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THREE THOUSAND MILES OF MISSIONARY TRAVEL
By James Blaine Chapman

Author of:
He Giveth More Grace
Some Estimates of Life
The Holy Spirit
The Message of the Manger

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Chapter 1
WHY THIS BOOK?

The General Assembly of the Church of the Nazarene at its 1928 session made it the duty of the General Superintendents to visit and supervise the work of the church in the twelve foreign mission fields in which the missionaries appointed by our missionary department are operating. General Superintendents Goodwin and Williams made a tour of the Orient and the Near East during 1930 and it became my obligation and privilege to visit Latin America, the British West Indies and Africa during 1931.

In common with our ministers and people in general I have often secretly and openly wished that I might look in on the Nazarene missionary enterprise -- that is, I wished this when I supposed there was no likelihood that I would ever do so. I may even have wished for it when the prospect of going was dim or the time of going was yet far distant. But it was quite another matter when the General Treasurer handed me a small check and said, "Take this and buy such things as you may have need of for your journey and let me know the time of your departure that I may make proper steamer reservations for you."

Preparation for the journey involved getting a passport, providing an extra dozen passport pictures, securing a vaccination certification from a physician, obtaining a statement from the police department of Kansas City to the effect that I had not been involved in rebellion against the form of government of the United States or in any criminal activities during the last five years, and requiring of friends and bankers their assurance that I had not recently, to their knowledge, been engaged in begging or been a dependent upon the charities of the people. These things are required by the different countries which I was about to visit. And by the time I had gathered them all I felt that I should be prepared to show that I had also provision for defense in case of trouble, so I went to the attorney who had been looking after the legal business for the General Board and got a statement from him which in the polite and careful language usually employed by lawyers let anyone concerned know that I had also one who was ready to be my "friend at court." I doubt if anyone in recent months has been more fully credentialed than I was when I set off to far distant lands. For in addition to the papers mentioned I had also a commission from the General Board itself, a commission signed by the General Secretary and Treasurer and sealed with the great seal of the Church of the Nazarene. And warned that some greedy government officials might want to keep copies of papers submitted to them, I secured a dozen copies -- all originals -- of the majority of the certificates and commissions given me.

And since my journey was to take me first into the tropics and then into the winter of the south temperate zone, it was necessary to take along both light and heavy clothing. And knowing that I would want to be writing travel notes for publication, a beloved brother presented me with a new typewriter. Another brother lent me a compass that I might have no occasion to lose my way, twelve District Superintendents went together and provided me a field glass, the General Board provided me with a splendid Kodak, and I bought myself a pedometer to measure the distances which I expected to make on foot. So, all told, I think I had at least as many things I never needed as I had things that were indispensable. But you must remember that it was my first trip into foreign parts -- next time I shall travel lighter.

I sailed from New Orleans on January 16, and landed again at New York on September 21. Thus the journey lasted just a few days less than nine months. During this time I traveled approximately 30,000 miles on land and sea, employing thirteen ocean steamships, about a dozen or more railway trains, a vast number of automobiles, six or seven mules and one aeroplane. And I visited about sixteen different nations and preached over a hundred times through interpreters and sixty times to English speaking congregations. This in addition to presiding at District Assemblies and missionary councils in the various countries visited.

During the time I was away I wrote regularly to the Herald of Holiness and conducted a heavy correspondence. I think at least two or three thousand people wrote me letters or cards while I was away. Then upon my return I commenced -- the second night after reaching the country -- to speak in various public meetings about the things I saw and felt during this momentous journey. Therefore when some asked me if I would write a book bearing upon the trip I told them I thought the journey had already had wonderful publicity and that no book was required.

In fact I think I could not well have written a book during my first weeks in the home land. I had seen so many things that I was fairly in for a while and needed a little time to get my bearings and organize my thinking. But lately I have found myself wishing I might say in something of an orderly form a few things about the mission work of our church in the fields I visited. I cannot just say that I have been overwhelmed by requests for such a book as I am herewith presenting. Still I have felt that perhaps there is at least a small field for it and the consciousness that I must write it now or else never write it at all has stirred me up to undertake the task in the midst of many absorbing duties. If the style is more common-place than is wont, this is my apology. If anyone receives inspiration to pray and give of time or substance for the maintenance and enlargement of the missionary enterprise that will be ample reward.

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Chapter 2
MY FIRST NIGHT IN GUATEMALA

The Castello of the United Fruit Company on which I had engaged passage severed its shore lines at New Orleans at noon on Friday, January 16. Pastor Forrester of our new church in New Orleans and Evangelists Theo. and Minnie Ludwig, who were with him in a revival, kindly took me about the city to get the last items in my preparation for sailing and accompanied me to the

boat and located me in room 18. A last word from home and a final word to loved ones and we were floating away amidst the strains of "America the Beautiful."

I cast about a little and found that I had the fine large stateroom all to myself. I secured a small table and spread out my work and set in to catch up with correspondence and to write some for our periodicals. And by the time I had eaten both lunch and dinner while the boat floated smoothly down the broad Mississippi, I was fully convinced that the inconveniences of sea travel had been greatly exaggerated.

But about seven o'clock in the evening we reached the choppy waters of the Gulf of Mexico, and the ship took on such complexed activities as I had never observed before. I afterward said to friends that I do not care whether a ship moves forward, backward, up, down, to the right hand or to the left, but when one begins to take on all these motions at the same time I just naturally raise inward objections to such gross inconsistency. And this is why I did not appear in the dining room from Friday night until Monday morning. And this is why I suggested the possibility of accepting the teaching of the Anglo-Israel school in order to claim the title of Israelite and then change the words of the Master concerning Nathanael and say to my fellow-travelers, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom there is no bile."

But on Monday afternoon our steamer drew up beside the low docks at Porto Barrios, Guatemala, and after the usual formalities of passing immigration, the blowing of the steamer's whistle announced that passengers would be permitted to land.

On board the ship I had received a telegram from Brother R. S. Anderson of Coban, welcoming me to the country and telling me that the District Superintendent, Rev. Robert Ingram, of Salama, would meet me. Therefore I was quite sure that I could see Brother Ingram on the dock and hence I hastened down the stairway to greet him. But I soon found myself in the dock shed in the midst of a babel of unknown tongues and with no one to receive me -- Brother Ingram had missed the boat across the harbor from Livingston and was not to arrive until the next morning. A slender lad approached and made signs of his desire to carry my luggage and help me through customs. I accepted his proposition and was soon on the way up to the Hotel del Norte. But the afternoon was hot and the way was longer than I had expected. I looked at the lad struggling with my heavy luggage -- he was lean and barefooted and sparsely clad. I thought to myself: this boy would be satisfied with twenty-five cents, but I'll be liberal and give him a half dollar. On the porch of the hotel I found that I had no silver and was forced to offer the lad a dollar bill. I had expected that he would scarcely receive it on account of its excess. But lo, he rolled his eyes far backward and held up his hands in scorn and said pathetically and demandingly, "Two dollars, two dollars." I looked about and could see no one who could speak English and fearing the outcome of an argument that would be carried on in the hearing only of those who could understand my adversary, I yielded up the other dollar. The next day Brother Ingram informed me that I should never give more than half what I intended to pay and then should yield up a like amount upon demand and thus the porter would be satisfied. But at least I gained the attention of that swarthy boy, for he was knocking on my door before daylight next morning, so anxious was he to help me wherever I wanted to go.

There was no one connected with the hotel who could speak English, but I finally registered and was appointed a room. Then I had the pleasure of seeing my name written up on a huge blackboard on the hotel veranda for all comers and passers to read as deliberately as they chose. The fare was four dollars a day, but the hotel was not what we would call modern. There was no printed menu in the dining room and the waiter simply stood by and enumerated the dishes they had to offer. I had no idea what the names meant, but decided that I could choose better if the food were before me, so I simply said, "Si, si, Senor," to all that he proposed, and I did have quite a variety set before me.

I sat on the upper veranda of the hotel for a long time that night and watched the people -- mostly men -- pass by. There was not much conversation, not much sign of mirth or joy. Mostly the motley throng was silent and inexpressive: But there were unmistakable signs of physical, mental and spiritual poverty and darkness. There were a few white Spaniards, some full Indians, some black Negroes and then every mixture of these bloods that one could easily imagine. There was a decided contrast between the palms and ferns and other touches of tropical beauty about the little public parks and lawns and the gloomy houses and gloomier faces of the poor people of this swampy town. I was spending my first night in a fully Romanized and priest cursed country where the gospel of grace and salvation has as yet been given little chance. With eyes which had recently looked upon the faces of many who have been redeemed and sanctified I was now looking upon such squalor and degradation as one can see only where paganism or Romanism have held sway. There was something about it all that reminded me of music in the minor key. And a few days later a missionary told me that it has sometimes been said of these lands that the flowers have no fragrance, the birds have no song, the women have no virtue, and the men have no honor. Dark Guatemala! And it never seemed darker to me than it did on that first night. May the light of the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ shine upon this land, so poor in realization but so rich in prospects and possibilities!

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Chapter 3
THREE DAYS IN LIVINGSTON

District Superintendent Ingram found me at the hotel the morning after my arrival in Porto Barrios, and we crossed the bay in a little gasoline launch, twelve miles to the town of Livingston, where is located one of our mission churches with Brother Paz, a native pastor, in charge. Our home during the three days in Livingston was with the pastor and we had an immediate introduction to the Guatemalan manner of life.

Livingston is said to have six thousand inhabitants, although it is exceedingly difficult for a North American to estimate the population of a Central or South American community. There were two motor trucks in town when I was there and I noticed that one of them was marked with a for sale sign. And I do not wonder; for there are just about four or five blocks between the boat landing and the stores where a motor car might run and there is not a single road leading into the country. That is, there is no road over which any sort of a vehicle might go. The principal thoroughfare goes winding out through the cemetery and amidst and around the heavy tropical

foliage with little by-paths leading off here and there to the miserable huts of the natives among the hills.

While out for a walk we passed by a schoolhouse and there was such a babel of voices and so many signs of stirring about that I wondered what special occasion was on hand. But I was told that the scholars were just "getting their lessons." The teacher himself may doze in the thick, warm air, but the scholars vie with one another to make the loudest and most continuous din. If idleness overtakes the scholars and the din of voices dies down for a little the silence awakes the teacher. In Guatemala practically all examinations are oral, and one observer told me that the scholar who could and would "talk up" in the presence of the examiners had a fine chance for a good grade, no matter much what he said. This observer once heard a little girl say to the examiner, "I do not know about the thing of which you ask, but would you not like to hear me tell about the earthquake at Antigua?" And without stopping to see whether this was desired or not she proceeded to tell about it with great speed of speech -- and she made a good grade.

Livingston is situated on a considerable hill which slopes beautifully off toward the bay. On one of these slopes are the huts of the fisher folk. I spent a few minutes in their quarter and saw their recent catch hanging on bushes, wires or convenient hut roofs in the process of drying for the market. And being of a slightly delicate appetite I decided that all sorts of dried fish should be deleted from my menu. But at the store I saw the bread lying loosely on the counter where the prospective buyer could squeeze the loaves and make his selection, so I became a devotee of tortillas -- the native corn cake which is served to you hot from the griddle.

But we had a pleasant home with the pastor and the appointments of that Christian parsonage were indeed a commendation for the gospel which we preach; for there was a cleanliness and comfort that made the place a haven indeed. Brother Paz is a good pastor and a successful soul winner. He had won more than fifty souls during the last assembly year.

Brother Ingram had never acted as interpreter for a foreign preacher, so he had engaged an old Negro man to interpret for me. The old brother came over in the afternoon the day of my arrival. He explained that he was old and his memory poor and that I would have to say no more than five words at one time and then must wait for him to interpret those before I said more. But I was as leery of my ability to preach through an interpreter as Brother Ingram was of his to do the interpreting, so we decided to make our beginning together. And really we got along quite well. The little church was well filled each of the three nights and we had a number of seekers at the altar and some professions of salvation.

A year before my visit the people of the little mission church had purchased a little folding organ. This was done only by the dint of much sacrifice. Being very fond of music, they had been well pleased with their purchase. But when we were about to open the first service they explained with much sorrow that the only one of their number who could play the organ had recently died and that we would have to sing without the instrument. I recalled that twenty-five years ago I sometimes made chords on the organ to assist with the music. So I brought out this almost forgotten talent and we had singing with the organ every night.

The Christian courtesy of the people of Livingston church is wonderful indeed. When Brother Ingram and I would come in to start the meetings, the members of the church would come forward and shake our hands. Then they would not leave at the close until they had shaken our hands again.

On the second night of our visit Brother Ingram organized the Christians into a church. Many of these had been on probation for years and this was an epochal occasion for them. Brother Ingram made it the occasion for emphasizing anew the privileges and obligations of the Christian life and of charging the people to stand fast in Christ.

Every night Brother Paz introduced us with a teen or fifteen minutes' exhortation to the people to hear and obey what we were about to say to them. And he was zealous and competent in inviting people to the altar and in helping them after they came.

On the last day of our stay in Livingston I observed a little boy sitting on the parsonage steps bending down over one of the ugliest sores I ever saw on a child's leg. I asked the missionary about it and he said, "The mother of this boy, a woman from Mexico, came here with him. He was taken sick and she forsook him and went away. A member of the church here took him in charge and nursed him and he recovered. But when he was well he would no longer obey his benefactress but went about picking up his living in any way possible. Finally this sore developed and he can no longer get about, so the pastor has allowed him to stay about the place here and the family give him what he eats." We decided to get something for the sore and have it dressed. That night about ten o'clock when we started to our room, which was somewhat detached from the other part of the house, I discovered this little boy under the house. Again I appealed to the missionary and was told that since we were there and the house was full, the boy was given a place on the ground under the house. I was new in this unevangelized country and the habits and practices which are taken as a matter of course were exceedingly new and painful to me.

We were to take the boat back to Porto Barrios, and the boat left at five a. m. This was before daylight at that time of the year. I asked Brother Ingram to arrange it so that we could slip away without troubling the pastor and family or any of the brethren of the church. But the family was up and served breakfast to us before we left and a number of the members of the church were on hand to help us take our luggage to the landing.

My bag was the only really heavy piece, but one of the women seized it and balanced it upon her head, while the men reached for the smaller articles which we had along. I protested to the missionary, but he said, "It is the custom and the woman will not be happy -- she will not feel like she has contributed her part -- unless you let her carry the heavy load. We shall teach the men more and more, but they cannot learn all at once." And so we shipped away from Livingston in the gray dawn, but my mind has often gone back to the scenes of squalor and the marks of neglect and darkness which I witnessed there. And often I have thought of that pastor and his little group of native Christians who are doing their utmost to hold out the light of the gospel in that dark corner.

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Chapter 4

TEN DAYS WITH THE QUAKERS

There is a railway across Guatemala, from Porto Barrios to San Jose, via Guatemala City, and this is practically the only means of communication between the coast and the interior. Our missionaries had to ship their automobiles in by train. There are no roads over which they could drive from the coast.

After crossing the bay in a launch, we took train at Porto Barrios and by night were at Chiquimula, in southern Guatemala, where Sister Esther Smith and a splendid band of Friends have their central station, and from which their influence extends out many miles in all directions into Guatemala, Salvador and Honduras. Sister Smith has been there twenty-five years or more and she and her colaborers laid the foundation for the Christian community in those parts and have continued along until the present hour. Their work is indeed commendable and I was happy to share with them a little in it.

The meeting at Chiquimula is a combination convention and campmeeting and runs for ten days. The Friends have a large tabernacle, well located near the center of town, and the local attendance together with their converts and adherents from all the communities scattered over their field constituted a fine crowd both day and night. There must have been as many as six or eight hundred people present at some of the services.

It was my privilege to preach twice each day, and two of the missionaries acted as interpreters. They were as fine as I ever saw for the task and helped me much to overcome the dread I felt over the prospect of attempting to preach to people of a strange tongue. I am greatly indebted to these dear helpers, for I was to continue in this work for many months and getting well started while with them was a great blessing.

I used to go over my subject with the interpreter beforehand and find out from him whether what I had in mind to say could be interpreted to the understanding of the people. Sometimes it was necessary to amend my plan and once or twice I had to give up altogether and take some other theme. But in any case, it was a great help to the interpreter to know what the general line of thought was to be. And my two interpreters at Chiquimula were fine preachers and zealous exhorters. So I really think I seemed to do better than I did. We had many seekers at the altar -- as many as we are accustomed to have in the campmeetings in North America.

Usually one of the missionaries sat by me in the meetings and kept me informed as to what was going on. One day the missionary was giving me the substance of the testimonies and it was very refreshing indeed. But finally a man got up and seemed to be going at tremendous speed, although the interpreter did not say anything. I became anxious and asked what the brother was saying. But the missionary said, "Well, he really is not saying much." And then I was reminded of testimonies I have heard in the English language which did not tell you much.

