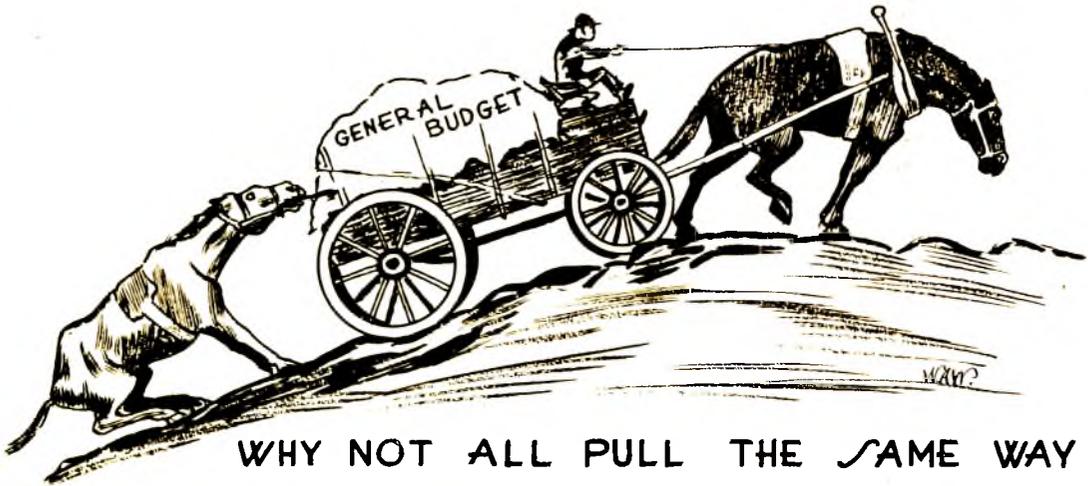


"And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring"

The **OTHER SHEEP**

VOL. 19 KANSAS CITY, MO., JANUARY, 1932 No. 7

THE MISSIONARY ORGAN OF THE CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE



WHY NOT ALL PULL THE SAME WAY?



The Other Sheep

A monthly journal devoted to the Foreign Missionary interests of the Church of the Nazarene.

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The Self-Denial Offering

In November our Nazarene churches and people balloted on the General Budget and missions. So low had the receipts

for the General Treasury fallen, that the General Treasurer could no longer borrow from various other church sources in order to keep the missionary cause from collapse. Consequently the General Superintendents notified the entire church. They laid the matter squarely on the hearts of our Nazarene people, asking them to vote in November, with financial ballots, whether to retrench in mission lands.

The response was general and, in most places, very sacrificial. Everything considered, it was generous. Our people strove hard to vote NO RETRENCHMENT. Some churches, led by their devoted pastors, outdid themselves. Thousands fasted, and other thousands denied themselves of various things. Everyone who was able to do so joined in.

Up to December 15 the amount received, including the current receipts for the month, reached the splendid sum of \$52,170.80. This will prevent any hurtful cut in mission fields. It is not, however, sufficient to prevent the most rigid economy, and can hardly permit of any reinforcement, except in an emergency here and there. In all probability the General Board will be compelled to order some trimming on the edges on the foreign fields to enable us to get by.

Forward All Along the Line

Of course times are hard, and we heard someone say that there is a depression in the land. Just the same, God is on the throne. He still answers prayer, His Word abides, and the salvation will never run dry. His grace is sufficient and the blood still atones.

Then forward all along the line. The harder the financial times the greater the harvests the church can reap in soul saving. Thrust in your gospel sickle. Start a revival, in-

augurate some special prayermeetings. If this depression is the prelude to the Great Tribulation, don't stop in terror and hold up horrified hands. Get busy. Lead someone to God. Let our divine Lord, when He comes, find us on the dead run for kingdom achievement.

Forward in the Sunday school. Get a few more boys and girls in before the deluge. Forward in the Young People's Society, start a revival there. Maybe this is your last chance. Forward in missions; let us keep every missionary gun booming till our Lord's advent trumpet sounds. Forward in passionate prayer, achieving faith, and in burning, melting love. What if we are confronting the dissolution of this age? We can get along without it, and our Lord can make for us a new one.

Let us be spiritually happy in the midst of woe. Let us be calm in the presence of world turbulence. Let us be divinely contented in the face of gaunt starvation. Not many in earth's history have starved for His sake. Let us not fear. Let us go forward and WORK!

When the mighty Titanic went down in mid ocean two

men floated in the icy water near each other on portions of wreckage. One was a physically weak, shivering but spiritually buoyant Christian; the other a chattering fear-wrecked but physically rugged sinner. Tenderly, but with cold punctuated sentences, the Christian pointed the other to salvation in Christ. Patiently he repeated with frigid, numb lips, and gasping breath the salvation promises. At last the sinner's heart melted, and he grasped by faith his Savior. The Christian's hold on the floating debris weakened, "Good-by," he muttered, sinking lower, "meet me in heav—" He was gone. The other later was rescued, the Carpathia picking him up.

A soul winner to the end. Occupying till he was summoned. Busy till death called. *So let it be with us.* The more desperate our days the more daring let our service for the Master be.

FORWARD ALL ALONG THE LINE.

Radio Steers Ship Without Crew

A ship can now be steered, started, stopped, etc., etc., etc. by radio. A mechanical man, electrically operated by radio, does the business. Wonder of wonders!

Where, oh where are we headed? But it is a safe guess that no mechanical man can direct the destinies of one poor little human life. Loves, hates, fears, follies, futures, sickness, poverty and death refuse to yield guidance to any machine-made plans. Still stands God's ancient requirement, "a humble and a contrite heart," and "without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

Mechanical "robots," human philosophy, culture, intelligence, education, wealth, fame—none—none can furnish peace, comfort, hope and happiness in the midst of a reeling, confused, dazed, horror-stricken age.

'31 GOES; '32 COMES; AMEN!

Let all Nazarenes devoutly thank God that He has brought us, without grievous loss, through '31.

Practically every Nazarene has been keenly harrassed—all by shortened finances, some by lack of sufficient food and suitable clothing; but for the most part the church has completed the last twelve months with health, homes intact, and full salvation blazing in the hearts of its members.

THANKS BE TO FATHER, SON AND HOLY GHOST.

The missionary cause has been pinched. Furloughs have been refused to suffering missionaries; reinforcements denied; buildings postponed or left incomplete. Fields have been left shabby for lack of means. But—

THUS FAR THE MISSIONARY WORK OF THE CHURCH HAS NOT BEEN DRASTICALLY CUT. No entire field has been closed. The missionary cause is still operating, and winning thousands of heathen each year to Christ.

This has been due to the importunate prayer and sacrificial gifts of our noble constituency. Nazarenes in keen need have shared with this cause. Widows parted with their scarce dollars for the missionaries.

In this, the greatest test the church has faced, our people have surely proved that NAZARENES ARE DIFFERENT. Let us enter '32 with faith and courage. "Cheer up," they used to say to us boys on the farm, "the worst is yet to come." Well, let it come, as long as the Holy Spirit is with us. Whatever betides we are sure that pastors and people of this great movement will trust God and give a good account of themselves.

'32 SHALL NOT BE ASHAMED OF THE NAZARENE RECORD. FORWARD INTO THE NEW YEAR.

Whether for civilized or savage, for pagan or plutocrat, the only hope must be found in Someone who and something which can reach and stir and soothe the spirit of man. Jesus is the only One who has accomplished this. Preach Jesus, live Jesus. He can direct the living soul into harbors peaceful despite the storms. Let us share Him with the whole world.

Missionary News Notes

Porto Rico expresses a desire for trained church workers. American occupancy has inclined the inhabitants of that island toward self-government. This is showing in the intelligent advance being made by the churches.

One of Brazil's outstanding educators is calling for missionaries for that vast South American territory. Nothing will quite fill the bill but a representative of Jesus our Lord.

Over a million British people have signed the international declaration in support of world disarmament. Will the nations drunk with war really disarm? We shall see what we shall see.

The Catholic Church is now disestablished in Spain. Possibly Protestant missionaries may soon be welcome there. Times certainly do change.

In Athens they annually commemorate the address St. Paul delivered there in the long ago in their Areopagus. They think it occurred on the 29th day of June. The Y. M. C. A. started this five years ago. Now the state church carries it on. Another chance to parade in religious uniforms.

Henry Wales of the Chicago Tribune, just returned from a 12,000 mile tour of Russia, states that there is very great distress in Sovietland. It is his opinion that few Russians can be trained to be expert mechanics. In the southern districts he saw hordes of tramps, waifs, bums and homeless boys and girls. They were barefooted, ragged, black and filthy; with long matted hair, and, on the part of the men, with filthy long beards; covered with vermin, polluting the atmosphere with the stench of their unwashed bodies, their faces drawn, haggard, gaunt and famishing. They fought with dogs and crows for a morsel of carrion. Nothing but God and salvation can ever save Sovietland.

Christian converts in West Africa will walk for several days to attend the communion service of the mission where they are converted. Americans sometimes refuse to walk a dozen blocks to church.

Prolonged and importunate prayer for over a year was made by the missionaries in Nyasa, Africa, because so many had confessed Christ but so few had found salvation. At last God answered. A nation awoke to God. One man was prostrated with the awfulness of imminent damnation. He groaned and agonized, but finally found peace through faith. Then the work spread till over 70,000 have been joyfully and definitely saved from sin. Amen, may it spread 'round the world.

At Home in "Bonnie Scotland"

Doctor and Mrs. David Hynd, tired, sick, and worn considerably, but happy, recently reached their Scottish home. For six years they have toiled with the natives of South Africa. It is safe to say that Doctor David, with a fine string of medical and surgical degree letters appended to his name, could have hung out his "shingle" in some Scottish city and possessed himself of a splendid annual income practicing in his native country. But no, he is a sanctified Christian, a Nazarene, and would rather use his expert skill healing the bodies of the heathen so he can win their souls to his divine Lord. His reward will be great in the day of the Lord. After serving royally in that self-sacrificing field he and his splendid wife, who is a graduate nurse, have furloughed home for an imperative rest. They plan to tour America, and represent Africa at the General Assembly. Their plans are set to return to Swaziland as soon as the great Nazarene gathering adjourns.

FROZEN ASSETS

Every bank knows what "frozen assets" are. Even people outside of financial institutions are becoming familiar with the term. Anything that looks like an asset, but its value is hidden away in the length of time it takes to realize on it, is deemed "frozen."

