convention was in progress at a Methodist church. On the fifteenth of October, she attended the day services, for her heart was hungry for the blessing which the evangelists were proclaiming. Though she had sought to be sanctified, and had claimed the experience by faith, still when in a holi-

ness meeting there was a question in her mind as to whether she had obtained the blessing.

At the afternoon service, the preacher's words seemed to be directed at her. He spoke from the text, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven and whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile" (Psa. 32:1, 2).

"It was a real old-fashioned first and second blessing sermon," she says. "I knew I had the first blessing, but when in a holiness meeting, there was a question in my mind about the second. As the preacher continued, I decided first that I did not have it, and second, determined to have it, and I could scarcely wait for him to finish."

Her soul became the battleground for the devil. As God's Spirit convicted her of the need of the blessing, the enemy threw arguments into her mind, suggesting the preposterousness of her seeking it openly in the meeting. He reminded her that she was a Quaker evangelist, with no little success at gospelizing. He visualized before her the scenes of salvation at her own altars when souls were being brought into the fold.

But the Spirit spoke in convicting tones, and told her that this experience would enhance her work as a Quaker evangelist. The enemy then held before her the fact that the meeting was conducted in a Methodist church, less spiritual than the one which had set her apart as a minister, and that the preacher of the local church was not in sympathy with the work of the holiness evangelists to whom he had loaned the edifice for the convention.

A sense of conviction awoke in her soul, and she mentally fashioned her actions, saying, devil or not, "I am going to the altar. I must have a real experience."

It seemed that the preacher had bogged down in his sermonizing and would never reach the end, as she

awaited an opportunity to kneel at the penitent form. At last came the invitation, and the youthful Canadian evangelist rushed to the altar, where she sought the blessing with all her powers. She poured out her heart to the Father, and told Him that she must have the experience to continue her Christian work.

"I told God I wanted to be sanctified wholly, cleansed from inherited sin, the old man cast out, the carnal nature destroyed, and to be baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire. I waited expectantly. Some were suggesting it was time to believe, but I hesitated, for had I not sought before and taken it by faith, but had not been fully satisfied?"

Hers was an intense seeking, for she could be content with nothing less than the Spirit's witness to her cleansing. When she decided to go God's way at any cost, she arose and testified, saying, "I believe the blood of Jesus cleanses me from all sin, and that I am sanctified wholly."

Her soul became a scene of sword clashing between the Spirit and the devil. When the enemy suggested that she would be ridiculed, persecuted, and doubtless ostracized, she replied, "I believe the blood cleanses from all sin." The afternoon proved a time of soul exhaustion, as she fought her way forward toward a complete victory. When the supper gong sounded, she excused herself, since she must shortly return to her own meeting. She found herself completely worn out, her physical energy debilitated. So she invited one of the evangelists to speak at her meeting that evening.

The service started with a soul battle, for she had not yet the witness to her sanctification. The devil would harpoon her with a doubt, but she mentally proclaimed, "If I never get a bit of feeling from now till I die, I shall keep believing that the blood cleanseth me now from all sin." As the meeting continued, a sweet peace pervaded

the chapel, and a holy calm kissed into silence the roar of her troubled soul-waters.

"I was lost in wonder, love, and praise," she testified some thirty years later. "I remember the evangelist read his text from Romans, fifth chapter, first and second verses, and that he repeated it over and over. . . . Then suddenly the chapel roof seemed to be cleft asunder. The heavens were rent. The shafts of heavenly light like sunbeams shot directly into my heart, filling and thrilling my soul.

"I shouted and laughed, trying to control the avalanche so as not to disconcert the preacher. For I was conscious that he was floundering around and still repeating his text. But it was of little use."

Lifting her eyes, she saw two sanctified laymen, laughing and shouting, "until they nearly fell off their seats." The congregation was watching the girl preacher as she shouted, an alluring amazement showing in their faces as to the source of her joy.

"No wonder," she confesses, "for I had always prided myself on being a demure little Quaker maiden. And had I not almost lost my religion at a camp meeting when a minister got blessed and actually laughed and shouted during an altar service? What did it all mean? Oh, I knew so well, and it was so wonderful. The Holy Spirit had come to abide. I could but praise Him."

The visiting evangelist, unable to escape the maze of his text, turned the service over to the shouting girl preacher. Susan arose and told the people about the holiness convention, how she had sought the experience of sanctification, and how God at that moment had sent the witness of the Holy Spirit.

Turning to the new converts she explained their need of the second blessing, "properly so called," as John Wesley termed the experience. She held out the promise



Susan N. Fitkin, 1896



Mr. and Mrs. Fitkin, Raleigh,
Mary Louise, and Willis



Abram E. Fitkin, 1896



Abram E. Fitkin



Raleigh, Mary Louise, and Willis



The early home of Mrs. Fitkin
and her mother



that it was for them also. The joy and power in her soul awakened a sense of need in their hearts, and shortly the altar was lined with seekers for the blessing. "A wonderful revival followed," she says, telling of the results of that afternoon spent at the holiness convention. Through the years, the ring of her testimony has remained true to the work of God wrought in her heart at that time.

"Just one more reason why I believe in entire sanctification as a second work of grace," she writes in the *Herald of Holiness* in the spring of 1947. "It is because the Lord definitely wrought this wondrous grace in my heart, cleansing and filling me with the blessed Holy Spirit, and after more than fifty years of service for Him, He still abides and keeps me victorious. I praise Him."

When the local revival was over, a new field of evangelism was opened among the Quakers and others. Arrangements were soon consummated whereby she was to work throughout the New York district of her church in revivals. The hand of providence was upon her, and she was gently being led to the field of service wherein she was to devote the rest of her active Christian career.

During the next six months, until the spring of 1896, she was teamed with a young evangelist, Rev. Abram Fitkin, whom later she was to marry. The gifted evangelist was a worthy companion, and loaned her books on holiness, that explained the experience which she possessed more clearly than she had mentally grasped it before. "And I devoured these eagerly," she says. She was anxious to lay a true foundation for the doctrine in her own thinking that she might proclaim it more scripturally and accurately in her sermons.

During the six months of revivals together the young preachers were attracted to each other. God gave them victory in their services, when many souls sought the Lord. This attraction grew into love, and at length love

had its way, and they were married by William Thomas Willis, a Quaker minister, at his home in Clintondale on May 14, 1896. Present also at the wedding was Seneca Stevens, the Quaker preacher who had invited Susan to the New York City meeting when God led her so miraculously to attend the Cleveland Institute, where her life's work began.

This marriage was to prove a profitable union, for God gave the youthful evangelists many souls during the years of their revival and pastoral work together. For some time they traveled throughout the eastern states in campaigns when hundreds were converted and many led into the experience of full salvation. The young Canadian evangelist's life was being shaped by these circumstances for the broader field of world service, which God was to open to her in the coming years. With a passion for souls in her revivals, she was not to be content without reaching souls around the world.

When calls came for their labors, Susan and her husband asked not, "How large is the field?" but, "Is it God's will that we go?" Early in October the Spirit led them to Hopewell Junction, New York. There was no evangelical church in the town, nor for miles around in the surrounding country, but as the young preacher notes, "There were two flourishing saloons."

On arrival they found no Christians in the community, at least none willing to march under the Fitkin revival banner. Nor was there a building in which to hold the forthcoming meeting. The difficulties did not discourage the preachers, for they felt a divine dispensation marking their paths to the little town.

"However, we were sure God had sent us," writes Susan years later, "so we waited upon Him for directions, and were presently led to a new building which the owner was willing to rent."

This proved to be a blacksmith shop, which had been used but a few weeks, hence it was practically new. The owner stipulated that if the revivalists would rent it for a year, he was willing to take out the anvil and the forge and the other blacksmithing equipment, which would entail considerable expense. Praying about this they felt led to accept the man's offer, and signed a year's lease, mainly on faith in God's having sent them to Hopewell.

The young woman preacher, now a bride, had laid the foundation of her Christian work upon providential leadings of the Spirit. When heaven set ajar a door, such as the Hopewell door of service, she was willing to step into it. It was this trust in God's leadership, which has marked her work through the decades of missionary service.

Abram and Susan recognized that the smithy-turned-church was not quite the type of edifice in which to house a soul-winning campaign. Nevertheless the Voice had spoken to these consecrated preachers, so they ventured on the promises, and trusted the divine leadings. Moreover the effort was one of faith, for they had no backing. There was none to sponsor the campaign for souls, and when they had paid the first month's rent, placed a deposit on a few chairs, a small stove, a lamp, and had laid out a pittance for necessary advertising, they had scraped the bottom of their treasury barrel.

Facing the question, "Where shall we stay?" they reached the conclusion that the local hotel was beyond their financial reach. So they prepared for the meeting with faith in God's ability to supply their needs, even a place to sleep. They had to carry forward all preparations for the meeting alone, such as bringing in the chairs, setting up the stove and the like.

"Of course we could tell no one but the dear Lord about our needs," says the mature Mrs. Fitkin. "We

were not anxious, for had He not promised to supply our needs? Never had His promise failed."

This was to be the platform upon which the revival went forward. Eating a frugal meal, purchased from a neighboring grocery, they said their evening prayers, and prepared to retire—upon the chairs! They praised the Lord "for the shelter provided, and believed soon to see many precious souls praying through to God in this place which we had dedicated to His service."

But God in another part of town was talking to Aaron Light and his wife, telling them about the young preachers' plight. Now these were faithful Methodist folk, or had been before moving to Hopewell, who lived near enough to God's throne to catch His whisperings. They felt urged to see what was happening to their Father's children, who were venturing to bring the gospel story to their fair town. So they trod their way to the blacksmith shop.

And when the evangelist asked, "Who is there?" in response to the knocking, Aaron said, "Friends." On opening the door, the preachers saw the neighbors standing outside with tears in their eyes.

"The Lord made us uneasy," said Mr. Light, "and we could not rest until we investigated, and we want you to make our house your home during the revival."

With confidence in the divine promises thus rewarded, the evangelists were certain greater victories were in the offing. These new recruits being added to their cause, the Fitkins dared not but to launch forth believing that God was making this a turning point in their career. The Lights were to live to see their faith in the Quaker evangelists bring forth an abundant harvest, for, though Aaron has been called home, Mrs. Light, still living near Hopewell Junction, watches with wonder now as she has for

fifty years the work God enabled His handmaiden to accomplish for Him.

When the gospel bombardment began, there was a spiritual movement among the people. From the start the folks came, and the first convert was a bartender, who because of his drinking had threatened his wife's life. The next to bow at the altar and accept pardoning grace was the man's cousin, near death from drinking. These men, as little as one would think they were timbered thus, were to become deacons in the church to spring from the revival.

Scores were converted, and a clamor went up for a church and a stated pastor. On November 1, 1896, sixty people from the converts were organized into a flourishing little church. The evangelists, both of Quaker ordination, faced the question as to where the lines of their new group were to fall. While they loved their Quaker brethren, among whom they labored, they felt that the born-in-a-revival church was too evangelistic for the staid and rather conservative Friends' atmosphere of that district.

"Abram, who had been converted and sanctified in holiness meetings," says Susan in delineating the movements of God, "naturally felt that this church should belong to the Association of Holiness Churches . . . but here was a problem, our new church."

Four years before God had begun preparing a home for that little Hopewell church, for Dr. H. F. Reynolds, with other ministers of similar Wesleyan belief, had organized the Vermont Holiness Association. In 1895, Hiram Reynolds, moving to New York, had cast his lot with the Association of Pentecostal Churches of America. It was under the influence of these holiness groups that the Fitkins had been sanctified.

Naturally Abram Fitkin felt that their new church should fly the banner of these folk, rather than of the

Quakers. Shortly the church and the pastors united with this young evangelistic movement, which was laboring to maintain the Wesleyan doctrine of Christian perfection.

God's hour had at last struck for Susan Fitkin, now no longer a Quaker minister, but one tabbed a "holiness preacher." There was a field, small now though it was, for the preacher, which in time was to broaden into a sphere of global missionary leadership.

While caring for the Hopewell church, the evangelists conducted a revival at near-by Conwall, on the Hudson River, where God gave them another baby church. This made two for them to shepherd until both could find pastors.

Dr. H. F. Reynolds, who was to loom large in the forthcoming Church of the Nazarene, later conducted a revival at Hopewell, and his genial spirit and constant victory brightened Susan's Christian life. He would work late at the altar with the seekers. Long before daylight the Fitkins could hear his shouts of victory mingling with the clatter of his typewriter.

"I had been sanctified only a short time," says Susan, "and I wondered about his shouting even while tired. I asked him at breakfast one morning concerning it, and told him that I did not always feel like shouting. He replied, 'Nor do I always feel like it, but I have learned when the enemy is around a good way to get rid of him is to start praising the Lord. And I don't praise Him long by faith until I really feel like it and get blessed.'"

During this Hopewell pastorate, Susan on a visit to her Canadian home was struck with a severe attack of appendicitis, a follow-up of periodic sieges during the years. The doctor declared, "There is no chance without an immediate operation, and even with that I can hold out but little hope." But the preacher, remembering the life career into which she had just been launched, visual-

ized the healing hand of God which had previously been laid upon her weak body.

So calling upon her Heavenly Father, she asked for help in this time of trouble. Though the approach of death, which had stalked her before, did not disturb her soul tranquillity, she felt that God's work for her had not yet been accomplished. Faith claimed divine promises, and the healing came, "and completely delivered me so that the old periodic attacks have never recurred."

Having found her people through the Spirit's guidance, Susan and Abram were to continue in evangelistic work for the next six years until 1903. During this time their services were constantly in demand among the churches making up the group that later became the eastern branch of the Church of the Nazarene. They covered that section with such revival power that they left a trail of victory wherever they went.

These were serious years when Susan was mastering the basic lessons of trust and launching forth by faith. As she saw souls won to the kingdom, she could not content herself with anything less than a spiritual atmosphere heavily charged with the glory of God. As an evangelist her work took on a quality that was to mark her future. Those were blessed seasons of trust, for salaries of gospel workers were small and offerings not too large.

Many were the times when the Fitkins looked up to the Heavenly Father's outstretched hands, and literally prayed in the things they needed from day to day. It was this path of faith, Susan learned to walk in these formative years, which caused her to venture when placed in leadership positions in the Nazarene missionary advance. Living in a revival *by faith*, she wanted to see this revival grip the world in its fingers.

"Those were blessed times," writes Mrs. Ida Murphy, in a personal letter to her friend (she has been associated with Mrs. Fitkin in missionary work for fifty years). "And the revival at Lowell, Mass., in 1898 was one of victory. The congregations were excellent, and many were saved and sanctified. The people were greatly pleased with your preaching, as well as that of Brother Fitkin. Only eternity will reveal the amount of good done. The hall was usually packed. And you remember Reynolds Hall, where old Wesley Church held its services, was on the third floor, and people would not walk up two flights of stairs unless they liked the preaching."

Early in those evangelistic years the young woman evangelist made a place of leadership for herself among the women of these churches. With God's hand of glory heavy upon her soul, the women trusted her voice and vision. At their state or denominational assemblies, she found a field of service.

"Nearly ten years had slipped away," she writes in *Grace Much More Abounding*, "since I had first heard the voice of my Lord saying, 'Go ye into all the world,' and I wondered sometimes if it had meant more than the work I was then doing in the homeland."

God had held the missionary vision clearly before her though she was seeing souls born into the Kingdom in their revivals. This spiritual outreach for regions beyond kept her eyes on mission fields. She had been challenged by the Voice, calling for foreign service, yet her effort had been shunted to the homeland. The inner clamor kept urging her to the broader field. Her soul was being timbered for the time when she should in reality become a missionary by lighting world service flames among the women of her church.

The time for this broader labor arrived on April 16, 1899, and the place was Providence, Rhode Island. The

occasion was at the annual meeting of the Pentecostal Churches of America. Some of the women felt there was a task for them to accomplish for missions. Their soul blazed with spiritual fervor. Though the group was small, the denominational beginnings insignificant, still these women had lifted up their eyes to the ready-ripe harvest beyond the confines of their homeland.

Though they knew it not, theirs was not "a dustpan brigade" task. No humble service, however, was too meager for them to render. In the growing emancipation of women during the coming fifty years, these consecrated preachers' wives and lay women were fitting their shoulders to carry a large portion of the denominational missionary finance burden.

At this Providence annual meeting, or assembly, a number of the women met in a historic occasion to organize the Ladies' Foreign Missionary Auxiliary of the Pentecostal Churches of America. Dr. H. F. Reynolds, then Foreign Missionary Secretary of the Pentecostal churches in America, with his wife, was in this meeting lending encouragement and support. They greatly assisted in organizing the auxiliaries in the East. This was a part of the beginnings of a woman's movement that was destined to raise millions of dollars for world Christian service. It was to become the greatest single force for missions among the people known around the world as Nazarenes. With the group present at that initial session was Susan N. Fitkin, who was to marshal Nazarene church women for a missionary crusade fifty years in length.

In conjunction with others, Mrs. Fitkin was appointed on the committee to draft a "set of resolutions" which became the constitution and bylaws of the new missionary auxiliary. The record book of this and following meetings of the auxiliary (before me as I write) is a cheap manila covered notebook, unpretentious, though it heralds the be-

ginnings of one of the church's most vital forces. Mrs. Fitkin and her fellow workers at that meeting laid well the lines of their global Christian strategy.

In general the work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society is all there in germ. They recognized the value of organization from the start, until at present the most closely knit movement in the denomination is their society. At this and forthcoming meetings the rules and regulations laid down have become the Manual of Arms for multiplied tens of thousands of Nazarene women as they have tramped the world around in the missionary crusade.

At the second annual meeting, held in Saratoga, New York, on April 12, 1900, Susan Fitkin, missionary minded pastor-evangelist, was elected president of the auxiliary. Here was to begin a missionary leadership that has lasted until the present. Small though the group was, still Susan's personal qualities and chairmanship abilities were to increase with the development of the movement. The two were to grow together.

At the close of this first year there were five local auxiliaries, and Mary Bolton, secretary, reported that the seventy-four members had raised \$133.76. This germ of giving-wheat is small indeed compared with the three-quarters of a million dollars the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, springing from this parent auxiliary, was to lay on the denominational altar during 1947.

A meaning-packed statement appears in Mary's report, saying, "We are but babies, but we are wonderfully alive."

Returning to the home pastorate at South Manchester, Connecticut, Mrs Fitkin put her hand to this new gospel plow. Little did she realize that the furrow she began to turn at this time for missions would cut a deep swath across the Church of the Nazarene for nearly five decades.

For eight months of the year, when the twentieth century was in its swaddling clothes, her efforts were largely localized at South Manchester. Shortly after the annual meeting, auxiliaries leaped into action at Saratoga, Providence, and Sag Harbor. They were babes, but as Mary said, "wonderfully alive."

When the first annual meeting under Susan's directorship was called to order on April 9, 1901, at Lynn, Massachusetts, the president's qualifications for action were tested. Five societies reported acts and not dreamlike phantoms, and the local presidents arose to say more than "progress" had been made. They pointed out tangible missionary results and sequences.

At this meeting Mrs. Fitkin delivered her first report to the denomination—if you could call a handful of churches with decidedly low membership a denomination—as president of the church-wide woman's missionary society or auxiliary. This report rings with pathos, glory, and challenge.

"With gratitude to our Heavenly Father filling and thrilling my soul, I review the work of the past year," she said in this memorable laying before her sisters of an account of her missionary stewardship. "The visible results may not have been all we had desired, but we did what we could and trusted God to do what we could not. Tokens of the divine favor have been received again and again, and we have been led to praise God for the privilege of having a little share in this great work."

She goes on to point out what had been accomplished throughout the church, and then said that for eight months she had localized her efforts as co-pastor with her husband to the South Manchester congregation. Here she stirred up the women "to give provisions for a box to be sent to India."

"A children's class was formed," she adds, "and the little ones were enthusiastic workers, bringing provisions for the box, even exceeding the women's offering; also saving their pennies. From them was sent one of the first offerings to the Ethel Johns Orphanage in India."

Here she began two special phases of missionary endeavor, that of box and children's work, which during the next five decades were to take on large proportions. Many years later she was to inspire the women to foster the Prayer and Fasting League, founded by Rev. R. J. Kunze, of New York. This was to lay on the missionary altar sacrificial dollars by the bushels full, even unto the hundreds of thousands. This started in embryo at South Manchester in 1901, when she caught divine whisperings about missionary self-denial.

"During my stay with these dear people," she continues in her first report, "the Lord whispered to me about self-denial week, and I passed the news on to our auxiliaries, and nearly all gladly responded. Our dear women though not duly organized gladly contributed their offering to the Auxiliary, and nearly \$20.00 was thus raised for the famine sufferers. And I am sure every heart was amply repaid for the little sacrifice thus made."

Susan and her husband spent the last four months of the 1900 church year in traveling evangelism. This offered a broadened opportunity of serving the Auxiliary. "Wherever practical I sought to introduce our part of this great work, and some are expecting to organize an auxiliary in the near future," she told the women. Pastors, so she informed the annual meeting, testified to the benefit and blessing these auxiliaries proved to the church.

It was this service as "a traveling president" that was to mark her future at the helm of the Auxiliary and later of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. In finishing

her report she drops a meaningful statement to which she was to adhere for nearly half a century in this service.

"I have spent," she told the handful of struggling but faith-filled women, "during the year in Auxiliary work for stationery and postage about 50c." [I could hardly believe my eyes when I read this amount.] "This I gladly donate."

This fifty cents was to grow at a high rate of multiplicity, until cents became dollars and dollars raced into the tens of thousands. All of this she contributed to bearing the expense of her office and traveling. When one considers that she has written fifty thousand missionary crusade letters in conjunction with her presidency, distributed a quarter of a million tracts and books, all in the main bearing on missions, the enormity of this fifty-cents' harvest appears.

Add to this between a half to three-quarters of a million miles of missionary travel, consisting of five crossings of the Atlantic, four of the Pacific—long fingers of travel racing throughout North, Central, and South America—leaping to the British Isles, Europe, Africa—meandering throughout the Orient, Japan, China, Korea—interlacing the isles of the seas, the British West Indies, the Philippines, Hawaii—binding together all the states of the Union, the provinces of Canada, in seventy-five crossings of the United States alone.

Add all this, I say, to that fifty cents donated as her 1900 expense account, her personal contribution to the Nazarene missionary advance, and one sees what Susan N. Fitkin's faith in God, plus that of her husband's financial ingenuity, has wrought for the cause dearest her heart.

This was the principle upon which she started her missionary leadership—that of a self-sacrificing donation of service and money. Susan seasoned this fifty cents with

prayer, an agonizing burden for world heathen. That gift, so mustard-grain sized by today's standards, was bound up with a heart cry which she uttered more than forty years later, saying:

"Let us keep the light of His love and grace shining into a dark world."

In thus honoring God early in her years of financial struggle, little did she realize that He would enable her to honor Him so grandly in her affluence. And those years at the turn of the century were marked with struggle. There were times when the food on the parsonage table had literally been prayed in by Abram and Susan. It was at a sacrifice that she became a missionary herald, for she counted the world not dear unto herself. Week by week a soup bone graced the parsonage larder, the meat of which served the first day or so, the bone at length, mixed by a skillful hand with vegetables, becoming soup to end the week.

"And one week," Mrs. Fitkin confessed recently to her friend and missionary colaborer, Emma Word, "husband had been to town and did not forget the weekly soup bone. On returning home, much to his financial chagrin and physical embarrassment, he discovered he had left the soup bone on the streetcar. And there was little, if any money for another."

Salaries were meager indeed during the financial panic which marked the late nineties and early 1900's, but the glory of the service more than compensated for this lack. For those two consecrated Fitkin preachers labored "as seeing him who is invisible."

Susan programmed her future missionary leadership on Isaiah 54: 2, 3, which became a challenge to her.

Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtain of thine habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes; for thou shalt

break forth on the right hand and on the left, and thy seed shall inherit

This was a faith movement, and the young president knew that she must go forward *on her knees*. The advance was to become a coursing stream of power, enabling the women to keep their actions geared to a vision wide as the world, and as inclusive of all mankind as the love of God.

The following year, 1901, as Auxiliary president, Mrs. Fitkin was able to visit many of the growing societies. Here began a traveling ministry which was to take her around the world. When she made her report at the annual meeting, held in Washington, D.C., on April 11, 1902, she inspired her fellow workers from the various auxiliaries with her vision. She prefaced these remarks, saying:

"In going about among the auxiliaries, I have heard only notes of praise and victory, and precious testimonies of the marked blessings of the Lord upon workers and their services. My heart has been uplifted again and again in gratitude to our Divine Leader for fresh evidences of His presence and favor."

This year (she told the assembled women) had been one of travel and society contacting. Shortly after the previous convention, she visited the Cornwall auxiliary where she "encouraged them, although few in number, to press on in Jesus' name." May, 1901, found her organizing a society among the ladies of the John Wesley Pentecostal Church, in Brooklyn. "And God blessed them in a wonderful manner and used them for the glory of His name," she adds.

During August she attended the camp meeting at Allentown, where she held "a missionary service with the ladies of the Pentecostal church of that place." As a result a new auxiliary was organized, and in January,

1902, she made a return visit to the women. Here "the Lord melted our hearts as we talked and prayed about those sitting in darkness."

During February she brought a soul-moving message on missions to the Spring Valley Auxiliary, "who are doing valiantly for God."

Thus month by month Susan Fitkin gave out of her time and strength to lead these women along foreign service paths. During March God was to lay on her heart a tangible method by which little gleanings of money for the regions-beyond work could be gathered.

"God put it on our hearts," she says, "while praying, to arrange and have printed some offering boxes to collect money during the year for the extension of our foreign missionary work. Five hundred of these boxes have been printed."

This was the beginning of the hundreds of thousands of collection boxes that the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has broadcast church-wide through the decades for foreign work. The movement was inspired through prayer, for Susan testifies that she "prayed without ceasing." Her heart was burning with the heavenly message, and she was emboldened to inflame the women in their attempt to "rescue precious immortal souls, for whom Jesus died."

These tear-punctuated addresses began to render returns on the spiritual investment, for at the close of the year the number of auxiliaries was doubled, which gave a total of twelve societies. Year by year these vision-moved women added societies to their number, and their hands reached deep into the blossoming missionary work of the new denomination.

In one report Mrs. Fitkin entertains a motion to write "Rev. John Diaz of Brava, Cape Verde Islands," about the progress of his work. Here began a service

which through the years was to see God's blessings out-poured upon it until at present one of the brightest spots in the Nazarene foreign service is found on the islands under the leadership of Brother Diaz' successor, Everette Howard and his companion, Garnet.

The hand of sickness was laid upon Susan during 1903, and she could do no more than correspond with the societies. She was unable to attend the annual meeting, held April 12-17, 1904, at Pittsburgh, Pa., so she mailed her report. To this she added a touching note, saying:

“. . . However, I have continually had you all in remembrance and brought you again and again to the throne of Grace, and I believe God has been blessing and strengthening your hands, and encouraging your hearts to press on in this great battle. . . .

“My heart is with you in the work, and as we enter upon a new year I shall continue to pray that God may enable us to ‘enlarge the place of our tent,’ inspiring us to ‘ask great things of God, attempt great things for God, and expect great things from God.’”

At this convention, due to ill health, Susan was relieved of the presidency of the organization, which she so ably inspired by her leadership. She was, however, placed in charge of the Committee on Literature, which gave her a new field of service for the work so close to her heart. At the Malden, Massachusetts, meeting held the following spring, eighteen local societies were tabulated with a total membership of four hundred.

