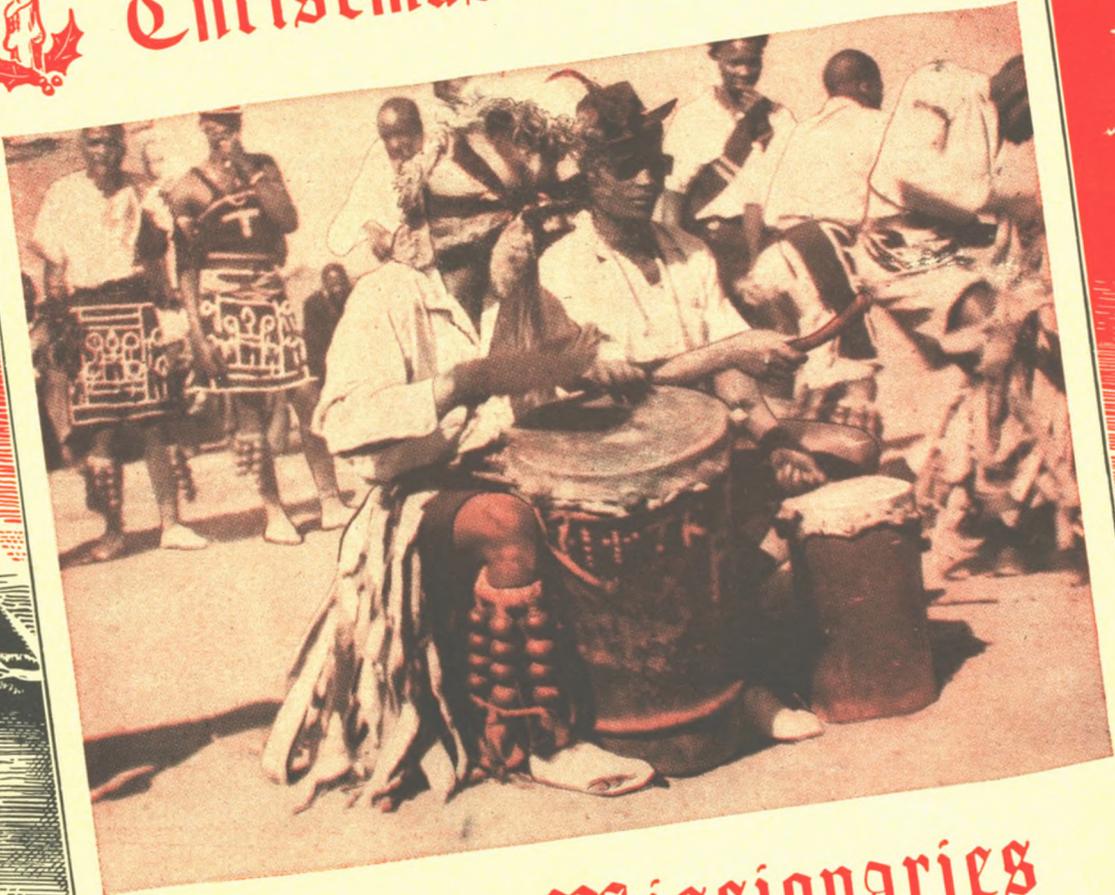


# The Other Sheep

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Christmas Greetings



From the Missionaries

December 1950

# Stop the Drums!

*By Clifford Church*

*Africa*

**A** GAIN, the democratic nations are at war to stop the rumble of cannons and the tramp of armies advancing to infringe upon the rights of others. Still, the soldiers of the Cross raise the shield of faith and extend the Sword of the Spirit to stop the armies of the aliens who would ensnare the souls of men.

To the soldiers of Napoleon the beat of the drum was the rhythm of attack. Here in the darkness of Africa, the thud of the drum is the echo of Satan's world—sensuous dances, witchcraft, the obsessions of the evil one.

Brother Esselstyn gave me my first introduction to the sound of drums. He took me to the compound of a gold mine. Everything was new—black faces, hymns in a foreign tongue, the compound room with forty sleeping in a room, the smell of onion-flavored food. But all that could not obliterate the sound of drums, over and over again “drubbing” out the monotony. Brother Esselstyn preached, men sought the Lord, but the drums beat on!

For nearly three years we have gone among the compounds of the coal mines in Witbank. And the drums are here. Drums, and beaded drummers, and dancers, men changing their fashion to that of women and wriggling in hellish glee! And in the crowded, smoky, smelly rooms I have thumped the rickety table, raised my voice, and exhorted with tears that these men turn from their sin. But the drums beat on!

Dr. Powers came to Witbank and preached to the group of interested men gathered in the dimly lit hall. Around the room were safety charts, but outside were the drummers and the dancers practicing for their Sunday performance.

After Dr. Powers' message one of the four men who knelt before the table to cry and pray and repent, testified. He had been a dancer, one of those who writhed to the rhythm of the drums. And now the love of Jesus and the power of His blood had reached his soul. A new rhythm pulsated in his heart; a new harmony higher than the co-ordination of muscles surged through his being. He was redeemed, freed from the power of the dance.

A veteran missionary, a young zealot, a general superintendent couldn't stop those drums. But the blood of Jesus Christ applied to a quivering, submitted soul can stop that writhing and restore peace. It can still the drum like the Voice that stilled the sea. It can destroy the charm of beads and give peace, real peace!

**“His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace” (Isaiah 9:6).**

# The OTHER Sheep

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

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

Volume 37

December, 1950

Number 12

## The Great Missionary

**T**HE CHRIST HAS COME! He left behind the wealth, splendor, and worship of heaven and its imposing hosts. The glory which He had with the Father from the foundation of the world was forsaken. The opposition of ignorant and sinful men had to be faced. Systems of error rooted by centuries of evil practices must be replaced. The Father's name must be glorified. Man must be rescued.

It was the call of the unreached which brought Christ on His mission of redemption. He chose to heed the cry of a far-off planet called earth. Hence, the first missionary to leave the love and light of home to go to a foreign land was the Son of God. Comforts were forsaken. Ease was forgotten. Redemption was His goal.

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins," said the angel to Joseph. At His birth the shepherds were told. "Unto you is born this day . . . a Saviour." The task of world redemption consumed Him. Refusing to eat on one occasion, He said, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." Near the close of His earthly pilgrimage He said to the Father, "I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." On the cross He cried, "It is finished." After His resurrection, the command to His disciples was, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." This was His last word. If there is any hope for the world, it is to be found in His gospel. If it cannot be found in Christ, it cannot be found at all.

From one of our mission fields a worker wrote during the last Christmas season: "Tonight is Christmas Eve and I am thinking of home, loved ones, and friends around their beautiful Christmas trees. And I think of Jesus! What would Christmas be without Him? What would the world be without a Christmas? Hope was

born! Life was given! God's love was made manifest! What a day it was!"

Because of the birth of Christ our workers can write from the Cape Verde Islands: "Yes, we enjoy and celebrate Christmas, and I think that it is taking on its real meaning more and more in the hearts and minds of the people—not just merely a holiday, but the birthday of the Redeemer, the Man of Galilee, the Saviour and Mediator of all mankind."

"Sixty-two Nazarene Sunday-school pupils, teachers and ministers sang carols through the crowded streets of Havana, Cuba, for two hours last Christmas. It was a time of happy voices, joyful testimony in song—and hard work. Into the weird melodies fortified by the strange rhythms of African drums and Spanish guitars went the joyful music commemorating the birth of a glorious Saviour."

It was Christmas in Basim, Berar, India, and the annual church feast for some three hundred Christians was cooking in the big brass kettle. "I suppose you grow weary of hearing our sighs and cries of the heartbreaking needs in our Indian field," wrote one worker, "but as we sat at that feast and looked at some of our fine Christian laymen and our dear young people in Basim, we felt you would have been thankful for every prayer you have ever prayed for our people, if you could know them."

No missionary labors in vain. Appearances may tempt to discouragement, but God is in this program of world redemption. Judging from appearances, Christ was doomed to defeat. But as He trusted the Father, night was turned into day, sorrow was turned into joy, and seeming defeat was turned into glorious victory.

Following the example of the Great Missionary, whose birth we celebrate, we will heed the cry of the unreached and send representatives to tell them of the great Redeemer.

# Department Meeting

**T**HE DEPARTMENT of Foreign Missions of the General Board will meet at 9:00 a.m., January 3, and continue its sessions through the General Board meeting, which concludes January 8.