Churches have such "assets." For instance the member who seldom prays, can scarcely testify, hesitates to tithe, refuses to fast, attends when he pleases, is surely a FROZEN ASSET.

Congregations have them—folks who refuse to sing; who plant themselves at the end of a pew and refuse to move over; who sit in the seats farthest from the pulpit; who yawn, look bored, eye their timepieces, watch proceedings out of the window, twiddle their fingers at the baby in front of them, turn around and look at the door each time it squeaks—yes, oh, yes, THEY ARE FROZEN ASSETS.

The ministry knows them—that preacher who can't do pastoral work, who just doesn't seem to have any knack at raising his budgets, who lets the Sunday school drift, who cannot find anything helpful in the Preacher's Magazine, who doesn't know how to secure subscribers for the Herald of Holiness, who lost his interest in foreign missions before he really got any, who arrives late at the District Assembly, and finds the Preachers' Convention a bore—HE'S A FROZEN ASSET, AN ICEBERG AND A GLACIER, all in one!

Probability of Some Cutting in General Budget—Pray

When the General Board meets in 1932 it looks now as though there would necessarily need to be some lightening of the General Budget load. Unless our dear people are able to practice stewardship a little more faithfully the General Budget ship must be lightened or sink. Despite the splendid Sacrifice Offering—and it involved real sacrifice in tens of thousands of homes—the amount only fills the debt hole, and leaves the General Treasurer an inadequate amount on which to operate. If he pays it all back to cover the loan the budget ship's decks are still awash, for he must accumulate a fresh deficit in order to run. If he uses the Self-Denial Offering to operate on, then the deficit remains unpaid.

Readers, please pray for all those who must make the General Budget decisions at the coming General Board session. All of them greatly need the wisdom which only God can give. We beg of all our precious Nazarenes to hold special prayermeetings for God's divine guidance.

A Little More Sacrifice

From far away Guatemala comes an offering for General Budget Self Denial. Eight dollars and three cents. A missionary sent it.

Pittsburgh and Ohio Districts

Two of the largest districts in the church, Pittsburgh and Ohio, have competed in their generous support of the recent Self-Denial Offering. Pittsburgh, led by Superintendent Jones, guaranteed \$3,500 before the campaign was completed. This will be overpaid. Ohio on the second of December had sent in \$3,985.58. These districts are running neck and neck in their splendid support of the General Board.

LET EVERY W. F. M. S. OBSERVE FEBRUARY 12, 1932, WITH PRAYER AND FASTING.

Hard Times and Tithing

Hard times are hard times for God as well as for us. His work suffers because, when depression threatens, so many cut off, first of all, their gifts to religion.

Never mind trying to explain the theology of it. You know that benevolent agencies face lessened incomes. Students who would gladly work must leave college for lack of funds; church enterprises are forced to retrench their work; the poor, the sick, the distressed, all must know keener sufferings because the church has less money to spend in their behalf. So the tither who tithes in hard times is doubly blessed—in his own life and in being the friend indeed who comes as the friend in need.

Tithing in hard times is a sharing of life with those whose "times" are harder than ours. None of our tithe literally gives "to God"; it goes to men and women like ourselves. It broadens the base on which the world's total usefulness must rest.

Hard times are good times to begin tithing, because it doesn't take so much moral backbone to tithe a small income as a big one. Many people have been tempted to quit tithing because their incomes became "too big to tithe."

The tithe in hard times contributes to our spiritual self-respect. When we are prosperous we may feel—as we should—that the tithe ought to be supplemented by free-will offerings and gifts far beyond the tenth.

In hard times we may not be able to make these gifts. But we know that in tithing we are acknowledging God and declaring our faith. We are not offering to God that which has cost us nothing.

It costs to tithe in hard times. But not to tithe costs more, in values that are as real then as ever, and that will last beyond all times, whether hard or easy.

Praying for Henry Ford

A choice saint in the mountains of Idaho is praying that he may meet Mr. Henry Ford. He believes he can influence the automobile magnate to give generously for the spread of missions.

While not sharing wholly in the eager expectation expressed by our devout Idaho correspondent, we hasten to remark that any money that may possibly be donated for missions by Mr. Ford will indeed be thankfully received. Also permit us to say that the credit for procuring such gifts will be cordially given to our believing Idaho friend. Who has faith to unite with him in such a prayer?

Thanks for Blue Print Motto

A keenly interested layman in Somerville, Mass., named Charlton, sends us a beautiful blue print motto. It reads: "ONLY BY JESUS' SELF-DENIAL, SERVICE AND SACRIFICE CAN WE HAVE SALVATION. ONLY BY OUR OWN CAN WE KEEP IT." He writes:

"We pray daily for the ones who are carrying the burdens and responsibilities. We trust that all efforts, feeble or great, shall be blessed to the end of furthering the cause of missions."

How the General Treasurer and this office appreciate the prayers and interest of our blessed Nazarene constituency. It surely cheers one, when carrying burdens, to know that thousands are praying, fasting and giving to put across the spread of our holy faith. Blessings abundant be on every one.

Listen, pastors, this refers to your General Budget: "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."—Emerson.

A Gospel Reaper Cannot be Invented

Cutting grain with a "cradle" and grass with a scythe largely ceased in civilized lands one hundred years ago. Cyrus H. McCormick invented the grain harvester and the mower in 1831. Thanks to the inventive genius of man great grain fields can be harvested without the tired backs and weary arms of human laborers. But no invention can ever remove the necessity of winning men to God one at a time. We must still swing the "cradle" of personal gospel work, and the scythe of individual-interest-in-individuals in order to extend the kingdom of God. At home, in mission fields, and everywhere and all wheres, the only royal road to salvation is by personal choice. There is no "social gospel" at home or abroad except as enough people accept Jesus Christ's salvation and ethics so as to inaugurate His kingdom standards among them. True, His teachings may be accepted in part among men not saved, in business, among states, among nations, but that is an incident, a by-product. Christ's kingdom grows by individual accessions, not by mass acceptance of His ethics. *Evangelism*, personal and public, is the only way. Evangelism in America, evangelism in Britain, evangelism in China, evangelism in Japan, evangelism in Africa, evangelism in India, evangelism in Latin America! Reaching them one by one. There is no other way. To suggest another way is to encourage laziness in individual Christians, and to be a lazy Christian is the first step toward backsliding. Backsliding, if continued ends in apostasy. All at it. Evangelize or die.

UNCLE ZIKE PRESCRIBES FOR THE DEPRESSION

Suppose your turkey is a chicken,
There hain't no earthly use o' kickin',
Ef you complain you need a lickin',
Be thankful!
Ther's many a feller eatin' liver,
And glad to git jes' one small sliver,
An' ride aroun' in his ol' fliver.
Be thankful.

—Uncle Zike, Sorghum Center, Mo.

No Rich Man Can Enter

Jesus said that it was as hard for a rich man to get to heaven as for a camel to thread itself through a needle's eye.

That is, it can't be done. No rich man who himself claims his riches can enter the holy city. However, a faithful *steward of God* can enter, whether he is steward of pennies or of millions. If he's just a rich man, he can't get in, but if he is God's devoted, converted, and sanctified *steward* he can get in, although his stewardship encompassed a billion dollars.

It is thinking that you own the money yourself that rules you out. When you turn it all over to God, and just stewardize it for Him, there's no limit to the amount over which He may place you. Nor does a person need to be rich, in fact, in order for money to damn him. If he claims to own ten dollars he will be condemned in God's sight just as quickly as though it were a million. Indeed a man may let money damn him and not have a cent. It's the wealth he wants and cannot get, and desires it so ardently that though he never gets it his feverish desire to own it, possess it, use it, feel of it, closes God's gates against him. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

Hand Picked Fruit

First church at Des Moines, Iowa, is slowly but steadily climbing the grade. When B. V. Seals and his wife came from Texas via California to lead the Des Moines church, it secured two of the best leaders to be had. With one stroke of financial genius, good fortune, or divine blessing their old edifice was disposed of for enough to secure, with only a small debt remaining, a splendid up-to-date brick church building and a good complete parsonage.

Thus comfortably housed, these Texas Seals began a hand to hand contest with Satan, indifference, depression, lethargy, prejudice, sin and Old Night. No, they haven't upset Des Moines yet, but they have with the loyal assist-

ance of a fine membership won a goodly number of very worthwhile people to God and the church. Everyone is hand picked and grades A 1. In time, if Jesus tarries, Pastor and Mrs. B. V. Seals are sure to have a great beehive of a church with activities extending in a dozen directions. You can see it coming. Their whole church is also alive on foreign missions, pays its budgets, and never complains over burdens it bears for Christ's sake. Success to the Seals.

A New Vision of Native African's Worth

Native people have been far too largely regarded by governments as just more material for exploitation. Hence the great task which confronts us in the missionary movement is to conserve human values by bringing men and women into the life of Jesus. That task in Africa is so enormous that it will stretch on into tomorrow and tomorrow.

Governments have begun to recognize that the welfare of the native people concerns them, because these people are essential to the economic development of the country. The more enlightened governments are providing increasingly adequate education.

There is a new sense of the native African's value. There is an awakening consciousness on the part of the West and in international recognition of the principle of trusteeship. But there is a task which no government, however enlightened, can undertake. It is to bring individuals personally to Christ for the solution of the sin question.

A Great Record

In six months First church, Baltimore, Md., has given for missions a total of \$867.54. Of this the local W. F. M. S. contributed \$257.32. This is certainly a gracious record. In the meanwhile this church has not neglected its district or local needs. All local requirements have been met, and the District Budget is overpaid to date. Rev. J. Glenn Gould is pastor.

Juniors in Africa Help Children in China

In Africa, Sister Margaret Esselstyn has organized the Juniors into missionary auxiliaries. They take offerings, so that the children may learn sympathy for others and sacrifice for themselves. Recently the offerings of the Juniors at Pigg's Peak reached the sum of thirty-five dollars. It has been voted to send it to China to feed the starving Chinese children in connection with our missions there. The African Juniors are all excited to hear how their gifts have been received and used.

Where God guides God provides.

The Holiness Preacher

His fortune was the love of those he knew,
His tastes were simple and his wants were few;
No stately mansion built he o'er his head,
No mausoleum shades his lowly bed.
He sought no plaudits and no fame,
No letters academic to adorn his name;
He asked but for the sure reward
Of duty staunch performed—
The "Well done" welcome of his Lord.—Adapted.