Twice a day all the missionaries gathered about the same table for meals and conversation. Most of the Friends missionaries were seasoned veterans and had seen their long service right on this field. So they talked of the different native people quite easily. I heard them say of a certain man, " Oh, yes; Juan is a believer now." Later they said this same man had been to the altar and

had seemed to "pray through." Then on another day one said he had held a conversation with Juan and was convinced that he had decided to "straighten up his life." By now I was really interested to know what these various terms meant, and was told that a "believer" is one who has ceased to oppose the gospel and has shown willingness to attend the meetings or to have the evangelists visit his home. "Praying through" meant getting matters straightened up with God. But "straightening up his life" meant getting married. This was interesting and I made fuller inquiry and was told, "Why, only about one couple in four who are living together and bringing up families here are married. Their children are listed as 'legal children' if the parents are married and as 'natural children' otherwise, but both kinds have standing in the eyes of the law." And then I remarked that this Juan would doubtless be over very soon and we would have a wedding. But they said, "Oh, no, this will take some time. In the first place, the woman with whom he lives is not willing to marry him. She says she is willing to live with him as she is, for now it he beats her she can leave him. But if she marries him and he beats her she will simply have to bear it. So she is going to wait until he proves himself before she takes him permanently. Then even when the woman is willing, Juan has no birth certificate and that often takes considerable time. If he cannot get a duplicate or an original birth certificate, he will have to go to the judge. The judge will appoint a committee of three. These three will each guess on the date when Juan was born and the judge will take the average of the guesses and write a certificate.

But that matter of interpretation of which I spoke is indeed a treacherous affair. They told me of one preacher who used a fire engine as an illustration of the gospel. The people having never seen such a machine, thought either that the preacher was telling a fabulous story or else that this engine was itself about as powerful as the gospel. And I myself was much pleased to hear the Quakers call their people Friends -- and I learned the Spanish word quite well. So down in Peru I was giving early morning addresses to the preachers and Christian workers and I thought it would be pleasing to make the talks a little more intimate by frequently calling the people friends. But I noticed that the interpreter never used the word with which I had become familiar in Guatemala. I asked him about it and was told, "Oh, you see a friend is a backslider. When people are becoming interested in the gospel we call them friends, when they really accept the gospel we call them brethren. Then when they fall away in faith or practice we expel them from membership in the church and put them back on the list of friends. So if I called these preachers and Christian workers friends they would think you do not believe in them and that you doubt their testimonies." Well, I had to thank the interpreter for saving me from a very serious blunder. Interpretation is not the same as translation by any means, for often to just translate what we say would not give the people our idea at all. The interpreter must know the peculiar and local use of language and must make clear what the foreign preacher has to say.

Spanish American cities and towns are built about the church or cathedral. When the Spanish conquered the land they sent priests to convert the Indians. These priests are said to have ordered the people to come in from the country and live in villages in order that they might the better receive religious instruction. This disrupted the economic life of the people, but they have continued to live in villages ever since.

Those early priests of Rome were well trained men. They knew law and architecture and economics. They built a wonderful cathedral at Chiquimula -- a tremendous structure with an arched stone roof and an auditorium that would accommodate twelve or fifteen hundred people.

The ancient town was built about this great house as its center. Then there came the earth tremors and the people filled the cathedral for a time of prayer. An extra hard tremor came and the arched roof fell in and killed hundreds of the worshipers. The ruins of that cathedral, scarred and marked by the bullets of revolutionists and target practice, stand there today. The calamity was so dreadful that the town was moved a mile or more away and the old site was left to its desolation.

The cemetery has a high stone wall about it and it is the ambition of a many a Guatemalan to be properly and elegantly buried. But there seems to be no way to keep curious superstitions from attaching to anything and everything with which the Roman Catholic church has to do. So a few years ago when there was an epidemic of smallpox at Chiquimula, the authorities would not permit the victims to be buried in "holy ground," and so there is a group of isolated graves a mile away on the creek bank where the victims of smallpox are left to this day.

There is no such a thing as a motor or horse drawn hearse in Chiquimula. The Friends mission is between the town and the cemetery, so almost every day, and sometimes several times a day, we saw the processions pass, the casket carried high on the shoulders of men, the mourners scattering as widely as the street would permit and the little band playing most doleful dirges along the way.

The campmeeting closed up with a large number of seekers at the altar and the prayer service continued until midnight. Some of the people left on muleback or on foot immediately after the close of the service. Many of these had to travel from fifty to one hundred miles or more over very rough trails and they went at night to avoid the heat. There is a little branch railway at Chiquimula and the train was listed to leave at five a. m. Not having any timepieces and being uncertain as to how early five o'clock is, there was little sleep about the mission compound that last night. Rather there was prayer and song and conversation until time to go down to the station. But the patient missionaries simply remarked, "The campmeeting comes only once a year."

There are many miracles of grace among the native Friends of Chiquimula, and there are some as effective preachers as one would find anywhere. I went away from this wonderful company of missionaries and happy band of native Christians with a firmer, fuller, stronger faith and hope for the gathering out of a Christian community than I ever had before. Chiquimula and the work of the Friends there are in my heart to live and to die.

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Chapter 5
IN ALTA VERA PAZ

One feels a certain uneasiness about traveling on the train in a country where the customs and the language are both strange to him. He does not know just what to do and he cannot ask anyone. It was therefore a great comfort when I found that a missionary from the Pilgrim Holiness Mission in Guatemala City was to make the journey from Chiquimula to El Rancho on the same trains that I was to take. And at El Rancho Rev. Robert Ingram, District Superintendent of the Central American District of the Church of the Nazarene, met me in his car and we made it from the station to the mission in Salama, Baja Vera Paz, a distance of forty-one miles, in six hours. But

in order to appreciate this speed you would have to see the roads. I told them that one must know where he is in order to understand the description of a road. In Guatemala, a good road is one you can get over by doing everything you can think of doing to make it and a bad road is one you cannot pass with all the effort possible.

Although Guatemala is no larger in territorial extent than our state of Indiana or Louisiana, still it has almost every style of terrain and its temperatures range from the most humid tropical to the characteristic temperate. The eastern plain where the vast banana plantations are found is practically on the level of the sea. Guatemala City has an elevation of 5,500 feet, and Coban where our principal station is located is situated at 3,500 feet and is in the midst of the coffee growing belt. Guatemala City is the only modern city in the republic, and the vast majority of the population live amidst such primitive conditions as one can scarcely imagine.

The northern half of the republic, approximately is the Nazarene territory of Guatemala. The population of this extensive territory is approximately 300,000 in number and is widely scattered. But anywhere within the region allotted to us if you meet a white missionary you can be sure he is a Nazarene. If you hear a native preacher you can be sure he is a Nazarene. If you hear a Christian hymn you can count that it was learned in a Nazarene service. If you so much as see a colporteur distributing tracts you know he is a Nazarene. All this gives one a sort of "at home" feeling when in the land.

We arrived at the mission station in Salama about five in the afternoon and had a service in the chapel that night. Brother and Sister Robert Ingram are the missionaries in charge here and they had given wide notice of the meeting, so that we had a fine crowd. Sister Ingram interpreted for me and we had two or three at the altar.

One of these was for sanctification. She professed the blessing and the Ingrams report that she is holding fast and making good.

We have a good, comfortable missionary home at Salama, and a chapel and grounds for the annual convention with camping facilities. The town itself has twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants and is the center of a considerable community. Some splendid missionaries, including J. D. Franklin, now gone to heaven, have labored here and the native pastor and other ministerial help are quite efficient.

Brother Ingram tried hard to be a "Good Samaritan" to the preachers on their way to the assembly at Coban. Two of them came to the missionary home in Salama with us. Brother Ingram had explained to them that he would have a load from Salama on, but told them they could ride that last forty-six miles on the mission mules. The brethren took supper at the mission, and Brother Ingram sent men early in the morning, before daylight, to the pasture for the mules. By six-thirty the mules were saddled and the brethren were told to come on and mount. Then one of them gently said that he was not an experienced rider and that he would pick up a ride on the cameon -- the truck -- or else he would just walk. Then the other said he would not want to ride alone, so would also just walk to Coban. When we were started on our way I remarked that the brethren had changed their minds quite suddenly. But the missionary said, "No, they have known since yesterday that they would not ride the mules." Then I asked why they had not said so and saved the trouble of

sending for the mules and saddling them, etc. "Oh," said the missionary, "they are timid and so put off telling us what they considered the disagreeable news just as long as they possibly could."

Brother and Sister Ingram and a native woman and myself were in the car and on our way to Coban by seven a. m. Our beginning was encouraging, but we soon reached roads that were all but impassable. Once we were stuck for two hours on a steep, dry, rocky hillside. Later we were told that the truck which tried the passage later in the day was stalled for four hours in the same place. But I had a wonderful opportunity to study the psychology of missionaries that day. While we were working to get the traction necessary to enable the car to negotiate the road, Brother Ingram fell to musing: "These roads would not be so bad even if they are steep, if they were just not so rocky." To this I readily agreed. Then later: "These roads would not be so bad even if they are rocky if they were just not so steep." To this I also consented. Then: "This country is capable of having good roads. All it would require would be an engineer to make the survey so as to get the grades right, and then as there were funds available roads could be built and before long there would be splendid roads." Then I spoke up and said, "But Brother Ingram, these roads are quite steep and also quite rocky. There is no engineer engaged on a survey. If the survey were made this government has no money with which to build roads. And even if the government were in position to build roads, we could not delay our trip until the roads were ready." The missionary admitted all this, but soon observed, as we stood there unable to move a foot toward our goal, "I believe we could make better time today if we were on the mules instead of being in the car." I then gave up, for I saw that this man is an incurable optimist. But as I went along I saw more and more that a missionary must be one who ignores difficulties and keeps smiling in spite of all that comes.

We covered the forty-six miles between Salama and Coban in thirteen hours and a half. Of course this was much better than the mules could have done, and considering the roads, I am not sure but it is practically a record for speed.

About half way over toward Coban, we stopped and left the car in charge of the native woman while the Ingrams and I walked three miles up the rugged, beautiful valley to the little town of Purulha. Here that heroine of Latin American mission work, Miss Leona Gardner, had been holding forth for a number of months. Miss Gardner has been in Cuba and Guatemala for thirty years. Her health is not the best and I suggested to her one day that she should take a furlough. She answered, "I would be glad to take a furlough if I were sure they would send me back. But at my age there would be a tendency to think my work finished. So I had better stay on a while until it really is finished."

A few weeks before our arrival the grass roof of the Purulha chapel took fire in the night and the roof-timbers as well as grass-were completely consumed. Miss Gardner had her quarters in a room just back of the chapel auditorium. The roof of this room was also destroyed. Miss Gardner lost most of her personal property and narrowly escaped with her life. The fire was probably kindled by some fanatical person who resented the coming of Protestants into this stronghold of dark Roman Catholicism. But Sister Gardner had secured quarters in a native house across the street and here she entertained us for lunch. After lunch we gathered inside the charred walls of the chapel and held a brief service. The native pastor had strewn the ground with pine needles -- a mark of special respect -- and had a splendid little audience to hear us.

On the way up the valley I had felt somewhat heroic over the long walk we were taking in order to have the service. But at the close of the service all the audience, except one girl who complained that she did not feel well, decided to accompany us to the car, and they took the six mile walk just to keep us company.

Brother and Sister R. S. Anderson, Misses Lane and Branstine, missionaries at Coban, drove out several miles to meet us and accompanied us back to the mission where we were to make our home for the next two weeks.

Brother and Sister Anderson are the pioneers of our work in Guatemala. They were on the field when they had been married but six months and she was nineteen and he twenty-one. From then until the present Guatemala has been their home. Here they have lived and preached the gospel and brought up a fine Christian family of six amidst surroundings that would discourage weaker hearts. And God has given them good success in the business of winning souls and training others to win souls also.

Besides the Andersons, there are at Coban Brother and Sister Coates, and Misses Lane and Branstine. These with the Ingrams and Miss Gardner -- nine in all -- constitute our missionary force in Guatemala.

During the two weeks at Coban I preached practically every night and spoke once or twice a day in the assembly. Brother Ingram was my interpreter in the daytime and Brother Anderson at night. The council of missionaries was held each day following the noon meal. Altogether I had a very blessed and fruitful ministry at Coban, and had opportunity to view the missionary work more closely than ever before.

Although Guatemala is a Roman Catholic country, there are some peculiar laws affecting churches and church services. Laws which primarily affect the Catholics. One of these laws requires that the church door be open always when a religious service is in progress. And everything that looks like a religious secret order is forbidden. One of the dictator presidents of Guatemala banished the Jesuits fifty years ago and they have never been permitted to return. But of course we too must keep the church door open while the service is in progress.

When we returned to the missionary home for lunch after the first meeting of the District Assembly I remarked that so many of the people including many of the preachers were barefooted, but the missionaries had not even noticed this -- the condition was quite natural to them.

As is the usual case with buildings in Latin America, the missionary's house in Coban is enclosed within a strong, high dobie or stone wall. There is only a single entrance from the street, but when people come through this door they are in the "patio," rather than in the house itself. There are no windows opening upon the street. For this reason a street in a Latin American town looks quite barren and lifeless.

There is no escape from the fact that a certain amount of light or knowledge, as well as evidences of grace, is necessary before people with such a background as the Guatemalan has is prepared for church membership. It is therefore the regular practice to require a rather long

probation of all before receiving them into the full membership. The time varies, but is probably two years on the average. It is therefore quite gratifying to be able to say that there are now five hundred full members in the Central American District of the Church of the Nazarene. These are besides many probationers. There are also more than twenty native preachers. Five of these were ordained to the eldership during the District Assembly. These are the first to be ordained in our church in Guatemala.

The work over at Flores in the department of Peten on the border of Mexico, was raised up by native preachers. When I was in Guatemala no white missionary had yet been to Peten. Since that time Brother Ingram, the District Superintendent, has been over there and organized a church, and at the time of this writing Sister Gardner is over there directing the affairs of the Church of the Nazarene.

One is continually impressed by the presence of extreme poverty in Guatemala. Many of the houses, especially in the rural districts and small towns, are of flimsy construction. The walls are of cornstalks and the roofs of grass. In many houses there is practically no furniture at all. Over in the corner of the floorless hut there are often a number of rough stones upon which the housewife places the pots and pans which she uses in cooking. The woman herself sits flat on the ground by the side of the fire, replenishes the fuel supply and stirs the contents of the pots when necessary. The smoke gets out the best way it can, for there is no such thing as a chimney or any opening for the convenience of the retiring smoke. But perhaps this situation looks worse than it really is. One day I said to Sister Anderson who has been there for more than a quarter of a century, "This situation of smoke in the houses of these people is a terrible thing." But inured by long contact with such conditions, Sister Anderson replied, "Well, that would not suit us, but it is not so bad for them. In fact there are advantages in having that smoke in the house." Of course I insisted on knowing what these advantages are, and she said, "Well, sore eyes are a great curse here, and sore eyes are spread by means of gnats and other such insects. But where there is plenty of smoke in the house these insects cannot well stay, and it is noticed that there are less sore eyes in cases of this kind. Then the smoke seasons the grass of which the roofs are made and this causes them to last longer. Then the people hang up their bread corn about the eaves and comb of the houses and the smoke helps to keep the weevils out of it."

But I have seen a poor Guatemalan family serve their meal of brown beans, tortillas (corn cakes) and black coffee, and it was remarkable to see how few dishes are required. They used halves of gourds for coffee cups, while each one simply reached into the pot as soon as the beans were cool enough and drew out a handful and proceeded to eat without ceremony or unnecessary formality. In fact the dishwashing task in the average home of the Guatemalan poor is too small to be called exacting. The tortillas are made by putting the corn through a process somewhat as though it were intended to make hominy, and then rolling and mixing in sufficient water to make a stiff dough and baking in the form of flat cakes. The taste is not bad.

The republic is divided into departments which agree somewhat with our states. Salama is in the department of Baja Vera Paz. Coban is in Alta Vera Paz. That is why I have called this chapter "In Alta Vera Paz."

Toward the end of my stay at Coban we began to calculate as to the time and manner of getting away on the trip to Trinidad. The best overland time we could make to Guatemala City required three days. But we engaged passage on the mail plane and arrived in Guatemala City two hours after leaving Coban. The plane was a trimotored Ford and was driven by American pilots. This was my first trip by air. I do not say it was altogether enjoyable. Its chief advantage was its speed.

Arriving at Guatemala City, I found it necessary to engage a passage down the west coast from San Jose to the Panama Canal without the assurance of a reservation. At San Jose I was told that my passport was not properly endorsed and that I would have to get the permission of the Minister of Foreign Affairs before I could leave the country. By continued insistence I finally got the matter adjusted by telegraph. Brother Anderson bade me good-by at the wharf and I was wafted from the dock to the waiting launch in a swinging basket. I looked back to see that hero of Guatemalan missions waving from the wharf, and immediately I felt myself alone, and my heart went out to that little band of holy men and women whom I had left with a task both exacting and large, and my most earnest prayers ascended for them, and they still ascend today.