Budgets will be determined for each mission field for the fiscal year 1950-51, missionary policies will be set, and consideration will be given to the appointment of new missionaries.

Pray that divine guidance may be given to the eight members of this department. A more devoted group of people could not be found than these who have been chosen to direct the affairs of our foreign missionary work. They are experienced in their respective fields and qualified from every standpoint to serve in this capacity.



**A. K. Bracken, chm.**



**Roy Cantrell**



**Mrs. Louise Chapman**



**A. E. Ramquist**



**Harold Reed**



**A. E. Sonner**



**L. M. Spangenberg**



**Paul Updike**

# Educating the Indians

By C. Warren Jones, D.D.

**W**E HAVE JUST PAID another brief visit to the Nazarene Indian School. They just had a few days' start on the new school year. We found twenty-six students enrolled, both young men and women. We are assured of reaching our goal of thirty, which is all that we can accommodate with our present facilities. A number wanted to come, but we were obliged to refuse them. Under the circumstances, preference has been given to the older students. Then, we have had applications from married couples, but have had to put them off at least until next year.

Last year eight students finished the eighth grade. This year we will have another class and at least one to finish the high school course. We are obliged to meet the requirements of the State Board of Education, and our students go to Santa Fe, the state capital, for their final examinations on a course.

We are delighted with the present student body. They come from different tribes, the majority being Navajos. Other tribes are represented. We have one student from New York, belonging to the Seneca tribe. He has had two semesters at Eastern Nazarene College and three years in the army.

The faculty is to be commended for the work they are doing. They are co-operating with one another and working as a team. Rev. A. H. Eggleston, a graduate of Pasadena College, is the principal. Rev. and Mrs. R. U. Metzger have been with the school from the beginning. Sister Metzger has her A.B. degree from Bethany-Peniel, and both have their certificates to teach in New Mexico. Mrs. Wilbur Wheeler is the new teacher. Her work is most acceptable. She has her master's degree and is a graduate nurse from Nampa. Sister Eggleston supervises the work in the kitchen and dining room and is doing well. Brother Wheeler is the farmer and has charge of the stock. He has had experience and is fitting in nicely. At present he is milking three cows that produce from eleven to twelve gallons of milk per day. This gives the school all the milk, cream, and butter that they need.

Rev. Eggleston, with the co-operation of the other teachers, is maintaining a healthy spiritual atmosphere. The school opened with a few days of revival. Rev. Amos Komah, a Nazarene Indian elder and evangelist, was the special worker. God placed His blessing on the convention with some excellent results. It is a joy to hear those

young Indians pray and testify. Indians are inclined to be stoical and do not give vent to their feelings, but this crowd will get blessed and weep and give every evidence of enjoying their religion.

They are making some much-needed improvements. A new laundry building 24 x 26 feet has just been completed. It is well lighted and has a cement floor. Here they have two electric washers and several ironing boards with irons, and thus they will be able to care for all the laundry work. They are also making an addition to the administration building, and this will give some much-needed room. They are doing away with the wood heating stoves and installing a central heating plant in each of the two dormitories. This will eliminate the fire hazards and give more even heat. It will also bring joy to the hearts of our teachers, who feel responsible for the safety of our Indian youth.



## A TEN PER CENT CHURCH

Our church board voted unanimously in their August meeting to place 10 per cent of all regular church funds automatically into the General Budget, beginning October 1. This is not to take the place of any special offerings or other emphasis on General Budget. While it will affect only half of this year, we hope it will make a difference of several hundred dollars, at least; and presuming that the plan will be continued, it should make next year by far the best we have ever had for missions. I felt definitely the Lord wanted us to do this, and our board gladly accepted the challenge.

VERNON L. WILCOX  
*Seattle Central*

### THROUGH THE DISPENSARY

We believe that this dispensary is a blessing to the people of this area not only physically, but also spiritually. Every night the nurses sing hymns and pray with the patients. Each Sunday afternoon we try to deal personally with each inpatient. Many have accepted the Lord. As the outpatients come and go, we speak to them about their souls and invite them to our church services. Several are attending the regular services who have become interested in the church through the dispensary.

MRS. ROBERT JACKSON, *Africa*

### PREACHERS' RETREAT

We have just closed our preachers' retreat, which, according to most of the workers I have contacted, was the best we have had to date. One of our problems has been obtaining a new voice and a fresh vision that would not have to be interpreted from English to Spanish. This year we were privileged to have Rev. S. D. Athans, the Greek evangelist, with us. Coming again after his previous visit of twenty-seven years ago, he enjoyed seeing the advancements made, especially in the line of music in the services, which was conspicuously scarce in the early days.

Due to political unrest the services in the churches were for a day or so suspended and doubt was entertained as to whether it would be possible to hold the retreat. However, permission was obtained at the last moment and a good attendance shown.

We appreciated the meaty messages delivered under the unction of the Spirit, messages that represented the fruit of his forty years' ministry largely among the Spanish-speaking people. We appreciated his beautiful use of the Spanish language, which, while not his native tongue, surpassed anything we have ever heard in poetic charm.

We appreciated especially the singing, and his message on the use of sacred music in church services. Singing his songs under his direction was a great inspiration to all who attended. For years his translations have been outstanding. To have him among us was a treat to enjoy. Perhaps the greatest inspiration to us all was his friendly personality, his manner with people and especially children. At the airport as he was leaving there had gathered a large number of children, perhaps forty, from a school outing.

He began by singing "I'll Be a Sunbeam" and teaching the children to sing it in Spanish. In a moment he had teachers and children singing. Then John 3:16 and a few words about the gospel story, and finally a picture in which all wanted to have a part. We appreciated Brother Athans' coming and his ministry.

RUSSELL BIRCHARD, *Guatemala*

### OUR APOLOGIES!

The Canada districts were inadvertently omitted from the list showing THE OTHER SHEEP subscriptions in the October issue. These should be as follows:

District	Members	Subscriptions	
Canada West	2,675	1,070	40
Maritime	492	441	90
Ontario	1,404	758	54



### Christmas

IS NOT THIS one of the most important seasons of the year as far as missions are concerned? Without the birth of Christ, there would be no Christmas. Without the Christ, there would be no hope for the heathen.

It is quite a significant fact that on December 25 that great Baptist missionary, William Carey, and Charles Grand, one of the founders of the Church Missionary Society, first formally set forth their views on the subject of missions. Carey, an English Oriental scholar, was a pioneer of modern missionary enterprise, having served a number of years in India, translating the Bible into the various dialects of that country.

It was also on Christmas Day that Dr. Coke and his three companions landed at Antigua, in the West Indies, for the purpose of opening missionary work. Surely these messengers of the gospel of peace and good will must have regarded it as significant that they should have reached the scene of future missionary labors on the day that we commemorate the birth of the Prince of Peace.

In many lands feasts and celebrations are held during the time that we celebrate Christmas. But where'er the gospel of glad tidings has been carried by missionaries, this is changed to the worship of the Prince of Peace. "And his name shall be called . . . The Prince of Peace."

Published monthly by the General Board of the Church of the Nazarene, 2923 Troost Ave., Box 527, Kansas City 10, Mo. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter, July 29, 1913, at the post office at Kansas City, Mo., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 19, 1918. Subscription price, mailed singly, 35c a year in advance; ten or more copies to one address, 25c a year for each copy.



# Reports

from the

# Fields

## *Neighborhood at Christmas*

By Pearl and Robert Ingram *Guatemala*

IT WAS OUR first Christmas season in Guatemala. Through the iron grill we caught a glimpse of burning candles, flowers, pine boughs, glistening colored papers, fantastic pictures, in a conglomerate arrangement in the form of an altar, all placed in position for display.

In one nook there was a crude pastoral scene in miniature; in another, a scene of the Holy Family, awkwardly arranged. In odd places, suspended from the ceiling could be seen ripe tangerines, pineapples, and other fragrant fruits. Towering over all were two life-size dolls, one of Saint Matthew, the town's patron saint, and the other, the Angel Gabriel, with outspread wings. Both were draped in gaudy, faded finery showing effects of years of use. In the far corner a glimmering star fabricated of red tissue paper over a bamboo frame dimly illuminated the "holy scene."

Children and women talked back and forth making comments as they jostled against one another, trying to gain a better view through the limited window space. We stepped away and others took our places.

We heard the rub-a-dub-dub of a drum, and glancing up the street we saw a small procession approaching. Something like a cradle was being carried between two people.