BROTHER C. WARREN JONES IS GREAT

Yes, "great" is the appropriate and properly appreciative word. He engineered a successful preachers' convention with one hand, and conducted a fortnight's missionary tour with this writer with the other, and juggled them both so successfully that he never dropped a ball.

The convention was Pittsburguesque —up to the minute in attendance, attention, spirituality and profit. We never heard Dr. R. T. Williams, the chief speaker, in a better series of messages, or heard him speak more tellingly. The contributions of the preachers to the program were fine, profitable and well presented. Superintendent Jones avoided all time-worn convention ruts, and succeeded in keeping the interest of all, in what was coming next, in happy suspense like a continued story. No, I can't attempt to tell how he did it—write and ask him. Crowded as his program was he made room for two addresses on foreign missions.

The district tour was planned like a train schedule. Every wheel turned at just the proper time. From night to night we addressed some great audiences. They responded most enthusiastically. The last Sunday, carried by pastors in cars, I spoke three times, while the "D. S." was himself speaking at other points in the district. I closed the whirlwind tour by securing one hundred prayer and fasting joiners the last Sunday, then caught the 12:30 a. m. train for Chicago, and crawled into a berth where in my dreams I kept sleepily repeating that C. Warren Jones was surely great. The Pittsburg District gave over \$3,500 on the Self-Denial Offering. He and his preachers are keenly spiritual and astonishingly aggressive in evangelism.

Old-Fashioned People Got Some Old-Fashioned Grace

One hundred and four students at Nampa, Idaho, professed to have been reached with a definite religious experience in the recent revival hurricane and tidal wave that stormed the church and college there.

The school voted to send \$500 to the Self-Denial Missionary Offering at Kansas City. The meeting splashed over the housetops. We rise to suggest that revival meetings like that be ordered for all of our schools. Possibly a few churches would like samples. Some preaching, praying and testifying services lasted all day, some all night. Classes frequently broke out, broke up and broke down. Praise the Lord!

"Butterless Week" at N. N. C.

From November 15 to 22 was "butterless week" at Northwest Nazarene College. The worth of the omitted butter was sent to Kansas City for the Self-Sacrifice Offering.

"Butterless week"—that sounds good to us. Not that we delight to have young men and women eating bread without butter. No, but we know it means a little sacrifice for the Lord; and a church or a movement devoid of sacrifice is a flaccid affair. A little more red blooded, earnestness, spiced with sacrifice, and the Nazarene Movement will hit its best gait.

Other Sheep Seconds the Motion

MRS. BATES MAKES A SUGGESTION

It has always been our custom to give cards at Christmas time, but the need for our foreign missionary work is so great why not waive that custom and give the money to missions this year?—North Pacific Nazarene.

The above is copied from Dr. J. E. Bates' district organ. Other Sheep rises to second the motion, and to remark on the timeliness of the suggestion. Let us have no extras on the birthday of Jesus "the poor man," when the interests of that portion of His kingdom committed to our care is threatened with collapse.

Nothing really belongs to us till we pass it on to someone else.

A Hundred Dollar Bill

An elect woman slipped it into our hands. The figure one on the face looked like a fence post and the zeros like barrel hoops. After it was safely lodged in our purse and stowed in our pocket, it seemed to warm one whole side of us.

"For the General Budget," she murmured, "don't tell anyone." Blessings on these saints, the generous benefactions of whose right hands are unknown to their left. May the Lord be their abundant reward. Next?

A Bouquet for The Other Sheep

"The Other Sheep is a great inspiration to its readers. It is surely well edited and brimful of excellent information. The makers of the paper are to be honored for their arduous work in this department of the church."—E. E. T., New York.

Great Friend to Missions

Mrs. D. Rand Pierce of Beaverton, Ore., has been reported as being very ill. She has surely lived a fragrant life in Jesus Christ. Her activities for missions are keen, intense and vital. Her husband is a faithful pastor, and well known among our Nazarene people as a meritorious poet. Shall we not pray for Sister Pierce's recovery?

A Ten Cent Soup Bone Once a Week

One correspondent, a pastor, writes: "We could find no place in our eating program to practice self-denial, for we seldom indulge in butter, often make a quart of milk do for three days, and buy a ten cent soup bone once a week for meat, etc. But wife and I are so glad to be in the battle. Out of a ten dollar a week salary we gave five dollars to the Sacrifice Offering."

'Nother "Marvelation" from The Little Pastor

Isn't it a Marvelation that ten thousand Nazarenes don't auction off their radios, or some other useless piece of furniture, and thereby grip and securely hold the ax that otherwise must fall upon the church's Foreign Missionary Program?—Little Pastor, the Colorado District Organ.

Pain Hurts Man, Sin Hurts God

Man shrinks from pain, God shrinks from sin, yet sin introduced pain and continues it in the earth. Man would be content with selfishly saving his own soul from sin, thereby lessening his pain, but God would make every saved soul a channel for saving others. How can He convey His saving grace to the lost of earth except by and through His own saints? ON WITH THE MISSIONARY REVIVAL! Let us never stop till the last one we can reach is touched with the gospel. Salvation always lessens pain.

Missions Carry a Living Atonement

Learned men have given us wonderful theories of the atonement. Jesus Christ, however, presents the believing heart with the atonement itself, while foreign missions would carry that living atonement to those in heathen lands who have no means otherwise of knowing God.

Patriotism Must Favor Goodness to be Patriotic

Patriotism is good—provided. If it's found associated with booze, indecency and sin, it's in mighty bad company, and becomes doubtful good. If it's opposed to God, goodness and salvation, it doesn't look like good to us. The Stars and Stripes is America's highest emblem, but the wicked world wearily waits the unfurling of Jesus' white banner of holiness. Many heathen long for the display of the flag of His kingdom, and to hear the tramp of His salvation army.

First to Come Last

When some churches are pressed financially, and times are hard, it often happens that foreign missions is the first cause to come last. Blessed is that pastor who can meet his glorified Lord at the judgment and, extending his hands to Him, say, "Lord, I did my reasonable best for your doomed heathen." How about you, reader?

Tracts, Tracts, Tracts

Free tracts on foreign missions can be had from the General Board for the asking. Write and get them. Scatter them among your fellow worshippers. In this way you can do a noble deed each day, thus equaling the boy or girl scouts. Most of these tracts are entertainingly written around some touching incident. A one-cent postal card will bring you a package. Do it now.

Smee's "It"

For many years the much loved Superintendent of Northern California District, Brother Frank B. Smith (now recovering from an automobile accident), has recently resigned. The burden was too heavy for his precarious health. The Board of General Superintendents promptly appointed Roy F. Smee, who has been very acceptably acting as Superintendent since assembly time in June.

Brother Smee is heartily in sympathy with all the program of the general church, and will give large and generous place on that great district for foreign missions.

God's Family

God has a family. All persons who have experienced the new birth are members. Jesus is its great Elder Brother, through whose blood atonement its members are admitted to His household of faith. Missionaries are eagerly searching for a few more sons of God. Have you done your part to help them? When admitted they become your brothers.

What Reply Shall We Make to the Judge?

The past is ever present with us, in history, in memory, in experience. The future also will soon be present. Have we lived, loved, sacrificed and given so as to make the panorama of our lives, which will unroll before us at the judgment day, a pleasure to us? What shall we say to Judge Jesus when He asks us, "What did you do for My heathen?"

Some fail in stewardship for want of instruction.

**THE GOOD OLD HERALD OF
HOLINESS IS BOOMING**
"THE BEST HOLINESS PAPER
EVER PUBLISHED," is a general verdict by thousands of readers of our great church paper, the Herald of Holiness. And stop, think, be amazed—you can get this mighty publication for a tiny fraction over two cents a copy—the value of a two-cent postage stamp a week. It's replete with missionary as well as general church news, fine contributions, and general religious information. The church's goal for its denominational paper is "an H. of H. in each Nazarene family." No Nazarene family is so poor that it cannot spend a two-cent stamp a week for thirty-two pages of ably edited religious reading. Run along now, buy a penny post card and send in for your subscription. They'll trust you for it if you don't wait too long.

Who is Excused?

Is there any Nazarene excused from the responsibility for the heathen? Yes, anyone who doesn't know there are any. All others must give an account as to how they met their responsibility. Are you ready?

Pleased With "The Sheep"

The November "Sheep" received. Contents O. K.—C. E. Dunn, Los Angeles.

Dime Card Suggested

A coin card for the collection of dimes is suggested by Bertha Pults, Chickasha, Okla., who is greatly interested in missions.

The card carries numerous dime spots appropriately labeled: New Year's Day, Lincoln's Birthday, Arbor Day, Memorial Day, Independence Day, Armistice Day, Thanksgiving Day, etc., etc. There are supposed to be eighteen or twenty of these, according to how many anniversaries of various sorts one can utilize. On each occasion a dime is to be pasted on the card. A young people's society, or a Sunday school class can thus raise a goodly sum for missions. Try it, and then let us hear from you.

Settled in Southern California

With her adopted Indian son, Santosh, Miss Eva Carpenter is now settled in Southern California. The young man is attending Pasadena College, and Sister Carpenter is finding much to do in forwarding the missionary interests of the Southern California District. Her contributions to the cause of spreading holiness in India and other far-away lands have been very important.

Heathen Tuning in on Heaven's Broadcast

God has been broadcasting for ages. Every saint since time began has had a receiving set. The earth has been and is now filled with His voice, but only those who hunger and thirst for Him are able to listen in. Heathen lands are vibrant with His matchless messages. Missions and missionaries are just supplying spiritual receiving sets for hundreds of people. What will you give to enable a few thousand more to hear the God of heaven? What joy it is for you to hear Him, it will also be for them.

The Trumpet Giving an Uncertain Sound

The heathen do not refuse to hear. No, the message from the homeland is too faint, feeble, and mixed with home sounds. Millions abroad are straining their ears to hear American Nazarenes speak encouragingly about hurry-up reinforcements to them. Too often they can only detect a medley of tones which sounds like: "R-e-t-r-e-n-c-h-m-e-n-t—D-e-p-r-e-s-s-i-o-n—H-a-r-d T-i-m-e-s."

A Heathen at Home or a Heathen Abroad

The heathen in America could hear if they would. The heathen abroad would hear if they could. At the judgment which would you rather be? Who is to blame if those abroad do not hear?

Short of God's Glory

Not to be missionarily minded is obviously coming short of the glory of God. He sent the Holy Ghost in order to reach the ends of the earth through you.