Up in the hills above Salama is a village of five hundred. The only married couple in town are two Indian Nazarenes. They found God and salvation through our missionaries and then set in to "straighten up their lives." Soon their ideals made the surroundings of their filthy hut unsuited and they built them a better hut. Then piece by piece the man manufactured crude but useful furniture and more and more their place takes on the spirit and form of a Christian home. They are a constant sermon on holiness and righteousness to their neighbors, and their worthy conduct and bright testimonies wonderfully strengthen the hands of our missionaries. These two are "diamonds from the rough." They are among the "firstfruits" of that abundant harvest that is even now being gathered in Guatemala, and which is destined to be richer and fuller as the days and months and years come and go. For Guatemala and her people our faithful missionaries are ready and willing to sacrifice and to die. May God grant that these who have gone forth weeping bearing precious seed may also come rejoicing bringing their sheaves with them!

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Chapter 6
THE PASSAGE TO TRINIDAD

Between Guatemala City and San Jose we passed within sight of the three active volcanoes of which Guatemala can boast. And since Guatemala has been visited with many earthquakes, some of them very destructive of life and property, it has long been thought that there is a connection between the volcanoes and the earthquakes. So while one is impressed by the grandeur of the "smoking mountains," still he cannot escape a certain shadowy fear and recollection of distress. Antigua, the ancient capital, was so many times affected by destructive quakes that the site of the city was finally moved thirty miles to the present position of Guatemala City.

And on down the western coast I was fortunate enough to be up in time to see "the lighthouse of the Pacific," a privilege denied those who overslept, because a haze arose and hid

that wonderful sight by eight o'clock that morning. We had not long passed Nicaragua until that disastrous earthquake practically blotted out their beautiful capital.

The boat on which I took passage was called EL Salvador, and was on the Panama Mail line. It had a good list of tourists who were traveling from California to New York, and to whom time was no special consideration. The boat itself stopped almost every morning to pick up cargo, especially coffee, and made rather short runs at night. So we were actually eight days in going from San Jose to Cristobal on the Atlantic end of the Panama Canal. But the sea was so smooth that I vas able to improve the time in writing and reading. Four nights out of the eight I had to sleep on a lounge in the hall, my reservation was intermittent and subjected to the claims those who had bought tickets before I did.

The passage through the Panama Canal was indeed memorable. The Canal Zone is ten miles wide and is under control of the United States government, while the Republic of Panama is on either side of the zone. The whole passage from deep water to deep water is almost fifty miles. There is a sort of "backbone" near the middle of the isthmus which is really a unit of the mountain range which is called the Andes in South America and the Rocky Mountains in North America. It was this backbone that made the construction of the canal so difficult; for it did not seem at all practical to cut down this ridge to the level of the sea. And besides this it was found that "sea level" is not a constant factor; for the Pacific Ocean level is always at least one foot higher than the Atlantic level, and for a portion of the year it is as much as six feet higher than the eastern ocean. So that if the canal were cut down to "sea level" the water would run through there like it were a mill race. But by means of a system of locks a ship crossing through the canal is lifted eighty-five feet to the level of the inner lake and then lowered again to the sea. Upon reaching the locks cables are attached to the ship and electric motors -- three on either side -- draw the ship into and on through the locks. The machinery of the canal is handled by "remote control," so that about the canal itself there seems to be but a minimum of activity. The capacity of the canal depends upon the supply of water which has been impounded by the damming of a river in the highest part of the passage. With the passage of each ship a certain amount of this water escapes to the ocean, and in seasons of drought it is necessary to use care in order that too much water may not get away. While crossing that high inner lake the ships navigate under their own power just as they do in the ocean itself.

On the day of our passage through the canal lunch was served on the decks in order that the passengers might not miss seeing all that lined the way. Even those who had made this passage before could not be indifferent to the charms which appeared along the way between the oceans. And to those who were passing through for the first time there was scarcely any limit to the interest which they felt. Since the Atlantic end is west of the Pacific end of the Canal, the passengers had some amusement in trying to figure out that "the east end is west of the west end." This tremendous engineering feat will doubtless mark a high point among such works for a long time to come.

The American port at the Pacific end of the Canal is Balboa, and the nearby Panama City is the capital of the republic. The port at the Atlantic end is Cristobal, and just across the street, or rather beginning in the middle of the street, is the city of Colon. The contrast between the Zone and native cities is great enough, although the American government has been accorded the right to dictate the sanitation policy of the towns and country adjacent to the Zone, and through its efficient

management in this particular it has "turned a pest house into a health resort." Once Panama was a den of yellow fever germs and the high death rate among workmen was really the cause for the failure of the French enterprise in the attempt to build the canal. But now yellow fever is unknown and aside from being a tropical climate, Panama is as safe a place to live as any other.

At Cristobal the American Bible Society has built a splendid permanent building. And besides housing their storerooms and offices for their Bible and tract business, they make a specialty of entertaining passing missionaries. I found refuge with them both on my way to the British West Indies and on the way back en route to Peru, and the kindness of the officer there cannot be exaggerated.

There could be no efficient missionary work in any field without the assistance of the Bible Societies -- the American and the British and Foreign. These societies print the Bible and its portions in the languages of the people who are to be reached with the gospel and they are ready always to lend every possible assistance to the distribution of these Bibles and portions. The task of translating the Bible and of publishing it in the various languages is too great for any single church or missionary board. And yet without the Bible in the languages of the people effective missionary work would not be possible. These societies are worthy of the fullest support of God's people everywhere. In saying this I am voicing what I have heard the missionaries of many lands say.

From Cristobal I took passage on the Dutch ship Chryssensen, and was eleven days en route from there to Port of Spain, Trinidad. The ship stopped for cargo and passengers at the various ports along the northern coast of South America, and spent almost two days in the Dutch West Indies just off the coast of Venezuela. Being a poor sailor, the swells which are practically continual along the coast route caused me considerable annoyance and the whole journey was really just an endurance contest. I am not strong for ocean travel. But there is a sort of romantic atmosphere about the coast of "The Spanish Main," and one never seems out of reach of the enchantment which brought the early explorers and adventurers to these shores.

Our ship slipped through the narrow passage between Trinidad and the mainland through what they call "The Serpent's Mouth," and anchored in the bay at Port of Spain early in the morning. Our missionaries, Revs. Hill and Surbrook, came aboard and I immediately felt that my journey was in a certain sense at an end. The consideration of the dear brothers was assuring and I was glad for the opportunity to commit all details into their hands. So here I was in the most southern and eastern island of the "lesser Antilles" and ready for a new epoch of missionary observation and service.

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Chapter 7
TWENTY-FOUR DAYS IN THE WEST INDIES

There is quite a group of islands on the southeastern end of that long curved line of islands which set off the Caribbean Sea from the Atlantic Ocean which are called "The British West Indies." Here the people speak English and receive much in the way of ideals of life and form of

government from the British Isles themselves. In fact there are many genuine Britishers there, and as colonies of the great British empire these islands are quite well attached to the mother country. Among these islands are Trinidad and Barbados. The former is the largest of the group and is said to be the largest oil producing colony in the British empire. The latter has been a British possession for over three hundred years. Trinidad has about three hundred and fifty thousand people and Barbados about two hundred thousand. About ten per cent of the people are white, the others range all the way from almost white to entirely black, and besides there are 125,000 people from East India.

There once existed in these islands one of the cruelest forms of slavery. But when the British empire outlawed slavery there was turned loose here an African population much larger than the number of their former masters and the meek people have inherited the land. But the moral and spiritual conditions are such that the demands for evangelization make a heavy draft upon the Christian people of the British Isles and the United States.

Barbados is decidedly overpopulated. Some estimate that there are more than eleven hundred people to the square mile in this little island which measures fourteen miles by twenty-one. There are two women to one man. This is accounted for by the fact that so many of the men have left to find work in other lands. The land is very carefully cultivated. The principal crops are sugar cane, cocoa, and various tropical fruits and vegetables. For the most part the land itself is owned by white men and is rented to the dark-skinned. In many instances the black man rents a place large enough to hold his little flimsy house for as little as fifty cents a month. But since the plot of ground is very little larger than the house itself, a plot of land even as large as a city block brings in a considerable rental. The people live very frugally, for wages are exceptionally low. A good housemaid receives about seven and a half dollars a month and boards herself. A certain coarse fish is rather plentiful in the waters about Barbados and is sold for about one cent a pound. Coarse rice and a sprinkling of vegetables make up the native's diet. Coconuts are rather plentiful, The natives gather them when they are fullest of milk and satisfy themselves with drinking the watery part of the contents. In the sugar cane season many a poor working man and woman makes out the midday meal with simply the juice out of a half a stalk of sugar cane. Once when we stopped on the road to eat our lunch, there was no one in sight. But before we had finished a dozen or more had gathered at a respectful distance and waited in the evident hope of receiving whatever was left of our repast. The population of Barbados increases very rapidly, and now the emigration bars are up against them on practically every side.

Their situation reminds me of the Indians over in Illinois who are said to have been driven to the top of a huge rock by their rivals and compelled to stay up there until they all starved to death. And since then that place has been known as "Starvation Rock." But on the other hand it seems also that the opportunities for the gospel are greatly multiplied by the congested condition of the people. It seems that God has shut them up on those tight little islands to give us a chance of preaching full salvation to them.

At the time I was in the West Indies Rev. J. I. Hill and wife had been there a little less than five years. During the last two years of the time they have been assisted by Rev. George Surbrook and wife. And the record made is most remarkable. They had eighteen organized churches of over eight hundred members. There were twenty native preachers, five of whom we ordained to the

permanent ministry while there. These men have stood by our work and preached the gospel and acted as pastors of our churches. They have had to work at manual labor for much of their support. In fact they have received nothing from our missionary treasury, but have lived on the pittance which the people have given together with what they have been able to earn by manual labor They are a heroic lot. Brother Hill has organized the licensed ministers of Barbados into a theological class and he meets with them once a week and helps them with their studies and lectures to them on pastoral methods and other matters pertaining to the work of the ministry.

Every organized church on the two islands has a church building of some kind. Some of them are scarcely worthy of the name, but they serve after a fashion. I sometimes wondered whether the flimsy house would stand the strain of the crowds which came to the meetings. Practically every house in which I preached during my twenty-four days on the islands was crowded. And when I say crowded I mean more than we ordinarily mean in North America. It was quite amusing to watch the people seating themselves for the opening of a service. Instead of casting about for a more or less unoccupied seat as we would probably do, they rather seemed to calculate that a seat that was well filled must somehow be are exceptionally good place to sit. So they would come to a seat that already had one more on it than could sit in comfort and they would crowd on to it and stick there in spite of all. They sometimes reminded me of blackbirds gathering on the limb of a tree and crowding on next to the trunk until the one on the outside was forced off.

And they are great singers. They all sing most lustily and they keep good time and make wonderful harmony. The African seems to have a special gift for singing anywhere you find him.

More than once I preached when there was just room for me to stand. And at the close I have looked helplessly for a place for those who desired to seek God to pray. But whenever I appealed to the missionaries they always managed to maneuver the people about until a little space was found and there they asked the penitent to kneel. And during my stay there were about three hundred seekers at the altar. In fact there is a good revival spirit on in the West Indies and efforts to win souls are abundantly rewarded. I wish I could have stayed long enough to have held series of meetings in many of the churches. The missionaries have been doing this and they have been having souls saved right along.

The house was jammed and the space about it packed for my first service in Hall Road church in Barbados. The service was arranged as a welcoming service. Four of the native pastors spoke and I was to respond and give a gospel address. One of the pastors had an exceptionally strong voice and an abundance of lung power. And his custom was to speak in the loudest possible tones when addressing a public congregation. On this particular night he said a few words to the people and then turned to me as I sat behind him in the pulpit. And with all the force he could command he said, "My dear brother, I have heard about you by the hearing of the ears, but now my eyes behold your physiognomy." The people backed him up with the most enthusiastic amens and I felt that I had indeed been made welcome. Since I heard Brother Ball say that big word so eloquently amidst the responses of his people I have never felt that our white preachers can measure up to the standard of a good welcoming speech.

The islands are rich in history and romance. The last known heir to the throne of the Eastern Roman empire is buried in Barbados, whither his ancestors had come as exiles. Tobago,

which is connected with Trinidad to make up a British colony, is believed to be the island which furnished the background for "Robinson Crusoe." Commodore Perry died in the harbor of the Port of Spain and was for a time buried in the cemetery there only six years after his victory over the British fleet on the Great Lakes in the war of 1812. And the wonderful manner in which these true Britishers responded in an effort to honor a former foe of the mother country was a great balm for the healing of the wounds of war between the two countries. The pitch lake in Trinidad which furnishes a large percentage of the requirements of this commodity for road building in all parts of the world is one of the special sights of the land. Here they take out hundreds of shiploads of pitch and gas pressure from beneath brings the more or less molten material back to a smooth level by the opening of another day. There are few parks or recreation grounds open to the poor, so the highways are practically crowded with people from sundown on to a late hour in the night. There are a good many motor cars, but there are so many pedestrians that they still hold sway. The law requires cars to be equipped with the old-fashioned rubber "honkers" and a half dozen cars on the streets make a hubbub like so many geese. Water buffalo are used as beasts of burden. The countryside is dotted with old Dutch windmills which furnish power for grinding the sugar cane. I estimated the length of the leaves of one of the mills to which I paid a special visit as thirty feet from the center to the extremity, and they give an exceptional amount of power, so that the big cane mills grind away without the use of any fuel whatsoever.

But our principal interest was our Nazarene missionary enterprise. Brother Hill was an experienced District Superintendent before he left the States and his organizing ability has stood him well in hand down there. This ability, together with the unction and blessing of the Holy Spirit, has made the mission there an unusual success. The plan in Barbados is to have a baptizing once each quarter. The native pastors examine and recommend the candidates and the missionaries also pass upon them. All are expected to serve a probation and to give good evidence of their Christian experience and life before they are baptized. On account of the Roman Catholic and ether ritualistic churches in the country, all the missions baptize by immersion. The quarterly meeting was on during my visit to Barbados and forty-two candidates were baptized in the salt water in the bay at Bridgetown. I thought this was about a record. But I see that in a succeeding quarterly meeting Brother Hill baptized seventy-five. Eight hundred full members in five years is indeed a record for a mission field, but there is not the slightest reason why we should not have twice the number in a short time.

I left Barbados on a Saturday and my boat stopped at Port of Spain, Trinidad, long enough for me to go down to the church and assist Brother Surbrook in a marriage ceremony by which an East Indian couple was united in holy matrimony. After the wedding I preached the Easter sermon and administered the sacrament. Then we took dinner with Brother and Sister Surbrook and caught the ship before its departure at one p. m. And as I turned my face again toward the west and south I carried with me the recollection of the kindnesses of the missionaries and the zeal and fervor of the native Nazarenes in the British West Indies, and felt that I could say that if we had no field except the British West Indies and obtained no results except what we have there and were making the same investment that we are making in all twelve of our foreign fields I would still say "It pays." And once more I say thank God for our wonderful missionaries and our splendid missionary enterprise.

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Chapter 8
BY WAY OF THE CANAL

I was out on deck one morning early when the sailors were testing the temperature of the sea just off the coast of South America in the Caribbean. The method was simple. A bucket was let down and a sample of the water was brought up and a thermometer thrust into it. I was interested and asked the sailor about the showing. He held up the instrument and I read 85! No wonder I was not cool once day or night for about three months. But if one is going to be hot the tropics are the best place. Somehow since you expect it and prepare for it you do not mind it like you do those hot days in the temperate zone when you can feel that you are abused by an extraordinary and unusual wave heat. It is really the unusual weather that hurts.

Among the European travelers I found a strange resentment against America's prohibition laws. Just what they should care is a little difficult to figure out. But one day I saw and heard the company agree that America was all wrong on this prohibition matter and that such a course would ruin the country and that no one would care to live in such a land, etc. At last, being the only American in the crowd, I presumed n speak up. I said, "Well, we have one-half of the world's gold, two-thirds of its telephones, three-fourths of its automobiles, and all of its skyscrapers, so it does look like we might worry along without liquor." But I think my argument was too strong. Anyway I imagined I was not popular in that circle after that.

The captain of our boat -- the Ariguni of the Royal Mail line -- had never made the journey along the north coast of South America before and he was a very cautious man. One night he stayed out on the bridge all night; being unwilling to trust blindly to the accuracy of the charts or to the skill of the navigators.