For about two weeks a nightly procession had wended its way from door to door traversing many streets seeking a lodging for Mary and Joseph, whose images were carried on the shoulders of men in the center of the procession.

From time to time the procession halted and the people chanted or repeated prayers; but each time, being rejected, the procession moved on until on Christmas Eve they reached a home previously selected. There were singers posted inside and outside of the chosen house. A great dialogue was sung accompanied by so much marimba music that one couldn't distinguish the theme. But at last Joseph obtained entrance! Then the ladies "prayed" for about half an hour (with eyes wide open); and when the last "amen" was said the dance began, and a big feast was given.

Around the corner we found another crowd standing before an open *zaguan* (street entrance), where another "holy scene" was portrayed in similar manner, possibly more elaborate than the first one. So around the block and in every part of our small town we discovered the better-to-do families vying with one another in displaying the Christmas scene every night during the holiday season. As new missionaries we soon learned the significance of the fact that no such scenes were found in the homes of our believers. Now its meaning was realized in their hearts, and they had, therefore, ceased the practice which had characterized their former idolatrous worship of images.

## *A Cuban Missionary Prayer*

By Lyle Prescott

When the multitude stands bared  
While the images pass;  
When the crowd bows in public  
As a priest offers mass;  
When the bell tinkles clearly  
And the choir chants Amen—  
Then my heart cries in sorrow,  
"God, save Cuba from sin!"

When the Church of Rome teaches  
That Mary is God's mother;  
That Mary is God's wife,  
Preaches each costumed brother;  
When the Pope tells the world—  
She intercedes at the throne—  
Then my heart dreads such blasphemy,  
And o'er such darkness doth groan.

When I count the four centuries  
That Catholicism has held sway;  
When I see that in Cuba  
The Lord has no day;  
When liquor and gambling  
Are blessed by Rome's men—  
Then my heart cries to heaven,  
"God, save Cuba from sin!"

Lord, fill every creature  
With love's holy fire,  
Till Cuba forgets Rome  
And looks up much higher;  
Till God shall be honored  
In word and in deed;  
Till "Holiness" be her motto  
And truth be her creed!

# Christmas in India

## *The Indian People*

CHRISTMAS in India brings the same air of festivity, excitement, and anticipation as we have at home—with the same emphasis on the true meaning of this day, although our weather is quite different with the drying foliage, dust, and quite often cool winds. Santa Claus is a word the Indians would never understand and, of course, we do not mention that tradition. They would not think it was very “Christian.” Commercialism is also unknown here in our section, for there are no stores vying with one another for customers. We live where villages are small and life is very simple. Instead of swirling snowflakes, Salvation Army tambourines, and lofty cathedral services, we have Christmas pared down to its finest point and infinitely satisfying.

Programs literally blossom on every station, and they must last two or three hours or they are not a success. Quite often on Christmas Eve the Sunday school has its program. A thorn tree is cut down because of its feathery appearance and decorated with colored bits of tissue paper. Piled around it are parcels containing cloth for a shirt for each boy present and for a skirt for each girl. The nurses have their program. The Bible school also has one, and where there are day schools it is a big day, for usually the Hindu parents come to see their children perform. Chikhli coed school usually has a very elaborate and well-executed program. There we have the cream of our talent, and it is thrilling to see what these Indian young people can do.

Indian carols may not be to our ear as lovely as our own, but there are several of which I am very fond. The young people sing all night, not just until midnight as we do. To every group which comes to our home we are expected to give some little remembrance. It keeps one hopping out of bed all night and makes for a very sleepy Christmas morning.

One Christmas in Basim I walked into Mary Anderson's living room, and there were a whole group of old grandmas having a special Christmas party of their own. Dressed in their best saris they looked so sweet in the light of the Christmas tree!

One big celebration is the huge dinner paid for and served by the Indian people to all the congregation. It is astonishing to see the vast amount of rice cooking in a huge iron pot with

a couple of goats being used for the curry. The result is savory, too. Believe it or not!

In the midst of the many activities we are ever pointing their minds to the Christ of Christmas, who has lifted them from darkness to light and made the Day Star shine into their hearts!

## *In an Indian Home*

ALL INDIA loves a festival. The Hindus have so many the Christians can take no part in, but we Christians have Christmas. It is more than one day's celebration with us. It lasts for many days. There are three outstanding parts to the day. First, every member of the family must have new clothes. We have been born again through Christ our Lord, and on this birthday we want new things. Then we are ready for the big church service on Christmas morning. We wouldn't think of missing this wonderful service. And then there is our feast. On Christmas we have many special dishes we cannot afford any other time. Even the missionaries like to share our sweets.

## *At Reynolds*

## *Memorial Hospital*

AMONG the Hindu holidays, Diwali, the Festival of Lights, is most like Christmas in its decorations, family reunions, new clothes for all, and good will. The birthday of Krishna, an Indian god, is similar in idea; but most of our patients know nothing of Christmas celebrations until they happen to spend December in the hospital.

For weeks before the twenty-fifth, ambulatory patients and relatives sit with the nurses in the evening while they practice for a Christmas play. This is a simple narrative usually accented by singing in important places. Village women who never have had a chance to participate in such things listen so well that they become prompters to any slow to learn their lines or songs. The morning chapel takes on the theme, too, long before Christmas Day.

At the final performance the hospital courtyard is filled with visitors from Basim, including many village women. The shepherds in the play are always tempted to insert some unpracticed humor and have to be well supervised, but the

whole gives a lovely picture of Mary, Joseph, and the Babe.

In the busy week around Christmas at the medical bungalow we hold a party for the nurses, another for the hospital helpers, and another for our house helpers. The nurses are given gifts such as a blouse length, a towel, or a Bible. All workers receive a bonus which is intended for a good Christmas dinner in each household. The children of our compound and the orphans come in at a separate time for their gifts, which have been carefully hoarded for months out of W.F.M.S. parcels. They go home gleefully with dolls, balls, tiny plastic cars, and color books.

The night before Christmas the hospital is as busy as usual. In 1948 three babies were born before morning, one a lovely little girl, the first child in a preacher's household. The cries of the newborn mingled with the songs of the carolers that night.

Christmas morning finds us with a festive breakfast, although we might be sleepy, and gifts and messages shuttle back and forth between the Bible school and hospital bungalows. The patients are thrilled, too, when the missionaries' children bring them sweetmeats and a card for each bedside. About nine o'clock the junior carolers, too small for staying up at night, come singing to our door to be rewarded with peanut brittle and hard candy if we have been able to save enough out of our sugar ration to have it.

Noon brings more of those lovely Christmas cards from America, fellow missionaries all over India, and our Indian Christian friends. Even some Mohammedan and Hindu merchants send us Christmas cards. Some of the motifs from our compound are very original and ingeniously contrived. All bring an abundance of good will and love.

By the time the week ends with a watch-night service and a New Year's Day get-together for missionaries, the hospital has to be brought back to a schedule of clinics, and classes must catch up on all work which was temporarily postponed. It drops its holiday attitude, but goes on telling the Christmas story the year around.

## *In a Missionary Home*

**T**HE ONE DAY I dreaded most of all when I left the United States, Christmas, turned out to be one of the most enjoyable of the year. Its celebration in the home is very different from our American or British customs, but none the less enchanting. There are no relatives to come, no Grandma to visit, no hectic last-minute shopping, no lovely evergreen trees from which to choose the right one for that space in the living room.

For those who have been used to snow for our little children to see, of course, there is none, never a new sled nor a pair of skates, nor a pair of woolly mittens.

But there is plenty of preparation for Christmas in every home. My observation is that each missionary child gets one nice gift from his parents as well as all the smaller things. Kind friends and relatives send us gifts all wrapped in the latest fashion, and in this paperless country we enjoy the paper wrappings almost as much as the gifts. Months ahead gifts are purchased and hidden away, because nothing can be secured locally. Missionaries shop for one another. Whoever goes to the big city for any sort of errand generally has a list a yard long of purchases for co-workers.

The family dinner is usually chicken with all the trimmings. It is not so easy to assemble such a meal here as at home, but with careful planning and foresight it can be done. None of the festivity is lost, although the menu may be slightly different.

The children are as excited as can be. If they have managed to sleep through the night-caroling, they awake at the crack of dawn. All missionary homes have the appearance of Christmas with small artificial trees, and the children are always satisfied whether they have little or much.

Compared to Christmas celebrations in America or Canada or Scotland, ours are very simple, but very satisfying. There is always that feeling among us all that we have come with the wonderful message of the Christ of Christmas. And in the very simplicity and plainness of our homes there is joy.