Aren't You Afraid

That if we leave the heathen without Christ, the judgment may leave us without Him too?

That if you cling too closely to your money it will be your eternal misery?

That unless you make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness you may never reach heaven's everlasting habitation? See Luke 16:9.

Do you Know

That when a man's ways please God he hasteth to make the heathen to share in the salvation he possesses?

That everything a saint has was given either to supply his own need or the needs of others?

That the great regret some will have at the Lord's coming is that they have too much with them that might have been spent to spread His gospel?

That the lack of missionary interest is a sure sign of spiritual blindness and deafness?

That everything some folks have is the Lord's—until He happens to want it?

That one of the ways to obtain a spirit of prayer is to give something to spread holiness?

That the only time we have to extend His gospel is before He comes?

Just as Near to God Abroad as at Home

People are just as near to God in foreign fields as in the homeland, but millions do not know it. What joy, what comfort, when they find it out. Missionaries are sent to tell this to those "over there."

Winans Does Research Work

Roger Winans, furloughed missionary from Peru, has been doing some language study at Northwest Nazarene College. He is also pursuing research work into the Indian languages of Peru.

Never Again

We've decided never again to repeat the adage, "Give until it hurts." Cause why? Well, it hurts some folks so quickly when they give that very little is realized. We've concluded hereafter to say, "Give till you're sure you've pleased God." Like as not it's the stingy folks anyhow who started that "give till it hurts," business.

Conventions on Pacific Coast

The California Districts and North Pacific are being dated up for missionary convention work in February and March. Brother George Franklin, who has done some great work in the middle west, and the Missionary Secretary from Kansas City, will be among the workers.

Christ's steward will not spend money for that which is not bread.

OLD GOLD AND DIAMONDS

Several pounds—more or less—of gold rings, watches, chains and diamonds were poured into our old gold and diamond sack while touring Pittsburgh District. Ashtabula gave us a shower. Warren, Ohio, another. One diamond ring, the donor alleged, had originally cost \$150. Shall not all devout Nazarenes strip for the race? It will be hard enough to make heaven if we lay aside every weight. What a calamity if any soul were lost because of these things! Besides, worldly gewgaws can do some good preaching in mission fields of our Savior's grace. Send us some more.

AFRICA

Pigg's Peak

Station Happenings

REV. W. C. ESSELSTYN

Nathaniel Kumeno, one of our school boys, has just finished a period of training in the dispensary which we trust will be of great benefit to him later on when caring for a church of his own. We have begun this practice in the last few years in order to equip as fully as possible our future preachers for their service to the people. There are only three small hospitals in Swaziland—our own Raleigh Fittin Memorial Hospital being the largest—and an average of only one doctor for each thousand square miles of territory. With some government aid the mission dispensaries carry on for the thousands of native people who never see the hospitals. Every preacher is the medical adviser as well as the spiritual leader of his church, giving to them such common medicines as quinine, salts, castor oil, boric acid, sulphur, etc. When one of his flock, or a heathen whom he is seeking to bring into the fold, fails to obtain relief from his ministrations he is sent on to the nurse in charge of the dispensary. So you see that our preachers need to know something of first aid and the signs of serious illness in order to best serve their people. In the dispensary our schoolboys are taught the care of wounds, taking of temperatures, bandaging, and the use of a few drugs—specifics for certain prevalent diseases. Paul Magagula, one of our best boys, is in training now. He has a great passion in his heart to save his people, and gives each person asking for medicine a dose of gospel truth as well.

Our little church here made a gain of thirty last year. This means that thirty heathen turned to Christ and are now in our probationers' class being taught the way of righteousness. Some twenty others, who are unable to get to church, are visited occasionally by our schoolboys. We thank the Lord for all of these evidences of His mercy and love and are encouraged to go into the darkness—deeper into the night.

A fire of more than ordinary significance was kindled in front of our church building several weeks ago and representatives from three worlds looked on with intense interest. The foundation of this fire was of shavings and a few sticks of wood and on top of it was laid the paraphernalia of a demon worshiper: a demon cloth and strips of goat skin to put around the naked body, beads to adorn, horns with medicine in to enable the worshiper to be more perfect, small gourds holding water and medicine to wash with, and a pile of small bones. This outfit belonged to one of those thirty heathen who had turned to Christ—a little woman, harmless enough most of the time, but when possessed by her demon an awful picture of all that is evil and devilish. Heaven was there rejoicing to witness the complete surrender of this once bound soul. Earth, in the persons of the church members and some heathen who fearfully watched the proceedings expecting the wrath of the outraged demon to fall on such a Satan-defying crowd. Earth marveled and shouted at the spectacle, while Satan and his host helplessly gnashed their teeth and trembled before the power of the mighty God revealed in one more soul. Once more Christ was victor and Satan was defeated as that little woman fearlessly testified to the power of God to save from sin, and

the people sang, "Salvation, oh the joyful sound. Praise ye, Praise ye. Let our Savior be praised!"

This same little woman began to preach to her grandmother, who was also a demon worshiper. The grandmother was converted, gave up her beer and snuff, and asked that a service be held at her kraal. One Friday evening not long ago Miss Lovelace and two of the school boys held the meeting. They came home next morning with one of the saddle bags full of the old woman's demon worshipping requisites. These, too, are to be burned before the church. The service at the kraal was a good one. Several heathen who were there gave most careful attention to the word as it was preached. Seemingly they are seriously considering the matter of accepting Christ.

Some time ago we wrote of the preaching of the first tithing sermon, and this time we would like to tell you of its results. What a difference there would be in the spiritual tone and blessing of most of our churches at home and abroad if each sermon preached brought as much response and bore as much fruit as this one sermon did. They had gone to bring them in. And bring them in they did, joyfully singing, "Bring all the tithes into the storehouse" (Brother N. B. Herrell's song translated into Zulu). In a short time the one aisle, a large one, presented a strange sight. Sacks and baskets and dishes and tins of corn, beans and peanuts were there. The schoolboys tithed their meager garden produce and added tomatoes, potatoes, lettuce, cabbage, carrots and onions. On the table were a few coins, a few treasured ties, and other articles of clothing, and just outside the door were tied three calves. Imagine, if you can, the din. A crowd of joyful Christians singing praises to God, combined with the cackling and crowing of chickens, the quacking of ducks, and the bawling of calves. God detected the notes of praise in the hearts of His children and blessed them there. They had done as He had commanded and tithed their little all and He opened the windows of heaven and poured out a blessing that there was scarcely room to contain.

Despite the fact that the soil here is poor we are trying to teach the

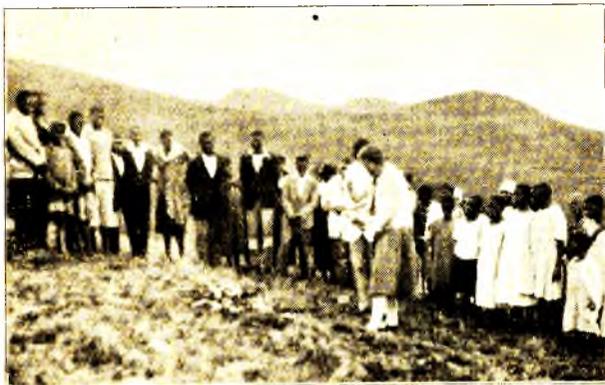
boys about vegetable gardening. Last semester we promised them a prize of two shillings each for the best carrot and beet, and two and six each for the best tomato and cabbage. At the close of school in July we awarded the prizes. Efraim Shongwe, our student monitor and also student pastor of the local church, obtained the prizes for the tomato and cabbage. He was the only boy who succeeded in growing any cabbages, for they do not seem to do well on the place. Even the head which he entered was small, but it was sound and well formed. His prize tomato was of good size, weighing half a pound, and as perfect as a tomato could be.

To all Africans, as to most other people, the Bible is a very big book. Most of these people think that it would be nearly impossible for one of them to read it through from cover to cover. So last semester Miss Lovelace, who teaches most of the Bible in the school, offered three prizes to the first three boys to read their Bibles clear through. Before the winter holidays in July* two had finished. The first one to finish was Stephen Magagula. He was presented with a fine English Bible which he prizes highly and which he is now doing his best to master. Stephen came to the station a hope-

* Not a typographical error but southern latitude.

NEITHER COLD NOR HOT

**"I have this against you—
that you no longer love ME
AS YOU DID AT FIRST.
Be mindful, therefore,
of the HEIGHT
from which you have fallen.
REPENT AT ONCE,
and ACT AS YOU DID AT FIRST,
or else I will surely come
and remove your lampstand
out of its place—
UNLESS YOU REPENT." Rev. 2:4, 5.
"I know your doings—
YOU are neither cold nor hot;
I would that you were cold or hot!
So, because you are lukewarm
and neither hot nor cold,
BEFORE LONG I will vomit
you out of MY mouth." Rev. 3:15, 16.
Weymouth Translation**



THE FIRE DESCRIBED ON PAGE EIGHT

less cripple many years ago, but God miraculously healed him and called him to preach. He is nearly ready to do so.

We hope that these rewards will help these African boys to remember that they, too, can do the many wonderful things which they see the white man do. They are prone to think that only the *umlungu* (white man) is capable of doing many things, so they do not try.

For a long time we have been praying for a more suitable location for our boys' school. It has finally been decided that we move the school from this present site to a location adjoining the Schmelzenbach Memorial station twelve miles from here. This move, however, is dependent upon our being able to make the final arrangements to obtain more land at that place. Pray for us that God may help us and give us all that is necessary to complete this great undertaking.

South Africa has just experienced one of the coldest, wettest winters in her history. In the mountains just a little south of Swaziland there was much snow. Many of the kraals lost cattle and goats, and near one of the highest mountains twenty natives were found dead when the snow finally melted away. Six others were also reported to have frozen to death. Swaziland escaped this severe cold and has had but little rain since the early part of the winter. Just now we are having very hot, dry weather.

At Fannie Claypool Memorial the new bell which the people bought for themselves has been hoisted on two poles and now sounds out over the hills to remind the people that it is the Lord's day and time to make their way to the house of God. Are they proud of this new possession? You should have seen them give the money and heard the evangelist comfort those who could not give. You should have seen those strong men lift this bell, weighing over a hundred pounds, proudly to their shoulders to carry it a distance of twenty miles, and you would have the answer.