When we arrived at the port of Cristobal, Panama Zone, the formalities of port authorities were indeed simple and were soon attended to. So one could appreciate a little North American speed in contrast with the slow-moving process found in the average Latin American port. Our ship needed coal and drew up beside the loading place just as we were ready to sit down to breakfast. In twenty minutes, by means of the electric tram cars which approached the crane minus any visible motormen and the endless belt which poured a steady stream of pulverized coal into the hold, sufficient fuel had been loaded to take the good ship merrily on its way.

I stopped off again at the American Bible Society house in Cristobal to wait for a ship through the canal and down to Peru. My stay covered a Sunday. In the morning I attended service at a union church and taught a Sunday school class. In the evening I preached at a colored Baptist church to a large and responsive audience.

When the government began the work at the canal it employed both white and colored labor. It paid the whites in gold and the colored in silver. This distinction in the currency has passed, but the people themselves have retained the titles. So when you go to the post office you will see one window marked "Gold," and another marked "Silver," and you go to the one or the other according to whether you are white or colored. And it is the same in other places of business. The republic of Panama issues money, but American money is more commonly used.

There is a Panama coin about the same in size and appearance as our five cent piece, but it is worth only half as much. And in common with the experience of the average visitor I took a few of these in, change before I noticed that I was losing money.

When I reached the canal on my way, east I found the American Navy had gathered at Balboa for a demonstration. Also the giant battleship Nelson of the British Navy had just passed through the canal to attend the ceremonies on the Pacific side. I saw this big ship and also saw the scars it made in the locks which it was being taken through. The ship is one hundred and six feet wide, while the canal is only one hundred and ten. And because of the weight of the ship it was not easy to keep it from scraping the sides. About twenty thousand dollars damage was said to have been done to the ship itself by means of these scrapings. But it was an impressive sight to see so many naval vessels of the various classes.

I went aboard ship at Cristobal late on Sunday night and the next morning at daybreak we began the passage of the canal. It required about seven hours for us to make the fifty miles from deep water to deep water. Then we drifted along down the Pacific coast of South America, calling at the various ports along the way. In most of places there is no chance for the ships to get up to the wharf, so they anchor out a mile or so and are reached by launches and the freight is brought out and returned in big barges.

For three days of the journey I had a Syrian who could speak a little English for roommate. He was a bright young fellow who had been at work in the oil fields of Venezuela. But the oil market had become glutted and the companies were dismissing a great many men, so this young man was en route to Colombia, where he hoped to meet a brother whom he had not seen for seven years. He had some of the finest photographs of tropical scenery I ever saw. He had made a specialty of taking pictures just at the moment the sun arose, and the effect was as though he had taken them by moonlight. I really felt lonesome when this young man left me.

After we passed from Ecuador the weather became cooler. The seamen explain that it is the influence of the Humboldt current which comes up cool from the Antarctic. Once, it is said, there were many weeks of extraordinary floods along the coast of Peru and the little streams took so much water into the sea that the current was driven out to sea and then there was a heat wave that was almost unbearable.

The coast land of Peru is a barren and sandy plain. We were frequently in sight of it and marveled at its desertlike appearance. But here and there along the way were settlements which marked centers of the oil industry. These looked like a speck of modern life in the midst of medieval conditions.

On the twentieth of April our boat anchored off the coast from the Fort of Pimentel. This was the port I had hoped to touch, although at the time of the purchase of my ticket at Cristobal they had told me there was to be no call there, so I had purchased my ticket to Pacasmayo. But since we were calling at Pimentel I made haste to take the launch to go ashore. There was a heavy sea, so it was really a task to get aboard the launch. Standing out on the movable staircase of the ship with the boat right up against the ship's side, the heavy swells would bring the boat on up past where we stood and then the trough would come and the boat would go away down from six to ten feet

beneath us. But finally as the launch approached on one of its upward swings I stepped aboard. On the way to the shore we met another launch in which Brother Guy C. McHenry, District Superintendent of our work in Peru, was trying to make the ship to meet us. But he transferred to our boat and immediately I felt that I had "reached the country whither I went." Another milestone in my missionary journey had been reached -- I was now in Peru, the land of the Incas and the Aguarunas, the land of Pizarro, and now the land of glorious Nazarene missionary conquest. I hailed it with anticipation of interest and triumph for Christ and full salvation.

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Chapter 9
A NIGHT AT PURULHA

Immediately upon arrival at Pimentel, Brother McHenry took me to Chiclayo, ten or fifteen miles away, and had all the legal details consequent upon my entrance into a foreign country taken care of, and by five p. m. I had sent a cable home announcing my arrival, and we were at Monsefu, eight miles from the larger town of Chiclayo, and the seat of our principal mission station in Peru. Sister McHenry and Miss Haselwood welcomed us along with a considerable number of the native Christians. Mother McHenry was quite ill, but we visited her sickroom and prayed with her that night.

There was a welcoming service in the chapel that night and besides our missionaries and native Christians, some of the principal men of the town of Monsefu -- a place of about 8,000 inhabitants -- were present. There was music and speeches to which I was asked to respond, and did so to the best of my ability, Brother McHenry acting as interpreter. One little girl, a member of a family of musicians, came and stood before me and gave an eloquent address on music as the universal language and told me that it was by this voice which speaks without words that she and the others were bidding me welcome. A splendid design of the American and Peruvian flags had been worked out with flowers, and the orchestra played the national anthems of both countries.

We arose at three o'clock the next morning and by four were in the mission car and on our way to Aguaruna land. The distance in miles is a little difficult to estimate, but I would say it is between two hundred and fifty and three hundred miles. But you start at sea level, rise up to thirteen thousand feet, at which altitude you cross the passes of the Andes, and then you descend again to 1,300 which is the altitude of our Pomera station among the Aguaruna Indians. We drove the car about fifty miles to the end of the road and then took the mules and commenced the ascent. I had written Brother McHenry that I would be in about April 20 and that I must leave on May 24 and that between those dates we must go to Pomera and back and hold the District Assembly on the coast. The missionaries thought this was an impossible schedule, nevertheless they made the best provision for it they could. They had canvas cots and bedding and waterproof sacks for our baggage and provisions of canned goods and baker's wares and such other things as they thought we might have need of by the way. Among other things, Brother McHenry had secured three hundred silver soles -- in normal times two and a half soles make a dollar, although at the time I was there it required three and a half soles to equal a dollar. These coins are almost as large in size as our dollars and they are the legal tender of the isolated parts of the land. As a rule those who make this journey make it on the same animals all the way across and occupy from two to

three weeks for the journey one way. But McHenry had arranged for us to change animals about every two or three days and we made the one way journey in eleven long, hard days.

We took to the mules at about ten a. m., and within a few hours we were following a watercourse right into the heart of the mountains. The mules were small in size -- averaging about 650 pounds each. The saddles were so crude as to scarcely deserve the name, and the trails -- well, whatever I say about them, if you should go and travel on them you would think I did not fitly describe them.

Perhaps the newness made that first day the more impressive. At any rate when I first found myself riding along on a narrow shelf with a cliff a hundred feet high on my left and on the right a precipice so deep that it looked blue when I gazed down at a slight angle from the feet of my beast, I imagined that this was just one bad place that must be passed. But when the situation continued for a long period and then was repeated with great frequency with but short respites between, I began to feel uncertain. I kept up conversation with McHenry who seemed not the least concerned. I asked him if there was not danger that these mules would lose their footing and dump us off the cliff. He replied, "Not one in a hundred do that." Then I rode along and wondered if there had not been just about ninety-nine successful attempts to make the passage just before us and if this would not be that hundredth one which would fail.

And for some reason these little mules usually choose a place out near the edge of the precipice for their path. I tried to find out why they do this. Some said it is because most of them have at one time or another been used as pack mules and they walk well away from the wall in order that their load may not catch upon some protrusion. Others said that it was probably just because they are mules. At any rate I know that often when I tried to pull my mule over closer to the wall he would just turn his head as far as he could and then absolutely stop. Once when my beast took a sort of hog's back in the way of a path and seemed to me about to be stranded on an impassable way and when I sat with breathless interest to see what would happen, the little animal walked more and more slowly until he finally stopped still and deliberately reached down on the side of the deep ravine and plucked a tuft of grass which appealed to his fancy.

As dusk came on the wind grew boisterous and there were signs of approaching storm. Our muleteer held a somewhat excited conversation with McHenry, but my knowledge of Spanish was too limited for me to catch his meaning. But I noticed that McHenry whipped up his mule to a faster pace so I asked what the muleteer had said. "Oh," said McHenry, "he thinks we should stop here and camp for the night. He is afraid of a bridge which is just ahead. But we cannot camp here. There is no grass for the animals and no shelter for us. We must make it to the village. We should be there within another two hours." I wondered why the native man should dread a bridge. But a little later when I discovered through the gloaming that we were crossing a bridge that was no more than five or six feet wide with no banisters on either side and that it was at least fifty feet to the bottom of the ravine, I felt an instant sympathy with the muleteer and wished I might have had opportunity to second his motion to camp and wait for day before attempting this particular part of the road.

In the tropics the period of twilight is exceedingly brief, and the trail across the mountains is within a few degrees of the equator. Therefore it was soon dark and the rain was coming down.

The occasional flashes of lightning made the darkness appear grosser than it otherwise would have been. By one flash I discovered that two steps to my right was a precipice the bottom of which I had not been able to see before the flash, and that we were just rounding a sharp curve that was almost a corner. My mule stopped and when I urged him he seemed to me to begin to back up. I then beat and kicked and called to him and did all I could to make him go forward. But when he had taken half a dozen steps and we were not yet tumbling over the edge, I decided something must be wrong. Then another flash of lightning revealed that we were moving forward on the trail after all -- I had been the victim of a false impression.

We reached the village about nine o'clock. We engaged pasture for our beasts at ten centavos a head, gave a boy an extra ten centavos to take them to the pasture, ate a few bites and spread out our cots for the night. The room had no opening except the door and that was closed tightly when it was certain all were inside. And there were two soldiers, two civilians, our muleteer and his small boy and McHenry and myself in that room. But we learned that in those regions Where sanitation and ventilation have not yet been invented one can go into a tight room with practically any number of other people and with a tightly closed door sleep just as snug as though he were in a jug.

When we began to stir the next morning all our roommates of the night and many of the people of the village came and stood about us to watch us close up our cots and pack our luggage for the day's journey. I complained a little to McHenry that the people should not be so curious. But he said, "Oh you see these people are not artificial. If you had the chance of seeing something you had never seen before you might resist the temptation to come about and stare. But nevertheless you would like to see what is going on. These people are simply doing what all people would like to do when someone or something interesting is in town." The landlady did not charge us anything for the use of the room, but we did buy a cup or two of coffee from her in the morning.

Toward evening on the second day out McHenry pointed across a wide range of undulating hills and ravines and said, "Right over there is our Purulha church where we are to have meeting tonight. This is one of our self-supporting native churches. They pay their own local expenses, support their pastor, and give twenty-five per cent of the money they receive to the support of the Bible school down at Monsefu."

We passed through the village and a short distance beyond were met by a small company of men and boys who greeted us most cordially and then turned to accompany us to the home where the meeting was to be held. They blew whistles along the way to notify the people back at the church that we were on the way. It was a rainy afternoon, but no one seemed to pay any attention to that. Still there were places where our, little mules could scarcely climb the slick, muddy grades.

At the house where the meetings were held the people met us with songs and praise and we felt at once that we were among the people of God. When supper was over the people gathered in the big room which has served as a chapel for a number of years, although there is now a movement on foot to build a church building. Seven o'clock came and I was ready to begin the meeting. But the brethren said to McHenry, "Please do not start the meeting until a certain neighbor gets here. He did not think you would be here so soon and so he has a batch of sugar on the fire and

he wants us to wait until he gets it finished -- he does not like to be late to meeting, and especially since this is the only meeting you will have with us." I supposed that the wait would mean but a half hour at most. But eight and finally nine o'clock came before the brother arrived. I suggested to McHenry that we have a song and prayer and I would give a few words of testimony and then we would have the benediction. But McHenry said, "No, no, that will not do. Many of these people have been almost all day getting here and they will be almost all day tomorrow getting home, and all they will get out of it will be the meeting tonight. No one has a watch here but you, and they are not worried about the time. They will all stay all night here anyway. We will have just as full a service as though we had commenced two hours ago." And so there were songs of prayer and praise and at about ten o'clock I stood up to preach. McHenry interpreted and we gave them a full length sermon. Then there were seekers at the altar and a time of prayer and praise. And just when I had decided that the meeting had about run its course, the native pastor got up and suggested that it was time to take up the collection for the support of the District Assembly which was to convene in Monsefu in about three or four weeks. They found a man who could write. He was near-sighted and had to hold the paper very close to see to write in the dim light. Then they began to call out the oddest sounding names a North American could hear, and the people were away to a regular Nazarene offering. They subscribed money until that failed and then they began to give sugar and turkeys and chickens and various articles of food. I whispered to McHenry, "We cannot take all this -- -- " But he said, "They do not expect us to take this. The men will carry this down to Monsefu on their backs." But I thought of those long and difficult trails, and ventured that it would require a week for them to go down and back. But McHenry said, "Oh, well, what is a week? They will not mind that, and you will find all these things at Monsefu when we get back."

At a very late hour McHenry and I climbed an outside bamboo ladder to a room up above the chapel and I marveled that we were to have so commodious a place all to ourselves. But soon people began to climb that ladder until there must have been forty or fifty in the room. Some spread down their ponchos and stretched out. Some simply sat down and leaned against the wall. I suggested to McHenry that he tell the people it was time to go to bed. But he said, "Why, they have gone to bed." "They will not sit there the rest of the night like that?" "Well, they are there now and you see if they are not still leaning there when you wake up in the morning." And sure enough they were there when I looked about at the break of day.

I asked McHenry if the people would not think of this as a strenuous and difficult feat. But he said, "They will never think of it in that way. They will talk for weeks and even for months of the good meeting they had. To them the mere matter of two hard days on the rough mountain roads and a 'bad night' in a crowded room is nothing for them to talk about. To them the gospel is a heritage far too rich to permit any sacrifice for its sake to be much considered."

I asked McHenry how the people made out trying to run their church without missionary supervision. He said, "They do remarkably well. When they have a church board meeting the members use one day for gathering and have meeting that night. Then they attend to the business the next day and have meeting again that night and then go home the following day. Thus it takes them three days and two nights to have a church board meeting, but they attend to the business and do it in a very commendable manner." I noticed McHenry having a rather extended conference with some of the brethren and asked him the meaning. He said, "Well, we have been asking these churches that send money to the Bible school to nominate such of their young people as they think

should attend the school. This church sent its list down and they had left off a very promising young man whom I wanted to see come to the Bible school. I asked them why they did not recommend him and they said he has not been tithing and making offerings for the support of the church of late and they did not think such a person should be sent to school. They said that if a man will not be a good layman he is not fit to train as a preacher." I asked if they had talked to the young man about the matter and they said they had not. So we called him in and he explained that he is only seventeen years old and that he worked for a man over here for twenty cents a day and his mother collects the wages, so that he does not get it to tithe. He has at times made a few cents outside of his regular job, but since he is the treasurer of the Sunday school and is anxious for the offerings to come up as well as possible he has lately been putting his tithe and such offerings as he can spare from his extra earnings into the Sunday school funds. The brethren were satisfied with the explanation and said they would be glad to include him on the list, but they still insist that one who does not support the church with his tithes and offerings is unfit to be enrolled in the Bible school and unworthy to be accounted a preacher.

I left Monsefu with a cheap straw hat such as are usually worn by laboring men. One of the preacher boys at the meeting that evening tried to give me his hat, and I scarcely restrained him by telling him that I had a very good hat, only I did not want to ruin it on the trip to the mountains and therefore had left it at Monsefu and would get it again when I returned.

As we were leaving on the morning after the meeting a man who was laboring in a field beside the road ran after us to give us a twenty centavos piece -- the wages of a laborer in the mountains for a whole day -- and insisted that we should use it to buy ourselves something special to eat.

All these and many other things were good indications of a Christian conscience and heart among these people so recently redeemed from the paganism of Rome and saved from following their own natural, unregenerate hearts.

There are two more of these self-supporting churches in the mountain country and they were a means of great encouragement and blessing to my own heart. To me they are harbingers of a better day that is already dawning in Peru. We do not need to go there and practice a long continued paternalism. All we really need to do is to back up the proposition of the gospel there until the people can get a start and help them to develop leaders. They will be self-supporting and self-directing at a very early date. Their manner of life is very primitive, but they soon get into the spirit of the Nazarene movement and realize that, "We are debtors to every man to give him the gospel in the same measure that we ourselves have received it." These Peruvians are true sons of the mountains and cannot long be dependent upon anyone.