## *With the Missionaries*

**T**HE STORY of Christmas celebrations in India would be incomplete without a word regarding our annual Christmas party. Christmas is a very busy time in every station, and each missionary gives all he has to the people he serves. But once the day is over, all the missionaries go to the one station for a day together. We cannot afford to give each missionary a gift, so the June before the hat is passed with all the missionaries' names therein and we draw a name. Then a gift not exceeding a certain price is purchased or made for that individual, and on this, the missionary day, the gifts are exchanged. Our hostess always has a first-class dinner, there are gifts for the missionary children, and a good time is had by all. If you plan to visit India, Christmas is just about the nicest time of all.

The above stories were furnished by Ethel Franklin, Mary Anderson, Orpha Speicher, Orpha Cook, and Hazel Lee.

# Christmas at the

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, about two-thirty, we were all packed, the top of the car, the trunk, and inside well loaded with suitcases, victrola, etc., and the seven of us squeezed in between. We were a happy group, all anticipating new experiences and blessings. Perlita and Rodolfo called our attention to every passing bird or curiosity. Before arriving, Rodolfo was feeding, not the fishes, but anything handy, and Perlita asking why. When I told her that his stomach hurt, she very soon began to complain of the same ailment.

Our first stop was at Tamahu. This is a beautiful little village nestled in between two high mountains. It isn't much more than a canyon, but most picturesque. The church was small, but very nicely decorated. Bamboo leaves were placed in a clever manner and the result very much resembled a regular Christmas tree. The pastors had the table set in their neat little pole house, and we partook of black beans, cheese, delicious tortillas, potatoes cooked with tomato, and black coffee. Meanwhile, little angry flies partook of us. One of the great joys of Perlita (little 4½-year-old orphan) on this trip was that we had to allow her to drink some coffee for fear of the water. On one of the occasions when I didn't go to the table, she asked one of the girls to fill her cup full of coffee, but not to let me know. We had quite a little program planned, a solo by Perlita, dialogue between Rodolfo and Perlita, two illustrated lessons with the Feltogram, an accordion solo, a duet by ourselves, and a pageant entitled "The Three Wise Men," besides a Christmas message. This, combined with the numbers already prepared by the church, furnished quite a program and one that filled the church and the street outside. At the close of the service, records in the K'ekchi' dialect were played, and I wish I might picture the wonder on the faces of the Indians as they recognized their own tongue. This is just one of the admirable results of the trip of Guillermo Paau to the States. We have six new records in the dialect, which will bring great returns in the salvation of the Indians.

All were reluctant to leave, but finally we were able to close the church doors. There were folding cots for Perlita and myself, but Harold and the others who couldn't find places to hang their hammocks were obliged to sleep on the benches. Before long the lamps were blown out and silence reigned until Perlita awakened us in the early morning. Shortly before noon, we were again on our way, having sent two boys on ahead

in a truck, and added one of our Bible school girls to the group. It was only about one hour's ride to Tucuru, where lunch was prepared. This route was ever descending over a winding road, and we were always careful to keep the horn active as we rounded the curves.

Arriving at Tucuru, we found the brethren had killed a fat little pig in celebration. Out in the patio, they were just then cutting it up. I looked on as the skin came off the head, and rapidly gazed away—but everything was clean and there was someone handy to drive the dogs away. The pastor is one of our graduates of last year and with her mother is doing a wonderful work of shepherding the little congregation. A fine young Christian boy will enter school this year from Tucuru with the intention of preparing for the ministry. He has withstood considerable persecution and is the only Christian in his family.

We were soon lunching on pork, turkey, rice, and fresh pineapple. I'm quite certain we ate enough pork on our trip to last an entire year. Here the members had been able to find a real pine tree and the church was beautifully decorated. All would have been most perfect had we not felt so sad to see and hear the poor drunken Indians out in the street trying so desperately to celebrate Christmas and please the saints. One mother staggered by with a tiny baby in her arms, her hair hanging in her face, and wailing as she unsteadily made her way down the street.

The program was well attended, but it was away into the morning hours before we could sleep because of the marimbas and screams from the drunkards outside.

The following morning (the day before Christmas) Perlita had her first bath in a river. Shortly after dinner, having eaten tamales at midnight and also at breakfast, we began our journey which was to take us to "Mocca," a coffee plantation high in the mountain, where we were to spend Christmas Eve. First we traveled downhill, amidst palms and vines of every description. Soon we could look higher up on either side to the mountains whose peaks were hidden in the clouds. Someone pointed out a group of tiny, red roofs almost at the summit and indicated "Mocca." When we began climbing, we wondered if we should ever arrive. Mocca became a mirage which appeared and disappeared at will, but always just out of reach. When we at last pulled into the small parking place, Indians came running from every direction. We were indeed at the top of the world. Tiny footpaths led here

# p of the World

and there, all straight up and down and slippery. All of our stay, I found myself in need of a human cane, because of the steepness of the ascents and the muddy, rocky paths. We found the happy faces of the Christian Indians a wonderful contrast to the debauched crowd of Tucuru, and the view incomparable in its majesty. We looked down for miles to the green, hot tropical valley. The river Polochic formed a white ribbon division. Just beyond the narrow valley, other mountains reached up to the sky to unpredictable heights because of the clouds.

The Indians here (over sixty Christians) are rightly proud of the little chapel built with their own hands. Here we saw the most ingenious work in decorating and lighting. There was a star made to travel from the back of the church to the front and a curtain that was pulled back and forth on bamboo runners by two brethren who were too curious to see what was going on in the congregation to stay hidden. A mirror allowed one to see into the manger, where a sweet Indian baby slept peacefully. The tree and further decorations were all attractive, but not so much so as the Indian boys who so painstakingly presented their Christmas pieces in Spanish, with which they were unfamiliar.

Having brought our own dishes and knives and forks along, we were served the customary tamale at midnight with these, to the Indian, unnecessary implements. The boys who slept in the church told us that after we had left the brethren, overwhelmed with curiosity, stayed to eat more tamales and to try out our knives and forks which we had left on the table.

One of the most impressive testimonies was that of Guillermo Paau, who had accompanied us and who years ago taught school at this same plantation. He had returned to Guatemala after two years at Pasadena College and is teaching in our Bible school. He told of how ten or twelve years ago on Christmas Eve the administrator of the *finca* had invited him to his home to listen to the radio. As he heard the sweet music of a Christmas carol, he wept with the knowledge that there were no other Christians on the plantation to share the joy of a real Christmas with him. This night he was returning to see so many happy Christians, among them a fine group of young men who had been his students in previous years.

In the morning Guillermo preached in K'ekchi', and the presence of the Lord was very near. A young man who had left home was reclaimed,

and there was a joyous reconciliation between father and son. Others were sanctified. The service was crowned with several baptisms. We were pleased that one of the boys traveling with us asked to be included with this small group. He had been saved from Catholicism and, after having been offered a trip to Rome to prepare for the priesthood, chose to come to Bible school to prepare for the Christian ministry. He has of late deepened in his Christian experience.

Our last service was held in the village of La Tinta, deep in the tropical valley from which we had climbed. The dirtiness, drunkenness, and disorder distracted from the beauty of the scene. Here was a spot where we must needs lift our eyes to the hills to be able to appreciate nature. We had been bitten by so many little flies that we were somewhat immune by now, but we were grateful not to have arrived in the mosquito season, as we had failed to include netting.

The attraction of the program was such that the marimba down the street took second place for a while. Neither standing nor sitting room was available and as far as one could see, through window and door, people crowded to hear. Two Indians found Christ that night and one was reclaimed.

We were tired but thankful as we stretched out on cots and benches to rest. Harold bemoaned the fact that the length of the benches didn't coincide with his length, but we presume he at last slumbered. We didn't stay awake to find out. The brethren gave us of their best. Their houses consist of nothing but poles placed close together and one room usually included bed, stove, and all. Benches were carried from the church, and we were initiated into the art of eating slippery things like eggs using a tortilla as a spoon.

Monday morning our good friends loaded us down with sweet grapefruit, oranges, and stalks of bananas, and we began our home trip. Perlita was happy now, asking repeatedly when we would arrive. When we drew up to the house at about three o'clock in the afternoon, she was sleeping.

This was our Christmas in Guatemala. The contrast between the drunken, idol-carrying Indians and the joyous group of Christians at Mocca was enough to impress upon our minds once more the power of the true Christmas message in transforming lives. We feel an increased sense of our obligation in revealing the "Light of the world" to those around us.