At Fitchburg Chapel we hear of two young girls who are being cruelly treated by their father who has set himself to turn them from their purpose of being Christians. He has forbidden them to attend school or church, and they only do so by taking advantage of his absence and then suffering the consequences. At campmeeting time they managed to get away and reach the Komati river, where they were overtaken by him, and in their fright crossed the river at a dangerous point, a risk which their father was not prepared to take. Thus they reached the meeting. Each Sunday he puts them in a hut and sits outside until the time for services is over. Don't forget these little ones when you pray.

The year we have just closed has been a remarkable one. More souls have been saved than during any previous year. In this district alone—that is in the outstations, not including the home station—175 raw heathen souls have not only professed but have actually become members of the church and are being taught in the probationers' class. Moreover there has been a great host of aged and sick ones, with chil-

dren who are not free to come to church. These are being visited, taught and prayed with by the workers, and are a vital part of us though we do not count them as members. Rome would love to hang a little wooden cross from their necks. Why should not we claim them for God?

We are delighted with the way the churches are falling in with the tithing system. The evangelists have faithfully preached and practically demonstrated the subject all the years, and we have awaited with much interest this first ingathering of the tithe of the African church. And even yet we are not able to report the results in full, but the reports that are coming in are most gratifying. Hoople Memorial, as usual, is in the lead. It could not be otherwise with Solomon as evangelist—a man of great vision and faith. What a time of rejoicing they had when the long looked for day to gather in the tenth of their harvest came. They have little money, to be sure, but such as they have they brought—corn, pumpkins, peanuts, chickens, goats, and even cows. You may imagine whether or not they were blessed. Would an American congregation get blessed? It is not as though they had acres of land and more food than they could consume. They have merely a scanty living, and some not that. They will be buying food before harvest comes again. We have not heard from all the churches, but they are sending for grain bags, and we are beginning to visualize a church building so much needed at Grace station, a memorial to the first tithe of the African churches. Amen.

Grace station and the entire district have sustained a loss, and yet gained an incalculable inspiration, in the homegoing of Luse Bhembe, the old woman of whom Miss Martin wrote. Her wonderful transformation from darkness to light, in every detail of her life, and her zeal in seeking to advance His kingdom, have left an impression in the hearts of many that will never be effaced. Long after any ordinary person would have given up she hobbled painfully over the hills, supported by her long stick, pleading with the people to turn to God. She could not be persuaded to rest her wornout, tired old body, for her heart could not cease to love the lost. The end came as would be expected. She pleaded with her beloved people to the last to become Christians. She sent for the evangelist, Moses, to come and be with her, gave him a shilling for the next W. M. S. meeting, bade them all goodby, and then said, "I am tired. I'm going home," and was gone.

Away out on that lonely hillside on a cold, dismal day the church that loved her so much gathered to lay her away. The evangelist describing the occasion said it was more like the climax of a revival than a funeral service, for heaven was so near. This is not the end, for the next Sunday her son, a middle-aged heathen man with whom she lived, and another man in the kraal, publicly gave themselves to God and testified attributing it all to her life and prayers. Nor has the light been extinguished yet. The light of the Son of God that shone so brightly into that poor old Swazi woman's heart shall lighten the way of others, and she shall be happier in that city where she sings her favorite song, though no longer in a broken voice, "All the way along it is Jesus."

Latest News From Africa

By MISS MYRTLE PELLEY

September 1 was a time of great havoc at the Raleigh Fitchkin Memorial Hospital, Swaziland, South Africa. Things are very dry here now before the rainy season begins, and a strong wind came up, increasing in volume and speed in the morning, until small buildings began to roll over, and corrugated tile roofs tore off, hurtling half way across the grounds.

As the hurricane increased a great brick pillar supporting the new outpatient department (4 in the picture on p. 12) rolled to the ground with sundry other bricks, leaving the porch roof flapping in the breeze like an old woman's apron, until with great risk an Indian workman and some men could anchor it

(Continued on page twelve)

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society

Edited by Mrs. C. E. Hardy
Trevecca College, Nashville, Tenn.

Annual Report of the W. F. M. S. in Africa, 1930-1931

By MRS. H. F. SCHMELZENBACH

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

The above words become the song of my soul as I look back over the work done by our beloved W. F. M. S. during the past year in dark Africa. Remembering that we ourselves have been hindered from getting out among our churches to push this great cause, and because of their multiplied duties others of our staff also have been hindered from putting any special effort into their work along this line, for what has been accomplished we are constrained to exclaim, "Of a truth, this work was wrought by our God." Last year the Pigg's Peak district reported 363 members and money raised in dues to the amount of \$268.12. This year they are rejoicing over 420 members who have brought into the treasury \$323. Last year in Gazaland there were 11 societies with 211 members, who raised \$61.62. This year they report 411 members and \$182.50. Sabi also is proving that she is in the fight and means to stay with us. Last year they had 30 members, who raised only \$20.37; this year they have 35 members, who raised \$54.30. Ubombo district alone has fallen off both in membership and in money raised. Last year there were 148 members, who brought in \$80. This year they report 141 members and only \$70.32. This is partly because there has been a long and hard drought in that part of the country, and the people have not had sufficient food for themselves, nor could they find ways and means whereby they might raise their W. F. M. S. dues.

Our work among the children also has made good progress. For this we are indebted to Mrs. W. C. Esselstyn, who has carried a soul burden for this department. Last year there were only three Junior Societies, with only 106 members. This year there are eight societies in the Peak's district alone, with more than 200 members. There is also one society in Sabi which was organized by Mrs. H. A. Shirley, and one society in Bremersdorp with 40 members which was organized by Mrs. David Hynd. Thus we have 10 Junior Societies with a total enrolment of 255 members and they raised about \$45 in dues during the year. Objects taken care of by our W. F. M. S. in the different districts during the year are as follows:

Gazaland sent \$90 to Brother Shirley to complete the ceiling of his printing office in Sabi, and also raised about \$85 toward their building fund for the new church building in Johannesburg. Swaziland and the Transvaal promised to raise money to build a dormitory for the girls' training school in Gazaland. This building is now completed and is a fine substantial building made of cement blocks. It is 20 x 40 feet, divided into three rooms, and the center room has a nice open fireplace. Then there is a fine veranda 12 x 40 feet. This is screened in and is being used as a schoolroom. There are still a teacher's room and a kitchen to be added. This fine building will cost only \$1,125. Of this amount our W. F. M. S. in Swaziland and Transvaal gave \$500 this year and Swaziland has promised to raise the remaining \$500 needed to clear it of debt. As it stands now the home will accommodate 50 girls, and there are now 35 girls in the home. When we have paid the last of our pledge our girls' training home in Gazaland will have been built entirely by the Africans themselves. The Transvaal district has pledged to raise money to help support the preachers in Gazaland this year. The membership of our W. F. M. S. in dark Africa has reached the grand total of 987, and we raised for all purposes during

the past year \$640. This does not include the Juniors. The above shows that we are on the forward march in dark Africa and if this can be done by our faithful African Christians, with so little help from their missionaries, what might be accomplished if our missionaries could find more time to help. Indeed we mean to double up on our energies and undertake greater things for our God. We do not intend to lay down our weapons until all the breaches in the wall have been built up and we have finished our job. Meanwhile we are counting on your prayers to strengthen our hands.

Missionary Boxes Received in Trinidad

By MRS. GEORGE SURBROOK

Such excitement at the missionary manse! The missionary boxes had arrived. While the wife of the house grabbed the scissors and frantically began to cut the thread that sewed up the bags the less excited husband calmly began to untie each knot very carefully. "Oh! cut it quick dear, do, I just cannot wait," begged the wife, but he methodically kept on untying. At last every thread was cut and every knot untied and then the fun began.

"Just look here," exclaimed the husband, "see all these pretty ties! Just exactly what I needed—and socks, oh, how nice." "But see these dresses, aren't they lovely? Look! the latest fashion too. What pretty cloth! I won't know how to act when I get these on. Housedresses, too! Just this morning I was wondering how many more times I would have to mend the old ones that had done duty for so long. Did you notice the pretty pins and buckles? Why it's almost like being at home."

But they had just begun. Stockings, pins, needles, bias binding and wax paper. "Look here—thread, and I haven't one bit in the house. This has come just in time." "Safety pins and underwear—mine is just gone—handkerchiefs and even shoelaces—you know, dear, how quickly those rot in this climate. See the adhesive tape! isn't that unique? You just pull it and it opens up—that must be something new. A wire dish cloth! not only our wants, but our wishes supplied. Just yesterday when I was washing the pots and pans I was wishing I could step into the 'five and ten' and get a wire dish cloth."

By this time the girl that helps had come in from the yard where she had been washing, attracted by the exclamations of delight, and she joins in, "See, Madam, this beautiful rug. Now we must scrub the floor before we put this down." Then spying the piece of oilcloth in which the parcel had been wrapped, "Just what I need for the top of my barrel that I use for a table in the kitchen. Isn't God good to us?" and off she goes to put the oilcloth on her improvised table.

The lady of the house spends the next half hour happily trying on her pretty dresses, which fit so well and are so becoming, she thinks, while every once in a while the man leaves his desk where he is getting out a sermon to go surreptitiously and finger his socks and ties, and he is heard to say, "Now I shall not have to wear white socks all the time." Not a thing is wasted. The string and wrapping paper are carefully preserved, the stamps are soaked off, and the cloth in which it is wrapped is kept for some needy soul, while the oilcloth proudly adorns the kitchen table.

Yes! the missionary boxes have arrived, red letter days in the lives of these missionaries who feel that with the psalmist they can say, "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

Announcements

Born to Mrs. T. D. Aughey, our Assistant General Treasurer, on November 23, at Nashville, Tennessee, a little daughter, who is to be called Medora Marchant.

Sister Benson, while somewhat improved at present, is still a very sick woman and needs our prayers.

New England Annual Convention

The W. F. M. S. of the New England District held its thirteenth annual meeting on November 17 and 18 in the Church of the Nazarene, Cliftondale, Massachusetts. Rev. T. B. Green is the pastor and Mrs. Marcella Hansen the local president. Mrs. Olive M. Gould, our beloved district president, presided at all the sessions, and the reports of officers and delegates were most encouraging. The meeting was greatly favored in having for its speakers Rev. Mrs. S. N. Fitkin, General President of the W. F. M. S., and Miss Mary E. Cove, General Superintendent of Study. Each of these elect ladies brought soul-stirring messages that we shall not soon forget. Time and space forbid our going into details, but this meeting will go down in history as a time of special blessing from the presence of the Lord. Miss Margaret Stewart of Lowell, Massachusetts, who expects soon to sail for India, was present and spoke of her call. Special solos were sung by Rev. Mabel R. Manning, evangelist, and Mrs. Ruth Wagner and Miss Margaret Stewart. The noon hour was spent in fasting and prayer, and an offering was given as a sacrifice at this time of special need. We regretted the absence of our beloved Mrs. H. F. Reynolds, who was too ill to be present. Our hearts were blessed and cheered as Mrs. Fitkin told of the revivals in foreign lands. God grant we may have many of them in our own country.