The treasurer's report for the year showed about \$800.00 raised by the auxiliaries for missions. More than a hundred and sixty meetings were conducted, and eight children were supported in India. They also sent two hundred dollars to Brother Diaz for a chapel.

It is significant to note that during this year the name was changed from Auxiliary to the Woman's Foreign

Missionary Society, a title which later was to be affixed to the newly organized woman's society in 1915 when the Church of the Nazarene was to revive this phase of missionary endeavor.

During these years Susan began in a small way the distribution of missionary tracts. According to an early report of the literature committee a dollar or so was spent for tracts, which were "sent to the auxiliaries." This commenced a ministry of tract and book distribution by Mrs. Fitkin which through the years was to reach a total of more than a quarter million copies, at a personal expense of tens of thousands of dollars. For years while the old *Missionary Review of the World* was being printed, as national president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Mrs. Fitkin sent gratis subscriptions to all general officers and district presidents. At present this service is continued with the *Missionary Digest*.

God has placed it on her heart to supplement this Christian labor by supplying suitable libraries for Nazarene mission stations around the world. Thus her literature committee apprenticeship inspired a service that has circled the globe.

When the eastern Association of Pentecostal Churches combined in 1907 with the western Church of the Nazarene, led by Dr. Phineas Bresee, to form what was then called the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was disbanded as a national movement. However, various local societies continued to function, chief among which was that of the John Wesley Church, Brooklyn. It was of this church that Mrs. Fitkin was a member.

God in these early years was laying the foundation for a future top-ranking career of carrying the banner of missions among the women of her church that was to touch the world with glory. Susan, while the tasks

were small, learned to depend entirely upon the Heavenly Father, and during this time she formed habits of prayer to which she was henceforth to align her life. God seasoned her soul with grace, teaching her the lesson of feasting on His Word by daily reading.

“And now, when she reads the Bible aloud in private devotions at home or as she has in my home on many occasions,” says Emma Word, who has been closely associated with Mrs. Fitkin for more than thirty years in general missionary work, “the Scripture unfolds so beautifully and takes on a new and vital meaning.”

These formative decades were fashioning her soul for a world grasp through faith. They were testing times, when God impoverished the parson and his fellow pulpit mate that they might reach by faith and take their life necessities from the stretched-out hand of the Father. When there was money to give, running into the millions, they were not penurious with God. For had He not fed them in their early years, and how could they be but liberal toward His work?

Five

MARSHALING NAZARENE WOMEN

When the work of the youthful Woman's Missionary Society, formerly the Auxiliary, was discontinued on a denominational basis in 1907, Susan Fitkin by no means lost interest in the cause of the regions beyond. The heavenly Voice had challenged her with this work, to which was attached a lifelong tenure.

There was to come, however, a period of semi-official retirement. During this time God, as with Moses, was to "take Susan aside," that her vision might be broadened, her passion for the world beyond the confines of Christian civilization deepened. As Moses' soul in the desert and Paul's in Arabia were being cultured for divine leadership, so Mrs. Fitkin was to have her season apart from the conflict that she might the better be prepared for a heavier missionary task.

God was to give Susan and Abram four children during this time when there was freedom from official burdens that the family might feel the close touch of a mother's hand. While laboring in Everett, Massachusetts, Raleigh was born on September 3, 1904, to be followed by daughter Mary Louise on March 2, 1907. The lad Raleigh was to play an important role in the family's missionary future. He literally became the light of the father's eye. While it pleased Jehovah to call him to the heavenly city as a child, the boy's interest in missions prompted his father Abram to build at a cost of thousands of dollars the Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital in Africa.

Heaven loaned Raleigh to the Fitkin family for ten years that the father, who later broke with God, might

never tear from memory a sense of outstretched heathen hands. There was a phase of Mrs. Fitkin's foreign service that could be accomplished only at an expense of multiplied thousands of dollars, which Abram Fitkin in the years of his financial genius was to supply.

Abram, the brilliant young preacher, forsook pastorate and evangelism to devote his energy to a career in finances, which in time placed him in Wall Street. He confessed to a friend, Rev. E. G. Anderson, that at first he only aimed to make enough to be independent in God's work. The goal he set was a half million, which when attained so entangled his fingers that he could never get them loose. From this he climbed to become a leader in public utilities.

When he died, at his funeral in Allenhurst, N.J., several prominent businessmen of New York City were present. This ability to make money financed Susan Fitkin's missionary career, into which her husband's generosity in the span of his life poured a fortune. For during the days of her active service, she was to cover the foreign world more extensively than any church sire or leader among the Nazarenes. All of this was made possible by Abram's midas' touch.

Traveling more than a half-million missionary miles, she did so without cost to the church she loved so deeply. Likewise she contributed through Mr. Fitkin's successes the expenses of her companions on home and foreign trips, as well as making liberal missionary donations.

In the dim backdrop of this was Raleigh, whose missionary zeal and interest so touched his father's heart-strings that he could but be generous with God's work and philanthropic causes.

Abram's career moved the family to Brooklyn, where Susan's hands, never idle in the Master's cause, found a

task in the local church. Here two other sons were born, Willis in October, 1909, and Ralph on March 7, 1912.

Mrs. Fitkin and her husband united with the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene shortly after the time of the union of the east-west branches. Henceforth her missions career, never segregated into home and foreign, was bound up with Nazarene progress. She could not turn an inattentive ear to the church's home or foreign calls.

When Dr. Phineas Bresee presided at the assembly held in Brooklyn, 1909, Susan presented herself for ordination. And on May 8, as general superintendent, the doctor laid hands of consecration upon her. She had already been set apart by God for His work eighteen years earlier, but Dr. Bresee signed the certificate when she became a minister of the Church of the Nazarene. The ink on this paper is faded now, and Dr. Bresee's signature is dim.

He used the printed parchment of the Church of the Nazarene, as the western group which he brought into being was called, and added in ink the word Pentecostal before the name of the church. The seal is marked with a cross, circled with the data CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE, 1895. Henceforth Susan was known as a Nazarene preacher, and the name Rev. S. N. Fitkin has been broadcast as world-wide as that of any Nazarene minister.

"This was a memorable occasion," she says when Dr. Bresee laid hands of ordination upon her, "but it was only the human sanction to God's work. For years before, He had definitely spoken these precious words to my heart, 'Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit.' And had He not verified it again and again?"

During these days of family rearing, Susan found fellowship with the women of the John Wesley Church of Brooklyn, where she labored in the local missionary society. She had organized this group in 1901, and in 1906 Mrs. Ida Murphy was elected president, which position she held until 1920, when she became district president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. She continued in this position for twenty-five years, ably assisting Mrs. Fitkin in her broadened missionary career.

While not holding revivals during this period, Susan was often called upon to preach, when the Spirit of God came upon her in old-time power. In 1909 one Saturday afternoon while living in Brooklyn a deacon in the John Wesley Church phoned to ask if she would bring the message on the following morning. As usual Susan turned to God, and she recalled thoughts the Holy Spirit had given her a few days before on the verse, "And they bound a scarlet line in the window."

With little more than a brief outline, she appeared in the pulpit on Sunday morning and delivered what truths the Spirit brought to mind. As she relived the service in thought she remembered the fact that the people had kindly received her talk. She says, "I was conscious of God's blessing in the service but thought no more about it at the time."

Years later, on returning to the Brooklyn church, she entered not the old John Wesley hall, but a bright new edifice. Being greeted by the same deacon, he asked, "Do you remember the scarlet line message you brought some years ago?" When she said that she did, the deacon pointed to the stained glass windows, and called Susan's attention to a scarlet line about an inch wide winding around each.

"That sermon," he continued, "was surely from the Lord; it gripped our hearts so we never forgot it, until

when planning these windows we said, 'Let us put a scarlet line in them to commemorate that heaven-sent message.'

Abram Fitkin's generosity later was to pay off the mortgage on this same church to the extent of nearly fifty thousand dollars. While engaged in business there was a warm spot in his heart for the people who had fostered his and Susan's earlier ministry.

The following year while living in Hollis on Long Island, the Methodist pastor, a godly man, often visited the Fitkin home. Deep in his conversation was the longing for a revival in the church, but he was fearful that many of the unconverted members would withdraw from fellowship if "I preach the old-fashioned gospel of repentance and restitution that is needed to awaken sinners." Asking Mrs. Fitkin's advice as to what policy to follow, she told him he should "preach faithfully and trust God for results." Often praying together, the Spirit bound their hearts in the bonds of spiritual unity.

A few weeks later he rushed to the Fitkin home saying that he had been called to his father's bedside and expected to be gone for some time. He requested that Abram and Susan take charge of the work in his absence. "And you may feel free," he added, "to give revival or holiness messages as God directs."

The following Sunday morning while Abram was offering the opening prayer, God melted hearts and "nearly the entire congregation was in tears." He preached on the gift of the Holy Spirit, bringing a definite second-blessing holiness sermon, that was well received by the people who had been prepared for it by a visitation of the Spirit. Abram later was called away on business, leaving the burden of the church to his wife, who forgot the coldness of the congregation and declared "the whole counsel of God."

"With the blessings of the Lord upon the people," Mrs. Fitkin says, "we were soon in a real revival. After the first couple of weeks we gave altar calls and seekers came eagerly without urging. The Catholic janitor was converted, and the choir director, considered the church's outstanding member, was the first to pray through to a definite experience of holiness. The pastor was away for five weeks, and I have seldom seen anyone more surprised and delighted than he on his return, to realize what God's grace had accomplished."

With a growing family, Mrs. Fitkin devoted her time carefully to home interests. In 1910 Raleigh was converted at the age of six, and though a child he showed a growing interest in his religious life. At church and at home, as his mother and others told him missionary stories, he listened with deepest attention. He loved the service of God, and as he drank in the stories of heathen lands, he attuned his spiritual ears to the heavenly voice. Finally he expressed the hope some day of laboring on the foreign field, and told his mother that Africa was God's choice for him.

This ten-year-old lad entwined his fingers around Abram's heart so tightly that they were almost inseparable. Late in August, 1914, the lad swelled with pride when all alone he escorted for the first time his sister Mary Louise to Sunday school. That evening he joined in singing an old chorus, which proved to be his last earthly song.

*A robe of white, a crown of gold,
A harp, a home, a mansion fair,
A victor's palm, a joy untold
Are mine, when I get there.*

Earlier in happy camaraderie his father took him on a fishing trip. On returning, he was thrown out of the seat when the front axle of the car broke. Though badly

frightened, father and son seemed to be uninjured. The next day when Raleigh said that he had a severe abdominal pain, the family at first thought it a mere recurrence of appendicitis attacks, which previously had passed off with no after effects.

The doctors, however, advised an operation when the severity of the attack continued. Before going into the operating room, Raleigh testified to his mother, "I belong to God, and Jesus is with me." There were six physicians present at the operation, yet all their skill could not save the lad, who was as "a loan from the heavenly regions." Having a slight cold, the ether congested his lungs, and he said a few days later, "I can't stand it."

"Without further resistance on September 6, 1914, he laid his weary head down on the Saviour's breast," says a Memorial report in the *Herald of Holiness* in March, 1916, "and closed his eyes to scenes on earth to open them beyond to the glories of his eternal home."

Here began a longing in his parents' hearts to do something tangible for foreign service in memory of their "missionary son." This was a dream which within a few years was to become a reality in the form of the Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital in South Africa.

"This was our first great sorrow," writes Mrs. Fitkin in *Grace Much More Abounding*, "but how wonderfully our Heavenly Father sustained us . . . and weeks after he had gone, my heart longed for my beautiful boy, my first-born, who seemed almost like an angel sent down to us from the skies."

One day Willis, then about five, put his arms around his mother's neck, and said, "Mama, please don't cry; you have me, and sister, and baby Ralph left." Shortly afterwards in a dream Susan saw little Raleigh standing at the foot of her bed, looking as he always did, "only so happy, his face beaming with joy."

When she opened her eyes, the lad was not there, but the Father seemed to whisper, "He is with me, and so happy. You must learn to rejoice." With comfort filling her heart, she arose to place her hands upon any task in the Master's vineyard where she might be of service.

God had broken her heart through taking her little boy, and Susan learned to appropriate the comfort of Christ's presence in such an hour of need. The basic principles of trust and prayer, upon which her life was to succeed, had been mastered earlier in days of ministerial conflict and successes. She had gained the technique of inspiring confidence in those with whom she served. Now after twenty-five years of public service, she was ready to step into the great task of her life, that of marshaling a thirty-year-long missionary parade of Nazarene women in their tramp around the world. Susan was no novice, but a mature warrior *for God and missions*.

Henceforth her life belonged not to herself, but to the church she served. An effectual door stood ajar for her entrance. Little did she dream when the heavenly Voice spoke to her soul twenty-five years before, that in so wide a ministry she would be privileged to offer her talents on the missionary altar.

God had stamped into the fabric of her soul a personal call to the foreign fields of Christian service, which in time had been shunted to homeland endeavors. He also loaned her a lad, whose heart though young beat fast to the missionary challenge. Then this youthful would-be missionary to Africa was called home. Henceforth Susan Fitkin, dependent upon God, consecrated to His cause, accustomed her spiritual shoulders to carry a double foreign service load—that of her own call and of her son who in the bud of youth had been cut short.

She threw herself now into the missionary cause with a fresh vigor, not to forget the lad she had lost, but to

make up for the service he could not render. And by her side, though out of the pale of the church, stood Abram, whose financial wizardry shortly placed him as one of the nation's wealthiest men.

While Mrs. Fitkin carried the banner of personal service, her husband poured into the cause of philanthropy and missions millions in memory of their beloved son Raleigh. That thread of interest wove in and out of A. E. Fitkin's career until he died. The dream of perpetuating Raleigh's memory was not one that came early and then vanished. But the father did good deed after good deed until his end—good deeds in terms of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Susan's church-wide career was about to dawn—though the confines of the denomination were narrow indeed. When the Fourth General Assembly convened in Kansas City, September 30, 1915, marching under the Nazarene banner were thirty-two thousand members, in eight hundred and forty-two churches. It was among these few thousand that Mrs. Fitkin was shortly to launch her national missionary work.

She was among the delegates representing the New York District, and when the committee rolls were read, she was placed with the Foreign Missions group. The burden for Christ's "other sheep" was heavy on her heart. Remembering what the Woman's Missionary Auxiliary had accomplished years earlier, she sparked into action the committee of fifty-one members, seventeen of which were women.

With her fellow-sister committee attendants, Susan voiced a request that the women be organized into a denominational Foreign Missionary Society. In this request she was ably seconded by such women as Mrs. Paul Bresee and Mrs. H. F. Reynolds, wife of the general superintendent. For thirty-one years henceforth Mrs.

Bresee, daughter-in-law of Phineas Bresee, founder of the western group of Nazarenes, was to march side by side with her compatriot Susan Fitkin.

The first preliminary report of this committee was in the form of a memorial to the convening body to the effect that a Woman's Missionary Auxiliary be organized. Said the memorial in part:

“. . . Its purpose is to work in conjunction with, or as an auxiliary to the said Board, in order to increase missionary interest . . . in ways and means best devised by themselves—such as holding prayer meetings, obtaining special speakers, keeping in touch with missionaries on the field, and to co-operate with the church board in raising its apportionment.”

When the Committee on Foreign Missions made its final report on October 11 at the morning session the Woman's Missionary Auxiliary leaped into life with these historic words:

“(We recommend) Third, that Woman's Missionary Auxiliaries be organized in all our churches, where practical, to increase missionary intelligence and assist in raising funds to carry on the missionary work of the church.”

Susan Fitkin, general that she was, had made her contribution in this victory for missions. The assembly over, she found herself appointed president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, as shortly the auxiliary became known. This task was to her a service to be effected and not an honor to be enjoyed.

At first the group was humorously tabbed “a dustpan brigade,” but shortly the W.F.M.S., as the society has been popularly called through the years, took on such proportions that no dustpan was huge and important enough to serve these missionary-minded women.

Susan was now placed at the helm of a small but militant organization with long service-anxious fingers reaching deep into the heathen world, for which task during the past twenty-five years God had been preparing her. Under her inspiration, Nazarene women began gathering financial fragments for the church's foreign-crusade altar, and setting fires of spiritual enthusiasm. Susan's first deed of leadership was to inject a spurt of money-gleaning for distant lands into the small band of women under her tutelage.

She dreamed up money-making plans that would inflame her Nazarene entourage with the desire to accomplish their charter-challenge, "to assist in raising funds to carry on the missionary work. . . ." Though dubbed the "dustpan brigade," these missionary banner-lifting women decried from the outset such activities as church suppers and bazaars for money raising. Mrs. Fitkin envisioned a society in each local church, filled with women whose passion was to lay consecrated dollars on the missionary altar.

Financial results, in light of today's enormous gifts, would be called intangible at present. For during the first four years, until the next General Assembly in 1919, Susan's group succeeded in "dustpanning into the church coffers" less than fifteen hundred dollars a year. The total gleaning for this period was \$5,724. Small as this amount was, it enabled the beloved church to add at least one missionary to its foreign legion group.

A genius at administration, Mrs. Fitkin felt that there must be district organizations both in the homeland and on the foreign field. The duty of these overhead groups was to reach down into each local church with a society. This has gone on until these over-all societies are now around the world, fully organized on foreign missionary fields as well as in the homelands served by the mother church, America, Canada, and the British Isles.

Since there were no previously cut paths to follow, Susan and her colaborers began blazing trails that grooved deep ruts of interest and action across church confines. With no preconceived ideas as to how the task was to be accomplished, she took the problem to her Heavenly Father, to whom she had gone for inspiration, leadership, and practical plans throughout the twenty-five years of her ministry.

She felt the women's task consisted of two things, creating interest and raising money. The first was to be accomplished by a well-organized study program and public missionary rallies and the second by assuming definite financial responsibilities and obtaining this money through consecrated efforts.

God honored Susan Fitkin's faith and rewarded her colaborers' efforts. That less than six thousand dollars during the first General Assembly interim has blossomed forth, until during the present four years' term, or quadrennium, 1944 to 1948, Nazarene women, as inspired by their national president, have laid on missionary altars two million dollars. During the current year this amount reached approximately three-quarters of a million for *God and missions*.

Susan put her hands to this new missionary task with a desire to make it succeed. She sensed the fact that anything was possible while campaigning in partnership with God. At first there was little to work with, save a few districts on which societies were already organized. These were principally in the east where the auxiliaries had earlier come into being. The first four years were formative ones when the W.F.M.S. roots were striking into new church soil.

From the outset there were missionary conventions planned, a tentative organization set up, and missionary letters written. Susan at first wrote a few each month,

but they were to be the germ of those missionary letters that during her more than thirty-year tenure as general president of the Society were to pass the fifty thousand mark.

As appointed president of the group, she co-operated with whatever subsidiary organizations were at hand. Of these, she found a well-outlined and well-planned box work among the Southern California women. In 1913, during the camp meeting at Pasadena, Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Kirk held a meeting in their tent pitched on the grounds, where Mrs. Ada Bresee and others were present. Dr. and Mrs. Kirk, and daughter Esther (now Mrs. Basil Miller) had just returned from a trip around the world, where they saw missions in action and localized firsthand the pit of distress in which the heathen world was mired.

At this meeting the missionary box work of the Southern California women was instituted. Earlier Mrs. Fitkin had flamed into life the same type of endeavor among the Woman's Missionary Auxiliary of the eastern branch of the church.

Returning home from the General Assembly, Mrs. Fitkin began a prayer campaign for missions, which has existed until the present. Prayer has engraved a pattern of action upon her soul, that until she has prayed there is nothing else she cares to do. "Prayer first, and then action," has been her motto in this woman's global assault upon heathenism.

"I have been with Mrs. Fitkin under all types of circumstances for many years," said Emma Word, a long-time associate in this missionary endeavor, "in her home and mine, in America and on foreign soil. Many times at night, when she thought I was deep in sleep, I would listen to her prayer petitions when she literally poured out her soul to God for the heathen world. Or I would come

upon her unexpectedly and find her upon her knees, pleading with God to enable the women to do just a little more for the beloved cause of missions. She is a woman of prayer."

Early in 1916 after the General Assembly, she began dreaming of a missionary chapel in Africa, in memory of their fallen son, Raleigh. This chapel was built of tin, during the summer and fall of 1916, through the donated labor of African Christians and missionaries Schmelzenbach and Shirley, the funds having been contributed by the Fitkins and friends. This was the first tangible memorial to that would-be child missionary, Raleigh. Others were to follow shortly.

Down in Africa, in the heart of the Nazarene mission field, there was a needful call for a hospital. Bodies were broken and sick, and the witch doctor's concoctions were of no avail against the veldt germs. A. E. Fitkin's goal of a half-million had long been past, and when the need was prayerfully presented by his wife, she joyously wrote the Board of Foreign Missions that they would build the Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital, as a donation to the church, through her husband's generosity.

On October 16, when the Board sat in Kansas City, Dr. H. F. Reynolds, foreign missions' general superintendent, read a letter from "Susan N. Fitkin, stating that she and Brother Fitkin would provide the money for the erection of a memorial hospital in Africa." This was the fulfillment of the missionary-mother's dream, and it was the talk of the African missionaries. A letter from Lillian Cole to the Nazarene missionary family, published in *The Other Sheep* in December, 1916, tells of spending some time at the memorial chapel and hut, and brings fresh news from the field about the plans which were going forward for the hospital erection.

This building passion burned in her soul until she saw the hospital finished and in service for her King. This was the beginning of Mr. Fitkin's missionary and philanthropic gifts, in which others were to follow in his lifetime.

However small the number of societies, both district and local, she generated at this time, Susan Fitkin felt the need of clearly defined organizational lines being laid down, upon which the forthcoming societies could function. Consequently, in connection with the other members of the national committee, she gave attention during the summer of 1916 to a necessary constitution. As a result, the Constitution and Bylaws of the W.F.M.S. was published in July of that year.

With the publication of the Constitution, she sent forth a challenge to Nazarene women everywhere to organize "auxiliaries," as they were then called, "for the purpose of prayer, and studying the needs of the field, and raising extra funds for the work." She reported that already six local societies had been organized on the New York District, and in giving the roster of officers, she is listed as president of the district, as well as General President.

This constitution became the working orders for Nazarene women around the world. It left nothing to chance. The genius of it is found in the fact of a multiplicity of offices, which employ the time and talents of many women, rather than concentrating the burden upon a few shoulders. There are now more than 50,000 officers and superintendents of departments. By this simple means many hands are placed upon the missionary task, all of which in some manner or another are geared to raising money for the foreign work.

As the nation entered into World War I, Mrs. Fitkin saw a parallel between the call of the nation and Christ's

call for world-wide volunteers and she wrote a poem, entitled "Call of the Church," a portion of which heralds:

*But hark, another call resounds upon my listening ear.
This call is to the Church of God, "Go ye," God's time
is here.*

*Now, will God's "Sons of Liberty" respond, this call to
meet;*

*And laying down their lives, their time and talents at His
feet;*

*Go forth undaunted, where the battle rages fierce and
long.*

*A million men are needed, and God wants the brave and
strong.*

*Shall we hesitate or falter till the evening shadows fall?
While they pass, one hundred thousand, every day be-
yond recall?*

*Hasten, buckle on the armor, to the battle march away,
Hear the Great Commander say, "Lo, I am with you
always."*

During the early summer of 1918, she envisioned the possibility of the sale of missionary calendars, and made arrangement with a publishing company to furnish calendars at \$5.00 a hundred. These in turn she placed on sale to the local societies as national president, and at this time as treasurer of the New York District, with the suggestion:

"These calendars are to be sold at ten cents apiece. . . . The profit of \$5.00 a hundred will be placed in the general missionary fund. . . . Every home that has this prayer calendar on its wall will be inspired to greater zeal along missionary lines."

Here began a simple prayer project, known as the calendar work, that has turned into the church's coffers

multiplied thousands of dollars during the past thirty years. At the head of this work in the national, district, and local societies is a secretary, who uses this simple means of assisting in financing the missionary cause.

During 1918 Susan Fitkin devoted her attention to the growing society, concentrating her efforts largely in the East. She was able to report a growing interest in the new organization, though at first she said, "Some churches and pastors have hesitated to organize lest a new interest might retard or hinder the present system employed, and confuse the people. But in the New York District we have proved that the W.F.M.S. neither confuses nor hinders, but adds very largely, not only to the interest but to the receipts as well."

She tried to break down the indifference of the New Englanders to the new society, "they being slow to take up the work, but we have made a beginning." The Washington-Philadelphia District, however, swung to the new idea with alacrity, "and they have made great strides in missionary interest." On the Pittsburgh District, which years before she had visited in interest of the "auxiliaries," new plans were progressing with much success.

"We are not satisfied to do our bit," she concluded in a report to *The Other Sheep*, July, 1918, "but by the grace of God will do our best to get the tidings of salvation to lost souls everywhere. On the whole the outlook is most encouraging and the uplook bright."

During this time, God spoke to Susan's heart about the condition of the American Indians, their poverty, physical no less than spiritual. This interest had earlier been born through her contact with the Canadian Indians, many of whom her father, as a gentleman farmer and overseer of timberlands, sawmills, and other local industries, had employed. After returning for a General Board meeting in Kansas City, she decided to visit

the Yuma Reservation, traveling with fellow missionary enthusiasts, Dr. H. F. Reynolds and Mrs. Ada Bresee.

Arriving at the reservation, the deplorable condition of the Indians drove daggers of God-born concern into Mrs. Fitkin's heart. Already the Nazarenes had begun to dent the Yuma surface with Christian activities, small indeed, nevertheless the germ of future attacks. On Sunday morning the three visitors had charge of the meeting, which Mrs. Fitkin remembers thirty years later as "a good service."

An insatiable religious hunger broke out among a few of the Cocopa tribe, who sent a three-man, three-woman delegation to the parsonage, having walked the desert trails for thirty-five miles. When the coppered sextet arrived, they held powwow with the pastor, and the spokesman in dignified tone voiced their pleas, thus:

"We have heard that the Yumas have the light, and we live in darkness. We worship the devils; no man cares for us. We are old, but please send the light to our children, so they won't worship the devils."

This resulted in a later visit from the president of the W.F.M.S., where she came in direct contact with this almost depleted tribe. This threw the weight of the W.F.M.S., as a national organization, back of the Indian work. On subsequent visits to the Yumas and the Cocopas, Mrs. Fitkin found that missionaries had answered the call. These trips widened in scope until they took in other needy tribes and peoples, such as the Zunis and the Navajos. God blessed Susan Fitkin's interest in the Indians, and wherever she was asked to bring missionary messages, the American Indians found in her a friend who voiced their needs in public pleas.

The first four years of her tenure as president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society came to a close with the meeting of the General Assembly, September

25-October 6, 1919, in Kansas City. During this time organizational lines of the society had fairly well been determined. Under Mrs. Fitkin's leadership, the women had met and overcome the problem which they faced as a denominational innovation—the harking of the “stand-patters” for the old ways “without the society.” Susan had taught the women to accept any task, however menial in the church, any budget apportionment allotted with cheer, and constantly to be on the lookout for “specials” that might lengthen the Nazarene missionary cords.

“The uplook,” she wrote and often said in her addresses, “is bright, as bright as the promises of God. We are a divinely appointed organization, called for one purpose, that of fostering the missionary interests of our beloved Zion.”