# Christmas in Africa

## *At Piggs Peak*

IT WAS CHRISTMAS SUNDAY. We hurried through our breakfast to be at the dispensary by seven o'clock. Wattle trees (trees that grow like weeds here) were placed in each room and decorated with a few homemade decorations and balloons. Familiar carols were sung and a short message was brought. Each patient was given a sack of candy, an orange, and an article of clothing. Thus, their hearts were made glad on Christmas Day.

To the people gathered at the church I presented the Sunday-school lesson with flannel-graph pictures, stressing the truth that the "good tidings of great joy" are to *all* people. This was followed by the regular worship service, in which the native district leader brought the Christmas message. The church was filled with people, many of whom are not regular attendants. An opportunity for testimony was given, and it made our hearts rejoice to hear these black people praise God for His precious gift to all the world.

Throughout the day we could see the heathen going past, going to or coming from beer drinks. They were dressed in their most colorful costumes and were running along in the typical Swazi manner, chanting their heathen songs. Off in the distance all day long could be heard the beating of the tom-toms. We were made to realize that we were spending Christmas in dark Africa and that there were yet many precious souls to be won to Jesus.

Our final Christmas festivity was the gathering on Christmas Day for a short service and the giving of gifts. Each woman was given a used dress, and each man and boy a tie. The children were so happy because they each received a used toy and something to wear. The people exchanged gifts and also gave to the missionaries. We received cabbage, potatoes, eggs, a glass, and some beautiful doilies. From a little boy, Bobby's gift was three eggs and one carrot. Tears came to our eyes as Bobby said, "Mother, I'm thankful for this because he gave me the best that he could." Truly, that is the spirit of Christmas.

Next came the feast when we all ate together. Our meal consisted of stamp (boiled, cracked corn), meat, cabbage, bread, and coffee. The people ate and ate until we wondered where they put it all. Several heathen were present and they enjoyed the feast also. There were not enough bowls for everyone, so the boys were given a big dishpanful of food. They have no spoons, so eat native fashion, throwing the food into the mouth with the two first fingers.

Later we gathered in the church to thank God for His great blessings to us. Small groups came and sang their thanks to us to the tune of "Jewels." We are so glad for Christmas and what it means to the Christians in Africa. Without Jesus we would all still be in great darkness.—THE JACKSONS.

## *Bremersdorp Station*

TWO DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS our work girls and nurse-aids gathered for their Christmas party. After several Christmas songs were sung, gifts were distributed to each of them from the Christmas tree. Afterwards tea, buns, and sweets were served, and a big "thank you" rose from the hearts of those girls for what they had received. Some of them were spending their first Christmas on a mission station, and the contrast must have been great compared to the beer drinks they would have seen if at their own kraals.

Christmas Eve the nurses had their party. All sang a number of Christmas carols in English followed by the second-year nurses singing one in Zulu. The Christmas story was then read, and a message in song given by two of the hospital nurses. A gift had been wrapped for each nurse and hidden in the house or the vicinity, and each one received a small piece of paper giving some indication as to where she would find the gift. This caused much excitement as they searched until all gifts were found. Tea, sandwiches, and sweets were enjoyed by all the nurses at the close of the evening.

Christmas morning we were awakened before daylight by the Africans outside our windows singing the Christmas carols which are just as lovely in Zulu as in English. It was still before breakfast when we, with about thirty girls who stay to work on the farm during the holidays and earn money for school, sat around the Christmas tree, sang the Christmas carols, and read again of the birth of our Saviour.

Then there were gifts for all the girls of sweets, handkerchiefs, and toys, including every doll that had arrive<sup>d</sup> during the year. The contents of the tree, except for the sweets, were all provided from parcels which people had sent.

After breakfast all the children from the whole station were gathered together in the orphanage. This included children of any color or race, for little ones have no color bar. The orphans repeated from memory the Christmas story from the Bible and sang Christmas carols. How all their faces beamed as sweets and toys (mostly secondhand ones) were given out! One

little girl almost broke up the meeting because she was given a toy animal and seemed to be afraid of it. She screamed lustily until someone sensed the trouble, changed the animal for a doll, and suddenly there was peace.

From there we proceeded to the largest ward of the hospital, where all patients who were able to be moved were assembled. Even some who were too sick to walk were transferred on stretchers to give them the joy of hearing the Christmas message, given by one of our Bible students. Her life has been fully yielded to the Lord, and He has blessed her labors among her own people in a very real way. Many of those who heard that morning were raw heathen, but the words that were spoken to those sick patients will bear fruit. In fact, one heathen young man accepted God's gift and by so doing became His child. A small gift and some sweets were given to each patient.

At 11:00 a.m. everyone gathered at the church for a service conducted by our African pastor of the Bremersdorp church. Then for one day in the whole year we all gathered in one of the school-rooms for the feast. The meat and porridge was cooked in big iron kettles over an outdoor fire. All could not eat at the same time because of the number, but the Africans came in relays to partake of the cow which had been killed for this special occasion. We don't all eat the same foods, the Africans preferring theirs and we preferring ours; but the joining together binds us all closer as one family of our common Father, God.

Christmas Day is climaxed with the annual party held in the boys' dormitory. During the afternoon some of us decorated the tree and arranged the parcels for the station treat. True, some gifts were only wrapped in newspaper or brown wrapping paper, but enough were wrapped in pretty paper to make it all look very nice. Just after all had assembled in the boys' hostel, a storm broke and the rain came pouring down. For about an hour we sang choruses until it was quiet enough for Dr. Hynd to proceed with the program that had been planned. Each different group on the mission station sang a special.

At the last we gave gifts of clothes to all who live and work on this mission station. They are dependent, more or less, on us for their support. Of course, these again come from your parcels. Then, we are teaching them to receive blessings by giving, and on and under the tree are bundles of things from the Africans to their friends. We missionaries also share in this. Don't you think my heart was touched when a little crippled girl, who lives in the home, took her own penny and bought one sweet for me, putting it on the tree? With another, it was a few biscuits. I remembered with tears in my eyes that they might have a coin twice a year to buy sweets.

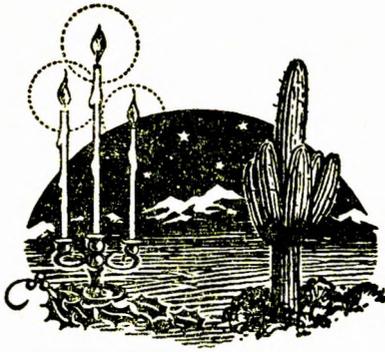
But most of all we rejoice because on Christmas Day there were those who let Jesus come into their hearts and received God's free Gift to them of His Son.

NOTE: Compiled from letters received from Margaret Latta, Ruth Matchett, and Elizabeth Clark.

## *With the Stegi Missionaries*

**M**ANY HAVE ASKED how Christmas is celebrated in Africa. You remember that the Swazi has known about Christmas only a few years. Among the heathen it is a day to dress in their brightest and most elaborate garb and to go to the beer drink (often provided by white people). They pass our house by the hundreds, singing and dancing, then come back staggering and fighting. Many of them are brought to the dispensary stabbed, or with their heads split open. It is not so with the Christians. The necessary preparations for a feast were made, which included the purchase of a cow, hominy, sugar, potatoes, and tea. We missionaries paid for the cow and planned to eat with the natives. We were to eat at noon, but they came early in the morning and said they could not get the cow. You should have seen their faces. They have no home Christmas. It's all a group affair, and home means nothing to them at Christmas. The Lord was merciful to us; for had they bought the cow and butchered and cooked it, *everything* would have been cooked. The insides are emptied and cooked as well as hoofs and head. All go in together. When they did not get their cow, they went to the butcher and bought the meat; and, though they did not get as much, it was lovely meat. It was all cooked in a big pot. We had beef, potatoes, hominy, and broth with curry.

A tree was brought and we trimmed it with Christmas cards, twisted strips of red, blue, orange, and green crepe paper and some snow made from Ivory flakes. You needn't smile, for it was lovely. Instead of going in for service at 11:00 a.m., we went in at 3:30 p.m. but time is a small factor here. After a Christmas message which Joseph Mkwanzazi (our native pastor and Rev. Harmon Schmelzenbach's right-hand evangelist) preached, we gave out the gifts. There were eggs, cabbages, glasses, cookies, baskets, table mats, soap, and suckers for many. We gave each a small gift that we took from the parcels we have received. Miss Koffel and I received a head of cabbage, a set of table mats, two glasses, a tray and doily, a box of Lux, a glass dish, and dish of tomatoes. The sun was setting when we left the schoolroom where we ate. Such a happy crowd! Later two people took considerable time expounding their thanks to the missionaries for the lovely Christmas. No stockings, no gifts at home, but they were happy.—DELLA BOGGS.