REV. LURA HORTON INGLER, *Secretary*.

Annual Meeting in Western Oklahoma

The annual meeting of Western Oklahoma District W. F. M. S. met in an all-day session September 22 at Bethany. All officers except the president, Mrs. F. L. Irick, were present. Mrs. Lottie Ester presided. Brother Macrory, pastor of Bethany church, gave a warm address of welcome. He praised our women for our work and urged us to keep pressing forward. There was a goodly representation from most churches. Reports from over the district compared quite favorably with those of last year, considering the depressing times. Mrs. R. T. Williams favored us with a solo. Sister McConnell gave a heart touching appeal in behalf of ten million souls who are looking to us for the gospel.

Officers elected for the following year are:

President—Mrs. F. L. Irick, 2025 W. 20th, Oklahoma City.
First V.-P.—Mrs. Nina O. Trout, 2844 W. 13th, Oklahoma City.
Second V.-P.—Mrs. Mary Moncrief, 718 N. Brauer, Oklahoma City.

Cor. Sec.—Mrs. Lottie Ester, 17 S. W. 23rd, Oklahoma City.

Rec. Sec.—Mrs. Joseph Pitts, Hooker, Oklahoma.

Treasurer—Mrs. Hazel Trueblood, Speermore, Oklahoma.

Supt. of Study—Mrs. H. L. Short, 202 N. Chautauqua, Norman, Oklahoma.

NINA O. TROUT, *Recording Secretary*.

Arkansas District

Arkansas District annual meeting of the W. F. M. S. convened on September 29 at the State Camp Ground near Little Rock, at 10 a. m., and continued through the day. We had a large crowd, each district officer being on the ground and several local presidents. Almost every society was represented, and God was there to lead us in carrying on the work of the W. F. M. S. In spite of our general financial depression we had good reports from nearly all local societies. We have the Wilkerson Orphanage in our district, for which

we are thankful, and some of our local societies have been contributing to it, and the Lord is blessing. The orphanage is young yet, but is growing, and we see a bright future for it if all Nazarenes in this district will get it on their hearts. Then our vision will increase for foreign missions. Our reports show a membership of 370, life members, 2, Juniors 172, missionary books read, 36. The Other Sheep 276. Missionary literature, 1,350 pieces distributed; and 286 regular meetings. Seven new societies have been organized, and we have held five group meetings in the year. We are planning to have at least two conventions this next year, and as district officers, we are going to put more into the work of the W. F. M. S. And with the co-operation of each society and the help of the Lord we will accomplish more. Let us pray for one another, work together and learn more of our Master's will.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

Day of Fasting and Prayer

February 12 has been selected as a world-wide day of prayer, so I earnestly request all our societies to observe that day as a day of prayer and fasting. Prayer changes things.

S. N. FITKIN, *Pres. Gen. Council*.

First Vice-President of the W. G. F. M. C. Has Moved

Mrs. Paul Bresee is now living at 1906 Cordova street, Los Angeles, Calif.—no longer at 1126 Santee street.

Meeting of the Executive Committee Woman's General Foreign Missionary Council

The regular annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the Woman's General Foreign Missionary Council, Church of the Nazarene, will convene at Headquarters, 2923 Troost avenue, Kansas City, Mo., on Monday, January 4, 1932, at ten o'clock a. m. Let all members be present at that time if possible.

MRS. ROY G. CODDING, *Secretary*.

District Convention of the Arkansas District W. F. M. S.

Rev. Agnes White Duffee, district president of the Arkansas District W. F. M. S. has announced a district convention to be held in the Pulaski Heights Church of the Nazarene, Little Rock, on January 29, 1932.

We have a good program of interesting topics which, with round-table discussions, will make it a worth-while meeting. Come and be with us. Help us and let us help you.

MRS. ANNA CARTER, *District Secretary*.

Unmoved

Occasionally one finds a Nazarene whose attitude toward missions is—"None of these things move me." The real missionary movement is a heart movement.

Solved by Giving

Many poverty problems could be solved by giving. Jesus says: Give and I'll give it all back to you. He declares: No man has ever given houses, lands or goods for my sake, but what I've given him back a hundred fold, i. e. 10,000%.

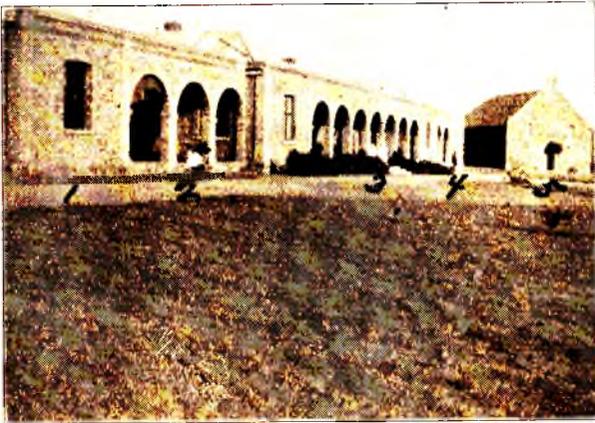
Our Ships

"One ship sails east, and another west,
With the selfsame winds that blow;
'Tis the set of the sail, and not the gale,
That sends them the way they go.

"Like the winds of the sea are the ways of God
As we voyage along through life;
'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal,
And not the calm or the strife."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Latest News from Africa
(Continued from page nine)



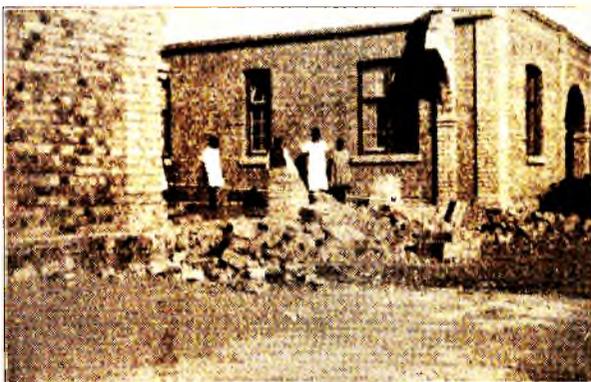
THE HOSPITAL PROPER, 3; THE CHURCH. 5

down. A partly erected brick column swayed as a lily on its stem, threatening to topple over.

The cattle shed and stable was ripped asunder and left a wreck, roofless to the sky, beams splintered, corrugated iron roofing folded like a jackknife.



Then crash, and over went the beautiful brick and mortar pillars and arches (2 in the upper picture) connecting the hospital with Dr. Tanner's new house (1), leaving such a gaping wound in the corner of her roof that a rain will damage her possessions.



WRECK OF THE THREE ARCHES

Josefa, the evangelist, lost his new kitchen roof, timbers and all.

Warning everyone to stay inside the buildings, I was kept busy hastening from patient to patient calming their fears. Europeans tried to smile. Africans covered their heads. Sand, dirt, dust rolled through the buildings in clouds. Nobody could eat or drink for dirt—great heaps cleaned out afterwards. For over two hours it raged until we knew not what more would crumble and fall.

Our beautiful hospital and grounds? A scene of devastation and loss. Months of work gone—yet glad we are all safe. More than \$300 to repair it all, and where *are* we to get that? Just when finances are hard everywhere too. I hope God has some ravens to help us somewhere. Will you enable us to repair the damage wrought?

Paramount Chief Sobhuza II Visits Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital

And P. KAI SEME Writes About It

The news about the pending departure of Dr. David Hynd and Mrs. Hynd for Europe next week brought the Paramount Chief Sobhuza II and his counselors to the Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital mission station last Thursday to bid farewell to the departing head of the institution. The Church of the Nazarene, through this medical mission has "almost persuaded" the heads of the Swazi nation even to become Christian. One thing, however, I feel certain that this wonderful mission has achieved in Swaziland; it has brought home the lesson of "the good Samaritan" very close to the door of a suffering nation.

The Paramount Chief and members of his council were received, on their arrival by motor at the front of the hospital, by Nurse Priscilla Mapanga, one of the nurses in training. She showed the Chief and his party into the head office of Dr. Hynd where the Sister, Miss Bessie Seay, was waiting to receive the Paramount Chief and to make him feel at home while Dr. Hynd, with the African nurses, was attending a very urgent case of abnormal birth. After some few minutes the doctor entered the room and cordially greeted the Paramount Chief and his counselors. They are old friends and know each other very well. One can easily mark the signs of very sincere regrets for the pending departure of their friends the Doctor and Mrs. Hynd.

Dr. Hynd is a missionary as well as a doctor of medicine. He belongs to the modern type of missionaries, who believe in making deeds speak louder than words. His is a wide outlook, and his mission is to serve humanity with a single heart and without prejudice or color blindness. It is most wonderful how he has won the confidence of men and women of all races and colors here in Swaziland within such a brief space of time.

After a half-hour of confidential talk with the party the doctor offered to take the Paramount Chief with his counselors through the hospital buildings. He led the way first into the European section, where we learned that the last patient had just left after a successful treatment. We found a copy of the Bible in one of the two rooms of this section. Next to this was the interesting ward for African women, where we found all manner of suffering Swazi women and newly born babies under the motherly care of the matron, Miss Myrtle A. Pelley, who proudly introduced King Sobhuza to his new and youngest subject. The little thing looked pretty and comfortable in a neat and warm basket, and showed no signs that it had been a subject of a case of abnormal birth a few minutes ago. In the same ward the Paramount Chief recognized a daughter of one of his chiefs joyfully nursing her newly born baby. She looked most gratefully at the matron, Miss Pelley, and Dr. Hynd.