Though small, Nazarene women, under their president's guiding spirit, had accepted the challenge of the 1915 General Assembly in calling the W.F.M.S. into existence. Susan's leadership had consolidated their position in the denominational advance, and assured the perpetuity of the society “in increasing missionary intelligence and raising missionary funds”—as the parent assembly had so decreed. Time was to prove the value of this subsidiary group to the church, until at present no force in the denomination is so well organized and humanly aligned toward one objective as Susan's once-laughed-at “dustpan brigade.”

DRUMBEATS OF EXPANSION

The first four years of Susan's leadership of the group laughingly called "the dustpan brigade" proved that she was able to help finance God's kingdom by raising money. And the church officials at that time asked few other questions. The touchstone of success and denominational acceptance was found in this issue. In 1915 there were assembly qualms and the committee hesitatingly recommended the origination of the woman's societies.

Ordination hands of blessing were laid upon the heads of Susan's band almost with fear and trembling. Leaders for some time wondered which way to cast their votes, either nodding one of confidence, or of obliteration. The society in places became an issue in church circles, and there were occasions when Mrs. Fitkin and her missions-loving sisters fought for their official existence.

As grand marshal of this group, whose sole purpose was made vocal by two words, *global missions*, Susan Fitkin felt the society to be immortal until its work was finished. For, she asked, "Has not God ordained its existence?"

By garnering church dollars, otherwise lost to the Kingdom, Susan and the women forged their way through the maze of quibbling and doubt to world acceptance. It took but four years of "dustpanning" to achieve this acclaim. Mrs. Fitkin considered no task too insignificant if by setting the hands of the society women at it a dime or a dollar could be retrieved to lift the banner of light and love in some distant land.

Passing the test of these trial-by-fire years, Mrs. Fitkin arrived at the 1919 General Assembly with recognition already beaming from the faces of the delegates. When the sessions opened in Kansas City at the old stone First Church, September 5, she was a delegate from the New York District. She was seated on the foreign missions' committee, on which she had held membership at the former gathering.

During the afternoon session on the tenth day, October 4, she was elected as a member of the General Board of Foreign Missions. For the delegates recognized that she and the women she represented had dug a service trench during these years of World War I right up to the front lines of the enemy's territory. At the same session "in a pleasing speech she presented Dr. H. F. Reynolds a beautiful bag in behalf of the Woman's Missionary Society as a token of appreciation for his interest and labors in the work of foreign missions."

When the foreign missions committee reported, its recommendation concerning the future work of the W.F. M.S. rang with acceptance. It said, "(We recommend:) That the Woman's Missionary Auxiliaries be organized as rapidly as possible to increase missionary zeal, intelligence, and to afford a good channel through which missionary information may reach the home."

No mention was made at this time of "raising missionary funds" as had been done four years before. Mrs. Fitkin had already shown her expertness, and that of her sisters, at this task. Now the clamor became a challenge, "Organize . . . to inform." And in this report the words *as rapidly as possible* leap at the reader heavily weighted with meaning. There was to be no hesitancy in Susan's task, no dribbling of efforts.

The orders which she received at the hands of her fellow churchmen were to expedite the march of the

women across the denominational confines. And Mrs. Fitkin's voice henceforth through printed page and from the public platform heralded the call, "*Organize! Organize!*"

The society's work was outlined, as broad as the church, as wide as the world. From that hour it demanded a global strategy, which as president, Susan, the girl from the Canadian wilderness farm, was to furnish. She had mastered the simple secret of organization. The source of its sinews of action, she knew, was hidden in the fact that organization meant the gearing of a personality to a task, the harnessing of a life to a load.

In terms of the Woman's Missionary Society, Mrs. Fitkin labored under the thought that through organization, whether national, district, or local, every office created and filled—whatever its design or nature—loaded its missionary burden upon the back of another woman. Nor were the women long in beginning this organizational labor.

During the assembly fourteen women were appointed from the various church quadrants who were to form the national Woman's Foreign Missionary Committee. Mrs. Paul Bresee's name led the list, among which was Mrs. S. N. Fitkin. On October 7, immediately after General Assembly adjournment, Mrs. Bresee called the committee together for the purpose of electing officers and outlining tasks. The women present by ballot placed their hands upon Mrs. Fitkin's shoulder, and asked her to become their president.

As always the call of the women became the voice of God, commanding her services. Twenty-nine years earlier God had appointed her to His foreign legion. Now when the women asked her to carry their banner in this national capacity, with a heart filled with a sense of divine compulsion, she acknowledged her inability and offered

her ransomed powers to the Master's cause. In every election since that time, she has stood at the society's fore as president.

On returning to Brooklyn, she threw herself with full vigor into the work to which God had called her. For she served only as His handmaiden, to carry through His commands. At that time there were six district organizations for her to direct, which were New York, New England, Pittsburgh, Washington-Philadelphia, Indiana, and Michigan. She realized that success was to be found only in multiplying directional leaders in every section of the nation and the world where the church had been planted. Hence, her first objective, as well as that of her assistant committeewomen and their efficient secretary, Mrs. Roy Coddling, was so to inflame the women of each district with missionary enthusiasm that they would call for an organization.

By voice, by letter, and by missionary articles in *The Other Sheep*, she called for leaders to arise on the various districts. By the end of the first year, the W.F.M.S. banner had been unfurled over eight new districts, covering broad sweeps of the nation, from the far west to the south, the southwest and the midwest. On February 6, 1920, Southern California marched in under the leadership of Mrs. Paul Bresee, a national committeewoman.

From then on Susan has had the joy of seeing her sisters in foreign service join the tramp for national organization. Everywhere her letters have challenged the women with this burden. Now at home and abroad, this keeps up until no sooner has the church opened a new field, than the W.F.M.S. under its president's direction is there with its orders, plans, programs, and challenge.

For to each converted Nazarene woman, whatever her national background, her social status, her clime, her color, or previous religion—whether she be an Eskimo

from Nome, Alaska, an ebony-skinned girl from the veldt in Transvaal, South Africa, a Bolivian Indian, a former headhuntress from Amazonia—an Armenian from Jerusalem, a Turk from Syria, a Hindu from India, a Confucianist from China, a Shintoist from Japan—a native of Honolulu, an aborigine of Australia; to each of these Susan Fitkin, and those who labor with her in this cause, have brought the challenge of Christ's "other sheep," not of their nationality, color, or previous creed, and to these it is the duty of each new convert to carry the gospel according to the measure of her ransomed ability.

Mrs. Fitkin's vision in these early years was global, and with the women she directed, and those who officered with her, she planned a one-world strategy to touch every woman from every land that had been reached by her denomination.

These early days of leadership programing and world-advance planning were seasoned with prayer. For as president of the society, she discovered the secret of all true missionaries: their advance must be upon their knees. This she first learned from her contact with missionary J. Hudson Taylor.

Daughter Mary Louise in December, 1919, organized a boys' and girls' group called the Do for Others Club, whose purpose was to do whatever possible for the famine sufferers of India. To this work Mother Fitkin added her missionary blessings.

Looking forward to the new year, 1920, Mrs. Fitkin prepared a know-how article with suggestions as to a profitable local society. She felt the key to progress was to be found in the women of individual churches. Though she labored to foster district organizations, she could not forget that women in each church must be trained in handling the affairs of this information-broadcasting,

money-raising band. Her suggestions were comprehensive, such as:

Have a live membership committee, a young people's auxiliary, children's mission bands, with their missionary study courses. She recommended regular public missionary meetings, at which time mite boxes, given out a month previous, were to be brought in, recognizing self-denial week or month. She felt that mite boxes could well be used in the children's mission bands to good effect. As she had practiced during the years, she now began to urge the women to "sow the church down with missionary tracts." She has done this herself to the extent of passing on more than a quarter million tracts personally. Above all she urged a regular, systematic missionary study course as the basis of success.

Year by year, month by month, her plans grew apace. As the Nazarenes extended their outposts, she and the women followed quickly in their vanguard. While her personal contact with the societies was pin-pointed more or less in these early years in the east, still her mail contact reached the world. On the average she penned a letter a day, until the tide swelled to the number of as many as five daily throughout the year.

She had watched with eager intent her Southern California sisters as they had prepared the missionary boxes for the previous seven years. Knowing the power of this work, she urged all societies to follow suit. It was not long until the national organization took up the task of outfitting missionaries and their children—not with outmoded and frayed-at-the-seams clothes, but with made-to-size dresses, individually bought suits and other clothing, down to pinafores and even layettes for expected babies. This work called for her special attention and blessing in 1920.

During the following year, since her health was not good, she missed the annual concourse of the W.F.M.S. committee in Kansas City, which met the third week of February. However, she reported a strenuous missionary and God-honored year of service. Women from everywhere were asking that representatives of the general committee be sent to organize their districts, and many separate churches sent up a clamor for societies. This called for letters, travels, councils, and missionary meetings and addresses.

Feeling the world-wide load resting upon her, she resigned as New York district president, in order to devote sole attention to the general society, by now a full-time missionary task. She eagerly watched the church's rapid expansion program as it dug deep avenues that led around the world, and charted a parallel course for the women's missionary work.

As there must be public meetings for each local society, she felt annual district meetings and conventions should be on the general society's agenda. This demanded letters to representative district women.

"The annual meetings of these various districts," she wrote at this time, "became seasons of great blessings, and as many as possible were visited. . . . A list of 'Suggestions' was prepared for them, calling for systematic mission study, the sale of Bible Gem Calendars, securing new subscriptions for *The Other Sheep*, and selecting a special object for district finance."

Looking upon the open doors into which the W.F.M.S. were being invited to step, Susan Fitkin went to her knees, in search of strength to carry forward God's work. As always she sensed her unworthiness in such a world endeavor. As the calls came for organizers to visit the different districts, she felt the need of devoting more and more time to a search for her Heavenly Father's will. She

had heard Christ's voice ringing with the words of His Great Commission, and in endeavoring to "go . . . into all the world and preach . . ." she realized the need for divine anointings, beyond-self abilities and a know-how that was not resident in her own energies.

All this she sought for by deep consecration, a casting of self on God's service altar, the re-examining of her own soul in the blazing light of time's consummation. For she must not fail Him who had redeemed her, and thus fail the women of the church to which she had completely surrendered her efforts.

Doors were flung wide for her entrance with the W.F.M.S. Districts called for organizers. When she made her report to the general committee in the winter of 1922, she said there were then twenty-two organized districts, four more marching in that year, Arizona, Northern California, Idaho-Oregon, and Missouri. Besides this there were ten other districts without an over-all society in which there were local churches with their societies. This meant that practically the entire church had been banded together by this golden cord, through which she might channel the challenge God had placed in her soul.

This called for visitation, letters, an executive strategy with reference to study courses, and program materials so to inflame imagination that action would result. On February 3, 1922, she made her first formal visit to the Southern California W.F.M.S. convention.

"Mrs. Fitkin was present," writes Mrs. A. C. M. Johnson, district secretary for the Southern California society, "and gave a talk on the organization of the women's work. . . . She added that at the last General Assembly with only six districts organized and not more than eight or ten societies on each district, the Lord put it upon her heart to pledge \$65,000 of the one million dollars to be raised during the following four years."

This pledge had added a new burden to her prayer list, which daily she took to the throne of grace, and to the hearts of the women through letters and public appeals. One by one district organizations stepped to the foreline of giving and placed their broad shoulders under this gift-pledge.

Reporting to *The Other Sheep*, March, 1923, she said that the Pittsburgh and Washington-Philadelphia districts each assumed twenty-five hundred dollars, "making it possible for the General Board to take over the Lehman work in Africa." Five hundred dollars from the Ohio women enabled the church to furnish a bungalow for Dr. West in Africa, an additional gift opening a small hospital for him. Kansas women sent in a thousand dollars which furnished the sustenance fare for two Peruvian missionaries, Roger and Mrs. Winans. She ended this story of successful giving by saying that in all nearly nineteen thousand dollars had been given that year by the various district organizations.

Susan Fitkin realized that her task did not end in pumping a life line of information into district and local societies. This information must sprout roots that reached down into pocketbooks, opened treasure chests, bank vaults, and accounts, and thus produced operative expenses to throw into the maw of the ever-hungry Nazarene missionary advance.

Early in this work with the general society, she decided to increase her personality reach by delegating tasks to others. She has never been a "do-it-all-myself" leader, though she has never withheld her hands from any task, however menial, that called for attention. One secret of her success is germed herein. She inspired confidence by working at the tasks which engaged her fellow sisters in this world program of carrying the good news to others. Her sleeves were already rolled up when

she issued a sleeve-rolling-up order for the general society to bring to fruition.

She parceled out authority and delegated duties to the lieutenants who served *with*, but never *under* her. In her spiritual makeup, there is no sense of superiority, only humbleness, meekness, and a feeling of unworthiness for the supreme tasks Christ has sphered within the circle of her commission.

All this is evidenced by the 1922 action of the W.F. M.S. executive committee when at the president's suggestion it was voted to commission Mary Cove and Ida Murphy, along with herself, "to organize societies and districts and visit assemblies in the East." Similarly, Fannie Claypool, early historian of the W.F.M.S. and general Nazarene missionary interests, along with Mrs. L. O. Stratton, was asked to tramp the Southern states in the same endeavor. Into the Southwest were sent "Sisters Bresee, Richards, and Mrs. E. G. Roberts"; and into the Northwest as localized territory went Mrs. Edith Whitesides. The Middle West task fell to Mrs. Roy Codding, general secretary.

Willing to travel wherever necessary, Mrs. Fitkin's program called for ten women to do this work, rather than endeavoring to do the work of the ten women herself. Likewise she early saw the wisdom of "delegating" information and hence inspiration to groups of leaders in district conventions. This required building inspirational fires on all the organized districts through annual conventions. She watched with growing interest this work through 1922, when nine districts, "some of them for the first time," reported annual conventions.

She placed on the docket of her actions demanding immediate attention this charge: Foster local missionary conferences and promote annual district conventions.

"All of these," she said in writing of the annual conventions held in 1922, "have been seasons of great spiritual blessing as well as enlarged vision and deepening conviction of the responsibility, as we have come face to face with the great needs our dear missionaries so faithfully brought to us."

Whatever plan could be used to promulgate this missionary fervor and increase this world-wide zeal called for appropriate action. Hence she with others of the executive committee sent forth hundreds of "pages of literature." Mite boxes by the thousands were issued to women everywhere that they might be employed to gather the leftovers in the Master's vineyard of consecrated dollars. Deep in her heart was the feeling that a study program must be outlined and followed explicitly by each society. This called for a general study program, and as usual a committee was set apart to provide for such.

Susan's traveling ministry took on a broader scope as she approached the 1923 General Assembly. During the year she was called to the Chicago district convention, and as usual sought for an appropriate theme. Into her mind slipped the words, "Advance Guard." Her family physician, she recalled, had been an officer in the first World War, still heavy in the minds of the people, and she asked him to outline just what the advance guard did.

"He asked for a sheet of paper," she says in telling of the incident, "and drew in the center a large main army, then a right and left wing, a rear guard in the back and an advance guard, which was a small group distanced ahead. When he described their duties, I had the broad outline of my address. I used it often in those early days, so that the W.F.M.S. would not think they were the main army."

Nine months before the coming General Assembly, in December, 1922, she and Mrs. Ida Murphy planned a New York District missionary convention, to be held at Syracuse. The church at the time was without a pastor, and was burdened so financially that it was unable to meet its mortgage interest. When asked to hold the convention at the church, the people said, "All right, but you won't get your convention expenses."

However, Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. Fitkin felt it God's will that the convention be held there. It was to be a five-meeting convention, covering the week end, with Rev. George Franklin, furloughing from India, as the main speaker.

At the close of the Saturday evening meeting, a half-night of prayer for missionary funds was called. A dozen or so attended, and near midnight the folk sensed that victory was theirs and God would answer with the needed deficit funds.

"We prayed on until midnight," writes Mrs. Fitkin twenty-five years later, "when someone prayed for money, and the Lord sent a special blessing and the assurance of victory. We all went home to rest, praising the Lord for a great day of blessing on Sunday."

The next morning, much to the chagrin of the local congregation, an appeal was made to raise \$500.00 to appeal on the deficit in the general missionary funds.

"A few hands were raised, for five, two, and one dollars, and then there was a pause in the giving. The Lord said to me, 'Get the support of a native worker in Africa.' And when this was presented to the audience a man in the back of the church raised his hand, and said he would assume this support. When the Lord again whispered, 'Get the support of another native worker in Africa,' instantly the same man on the back seat raised his hand again. Others began to give until the needed

\$500.00 was pledged. Then the speaker in charge of the meeting told the people of the local church's need, and \$250.00 more was raised in short order for the mortgage."

At the General Assembly, 1923, Dr. H. F. Reynolds told of his trip to Jerusalem, and said, "On December 3, 1922, Samuel Krikorian and I were at Bethlehem, and I said, 'I feel we ought to spend the night in prayer on Mount Olivet for our general missionary work and for the necessary money to carry it on.'"

On checking back, relates Mrs. Fitkin, they discovered this was the night of prayer at Syracuse when God gave them the assurance of victory. The timings of God in this instance were perfect.

During the year previous to the General Assembly, calls came from distant points for Mrs. Fitkin to address district and local conventions. Her travels circled the nation, reaching the distant points of Southern California and the great Northwest, where she spoke at Portland, Oregon, in a district convention.

"I thank God that He made it possible for me to visit so many districts," she said in reporting to the General Assembly, "traveling over eleven thousand miles, encouraging and helping in a small way these precious women that He has thrust out into this work."

On March 15, 1923, she addressed the Southern California District convention, held at famous old First Church, Los Angeles, with Mrs. Ada Bresee as presiding officer. Here she told of the marvelous expansion of the W.F.M.S., stating that though the society was less than eight years old forty-one districts had been organized. She urged the women to study missions systematically, and concluded her address with the admonition, "Pray, pray, pray!"

Circling California, she spoke in San Francisco and in Oakland, where her address resulted in a local so-

ciety being organized in the church. Traveling northward, she visited the North Pacific District convention, which met in Portland, Oregon, where she addressed a group of earnest Nazarene women. This convention resulted in the support of a missionary on the field.

"This was their third year," she wrote to *The Other Sheep* family in May, 1923, "all of which have been wonderfully owned of the Lord. . . . Special papers were read on different phases of the work. Our precious sister, Mrs. George Franklin of India, gave a fine address, and the people shouted and wept as showers of blessings descended."

Homeward bound, she spoke at Kalama, Washington, at length arriving at Nampa, Idaho, for the district convention, which was greatly owned of the Lord. This was followed by an address at Minneapolis, where she met a group of active women in the local church, whose zeal for missions ran high.

June found her addressing the New York district camp meeting, held at Beacon, N.Y., at which time she presented a large map, showing the number of organized districts and local societies.

During this year, as she expressed it, "the work went forward by leaps and bounds." She felt that she needed an airplane to keep up with the demands of the growing society. A record number of district conventions were held and through these efforts new societies and new district organizations, averaging one a month, came into being. Also at this time the general president began a college student body ministry, speaking at Eastern Nazarene College, Northwest Nazarene College, and Pasadena College, where in addressing the students she confronted them with the missionary challenge.

Throughout the years, she has carried a deep interest in the work of the colleges, for she realized that here was

the reservoir for the church's future missionaries and pastors.

Sensing the need of missionary information, she sent a yearly subscription to the *Missionary Review of the World*, to all district and general officers, and to each of the mission fields. Here began a work which she has kept up through the years, adding at length the *Missionary Digest* to her gifts to the district and general W.F.M.S. officers. Likewise she has made it a practice to send missionary books to these leaders. For instance, during the year 1947, she sent a hundred and forty-one gift missionary books around the world.

"And I believe it has been one of the greatest sources of help and inspiration," she wrote in 1923 concerning these gifts, "among our district and local officers. We must be informed, if we are to teach others, and I know of no better source, except our own missionary paper, *The Other Sheep*, which must always come first."

In these early years of expansion, there are numerous appeals in Mrs. Fitkin's writings, letters, and addresses, to the women to secure subscriptions for *The Other Sheep*. This work has been carried on so successfully by the W.F.M.S., as sponsored by their general president, that the society at present is largely responsible for securing subscriptions to this missionary magazine, now with a circulation of more than a hundred thousand copies monthly.

Looking forward to the General Assembly, she urged the women through articles to the church papers and in letters to district officers to emphasize the use of mite boxes, and especially to conduct missionary meetings among the children.

She watched with growing interest the march of the W.F.M.S. into Canada, as the Alberta district society came into being, on June 29, 1923, under the tutelage of

Mrs. H. F. Reynolds. The scope of the society was now international, reaching into Canada, Great Britain, and encircling various Nazarene mission fields.

Alert to new ideas for promoting missions, during this time she endeavored to popularize a missionary game, which she originated, that was similar to the game of Authors. Also she urged the societies to formulate a Missionary Prayer Calendar for their daily use. By this means she felt that the women would carry a heavier prayer load for the work on fields afar from the home base.

September 15 found her in Kansas City, where at ten o'clock a.m. she called to order the meeting of the Executive W.F.M.S. Committee for a three-day quadrennial council. Here she gave a report of the society's growth, little less than miraculous, during the past four years. Various other officers were heard in reports, and as she guided the women through the deliberations of the three days, the wisdom of her leadership appeared.

There were weighty problems to be faced, for the society was young. In its leaps beyond the confines of the original six organized districts to as many nations, with scores of district groups, hundreds of local societies, thousands of members, the foundational stones laid under the organization at this time were to form the buttresses of the society that was to be during the next twenty years.

A check showed that nearly fifty-three thousand dollars had streamed its course through the coffers of the society during the past four years, in the end to reach the mission field. Mrs. Fitkin realized, and in her addresses envisioned, that this was but the beginnings of thousands that would run into millions for missions that the women could garner into the church treasury.

Here she helped to formulate the directional lines that would align the W.F.M.S. with the global mission, for which the Heavenly Father had brought it into being. While the totals both from the financial and numerical standpoint were small in comparison with today's greater successes, every move made by the group was checked in the light of future growths, and every problem was weighed with the same precision of thought and defining of objectives as though it were done by a general staff meeting of a war council.

At the convention the Executive Committee memorialized through Mrs. Ada Bresee the General Assembly to seat Mrs. Fitkin as the W.F.M.S.'s authorized delegate to the august body. When the assembly adjourned on October 2, the W.F.M.S. found itself a highly revered and an integral part of the denomination. The Constitution and Bylaws was officially recognized and placed in the *Manual*, the work of the society was heartily recommended to the body politic.

Unanimously re-elected as president of the general society, Mrs. Fitkin looked forward to four more years of strenuous activity. The work of the women she led had already gone around the world, as shortly God was to send her on tours of foreign fields that she might bring a more vivid story of world needs to the thousands of local societies and district conventions she was to address in the coming years.

Seven

THE LURE OF FOREIGN TRAVEL

The test of Susan's work as general president was to be found in service. She was not a leader content to sit in her home and give orders, but one who was willing to be spent in challenging Nazarene women with her God-granted vision. The busiest years of her missionary career were facing her. She was now fifty-three years old, having spent thirty-three of those years active on the Christian battle front.

The glowing success of the W.F.M.S. previous to the General Assembly of 1923 opened Nazarene doors so rapidly that Mrs. Fitkin found it almost impossible to keep up with the demands and the invitations. The society had geared its tempo to the denomination's rapid expansion. Where the Nazarene banner was planted, Mrs. Fitkin's group shortly followed.

This expansion called for a woman's missionary program which taxed the energy of the general president. The outlook God had given her was broad, the uplook glorious, and these she passed on to the church by articles, letters, posters, mite boxes, the Prayer and Fasting League, and direct travels to conventions and missionary meetings.

On returning to Brooklyn from the Kansas City assembly, she launched her program by an article in *The Other Sheep*, wherein she reviewed past progress, and set forth an agenda of action for 1924. There were to be forty-five hundred special seasons of prayer for foreign lands. Fifteen hundred copies of the *Missionary Review of the World* were to be circulated; tens of thousands of Bible

Gem Calendars were to be scattered the world around. Orphans on foreign fields were to be cared for; and thousands of dollars were to be garnered into the Nazarene treasury for missions.

She faced the women with this thought, "If you cannot go to the foreign fields, will you support someone who can go? Will you be investors in orphans, native workers, and hospitals? Will you give the dimes you have instead of exhausting zeal in sighs for the dollars you do not have?"

Years before God had burdened her soul with the necessity of a concerted day of prayer for missions, and she set March 26, 1924, as a special day of world prayer. "There are ten million souls assigned to the Church of the Nazarene in the different foreign fields, and the Woman's Missionary Society must help bear this responsibility in prayer," she declared, her tones ringing with the appeal.

With the increase of missionary burdens during 1924, there came a corresponding increase of God's blessings upon her soul.

"And without these," she says in recounting God's mercies and benefits, "all human effort would have been in vain. The Lord has been most gracious, manifesting a loving interest, guiding and directing the efforts put forth and pouring out blessings until we are astonished at the gracious fruitage from the little service rendered. Truly He has taken the weak things and accomplished much. The glory is His."

During the first part of the year, she was busy relaying the plans formulated at the General Assembly to the various district leaders, and presenting them with a concrete program of action. "Dreams must be turned into realities by work," she said. This called for hundreds of letters, telegrams, and personal visits. In conjunction

with the General Board of Foreign Missions, she helped arrange special financial objectives for the various district W.F.M.S.'s without such. Correspondingly, this gave the general society definite financial goals to the extent of thirty-five thousand dollars a year.

In arranging for these district gifts, it was necessary to form a corrected list of native workers and other financial specials on the foreign fields, which the women were to assume.

At this time under her general direction, the W.F.M.S. Bulletin was launched, the purpose of which was to "make quarterly visits to all the societies, thus strengthening the bonds of fellowship and helping to keep all informed of future plans and successes achieved."

Much time went into formulating Standard Society Posters, to be sent to all the district annual meetings. Also she authored and financed a poster, called "the Plow-on Poster," which went to all the districts and foreign fields, a thousand also being furnished gratis to the General Board. She conceived of the need for missionary tracts, which would help high pitch the women's tithe-accumulating and money-raising efforts. The first which she assisted in having printed was on Africa, scores of which have followed since then.

Not content with stirring shallow pools of missionary zeal, she fostered a study program in the societies. She sponsored as a study course book, *Our Friends in Guatemala*, by R. E. Bower. Copies of this were rushed to ten district presidents, who were urged to adopt them, and plans were made to sow the study groups down with this volume.

During the spring of 1924, God gave Rev. R. J. Kunze the plan for the Prayer and Fasting League. When it came to Mrs. Fitkin's attention, at once in conjunction with fellow society workers, she launched a program

directed toward having this adopted by the W.F.M.S. as a special project. Henceforth by letters, by articles to the church periodicals, and by personal appeal in public meetings, she urged the women to join this most worthy organization.

"I hereby pledge," said the membership obligation, "to sacrifice one meal each week and spend the equivalent of time in prayer, giving the cost of the meal to the cause of foreign missions." One of the first mimeographed pledges, now in the records of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society files, I find signed by Miss Belle Reynolds, daughter of General Superintendent H. F. Reynolds. On the envelope, holding the signed pledge, is the notation: "The beginning of the Prayer and Fasting League, adopted by the W.F.M.S."

Mrs. Fitkin realized the value of this League, and threw her influence behind it. Wherever she went, she secured members, pledged societies and districts to adopt the League. During October and November, 1924, she toured the nation in conventions, touching Chicago, Minneapolis, the North Pacific, Idaho-Oregon, Northern California, Southern California, and Arizona districts.

"I preached en route," she says concerning this tour, "and emphasized the Prayer and Fasting League, securing over \$5,000 in cash and pledges during the trip."