We passed within sight of the place where Roger Winans was beaten by fanatics a few years ago. In fact there is a trail from Monsefu to Pomera which has been blazed by the Winans and which is marked by groups of earnest believers who are pressing on to serve God according to the best light they can get. Captain Byrd is reported to have said that the glory of going to the South Pole is in the going itself. And I thought about this in connection with Winans' trip to the Aguaruna country. There is something magnificent about the going itself. Winans realized that it would never do to separate himself from the coast and so he maintained a line of communication by means of

the churches and missions which lie established. At the end of every two or three days' journey on the trail to Aguaruna land you come across a town or village where the Winans tarried for a period of from a few months to three years and left a substantial Christian community behind. These Winans were and are true pioneers and in the great day many from the plains and mountains and Indian countries of Peru will rise up to call them blessed.

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Chapter 10
INCIDENTS BY THE WAY

I have thought that everyone should take one trip over the trails to Aguaruna land. If for no other reason, he should take it for the wonderful manner in which it teaches that there are few things that matter much. When I had gone three weeks without seeing a wheel of any kind and few things indeed that seemed at all connected with civilization, I felt a certain joy at the sight of a barbed wire fence which suddenly loomed up in the little valley, for it spoke to me of great cities and of things that belong "back home."

In a former chapter I mentioned the poncho. This is a garment somewhere between a shawl and a blanket, and is the coat by day and the bed by night for the mountain people. There is a hole in the middle through which the head is thrust and then the garment is allowed to flow freely or else is gathered more closely about the body according to the demands of the weather and the exercise of the wearer. At night in warm weather the poncho is removed and used as a pallet. In cooler weather the wearer simply draws it about him and lies down on the dirt floor of his house or wherever convenience dictates that he should spend the night. These garments are wholly home made. The women use a ball for a spinning wheel and continue their spinning as they attend the sheep or visit with the neighbors. Then they weave on crude looms and prepare the ponchos and other articles of apparel for the family.

The people one meets on the trails are exceedingly friendly. They greet you in return to your greeting and usually ask where you are from. If you answer this with any show of interest, they ask where you are going. If you still answer satisfactorily, they may ask what your business is and whether you will come back this way. But since their knowledge of geography is quite limited, we usually told them where we had come from that day and where we expected to spend the night. One day we met an especially friendly man. We called out "Buenos Dias," to which he replied most heartily. Then he asked, "Where are you from?" McHenry answered, "From Sugar Loaf." "Where are you going?" "To San Andera." And then to turn him from his interrogative line, McHenry asked, "How far is it to Santa Cruz?" With a pleasing gesture the man replied, "Oh, you are there right now." I asked McHenry about this and he said it would yet require five or six hours to reach the town, but that the man on the trail meant to say that the distance is so short and so little could be done in the time required to get there that it is the same as though you were there already. And here I had another illustration of how little value they habitually set on time.

Once we arrived at the riverside by ten-thirty a. m., and were anxious to get across as soon as possible. But the raftsman insisted that we wait for dinner, and so it was one o'clock before we were ready to make the crossing.

And crossing a big river on a raft is a genuine task. The raft usually consisted of seven or eight corklike poles bound together. The plan was to remove the saddles and luggage and push the little mules into the stream. Sometimes it was necessary to not only push them in but to throw clubs and rocks at them to keep them from returning to the bank. But after they struck the swift current, still headed the right way, they usually made good effort at swimming and in due time reached the opposite bank. The passengers and luggage generally required two trips with the raft. The raft was led up the bank a hundred and fifty yards and then the raftsman led it out into the stream as far as he could wade. Then he dexterously mounted the front of the raft and worked manfully with a very wide paddle until he made the way across. It usually required from two to three hours to get across and get loaded up and on the trail again. Once our mules hid in the brush after the crossing and we were delayed another two hours looking for them.

When we had been out a week from Monsefu and were passing through about the most desolate country one could imagine, McHenry said, "I passed through here once with Roger Winans. He was taken very sick. We stopped in the house which we will pass shortly, just around the corner here. It looked like Brother Winans was going to die, and I sat there and studied about what I would do in case he did die. There is no doctor within a week's journey and no undertaker this side of Chiclayo. In this tropical climate it is not possible to keep a body more than twenty-four hours. So I decided that if Winans died I would just have to bury him here and then turn back to the coast to tell his wife what had happened." I did not feel too well that afternoon myself, but I think the prospect of being buried in that desolate and forsaken country helped me to survive.

The native boy that looked after the mules pushed up close in the rear and held an animated conversation with McHenry. I asked what it was about, and McHenry said, "He says this is the place where the bandits used to meet the people and rob them and then push them off over this cliff. You see the path is so narrow that there is no chance to turn back or to escape, so they chose this place for their unlawful deeds." And I looked off the edge on the right and down into the blue depths and prayed that the bandits would not appear on that particular day.

One night we missed the trail, the guide advising that there was a closer way than the regular trail. The night was dark and the mules unwilling to travel. McHenry said, "Once there was a man passing through this way and night came on as it has with us. His mule did not want to go, but he forced him on. The next day he found that a bridge over one of these deep ravines had been washed away by one of these mountain freshets and that when he had pushed the mule he had taken the chance of walking across on a log that had formerly been a stringer for the bridge." The very next time I urged my unwilling mule forward it seemed to me that he was balanced on the question of attempting to walk a stringer like that.

When I complained at our want of speed, the missionaries said, "Well, you are living as you go along, so why hurry. If you were not doing this you would be doing something else, and life is passing just the same."

The missionaries prefer to stay in the homes of the people. But I was always anxious to camp outside. I had my way a few times -- once to my sorrow, for I have never seen so many and

so vicious mosquitoes as we had on the river bank that night, and I think the chills and fever I had later and which paid a return visit even six months later are traceable right back to that night. And besides that, we sent the native boy back to purchase some eggs and other things we needed for food, but the people were hurt because we did not stop with them and would not even sell us anything, although they told the native boy they would have given us all we needed if we had but stayed with them.

One night when I had surveyed the cooking conveniences which consisted of a few rough stones in the corner of the house -- there was no floor but the earth -- I decided we would not require breakfast the next morning and asked McHenry to tell the hosts so. But they told him we would certainly have breakfast. I asked him to tell them that we would be leaving at daylight. They said they would have breakfast before daylight. I asked him to say that we would stop along the trail some time later in the morning and prepare our food. But the goodman of the house waved his hands with all the blandness of one who knows that every man's house is his castle, and he said, "It takes just as long to eat one time as another, and if you eat before you start you will not need to stop along the way." And so we stayed for breakfast. The woman sat down flat on the ground beside the fire and tended the fire and stirred the contents of the pots and prepared yucas -- a root of the potato family which tastes altogether indifferent to a North American -- chicken soup, boiling in the high altitudes, does not cook, so the flesh of the chicken could not be eaten, and black coffee into which there had been poured a liberal amount of unrefined sugar while it was boiling. I must have been eating a little delicately out of the coconut shell and gourd dishes in which we were being served, for McHenry turned to me (no one in these parts understands English, so we could always talk freely) and said, "Go right ahead and eat. It is not necessary to like what you eat -- that is not what makes food do you good. Food does you good just because you take it. This food has all the vitamins A, B, C, and D, and if you will take on a liberal amount it will give you strength and take you just as far up the trail as though you had something you like."

One day at noon I was so nearly flayed by our long days of riding that I could scarcely get off the mule. I suggested that the mules were tired and that perhaps we better let them rest that afternoon and try it again on the morrow. But McHenry said, "Oh, getting tired is a matter of the flesh for a time. But you can get only just so tired in the flesh. After that it is a matter of grit and will. We will go on and you will see that you will not be much more weary tonight than you are now." And I found he was right; for while I could scarcely get down from my mule at noon, I could still do so at night. But we ate our supper by the side of an outdoor fire in the door yard of a native where we were thronged by hungry pigs, turkeys, chickens and dogs; and my weariness was so great that I threatened to give my portion to these hungry creatures if they did not withdraw their demands so that my effort to keep my portion would be less.

We saw a fresh quarter of beef hanging in an empty room in a village, and stopped and cast about among the neighbors to find the owner. We bargained with him for a piece of the meat. He turned to a corner of the room and brought out the hide of the calf which had furnished the meat and laid it down with the "green" side up. Then he brought out a block of wood and laid it on the hide, reached to his belt for his machete -- a big knife which all the men carry -- and cut us off a portion. A small boy stood near and we passed the meat over to him and asked him to take it down to the house where we were stopping. No paper or other covering was wasted in the process at any time.

Later we stopped at a house to spend the night. McHenry politely asked the man if we might buy some wood from him with which to cook our meat. But the householder just as politely informed us that his "woman" would cook our meat. We placed it in a little tin pan which we used as a frying pan and the woman delightedly placed it on the stones above the fire and proceeded to kindle the flame and to watch carefully over our meat. But McHenry made a mistake by suggesting that perhaps the meat needed more salt. The woman had no fork or knife or spoon, so she quickly reached in with her hand and picked out a piece of the meat and gave it a liberal lick with her tongue and smilingly informed us that there was sufficient salt. When we ate the meat a little later McHenry was confident that the piece I took was the one the woman licked, and while I knew he did not know that it was, I knew also that I did not know it was not.

There were times when the trail was so steep that it was as much as a bargain to keep from sliding off over the mule's head. Then there were times when the ascent was so steep that one felt uncertain whether the mule would be able to keep his footing and not tip over backward. This sense of uncertain balance was not much improved by the fact that our pack animal did tip over twice during one day. Each time we went to him with the fear that his back was broken. But after we had removed his load he was, on both occasions, able to arise and to continue on the way. One day the ascent was so steep for a period requiring three hours that we had frequently to stop and let the mules rest. Then when we reached the crest there were three hours of descent so steep that at its conclusion both men and beasts were practically worn out.

McHenry's mules did much better than mine and he said this was because I weighed a few arrobas more than he did. But the feats of the little mules on the trail were so many and of such a nature that I lost respect for the man who used to boast of riding his horse up the steps of the capitol building at Washington; for it seemed to me that these little animals did things equal to climbing the steps of the Bunker Hill monument. In fact I christened them "mountain caterpillar tractors."

I think nothing has been a greater blessing to me than the philosophy of those saintly and practical men and women who have gone out as missionaries to the neglected parts of the world. They have mastered that conviction that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." And this is because with Livingstone they have come to count nothing as having value except in relation to the kingdom of God.

I can see Walworth as he stooped over the smudge fire by means of which he was trying to reduce the ravages of mosquitoes that night by the side of the Chinchipe River. Walworth was not well. He had left his wife to hold the fort at Pomera up there on the side of the Maranon and had now been eight days on the trail, having come down four days' journey to meet us. And this was the end of a hard, long day's ride, the second since he had turned back with us. It was now about two a. m., and he had slept less than I had. We were talking of something else than our present predicament -- missionaries have a way of doing that. But without so much as looking up from his work, Walworth said, "History has nothing good to say of a quitter."

The quaint and subtle workings of the minds of these primitive people were often in evidence. Once a woman was trying to drive a half-grown chicken from the door, but it persisted in returning. At last she addressed it as "a defective chicken," and asked it to disappear from sight.

At one place we sat talking with the goodman of the house when a drunken neighbor came in silently and uninvited and took a seat just in front of us. The subject of our conversation was of a business nature and interesting to our host, though not proper to be continued in the presence of an outsider. So after a moment the host called the neighbor's name and without even looking toward him said, "You better go, now. If you stay you will make these my friends to hate you." The tipsy neighbor withdrew as silently as he had come in. Our muleteer did not like getting up early in the morning and hastening away at the dawn of day -- in fact this is not customary. And it was remarkable the many excuses he would conjure up on the spur of the moment to try to postpone the evil moment. Once the gate was locked and the man who had the key would be unwilling to get up so early to unlock it. Another morning it was so dark he did not think it worth while to get up, he could not find the mules anyway. Again the mules had not yet gathered sufficient grass and we must wait. But McHenry, with true North American persistence, would never yield to the excuses and always managed to get the caravan started at an early hour. Our muleteers were supposed to furnish their own food, but they always had so little that we could not keep a clear conscience and not divide with them. They never asked for anything, but they were consistent in that they did not wait for a second invitation. The elder of our muleteers -- they changed on us at the middle of the journey -- insisted that it was better not to eat too much out on the road. But I noticed that he seemed to have quite a good appetite whenever we offered him a share of our food.

We saw some pathetic cases of sickness. For remember that these people have no access to even the simple remedies for the ills to which human flesh is heir, and they all seem to think the missionaries should be able to help them, no matter what is the matter. One morning just as we were ready to leave the village a man came and begged us to go and see a woman relative of his. We went and found a woman invalid of what seemed to be chronic malaria. We left her some quinine capsules and a portion of epsom salts. But when we came back that way we could not find the woman, and we suspected that she either did not take the medicine or else took it practically all at once. Most of them are unable to read and they have no timepieces, so even the giving of medicine is difficult and dangerous, and this is one reason why medical missionaries find it so necessary to maintain hospitals if they are going to do anything for the physical life and health of the people. One Christian girl who was unable to attend the services at one of the mountain churches at which we called asked her friends to watch for us on the road and bring us to see her. Her mother thought we might be able to do something to help the girl recover, but when we entered the house we found her in what appeared to be the last stages of tuberculosis. I asked a missionary what these people do when they get sick. His laconic reply was, "They die." I asked if they did not appear to have wonderful powers of endurance. He answered, "They seem to stand a lot without getting sick, but they do not have much resistance against disease -- nothing like the people of the temperate zones possess."

There is something pathetic in the appeal which these mountain people make to the white missionary. The relationship is plainly that of children and parents. That is why the missionary feels so out of place when he returns to the home land and looks about for anyone who has need and who thinks he might help him with his need. For here everyone needs everything and is implicit in the belief that the missionary can and will help him. A mother can as soon forget her infant child as the true missionary can forget the people in an unfavored land to whom he has gone once with the message of Christ. And these backward people may fight and injure one another. But as a rule they regard the missionary with a sort of awe, and the missionary goes unarmed into the

desolate places where law and officers of the law are all but unknown and still is safe. "Lord of the harvest, send forth labourers into the harvest!"

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Chapter 11
THE LAND OF THE AGUARUNAS

The Aguarunas are a subtribe of what are called the Jibaro Indians who inhabit the interior of Peru and Brazil -- the Aguarunas being the subtribe nearest the Pacific (three hundred miles from Chiclayo by trail, fifty miles of this distance being passable for an automobile, and the balance passable only for mountain mules), along the Maranon River. These Indians have never taken to the ways of civilization nor have they been impressed by the Roman Catholic religion.

It would of course be foolish for one who has made but one brief visit to these people, as I have done, to attempt to make general statements about them. But those who have lived with them and become familiar with their thoughts and ways declare that the Aguaruna is affectionate in his home life and includes in his family circle as many of his near relatives as possible. And I know that their houses are comparatively large and that they include sons-in-law, grandchildren, nephews and others, so that frequently fifteen or twenty are found living under one roof. Family discipline is not overly strict. Girls are clothed from the time they are born and are kept with their mothers or older women but boys wear no clothing until they are from six to twelve years of age and are allowed to roam the woods at will. Girls are taught to work while very young, but boys usually do little work until they are from twelve to fifteen years of age. In fact the boy is often taught to work by his father-in-law, for upon marriage the newly-weds live with the girl's parents. The girls marry at from twelve to fifteen, the boys usually are from eighteen to twenty-five. The men clear the land, build the houses, make the canoes, baskets and small bags, and do the spinning and weaving. The women cultivate the fields, carry the food, make the pots, do the cooking and sweeping and care for the chickens and pets. The men and boys do most of the fishing and hunting. Big jobs like clearing new fields, making canoes and building houses are done by gangs of men -- often twenty or thirty men and boys being engaged together. They do not work very hard nor indulge in long hours, and it is the task of the one for whom they are working to furnish eats and drink -- for they have a brew that will make them drunk.

I visited a few of the Indian houses. I heard that these houses are built largely by guess, no measuring instruments more modern than a piece of vine by which they estimate the slant of the roof and the place for setting the walls after the center poles have been established are used. They trust to their own conception of level and perpendicular. The walls are set stockade style, and the leaves which answer for shingle on the roof are tied on with pliable bark. It probably would not require mere than ten days, with a crowd such as is usually engaged in the work, to build one of their houses. But because of the intervening rests and failure to gather material at the beginning, usually from two to six months are consumed in building a house.

The Indian bed, or pukaka as they call it, is worthy of description. It is a slightly sloping platform along the wall wider than it is long. It is made by setting stakes in the ground and tying light cross-sticks or split palm wood across them and covering it all with bark cloth. Usually the

Indian uses the clothing which he has worn during the day as his covering at night. The bed may be five or six feet wide, but is not much over three feet long, and hence reaches only about to the knees of the average Indian. At a convenient distance from the lower end of the bed and supported by two forked stakes is a cross-stick placed a little higher than the lower end of the bed. On this stick the Indian places his feet so he will not fall out of bed, and underneath on the ground a fire is often kept burning to keep the Indian warm and to keep the mosquitoes away. I saw these beds and was told that they are comfortable, but I did not try one myself.