## Christmas In the Tropics

By A. O. Hendricks

Barbados

**C**HRISTMAS on Barbados is an outstanding holiday. All the churches have an early morning service at 5:00 a.m. and all the ladies are dressed in white. These services are usually very well attended and mean much to this precious people. Not only do the Christian people go to these early morning services, but religious services are held during the day, such as young people's programs and other devotional services, closing the day with a Sunday-school program. Even the heathen, or unbelievers, seem to have respect and reverence for Christmas.

In order to show you what sacrifices these people make to be in this early morning service, let me relate the story of one of our own pastors. She is seventy-four years old, and one of the leading nurses on the island, as well as pastor of one of our churches. She got up at 2:00 a.m. and prepared to go to her church for five o'clock service. She lives over five miles from her church. There are no busses that early in the morning, so she prepared to walk all this distance in the darkness. Fortunately for her, someone who knew her chanced to come by in a car and picked her up and took her to her church, evidently in answer to prayer. Many of these dear people walk from five to ten miles to attend these early Christmas morning services.

Christmas is house-cleaning time. Every home, however humble, is scrubbed from top to bottom. The furniture and all the cooking utensils receive thorough cleaning until the home with everything in it is spick and span before Christmas Day. Even the back yard is straightened up. "Everything must be clean for Christmas" is the slogan here.

## Festival-conscious

By Ray and Ruth Miller

Trinidad

**I**N TRINIDAD we are festival-conscious. There is a multitude of religions here, and each has festival days honoring heathen gods, Indian princes, ancestral spirits, etc.

Last week we noticed each morning for several days groups of Indian women passing our door on the way to the sea (close to our home) carrying offerings of fruit on trays on their heads to cast into the ocean as an offering to the spirits of two murdered Indian princes.

Not long before that was the great festival of Hosean lasting two days, in which the Hindus danced and marched in the streets, pushing along on rollers great elaborate model structures of temples as tributes to some deity. Then there was the dance of the Sun and the Moon and their meeting.

Before that was the celebration of the Parsees (worshippers of light). Everywhere members of that faith displayed little lighted torches or candles outside their homes. It was a pretty sight, but a sad one.

Then there was All Saints' Night, and this is a so-called Christian observance (Anglican State Church). For a week preceding this day relatives are busy in the cemeteries tidying the graves of their dead. Markers are whitewashed; weeds are pulled; grass is cut. At sunset on All Saints' Night candles are lighted at the graves to burn all night for prayers and communion with these departed ones. It was a weird sight to pass by the graveyards and see above their high walls the flickering light and shadow reflected from the burning torches on the graves below.

And so, to the people of Trinidad, Christmas is the Christian's festival—just another one alongside those of the other religions. It is sad to note that to the vast majority of those who call themselves Christians there is no Christ in Christmas. It is solely a time for license and pleasure and self-gratification. We pray God to help us put Christ first before our people and to make the Christ of Christmas very real at this wonderful time.



# Who's Who



IRA AND LUCILE TAYLOR

Ira Nelson Taylor was born February 24, 1901, at Cleveland, Oklahoma, and was saved and sanctified in August of 1920. Having received his A.B. degree from Northwest Nazarene College in 1924, he later attended Boston University and received his M.A. degree in 1928. Among other things he studied Spanish, German, Greek, and Latin. Ira spent two years in the pastorate.

Lucile Frances Logston was born March 15, 1903, at Hutchinson, Kansas. At the age of fourteen she was saved, and in March of 1922 she was sanctified. She graduated from Pacific College at Newberg, Oregon, with an A.B. degree in 1926, and took graduate work at the University of Washington and Boston University.

Ira and Lucile were married at Newberg, Oregon, on June 12, 1927. To this union three children have been born: Naomi Phyllis, born August 31, 1929; Ira Nelson, Jr., born August 21, 1932; and Pauline Esther, born December 27, 1937.

They left the States for their first term on June 26, 1934; were home on furlough in 1938, and because of the war could not return until 1944; then came home in May of 1949, and returned to Peru in 1950. During their years in Peru, they have served in the Bible school, Ira has served as supervisor of construction, and quite a large part of their time has been spent in evangelistic work.



MARY JOYCE BLAIR

Joyce was born November 18, 1911, at Admiral, Saskatchewan, Canada. She was converted at the age of twelve and joined the Church of the Nazarene in 1926. In 1938 she was sanctified. Joyce received her R.N. degree in 1933 from the Royal Alexandra Hospital and her B.S. degree in 1940 from Pasadena College.

In applying for missionary service Joyce wrote: "I'm glad to report that I am on the victory side. My call is growing upon me more and more, and my one desire is to get to the field to which God has called me as soon as possible."

Her work on the field has been in ministering to the physical needs of the people, conducting a clinic where they may come for treatment. Of course, the primary motive of missionary work is the winning of souls, and medical or educational work is only a means to an end. In ministering to the bodies of her patients, Joyce does not forget that these are also sin-sick souls and in need of Christ as the Great Physician.

Joyce left for her first term of service on September 13, 1943, returned in November of 1947 for her first furlough, and is now back in British Honduras for her second term.



PEARL AND JOSEPH PITTS

Joseph Staten Pitts, born June 14, 1907, at Birmingham Alabama, served as an army chaplain during the second world war. He is the only one of our chaplains to return to his field of military service as a missionary. Early in 1944 he served in New Guinea, later going to the Netherlands East Indies, and on to the Philippines and Japan, being discharged the latter part of 1945.

He landed on the island of Luzon with the invading forces that returned to liberate the Philippines, but was on another part of the island and therefore missed the liberation at Santo Tomas, where two of our own missionary girls (Evelyn Witthoff and Geraldine Chappell) were interned for so many months. He states: "When MacArthur was signing the surrender treaty with the Japanese in Tokyo Bay, I was loading on an LST in Batangas harbor, south of Manila."

Pearl Jackson was born November 6, 1901, at Datto, Arkansas, and was converted in September of 1922. Both Joseph and Pearl attended Bethany-Peniel College, and it was on August 6, 1931, that they were united in marriage at Sapulpa, Oklahoma.

On January 25, 1948, they sailed for the Philippines.

Four children have been born into this home: Dorothy Fae, Umsted Calvin, Joseph Russell, and Rhee Joyce. Only the three younger ones accompanied them to the field.



# The W.F.M.S.

Edited by Miss Mary L. Scott, General Secretary, 2923 Troost Ave., Box 527, Kansas City 10, Mo.

## JANUARY EMPHASIS

### National Workers

"Therefore said he unto them, The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into his harvest. Go your ways: behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves" (Luke 10:2, 3).

Jesus had the ability to take in a situation at a glance, seeing both the problem and the solution. When He sent out the seventy He stated briefly and simply two facts: first, the harvest is great, and second, the laborers are few. Then in a very few succinct words He proposed the solution to the problem of trying to gather in a plentiful harvest with insufficient help. His solution was twofold: first, pray that more laborers be sent into the harvest, and second, "go your ways."

Too many times we think of the laborers as "foreign missionaries," while there are literally hundreds of redeemed nationals who would feel the responsibility of entering the harvest field if we would but furnish the channels of prayer through which the Holy Spirit could operate.

Make January a month of sincere, earnest prayer that the Lord of the Harvest will send more laborers—nationals—into the fields. Let us pray that these nationals will lose sight of the advantages of being connected with the mission and catch a vision of the fields already white unto harvest. Laborers of all kinds are needed: pastors, evangelists, teachers, Bible women, hospital workers, personal workers. *Let us truly pray.*

## FROM THE SECRETARY'S MAILBAG



Recently we received a report saying that Mrs. Edwin Beaudeau, seventy-two years old, sold 225 calendars. She has no means of travel except to walk, yet she has a fourteen-year perfect Sunday-school attendance record.

She does all her praying and Bible reading in French. Mrs. Beaudeau is certainly to be commended for her fine work.

## GENERAL PRESIDENT'S NOTES



Recently I received a letter from Peru which I would like to share with you. I trust it will be a blessing and inspiration to you:

OUR DEAR GENERAL PRESIDENT:

It is again my great privilege to enjoy writing you in the name of the Lord, whom we serve and love. All of our Nazarene sisters of Peru send this message of fraternity to you through me, and to especially invite you to accept from our Almighty Lord the material and spiritual blessings we ask of Him for you.