This was a God-ordained work, for during the years since its inception, the Prayer and Fasting League had brought into the society more than a million and a half dollars, all of which became sinews of missionary action on the foreign fields.

Speaking on March 15, 1925, at a district W.F.M.S. convention at First Church, Los Angeles, she sponsored the Relief and Retirement Fund, which was to care for aged missionaries. She also presented the startling fact

that "twenty-eight of the thirty-six missionaries on the field are now supported by the W.F.M.S."

In various articles to *The Other Sheep*, she pleaded with the women to back the Prayer and Fasting League, and urged each society to appoint a committee to attend to the pledge cards, and turn the money thus secured over to the local treasurers. While the work was young, she sensed that a united effort among the women would cause this to be one of the strongest forces in the church to raise missionary money.

God had laid the burden of missions on Susan's heart, and she was not content with mere speech-making, and being lionized by the district conventions that bid her Godspeed and cheered her appearances at their convocations. She felt that tangible results in term of dollars must match this lionizing, and the addresses must weight down the collection plates.

Hence, the meeting of the Executive W.F.M.S. Committee, February 14, 1925, showed results to the extent of over \$35,000 which had found its way to the foreign fields through the society channels during the year. However, with the women's financial successes, greater programs of giving were planned. At the following executive meeting, reflecting the giving of 1925, Mrs. Fitkin recommended that the W.F.M.S. assume a budget of \$50,000, or a third of the church's total missionary gifts for the year. This required faith in God and in the women, whose strength and willingness the president had tested previously.

The work year of 1925 found Mrs. Fitkin in the missionary harness more than ever before. Her travels covered the nation. On an average she wrote three letters a day with reference to the missionary burden she bore. During this time hospital work, especially in Africa, claimed her attention, and she ordered ten thousand

mite boxes for this purpose, hundreds of which she mailed to personal friends. She also envisioned a growing Prayer and Fasting League, ordering fifteen thousand boxes in which to harvest the funds from this source. On her list of activities were ten thousand "Medical leaflets," a similar number of "Prayer Cycle leaflets," to be matched by a like number of "African Hospital leaflets."

She addressed missionary assemblies, W.F.M.S. district conventions and colleges, and secured the support of native workers. During a missionary visit to First Church, Chicago, she obtained the support of a Mexican preacher in Southern Mexico. Through personal solicitation she raised the support of Mrs. Peter Kiehn, of China, on the New York District.

Her personal letters circled the globe, for she kept up a constant stream of missives to the foreign field. Her own soul thirsted for a direct knowledge of Nazarene missions afar, and there was no better way to secure this than by letters to the workers. There were expenses to be covered, which the generosity of her husband, Abram Fitkin, gladly supplied.

During the summer of 1925, her heart thrilled with the news that the first unit of the Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital in Swaziland had been dedicated. Two years later she was to visit the hospital and take part in the final dedication. Ten years earlier God had placed it upon her and Abram's hearts to build this service unit in memory of their Raleigh, whom God called to his reward as a child.

"Our hospital in Africa has been dedicated as a memorial to Raleigh Fitkin," said Rev. E. G. Anderson in the June, 1925, *The Other Sheep*. "His life was dedicated to the Lord. His plan and ambition was to serve as a missionary. This purpose was not carried out. However, we cannot help but feel that the memorial hospital will

reach thousands who will not only receive medical attention, but who will learn for the first time there is power in the blood of Jesus to redeem them from a life of sin."

In September of that year, through an article in the denomination's missionary paper, she pleaded the cause of women's obligation to missions. She felt there was a task no one else but women could fulfill. As the first bearers of the resurrection message, and as liberated by missions, she said women should now plan, pray for, and organize to promote missions. Likewise she urged upon women throughout the church to unite with the W.F.M.S., because "it furnishes a missionary education, meetings, fellowship, and inspiration, needful to women's spiritual growth."

She said, quoting the *Missionary Review of the World*, "Any missionary program for the church which casts aside this wonderful system of distinctive financial responsibility of women is doomed to failure."

She climaxed her argument for the effectiveness of the organization by stating, "The W.F.M.S. furnishes support for thirty-eight missionaries on the field, fifty-three native workers, and thirty-one orphans."

The load the church had placed in the women's hands was heavy, for it consisted of a five-thousand-dollar gift to take over the Lehman work in Africa. "The medical work," she goes on to affirm, "has been largely committed to them. They furnished funds for dispensaries and a motor ambulance in Western India. They are supplying money for the Women's Ward of the China hospital, and are securing funds for the new hospital in Africa."

When the secretary of the W.F.M.S. made her report to the General Board of the church in February, 1926, Susan's leadership was greatly praised.

"Much of the success of our work," said the secretary, Mrs. E. G. Anderson, "is due to the fact that our general president has labored with untiring efforts both day and night. She has visited and encouraged our women all over the land. She has traveled twenty thousand miles and delivered fifty missionary addresses, and has prayed unceasingly for the work so dear to our hearts."

During the first half of 1926 calls for services flooded her desk. Carefully weighing her obligations, and outlining a program, she took her work to the Heavenly Father, asking His blessings on, and leadership for, any task assumed. When she had finished the six months' tour she had covered the nation, leaving but few sections untouched by her personal influence.

In February and March she not only attended the Kansas City general W.F.M.S. and General Board meetings, but held rallies in St. Louis, Washington, D.C., Indianapolis, Cleveland, and Chicago, where she addressed the district convention.

Entraining for the West Coast, she visited churches and districts en route. Various societies were contacted, in places such as Sacramento, San Francisco, Berkeley, Los Angeles, California; Denver, Colorado; Hastings, and Lincoln, Nebraska. She devoted a part of May to New York, where she assisted the district president in organizing a new local society, and spoke to various groups.

Though for many years she had been sickly, especially in her younger days, the healing hand of the Almighty was laid upon her. Daily she took her physical needs to the Heavenly Father, to receive the promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Had it not been for this constant replenishing of her energies, she could not have stood the strain of her speaking engagements,

much less of the paper and secretarial obligations entailed upon her.

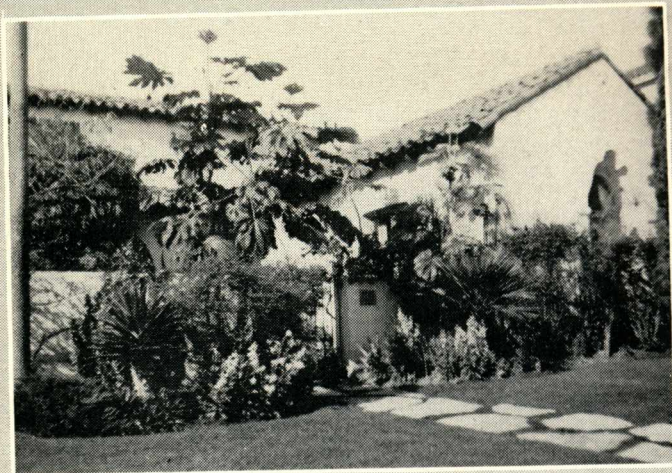
She had mastered the lesson that God never places a burden upon one without furnishing necessary equipment and strength to carry it forward. A tired and worn body, she knew, could be revitalized by a season of prayer, when her spiritual contact with God was kept unbroken.

God was now ready for her to begin a foreign trek which in time was to take her to practically all Nazarene mission fields. The calls had been coming from women afar, in distant places like Scotland, Africa, Central and South America, Japan and China, and the Islands of the Caribbean.

Her first trip was to be a combined relaxation and missionary tour to the British Isles and European countries, in company with her daughter, Mary Louise. The missionary purpose of the trip was to address the women of the British Isles District, at the same time visiting the scenes around which English and European history centered.

On July 7 shortly before daybreak Mrs. Fitkin and her daughter sailed out of the New York harbor on the luxurious "Aquitania" for a two months' trip abroad. Leaving their native shores behind, they thrilled at the prospect before them. Carefully they had plotted an itinerary that would touch Scotland and England, circle Europe's famous name places, and bring them back to the British Isles for the homeward journey early in September.

When their ship docked at Southampton, a week later, they went immediately to London, where they spent four days visiting historic scenes. Here they saw the colorful change of the royal guards at Buckingham Palace. At Westminster Abbey Mrs. Fitkin thrilled at the



Fitkin Home in California



Visiting Indian homes in New Mexico

Mrs. Fitkin in the flower garden, Oakland, California



The Ferguson's Buenos Aires 1937



sight of the burial places of England's great kings, poets, statesmen, Christian leaders. She was moved in the presence of David Livingstone's remains, the missionary "who came from Scotland's poor but was buried among England's great," after giving his heart to his beloved Africa.

In London also they looked upon immortal masterpieces by such painters as Rubens, Rembrandt, Van Dyke, and others. Always a lover of the beautiful and the superb, Mrs. Fitkin feasted her eyes upon these works of art. At the British Museum, she and Mary Louise viewed thousands of years of history in the making. Here they saw the Rosetta Stone, which literally opened the ancient languages, allied with the biblical Hebrew and Chaldaic, that gave to the world secular corroboration of the sacred story of the Bible. Other remains of the ancient world threw light upon the tramp of the Church through the ages.

On July 17, Susan and her daughter visited the early spiritual workshops of John and Charles Wesley, where these brothers literally forged the chains that circled the globe in the mighty eighteenth century revival. Walking through Wesley's chapel and home, Mrs. Fitkin, always at heart an evangelist, relived in memory the scenes of revivalism which Wesley threw across England, which saved the nation from a fate similar to the bloody French Revolution. Here were remains of Charles' beautiful songs that have sung themselves into the heart of the world.

Out in the cemetery, the travelers stood with bowed heads before the graves of preacher and poet that have brought undying fame to their mother, Susannah Wesley, who gave birth to these two sons, the seventeenth and nineteenth of her children.

An overnight trip on the seventeenth brought them to Scotland, the land enshrined in the world's memory

through poetry, biography, and battle. For five days they traveled the country of John Knox, at whose prayers bloody Queen Mary "trembled more than at all the armies of Europe." They stood on ground made sacred as the burning places of martyrs, who gave their lives for their faith. There were birthplaces of the famed to see, such as the cottages that were blessed with the birth-cries of a Livingstone, no less than of Robert Burns.

Here they were awed in the home where Sir Walter Scott penned his long-lived novels, and went through the land of that prince-charming Robert Bruce. The thunder of the Covenanters rang loud in their ears and the battle cries of that Scottish army of Christian believers came as muffled drumbeats down through the centuries, when they fought for their faith no less than their lives.

There was Scottish beauty to drink in as they traveled coachwise, drawn by four horses, through the country of Loch Lomond, thence by motorbus through the Highlands. In Glasgow and Edinburgh, and other towns and villages of lesser fame though no less historic continuity, they relived the challenging stories of "the Scottish worthies"—such as John Welsh, son-in-law of John Knox, whose prayers literally brought a dead prince back to life.

The gem of this British Isles trip came on July 21, when Mrs. Fitkin addressed the Nazarenes, who had met at Androssan in a district convention. In the early evening Mary Louise spoke to the young people and was questioned by the leaders of the district Young People's Society, "which had just been organized." On September 21 of that year, Mrs. Fitkin, in giving her report to the Executive Committee of the W.F.M.S., at Kansas City, said of these Nazarene women:

"I visited the British Isles District, and had a precious meeting with our women; they are real Nazarenes and have the W.F.M.S. work on their hearts."

Three days later they were at Stratford-on-Avon, birthplace of Shakespeare, doubtless the world's most gifted poet. The following day they crossed the English Channel—"rather rough, but no one sick," as Mary Louise wrote in her diary—and thence by train to Paris.

During the next six weeks Europe yielded her treasures of history and story to the travelers. For several days Mrs. Fitkin went sight-seeing in and about Paris, visiting such places as the scenes made historic (if not immortal) by Napoleon, the battlefields of World War I, where died the heart of America's youth in a supposed attempt to "make the world safe for Democracy." On the thirty-first, they went to the Louvre, where they gazed upon masterpieces of sculpture, such as the Venus de Milo, and paintings, as Millet's "Angelus," Whistler's "Mother," and Da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" and others.

In a leisurely trip of a week they went through Switzerland, to be awed by the natural beauty of the Alps, "the most wonderful mountain scenery in the world," as Mary Louise's diary describes them. Here were lakes and mountain passes, pictured countrysides, picturesque villages, no less villagers, men of the mountains and country peasants in native attire, to be seen.

From Switzerland mother and daughter motored to Austria and on August 15 crossed over the border to Oberammergau, Germany, where the people of the village have for so many years lived for but one thing, the re-enactment of the Passion Play.

Italy shortly gave them Venice "and a gondola—a lovely night, moonlight, singing on the waters"; Florence, and its early cathedral and the Lenzi Art Galleries, where they looked upon more masterpieces by Raphael, Titian,

Cellini, Correggio, to name but a few. At the Medici Chapel, they admired the sculpture of Michelangelo, which through the centuries has never been surpassed. At the Church of the Holy Cross, they bowed their heads at the burial places of Michelangelo, and other famous men of Italy.

In "doing" the sights at Rome, Mrs. Fitkin came face to face with Christianity's march against paganism in the days of the Early Church. Here she relived the scenes of martyrdom at the Coliseum, where Christians, for their faith in the risen Lord, were thrown to the lions to be eaten, fought singlehandedly with jungle beasts made ferocious by days of starvation, were burned as torches to light Rome's debauchery.

There were the Catacombs, where the early indicted Christians met in secret conclave, were searched out by Rome's soldiers and slaughtered as so many animals, later to be buried there by the thousands. Here also were the footsteps of Paul, a prisoner at Rome for Christ's sake, and the memories of those ringing words:

For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day. . . .

In searching for a Protestant church in Rome, where they might attend Sunday services, there was none to be found, "for they were closed for the summer." But St. Paul's Cathedral, the world's largest, and the heart of Catholicism, was much in evidence.

The relics and beauties of sculpture and painting, Michelangelo's deathless paintings in the Sistine Chapel and elsewhere, the Appian Way, where the tramp of Rome's soldiery thudded deep footprints in history, the

decaying Pantheon, people kissing the toe of St. Peter's statue in the Cathedral, the seaport of Ostia, twenty-five miles distant from Rome, where Paul is said to have landed when brought in chains to the Imperial City, the Capitoline Hill, the blue, warm Mediterranean, Rome's seven hills—these and other scenes gave missionary-minded Susan and daughter kaleidoscopic memories of the Church's parade through the centuries.

On Friday, August 27, they drove out to Pompeii, engulfed by an angry Vesuvius centuries earlier, where Mary Louise went down to the edge of the seething cauldron of the volcano. Short stays at Naples and Florence, thence to Genoa, Nice, France, on to Paris and Cherbourg, and the "Aquitania," concluded their Continental trip. With a brief handwave to scenes and sights, memories and thrilling experiences, some short with actualities but hoary with historic connotations, they were homeward bound on September 14.

With time out for sight-seeing, Mrs. Fitkin knew there was missionary harness soon to put on. She determined by God's help to capitalize on these travel experiences as illustrations and background material for those addresses she shortly was to give on her favorite theme, "The World's Need for Christ."

Eight

“AFRICA, DARK AFRICA”

The call of the world rang an insistent clamor in Mrs. Fitkin's soul as she looked once more upon the Statue of Liberty on the homeward trip. There were already long tentacles of interest which ran from her life to the pin-points of the globe. Her prayer calendar pivoted her spiritual concern upon the nations where Nazarene missions were planting their roots in the native soils. By gifts, as God prospered her husband, by an incessant chain of letters, by personal contact with returnees from foreign lands, by arranging speaking schedules for furloughing missionaries, she now possessed a wealth of knowledge of the world beyond American confines.

Her life was bound to missions by streamers of personal gifts reaching into the thousands. There were long ropes of appeal in the form of multiplied thousands of dollars which constantly she helped inspire the women to give for foreign service. The Fitkin Memorial Hospital, soon ready for dedication and its timeless ministry of mercy, was a loadstone that pulled her interest, prayers, and gifts toward Africa.

Susan determined under God's leadership to visit the world afar, that she might bring back knowledge which would vitalize inspiration for missionary gifts. Africa called, and she was scarcely home again until plans for a more extended foreign tour were boiling in her mind. But there was work first to be done before she could actualize these plans.

The week following her return found Mrs. Fitkin in Kansas City, meeting with the General Board, and pre-

siding over the W.F.M.S.'s annual Executive Committee's conclave. Here glowing reports by herself and the other officers were given, which showed that already the women's work had been organized on all but the Southwest Mexican District in the United States. More than \$47,000 had coursed as lifeblood into missions from the consecrated efforts of the W.F.M.S. Prayer and Fasting League funds were reaching around the world in the support of native workers, and Susan reported that in the Scotland convention thirty Britishers had joined the League.

In those years of financial expansion for the society, Mrs. Fitkin realized the value of distinctive objectives for each district, and urged the women everywhere to assume such tangible giving goals. In a tour of New England, when she spoke at the district preachers' convention, addressed the students of Eastern Nazarene College, and appeared in various local churches, she was able to inspire the women of that district to assume the financial burden of medical missions in India. Already more than \$7,000 had been raised by these women for this purpose.

For the first nine months of 1926, including the foreign voyage, she told the women that she had traveled twenty thousand miles, at an expense of \$5,000, and that Mr. Fitkin had also donated \$700 for W.F.M.S. printing. In one of her first missionary reports, given years earlier, she gladly donated the year's expense of fifty cents. God had then so burned this missionary burden upon her soul that with the fifty cents she had laid the foundation of giving to the extent of her ability to the cause dear to her heart. And now that consecrated fifty cents had expanded almost eleven thousand times the original donation.

During 1926 she delivered fifty missionary addresses throughout the denomination, visited eleven districts in

their annual assemblies and conventions. She watched with growing interest the building of the Bresee Memorial Hospital in China, financed largely by the W.F.M.S. Also, she thrilled at the thought of the Fitkin Memorial Hospital in Africa, which then was nearing completion.

Study maps, under Mary Cove, were published for China and India, and one of the Islamic world. She directed the efforts of the society toward a subscription campaign for *The Other Sheep*, which she thought of as the missionary heart of the Nazarene movement.

In early February, 1927, at the helm of the W.F.M.S. Executive Committee, sitting in Kansas City, she directed the growing missionary work for the forthcoming year. At this time the emphasis was upon a study program, for Mrs. Fitkin felt that missions "perish where there is no knowledge." The roots of the women's work, she insisted, must go deep into the mental subsoil of Nazarene thinking, if the program of global service was to be realized. This meant guided study courses which would result in missionary information that would spring forth as inspiration for prayer and giving.

The year of 1927 was to be one of far-reaching development for both Mrs. Fitkin and the society. Fifteen thousand Prayer Circle leaflets were prepared and mailed to district and local churches, urging a distinct prayer program upon Nazarene women everywhere. Working through her assistant officers, she directed the preparation of study leaflets on Mohammedanism as well as on Nazarene Indian work.

Early in the year she attended as official Nazarene representative the North American Missionary Conference, called in session at Atlantic City. Finishing with this duty, she toured the Georgia and Florida districts, where she addressed churches and conventions on missions. A quick trip to Havana, Cuba, whetted her appetite for foreign travel, for of that trip she said:

"I got my first glimpse of the great need for the gospel at that place. Then came the realization of the one throbbing desire of my heart, the visit to Africa. It seemed almost unbelievable and yet it came true. I can never begin to tell what it has meant to me, but only rejoice and praise God again and again."

Looking back over the thirty-seven years since God had first called her to be a missionary, she saw what He could do with one who was fully consecrated to Him. At that time it would have stretched even her most fantastic dream out of the bounds of the impossible to think that God should take her humble gift of self, and grant her the privilege of laboring on so many foreign fields. She had only furnished the human channel through which God could direct His glorious powers. The less of self, the more God labored through her.

On July 15, 1927, in company with Mrs. Ada Bresee, of Los Angeles, she sailed from New York on the "Mauretania" for Africa by way of England. The trip gave her two days in London for sight-seeing, and the voyage from Southampton to Cape Town was uneventful, the sea calm and the weather warm. Entraining at Cape Town on July 11 for Johannesburg, she crossed a thousand-mile stretch of mountain and desert wasteland. Nearing the gold mining center, for miles around were great mountains of dirt that had been dredged out of the mines.

She had gone to Africa, however, not to see mines, but to search for God's black diamonds, those African "diamonds in the rough." Hence little time was spent at intervening cities or wastelands. For her objective was Swaziland, where Harmon Schmelzenbach, veteran missionary, "the greatest in South Africa since Livingstone," according to the British government, and Dr. David Hynd, and all their compatriots in the gospel were awaiting her.

An overnight trip from Johannesburg brought them to Breyton, where missionary Schmelzenbach and missionary-doctor Hynd met them. Printed in Zulu on the back of the missionary car was the text, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The Zulu words ran, "*Pendukane ngokuba umbuso wezulu u sondale.*"

"Our first vision of Swaziland was by moonlight," she says in *A Trip to Africa*, "and such a wonderful moon, and myriads of bright stars. How near the heavens seemed, and how beautiful the Southern Cross. . . . We were hurried over mountain and hills in a real automobile instead of on muleback or by ox wagon as our predecessors had gone."

The hundred and ten miles that once was a trip of several days now was covered in the matter of a few hours. They were anxious to be on to Bremersdorp, the hospital station, where a welcome, done up with all the Swaziland trappings, awaited them. Nearing the station, Mrs. Fitkin saw lighted buildings, which blinked a cordial greeting to them. As the car entered the grounds, dark-skinned boys and girls lined the driveway, singing a welcome in their native tongue in the form of a gospel hymn.

Speeches by James, an eloquent Swaziland evangelist, and Peter, medical assistant, started the welcoming ceremonies. These were followed by greetings from the missionaries, to be topped by evening refreshments, and at a long last good-nights were said. Mrs. Fitkin and her companion retired for a short-night respite in surroundings of which they had long dreamed.

Susan thrilled at the thought, I am at last on foreign soil, soil consecrated by faithful missionaries, and round about are the trophies of grace, who have been won by God's servants.

She soon learned that the mission station and its work was in a Christian community surrounded by paganism, heathen customs, and the blight of centuries-old spiritual ignorance. For each one of the several thousand converts, there were tens of thousands of heathen, reeking in darkness without light and hopeless without salvation.

On the following day she viewed strange figures, highwaying near by. There were black men with bobbed hair and "a permanent wave," with bone ornaments and chicken feathers gleaming in the brilliant sun. Saronging them was a hank of bright cloth, covered by the skins of two wildcats, hanging tail downward, one tail forward and one to the rear. In their hands were formidable appearing clubs.

Small groups of women and girls trailed in the distance, their coiffure consisting of a hair-do a foot high on top of their heads, heavily clayed to hold it so. Bright colored bandanas clothed their middles and draped their shoulders, and many carried babies, bound to their backs by shawls. These were heathen.

Gospel-contrasts were soon evident. The Christian natives were clean, fully clothed, bright-eyed with hope, and some English speaking. Later Mrs. Fitkin was introduced to family contrasts, a trained Christian boy evangelist, for instance, a Sammy Morris in embryo, and his skin-draped heathen sister, appearing like one from a picture story on anthropology. Here stood a native preacher, carved in ebony, awaiting picture-taking, and sidled by his raw-heathen brother, whose covering was no more than two wildcat skins, with tails flopping between his legs.

Susan learned more about the power of Christianity to transform from these picture lessons at one glimpse than she could have grasped from a hundred books.

There were other heathen-Christian contrasts, and contacts; for instance, her visit to the king's kraal. This consisted of some fifteen round-topped grass-thatched huts, each bare of furniture, except a few crude heathen trappings. The natives were untouched by the gospel, and might well have stepped from between the pages of Livingstone's *Journal*.

Thrown against the backdrop of this was the Fitkin Memorial Hospital, with its native church, its workers' homes, the doctor's edifice, and its landscaping. This was Christ, and the power of the gospel, while the other picture represented heathenism's degradation and debauchery.

She found the hospital bright and shining, well-equipped, staffed by as efficient a doctor as could be found in any homeland hospital. For during the coming twenty years, since those summer days in 1927, Dr. David Hynd has been decorated by the British government time and again, receiving some of the highest awards and acclaims within the power of his king to bestow.

She watched thirty Christian boy evangelists as they came marching over the hills, on an eighty-five-mile trek from the Pigg's Peak Station. Taking their stance before the hospital, they sang in English and then in Zulu, "When the First Trumpet Sounds I'll Be There," and also "The Light of the World Is Jesus."

July 16 was hospital dedication day. An appropriate ceremony had been planned by the missionaries. This was a memorable occasion, and one for which Mrs. Fitkin had planned for the past eleven years, since she and husband A. E. had pledged to build it as a memorial for Raleigh. She thrilled at the spectacle before her. She was surrounded by heathen untouched by the gospel, and round about were native Christians.

Missionary Schmelzenbach opened the program by having the Christian boys and girls, redeemed many of them even from death, sing "Africa, Dark Africa." The Episcopal Archbishop of the region offered prayer, and then Mrs. Fitkin spoke in behalf of those who had made the hospital possible.

"I told how the women in the homeland had sacrificed for the hospital, and showed them one of the little mite boxes that had been used to gather the money. I spoke about Raleigh, our son, who had wanted to be a missionary to Africa, but God took him home, and I told them that we wanted the hospital to be a memorial to him, helping to do what he was not permitted to live to accomplish."

When Dr. Hynd had spoken briefly, the resident magistrate cut the ribbon that was strung across the hospital entrance, and the people thronged into the building. After refreshments were served, the folk went to the new church, where three native preachers addressed them. One was a Presbyterian and two were Wesleyan Methodists.

They spoke out of their hearts, and expressed gratitude for what God had accomplished in behalf of their fellow Africans. One represented the native king, who was absent on a hunting trip.

"They spoke beautifully," says Mrs. Fitkin, reliving the scene twenty years later, "about the part American mothers had in sacrificing to secure the money for the hospital. . . . They mentioned tenderly the mother whose little boy had been interested in them, and said that she should not feel bad, because he had gone to heaven, and now she had many sons and daughters in Africa."

On this occasion the natives gave Mrs. Fitkin an African name, U-no-ban-tu, meaning the mother of na-

tions. Especially did they want it to denote "the mother of the Bantu people." In replying to these addresses, Harmon Schmelzenbach acting as interpreter, Susan told the people she would rather be Unobantu to them than to be the Queen of England.

"And then I told them why the missionaries had come to Africa, and why I was there, why we had built the hospital, and why the missionaries toiled for them—because of the love of Jesus in our hearts. And I explained how we longed that they should know and love Him, too."

The ceremonies continued throughout the day, and on returning to the hospital it was a glorious sight to watch the natives as they went from room to room, laughing and shouting and gesticulating over the white beds upon which their sick should rest. But consternation beat the joy from their black countenances as they faced the array of instruments in the operating room.

Later during the day Mrs. Fitkin had the pleasure of organizing the first W.F.M.S. in Africa. God has enabled her to live to see the time when there is not a mission land among the Nazarenes where the society does not function alertly among the native converts. Even to the local foreign-lands churches the society has gone with its ministry and challenge: to spread information about missions and to raise money for Christ's work in lands and among peoples distant from the local church.

Before nightfall the people ate the evening meal, consisting of a corn meal porridge, called "mealies," which had been boiled in large iron pots. Mrs. Fitkin's generosity had furnished an ox to be barbecued, since the missionaries were unable to finance more than the "mealies."

"I asked," she tells us, "that I might have the privilege (of furnishing the ox), for I could not bear to think

that these boys and girls, who had walked nearly a hundred miles to be at the dedicatory services, should go away disappointed."