The principal food is the yuca or mandioca, a root of the potato family, which is the staff of life, not for the Indian only, but for several millions of people in South America. But here are also bananas, squash, peanuts and other vegetables. Then in the woods are palm cabbage, bread fruit, mushrooms, wild fruits, wild honey and big, fat grubs. And from the hunt the Indian brings monkey meat, wild hogs, wild turkeys and armadillo meat. Also they make some use of the flesh of the deer.

They fish by drawing a net across the mouth of a small stream and pouring in a concoction made from boiling certain herbs. The concoction stuns the fish and they gather them out down by the net and then they have fish a plenty.

Upon our arrival at Pomera, the Indians all about the mission went on holiday and spent most of the time right about the mission houses. They would gather in groups about the door of Brother and Sister Walworth's house and look at us in interested silence for an hour at a time. And wherever we went they were sure to follow and look on in great interest. We went up on the hillside a hundred and fifty yards above the mission and held a memorial service by the grave of Esther Carson Winans. But the Indians also stood near by. We went down to the river to try out the motor boat, and the whole people came and stood on The bank. And here I saw what I had previously heard would happen; for during the wait at the riverside there was a general turn toward the process of delousing the hair. I had seen this many times in other parts of Latin America, but the difference was that, like monkeys in the zoo, these Indians ate their catch without ado. I thought to embarrass them by walking up to some of them and looking on as disgusted as possible. But they seemed to feel complimented by my interest and smiled on me as pleasingly as though they were enjoying a luxury.

Perhaps the hideous custom of head shrinking has given the Aguarunas more notoriety than any other one thing. They practiced this much as the North American Indians practiced scalping. That is, the heads of enemies taken in war were shrunken from the normal size to about that of a man's fist and were then retained as trophies. In the Field's Museum in Chicago there are four of these heads. Two of them are of male Indians. One is of some outside man -- possibly a trader or rubber gatherer. And the fourth is a woman also of some other race. I have seen these four heads, and I understand there are specimens also in other museums. In fact it is said that at one time traffic in these heads threatened to assume commercial importance, but the Peruvian government passed laws strictly forbidding such commerce and the law has been quite well enforced.

Roger Winans discovered that, contrary to the popular belief, the Indians made no particular effort to keep the methods by which they shrank these heads a secret. They used some sort of astringent which came from herbs gathered in the woods in which the heads were boiled.

As the shrinking process began the bone was removed a small piece at a time until the shrinking was complete.

The attitude of these Indians toward outside people is rather one of friendliness mingled with hope and fear. Roger Winans says, "To a degree, at least, the Indians have grown tired of themselves and their own ways. They fully realize the superiority of the white men who have traveled through their country. Then they realize that most of their material blessings come from the outside. On the other hand they realize that the Peruvians who are their near neighbors are neither much superior or much better off than themselves. Their fears are of epidemics of smallpox and measles being brought to them from the outside. They also fear the greed of outside men. They fear the soldiers, and some are afraid that if their sons learn to read and write they will be taken as soldiers."

As is the case among all primitive people, the infant mortality is high. There are no figures, but Roger Winans thinks from observation that at least half of the children born die before they are ten years of age. There is no such thing as immunity to disease and inuring to hardship with babies -- they all come into the world tender and dependent and only the strongest and most fortunate can weather the storm of heathen life. Winans says the death rate among people of middle life is also alarmingly high. He says there were probably 150 grown people in the vicinity of Pomera when he moved there and that nine of these died during one rainy season. He was told that in 1925 eight or nine Indians died in one house of smallpox.

Sabbath was the great day of our visit to Pomera. And I may stop to say that Pomera is simply the name of a creek that comes down the steep hills and flows into the Maranon. There is no town there and the missionaries have to send to Jaen sixty-five miles away to get their mail. It requires three days to go on foot or mule back over the wretched trail to Jaen, so it takes six days to go to the post office and back. There is also a little creek called Sunsuntsa which furnishes the power for the sawmill which Brother Carson, father of Esther Carson Winans, built at the mission. As I examined this mill and observed the many adaptations which were made in lieu of ability to obtain what was actually needed to make the machinery go, I was reminded more forcibly than ever of the motto which I have heard was often used by Brother Carson. He used to say, "There are at least a hundred good ways of doing anything." But since Brother Carson went away it has been difficult to operate the mill. In fact there is not a great deal of use for lumber. The native houses will last only about three years in that rainy climate. But even in this there are compensations; for the manner of life among the Indians makes it safer and better to move about so often anyway. And the missionaries also have found it almost necessary to build by native help and to abandon their houses in due time and move into new quarters. It will really be a generation before there will be much demand for lumber and manufactured goods among the Aguarunas, but of course it is never too early to make a beginning.

But back to that Sabbath in Aguaruna: there is a little chapel which also serves as a schoolroom during the week. In this the people of the tribe gathered for service that morning. Missionary Walworth said, "I cannot yet speak the native dialect well enough to interpret directly into it. So you preach in English, I will interpret into Spanish and one of the native boys will give it in Aguaruna." I sat behind a little table and preached my sermon. Walworth sat by my side and interpreted into Spanish, the Indian boy stood by the side of Walworth and gave the sense in the

Indian tongue. In the audience was the chief of the local tribe. He listened with rapt attention. Occasionally he would give a certain grunt which meant that he did not understand. So the native boy would say the sentence or give the thought again. Then the chief would grunt in a different way, signifying that he did understand -- then the sermon would proceed. Nothing is more vivid n my recollections of the past than the memory of that little band of children of the woods sitting in that thatch covered chapel in faraway Aguarunaland while the Word of God was being given out in this cumbersome and slow-moving manner.

But at the conclusion of the sermon I urged anyone who desired to pray to come to the front and kneel and we would do our best to help him. I told them that they should not stand back because they did not know the words to say or because they had never made an effort before this time. But that if they or anyone at all would come and kneel we would all join in the prayer and God would hear and answer. The old chief came and we found a place for him to kneel. His own sixteen-year-old son, who was one of the first converts it this field, came and knelt beside his father and led the first prayer. Then the old chief prayed. Of course I could not understand a word either of them said, but at the close of the chief's prayer we dismissed the service and he arose and took me by the hand and with words and gestures tried to communicate with me. The interpreter said his testimony was, "I came here today with a bad heart, but God has given me a good heart." I congratulated him upon the change and asked him to come as often as possible and give his testimony to the missionary. Brother Walworth writes that the chief comes often and says he still has a good heart. Also the missionary says the chief is apparently making every effort to square his life with the Bible and the Manual of the Church of the Nazarene, and he is encouraged to believe that the old man really did find God. He says also that the chief's profession has made a good impression upon his people who reason that if the Gospel is a good thing for their chief it is a good thing for them. And it seems that a new interest is awakening among the Aguarunas and the hope is that a new day is dawning also.

Here is a field in which the Church of the Nazarene has a chance to be truly and strictly apostolic in that they are building on no man's foundation. The only school among the Aguarunas is the little school we maintain at Pomera, and the only chance these people have of hearing the gospel is the little chance we have been able to give them. And may our little beginning be like the handful of seed corn upon the mountain tops which multiplied and increased until there was an abundant harvest. The spirit of the Winans and the Walworths, our missionaries up there in the mountains among this primitive people and in this unhealthful climate, is well expressed in the words, "Though a thousand fall, let not the Aguarunas be forsaken."

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Chapter 12
BACK TO THE COAST

We left Pomera Sunday afternoon and rode fifteen miles back on the trail toward the coast to La Union, where we held a meeting at night, and in connection with the service, dedicated the new church building which was built altogether by native money and native labor. This church, you understand, is back in the Peruvian territory, and among the Spanish speaking people. The church is according to the standards of life followed in the homes of the people, a comfortable building

and holds a large place in the minds and hearts of those who built it and who worship there. I used an improvised ritual that night which required responses on the part of the people, and they did respond quite enthusiastically.

After the service and the dedication we spread our cots and spent the rest of the night in the newly dedicated church, but were on the trail early the next morning. The people of the neighborhood prepared supper for us and one of the church members of the neighborhood had us for daylight breakfast the next morning. These self-supporting and self-respecting churches are among the most encouraging factors in our whole missionary aspect.

In the late afternoon of the third day we arrived at Jaen, the post office of the Pomera missionaries, and here, too, we held an evening meeting and a service of dedication for their newly constructed church. Well, the circumstances are these: they built a church some time ago. But they just guessed at the lines of their lot, and so placed their church partly in the street. An unfriendly town administration compelled them to move their church which was built of rough stone. So it was but recently properly located on their own lot and reconstructed. And here, too, we used an improvised ritual in which it was necessary for the people to take considerable part. Here the native church takes care of its own local expenses and is practically a self-supporting church. At the close of the sermon here at Jaen we had a number of seekers at the altar. After the service the subprefect, the chief magistrate of the place, called on us in our lodging at the pastor's house. He assured us of his appreciation of our work and asked us to call upon him for any service he could render. It is really quite an advantage to have the good will of the civil authorities in this country, and much credit for the present good relations is creditable to Missionary Walworth who is always careful to call on the subprefect and who found a point of contact in the mutual interest of the two men in radio.

On the night before our arrival at Monsefu we came to the nearest mountain church to the coast country and stopped with them for a service and to spend the night. We had a very interesting service with people coming for considerable distances on foot to attend the service.

It was a joy to come again in sight of the well-worn mission car which we had left at the end of the passable highway. And it was amusing to watch Kiacat, the Aguaruna boy whom we brought back to the Bible school, as we left the foot and mule method and took again to motor power. But true to the proverbial Indian stoicism, Kiacat said not a word and made not a sound as we took away at what must have seemed to him to be tremendous speed. On the way down we had no extra animal for Kiacat, whom I judged to be about fifteen years of age. But McHenry exchanged with him occasionally and walked to give the Indian boy a ride. Once when the Indian boy was walking a vicious dog attacked him and tore his clothing and gave him a scare which made him doubly anxious to stay quite close to us on the trail. Kiacat did not know any English and very little Spanish. But he was an intelligent boy and I used sometimes to call his name and smile at him. To such greeting he always responded with a smile and a gesture of understanding and appreciation. I saw him several times in the Bible school after we reached Monsefu, and he seemed to be falling right into his place. I expect to hear good things of this boy in days to come. It is the idea of the missionaries that these Indian boys should not stay more than one year at a time in the Bible school, lest they get weaned away from their own people and become unwilling or incapable of returning to minister to them. But the Aguaruna boys who have been sent to the Bible

school have proved themselves capable and willing to learn, and here as elsewhere, the hope of the future is in the children and youth. It is not because even an Indian cannot be born again when he is old, but paganism is so degrading and the practice of polygamy and other such permanent forms of unchristian social life get such a hold that it is exceedingly difficult for the older people to square themselves and become worthy leaders of the people. And besides this, it is so difficult for the older people to learn to read and write that no considerable attempt has been made to teach them. But Kiacat and others like him will bear the gospel message to their fellow Indians in the woods along the Maranon and other upper reaches of the Amazon, and will be the harbingers of a new and better day among these people.

The missionaries and native Christians at Monsefu made us very welcome upon our arrival. But knowing something of what we had been through. Sister McHenry brought a change of clothing to an outdoor bathhouse and told us we could come into the house after we had scrubbed and changed clothes and that the clothing we had worn would be well renovated before being allowed in the house. But although we had suffered many things at the proboscises of the mosquitoes, fleas, bedbugs, sand flies, and jiggers (not chiggers, but a certain species of sand flea which buries itself in the flesh just above the toenails and there lays eggs and causes pain and threatens infection), we did not seem to find anything that made any persistent effort to stick with us. So within the hour we were again "as good as new."

But as we conversed about the work in the little missionary house on the second evening I became incurably chilly and had to be excused to go to bed. Then I remembered that I had an approach to this same condition two evenings before in the last mountain church which we visited. Bud still I thought because I was back on the coast and faring better, that I would soon be all right. But on the second day after this at noon I was taken with a chill concerning which there could be no mistake. From noon until midnight I was "shaken with chills or scorched with fever," and the missionaries said, "You will have to work heroically or you will not be able to attend the assembly next week." So we called in the Peruvian doctor who has been looking after the health of the students in the Bible school. He prepared a bottle of medicine composed of quinine and epsom salts and so large that by taking two wine glasses of it every two hours I was just able to dispose of it in twenty-four hours. Then he began a series of injections into my arm. The doctor was trying to learn English in connection with his practice at the mission. So as he pinched up a place on my arm preparatory to inserting the needle, he remarked in what he intended to be a complimentary manner, "He has lots of grease." But his heroic treatment did me good. The fourth chill was my last, and I was in fair shape for the opening of the District Assembly. Six months later while touring the Ohio District with District Superintendent Gibson, the ague paid me another visit and encouraged me to take another round of the same medicine which the Peruvian doctor prescribed. This tropical malaria is more than a passing thing. In fact it is really the dread of the tropics and the menace of missionary health and life. With the missionaries a change of altitudes very commonly means a fresh outbreak of chills and fever, and sometimes the sickness is so serious as to threaten life itself. All things considered, I judge I came out rather fortunately; for there is in some instances greater danger to the "tenderfoot" on the trail than to old, lean veterans like Walworth and McHenry.

Sister McHenry was frequently my interpreter when the doctor called or when native preachers and others came. But she has devoted herself so completely to the Spanish during her

time in Latin America that she would frequently forget and just repeat the Spanish to me. Then when I looked at her in the blankness of ignorance she would suddenly bethink herself and tell me the words in English.

One day Miss Haselwood, Brother McHenry and I drove into Chiclayo, eight miles away. As we were leaving the city a crowd of a dozen or two men and boys crowded the street in front of the car and compelled us to either stop or run over them. They upbraided us for not stopping when they ordered. McHenry argued with them and tried to determine their purpose. All we could get was the statement that they were "workers." At last they bade us "go on, go on; but you will be sorry." We were still turning these words over in our minds when we passed the bend a half mile along the way and were suddenly brought to earth by the bumping of a flat tire. We looked the situation over and decided to repair the tire ourselves. By the time we had patched the tube and pumped up the tire and replaced it there in the dust and heat, another tire was down. By the time this was fixed the third was flat. And we discovered that there were three holes in each tube and that all the holes were in the same relation to one another. Then we understood why we were supposed to be sorry. We were two hours late in getting to the mission. The next day the papers reported that there had been a strike among the chauffeurs over at Lima, the capital, and that the chauffeurs and other workers of Chiclayo, had decided to show their sympathy by compelling every car that came to town on that certain day to remain in town all night. So if we had gone back for someone to repair our tires we would have spent the night in town. Well, this is just another instance in which the ways of others are strange to us. And I found out on this missionary trip that when the ways of others are different from ours they are always inferior -- that is, they seem so to us. This is the reason backward people do not take to the ways of civilization more quickly and the reason why town and country people cannot understand one another. It is even one of the explanations of the reluctance with which people receive the gospel. "No man having drunk old wine straightway desireth new; for he saith, The old is better."

I look back upon my journey to the land of the Aguarunas as one of the blessings of my life. The strenuousness of the journey is forgotten in the light of the impressions received and the knowledge gained. In the midst of the way McHenry remarked, "You are the only General Superintendent who will ever visit Pomera." When I asked him why, he said, "Because you will go and tell the others about it and they will not come." But I think he was judging that I would remember only the inconveniences and fatigue of the journey. These, however, have passed, and the memories of the wilds of the Andes, the rapids of the Chinchipe, Chimais, and Maranon, the quaint habits of life among the people which made one feel that he might meet Ishmael or Job at the next bend of the trail, the self-forgetful devotion of our faithful missionaries, and the eager earnestness of the native Christians and inquirers are with me still. I think a good, practical service has been rendered me also; for since I came down from Pomera, it has not seemed to me that there are any inconveniences any more or that there is really anything at all relating to bodily comfort about which anyone should complain. I think it made a better man and a better Christian of me. Perhaps no other of the General Superintendents needs the ministry of such an experience, although any one of them would go without a murmur at any time duty dictates.

I had many instances of special divine providences which alone are worth the trip. One day when I had ridden on ahead of the guide and was following the rocky bed of a dry creek where the hoofs of the animals made no impression, I was drawn back by the noise of a lumbering, falling

object in the jungle behind me. And when I rode back to look at the trunk of a considerable tree that had fallen amidst the underbrush on a beautiful, quiet afternoon, I looked farther down the trail and discovered that the party had turned off from the creek bed in following the trail, and I was saved a lonely night m the mountains. I went on praising God and rejoicing that one of His providences had apparently referred only to me. And many things which I saw confirmed my faith in the power and adaptation of the gospel of Christ and furnished new illustration of the fact that it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth. To God be all the praise and glory!