The Paramount Chief and his party were then led into the adjoining ward, containing old Swazi women. The memories of their former days must run to the time of the great warrior King Mswazi, the great grandfather of our Sobhuza

II. One wonders what may be passing through the minds of these ancient women. The contrast between their early days and ours seems an impossible dream. One hundred years ago there was no white man living in Swaziland, and there was no sign of any kind of civilization. But here today they sit and behold the youngest fruits of ancient sciences from the dazzling heights of the most modern and best equipped hospital in Swaziland, and surrounded by spotlessly clean nurses and doctors. How very different is their world from ours! They all are enjoying the peace—the new peace which has come into the world under the services of “the good Samaritan.”

From this portion the party went into the training quarters for African nurses, the messengers of “good will” through whom the Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital, under the auspices of the Church of the Nazarene, may hope to conquer Swaziland for the kingdom of God. In this portion the Paramount Chief met the Sister, Miss Ruby Sipple, who with the new resident doctor, Mary Tanner, M. B., Ch. B., had successfully attended the Paramount Chief on a previous occasion when the royal hunter had unfortunately got his foot painfully entangled in the barbed wire of the bushveldt, in the absence and illness of Dr. Hynd. The Chief gave a short address to the candidates, encouraging them in their proposed service for humanity.

It was beginning to get dark, and from all appearances we were just about in the middle of the institution. The party passed through the wonderful clinics into the X-ray operating room, where Dr. Hynd showed the Paramount Chief some of the wonderful plates which he had taken and other records and proofs of great scientific skill which are too numerous to mention in this short article—certainly a record worthy of the name of this fast growing institution and of Dr. David Hynd, M. A., B. Sc., M. B., Ch. B., D. T. M. and H., the Resident Medical Officer who is about to leave us on sick leave to Europe. We all wish him a complete recovery and a speedy return to Swaziland. While examining the scientific records and plates the Paramount Chief took some of the plates into the adjoining room to examine them under better lights of the adjoining ward. While he and the doctor were busy studying these plates the matron, Miss Pelley, explained to the writer that the lady who was lying on the bed next to the Paramount Chief was the mother of the newest baby. Thus it happened that, unknown to King Sobhuza, who is the hereditary high priest of the Swazi nation, he was breaking ancient rules of his priesthood, because according to ancient Swazi customs such women are regarded as unclean until after seven weeks. They must first be purified by the blood of goats and other ceremony before they may be permitted to come before his royal presence.

From this portion we went through the most wonderful part of the whole institution, the dissecting rooms and laboratory where Dr. Hynd has successfully put through his many wonderful operations. Here we saw horrid specimens of various diseased portions of human flesh which had been preserved in bottles. We then went through the church building and the western portion of the institution, then through the laundry and school buildings into the residence of Dr. Hynd, where we found the secretary of the institution, Mrs. David Hynd, M. A., with Dr. Mary Tanner and Miss M. K. Latta, who very cordially greeted the King and his party. Mrs. Hynd would not allow anyone to excel her in hospitality, not even Dr. Hynd himself. The tea and cakes were perfect to the taste and each member of the King's party most thoroughly enjoyed the reception. And all were very sorry that our friends were really going to leave.

Anyway, the Paramount Chief made Dr. and Mrs. Hynd promise that they will return to Swaziland as soon as possible. And Dr. Tanner assured the Chief that the hospital mission will continue to do its very best. The party then wished Dr. and Mrs. Hynd and Master Hynd a good voyage and a happy return.

Girls, Big Girls and Little Girls

By MISS FAIRY CHISM

“There is always room for one more,” is often true, but there does come a time when a place is packed to the limit and there is no longer room for even *one* more. Such proved to be the case in the girls' home in Swaziland this year. Each new girl's case was carefully considered to see if it were absolutely necessary for her to stay here; and we couldn't find one single one to send home. Either they had come from homes where they were greatly troubled because they were Christians, or because they were sold to heathen men, or because they had gone just as far as they could in our out-station schools and wanted further education. I just couldn't choose those who were to be sent back.

They were given opportunity to choose their rooms and sleeping companions, but this gave some rooms more than their share of fat ones. By rearranging them according to the width of their bodies, I tucked in a few more. Yet there were girls and more girls! Perhaps we could find a place for all the girls were it not for the children.

This isn't a children's home, but Africa's hope lies in her children and young people, and what shall we do when these little Christians come to us pleading to stay? There were four brave little converts, who gave their hearts to Jesus during our big revival and who have scarcely missed a Sunday service or a prayermeeting in these ten months although their home is fully eight miles from here, begging to come to school. There is no nearer school; besides these little tots (ages five, seven, eight and twelve) need to be under Christian influences—all others in their home are heathen. Could I say, “No,” and expect them to withstand all the heathen influences at home?

A few days before they asked to come a little girl about ten ran in here after a hard beating at home and gave her heart to Jesus in my room. She came to stay. Investigation revealed that her parents were dead and in her uncle's home she is frequently beaten and threatened with death. She is purposely sent on errands at food time until she is under-nourished and pitiful looking. She has been driven away from home, staying in the veldt for five days at a time eating what she could find growing wild, and sleeping under some protecting tree. She isn't as bright as the average and is not too promising, but should not such a poor little unfortunate one be given that which is the birthright of every child—but which she has never had—a home?

One day a tall heathen father came with two little girls about eight and ten saying that they were bereft of their mother and he had no place for them. Since he wanted them to become Christians could they not stay here? Can one fail to see the value of such opportunities for winning souls to the Master?

Thus I could go on and give you the reasons why every little girl and boy (for we have also several little boys) has been taken in here. Of course we cannot support them with the money which is sent to the girls' home because support is sent for twenty-five and we have sixty-four, but God blesses our gardens and the girls work very, very hard so that they are all able to stay. And the little folk, we look after them ourselves. Yet they took up room which we needed for the girls. We found a happy solution of the problem when Miss Carpenter kindly offered to move from her hut to Schmelzenbach's old house (she and I are alone at this station) and take the little girls down there. We put an even dozen there—dear, promising little youngsters they are, from five to twelve. I am sure that God will help us to care for them.

Our total number now stands at seventy-six, with another in the hospital at Bremersdorp who is ill. They are simply sleeping everywhere that there is a bit of floor space. We are deeply grateful that a better day is in sight. By this time next year we hope to be ready to move into the new home, the Lord willing.

Heavy Burdens at Bremersdorp, Africa

We are carrying a pretty heavy load here now since Dr. Hynd's departure; then Brother Jenkins has also been down sick. Pray for little Dr. Tanner, so tiny in body but so big of spirit. We are doing our best to carry on the great work God has called us to do.

Blessings on you all and the homeland forces. We never forget you back there at home, faithfully staying by the stuff and pushing hard for God and the church. May He bless and keep you all is my prayer.

Our church papers are a great blessing to all of us missionaries. We love them and are inspired many times by them. Keep on with the good work and boost for missions as hard as ever you can, for Jesus is surely coming back to earth again and surely not too far hence. We must do our best before He arrives. Your faithful missionary to Africa.—Myrtle Pelley.

Why Give Africa So Much Space in The Other Sheep?

Because I cannot write contributed articles from India when I am in Kansas City, Mo., U. S. A. No more can I send in photographs from Argentina or stirring reports from Palestine. Those on the spot must do that. Africa is our largest field in the number of missionaries engaged there, and long has been. That fact would entitle it to more space in our pages than we could give to Syria, or to the Cape Verde Islands, where we have only one missionary. But when I tell you that I am using all the material I receive from all our missionaries at the front you will understand the disparity. Africa first and Syria last is my usual arrangement because the alphabetical order requires less time and gray matter than any other that I have discovered.

These extended remarks are an explanation to our readers, most of whom are in this country, and a hint to those of our missionaries who might contribute more. Too bad that these remarks cannot reach the two classes mentioned and at the same time be hidden from our missionaries in Africa, lest they be encouraged to become even more voluminous.

OFFICE EDITOR.

Office Editor Is Not Subscription Agent

A few subscribers for The Other Sheep have seemed to think so, for they have sent subscriptions, renewals and changes of address to Roy G. Coddling. The work of the office editor is to prepare copy for the printers, plan the makeup and make the dummy, select and prepare photographs for the engravers to make cuts—yes, someone must do that preparing. Here is a photograph in which buildings, trees and people lean like the tower of Pisa because the photographer tilted his camera. Mr. O. E. cuts in a piece of cardboard an opening as big as what he can use of the photograph and pastes the latter underneath, tilted back to level. A few other such lines of work fall to Mr. Office Editor, but if you want to subscribe or renew or change your address for The Other Sheep write (and remit) to

Nazarene Publishing House
2923 Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

A Cry Out of the Darkness—a Tree—a Harvest

By MISS ORA V. LOVEFACE

There is one place where I always feel that I am treading on holy ground because of the wonderful providences of God that have brought the gospel to the benighted souls living there. It is some thirty miles south of us, where undulating hills slope off towards the bush veldt. It is a beautiful spot, well populated, and with large kraals that have an air of prosperity about them above the average. But the story connected with these three pictures is what I have long wished you might know. The first I have called

A CRY OUT OF THE DARKNESS



Here are two women, both wives of one man. They are staunch Nazarenes now, neatly dressed, contented; but not so in the beginning of this story. The woman on the right was only a girl, and the country lay in deepest spiritual darkness. One day a stranger passed through. He was a missionary of the Wesleyan Church. He could not tarry long, but it was long enough to implant in this young heart a hunger for something better, a longing to know God. Time went on and she became the wife of a heathen man and associated with the other woman in the picture. She was always telling the other woman that there was a better way, and what the stranger had said. At last she asked

her to go to the veldt with her to pray. Pray for what? Not for forgiveness or cleansing, oh no, but a prayer like this: "If there is a God who cares for us, send someone to tell us about Him." Repeatedly they prayed thus.

In the meantime our pioneer missionary, Brother Schmelzenbach, came into Swaziland, and in toils and hardships, with undaunted faith, established himself and gathered a little band of workers about him. One day he rode into the district yearning for an opening to preach the gospel, which was not very easy to find in those days. He visited the kraals and came to



THIS VERY TREE,

near the spot where the kraal still stands, and there he heard the story of how they had actually prayed for his coming. And he saw the joy of these heathen women as they beheld the answer to their cry. Here the gospel was preached every Sunday for many months. Here these women became the first converts. Neither he nor his companions minded the seventy miles to be covered weekly to reach the place, for it was apparent to all that God's hand was upon the labor from the start. Then came a glorious



HARVEST

The heavy rains and beating sun soon revealed to all that a building was needed. Money came for Hitz chapel, and here it was erected, and an evangelist was sent here to live. His labors were crowned with phenomenal success. After a while Samuel Dhlamini, a boy just out of school but with a burning passion for souls, became the evangelist there. There was scarcely a kraal near there where someone did not become a Christian, and hardly a week passed that new ones were not added to the number. A large school was opened, and soon the preacher could take them no farther, for they had outgrown him. So a teacher was sent to help him.