On the following day, July 17, the church was dedicated, and at the service Mrs. Bresee spoke briefly about Solomon's temple, and God's promise to dwell with His people. And when Dr. Hynd presented her with the key, she unlocked the door, and five hundred natives, including three hundred heathen in the raw, entered the building for services.

"Three beautiful services were held during the day," writes Mrs. Fitkin, "and there were several at the altar. One was a young heathen girl seeking God for the first time. We caught sight of her in the rear of the church, stepping over and around the crowd, seated on the floor. So great was the throng that they had left no aisle. She was really a Swazi belle, a pretty girl with bobbed hair, bright eyes barely visible below the falling locks, which were studded with many colored ornaments."

Her decking was typical, consisting of small round spots burned on forehead and cheeks as tribal signs, grass earrings, a steel chain and a bead necklace around her throat, and china and grass bracelets on her arms. When she reached the platform, she said, "I want to be a Christian." After making the declaration, she seated herself on a near-by grass mat, where she waited the altar call, and at this after-service she prayed and wept with many others. Her new name, to be given on baptism, was Esther.

It was this and similar praying sights that brought joy to Mrs. Fitkin. For to her, the summation of the missionary appeal, whether educational, medical, or evangelistic, must result in converts, with lives thoroughly transformed by the gospel.

Visiting days soon passed, and there were other stations which Susan and her companion wanted to see. The itinerary was a speedy one, calculated to circle all the Nazarene stations in Africa, in order that Mrs. Fitkin might take to America vital firsthand information to inspire the women to greater giving.

After a short visit to the Stegi station, manned at that time by missionaries Shirley and Pelley, the visitors were taken to Manjacaze, Portuguese East Africa. En route to both places, Harmon Schmelzenbach gave Mrs. Fitkin and her companion intimate glimpses of native life. At one place Susan crawled through the small opening in a grass hut, where inside she saw how the people live. Since there is no opening other than this door, on rainy and cold days a small fire is built in the center of the hut, and the smoke fills the top, there being only a small smoke outlet. Everything was smoke-smearred, dark and dirty, even the drinking gourd being filthy.

With such conditions, thought Mrs. Fitkin as she came out of a hut, no wonder that fifty per cent of all African babies die shortly after birth. Here is a service for medical missions to perform.

At Manjacaze, staffed then by the Jenkins', Susan found a real African station. The main building, occupied by the missionaries, was a long hut with reed walls which had been mud plastered and whitewashed inside and out. The roof was grass, and the ceiling was formed of gunny sacks that had been whitewashed for cleanliness. The floor was surfaced with a gummy substance taken from anthills, which had been pounded thoroughly and hence semi-hard.

Susan found this to be missionary pioneering indeed. The station was surrounded by hundreds of kraals, scattered throughout the bushveldt. The only drinking water came from a muddy pool. The malaria danger was

intense, and hence the missionaries had to screen everything, even their beds.

But the work rang with victory, and the congregation filled the church-hut to overflowing. After native preachers spoke, and Mrs. Fitkin testified, Missionary Schmelzenbach brought a gospel message, which was crowned by an altar scene, long to be vividly engraved on Susan's mind. Many people came forward to seek the Lord. The W.F.M.S. president found that the natives sought salvation with fervor and intensity, a glow lighting their countenances when God answered their prayers.

Doubling back to Stegi in a colorful trip through the veldt, Harmon next drove his visitors to the Peniel station, where seventeen years earlier, in 1910, he and Mrs. Schmelzenbach, in company with Etta Innis, now Mrs. Shirley, had launched the Nazarene African missionary crusade. Here Mrs. Fitkin found a prosperous work, a native church, missionary homes, a girls' home, a school building, and a tabernacle where camp meetings have been held through the years. At that time the girls' home was in charge of Louise Robinson, now Mrs. James Chapman, through whom many African trophies have been won for the Lord.

During this time the camp meeting was held, where Mrs. Fitkin was given a glimpse of possibilities and results of missionary evangelism. She watched the native throngs, marching over the hills from the various stations. As they arrived from section after section, they came, their hands held high, singing a song of victory in their native tongue. Many of them walked a hundred or more miles to be at this annual gathering. They carried on head and back bed and food for the occasion. The grass-thatched tabernacle was filled to overflowing, and as the messages were delivered by missionaries or native evangelists, there were many converted.

On the closing night veteran Harmon brought a spirit-quickenng sermon, which was God-empowered, and when he gave the altar invitation fifty or more responded. Many of these were mothers with babies shawled to their backs. Some were heathen in the raw who had come numerous miles over the hills to be at the service.

Whatever other impressions Mrs. Fitkin might carry away concerning salvation dividends from the consecrated dollars spent in Africa, these spiritual scenes made her more determined to quicken the homeland consciences to greater giving. A dollar spent thus in Africa, she felt, brought higher returns in terms of transformed lives than as much as ten dollars invested in American churches. God was conditioning her thinking and her spirit for a crusade among the thousands of homeland women, who looked to her for W.F.M.S. guidance and inspiration.

A quick visit to Johannesburg, where Nazarene missions had cut a deep channel in the gold compounds, ended her official visit but not her African tour. Here hundreds of natives had been converted, and organized into church groups. Scenes of shouting, rejoicing in the Lord, swelling tides of gospel songs coming from hundreds of African throats in Shangaan and Zulu—these and other victories marked this Johannesburg visit.

Finishing with these gold-compound meetings, she felt that a trip to Africa would be incomplete without a visit to the scenes of Livingstone's greatest achievements. On August 2, a thousand-mile journey by train brought her and Mrs. Bresee to Bulawayo, terminus of the South African Railway. During the day they took a quick side trip of some twenty miles to view the grave of Cecil Rhodes, who had pioneered commercial development in Africa, as Livingstone had opened the nation to the gospel.

Not far away flowed the mighty Zambezi to form Victoria Falls, the most spectacular water view in the world. On the following day Mrs. Fitkin visited the scene. As she stood on the banks of the Zambezi, and looked upon the smokelike spray that arose from the falls, her heart thrilled with Livingstone's challenge, who had cried out, "*Anywhere—provided it be forward!*"

She relived in memory the life of this missionary, his sacrifices for Christ's cause, who mapped Africa's heart with geographic precision, became one of the world's greatest explorers, healed the open sore of slavery, and gave his heart to African soil. She recalled the night when he had *died on his knees*, to be buried in Westminster Abbey, before which sacred entombment she had stood with bowed head.

Looking up by faith, she determined—as she always challenged Nazarene women—to *go forward on her knees for God and missions.*

Nine

“LET US GO UP AND POSSESS THE LAND”

The white harvest field of missions filled Susan Fitkin with a determination “to do something about it,” as Andrew Fuller had said to William Carey, after he preached the memorable sermon that resulted in the birth of the modern missionary movement. Henceforth as Carey proclaimed in the sermon, she vowed “to attempt great things for God, and to expect great things from God.”

She had seen missions in action on the African field. There were needs indescribable among the kraal-living natives. She wanted to turn this God-given vision into missionary dollars, missionary prayers, and missionary actualities in terms of new buildings for the Bible training of native workers, dispensaries, homes for the missionaries, and a thousand other things for which the foreign fields clamored. This was to be no daydreaming program, coming out of the African visit. Rather it was to be one of travel, a speaking campaign geared to high tension, and a desire to cover the entire church with Africa's story of distress.

She could not wait until she was in America to initiate this campaign, but in co-operation with the district leaders of the British Isles, she scheduled three group conventions among the British Nazarenes. Here she opened Africa to them, thrilling them with news of missionary conquests in that dark land. She devoted one meeting exclusively to the women, when she presented a challenging program for them to carry out.

On returning to the States, she launched a full-time missionary crusade among the various districts. She visited six eastern district annual meetings, the burden of her message being "Africa, Dark Africa." She told them of sin and disease and distress, and the white spot of hope missions had made among these otherwise benighted people. A heavy speaking schedule kept her busy traveling, and between conventions was an amazing rush of correspondence that called for answers. General and district officers were contacted with letters, suggestions, and reports.

When she made her report at the February, 1928, W.F.M.S. Executive Committee meeting, she said, "In all my journeys I have covered 34,100 miles. How wonderful to have God's presence and preserving care all the way. . . . A backward glance reminds us of the wonderful grace and blessing God has given us, and we pause to return thanks. His mercies have not only followed, but overtaken us, and His holy presence has been more real and precious than before."

She whispered a secret to her fellow committee women that God had enabled her and Mr. Fitkin to give for missions more than \$14,000 that year. On returning from Africa, she published, at her own expense, *A Trip to Africa*, delineating what she had seen in that land. All money received from the sale of the book went directly back into the missionary cause. That original "fifty cents expense donation" had again grown to enormous proportions. The travel expense for the year had run into more than eight thousand dollars, the benefits of which travel accrued directly to missions.

The first part of the 1928 work year was devoted to assisting in preparing a missionary hymn book, a history of the W.F.M.S. for the past twelve years, prayer cards, and other missionary literature. February and March were "on-the-march" months, for she carried the

inspiration of her African trip to fifteen districts. She spoke in conventions and all-day meetings, addressed women's groups, and appealed to assembled ministers to do more for the missionary cause.

During this time she sold several hundred copies of her African travel book, and set a glowing standard for the women's study course to achieve. Nor could she forget the Prayer and Fasting League, for everywhere she appealed for members. On March 16, when speaking to the Southern California W.F.M.S. convention in Los Angeles, she told them that a small African boy, after joining the Prayer and Fasting League, had said, "This means to deny ourselves food, and wait on God in prayer until we receive what we ask for."

During this time she received a letter from Willie Young, the African who had acted as her interpreter while in that country.

"I am very glad to have time to write to our Mother Nobantu," Willie said, "and to let you know your interpreter is in Africa working for God, trying to bring the lost souls to Him, and He is helping very much. . . . Oh, we had a wonderful revival here at the girls' home. We did not have school for eight days, except preaching and praying. We prayed and prayed. One Sunday we prayed all night long until sunrise. Then we went out with mighty shouts of praise. Many prayed through that night."

Leading up to the first quadrennial convention of the W.F.M.S., convening in Columbus, Ohio, on June 11, 1928, Mrs. Fitkin continued addressing conventions on various districts. On March 27 and 28, she spoke at the Bethany, Oklahoma, convention, traveling on to address an Indianapolis women's meeting the following day, and visiting a Columbus, Ohio, district convention on March 30.

This closely knit speaking schedule continued until she was able to tell the Columbus quadrennial convention that "the Lord has opened the way for me to visit nearly all the districts in the homeland. This has been not only a great pleasure, but very profitable also, as there is nothing that can take the place of personal contact."

Looking back over the past four years there were many things to inspire confidence in a greater future. While God had enabled the W.F.M.S. to do amazing things during that time, these achievements were but the springboards from which to reach forth for greater accomplishments. She felt that "we have only well begun," and she urged the women to take for their motto for the next four years, "There is much land to be possessed, and we are well able to go up at once and possess it."

And these accomplishments, coming from "reaching-forth" attempts, as challenged by Isaiah, had results in nearly a quarter of a million dollars being raised for missions by the W.F.M.S. during the quadrennium. The five thousand dollars plus given for missions by the women from 1915-1919, had grown during the next four years to more than sixty thousand dollars. And this amount had been reached on the average each year since 1924 until 1928. So God had thus prospered the concentrated "dustpanning" of Susan's original brigade.

Mrs. Fitkin, as world president of the society, felt that numbers had little meaning in terms of personality and consecrated efforts, still they did point the way to growth. Four years previous, she told the church, there had been only 24 district W.F.M.S. organizations with 284 local societies. But the general secretary, Mrs. E. G. Anderson, informed the Columbus convention that "now there are forty-one organized district W.F.M.S.'s with 842 local societies."

During this time Susan thrilled at the prospect of local and district organizations being set up on the foreign fields. There were then, according to the statistical secretary's report, local missionary societies in six foreign lands. Africa had three societies with 175 members, and it had been the world president's privilege to organize the first African society. Barbados had nine societies; Trinidad was blessed with four; China with six; Japan with four; and Mexico had set up five local societies.

All these carried the missionary banner and felt the guiding touch of that sickly Canadian girl, Susan Norris, who in 1890 offered herself for China service to J. Hudson Taylor, only to be turned down because of ill health. God had solved the health problem by healings and a daily supply of energy during the years, and Mrs. Fitkin, then with thirty-eight years of home and foreign missionary service behind her, praised God for the constant flow of blessings that had streamed from the heavenly regions into her body and soul.

Step by step the organization had grown from that 1915 baby in the church officialdom, with new departments being added as demands arose. Nazarene young women were fully cared for by their own organization, as well as the children in the Junior Society. There was also a closely knit study course outlined for the local societies. This has been carried on so well that at present the annual sale of the missionary study course books outstrips all other book sales among the Nazarenes.

Susan early realized the value of missionary information. Missionary vision, she knew, came from foreign lands' information, and this coursed toward one stream—that of giving for God's cause in the heathen world. During these formative years, the W.F.M.S. roots must go deep into the spiritual soil of Nazaredom, and as world president, Mrs. Fitkin would not be satisfied until the

W.F.M.S. program had touched every Nazarene woman's heart and purse.

Giving, to her, must be correlated with knowledge. And where there was a study course chairman to impart knowledge, there were a dozen others intent upon opening consecrated pocketbooks.

Lest there be a runaway organization in the ranks of the Church of the Nazarene, that had by this time taken on global proportions, Susan, always a church-woman, urged the society and its leaders to be a vital part of all denominational functionings. At an earlier General Assembly, the general W.F.M.S. president had been seated as a delegate to this parent body. At the Columbus quadrennial convention memorials were presented to the General Assembly, concurrently meeting in Columbus, that each district president be a member of the district assembly. This representative contact between society and denomination went on down the ladder until in time each W.F.M.S. president sat as a member of the local church board.

Susan planned for the society to be a missionary spearhead in Nazarene thought, program, and content, and not a separate church within a church. What blessed Nazarene progress around the world, she knew blessed the woman's society, which had once more honored her by election to its highest office, world presidency. This was to be no separatist movement, as she dreamed it, and her fellow officers programed it through the many years. It was to be the heart of the Nazarene missionary cause, working through the ranks of women on the march for God's foreign cause.

The world president, in council with godly women whose names are numerous and heart-tingling in memory, through the years formulated a strategic principle that has never been cast aside. She recalled that the so-

ciety's original charter commanded them to "dispense missionary information-inspiration and raise missionary funds." It had said nothing about the dispersal of these women-garnered gifts. Nor have the faithful leaders of the society, whose term of service continuity runs back many years—some even to the movement's incipency—ever asked to dictate dispersal policies.

Mrs. Fitkin on her knees had seen the vision of global Nazarene missions. She had heard the plaintive call of the natives, pleading that the gospel be sent them. This demanded money—and to raise money wisely and the most effectively, she knew, there must be organization. From this vision, in those faraway early days as aided by other vision-minded women, came the money-raising burden, resulting in a world group known as the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

Each act of Susan's presidency for the past thirteen years had been designed for this money-raising objective. Her plea had been, "Women of the Nazarene world, pour a stream of gifts into the church treasury." There were others to whom the church had delegated the task of dispersing these missionary funds. There was not an ounce of dictatorial inclination in the world president's leadership strategy, nor among the women with whom she served.

Susan Fitkin's soul cry, after returning from Africa, became, "Give to lift fallen humanity from the ditch of heathenism! Give to carry the gospel of our Master around the world! Give for global conquest, to push back the frontiers of paganism and world degradation!"

She looked out upon the world and saw the unpossessed territories, where Christ's banner had not been planted, and she challenged those Nazarene women at Columbus with lands yet unpossessed, saying, "We are well able to go up at once and possess it."

Her world vision was enlarged at the Columbus assembly, for here she conversed with numerous missionaries from a global front. Most of these she knew through a flowing line of correspondence. But to talk with them of world needs, to feel the heartbeat of their spiritual enthusiasm, to explore the depth of their consecration built up a reservoir of determination to accomplish more for missions during the next four years than ever before.

Everywhere the cry went up from these foreign workers, "Give us more money. Send us more missionaries. Build us more buildings, better equip our medical missionary enterprises, give us more schools, support more native Bible women and evangelists . . . give, give, give!"

Their burden became her load, and as she started her missionary itinerary, she began to clamor for money, Prayer and Fasting League money, Indian head pennies, relief and retirement funds, money for missionary specials, money for native workers' support. She opened her pocketbook and gave more than ever before. Nor did she forget the prayer-channel approach to money raising. She had found in the days of her penury that needs can be supplied through prayer when every other avenue is closed.

"Many times we were driven to prevailing prayer," she wrote in *Grace Much More Abounding*. "But in these emergencies God did not fail our faithful women as they encouraged themselves in their God, and grace truly did abound more and more as difficulties multiplied. The battles were fierce, but the victories greater than before."

The five months following the general assembly were spent in intense deputation work. She saw the growing possibilities opening for the society, and went forth on a speaking campaign to create a higher tension of enthusiasm among the women. She could not rest until the burden of her soul had become the working program

for the general society. At Columbus she had endeared herself to leaders among the women everywhere. They felt the surging dynamic of her personality. Consequently numerous invitations came for her to address annual gatherings. In these meetings she knew it would be possible to enlarge the vision of the societies better than by any other means. Hence she arranged a closely knit speaking schedule that took her nation-wide to conventions and rallies.

Traveling Californiaward, she held conferences with the members of the W.F.M.S. General Council, and helped plan the forthcoming program. Greetings were sent the new Council members, and with those in charge of the literature program, she assisted in outlining a balanced study diet for the coming years.

There were rallies held in the Kansas City and St. Louis Nazarene churches, and conventions at Indian Lake, Michigan, where the Michigan District W.F.M.S. annual convention met in August. She visited the Missouri District woman's missionary conclave, held at Des Arc, where she pleaded with the women for greater gifts of money and prayer. The Oklahoma assemblies found her speaking to their delegates on missions. To Kentucky, thence to Texas, at the Dallas annual W.F.M.S. meeting, and on to the Pacific Coast, she circled the nation for annual meetings and district assemblies where she was a welcomed guest and a scheduled speaker.

On a western tour, God made it possible for her to visit the Navajo Reservation, where she saw suffering and privation of the lowest type.

"My heart was strangely moved as I visited the hogans," she writes, "and saw the destitution and learned that thousands of these human beings, our brothers and sisters in our very midst, worship the sun and tall mountains, the trees and almost everything, even to coyotes

and rattlesnakes. I even heard some of them declare that they had never heard about God."

God placed the Indians on her prayer schedule, and as she prayed she began to create a denominational determination to send missionaries to the Navajos and their fellow tribesmen. This program has gone steadily forward, as abetted by others, until at present there is a well outlined, concerted Nazarene program and district work among the American Indians.

The call of missions south of the border had been loud in her ears for some time, and early in December, 1928, she began her second missionary tour which introduced her to Mexico and Mexican Nazarenes. Her traveling companions on this trip were daughter Mary Louise, and Rev. and Mrs. E. Y. Davis, long-term missionaries among Latin Americans. Her objective was to visit the Mexican Assembly, convening at Mexico City, and to come into contact with the leaders of the Nazarene movement in that nation.

On the train trip southward, she was introduced to the usual sights of the nation, peon poverty, huts made out of bamboo, cacti, and old gasoline cans. She saw mantilla-draped señoritas, barefooted senoras on their way to the cathedrals, and serape-covered men as they lounged in the sun. There were ragged, dirty urchins playing around the stations, lop-eared donkeys, whose time was spent in fly-fighting. Unkempt street scenes were in vivid contrast to the neat towns and villages of the United States. Everywhere the clock of time had been turned backward from one to five centuries.

Here was degradation to match Africa, spiritual needs the equal of any land on earth. The blight of Catholicism pock-marked the people, limited their spiritual visions. She learned that priests, supposed leaders in the morals, were in fact the most immoral. High rates of illegitimacy,

running above ninety per cent in places, she learned, were due to the terrific price the Catholic church charged for marriages, even among the lowest peon classes.

"I wish you could get a glimpse of how these poor people live," she wrote in *Over in Old Mexico*, a booklet describing her Mexican travels. "Over here is a little brush shelter, one end entirely open. They tell me this is the kitchen. An old Indian woman is sitting on the dirt floor, patting out tortillas which she will cook on a plain piece of tin placed over a few lighted sticks. She does not even have a charcoal stove.

"It reminds me of the scenes I saw in Africa, for she is decorated with an abundance of cheap jewelry, necklaces, bracelets, rings on every finger, long dangling earrings. However, the long braids of black hair falling down to her waist, and the sharp features, recall me to Mexico and the Indians."

On December 12, she visited the Fiesta de Guadalupe, who is the Mexican patron saint. At the Guadalupe Cathedral a few miles outside Mexico City, she saw crude, religious heathenism at its highest tempo. Guadalupe, so the legend runs, was let down from heaven in a sheet, and was first seen by a drunken Indian. The Indians at once built a chapel on top of a hill, where the saint was supposed to have landed; later this became a cathedral, with all the Catholic trappings. On the feast day she watched the massive crowds as they trudged to the cathedral. The array of burning candles was amazing, for the people believe that if they burn candles to the saint on this day, their year will be blessed with happiness and marked with prosperity. But to omit the candle burning lays them open to the malice of evil curses galore.

In Mexico City were foreign-landish market scenes. Here orchids were bought for as low as twenty centavos a dozen; fly-blown goats and kids, recently skinned and

blood dripping, hung from nails in rafters, serapes and ponchos, Mexican leather goods and rugs were arrayed for the purchaser, whether he be peon or upper strata official.

Mexican cathedrals awed her with their elegance, but moved her to compassion by scenes of breast-beating Indians, on their knees, wailing cries for an inward peace which could not be found. The priests and the upper classes languished in luxury, she learned, while the peons trod a road of despair and need. Tortillas, enchiladas, tamales, parched corn and the ever-present chile formed the basis of their foodstuffs.

Great were the spiritual needs she faced in this land of exotic beauty and tropic skies. Sight-seeing was interesting, for near by were pyramids of Indian day, and relics of the old Aztecs. In the museums she was brought face to face with centuries of Aztec and Mexican history in an array of archaeological articles as storytelling as any to be found in world museums. She learned to love Mexico City, as delightful a city as is to be found anywhere in the world.

Thrown against the backdrop of need among the people were the Mexican Nazarenes, led by Drs. Santin and Morales, spiritual giants among the folk. At the district assembly, she met with the people, and through the Davises, acting as her interpreter, she caught the trumpet call of their faith and sacrifice. Throughout the nation were scattered the scenes of their spiritual victories, to say little of those places where their gospel campaigns had been hard fought.

Warmhearted Latin friendship welcomed her as she spoke to the assembly on the glory of the woman's foreign work, which had long since taken on world proportions. The year previous the Mexican W.F.M.S. had been organized. Though a baby among the global so-

cieties, still it was a lusty child whose hearty progress blessed the world president.

As preachers made their reports, Susan Fitkin was given a glimpse into the fabric of the Mexican soul. She saw herein faith of the highest order, and heard stories of prayer conquests, where Catholic-pagan persecution had been outridden by a tidal wave of achieving faith. Young preachers, trained in the Mexican Nazarene Seminary, located in the capital city, spoke of opening closed churches through prayer, and literally praying in the pesos needed to construct buildings and feed their families.

Flores, blind preacher, singer, musician, arose to thrill the audience with stories of many souls won in his ministry. Here also testified those whose mission consisted of tract dispensing, house-to-house evangelism in opening a city to the work of God.

Homeward bound, these victories were matched in Juarez, where Santos Elizondo had built a church and an orphanage. The force of her godly personality, Mrs. Fitkin found, had literally been stamped upon the city. Across the border in El Paso, Texas, the party thanked God for the Mexican trophies of God's grace they had seen. These opened a well of spiritual fervor in Susan's soul. Once more in W.F.M.S. harness, she called for a strategic march throughout all Latin America, whose doors were flung wide for Nazarene entrance.

LEADERSHIP STRATEGY FOR GLOBAL NEEDS

Arriving home in time for Christmas, Mrs. Fitkin made hasty preparation for the General Council Meeting in Kansas City, convening on January 12, 1929. Feeling that she must pass the vision on to these world leaders, she prayed that God would place the burden so upon her soul that she might be enabled to inspire them to see the divine possibilities south of the border. She was deeply stirred in her own thinking by conditions among our Latin neighbors.

There she had seen appalling spiritual needs. Catholicism had drugged the people to moral lethargy, as she had discovered through personal contact with the cathedrals and in conference with Mexican leaders of thought and church. The gospel of redemption, that had withstood the attacks of the centuries, she knew, was Mexico's only hope, as it was also the hope of all Latin America. She was anxious to harness the soul power of Nazarene women to these problems in a greater degree than heretofore.

God gave Susan Fitkin the gift of seeing the latent abilities which were dormant among her Nazarene sisters, and she took it upon herself to awaken these. She knew there were millions of dollars within Nazarene borders that could be raised for missions. Her executive strategy called for the woman's society to formulate a better approach to tapping this reservoir of unreached gifts.

On arrival at Kansas City, she launched into the program of the Council with a full charge of enthusiasm.

Telling Council sisters of what she had seen, she said, "I am planning a little booklet . . . trusting that God may use it to awaken a greater heart interest in this needy field."

This had been her travel goal throughout the thousands of miles of world circling. She was motivated not by the pleasure of sight-seeing, but the desire to know world conditions that she might thereby use this knowledge to foster missionary progress. Her own powers were too limited, she told those sitting in concourse with her, but she stood upon God's promise, as made vocal by Paul, "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."

This had been the foundation stone in her character building from the time she delivered her first Christian message in public: not self but God, not human efforts, but divine power working through consecrated vessels.

She had been so busy during 1928 that she had no time for record keeping, miles traveled, money given, but she did sense God's immediate empowerment for service.

"I cannot give you the numbers of letters written or miles traveled this year," she told the Council at Kansas City. "I have been too busy to keep a record. Neither can I tell you the amount of money expended, but I can declare to the glory of God that it has been the best year of my life. And I praise God for all the victories given."

This was the source of her enablement, the key to her strength, this constant trust in the Heavenly Father for service empowerment and guidance. What a glorious year she was to help the society launch at the break of 1929. Her program demanded new horizons, broadened skylines of missionary progress and needs, new scenes of world conquest as being etched on foreign soil by Nazarene compatriots.

The general society had distributed her African book by the thousands, and she decided to put in print the story of her recent missionary journey to Mexico. All of this, she sensed, would be used of God to awaken someone to greater attempts for global service. Hence she pushed through the press hastily as possible, *Over in Old Mexico*, printing it at her own expense that the returns might go directly into the missionary cause.

She urged the W.F.M.S. to assume a missionary budget of \$60,000 in addition to an eight-thousand-dollar fund for "specials," or those extra budget items which the Board of Foreign Missions sanctioned. All this required a greater vision, wider information, more sacrifice, and a deeper concerted effort at money-raising. When the treasurer made her report for the year 1929, that \$68,000 had almost been doubled. For Nazarene women, through the society which Susan Fitkin had fostered as world president since 1915, had become missionary minded.

Mrs. Fitkin determined to bring the alluring facts of each Nazarene mission field to the society. She knew out there, pin-pointing the globe, were missionaries whose victories matched any that had tramped under Christ's banner during the centuries. And if these spiritual triumphs could be visualized for Nazarene women, it would result in greater missionary gifts.