With His blessings upon us we celebrated our fourteenth Annual Woman's Missionary Convention in Chiclayo this year, where we at last have our fine new Central Church, which was filled to capacity during the night services of the Assembly. Our Woman's Missionary sessions manifested a harmonious spirit of understanding and blessing; the reports from the different fields showed a definite forward march. The theme of the convention this year was "Let your light so shine."

The income during the year showed a marked increase over that of last year; and it was moved and carried to send 2,000 soles to African Medical Dispensary, and to not neglect our own national missionary field among the Aguaruna Indians in the interior of Peru. We believe the Lord will abundantly bless us this year. Our new president of the district this year is Mrs. Lucile Taylor.

We trust our loving Lord to keep you as we pray for you from distant lands.

*At your services, in Jesus' name,*  
OBDULIA SANCHER C.,  
District Secretary

## NO CHRISTMAS THIS YEAR!

What if our government should pass a law decreeing that this year, because of world conditions and war, no one be permitted to celebrate Christmas? No toyland, no Santa Clauses, no beautiful street decorations, no tall stately community Christmas trees with hundreds of many colored lights to remind us

of that Star of Bethlehem so long ago; no humble manger scenes or displays of the regal visit of the Magi; no Christmas carols to float out on the crisp, frosty air; no choirs, no pageants, no exchange of gifts; no family reunions around the Christmas tree!

Unthinkable, you say! But all these are just outward patterns and symbols we have used to commemorate that joyous announcement of the angels as they comforted those Judean shepherds two thousand years ago: "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

No legislation can take away the real meaning of Christmas. Outward symbols and traditions may disappear, but Jesus the Saviour remains. For He still saves His people from their sins. Praise His name!

Yet, for at least one billion people there will be no Christmas this year, for they have not yet heard the good news of the angels' message; they have no knowledge of the One who came to save them from their sins

*O Zion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling*

.....  
*Publish glad tidings,  
Tidings of peace,  
Tidings of Jesus;  
Redemption and release.*

## DISTRICT CONVENTION BRIEFS

### Northeastern Indiana— July 31—August 1

The evening service (July 31) was high-lighted with reports of the district secretaries. These reports were uniquely given as the district president unloaded the cargo of a large ship which was on the platform. She called the name of each secretary to report, as her department cargo was unloaded. These reports were splendidly illustrated when given by each secretary. The service was climaxed with missionary messages given by Rev. and Mrs. Harry Zurcher, our returned missionaries from Peru.

The total giving for the year was \$37,275, of which \$30,394 was given on the General Budget.—Mrs. E. B. HARTLEY, Reporter.

*(Continued next page, middle column)*

## CALL TO PRAYER



The times in which we work and fight are unparalleled. We may be in the very days of the coming of the Son of God. There are many indications all about us that seem to

point in that direction.

Our needs are many and great. We need a world-shaking revival. We have had two world wars in our generation. We are threatened with a third war and possible ultimate extinction. So far this twentieth century has had no sweeping revival. There are indications everywhere that God is trying to break through. He said that if we would call on Him He would answer and show us great and mighty things which we know not.

This is a call to prayer. We are asking each society and church to observe within the first four months of 1951 two twenty-four-hour periods of continuous prayer. If it is not possible for you to observe the day assigned your district, select some other day within the month assigned. Begin your twenty-four hours of prayer at midnight (local time) and continue until the next midnight. We hope that in many places there will be individuals, groups, and whole churches that will make this a time of intercessory prayer, of prevailing prayer, or of prayer and fasting, without which some kinds go not out.

### SCHEDULE OF PRAYER

January 1-March 1	—Los Angeles, Maritime
January 2-March 2	—Nevada-Utah, British Isles
January 3-March 3	—Northern California, Alaska
January 4-March 4	—Northwest, Australia
January 5-March 5	—Oregon Pacific, Hawaii
January 6-March 6	—Southern California, Italy
January 7-March 7	—Washington Pacific, South Africa (European)
January 8-March 8	—Canada West, Africa (Native Work)
January 9-April 29	—Arizona, American Indian Dist.
January 10-March 10	—Colorado, Argentina
January 11-March 11	—Idaho-Oregon, Barbados
January 12-March 12	—New Mexico, Bolivia
January 13-March 13	—Rocky Mountain, British Guiana
January 14-March 14	—Abilene, British Honduras
January 15-March 15	—Alabama, Cape Verde Islands
January 16-March 16	—Arkansas, Cuba
January 17-March 17	—Chicago Central, Guatemala
January 18-March 18	—Dallas, Haiti
January 19-March 19	—Eastern Oklahoma, India, China
January 20-March 20	—East Tennessee, Japan, Korea
January 21-March 21	—Houston, South Mexico
January 22-March 22	—Illinois, North Mexican Dist.
January 23-March 23	—Indianapolis, Southwest Mexican District
January 24-March 24	—Iowa, Texas-Mexican District
January 25-March 25	—Kansas, Nicaragua
January 26-March 26	—Kansas City, Palestine
January 27-March 27	—Kentucky, Peru
January 28-March 28	—Louisiana, Philippine Islands
January 29-March 29	—Minnesota, Puerto Rico
January 30-March 30	—Mississippi, Syria
January 31-March 31	—Missouri, Trinidad
February 1-April 1	—Nebraska
February 2-April 2	—North Dakota

February 3-April 3	—Northeastern Indiana
February 4-April 4	—Northwest Illinois
February 5-April 5	—Northwest Indiana
February 6-April 6	—Northwest Oklahoma
February 7-April 7	—Ontario
February 8-April 8	—San Antonio
February 9-April 9	—South Dakota
February 10-April 10	—Southwest Indiana
February 11-April 11	—Southwest Oklahoma
February 12-April 12	—Tennessee
February 13-April 13	—Wisconsin
February 14-April 14	—Akron
February 15-April 15	—Albany
February 16-April 16	—Central Ohio
February 17-April 17	—Eastern Michigan
February 18-April 18	—Florida
February 19-April 19	—Georgia
February 20-April 20	—Michigan
February 21-April 21	—New England
February 22-April 22	—New York
February 23-April 23	—North Carolina
February 24-April 24	—Pittsburgh
February 25-April 25	—South Carolina
February 26-April 26	—Virginia
February 27-April 27	—Washington-Philadelphia
February 28-April 28	—West Virginia
March 9-April 30	—Western Ohio

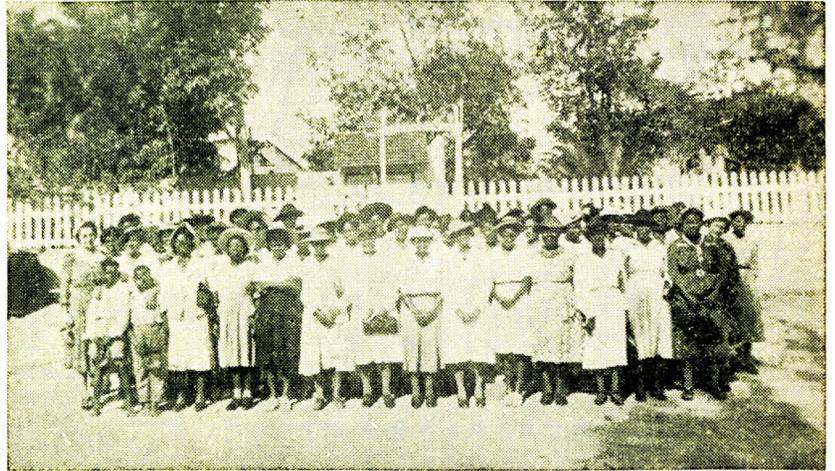
## Indianapolis District—August 28-29

A great missionary convention was held August 28 and 29 on our campgrounds at Camby, near Indianapolis. Miss Dorothy Ahleman, our own Indiana girl and missionary on furlough from Argentina, brought inspiring messages emphasizing the theme of sacrifice.—ZELMA ROTHMAN, Superintendent of Publicity.

## Tennessee—September 11

It was indeed a privilege to have Mrs. Louise Chapman, general W.F.M.S. president, as speaker. She encouraged us to more systematic prayer for all mission fields. In a unique and thrilling manner she presented the "Alabaster Box Giving." Taking

(Continued on Boy's and Girl's Page)



### Women's Bible Class—Barbados

This class meets each Friday, coming from all over the district. Mrs. Hayter, W.F.M.S. president of the Michigan District, is at the extreme left. Mrs. A. O. Hendricks, missionary, is at the right, second from the end (in white hat).