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Chapter 13
THE DISTRICT ASSEMBLY AT MONSEFU

Monsefu is only about four miles from Etan, one of its ports on the Pacific. It has a good climate, considering the fact that it is at sea level altitude and within a few degrees of the equator. Monsefu is the center of our Nazarene work in Peru. We have here a tract about the size of a good city block surrounded with a dobie wall nine feet high. It is customary in practically all parts of Latin America to thus wall in one's property, so the mission compound looks not unlike other properties in the neighborhood. In this compound is the chapel, boys' dormitory, printing plant, girls' dormitory, the school building in which there are four or five classrooms, the light and pumping plant and pens for poultry and pigs. Altogether this is one of the busiest places I ever saw. We have here at the present time only three missionaries -- the McHenry's and Miss Haselwood (and Mother McHenry who, although not an appointed missionary, is of great assistance in the work) -- and there is work for at least twice that number. And besides this, Brother McHenry is the District Superintendent and is supposed to visit and assist the native churches of which there are about twenty of varying grades of development. But he has little opportunity for this, on account of the pressure of other work.

It is a genuine task to bring people from paganism and Romanism into full membership in the church, and it takes time to do it. The people themselves would be willing to join the church, but they would not understand the meaning or live up to the obligation. It is customary, therefore, to enroll those who profess conversion as "believers," and leave them on this list for a while. If they continue their profession and make advancement in faith and life they are, after a few months, called up before the public congregation and received into probationary membership. At the time they are so received the church vows are administered and rather full explanation made of the obligations and privileges involved. Then after about a year as probationers, if they still prove themselves, they are baptized and received into full membership. When I was in Peru we had about three hundred and fifty on each of these lists making over a thousand believers altogether.

For some time now the missionaries have been giving as much time as possible to organization. They have started every nucleus of believers on the way to becoming a church and have received and examined men and women who testified to being called to preach and have issued license to them and done whatever else they could to order and direct the fast accumulating forces.

Each year for some time now representatives of the work have been called to Monsefu for a District Assembly. There have of necessity been some modifications to meet the needs of the work, but to all intents and purposes the membership of the assembly is made up the same way as in our home lands. They have no native elders, but there are licensed preachers and representatives of the work in the way of official and elected delegates.

There was a goodly company on hand. I judge there were as many as two hundred on hand every day and twice that many, at least, in the evening services. A tent that was sent down by Fifth Street Mission, Los Angeles, Jack Sanders' old place, was pitched within the compound and all the regular meetings were held in it. Rev. Stracken, a Canadian born brother who has been a preacher in Latin America for thirty years and who conducts a Bible school in Costa Rica, Central America, came to us and did the evangelistic preaching at night. He speaks the Spanish fluently and is an effective preacher. We appreciated his help very much indeed. Rev. McKay, a missionary of the Scotch Free church on a field in the mountains bordering on our own territory, was also with us all the way through the assembly. He preached once and often gave brief addresses and made every possible contribution to the interest of the occasion. Rev. McKay is an example of missionary sacrifice. He had his family with him for one term of service in the mountains of Peru, and then returned to Scotland for furlough. When the time came to return to the field again, he and his wife decided that the education of their four children demanded that she stay with them in the home land while he went back to Peru for five years' service alone.

I spoke to the preachers and Christian workers each morning on themes intended to be of benefit to them in prosecuting the work of the gospel, and McHenry interpreted. The attendance at these services was good and as near as I could tell there were understanding and appreciation. In an endeavor to be somewhat intimate I used to address the people of this group as "Friends." This had seemed to me quite in line with the fact that the Quakers up in Guatemala, as elsewhere, call their people Friends. But by this time I could hear the Spanish well enough to be able to observe that McHenry did not use the word for Friends, and so I asked him about it. He said, "Well, you see with us here, 'friend' is about the equivalent of 'backslider.'" "Why, how can that be?" "Well, you see when people become interested in the gospel we begin calling them friends. Then when they profess conversion and we place them on the membership list in any class, we call them 'brethren.' But if they are unfaithful and unworthy and we have to drop them off the membership list, we talk with them and explain why we are dropping them, and tell them we do not want them to go away and be enemies, but we want them to be friends. If they later get restored to the grace of God, they come back and say, 'I am so tired of being just a friend. Won't you please put me back on the roll as a brother?' Now if I should call them friends, as you do in your morning talks, they would feel bad about it and think you did not have confidence in them. So I call them brethren for you." And here is an example of the difference between interpretation and mere translation.

In the afternoon of each day I preached on the general theme of sanctification and called upon the Christians to seek and obtain this blessing. There was considerable interest among them in these services, and I believe that some of them did enter into the experience.

In the business meetings I sat at the table and presided just as a General Superintendent would do in our own lands. The people went right ahead with the business in Spanish. McHenry sat by my side and in a moderate tone of voice interpreted to me what was being said. The people

were uniformly courteous and apt in parliamentary matters. Every one who spoke was careful first to obtain the permission of the chair. Even if it were only to second the motion, the speaker would wait for recognition before speaking. The missionaries have trained them well in this particular. I would sit there and listen to a preacher giving his report, for instance, and McHenry would sit by and say, "He says he has a good, clear experience of grace in his heart. That the Lord saves and sanctifies him and that he has had many answers to prayer during the year. And that he is determined to live for God, preach the gospel and get home to heaven. He says he has had a good year in the work. That the attendance at his services has been larger than during any previous year. That he has had fifty conversions and received forty of these into membership -- probationary membership -- and that twenty members have been received into full membership. He says the Lord has helped them to build a chapel. That they have raised all their local expenses and have made two offerings to the Bible school, and that the two offerings amounted to thirty soles. They have a Sunday school, and usually there are thirty-five in attendance. He believes next year will be a better year than the past one, and he wants all to pray for him and for the church." And thus I was able to call upon the assembly to consider the report and to pass upon it. Whatever proposition I gave out, McHenry would interpret it very quickly and it was remarkable how well we got along. Sometimes I almost forgot that there was anything abnormal about the situation, and I could truthfully say I enjoyed the assembly.

As the assembly approached, McHenry was troubled about three preachers who had been accused of delinquencies. I advised him to let the cases come before the native committee and himself to be so busy that he could not be present for the consideration, but to tell the brethren that he would come in now and then to see how they were getting along and that he would stand with them in giving the report. McHenry was doubtful, but I was enamored with my recently obtained conviction that God expects missionaries to give the work a start in any country and then expects the people of that country to bear the principal part of the responsibility for the conservation and propagation of the work. And it was remarkable how my faith was vindicated in the premises. The three cases were quite different each from the other and there were also many complications. One of the preachers had already confessed his guilt before the assembly met and had seemed to regard his sin as a light matter and had been rather prominent in the affairs of the assembly from the very opening. Another's sin was of long standing and he thought he had made amends by voluntarily dropping out of the ministry and forfeiting his license for two years. The third denied his guilt, but finally confessed when the uncanny committee of his fellows brought evidence and pressure to bear. The trials lasted for three days. At the conclusion the committee brought in a very discriminating report. They suspended the license of the first man for a year on the ground that mere confession did not meet the demand for the preservation of the purity of the church and ministry and ordered that he should refrain from preaching during the year and that he must go out and get work and prove himself as a layman, suggesting that he would be eligible for consideration as a minister at the end of a year, providing be made good in the intervening probation. The second was denied restoration of license on the ground that mere voluntary retirement did not constitute penalty and that the church had had no part in his voluntary relinquishment. And even though it had been arranged, before the facts in the case had been ascertained, that he should have a church during the succeeding year, this was all nullified and he was ordered suspended for a year. The third man, having added falsehood to his crime, was ordered suspended for three years and to take his family away from the assembly and Bible school and secure secular employment and prove himself by proper conduct and Christian spirit during the three years, if he expected consideration

for restoration. The assembly adopted the report in great solemnity, and no one of these three was ever seen again at the assembly or about the mission. I learned that they departed immediately to begin their probation. And there was a feeling that justice had been done, not as a decree of foreign teachers, but as acts of the native church itself.

Miss Haselwood has done a wonderful work in Peru. She was formerly a school teacher in Montana, and came to Peru to teach in the mission school. But there really was no school when she came. But she has proved to be a genius. She has not only learned the Spanish and taught school, but she has helped others to teach. She has gathered students until the number is a problem. There are over a hundred in the regular day school and more than that number in the night school which she conducts for the benefit of those whose work keeps them from coming at the regular hours. Shy has a corps of native boys and girls who do the most of the teaching under her plans and direction. Two or three of these have passed the government tests under her preparation and are regular authorized teachers. Others of them are working to that end and in the meantime are getting some wonderful training. I visited the schools and watched the processes and was more than pleased. The students are bright and the mission is making a contribution to the life of the community that is very much appreciated.

During the assembly Miss Haselwood brought in her teachers and some of her students and gave a demonstration of classroom work. The assembly was delighted. There are calls for teachers from various of the communities where our churches and missions are located, and the training school at Monsefu is making every effort to meet these demands.

We did not require the Walworths to come down from Pomera to the assembly. We missed their fellowship and counsel, but knowing the hardships of the way we were glad to excuse them and ask them to conserve their strength for their arduous tasks among the Aguarunas. The fact is that the Peruvian and Indian fields are so distinct both geographically and from the standpoint of the character and needs of the people that they have to be pretty much carried on separately.

The character and growth of the work of the Church of the Nazarene in Peru are very encouraging. We have never had very many missionaries there -- never at any time a really sufficient force. But such as we have had have given good account of themselves, and the field has proved to be ripe and fruitful. Our territory takes in about one-sixth of the republic -- the northern part of it, and there are six or seven hundred thousand people in it. There are a number of missions operating in the capital and in the south. But all things considered, we have a very choice field and the possibilities are wonderful.

I asked the two missionaries mentioned above -- Stracken and McKay -- what they thought of our work. They both said it was about the best and most encouraging they had seen. McKay said he thought the wonderful results obtained were accounted for by the fact that our missionaries had gone at it the scriptural way -- making evangelism first. He said too many missionaries have tried to put the by-products of Christianity in first place and the results have been disappointing. But he said that our missionaries have evidently believed that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation and have offered it to the people without apology and have been content to educate and improve living conditions as a result and not as a cause.

And as I turned away from Peru I was filled with admiration for those wonderful missionaries there who labor on day in and day out pretty much immersed in the details of their busy lives but never losing sight of the fact that their real business is to bring Christ to the people and to bring the people to Christ. They are always in danger of being forgotten even by their friends, but for these things they worry not at all. Just the other day someone remarked to me that the people of certain of our home districts "almost worship" the returned missionaries who come among them. But I said (remembering the isolation I have seen on the mission fields), "Let the people show them all the honor they will. These missionaries have known so little of fellowship with those who could in any way minister to them, and have been so completely given to ministering to others, that a little diversion -- even a reversal of the regular program will do them good." And today as I think of those native preachers in Peru who cannot use such phrases as "old-time religion," or exhort the people to stick to the God of their fathers and mothers, but who must ask the people to leave the ways they have been taught from childhood and launch out into a new and, to them, untried way, I pray for them and wait to rejoice with them in further victories in the gospel. If we had no missionary enterprise except Peru and were yet making all the effort we are making in all the fields, I would still be glad we are in the missionary business.

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Chapter 14
THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

On the second day after the close of the District Assembly at Monsefu Brother McHenry and I took the train down to Etan, only four miles away, and took passage on the Chilean boat Bio Bio to Callao, the port for Lima, and only ten miles from the capital city.

Such glimpses of Peruvian life as we were able to get in the ports at which our vessel called were quite interesting. It was especially interesting to see them bring live cattle alongside in small open boats and then lift them to the decks of the big ship with derricks. The cattle were not at all pleased with this method. Strong harness was placed about the body of the animal and by means of this he was swung high into the air and over the side of the boat. Then he was released and a man pushed him on into the pens among his fellows. But of course the odor which came up to the passenger decks from the cattle decks below was anything but pleasant.

We observed that gasoline and kerosene in tins holding about ten gallons each were among the principal articles of commerce unloaded at the ports and that various foodstuffs and raw materials were taken aboard for the markets of Lima and Valparaiso.

We formed the acquaintance of a young mining engineer whose parents came out to Peru as missionaries, and the three of us had quite pleasant times together, especially at meals. But this young man who was not a Christian drew back from the hardships of a missionary's life as he had seen them in his own parents' lives and said he did not want to be a missionary at all. This young man and Brother McHenry knew all the dishes offered on the menu and both could speak Spanish fluently, so there was no difficulty about life on a Chilean boat.

We arrived at Callao early in the morning and waited for the office of the Chilean consul to open, as it was necessary for me to get a vise on my passport before I could pass on down the coast to Valparaiso. The consul looked over my passport and asked quite gravely whether I wanted it signed "now" or would I wait until tomorrow. He went on to explain that if he signed it now the fee would be six dollars and if I would wait until tomorrow it would be five. Of course I could not well afford to come back again the next day, since I would be in Lima and the cost of transportation would eat up the dollar, so I said I would take it "now." While he was signing my passport I read a notice on the wall written in Spanish and announcing that the cost for a vise was four dollars. But there is really nothing one can do about it; for while the consul was talking about the matter he frequently shrugged his shoulders and said that the United States charged ten dollars to vise a Chilean passport, and let us know that he was really letting me off light. Besides there is really no way to compel the consul to sign, so you just about have to do whatever he says.

Over in Lima we went to the Argentine consul and found that it cost thirty dollars to get the vise for that country. For in addition to signing the passport, the law of Argentina requires the signature of the consul on your smallpox vaccination certificate and on a business certificate which makes it clear that you are not a beggar. But after paying thirty dollars just for permission to enter this, the leading republic of South America, I felt that I was not much more than a beggar. However, the Argentine consul was courteous and apologetic, and there was nothing unpleasant about the matter except the paying of such a fabulous sum for what one might be tempted to consider a meager privilege.

We spent two days in Lima -- days that were very full of interest. Lima is a city of fifty or sixty thousand people and has many intimations of being, or at least of becoming, modern. We even went around to the Chevrolet sales place and looked at the new models and talked with the American salesmen. But we were disappointed to find that freight and duty and other incidentals run the price of cars and trucks to just about twice what is asked for them in the United States.

We visited the University of Peru and spent considerable time viewing the monuments and reading the inscriptions about the squares. At the Cathedral of Lima we saw the bones of Pizarro, which are preserved there in a glass case. We also saw the seat or throne of the bishop and archbishop.

The cathedrals and churches of Peru are veritable centers of idolatry, and it is difficult for one to appraise and appreciate the history that is connected with them on account of the idol worship and priestcraft which are everywhere manifest. So often the splendor of the cathedrals and churches stands in such contrast with the squalor, poverty, and ignorance of the people that one cannot resist resenting what he otherwise would admire.

We spent two nights at a hotel, took dinner with the pastor of "The Church of Peru," a Protestant church of independent character and government patterned after the Presbyterians. This pastor is a Bolivian by birth and seems to be a strong, sincere, Christian man, and he has a fine Christian wife.

During three weeks up in the mountains we did not have a cool drink, so McHenry and I agreed that at some opportune time we would eat a dish of ice cream together. On our second night

in Lima we set out to find that ice cream. Everywhere we went they told us it was too cold for ice cream (it was really just cool enough to make a coat of average weight feel comfortable). But the providential part of that night's history is connected with our visit to the post office at a late hour and our discovery there of a hand bill announcing the sailing on the following day of the Italian boat the Virgilio. This discovery led to my changing from the Grace Line boat which was to sail two days later to this Italian steamer. At three the next afternoon Brother McHenry went out in the little rowboat to the steamer side and located me in my stateroom and then back on the deck bade me good-by. As I watched this man pull away from the ship's side and make toward the Callao docks, I was fully conscious that I was looking upon a genuine missionary hero, a man who has hazarded his life and staked his all upon the adaptability of the gospel to the needs of all races of men and upon its power to save to the uttermost the least likely of them.

A number of interesting and some amusing incidents marked the eight or nine days' journey from Callao to Valparaiso. Thinking to add to my comfort, the chief steward gave me an American for roommate. He had the lower berth and I the upper. But practically every night he got drunk, spent much of the time rolling about on his bunk, and would send the steward as many as a half dozen times for water, and vomited over the floor of the stateroom. But each morning he was apologetic, and so I never complained of him. In the dining room I was placed at a small table with an Italian woman who spoke not a word of English. We ate our meals in enforced silence during the entire journey. One day the porters came aboard in a harbor where we were stopped and solicited the privilege of taking the passengers ashore for a certain fee. One laid hold upon me and made an extended speech about the comfort of his boat and the guide service he would render and the small charge he would make. I thought I would make use of my meager Spanish, so I said, "No tierra, no tierra" (no land, no land). The man went over his proposition again and I replied in the same manner. After the third attempt I said, "I am not going to the shore." To my surprise, the porter replied in perfectly good North American language, "Oh, you are not going ashore." At the first port in Chile, the port doctor came aboard and examined our vaccination certificates. He ordered such as had been vaccinated north of Callao to be vaccinated again. When the ship's doctor, who looked very much like the pictures of the Kaiser, finished with me, I asked for a certificate. He was not easy to understand what I wanted. At last he sat down and took my name from the card the port doctor had sent and then asked me something in Italian. I could not understand, so he tried Spanish. I still did not get his question and attempted to look over his shoulder to see if I could read it on the blank. But with a slight show of irritation, the doctor looked up and said in clear English, "How old are you?" I said, "Forty-six," but I think my voice was weak from the surprise the question created, and the doctor repeated incredibly, "Six?" However, I felt at that moment that the mistake was not great -- I was not very old after all. One day the head steward came and talked to me in Spanish. The table steward could speak only Italian. The head steward waved his hands and talked quite fluently. I supposed that he, as is the custom on ships, was telling me he hoped I liked what was served and that if there was anything I would like to have to just let him know. So I said, "Si, si, Senor." And then when he said more I replied in the same manner. He explained the situation to the table steward, and that obliging person went away and came again with a large plate of fried eggs. The time was noon, and the dish was inappropriate -- others about me ordered steak and fried chicken. But I figured that I had ordered these eggs, so I ate eggs that day. But after that I never replied quite so assuredly to speeches that I did not understand.