She cast her eyes to the Orient, to Japan, China, and the Holy Land, where battles were being fought by heroic missionaries. In the land to which J. Hudson Taylor had dedicated his life, and to which she had at one time longed to go, were the Kiehns, the Wieses, Dr. and Mrs. R. G. Fitz, and their fellow workers. In Japan were the Eckels and Staples; in Palestine were the Krikorians; India had its men and women of faith and triumphs. Mrs. Fitkin determined in God's time to actualize these achieving personalities for Nazarene women, by visits to those countries.

She wanted her soul to be cast in the foreign mold, her life to exude the foreign touch. She aimed to be at home in any mission land. She was able to make others see kraal life among the Zulus, for she had been there herself. When she pleaded the cause of Mexican missions, she brought tears to her listeners' eyes, since she had traveled through Mexican scenes, and looked at the problems through Santin's and Morales' eyes.

Just at this time Nazarene history was being written in large letters by J. I. Hill and others no less consecrated under tropic skies in the West Indies, especially in Barbados and Trinidad and surrounding islands. With thousands of dollars assumed that year by the W.F.M.S., as president, Mrs. Fitkin felt she must do all within her power to create enthusiasm by charging her spoken messages and published articles with on-the-field experiences. The decision to visit the West Indies was no sooner made than put into effect.

New York snows were piled high when Mrs. Fitkin and Mary Cove sailed southward on February 16, 1929. The voyage afforded a recharging time for the exhausted batteries of body and soul. However, she was not traveling for health, but for soul passion, an enlarged vision, an increased burden for the lost world. Here was time for prayer, when she and her companion might clear their own thinking by pointing it toward heaven's blazing light. How could she be indifferent, she felt, when the world has multiplied more heathen than even name-bearing Christians? Or when the heathen population increased through birth alone faster than Christians were carrying the gospel to them? After two thousand years of Christian effort, there were still more heathen that had never heard of Christ's glorious life than there were on earth at the time of His birth.

These thoughts challenged her, and the pace of the ocean liner as it sailed by Florida's golden coast, reached

the Caribbean waters, and neared Barbados was too slow. There was a tempest in her soul, a longing to be surrounded by the missionary scenes. As they came to this land of perpetual summer, Susan's heart overflowed with the thought of once more fulfilling her foreign missionary call.

She knew thirty-nine years before God had challenged her with the words, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel." And once more she was nearing the moment when this call should be carried to fruition. She prayed that God would give her trophies from the West Indies, won to the Master under her own ministry. Nineteen years later she made a brief review of that trip and the answer to that soul-cry, by writing, "West Indies, 1929, souls seeking God at all churches, and all Nazarenes in every service joined the Prayer and Fasting League."

She had dug diamonds for the Lord out of African soil. There were Mexican stars in her crown that she had won, and now the moments were slipping upon her when also she should add West Indies' trophies of grace to her spiritual laurels. Not that she looked upon soul winning in foreign lands selfishly, or to add an iota to her evangelistic luster, but she had been commanded thirty-nine years earlier to "preach and teach in all nations. . . ." All of this she was anxious to be doing under the tropic skies of the Caribbean.

Arriving at Bridgetown, she was soon in a launch and shuttled to the shore, where Rev. J. I. Hill, superintending Nazarene missions in Barbados, welcomed her. Here she completely yielded herself to the glamor of the tropics. And what a tropical paradise it was. She found tropic fruits in abundance, an undreamed-of array of papayas and coconuts, etc. There were exotic trees, new in nature and name, such as the iron tree, banyan trees, rattan trees, and even rope trees.

The land rioted in exquisite color. Bougainvillias raced tree-high and enwrapped with a tangle of green leaves and brick-tinted and scarlet blossoms the supporting trees that were larger than houses. She saw cannon-ball trees, covered with large green balls, from which they derived the name. The rope trees were a lacery of long and rope-like branches or tentacles, that grew and grew in length until there seemed to be no end.

The green island was set in the emerald of the ocean, which gently lapped the sandy shores. Nature's green thumb blessed with fecundity every spot of the island, until it burst with vegetable life.

Yet it was not these native sights that Mrs. Fitkin and Miss Cove traveled southward to glimpse. One black man, for most of the natives originated in Africa and spoke English, in their sight was worth more than all the picturesque beauty of the emerald isles. And they launched into a speaking, traveling, church-visiting program that gave them an intimate knowledge of the missionary work.

They met poverty-stricken natives, jammed too tight on the island for either health, happiness, or prosperity. They visited great sugar cane plantations on which the dark men and women lived and worked as in those past near-feudal days.

Out of all this had come soul victories, she told herself, when she met many of the six hundred Nazarenes who had been won to the Lord during the past two and a half years' work. The evangelistic program was intense, and the natives yielded to God's call. Many churches had already been built, and though small, they were packed to overflowing. At times the feeling tide raced high, when the Lord met with the Christians. Mrs. Fitkin describes one such scene which took place in Bridgetown.

"The old familiar songs rang out," she writes in *Under Tropic Skies*, "reverberating up and down the narrow street. A young girl stood on one side of the ring with her hands upraised and a heavenly look on her face as they sang, 'Power in the Blood.' A man walked up and down in the center of the ring, and several were clapping their hands in perfect rhythm.

"The prayers were beautiful and unctuous. The way they testified was interesting. When they came forward to speak almost everyone began by singing a chorus. All at once somebody started to sing, 'By and By, When the Morning Comes,' and their loads seemed to fall off. The memory of their days of toil and poverty and suffering faded away as they thought of that glad day."

The flood of intense feeling broke loose, and one after another moved into the ring of testifiers, and began to praise the Lord with tears streaming down their cheeks, hands uplifted to heaven. God had visited that tropic scene, and the stamp of His glory was upon the natives who had been redeemed by Jesus' blood.

Barbados yielded to Trinidad, where they saw spiritual degradation matching that of the previous island. The jungles near by rang with the chatter of monkeys and the cry of parrots; deer and wild hog, poisonous cobras and huge snakes slithered through the undergrowth.

They crossed trails with Mohammedans and Hindus from India, carrying with them their religious rites, temples, and superstitions. The native home-huts were formed of bamboo and thatched, the furnishings crude, the food tropic, the children diseased and dirty. Here too were trophies of the Master's power. Mrs. Fitkin absorbed these in-harness missionary scenes, buried them deep in memory, so that when she returned to the States she might relive them before an audience. She was a

traveler with a purpose. Her missionary zeal was intense. While she had asked J. Hudson Taylor to send her to China, to circumscribe her labors to that nation, God had opened global doors to her entrance.

God wanted her to visit distant scenes that she might, like a bee, load her soul with missionary honey, so that when she returned home she could deposit it bit by bit in some Nazarene hive. Here others dipping into its lore and sweetness would feed their souls on their foreign-lands' inspiration.

One of Mrs. Fitkin's last meetings in Trinidad was with the W.F.M.S., some thirty members being present. As world president, she told them "how God is blessing in America, Canada, the British Isles, and also in Africa and in other foreign lands." When she showed them curios from Africa, the natives were astonished, and many were happy to know that their homeland folk—Africa, from which they had come—were receiving the gospel of salvation. "At the close of the service," she says, "everybody there who was not a member of the society eagerly joined."

On returning home, she scheduled an active campaign to cover the nation for missions. Her soul was burning with a heavenly fire. Her skylines of outlook were broader, and her national horizons more distant. Her mental grasp took in a new world, new faces, and new glories which she had beheld of God's working among the redeemed of other races. She could not rest or remain idle. She had barely touched American soil when she began a speaking tour through five southern states in conventions and assemblies. She pleaded for missions, for consecrated dollars through which the donor's prayers might literally encircle the globe.

Rushing her new book, *Under Tropic Skies*, through the press, she assisted the society in broadcasting it

throughout the world. Thousands were sold, and the money received, dollar by dollar, was held in the W.F.M.S. treasury until the following January, when at the Council meeting a plea was presented from J. I. Hill for a vitally needed church. After some time of prayer, God laid it on Mrs. Fitkin to add another thousand dollars to the money from her West Indies' book to build that Barbados church.

Circling the nation once more she told the West Indies' story of triumph to the assemblies throughout the north-west. With a soul passion motivating and exuding an emotional appeal from her addresses, she made this tropic land of Nazarene victories live for her audiences. Through California and the Southwest she came with the story of God's grace that is shining forth among these dark hearts. Writing of the trip, she says, "This last trip took us to eight assemblies, where we rejoiced over the victories our dear women had gained."

The name places, recorded in her diary, which she visited after this Barbados trip, read like a railroad time table. These take in such places as Jasper, Alexandria, Atlanta, Fairfax, Hattiesburg—cities throughout the Southeast; Brooklyn, Richmond Hill, Beacon, Allenhurst, Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Nampa, Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, Berkeley, San Francisco, Los Angeles; Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, and New York. "Everywhere," says the diary, "I spoke on Barbados, Africa, Mexico." And recorded therein are such notes as "Seventy-four joined the Prayer and Fasting League," "People greatly stirred," "Nearly twice their budget pledged," etc.

God vitalized her messages that they might be used to arouse the people to greater missionary giving. She had seen missions in action, heard the heart cries of the redeemed from other lands, and knew that grace triumphs in Africa, Trinidad, Barbados, Mexico, the same as in Amer-

ica. Among the Navajos she had met Indians who had been redeemed, and watched the burst of glory that came from their faces as they spoke of God and the salvation with which He had transformed them.

When she addressed an audience, she had the power of making her listeners see these transformations, wrought in human lives by God's hands in lands afar. It was this capacity to emotionalize her messages that aroused the people to greater gifts, and stirred them to a more concentrated effort at completing their missionary task.

In the midst of these spiritual triumphs, God was to lay Mrs. Fitkin aside that He might afford her a new vision of divine power working in the human body. For many years now she had felt the complete healing and refreshing spirit in her own physical being. Early she had learned to trust God for an incoming tide of energy from sources beyond herself. She relied upon this to sustain her amid the heavy burdens of the office she held. Her health had been without a break for some time.

Returning each time from these foreign trips, she had thrown herself into speaking tours that crisscrossed the nation with little thought of conserving the vital supply of nerve and heart energy. She was so vision-burdened that she could not dare do otherwise. Out there in heathen darkness, missionaries—Schmelzenbach, Hynd, Robinson, Shirley, Penn, Hill, Santin, Morales, and scores of others—were spending themselves in God's service without stint or withdrawal of self from the fray.

"And how," she reasoned, "can I do otherwise than they?"

Consequently, these speaking engagements began to tell upon her body. In due time God laid her aside, and the doctors told her, "Your public ministry is completely finished. Your nerves, your entire system has collapsed and your service is finished."

Physicians, in giving her a stimulant, brought sad news as to the status of her heart, saying, "This heart stimulant must be taken at the rate of eight drops twice a day for the rest of your life."

The news, coming in the midst of a heavy schedule, was soul rending, and as the doctors recommended a western trip to recuperate her strength, she visited California. Here she hoped to drink in enough sunshine to revitalize her again. But this attempt was worthless. Once more the doctors recommended, "A trip to Hawaiian Islands. . . ."

Thoroughly believing in the chain of divine providences, each link of which was joined with the others in a golden sequence of God-directed events, she took the matter to her Heavenly Father in prayer. Once in Hawaii, she could not throw off the burden which God had placed on her soul. And in her visits with daughter Mary Louise to the popular sight-seeing places, her interests did not stop at usual surface conditions or views. She was missionary minded, and underlying the exotic beauty of the islands she constantly heard the heartthrobs of humanity without God.

Daily she thought upon what she saw, that strange intermixing of the races, the veneer of Christianity thrown in weird contrast against heathen temples, altars, and hideous images. Daily she saw the people worship these gods of wood and stone, and as she watched, a burden possessed her to tell the women of the Nazarene world of their need of the true gospel. She drank in views of raw heathenism, matching anything she had witnessed in Africa or Mexico or Barbados. She met people, hungryhearted but with none "to care for or comfort, none to answer their prayers and without hope in the world."

Here were Japanese with their Buddhist priests and their temples, and their priest-training college. Near by

were Chinese temples, or Indian places of worship, and from the distant hills came the echo of those who yet followed the paganism of their ancestors.

The natural beauty, she realized, was only a trapping that draped the sin-sick sore of heathenism. Standing by the ceaseless tide of humanity, running the gauntlet of national colors and creeds, she felt a strange soul yearning to light their path with a gospel glow.

"How my heart yearned over these neglected ones in our own land," she writes in *Grace Much More Abounding*. "Why should they not know about the wonderful love of a heavenly Father and the marvelous grace that can so richly abound even where sin has abounded? 'He was not willing that any should perish,' but so many, such multitudes, have never yet heard the wonderful story of love."

God's purpose in the physical breakdown, though at the moment she did not know it, was being fulfilled. He had laid her aside for a season that He might show her the spiritual blight of these island folk, and that seeing these conditions, she might cast this scenario of need upon the souls of Nazarene women afar. When God had stamped the burden upon her mind and spirit, He was ready to teach her the needed lesson of trusting Him for physical healing once more.

"Returning home again with these added burdens on my heart," she says, "it seemed that I could not yet give up the battle, and after weeks of earnest, believing prayer, the dear Lord spoke very definitely to me through His Word, saying, 'Be of good courage, and I will strengthen thine heart.'"

Thanking God for this assurance, she stepped onto the promise He had given. At once she put away her bottle of heart drops, and soon the clear evidence of healing broke forth. When she went to the doctor for an examina-

tion, to convince him rather than herself that she was well, he said, "This is wonderful, and you do not need the heart drops any more."

During 1931 and early 1932, Mrs. Fitkin threw the burden of this new vision upon the Nazarene women afar. Despite physical conditions, affecting her for most of the first year, she continued state and district deputa-tion work. Her schedule took her once more throughout the nation and into Canada, where her very presence was an inspiration. The beautiful spirit she portrayed and the influence of her name alone made her speaking engagements times to be looked forward to. She had become so much a part of the W.F.M.S. movement that she was thought of as a Nazarene institution.

A new note had been thrown into world finance, and a new word had been engraved upon national economy, that frightful word, depression! Fortunes were lost overnight at this time. The nation's wealthiest men and women arose after these times of horror to find themselves near-penniless, and the working classes formed long bread lines. Where a dollar once was thrown away for pleasure, there were not even dimes now for necessities of food and shelter.

Yet the Nazarene foreign brigade must march on. There were retrenchments inevitable, but there must be no removals. At a cost of personal sacrifice, the Nazarene missionary movement had been launched and sustained with a global vision. The W.F.M.S. had been called forth seventeen years earlier to have a small part in financing this world program. Increasingly the shoulders of the first "dustpan brigade" had slipped under larger proportions of missionary finance.

It was now during those early thirties after the debacle of 1929 that God placed a greater burden upon Susan's soul. He had sent her afar to see global missions

in the crucible of action, and when she came back this heart interest through intimate knowledge was to be used for a practical purpose, that of stirring her Nazarene sisters to greater attempts at financing missions.

When the depression was at its worst, Mrs. Fitkin taught her W.F.M.S. sisters to go to their knees for a new inspiration, a depression finance program, and there to receive a revitalized challenge from the heavenly regions to arise and finance missions. Where their budgets and apportionments had come in dollars, it must now be raised in nickels and dimes—but there must be no stoppage in the flow. There must be no easement in the finance drive. Those faithful missionaries on the foreign field must be fed, orphans must be clothed, native evangelists and Bible women must be supported, and Bible training schools must be upheld with American dollars. This was the vow Susan's sisters made with God.

On the average the woman's society brought in over sixty thousand dollars annually for 1924-28, and even in those early depression years this was to be exceeded. At the 1932 Second Quadrennial W.F.M.S. Convention, held in Wichita, Kansas, Mrs. Fitkin told her sisters, "I, myself, or some representative whom I sent, have visited practically all the districts in the homeland." And she could have added, "practically every local church." She had delivered, according to her official report during this time, more than two hundred missionary addresses at district assemblies, annual conventions, and camp meetings and churches.

"I have traveled in safety, by land and sea, over forty thousand miles," she said. "The Lord has kept the Prayer and Fasting League upon my heart, and very definitely led in the recent plan to enroll fifty per cent of the membership of the church."

When the treasurer reported for the past four years, nearly a half million dollars had been raised by the so-

ciety during this time, practically one-fourth of the money coming from the Prayer and Fasting League alone. This was twice what it had been during the previous four years.

As general church giving declined, Mrs. Fitkin felt that this added responsibility must be assumed by the society that had elected her once more as its general or world president. There must be no evacuation of missionary fronts assumed by the denomination, she and her co-workers avowed, though there might be retrenchments. The battle through the past seventeen years of the society's existence had been hard fought. Beginnings had been small, laughably insignificant at times, yet the organization sent its roots deep into Nazarene soil.

Now when the call arose, the woman's movement possessed the working strategy, the detailed organization, and the executive know-how necessary for financing this portion of God's kingdom on the foreign front. Susan had tested the women's strength. The denomination had been the working or proving ground for their executive ability. And with depression years upon them, as well as being a formidable wall before them, Susan Fitkin and her loyal group of W.F.M.S. officers and members, now a mighty prayer and money-raising chain around the world, arose to the emergency.

This was no novice group of missionary financiers, but a seasoned brigade of money-minded women, already marshaled for any finance attempt, strategy, or program. God had prepared Mrs. Fitkin nobly for this executive position.

She had watched A. E. Fitkin's financial strategy through the years as he bought and consolidated public utilities nation-wide until he controlled one of the country's leading financial empires. Her home had been a school of finance, with the tutor one who had not only

theorized about money making, but had actualized the amassing of a fortune. Abram's had been the usual American success story, "the poor boy makes good." And through Susan's indirect contact with this financial development had accrued to her a money-handling acumen which could be purchased only through the school of experience.

God had prepared this noble woman, the lines of whose personal contact and service were world wide, for these years of financial emergency. He used her and the thousands of women serving with her in executive positions in the world W.F.M.S. to plan the strategy and actuate the program of carrying a large portion of the Nazarene missionary burden.

She assumed no aspect of lordship when this need arose. She realized that what she was at this time came only through the divine transformations of grace. She was but a Canadian girl, "saved by grace," who was willing to lay her lack of talents, her untrained self, her ransomed powers on God's service altar. It was through the divine dynamics, channeled into her consecrated life, that she was able to accomplish anything. She looked upon herself as God's handmaiden, to be used anywhere, however insignificant the post or tiny the position, as the Heavenly Father directed.

Mrs. Fitkin envisioned emergency possibilities for the W.F.M.S. during the financially lean years of the early thirties. She knew that curtailed incomes, bread lines, WPA work programs meant a greater dependence upon God, as well as an appeal for nickels and dimes, even pennies, where once the W.F.M.S. asked for dollars. She felt the answer as usual was to be found in the Prayer and Fasting League. Hence she fostered this with a renewed vigor.

She launched the 1932 program, after the Wichita General Assembly, with a heavy speaking campaign.

There were new officers to be greeted, and assimilated into the society's work camp. It was the old missionary story of need, plus new information concerning the world field, which she laid before the women of the church.

The Nazarene program faced its greatest period of emergency at this time. It seemed that only a deep-cut retrenchment would ride those rocky depression-years. And a serious curtailment on the foreign fields meant the loss of much that had been accomplished during the denomination's thirty or more years of existence. Mrs. Fitkin had launched her own ministry forty-two years before with a complete dependence upon God as the only source of supply. She had experienced the power of prayer for things small or great during these years.

What would feed her and Abram Fitkin during those early days of need would also feed the missionaries. Already at hand there was a prayer program for the Nazarenes in the Prayer and Fasting League. "Pray more," she said, "and God will hear our cry."

The denomination's extremity proved God's opportunity. "Depend upon Him to see us through," she told those women, whom she had led as world president for the past seventeen years.

"I have not been able to engage as largely as usual in active public service," she reported to the Council for the 1933 work year, "on account of the illness and home-going of my dear companion. But I have spent more time in prayer for the work and the Lord has graciously answered and kept all our hearts encouraged, and He has enabled the W.F.M.S. to do 'great things for God,' for which we praise Him."

Always humble and meek, she exhibited no braggadocio concerning her work for God. She exemplified the Master's spirit with reference to what she and Mr. Fitkin had done for Kingdom enterprises. When her husband

died in 1933 there was no reference in her reports, addresses, or articles to the large gifts he had made to charity and missions. The report of his death in the *New York Times* tells the amazing story of this poor young preacher, who early left the pulpit for the business world and amassed one of the nation's largest fortunes.

The imprint that Raleigh made upon the father's character paid large dividends for missions and charity. A. E. Fitkin poured multiplied thousands of dollars into missions in Raleigh's name and to perpetuate his memory. Building the Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital in Africa was but the beginning of these gifts. In 1930 he built the Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Pavilion at Yale University, which is a children's hospital, at an expense of \$600,000, plus an additional \$500,000 gift for an endowment.

"I held that check for a million dollars to Yale in my hands," said Rev. E. G. Anderson to the writer. "Mr. Fitkin was a man to whom money meant nothing if he could do good with it. He poured multiplied thousands into God's work."

During the same period he gave a half-million to build the Fitkin-Morgan Hospital at Asbury, N.J. This is a memorial to Raleigh and a son of Mr. Morgan, one of Mr. Fitkin's partners. Throughout the years of Mrs. Fitkin's missionary travels as president of the W.F.M.S., he financed liberally all her expenses as well as those of her companions en route. In addition there were large gifts directly to missionary causes, these amounts going far over the ten thousand mark in some years.

"While he had left the ministry, and lived during these years without God, still there was a tenderness in his heart concerning the work of the Kingdom," said Rev. E. G. Anderson, closely associated with him during these years of financial affluence. "He was a man that literally

lived under conviction. I have seen him close his door, refuse all appointments that might have meant thousands of dollars, and say to me, 'Elmer, read the Bible and pray with me.' Nor did he dispose of his early holiness and ministerial books."

On his deathbed, when he was only fifty-four, Mrs. Fitkin felt in her heart that he had returned to God. She and the ministers who were his personal friends, E. G. Anderson and W. B. Riley, prayed for hours with him, until God gave Mrs. Fitkin the assurance that he had come back to the Father's home.

"It is with a new appreciation of God's love and infinite mercy and wondrous grace that I review the past," she said to her W.F.M.S. Council sisters after Mr. Fitkin's death. "His precious presence and marvelous love have been especially realized as I passed through the waters. They did not overflow. His mercy and compassion in saving my beloved companion, just at the last moment, can never be forgotten. And I shall never cease to praise Him."

While there was to be a vacant place in her heart, still she leaned heavily upon God, and challenged the women with the appeal, "Go forward in the name and strength of the Lord." In her own program there was no let-up. Her travels to districts, throughout the nation, into Canada, were more extensive than at any other period. She circled the nation time and again during the next three years, touching practically every district. She also held missionary seminars in various Nazarene colleges. During this period she spoke more than two hundred times on missions before audiences of all types, qualities, and sizes. By land, air, and sea she traveled fifty-six thousand miles, and wrote five thousand letters, all directed toward the specific objective of "fostering missionary information and raising missionary money," according to

the basic charter with which the W.F.M.S. was launched in 1915.

Especially did she devote time to missions among the North American Indians. Speaking of the visits to the Navajo, Yuma, and Zuni reservations, she says:

"I began to realize the dire needs of the Navajos for the blessings of the gospel. My spirit was strangely stirred and the interest created there has never left me. I visited the Yuma and Zuni tribes, and my heart burden increased. I felt sure the Lord had opened these doors to the Church of the Nazarene. For He was greatly blessing and precious souls were being won to God."

Not satisfied with a well-knit W.F.M.S. program on homeland districts, she fostered the organization of national units on all Nazarene foreign fields. In 1935, she was able to tell Nazarene women the world around:

"We are delighted to be able to report that the foreign districts are now 100 per cent organized. They are stressing the Prayer and Fasting League and working some of the other departments. If they can have a little more help, we predict great achievements in the future."

With just pride she was able to watch the work of the society as it swept around the world. In this progress she took little if any praise for its success to herself. For she always felt that she was but the human instrument for God's empowerment, and it was only through the efforts of her consecrated assistants, a noble line of women whose names are legion, that this missionary work had been developed. While her program was positive in what she wanted to see accomplished, it was in no wise dictatorial. In council with others, national, district, and local officers, the strategy for world progress was mapped and carried out. It was not her program, but God's and the women's which she wished to see put into effect on the broad line of global missions.

In 1935, studying the development of this world W.F. M.S., she reported her findings to the general society. Africa, she said, led the foreign brigade. "The marvelous work being done on that field is almost incredible," she affirmed, continuing:

"India is marshaling her forces for a forward move" "Japan is doing splendid work; they are 100 per cent organized . . . over seventy-five per cent in Prayer and Fasting League. They will carry pennants back to the Sunrise Kingdom."

"China is forging ahead." "Peru sends wonderful reports of God's blessings upon their self-sacrificing efforts as they advance." "British West Indies is faithfully carrying on the work but needs help and encouragement." "Palestine has an earnest working society." "Syria has recently organized and is enthusiastic." "Central America is making progress, especially since the district organization was perfected." "Cape Verde Islands is one of the latest additions to the W.F.M.S. family." "Argentina has only recently organized, but is advancing so rapidly that they will win a pennant." "Virgin Islands is the baby in the family, but is strong and husky and growing."

One by one she epitomized these national groups, where the W.F.M.S. was being fostered on the world front. Looking back during the previous twenty years since the society had been called into being with little more than Dr. H. F. Reynolds' appointing her president of a nonexistent group, she found cause for gratitude to God for what He had wrought among Nazarene women everywhere. She remembered a few of those doors closed to W.F.M.S. entrance in the early years, the society's dubbed name, "dustpan brigade," under which it had worked for a decade. She recalled consecrated workers around the world that had passed on; Harmon

Schmelzenbach, veteran missionary; Fanny Claypool, early society historian and writer, to name but two.

Increasingly during these depression years, to paraphrase an old saying, "The church's extremity became the W.F.M.S.' opportunity." For, as offerings through regular channels decreased, Mrs. Fitkin threw the challenge at the women's group, "We must not fail God or the church." Consequently there was no backing down on budgets, apportionments, or obligations assumed. To do so would have meant failure for the society. God had called it into being years earlier, and now, it was to become the church's mainstay for missionary funds.

The success of the society's ability to finance the foreign program was to be found in the broad plan of organization upon which the world president and her co-laborers insisted. Nothing was left to chance. For every department, from the general to the local society, there was a departmental superintendent or secretary, such as, publicity, study, box work, Prayer and Fasting League, membership, medical committee, life membership, relief and retirement, native workers and orphans, Indian fund, *Other Sheep*, general contingent fund, calendars, etc.

God had blessed the society in no small manner, and when the next quadrennial convention financial report was given, it showed that more than \$450,000 had been raised for the missionary cause. This was no accident, but it sprang from a correlated program of prayer, wise executive manipulation, plus the determination of the W.F.M.S. to do their best to assist the church in the foreign missionary program. God was in this progress, for it stemmed not from chance but consecrated effort.

THE CALL TO DISTANT LANDS

Mrs. Fitkin's foreign travel program was curtailed during these early depression years. The national burden, with the necessity of increased activity in fund-raising, tied her to the homeland. There were so many calls for addresses, so great expansion going on among the national districts that she found little time to carry out her foreign travel program. Before the third quadrennial convention met in 1936, she felt she must widen her vision of the foreign world. She hoped thus to exploit her ability to inspire the women "to expect greater things from God, and to attempt greater things for God."