The picture of the church and members assembled does not tell all. My heart is strangely moved as I think of the choice workers that have come from this church: There is Joel, the pastor of a large church near Stegi; an answer to that prayer for, by the way, one of the women was his mother. There was Zakeu, evangelist at Stegi, a boy who carries such a burden for the lost that he reminds one of the "Man of sorrows." No more loving, compassionate heart ever beat in the breast of a redeemed soul than in that boy. His brother Petro also is a successful soul winner. Philip and Sampson are both on the firing line, and Fred is one of our most promising students, both scholastically and spiritually; and Rachel, the wife and faithful helpmeet of Simone at Fannie Claypool Memorial is one. Enoch, one of the head evangelists, and his wife, Leah, with Alice Sebade as teacher, are building faithfully upon the foundation laid by others. False doctrines are creeping in now but, thank God, the truth has already been implanted in the hearts of the people, and it can never die. Who can estimate the far reaching results of that prayer, that heart cry for light which came and still shines on with ever increasing power?

JAPAN

Eckel Family Open a New Field

We see no reason why our Kobe work will not advance, and with another two years' labor here at least two self-supporting churches be established. We have faith in God that it can be done. These people are ready for the message. Times are dreadfully hard; people everywhere are out of work; the government is trying to bolster up their money to hold their rate of exchange in the face of depression, but their gold is fast leaving the country. It is said the country will return again to a silver standard about the first of the year. True, this unsettled condition is hard on everybody, but it greatly enhances our opportunities to preach the gospel. A good class of people is seeking the Lord.—W. A. Eckel.

Always in the Forefront

Fitchburg, Mass., church, captained by Pastor Tom Brown, sent \$115 to the Sacrifice Offering. This was in addition to the splendid gift of \$600 which that noble company of saints sent in by the hand of General Superintendent Chapman recently. The Fitchburg believers love missions.

MEXICO

Special Prayer for Mexico is Requested

By V. G. SANTIN, M. D.

We consider it our great privilege to do on our part the very best we can in helping to collect funds for missions. We have great faith for the November offering, and we believe our people are going to respond with liberality. We have adopted the plan proposed by our General Superintendents, and during all November, in each church and in each home we are praying, begging the Lord for His mighty help in the present trial. We believe that the victory will be ours in every place where holiness is preached. Amen.

I take this occasion to entreat you to pray for the Christian work in Mexico, as we are entering great trials. The following is one: The government of this nation has ordered that in the future no more churches be built, because in their opinion there are already sufficient for the people. The Nazarenes, as also other believers, need very badly a lot more churches, as the people each day are accepting Christ as their only Savior. In the Federal District we need five churches, and although we already have lots and a little money to begin building, we have to suspend all work because of this order. How sad all this is, beloved brethren!

Another great difficulty that is threatening us is the limiting of ministers in the Federal District. It is announced that the government is going to permit only *ten ministers* for each religious sect. If this is carried out what shall we do? When today as never before our cry is, "Lord, the harvest is great, send workers to Thy harvest."

All this oppresses our heart and makes us beg you, beloved brethren of the Church of the Nazarene in the United States, to pray a great deal for us. We know from experience that prayer changes things. Hallelujah!

In spite of all this we are encouraged and have great joy for the fact that the people are of tender heart and are accepting Christ as their Savior. Every Sunday we see souls surrender themselves at the altar, confessing their sins and seeking salvation. To hear the testimonies of the redeemed fills one's heart with gladness. Also not a few Christians are seeking entire sanctification.

Again I entreat all of you to pray for Mexico, and for this servant of the Lord. Christ is coming! Hallelujah! Yours in Christ.

I Forgot!

This expression is frequently heard, but you cannot say that if you neglect the making of your will.

Many, no doubt, are giving serious and prayerful consideration to the productive employment of their funds or property after their departure.

If you have not made your will, it is important that you should.

Why not aid the Church of the Nazarene in its world-wide salvation effort?

You can aid:

—Our missionary activities in foreign fields.

—Mission work in the homeland.

—Building churches.

—Wornout preachers and their families.

—Sunday school work.

—Christian education.

—Publishing House.

For the guidance of those who desire to remember the Church of the Nazarene in their will, make your bequest to the General Board of the Church of the Nazarene, a Missouri Corporation with Headquarters at 2923 Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri.

For further information write

M. Lunn, General Treasurer

2923 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

He Maketh Me to Lie Down in Green Pastures

By LOUISE ROBINSON

Greetings to my many Nazarene friends from our Missionary Sanitarium at Nampa, Idaho, the best place in the world for a sick missionary.

For over three months I have been lying down in God's green pastures, resting beside the still waters, and He has been restoring my soul.

About four weeks after my arrival home from Africa I came to Nampa. I was sick and tired. The great change in everything bewildered me and I could not seem to adjust myself to things as I found them. I felt about as emotionless and dead as a block of stone. I accepted a pressing invitation to make my home here while in Nampa, and a few days later found myself in bed in the most beautiful and sunny room in the hospital. I have been here since and God has done wonderful things for me physically. I shall ever feel my debt of gratitude to these kind doctors and nurses. May God richly bless them. I feel rich indeed with their love and friendship.

I was surprised to see how God is blessing this hospital. I did not begin to comprehend His great plan for this institution. My heart has been tremendously stirred as God has talked to me about this work.

Our foreign fields are crying for nurses who are not only graduates from medical training schools, but who, as Parlette says, have been trained in "the University of Hard Knocks," until they can endure hardness as good soldiers, and fight through humanly impossible things. This institution ought to be our probing and culling station, for only the very best, the bravest, the strongest, and most spiritual can ever succeed when under the terrible pressure of heathen darkness. There are now in training here numbers who have calls to foreign fields.

Then, too, what a haven of rest this place has already been to tired, sick missionaries. At least thirty-five missionaries have had medical treatment in this institution, also quite a number of missionaries' children. What will it mean in the years to come? How thoughtful has God been in providing a place for us where we may have a home with the best of medical attention. There is nothing more dreadful to a missionary than to be sick on the mission field and add greater burdens to the already overburdened workers. But sickness and even death there is preferable to sickness and weariness in one's own native land with no place to go and no one to truly care. Christ, who is touched by the feeling of our infirmities and who knoweth all things, made provision for this need by putting it into the hearts of Dr. and Mrs. Mangum to establish this Missionary Sanitarium and Institute. Let all of us get under this burden and carry it for God.

I thank you for your prayers and confidence. I desire greatly to be back at my work in Swaziland by summertime.

The Way it is Done at a Nazarene College

"Tuesday evening, November 16, we were all congregated in the church after much prayer during the day. The tide seemed to be rising and the spirit seemed to be good. The young ladies' trio sang a song entitled 'The Best Thing to Have is Salvation,' the Spirit descended in marvelous power until it seemed as though He came in billow after billow rolling over the entire student body. Many were the shouts and much praising of God and much crying and much laughing. To describe the scene is absolutely impossible. There was holy glee and joyful sorrow; there were the shouts of those who had been saved, mingled with tears of conviction on the faces of others. Besides all this there was the spontaneity of exhortation that comes when the Spirit has control. Brother Montgomery was quick to sense the working of the Spirit, and quickly jumped to his feet and began exhorting people to come to God. They came from all parts of the house, the long altar was completely filled, the first rows of seats were filled, then sprinkled all over the house

there were those who were seeking God. A great deluge of prayer broke loose. Soon the shouts of victory began to rise from those who had found God. Then, after the tide seemed to subside a bit at the church, we adjourned to the club building at the college where more than two hundred people gathered for a night of prayer. Such praying, such shouting, and such seeking! Many found God that night."

This glowing report of a most gracious revival at Nampa, Idaho, in which college and church were inextricably mixed and mingled, was sent in by Ira L. True, one of our furloughed missionaries now teaching at Northwest Nazarene College. The evangelist was Brother J. W. Montgomery, Superintendent of Northern Indiana District. Brother Montgomery knows how to ride the crest of a salvation wave. It was, from all reports, surely one great meeting. But this is no more than we expect our colleges to have almost any time, and maybe all the time. Bless 'em!

Heathenism

By PLUMER SMITH, *Presbyterian Missionary*

Two years ago, while cycling through an African village, I was flagged down by one of the leading men of the village. I stopped, parked my bicycle, and this is what the man said: "A woman died of sleeping sickness in that house last night. I have tried all day long to get someone to bury her, but to no avail." I replied: "That won't be hard." We went to the graveyard, a fourth of a mile away, and started on the grave. Soon there were six men helping us to dig the grave. Presently my friend eased up to me and said: "It's no trouble to dig a grave, but we will have our real palaver on when we try to get some men to bring her down to the grave." As we were finishing the grave they all with one accord began to make excuses, till only two men were left with me. We went back to the house where lay the poor dead woman. In her death throes her two yards of costume had become undone. I went to a group of five young women who were standing thirty feet away and asked that one of them come and robe her, so that we could bury her. They began with one accord to make excuses. "Me? I'm a young woman!" I went a hundred yards away, where fifty women were enjoying a mourning. I stated my proposition and asked for help. They all with one accord began to make excuses. "We are not conducting this funeral." "Are we related to this woman?" "You are not talking to us." Calling my two companions I walked into the house, wrapped the woman's skirt around her, told one man to take her by the knees, while I took her by the shoulders. When we got out of the house the man who had flagged me down came and took her shoulders. Two men carried her to the grave. We had a short service. The other men came back, and we buried her without further trouble. She was about twenty-two years of age and would have been worth fifty or sixty dollars, well. Dead, she was not worth burying—heathenism.

Louise Robinson Expects to Stay till General Assembly

One of the heroines of our sacrificial missionary line, Louise Robinson, is rapidly recovering from a major operation in the Nazarene Samaritan Hospital at Nampa, Idaho. She desires to return to Africa, but has consented to remain and represent that interesting field at the coming General Assembly. It is possible that she may be strong enough to do some deputation work before June, 1932.

The Things that Count

Not what we have, but what we give,
Not what we see, but what we choose;
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.

Not what we take, but what we give,
Pray we must, but also live.
These are the things that make for peace
Both now and after time shall cease.

—The Grit.