### DISTRICT CONVENTION BRIEFS

(Continued from page 14)

#### Kansas—August 1

Reports of officers and departmental secretaries showed God has truly blessed and helped this year. The 1,845 members gave \$35,000 on the General Budget and \$1,872 through the Alabaster Boxes.

Dr. DeLong's messages challenged us to a deeper devotion to God and the missionary cause.—MRS. C. A. NORELL, Superintendent of Publicity.

#### Northwestern Illinois—August 22

An interesting feature of the convention was the report of the various secretaries. Each one had a poster on which was illustrated the nature of the work of her department.

Miss Orpha Speicher, missionary doctor now home on furlough, told of her very interesting experiences working with and ministering to the people of India.—MRS. J. EDWARD FERGUSON, Superintendent of Publicity.

### ALABASTER CORNER



That the first list of building needs to be provided for with Alabaster Funds included 22 projects?



That the money for 15 of these needs has already been sent to the field?



That the second list of building needs approved by the General Board contained 28 items?



That 10 of these have already been provided for?



That a grand total of \$100,361 has been received to date (October 13), and \$26,460 of this has come in since September 1, 1950?

Let us keep the perfume of our Alabaster Boxes poured out at His feet.



# BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE

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

HELLO AGAIN, BOYS AND GIRLS!

We are waiting for some more pictures of the Near East, and while we wait we will show you one more picture of Japan. You remember the story of the Japanese pastor, Nobumi Isayama; don't you? And how he prayed so earnestly when the air raid was on, that God would save his church building? Well, God did answer, and here is a picture of some of the people in his church. What a crowd there is! Do you notice that not many have the pretty kimonos on, but wear clothes like our American clothes? Possibly many of these garments came from America in boxes that our churches over here have sent.



This picture was in a letter which Brother Isayama sent us, thanking us for the box our people here sent him. There were some of the kinds of food that are hard to get over there. He was so delighted to receive them, and said he was going to divide it among his Japanese pastors.

At this Christmas time, I know our hearts are grateful for all that God has given us. But when we think of so many people all over the world who have suffered so deeply because of war, we are doubly thankful for our many gifts; aren't we?

In this letter Brother Isayama says that you would laugh if you could see his congregation on Sundays. People, as many as can get into them, are sitting in the seats. Then a great many more are crowded in and, since there is no other place to sit, they sit on the floor. So now they are going to try to build an addition on their building, so that many more can get in to hear the gospel. Every one of you who has helped send a box over to Japan will be glad to know that that box has filled a very great need. This will make your Christmas happier, I know.

We will keep on doing all we can to please the heart of King Jesus, who once came down into this world as the Christ child, and whom we think of so often at this beautiful Christmas time.

Lots of love from your "Big Sister,"  
MARY E. COVE

## District Convention Briefs

(Continued from preceding page)

from a large "Alabaster Box" replicas of schools, churches, and parsonages, she showed clearly what is being accomplished with these love offerings. In the evening service she stressed the need for all churches to give one-tenth of their income to the General Budget. We now have sixty-one societies, including fourteen new ones.—Mrs. K. W. PHILLIPS, *Reporter*.

### Southwest Indiana—September 11-12

It was our privilege to have our own missionary, Miss Dorothy Ahleman, from Argentina, as the special speaker. Her heart-searching and challenging messages were deeply appreciated.

Our general president's seven-point-member plan was presented. The convention pledged themselves to support this plan.

We sincerely appreciated the presence of Dr. G. B. Williamson, general sponsor of the W.F.M.S., who brought us words of greeting and exhortation.—Mrs. RALPH AHLEMANN, *Superintendent of Publicity*.

### Alabama—September 12

Dr. Remiss Rehfeldt, our convention speaker, stirred our hearts and made us want to do more for missions. One can never be the same after hearing his challenging messages.—Mrs. WALLACE BELL, *Superintendent of Publicity*.

### East Tennessee—September 18

God's blessings were with us the entire day. Dr. G. B. Williamson brought the morning and evening messages, telling of his recent visit to Nicaragua.—Mrs. D. C. IRWIN, *Superintendent of Publicity*.

### Southwest Oklahoma—September 19

Southwest Oklahoma District now has fifty-two societies in sixty churches. At one o'clock the convention recessed to attend the funeral of Mrs. Home Caldwell, long a faithful member of Oklahoma City First Church and the W.F.M.S. All left the convention more determined than ever to follow her good example and work harder for Christ and missions.—Mrs. W. E. ASKEW, *Superintendent of Publicity*.

## ATTENTION: COUNCIL MEMBERS

The annual meeting of the General Council of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society will be held in Kansas City at the Headquarters building January 1 and 2, 1951. The first session will begin at 9:00 a.m. Monday.

THE OTHER SHEEP

# Missionary Incentives

“... how shall they preach, except they be sent?” (Romans 10:15).

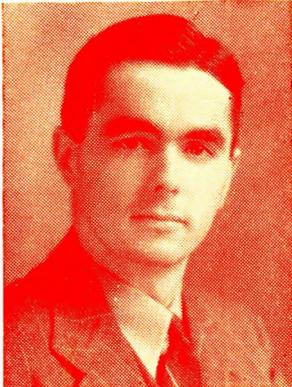
THE OBJECT of all missionary endeavor is the salvation of souls. In the words of H. T. Kerr, missionaries are sent, “not to preach sociology but salvation; not economics but evangelism; not reform but redemption; not culture but conversion; not progress but pardon; not the new social order but the new birth; not revolution but regeneration; not renovation but revival; not resuscitation but resurrection; not a new organization but a new creation; not democracy but the gospel; not civilization but Christ.”

To preach Christ, who brings complete deliverance through His glorious atonement, is the exalted privilege of every worker. To preach His gospel where it has never been heard and where ignorance and superstition are great is the task of the missionaries. This they cannot do except they be sent.

The missionaries pictured below complete the list of those being sent during 1950. Others have been shown in previous issues of *THE OTHER SHEEP*. Prayer is requested for these representatives of Christ and the church. They furnish nine more reasons why you should loyally support the General Budget.



Agnes Clark, R.N.  
Africa



Dr. Samuel Hynd, M.D.  
Africa



Rev. John Pattee  
Philippine Islands



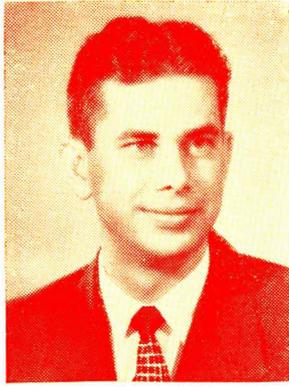
Mrs. John Pattee  
Philippine Islands



Neva Lane  
Peru



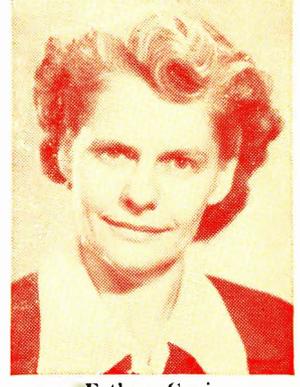
Juanita Gardner, R.N.  
Africa



Rev. Paul Orjala  
Haiti



Mrs. Paul Orjala  
Haiti



Esther Crain  
Nicaragua

Returning to field, Rev. and Mrs. Pattee and Miss Neva Lane, however, have served on other fields previously.

# *Christmas Day for . . . . Whom?*

*A Christmas Day in Africa, in China and Japan;  
A Christmas Day in India and far Afghanistan;  
A Christmas Day in all the world, the islands of the sea;  
A Christmas Day for everyone—that's how it ought to be!  
But there can be no Christmas joy for those who never heard  
This story—there can be for them no meaning in the Word.*

*A Christmas Day in heaven! Oh, yes, I think the angels know  
When Jesus' birthday comes, and sing as they did long ago.  
Do you suppose they wonder why we are so slow to tell  
The tidings of great joy they sang that night, and loved so well?  
Sometimes I think they long to speed on eager wings away,  
To tell the story of the King who came to earth one day.*

*But not to angels was His last commission given: "Go!  
Tell all the world." It was to us; and, oh, we've failed Him so!  
Shall we not give ourselves to Him, and then go forth to share  
Our Christmas Day—our Christ—with needy, lost ones "over there"?*

—SELECTED