Consequently early October, 1935, found her and daughter Mary Louise headed for Central America via Panama Canal. This was to be a trip never forgotten. Long she had been interested in Latin America, especially since her Mexican visit some years earlier. Her heart thrilled at the prospect of enlarging Nazarene missionary holdings in the lands south of the border. She characterized this trip "as one of the greatest blessings of my life." God had put the North American Indian on her heart, and here she was to feel the burden of the Indians in the highlands of Central America.

"We visited Indian huts," she says, "Indian churches, and even baptized a tiny Indian baby, naming her Marie Lydia, and made it possible for the big brother in the family to attend the Bible Training School. I was about fifty per cent Indian before I made this trip, and I must be nearly one hundred per cent now."

Daughter Mary Louise was to write the story of this visit in a booklet, entitled *Other Americas*, wherein the pathos and victories of Nazarene missions in that land were told. As usual the proceeds of this booklet went to the W.F.M.S.

There were new and distant horizons to glimpse southward on the cruise of the liner "Santa Rosa." There was San Salvador, that tiny Bahamas island where Columbus landed, and swarthy-faced Cuba. On the left days later came green mountainous Haiti. Landing at Puerto Colombo, Colombia, they motored to Barranquilla, inward some few miles, where the visitors had a firsthand glimpse of this land, not yet touched by the Nazarene missionary crusade.

Shortly they anchored at Cristobal, the Atlantic mouth of the Panama Canal, one of the world's greatest engineering feats. The Canal Zone brought them glorious native beauty, a beauty that cloaked sin as dire as in any spot on earth.

"Everywhere is tropical vegetation in luxuriant abundance," writes Mary Louise. "The red hibiscus flowers . . . the flowering acacia trees, as well as bread fruit trees, papaya trees, and all varieties of palms. Here also tropical animals and poisonous snakes. . . . We see a huge sloth—a strange animal that looks to be half monkey and half giant reptile, hanging sleepily, eyes closed, by his great curved toes."

But it was not vegetation, luxuriant and tropical, they traveled southward to see. Rather it was to feel the heart throb of those faithful missionaries who were writing salvation history by the pagefull. Here they visited Coban and Guatemala City, and met missionaries Andersons, Ingrams, Birchards, Lane, and others.

Early one Friday morning Mrs. Fitkin spoke at the Girls' School, through an interpreter, after which they

went through the school. This proved a surprise, for the building was substantial, and the work being carried on was efficient. There were seven native teachers, principally by Neva Lane, with sixty or more girls. Later Mrs. Fitkin spoke at the Coban church and God blessed the service. Here on the following Sunday heaven was to shower them an outpouring of the Spirit during the meeting.

Jettisoned between gospel meetings were visits to neighboring scenes of historic interest, as well as to various coffee plantations. There were Saturday market trips in small Indian villages, where they saw native life in all the array of Guatemalan color. Here likewise they met the tragedy of Latin America, unmarried mothers with children from a half-dozen men, which is largely the fruit of Catholicism's high charges for marriages.

Daughter Mary Louise had the privilege of organizing the first Young Woman's Missionary Society at the Girls' School, the program of which was gladly received by the students. One very practical result that came out of this organization was the publishing of a study outline in Spanish for these young women. Standard to all the W.F.M.S. program is a study course, which must be faithfully followed. The organization of a society on a new field entails the necessity of creating this study course in the native tongue.

When Mrs. Fitkin spoke the following Sunday at the school, a revival broke out among the students and a dozen or more came forward to seek the Lord. Similar spiritual scenes were repeated at Salama and other stations visited. While speaking through an interpreter, Mrs. Fitkin insisted on decisions for the Lord in each service. She could not forsake her early evangelistic training, and spoke as "a dying soul to dying souls," pleading for commitments to God.

"We had a wonderful time," said Mrs. Fitkin, reporting the trip at the forthcoming W.F.M.S. convention, held in Kansas City, June 17, 1936. "God was with us, and at nearly every service there were seekers at the altar, and many happy finders. We were thankful for this, for we had asked the Lord before going to let us have a little part in the world-wide crusade for souls, and He did not disappoint us."

On arriving in the States, Mrs. Fitkin rushed to California where she opened a School of Missions at Pasadena College. Spending the following month in Southern California, she spoke in numerous churches. On November 21, 1935, she addressed the district W.F.M.S. Convention on the theme, "World Crusade for Souls." The glory of the Lord was apparent upon this address.

"She tuned in on an imaginary Nazarene broadcast, and we heard from our leaders in the Nazarene mission fields around the world," writes Mrs. A. C. M. Johnson, district secretary. "It was very effective and brought a 'shout in the camp.' In the evening she told of her trip to Guatemala, and expressed gratification at the work being accomplished there."

The Quadrennial Convention in Kansas City, June, 1936, was a time of rejoicing for the world president. The reports were beyond her fondest expectations. The women delegates seized the banner held aloft by Mrs. Fitkin and determined to "achieve more during the next four years than ever before." The financial burden laid upon the society's shoulders was heavier, for the world needs were daily increasing. While some light was seeping through the employment picture, by no means was the depression at an end.

She keynoted the convention by an address at the opening morning, speaking on "The Harvest." The address was illustrated by a chart of an advance guard,

and by the use of the W.F.M.S. motto, "Look, Pray, Give." Following the message, Mrs. Florence Davis, first vice-president of the society, presented Mrs. Fitkin with a bouquet, as a token of love and esteem. Speaking briefly of her devout life and unselfish devotion to the cause of missions, she asked the audience to join in singing, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

Advance had been written largely across the society around the world. New territories had been accepted in God's name, and the Prayer and Fasting League had bound up the home and foreign lands in one.

After the convention closed, Mrs. Fitkin took July and August to lay out the program for the coming quadrennium. Deep in her heart was a desire to cover the rest of the mission fields where Nazarene laborers had unfurled the banner of Christ. She had seen Africa, visited the huts of the West Indies, trailed through Mexico, carried the story of Christ to Guatemala, and now her soul-craving faced the Orient.

Out there were Japanese Christians, hundreds of them with bright and shining faces. Also the call of China challenged the fabric of her soul. Early in her missionary life she had offered herself to J. Hudson Taylor, and since then she had longed to be on Chinese soil. Korea beckoned and there was India with its teeming millions, hungry outcasts without Christ, which called her.

For many years she had planned to visit these lands, but the burden of the Nazarene program was so great during the early depression that she was unable to do so. Now she found her plans coming to fruition. With Emma B. Word, long-time laborer in the missionary headquarters at Kansas City, she set sail on August 27 for the Orient. San Francisco harbor, as she waved good-by to those on the pier, was the last sight she had of her

homeland soil. On board ship were the Eckels, who for many years had served Christ in Japan. The purpose of the trip is expressed thus:

"We felt that this was not primarily to be a sight-seeing trip," she said, "but that we were to have a definite part in helping to precipitate a world-wide revival. We also hoped to be an encouragement and blessing to our missionaries and Christians as well as to bring some of those still in heathen darkness to the light of the gospel."

The ship was Japanese and all the regalia of the Sunrise Kingdom, that might be alluring to American travelers, was used in decorating the steamer. The officers and the crew were Japanese. At times the meals were served in native fashion. Susan and her companions enjoyed a Sukiyaki dinner which was served as the voyagers were seated on the floor on mats in true Japanese fashion. On the morning of the 10th of September the ship sailed into the beautiful Yokohama harbor.

They were met by native Christians, who gladly welcomed them. Shortly Mrs. Fitkin and Miss Word visited the Yokohama sights. Here they were introduced to the various fashions of this land whose culture ran back many centuries. While the veneer, the outward shell of the civilization was modern, such as skyscrapers, automobiles, and stores that would rank with the best in civilized lands, still underneath was the heartthrob of a pagan civilization.

Mrs. Fitkin, as she looked into the faces of those that had no knowledge of Christ, felt her soul burn with anguish. She determined, once back in the homeland, to do more to spread the gospel of Christ to the pagan world than ever before. In the Japanese churches she found Christians whose testimony rang with as bright an appeal as she had heard in any land she had ever visited.

Truly they knew God and the testimony found expression in this saving knowledge.

The visitors were royally greeted at Tokyo, where the church had flourished for some time. In this imperial center they found everything that expressed the native culture. The city had more than 6,000,000 population and was spread over a large area. Here was the nerve orbit of the empire.

As Mrs. Fitkin and Miss Word went in and out of the native homes they found them flimsy according to Western ideas, but they were charming, both in array, arrangement, and in native furniture. It was not homes or universities or great idols or modern living conditions or heathen culture that these visitors traveled to see. Rather they longed to fill their minds with visions of the heart needs of these people, that once Mrs. Fitkin returned to the platform, she might so stir the conscience of American womanhood, her sisters in the W.F.M.S., that they would accept the challenge, and go forth to raise millions for missions.

Shortly the visit to Tokyo was ended and the travelers left for Kyoto, center of Nazarene missions for the past twenty-five years. Here they were entertained in the home of Mrs. Minnie Staples, our veteran missionary. She also accompanied them to the churches and interpreted for them. On this trip they passed Mt. Fuji, the most beautiful and most sacred mountain in Japan. This stood as a silent sentinel against the blue and brought to mind the fact that, though the scenery was exotic, underneath was paganism at its worst.

Little did they realize that Japan would shortly lift the war banner, and now where there was peace and beauty there would sound the muffled roar of cannons in the distance. The very lads walking the streets of these Japanese cities, within a few years would be the

men behind the guns that our American boys were to face. Nor could they envision that Hiroshima would be devastated by the first atom bomb. This at that time was something undreamed of even by science.

But Mrs. Fitkin had more on her mind than atom bombs and the roll of guns and cannons and submarines cutting the placid Japanese waters. They felt that here was a kingdom to be conquered for Christ. And in this endeavor they wanted to meet the Christian trophies that had already been won in Kyoto and the neighboring cities.

A sight that thrilled Mrs. Fitkin was the Bible Training School in Kyoto. This lovely building was a gift from Mrs. Staples to the church. Here she found fifteen brilliant young students whose number later was to be multiplied, out of which were to come the future Christian leaders, pastors, pastors' wives, and teachers of Japan.

A high light was the service in the Kyoto church conducted by the W.F.M.S. Long before, Mrs. Fitkin had met these Japanese W.F.M.S. members by way of correspondence, and by an occasional visit of a native pastor and his wife to the United States. But now to see them thrilled the world president. She had given money, raised multiplied thousands, sponsored the Prayer and Fasting League to send money to Japan, and here were the trophies won by these consecrated efforts. She determined when she returned to the homeland to carry this same gospel of the Prayer and Fasting League's sacrifice farther and deeper into the homeland churches than ever before. This she knew paid Kingdom dividends.

Visiting from church to church, city to city, the visitors carried in their hearts a full round picture of these wonderful Japanese Christians. They learned of their devotion to Christ, our Saviour and King. In time they

came to Kumamoto where the Rev. Hiroshi Kitagawa was the district superintendent. Rev. Kitagawa through the years had become well known to the American Nazarenes. Mrs. Fitkin and Miss Word felt the complete devotion of this man to the cause of Christ. Here was a cultured brother trained in the United States.

While in Kumamoto Mrs. Fitkin visited a large leper colony where the Nazarenes had a church of over a hundred members. At the service in the spacious chapel Mrs. Fitkin poured out her heart to these Christians, bond-slaves to the curse of the world's oldest disease.

"Oh, how our hearts ached as we saw these poor people," she said, "outcasts, suffering, with no hope in the world. We could only sit and weep as we looked upon their faces so marred by leprosy. Their only hope is in Jesus."

Shortly the Japanese visit came to an end, for there were yet China and Korea to see. As they sailed out of the harbor on the "Shanghai Maru," on September 29, for Shanghai their hearts drummed out the challenge as they sailed the beautiful Inland Sea. Here were thousands of islands, wherein the Japanese had settled through the decades. On arriving at Shanghai they disembarked upon Chinese soil.

They were met by Arnold Kiehn, son of Rev. and Mrs. Peter Kiehn, veteran missionaries in China. On the following morning they left by plane for Peiping, a flight of a thousand miles. The world president and her companion looked down upon tiny huts, burial mounds, rivers teeming with fishermen junks and sampans, and tiny plots of lands where, like ants, multiplied thousands of Chinese went about their daily duties. Their hearts thrilled at the thought of being able through the years, as at present, to do something for these who had no knowledge of Jesus Christ.

They were met at Peiping by Rev. Harry Wiese, district superintendent of our work in China. The trip to the Nazarene center which was then at Tamingfu was overland by train. The train was crowded to more than capacity.

When they arrived at Hantan, the nearest railroad station to Tamingfu, they were met by Rev. and Mrs. Kiehn. Mrs. Fitkin had met them many times in the homeland, but now to shake hands with them on foreign soil, Chinese soil to which the veteran Peter and his wife had long ago dedicated their hearts and their lives, was indeed a remarkable experience. There were tears in the eyes of each one.

Round about were mud cities, walls that had stood for generations. Here were sore-eyed Chinese boys and girls. There were women who were diseased, ancient, and old. Some were wrinkled like the parchment upon which many a Bible in the centuries past had been written. Mrs. Fitkin felt that these were the people for whom she must do something beyond the ordinary. For Jesus had called her to this land before the turn of the twentieth century.

Arriving at Tamingfu they were introduced to a group of Chinese Nazarenes. While Mrs. Fitkin had met African Nazarenes, West Indies Nazarenes, Mexican and Guatemalan Nazarenes, Japanese Nazarenes, and some Korean Nazarenes, this was her first time to experience the surge of emotion that came when she stood face to face with her Chinese sisters. While the color was different, they had been washed in the blood of the Lamb, and were thus sisters in Jesus Christ.

China proved a delight. Mrs. Fitkin met Nazarenes by the hundreds. Some of the congregations ran from two to five and seven hundred. While this was small in comparison to the millions that pressed round about them as they tried to walk through the streets, still it



Mrs. Fitkin and Miss Emma B. Word
in a Japanese home



At right, in Chinese dress made especially for them



Mrs. Fitkin and Miss Word
at the Ebara Church in
Japan 1936

Left, G. W. and Emma
Malone

thrilled her to realize that so many had been won for Christ in this ancient land.

Various missionaries such as the Wieses and the Kiehns and Dr. H. C. Wesche and Rev. G. W. Royall showed her China and its great needs. There were journeys to outstations, smaller villages, and even the larger towns and cities where the Nazarenes were entrenched. In one village an evening service was held where Mrs. Fitkin spoke to several hundred Chinese women, closely packed in the small chapel while Brother Kiehn preached to a large group of men in the chapel yard. Later it was learned that this was a "bandit village" where lived a band of fifty or sixty bandits. One of the highest points in the visit was a trip to the Bible Training School, where a three-day Holiness Convention was held in the beautiful tabernacle seating a thousand. Following the convention Miss Word organized the first Nazarene Young Woman's Missionary Society. Nothing brought greater delight to the American sisters than when they went to the Bresee Memorial Hospital. The W.F.M.S. had raised thousands of dollars to help make this hospital a possibility, and now to walk its corridors, and to meet the men and women who were carrying on this work of mercy brought tears to the world W.F.M.S. president's eyes.

Besides, she saw would-be patients, thousands that should have been admitted to the hospital, for whom there was no room—sore eyes, broken bodies, worn-out physiques, some suffering from leprosy, some from other unnamable diseases but all of them a mass of putrid humanity that demanded the doctor's touch.

Mrs. Fitkin went through the country on trains and in automobiles, over roads deeply rutted by mud and the wheels of wheelbarrows, oxcarts, and the feet of the tramping multitudes. It gave her a new insight into the

work which the W.F.M.S. had selected as its great field of Christian service.

She determined once back in America not to relent in her efforts to carry the story of need to every woman of the Church of the Nazarene. While the task was tremendous she felt she had an almighty Saviour who daily could give her strength for the demands. She labored not in her own effort, but in the power of the Master, who had said that He was the Great Physician, not only the Saviour of souls, but the Healer of bodies.

Mrs. Fitkin could not foresee that in a few years all this excellent work was to be overrun by hordes of Japanese soldiers in their conquest of North China. At the close of World War II the beautiful hospital, though spared of bombings, had been ransacked and all furnishings and equipment moved to the Japanese Army hospital at the railroad center and the hospital used to house Japanese soldiers. The church buildings were destroyed; the Christians, scattered. When the Chinese work was resumed once more, after the war, this great field was closed to missionaries but the faithful native workers had carried on heroically during those war years.

Little did Mrs. Fitkin realize that some of these she helped win would have their heads chopped off by sharp swords of Japanese officers. Many of her converts were to be martyred for Jesus Christ. But she had preached a gospel which said that grace was sufficient for a Chinese when God called him to martyrdom.

The Chinese visit was too soon over, and Mrs. Fitkin and Miss Word started homeward once more, with Korea yet to visit. When they arrived at Seoul, ancient capital of Korea, they found another people with outstretched hands calling for the gospel of Jesus Christ. Here they saw temples and idols and the relics of another down-

trodden civilization that bid likewise for greater effort on the part of the W.F.M.S. in the homeland.

From Korea they returned for a short visit to Japan. Here again they met representatives from the various churches who welcomed them back to their country, and when they prepared shortly to leave for the homeland by way of Honolulu, they saw large groups of the Nazarenes standing on the pier—among whom were many members of the Prayer and Fasting League. Mrs. Fitkin had emphasized this part of missionary endeavor in her visits to the churches in Japan and China. Now it touched her to realize out there, waving their handkerchiefs, were Japanese sisters, who were members of the Prayer and Fasting League—a group which God had given a global membership.

Sailing on the "Empress of Japan," indeed a floating palace, they were six days at sea before arriving at Honolulu, on October 29.

In Honolulu they found friends waiting to show them the city and the islands which have been so publicized during the years. Here they met dozens of intermingling nationalities, scores of underlying languages that were mixed in a conglomeration made up of the people now inhabiting this outpost of American civilization. The visit was all too soon finished, and once again they were headed for American shores. On arrival they had ended a journey of 20,000 miles.

"In all our travels by land, sea, and air, the Lord graciously watched over and protected us," Mrs. Fitkin said. "He had kept us from seasickness and given us strength for the strenuous days of travel for which we praise Him. The promises of God had been verified over and over again in this three months' tour.

"We had been privileged to see hundreds in Japan and China who had been saved from their heathen idol wor-

ship, and made white in the blood of the Lamb. About a hundred and fifty had joined the Prayer and Fasting League, and we had seen nearly 300 bow at the altars during our brief stay in the two fields. We give God all the glory, but what of the teeming throngs who do not know our God and still wait for us to bring them the gospel?"

This was the challenge which always had rung a bell of clamor in her heart. She was an evangelist to the center of her being, for God had called her to be a missionary evangelist. As president of a group of Nazarene women with hands stretching around the world she could not content herself with winning souls in the homeland alone. There must be trophies of grace, stars to shine in her heavenly crown, which she had won by personal efforts in the nations of the world.

Twelve

THE RIPE HARVEST

On returning home Mrs. Fitkin traveled from district to district, in conventions, assemblies, preachers' meetings, and revivals, telling the stories of China's dire spiritual poverty, of Japan's paganism, of lofty and gilded temples full of immorality and sin. Having seen these needs, the vision was etched upon her soul, and when she spoke, there was a spiritual passion motivating her.

She proclaimed that India, China, and all of the Orient called for what the church could give, but to furnish this required money. Though the depression hung heavy upon the world, this was no barrier to the women she marshaled. Whatever budgets were assigned, they accepted, and in accepting, they laid the foundation upon God's promise, *All things are possible to him that believeth.*

Mrs. Fitkin knew that with faith linked to God, money for missionary needs would be supplied. This program was written into the W.F.M.S. charter year by year. There was already at hand an institution that was prayer founded, which became the means not only of stirring up the women to greater giving, but of linking faith to God's assurances.

Her travels took her from Southern California to Maine, from Florida to Washington State, from Chicago to San Antonio, crisscrossing the nation in missionary conventions. These journeys began to pay financial as well as spiritual dividends. Around the world the faith of Susan's brigade for missions was linking itself in a great chain. This bound Nazarene women to God's

throne and when they called upon Him—whether it be from an African kraal, a Japanese house, a Chinese hut, or a Barbados home—the prayer materialized as gifts.

These gifts made possible an expanding Nazarene program. The challenge had been accepted. The appeal of foreign service became a reality in the homeland. As Susan and her colleagues proclaimed the gospel of missions, young people heard this call and answered saying, "Here am I, Lord, send me"—to Africa, Japan, China, Alaska, to the ends of the earth.

Mrs. Fitkin and the church leaders listened to God throughout the long hours of the night, the vision flamed forth until it took in not only one million for the next quadrennium but four. Little, thirty years earlier, had she dreamed that there would come times when the W.F. M.S. alone would lay on the church altars \$750,000 annually for the cause of Nazarene missions. But faith, young in 1915, linked to God's promises, leadership binding consecrated effort to the Holy Spirit's power, now became enlarged actualities. The Nazarene program developed beyond even the grandest imagination of those in leadership positions.

She declared, "Not by human effort but by divine power have we been able to achieve through the years."

Her soul was fired with this new missionary vision coming from the trip to the Orient. She labored under the thought, "Missionary information assures missionary gifts and money." Quickly with the aid of Miss Word she prepared for publication the booklet entitled *Nazarene Missions in the Orient*. In this she gave a first-hand picture of conditions as she saw them in the Nazarene service fields. When the book came off the press in the spring of 1937, thousands were bought by the women. Covering ten districts in an extensive speaking

tour she told the story of the Orient, and sold more than 3,000 copies of the book during this time.

In reporting to the W.F.M.S. council in Kansas City the following January she said that God had enabled her to travel during this time 20,000 miles and to speak 240 times on foreign missions. Once she was in a near-serious railroad accident just outside Indianapolis, but the gracious hand of God was upon her and she was miraculously protected from danger.

"Through all the many hundreds of thousands of miles that I have traveled," she said, "God has protected me so wonderfully from any harm or danger. We've flown, we've traveled on water, on railroads, and in automobiles yet God charmed my life and kept me from danger. For all this protection I praise my Redeemer."

In a trip to Los Angeles in the early summer she decided to make a personal visit with Mrs. Ada Bresee to the Nazarene missions in Argentina. She hungered for a new vision of those black trophies which God had given Rev. J. I. Hill and his colaborers in the British West Indies.

She sought to cover the Nazarene world. Wherever the banner was unfurled that carried the word Nazarene she felt God had given this as the W.F.M.S. domain. There were W.F.M.S. members in the various fields that looked to Mrs. Fitkin, world president, for leadership and inspiration. Wherever she went she wanted to bring the fire of her own soul to these women, thus to inspire them to accomplish greater things for God and missions, not only in their national homes, but in all the nations where Nazarenes were laboring for Christ's kingdom.

And after much prayer and preparation, Mrs. Fitkin in company with Mrs. Ada Bresee left New York City on October 3, 1937, for Buenos Aires, Argentina. Sailing the Atlantic coast, through the Caribbean Sea, past Rio

de Janeiro, and skirting South America Mrs. Bresee and Mrs. Fitkin enjoyed spiritual fellowship. Among Nazarene women that knew the Lord she always found a sweet comradeship.

Miss Word writing of her trip with Mrs. Fitkin to the Orient had said:

“Our companionship had always been precious. One evening after dinner on the boat to Japan, we walked the deck several times, enjoying the beautiful moonlight with its rays playing upon the waters. There were snowy clouds lacing now and then a bright moon. As we gazed on the scene a spontaneous response arose in our hearts. Mrs. Fitkin breathed these words, ‘Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.’ Her reaction was that someday Christ would come in the clouds to meet His Bride in the air. Our hearts were melted together in the thought of being with Him, and being ready to meet Him when He comes again.”

And thus sailing the Atlantic on that journey of eighteen days southward, there was a constant fellowship of two lives that had been redeemed by Jesus' blood.

Arriving in Buenos Aires on October 22, they were greeted by Nazarene missionaries, and at once Mrs. Fitkin launched upon a busy speaking schedule. During the next three weeks she covered the entire Argentine Nazarene district. Also she met the women in their annual W.F.M.S. convention. The missionaries, she discovered, had laid a strong holiness foundation for the work of Christ. Years earlier she had helped organize the Prayer and Fasting League by correspondence, and also the parent Argentina W.F.M.S.

Meeting with the district assembly, she addressed the leaders at various times. She found gladhearted people who had received the gospel. As she watched the faces

of these Argentine Christians she felt that God indeed had made of one heart and one blood those that had been redeemed by Jesus Christ.

"My heart was broken up time and again as I listened to our pastors and evangelists give reports. They spoke of the great victories that had been won for God. Some reported that they had made five and six hundred calls during the year. And one declared that while ministering to four churches or missions he had made evangelistic trips to 78 other cities and outlying districts or villages that year.

"He did not mention sacrifice but I learned that this gifted messenger of the cross had only one room back of his church and a tiny closet with a charcoal stove and a few kitchen utensils. I was reminded that the heroes of the cross have not all gone to heaven."

Mrs. Fitkin was booked for two and sometimes three services each day. This enabled her to see Argentine Nazarenes in action. She and Mrs. Bresee traveled through the beautiful cities, especially Buenos Aires. Here they found a city as modern as Paris, as up-to-date as New York or Washington, D.C., one of the most beautiful in the world. But underneath was Romanism, paganism, under the veneer of civilization. She visited the outlying places where the Church of the Nazarene had established itself. At Rosario, some 200 miles from Buenos Aires, she found a city of a half-million, where God had enabled the Cochrans to establish a flourishing work.

The trip was all too soon finished. But she carried in her heart visions of Argentina. She saw the picture of a hungry-soul nation. And she knew the Nazarene message was what that nation needed.

Early on November 9 with Mrs. Bresee she sailed for Trinidad and the West Indies on her way to New York.

She set apart sixteen days to give to the West Indies. Rev. J. I. Hill arranged a heavy speaking campaign which took her into practically all the organized churches and missions. Sometimes she spoke three and four times each day. The churches were filled, the chapels overflowed, and in some churches there were crowds that jammed the outside. Their black faces pressed heavily against the windows. Here again she saw hungry-hearted souls accept Jesus Christ as their Lord.

Nineteen hundred and thirty-eight was the most strenuous year of her Christian endeavor. During the previous year she traveled 40,000 miles by land, sea, and air. She spoke on the average almost once each day. While during 1938 she was not to travel so many miles, only 30,000, yet she was to speak practically as many times, and to crisscross the nation, visiting more than half of the states, and speaking in each many times.

During these visits she challenged the church with the call of a world-wide vision. She had seen Nazarenes in action. She knew the glory that burst from a shining face in Argentina, the gleam of black eyes in the Barbados as they testified to the power of Christ, saving them from the fear of the evil spirits. She told of redeemed Chinese that had been cleansed by the blood of Christ, and of Japanese that would sing and shout with the fervor of blood-washed Christians. This was the theme which she gave to the Nazarenes across the nation.

"The smile of God was upon this special effort," she says. "Many received a new world vision. A number prayed through at the altar and were sanctified wholly. Several new Prayer and Fasting League members were secured, also new subscribers to *The Other Sheep*. A large number of holiness and missionary books were sold and other literature distributed. We greatly rejoice and give God the glory."

She felt that the message of missions must be given to the Nazarene college youth. Hence she devoted time to missionary conventions, seminars, and personal discussions as well as chapel addresses at three Nazarene colleges. Also she held a convention at a Bible school. Often during the year she addressed high schools. She found these students eager to know more about the world program which the Church of the Nazarene was engaged in.

Her eyes were upon the foreign Nazarene world and as she looked back over the year, at the close of 1938, she told the W.F.M.S. women that everywhere the victories won were beyond the expectation of the workers themselves.

Her challenge to Nazarene women was, "We must go our limit for Christ." There is no end, she said, to the accomplishments of the church, providing they are based upon prayer and fasting. Her plea had been for money. But she added the note that where there is prayer for missions God will supply.

"Nazarenes everywhere, around the world," she said, "from among those poor, very poor heathen in Africa, China, Japan, or Barbados, or in Palestine, we must all link our prayer with our sacrifices. God will help us to achieve the missionary impossible."

During this year as during the previous years she personally wrote thousands of letters. Feeling that she must be in constant contact with the missionaries on the field, Mrs. Fitkin strove to keep her own soul supplied with missionary information to be able to pour it out for others. Hence she kept a stream of letters going back and forth from her home or office to Nazarene missionary workers around the world.

Early in 1939 God laid his hand upon Mrs. Fitkin in the form of a nervous exhaustion. As she expressed it,

He said, "‘Come ye apart into a desert place and rest awhile.’" And she gladly obeyed. Nor did the Lord leave her alone during this time. For He literally came and made "the desert blossom as the rose."

"I can truly say that this has been the best year of my life. I praise Him for His sweet presence in the solitary places. He has given songs in the night and I can say with the Psalmist, 'I will extoll thee, my God, oh, my King, and I will bless thy holy name forever.'

"It has been my privilege this past year to read the entire Bible through again with time to dig down a little deeper into the gold and diamond mines until I have been led to exclaim, 'Oh, the unsearchable riches of God.'

"I have caught fresh glimpses of His wonderful face and found it true that if we 'turn our eyes upon Jesus, look in His wonderful face, the things of the earth will grow strangely dim in the light of His glory and grace.' I have also had more time for the blessed ministry of prayer. Communion and fellowship have been sweet, and I feel a greater responsibility and heart burden for souls everywhere. Our God still hears and answers prayers."

Early in the summer Mrs. Fitkin recovered enough that she was able to visit the Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico districts. As always she carried a heavy burden for the Indians of the United States. She felt that these were truly as much foreign or unreached possibilities for Christ as the Indians of India, the natives of China, the heathen of South Africa. During this time while speaking at Albuquerque, she was invited by the district superintendent to visit the Indians near by. And one of the first trips was to an Indian pueblo twelve miles from Albuquerque. And as they went into this small pueblo village Mrs. Fitkin conversed with some of the women who spoke English, and here she saw a vivid picture of the life of these Catholic Indians. One of the Catholic families she learned had invited some of the

Christian leaders to conduct a Sunday school in her home.

As this was Easter week she saw little chickens dyed different bright colors running about in the homes. She also witnessed a native Easter dance. The Indians were in their fancy loin cloths, their bodies and faces painted black and white, with large spots. Their long hair was fastened on top of their heads and intertwined with dry leaves and figs. They had evergreen branches tied about their waists and hanging down to the ground. A man beat a huge drum and people chanted a doleful cry.

Mrs. Fitkin says, "Our hearts ached as we remembered that no one had brought them the good news of salvation, and they were celebrating Easter the best way they knew."

With the increase of this burden for the Indian welfare on her heart she determined to labor more with the women in district conventions and lay before the W.F.M.S. the possibilities of a Nazarene work among the various tribes. Had she only the foresight to look to the present, in 1948, she would have seen an enlarged program among the Indians with numerous churches and workers across the nation. God truly is blessing the seeds which were sown at that time. In 1917 when she first visited the Zuni, Yuma, and Navajo tribes, there was little being done. Now thirty years later there are fruits appearing across the nation by way of converted Indians who are trophies of grace.

She launched 1940 with the sense of consecration and a closer walk with God. For this was to be a memorable year, the golden anniversary of her own ministry. She looked back to the year 1890 when God first launched her into His service. He had visibly blessed her. There were many trophies which she had won for the Master around the world. And with the feeling of consecration,

she said once more the words that she spoke fifty years before, "Here am I, Lord, send me."

This year was also memorable in that it marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the W.F.M.S., which God had privileged her to lead during this time. Carefully she analyzed the growth of the society during the previous four years. And with gratitude in her heart she surveyed the past twenty-five years of progress, and initiation of many new movements, and now of gathering the fruit of those early years of sowing.

Looking to the next four years, with war clouds beginning to arise on the horizon, she determined through God to lay a broad program as a challenge for the women of the church. No longer were they few in number, nor scattered as they had been twenty-five years earlier.

When the Fourth Quadrennial Convention opened on Thursday morning, June 13, 1940, at Oklahoma City, a spirit of victory and consecration to God prevailed. Mrs. Fitkin keynoted the convention with an address from the first and third chapters of Colossians. She emphasized the use of the word "all," and told the women that God's program should be expressed in these words, "In all things He must have the pre-eminence."

The silver anniversary was celebrated on Thursday evening. The president outlined the marvelous growth of the society during the twenty-five years of its history. And at the close of the meeting Mrs. R. T. Williams, on behalf of the convention, presented her with fifty white carnations, a flower for each of her fifty years in the ministry. Following this Mrs. Florence Davis, first vice-president, gave Mrs. Fitkin a gift from the council. After this the Mexican delegation honored her with a presentation from the republic south of the border.

Among other things Mrs. Fitkin and the general treasurer, Miss Emma Word, showed how the society

had grown in spiritual vigor and financial strength. For instance, during the first quadrennium from 1915 to 1919 the society had garnered into the church treasury less than \$6,000. But during the past four years from 1936 to 1940 three-quarters of a million dollars had been laid on the altars of the church by the W.F.M.S.

From the handful of members in those early beginning years there were now more than 75,000 members in all departments. Among these there were 23,000 and more boys and girls in the Junior Society. And on the roster of the Prayer and Fasting League were more than 34,000 names around the world. One of the interesting sidelights brought out in Miss Word's report at this time was the fact that there were two hundred and sixty-one local societies on the foreign Nazarene field, with a membership of 5,670. These were gathered from Africa, India, China, Japan, Latin America, Palestine, Syria, and the isles of the sea, "all properly united in the great task of bringing as many of their own people to Christ as possible."

When the General Assembly laid out its program for the following four years little did they realize the tragedy of the oncoming war. But they planned largely under God. From the very beginning there had been practically a doubling of offerings and gifts by the W.F.M.S. each four years. And the society planned for a similar advancement during the coming four years, 1940-44. Though they did not know it at that time, when the quadrennial report was given at the next general convention in 1944, \$1,366,000 had been raised by the W.F.M.S. for world advancement of Christ's kingdom.

Mrs. Fitkin's program was never limited by a narrow horizon, but she looked as far humanly as one could see. Then with eyes of faith she cried out to the assembled women, "All things are possible to him that believeth." She had read in that 1939 "desert retreat," when God

called her aside by sickness, the words from Jeremiah, "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not." Standing on this promise, she determined to lay the program for the coming quadrennium before the women.

"During this wonderful year amid all the planning and celebrating the silver anniversary," she said at the 1941 council meeting, "I have reviewed again and again the blessings of God upon this little child of our church as she has grown through womanhood. I have rejoiced in the marvelous way the blessed Spirit has led from victory to victory. The General Convention was a blessed effort in our history, a milestone long to be remembered. And the reports showed that during the twenty-five years He had enabled our precious women to accomplish what seemed impossible. When the offering of \$25,000 for the Reynolds Memorial Bible Training School Fund was announced how happy and thankful we were.

"Here was an expected and undeserved blessing bestowed upon me which filled my heart too full for an appropriate expression of appreciation. I felt very unworthy as I was again chosen and elected to be your president. The precious little book, *Tokens of Love*, containing your words and sweet faces is a treasure I shall prize next to my Bible. Do you wonder that I have had a year of praise and that it has brought rich blessings to my heart and life?"

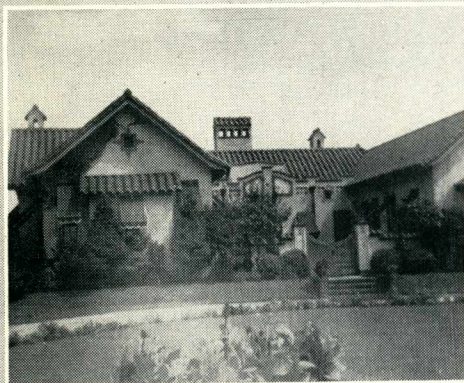
Nineteen hundred and forty is to be remembered not as a year of strenuous speaking, but one in which God placed upon her heart the burden of writing a book, entitled *Holiness and Missions*. God showed her the close relationship between the fundamental doctrines of the Nazarenes and foreign missions. The sale of the book was very excellent and as usual the profits from it and



The Hills and visitors British West Indies



Mrs. Fitkin, Oakland, California, 1947



Fitkin Summer Bungalow
Allenhurst, N. J.



Mrs. Fitkin and Mrs. J. E. Moore in front of W.F.M.S. Missionary Cottage, Temple City, California



Left, the little Quaker meeting house in E. Farnham, Quebec

her former book, *Nazarene Missions in the Orient*, were turned into God's kingdom.

Always Mrs. Fitkin felt that the reach of the society would be lengthened as missionary information increased among the members. Hence she devoted considerable time during this year to the W.F.M.S. literature program. There was a course of study to be selected. While this fell largely to the chairman of the committee, Mrs. Florence Davis, still Mrs. Davis worked in close co-operation with the world president. They felt that this was a service to be rendered to the church by increasing the missionary knowledge among the members.

With fifty years of Christian service behind her she was no amateur. God had taken the Canadian girl from the farm and had proved His promises for divine leadership. He had said, "Lo, I am with you always," and Susan had tested this. He had pivoted her before the world as an example of what consecrated effort can achieve for God.

Susan, when she offered herself to J. Hudson Taylor fifty years earlier, did so with the sense that Moody expressed when he said, "The world has not yet seen what God can do with a man who is wholly consecrated unto Him." When that thought struck Moody he said, "Lord, I will be that man." Similarly, Susan, when a girl, promised God the same service. In 1940 and 1941 as she looked back over those past fifty years, while she took no credit to herself, with a sense of gratitude she could say, "God uses the weak things to confound the mighty."

With but few service years yet before her, she realized that what she accomplished could not be done now so much by personal endeavor, rather by inspiring younger women to carry the banner around the world, where no longer would she be able to go. Feeling thus she laid out a program not of retirement but of global missionary aggression.

Thirteen

SUNSET AND EVENING GLOW

When World War II began to drench the earth in blood, Mrs. Fitkin sensed that the hope of the foreign-field church was prayer and consecrated endeavor. Personally she deepened her own prayer life. In recording some of her activities during 1941, 1942, and 1943 she said, "I read the Bible through each year during those years."

The greater the difficulties on the far-flung missionary line, the more she urged the women to depend solely upon God. She challenged them: "Go around the world to win blood-bought souls to Jesus. We must advance upon our knees."

The charter upon which she had labored, since offering herself to J. Hudson Taylor as a missionary, had been that of David Livingstone, "Anywhere provided it be forward."

And so she urged: "Let us follow the Master and go a little farther . . . go down a little farther in our prayer life that we might share the Master's heart burden for a lost world. Go a little farther in sacrifice, following His example, to make Him known to the perishing souls around the world."

One W.F.M.S. leader said, "She was a veritable Joan of Arc of the missionary cause for our beloved Zion. During this time she prayed missions, preached missions, and sacrificially lived for missions."

Mrs. Paul Bresee called her "our peerless leader." She had a genius as an organizer and a promoter of

women's work which could not be surpassed. Mrs. Florence Davis, colaborer with the world president for years, said, "There are some faces that need no letter of commendation. Such is the beautiful face and character of Susan Fitkin, our world president."

"Every nation-wide revival or world-wide revival," Mrs. Fitkin said, "has been preceded by prevailing prayer. The present world challenge makes it imperative that the number giving themselves to more earnest believing prayer be multiplied. Let us line up in God's army to be sent anywhere, to perform any task however menial, if it will make possible glorious God-wrought victory for this world."

As letters came from the missionaries, Mrs. Fitkin felt the responsibility for a prayer revival concerning their needs. She expressed this in an article to *The Other Sheep*, February 16, 1945, by saying:

"To surround constantly all our missionaries, all Christians in all the contending armies and all God's children in every land—

"To bring comfort to bereaved homes, comfort and salvation to war prisoners, the sick and dying in hospitals, and on battle fields—

"To protect the missionaries being sent out and all missionaries in battle zones—

"'Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest.' *Let us then form literally a convoy of prayer.*"

Age did not dim Mrs. Fitkin's spiritual vision nor lessen her world outlook. In launching the 1942 W.F.M.S. campaign she said in her keynote address at the Council meeting, "We're called to be good soldiers of Jesus Christ. As our sons are fighting and preparing to fight in the army of the nation, so must each of us buckle on the armor of God in the great battle of missions."

With the limitations of travel due to the war she could not take so many trips nor answer so many calls as previously. She did, however, attend the Minneapolis annual W.F.M.S. convention, addressing the assembled women.

She also gave time to North Dakota, where she spoke on several occasions. From here she went to Iowa, and at the W.F.M.S. rally and annual business session, she stirred the people with her messages. She spoke in Chicago and also at several places on the Chicago Central District. From Chicago she traveled to her home church in New York City, where she addressed the women upon the subject nearest to her heart. Returning to Minneapolis, where for a time she was staying with her sister, she gave the Warren Avenue Church in Columbus, Ohio, several missionary services. This was followed by a strenuous speaking campaign on the Northwest Indiana District.

During this year she found time to read the Bible through once more. She reported to the women in the annual council meeting that she had spoken fifty-two times throughout the year. Then she carried on the regular office and personal correspondence which amounted to more than 1,000 letters. Most of this she did without the aid of a secretary. Similarly she devoted much time to her annual Easter, Christmas, and Thanksgiving messages to the W.F.M.S. leaders around the world. For many years she mailed thousands of tracts which circled the globe. During 1943 she decided to emphasize her personal ministry by their use. At Easter she sent out 2,800 Easter tracts in her letters. Throughout the year or shortly after that she mailed 10,000 more to the training camps, in which were many missionary messages.

In May she was invited to the Ontario District in Canada where she addressed the women, speaking also at

the district assembly on a subject close to her heart, the North American Indian.

"I read the blessed Bible through again this year," she said, "with increased blessings. It grows more and more wonderful and new precious messages shine out through its pages. I spent more time in prayer. The dear Lord has kept me low at His feet like Mary of old learning of Him and drinking from the fountain of living waters."

In her 74th year Mrs. Fitkin presided over the Fifth Quadrennial Convention of the W.F.M.S., held in Minneapolis, June 15-18. She keynoted the assembly with an address on the slogan, "Going Forward with Christ." She challenged the women with the thought that while our nation was fighting a global war, the soldiers of Jesus Christ had been in a global offensive against the enemies of Christ and redemption through all the ages.

She affirmed that going forward with Christ will mean for the W.F.M.S. an advance in prayer life, an increase in faith. "Expect great things from God, and attempt great things for God." Great asking demands great sacrificial effort in God's kingdom. And this calls for greater efforts in world evangelism. "We never test the resources of God until we attempt the impossible for Him," she said.

She took little, if any, acclaim for the aggressive progress of the W.F.M.S. during the previous four years. The secretary's report gave the combined membership of all the societies as more than 80,000. The Prayer and Fasting League had nearly 48,000 members. And other high lights in this report showed that a third of a million calendars had been sold during this time by the W.F.M.S. Likewise, approximately 40,000 books on missions had been distributed.

The grandest victory came when the financial report was read. During this quadrennium more than \$1,366,000

had flowed through the W.F.M.S.' coffers into the missionary program of the church. When one reviews the previous twenty-nine years since the society was organized, and recalls the few hundred dollars annually raised for missions, and compares the sum of over a million and a third dollars given in four years, one must say, "Behold, what God hath wrought."

When asked what part she herself had in this, Mrs. Fitkin would answer, "It all has been accomplished by our dear women who believe in God." Throughout her career of 54 years of consecrated service in God's endeavors there has never been any feeling of superiority in her life. While there might have been many things of which she could boast, she took no glory to herself. She was but the consecrated channel through which God poured His spiritual vitality. Now as she is in the sunset glow, looking toward the beautiful hills of eternity, she says, "All of this should be but an inspiration to our younger women to consecrate their lives to God's service."

When the Eleventh General Assembly decided to raise \$4,000,000 during the four years from 1944 to 1948, the W.F.M.S. through its world president gladly assumed their part of this responsibility. In the previous four years practically three-fourths of all the church missionary budget had been raised through the society. Mrs. Fitkin felt confident that the women who had been so loyal to her leadership during the previous years would again assume their part of this \$4,000,000 obligation.

"We praise God for what he has enabled us to accomplish," she said reporting to the Eleventh General Assembly. "We are deeply grateful that He has given us the responsibility of pushing the foreign missionary interest in our church. Forward is the direction in which we are set to travel these next four years with Christ as our Captain. Going forward means not a blind acquiescence to faith, but a grappling with realities in the

courage and strength of our Lord. We're confident that with over 80,000 missionary enthusiasts attacking some new prayer project that this next four years will mark a greater advance along missionary lines than we have ever known before."

It was with some hesitancy that she accepted the presidency of the society at this general convention. She felt the burden of age, for she was now in her 74th year, and the responsibility of marshaling Nazarene women around the world. She knew that there would be many capable younger women that would assist her. In fact, it was this feeling which caused her to accept the presidency. Through the many years there had been faithful counselors on the general committee and among the district leaders, who had assisted in carrying the load.

As God gave her strength during the next years of her life she determined to spend her time for missions. She launched her post-convention program with the thought that a forward movement would be blessed of God according to the workers' faith.

Shortly after the convention she toured the Maritime Provinces in Canada with District Superintendent Tink and wife, who served as W.F.M.S. president.

"It was a real privilege and delight to meet these devoted Canadian sisters. I was happy to hear the good reports given and the enthusiastic plans for the future. We had a very gracious time together in the Lord," she reported in *The Other Sheep*.

By midsummer she returned to her home in New Jersey where she took care of the accumulated mail. This task required the handling and answering of more than a hundred letters each month. In September she traveled to Kansas City where she spent time with the office force, helping arrange the new W.F.M.S. handbook. She also planned the sending out of numerous mis-

sionary books to colleges and missionaries, district superintendents, and members of the General Council, as well as to district officers. This had been a favorite task of Mrs. Fitkin through the years.

She helped to establish libraries at each missionary station. Usually at Christmas she would select several new missionary books and send them as gifts to the foreign stations for a basic library. She did not forget to send youth books for the missionary children.

Nineteen hundred and forty-five was to be her last extremely busy year from the standpoint of making missionary tours and addresses. There were numerous invitations but due to war travel conditions, she turned most of them down. However, she did speak at the Southern California and also the Northern California W.F.M.S. district conventions.

In the summer she toured the New York District, with the district president and a missionary from the Virgin Islands. This was to be her last district tour.

"I felt it a privilege to tour my own district again, even though it used up all my nervous energy. After flying home to California I was ordered to bed by the doctor and hence I missed the General Council meeting the following January."

Earlier she wrote two missionary tracts. Through the years she has written numerous missionary tracts, the titles of some of the better known of these are: "How Two African Evangelists Saved a Church," "Prayer and Fasting," "A Little Lad's Lunch," "The Cry of the Unreached," "Prayer the Secret Weapon," "Ten New Testament Commandments," "Prayer and Fasting for Global Evangelism." She not only wrote these and several more, but she distributed them and other tracts to the extent of a quarter of a million copies throughout the 58 years of Christian ministry. Today while she is rest-

ing in the glow of her sunset, she constantly mails hundreds of these around the world.

God has enabled her to write several missionary songs, the best known being, "Go Ye," and "Be Ye Holy." Likewise she has communed with the muse of poetry through the 58 years of her Christian service, and has written many lovely poems. Some of the better known of these are, "Sacrifice, Service, Souls," "Witnessing," "Gospel Battle Song," and "God's Program for the World." Many of these have appeared in tract form, or in church publications, particularly *The Other Sheep*.

Due to sickness Mrs. Fitkin was unable to attend the General Council meeting in January, 1946. She said in a later report that this was the third time in thirty years that she had not been able to be present at these annual gatherings.

During the spring Mrs. Fitkin was surprised by a visit from Miss Word. "Emma B. dropped down from the skies in California and phoned me for a conference," she said. "How glad and thankful I was. She brought the great news that our seminary was to have a missionary training department, another dream come true, and also that our radio program, 'Showers of Blessing' was not only reaching people in this country, but several of our foreign fields."

One of the high points of this year was her third trip to Honolulu, where her son Ralph lives and owns the leading radio station of the islands. She was anxious to visit the new Nazarene church in the city, where Rev. Leo Baldwin, the minister, is accomplishing a modern miracle. Mrs. Fitkin had visited Honolulu twice before. On both occasions she had spoken in various churches in the city but this time it was a delight to be able to speak to a Nazarene congregation in Honolulu. "I have prayed for a church in Honolulu for many years and now

to know that God has answered my prayer greatly blesses my heart," she said. Nor was she the only one to be blessed by this visit. Rev. Baldwin early in 1947 wrote to her, saying:

"Your visit here was like one from the Lord. He certainly used you to inspire and revive my own soul. God bless you for your faith in us and the possibilities here. He has wonderfully opened the way. We appreciate your donation more than we can tell you. It went on the building. I did not have the books you sent for my library and I greatly appreciate them. Please keep us on your prayer list and when you're able to write, do so. We still need the Japanese speaking worker for our program."

During her 77th year she still found time to be active in God's vineyard. Though she could not speak so much as previously, she could reach the throne of God by prayer. In her annual message, entitled the "Challenge of a New Year," she said:

"We are on the threshold of a new year. Glancing back over the one just passed our hearts are filled with gratitude for the victories won. But we have not passed this way heretofore and if we would have a new year with larger victories we must have a new and clearer vision of the world needs today. A new vision will inspire a new and stronger faith. We can be strong in God, and if we are, we must be so through prayer."

Her call in July was for a prayer revival to strike Nazarene women everywhere. She pleaded with the women to ask God to refresh the world once more with a revival of old-time religion.

This prayer theme carried over until 1948. In launching the new year in her annual message, she said:

"Prayer has divided seas, rolled back flowing rivers, quenched the flames of fire, muzzled ferocious lions, and

destroyed vast armies of daring atheists. God is calling His people to this blessed ministry of prayer. From un-reached tribes in Africa after hearing only one message comes this urgent plea, 'Come back soon. If you don't come back, we will cry. We want to pray. Help us pray.'"

This is an insight into her own life. Miss Word, who has traveled with Mrs. Fitkin possibly more than any other W.F.M.S. leader, said:

"She spends hours in prayer, morning and evening. I have often heard her at the midnight hour, when she thought I was asleep, calling upon God to save the un-reached tribes. She cried for God to bless the world, and our W.F.M.S. and general church leaders. Nor has she forgotten the missionaries, and all the Nazarene work around the globe. Her burden has been for a world-wide revival. Often I could hear her early in the morning whispering a petition to God to save the lost."

The 1947 General Council meeting decided to raise \$50,000 for the establishment of a Bible Training School in China in honor of Mrs. Fitkin, who for thirty-three years had led the W.F.M.S. in its ever enlarging program.

"Through her wondrous labors for missions many shall come from the east and west and north and south in that glad day of judgment and acknowledge before Christ, our Redeemer, that it has been through her prayers and tears as well as her untiring efforts, that they were saved from lives of heathenism."

Mrs. Fitkin responded to this honor by saying:

"How can I adequately express to you the joy and blessing received when I learned of this wonderful plan of the Council for a Bible Training School in China? It shall train God-called natives to take the message of salvation to their own people. I feel so unworthy of

such an honor. I want you all to join me in prayer that it will mean at least 50,000 souls saved through this channel before Jesus comes."

Mrs. Fitkin was thrilled by the reports of the offerings which God had inspired the society to give during the past quadrennium. These showed that for the year 1944-45 the offerings through the society were over \$660,000. In the following year they exceeded \$636,000. During 1946-47 they reached approximately three-quarters of a million dollars, while the current year 1947-48 the high figure of \$750,000 was again obtained. Thus during the past four years the W.F.M.S. offerings for missions have run a little more than \$2,000,000.

At the beginning of the quadrennium when the Nazarenes decided to raise \$4,000,000 for foreign missions during the four years, Mrs. Fitkin pledged the society to this task. Practically three fourths of the missionary budget for the four-year period has been given by the W.F.M.S.

More than \$6,000,000 has been raised by "the dustpan brigade." Mrs. Fitkin has marshaled the women of the church in an ever increasing stream of power, influence, and sacrifice during the thirty-three years since the founding of the society. Little did she realize back in the early days of the Prayer and Fasting League that this organization, born in the soul of a New York preacher, would give for the cause of foreign missions more than a million and a half dollars. She cries, "To God be all the glory for these gifts."

Tributes of praise continue to flow in to this Canadian girl who has walked life's long path, her hand safe in God's. Today there are more than 3,500 churches and W.F.M.S. societies where at a day's notice she would be a welcome speaker. Likewise in more than 250 local congregations on mission fields a glad acclaim would wel-

come her appearance. For many of the converts have been brought to the Master through the money that she has helped to raise, if not through her direct personal influence.

When Mrs. Fitkin is ill, prayer ascends in a mighty volume that God's healing hand be laid upon His handmaiden. This is expressed in a note to Mrs. Fitkin during the current year from Mrs. Bertha Humble, a colaborer in the W.F.M.S. society:

"I visited the W.F.M.S. meeting at Kankakee," she says. "After they read your letter that you had been ill, I was called to the front and asked to lead in prayer that God would touch you, and give you strength to live until June, for that wonderful June meeting in St. Louis of this year. They all lifted their hands in prayer, as I prayed, and asked God to pour out His blessings upon you. After Dr. Williams' and Dr. Chapman's death our people are anxious for the other pioneers to linger a little longer, to keep the blessings of God in our midst. God bless you, for you will never know what you have meant to the W.F.M.S."

Mrs. Frances Short voices the sentiment of the denomination when she says, "We have caught your battle cry, 'Holiness and missions.' We will carry with you the blood-stained banner of Jesus to all the world. Your radiant personality has through the years been an inspiration. Your genius has organized us—the W.F.M.S."

Always living close to the Master, Mrs. Fitkin sends forth the fragrance of Jesus. In 1946 she wrote, "This is the tenth consecutive year that I have read the Bible through annually." Living in this radiance, she beams forth the beauty of her character upon those round about. While in China she and Miss Word were welcomed by a delegation that bore a large red banner on which were inscribed Chinese characters. When interpreted, they

read, "The Lord's faithful servants are fragrant for the Lord."

Just so Mrs. Fitkin sends forth the aroma of Jesus upon those with whom she associates. Mrs. Florence Davis expresses this thought thus, "Your years are like rose leaves placed in a jar, the greater their number, the sweeter they are."

Living in the sunset glow in her beautiful home in Oakland, California, surrounded by her sister and husband, and her daughter near by, the other members of her family in Honolulu and in the East, she awaits the summons to meet the Master, that she might bring the trophies she has gathered around the world and lay them at Jesus' feet.

On the wall of the W.F.M.S. office in Kansas City is a large photograph of Mrs. Fitkin, to which has been attached a bronze plaque with the following inscription:

"God is building history by means of men and women whom He can trust—men and women of faith, men and women of vision, who apprehend the divine revelation, and say, 'Here am I, Lord, take me, equip me, send me, use me.' Such is our national General President, Rev. Susan N. Fitkin."

The goal of her life can be expressed in these words: *She has lived for God and missions.* Time dims not her vision of Christ's sufficiency for global needs.