Altogether, the Italian steamer was comfortable, the fare good, and the service pleasant. We reached Valparaiso in the late afternoon. McHenry had cabled the manager of the British and Foreign Bible Society of the time of my arrival. He helped me find a hotel and complete my arrangements for passage by rail across the Andes and the continent of South America to Buenos Aires. This kindness was greatly appreciated and is another example of the willing service the agents of the Bible Societies render to missionaries and others engaged in Christian work.

I had a pleasant stay of two days in Valparaiso, and then took the first train on the Trans-Andean line. June is winter south of the equator, and up in the high passes the snow was so deep they had to run a plow before the train, and the thermometer was down to ten below zero. We crossed at fifteen thousand feet elevation, and passed within sight of the highest mountain in the western hemisphere, old Aconcagua, which towers above twenty-three thousand feet, nine thousand feet higher than Pike's Peak.

This trip of a thousand miles -- from Valparaiso to Buenos Aires -- and across the Andes is perhaps the most expensive railway journey, distance and accommodations considered, in the world. The fare is approximately $125. We left at eight in the morning and arrived at seven p. m. the following day.

We crossed the boundary line between Chile and Argentina in the middle of a tunnel which is nearly two miles long. Just before entering the tunnel we could see the "Christ the Redeemer" monument, about two thousand feet higher still than the mouth of the tunnel which we were about to enter. This monument was established to commemorate peace between Chile and Argentina, on a site selected by the late king Edward of Great Britain. It is an image of Christ made of melted down cannons and other war material, and is known as "The Christ of the Andes." It is inscribed with the words, "Sooner may these mountains crumble to dust than the people of Chile and Argentina break the peace which they have sworn to maintain at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

It is less than two hundred miles, I think, from Valparaiso to the eastern foothills of the mountains. This distance was made in light wooden coaches run on a narrow gauge track. There were steep places where the train would stop and the engineer would lower cog wheels which fit into a middle cog rail or "rack" and the power was applied in this way, the smooth tracks being unable to furnish sufficient traction.

At Mendoca, the great Argentinan plain called the pampas sets in, and continues the rest of the distance to Buenos Aires. This plain is almost too level, and is fertile and easily cultivated. It is the site of some of the largest farming projects I have ever seen, and is stocked with as fine horses and cattle as can be found anywhere in the world.

Of course there are a good many things about the industrial and economic life in Argentina that appear primitive. Still I often felt like saying, "The only thing these people need that we could possibly give them is the gospel of full salvation." For although Argentina is justly considered the leading country of South America, it is so sunken in the paganism and idolatry of Roman Catholicism that it makes a most pathetic appeal for the vital and saving power of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Since we of North America, have assumed a sort of paternal attitude toward all our southern neighbors in regard to political things, surely we cannot escape the conclusion that we

owe them the gospel a little more truly than anyone else owes it to them. Shall we not fulfill our obligation by sending hither missionaries and by assisting the indigent church until it can survive and expand under its own program?

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Chapter 15
A WEEK IN BUENOS AIRES

Buenos Aires, the capital of Argentina, with its two million inhabitants, is a modern city with trolley and subways, and practically every convenience. I arrived there at seven o'clock on Monday evening and was met at the station by Brother Frank Ferguson and wife, our missionaries, who came first to Buenos Aires twenty years ago. A welcome service had been arranged for that night, an outside hall had been secured, and we were greeted by a splendid audience. Here began a week's ministry that was truly enjoyable.

Among the missionaries of our church who have labored in Buenos Aires in the past are Brother and Sister Carlos Miller and Brother Guy C. McHenry and wife now in Peru. Brother Frank Ferguson and wife were there before we opened our work and have been there most of the time since. This has proved to be a rather difficult field, illustrating that well known belief that when people take on the by-products of the gospel without first taking the gospel itself they become more difficult to reach than are those who wait in ignorance and backwardness until the true light shines. But in spite of this, there has been a very good gathering in of souls and we now have three organized churches within the city itself and six or eight other preaching places in adjacent communities. There are approximately one hundred and fifty full members in all the churches. A very careful probation has been followed, so that the general average of spiritual and moral life among these full members is quite high, and there are many probationers and new converts who constitute the promise of further growth in the future.

The plan for the District Assembly in Argentina was about the same as that followed in Peru, and a very interesting time was had all the way through. There were three men and one woman who have been licensed preachers for a number of years, and who are well educated and have proved their soundness and loyalty in a somewhat extended probation. These four were ordained as elders at the close of the District Assembly and are the first to be elected to the permanent ministry in the Argentine District. The missionaries had planned for each of these to give a doctrinal sermon in the presence of the District Assembly as one of the points in the examination. Having been in Spanish countries for more than five months I was able to follow them to some extent as they went along. I was very much pleased with the grasp of doctrine which they seemed to possess and there was a sincerity and zeal that made one feel himself in the presence of preachers possessed of the spirit of prophecy. These preachers are all good pastors and they are also good District Superintendent material, ready for the day when we can place yet more of the responsibility upon the native church.

There is yet much work for missionaries in the Argentine. But their greatest field of service is in the training of native preachers. This particular line of work will have to be supported and

directed by our home church for a long time yet. But the evangelistic and pastoral work can and should pass on to the hands of those whom God has called from among the native people.

Brother and Sister Ferguson took me out to several of the churches for night meetings. By this means I was able to look in on our churches and to meet the majority of our people. I found them earnest and intelligent and possessed of a splendid spirit of devotion. Brother Ferguson interpreted for me in the day services and in the meetings of the District Assembly. A Presbyterian brother interpreted two nights and a major in the Salvation Army interpreted two nights. The services of these brethren were greatly appreciated and added much to the effectiveness of my visit. For although Brother Ferguson is a good interpreter, one man cannot hold up to the strain of continued service of this kind. Those who have tried the task declare that interpreting is harder work than giving the message from their own minds.

The three churches in the city take care of their local expenses, including their rent which is comparatively high. Property within the city is quite expensive, but if our churches could be assisted in securing proper housing they would then be able to pay their pastors and would be no further liability to our foreign missionary department. This is the goal, of course, toward which we should strive, and we must not turn loose until it is reached. Once when it seemed that we could not sustain our program in all the fields we have entered, it was suggested that we might withdraw from the Argentine. But I think this would be a great mistake. We should hold on there a while longer; for the time is not far distant when our church in the Argentine could direct as well as support itself, at least for such intervals as would make it possible for a missionary to furlough, and a situation like that is entirely too promising to forsake.

Argentine, Brazil, and Chile are called "The A B C republics," and the order of their development is no doubt represented by this arrangement. The people of the Argentine have had the best opportunities of any people in South America, and are the best developed of any of them. For this reason it is possible to found a self-supporting and self-directing church there sooner than anywhere else. And while it should not be necessary to continue the foreign missionary status there as long as in most other places, we should, if possible, give this field a little more than usual attention during the immediate future that it may the faster and the better push on to the place where it will become a force for the propagation of the gospel within and beyond its own borders. Though the pull may not have to be a long pull, it should indeed be a strong pull. A good district in the Argentine will help our program in every other country of Latin America.

Roman Catholicism is strongly entrenched in Argentina. Brother and Sister Ferguson took me out to see the national cathedral which is located about forty miles from the city. There I saw such emblems of idolatry as one could scarcely believe would exist in any western land since the close of the Dark Ages. On great feast days I was told that as many as twenty thousand people visit this cathedral in a single day, and there are some who make the round trip journey every year that comes. An occasional visitor to this center of idolatry told me that a short time before our visit an old woman started from the street in front and licked the stones with her tongue all the way up the steps and into the building and that her tongue was bleeding by the time she arrived.

But right beside this mediaeval superstition is a strong growth of modern infidelity. So for the most part those who do not worship the saints do not worship at all. Fanaticism and skepticism

are complements, as those who have visited a real Roman Catholic country will bear witness. Thus there is a dreadful sense of loneliness about the spirit of the true Christian in a place like the Argentine. But the foundation of our work has been well laid and there are prospects of a soon coming revival that will reach farther and go deeper than any we have yet witnessed. I want to have some part in the fruits of that ingathering by praying and standing by until that grace from on high shall descend upon that beautiful, but needy land.

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Chapter 16
A MONTH ON THE WATER

Even before I left home, Brother Ferguson, our missionary in the Argentine, had looked up the schedule of the sailings on the Japanese line from Buenos Aires to Capetown, and I had worked to meet the sailing announced for June 16. About a month before my arrival Brother Ferguson went to the ship office to secure accommodations for me. But the agent said there was room for only eleven first class passengers and that the space had been all sold for weeks. Then he asked what the other accommodations were and they said nothing but just a place where one could spread his own bed on the floor. And so, considering that it would require almost a month to cross, Brother Ferguson thought I had better abandon the idea of taking that boat.

But there was a Royal Mail steamer sailing on the 14th for England, so I took passage on this, making connections with the Castle Line at Madeira, for Capetown. When I went to get my ticket, after all preliminaries had, as I thought, been mentioned, the agent called to the cashier in the ship's office, and said, "There is a deposit required on a ticket for Capetown, isn't there?" "Yes, a hundred pounds." Well, we had to stop negotiations right there and go to the bank and make arrangements for five hundred dollars which we had not counted on needing. This was to insure the ship company that in case I was not allowed to land in Africa, there would be money to buy my ticket back to where I started. When I landed in Capetown I secured a refund of the money. But this illustrates the unexpected inconveniences which arise in connection with foreign travel.

Brother and Sister Ferguson took me to the ship and saw me located in my stateroom, but it was a chilly, rainy morning, so they left the docks before the boat sailed, and when we finally "cut the shore lines" there was no one in sight that I knew. But there was an immense throng present to see this big ship sail away. The orchestra played "Auld Lang Syne," and there was such demonstration as I scarcely ever saw upon the departure of a ship. People waved as long as they could be seen. Some used newspapers for palms -- some took a piece in both hands. One man became so excited that he followed the ship as far as he could down the narrow breakwater that had been built to protect the docks. Toward the last he had to run at full speed to keep alongside, but he stopped only when his roadway came to an end.

The sailing of a ship always reminds me of death and of the second coming of Christ. In fact Paul used this metaphor regarding himself; for the background of his words, "The time of my departure is at hand," makes the more literal translation read, "The time for me to lift anchor and sail away is at hand." But on such an occasion one feels a sense of loneliness quite keenly, just as I

think he will when his ship is leaving the docks of earth for the harbor of heaven. But since Jesus will be my Pilot I have no fear but that the landing will be safe and sure.

Buenos Aires is about two hundred miles from the open sea on the great La Plata River. The voyage down the smooth river occupied most of the day, and late in the evening we made a brief call at the city of Montevideo, in the little republic of Uruguay. We took on a number of passengers there -- the fourth who was booked for our stateroom. Two of the four of us spoke the Spanish only. The third spoke Spanish very well, he was a Czech and could speak English also. But the two Spaniards, though jolly fellows, were not pleasant traveling companions. One of them insisted on keeping his large wardrobe trunk in the little, congested stateroom. They quickly hung their clothes on all available hooks, so you could either hang yours on top of their clothes or keep them in your suitcase -- I elected to do the latter. They did not come to the stateroom until midnight or after. Then they undressed and read until they fell asleep. I could not sleep with the light burning, so would have to turn out the lights after the others had fallen asleep. They had the steward bring them coffee and fruit at six each morning and it took them an hour each to shave and get ready for the day. Also they were inveterate cigarette smokers -- thus adding to the discomfort of congestion. And with it all, I could not talk to them, so it was my turn to "suffer in silence." But I went to the purser about the matter and four days later, after we passed Rio de Janeiro, and he knew there would be no more passengers, he gave the young Czech and myself a room by ourselves and after that all was pleasant.

We called at Santos, Brazil, and I went about the town and found it very much like other Latin American cities. It is an important seaport and pretty much the center of the Brazilian coffee trade.

We spent a day in Rio de Janeiro, where the World Sunday School Convention is to be held in 1932. Rio is a beautiful city of about a million population. The language here is Portuguese, and the architecture is Portuguese. The sidewalks are frequently worked out in colors like mosaics, and the city is clean and well kept. Protestant Christianity has a better hold in Brazil than in any other South American country, and its by-products are apparent. The Sunday School Convention this summer will be a great blessing to the country and will give force to the evangelizing agencies there at work.

The wind was high as we left the harbor at Rio de Janeiro, said to be the most beautiful harbor in the world. Whenever a ship goes into a harbor it always hoists the flag of the country to the highest place on the mast. When they attempted to lower the Brazilian flag, as we were leaving the harbor, something went wrong and the lowering cords would not work. Without hesitation, an "able seaman" from among the crew stepped forth and climbed that high mast. The ladder lacked ten or fifteen feet of reaching the top, but he went right on up the smooth, painted stem, and, held fast for ten minutes until he could adjust the lowering cords so the flag would come down. The passengers stood on the decks and watched the proceedings, but no one expressed desire to take the sailor's place. However, when I mentioned the matter to other sailors, they were not interested, and seemed to think the one who had gone up there had done nothing in particular.

Madeira is just off the coast of Africa, up almost, to the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea. So we were going north as well as east and the distance was thus much greater than required for the usual east and west crossing, and it required two weeks to reach Madeira.

Madeira is a Portuguese possession, and is indeed a beautiful place. It was among the earliest discoveries of the modern period, and is peculiar in that it had no native population, and no snakes. It is almost a year around resort, for its temperature varies by only about ten degrees during the year. But it is really within the tropics, and produces the fruits and vegetables customarily found there. The principal city is Funchal, and it spreads from the water front on back up the hills which arise finally to almost the dignity of mountains. There are about fifty thousand people on the island. Portuguese is the language, but on account of the British tourist business -- the main business in fact of the island, there are many among the tradespeople who understand English, and goods are computed in both Portuguese and British money. The houses are predominantly covered with red tile, and the sight from the harbor is quite pleasing.

I was the only one to disembark at Funchal, although there were a number who came aboard en route to Britain. But they have landing down to a fine art there. The harbor is well protected. The ships get within half a mile of the shore. The launches bring porters from the hotels to whom you turn your baggage, and they take it through customs and send it up to the hotel on sleds drawn by horses, mules or oxen. The streets are covered with smooth pebbles brought up from the beaches, and these make "good sleighing." There are a few cars -- mostly the small Austins. But the sleds are the common mode of transport for both passengers and freight. The hills are steep and the mode of travel is well adapted. I spent two days in Madeira on my way down to Africa and a week on the way back. So I learned the island pretty well and walked about over it considerably.

A small island twenty miles away is said to be the place to which Columbus came in pursuit of his bride, and where he married her. Here, also, it is said, he received charts and drawings from a dying sailor which confirmed his belief that there was land to the west, and largely influenced him to persevere in the attempt to sail in that direction.

But since my call at Madeira was purely incidental, I was glad to board the Castle boat and set sail for Capetown. The captains of the ocean ships plan their own route, and although the ships undoubtedly pass within short distances of one another, the passengers themselves scarcely ever see them. We passed close enough to Cape Verde on the west coast of Africa, to see the lighthouse and the dim outline of the shore. But for the most part we moved along as though all the world were water and we were the only ship using it.

On the morning of July 14, just a calendar month from the time we sailed from Buenos Aires, I came out on the deck early and found that we were in Table Bay with Capetown full in view. And here a wonderful sight greeted us. The clear outlines of the bay, and the far stretching city -- long and narrow -- and Table Mountain rising quickly to 3,500 feet elevation in the background, constitute a combination that world travelers never forget. The high, flat-topped mountain is so like a table in appearance that it was easily named. And then there is so often beautiful white clouds upon the top that the likeness of a "table cloth" is immediately discerned. The early Dutch settlers used to amuse their children by telling them that the cloud was made by a smoking match between the devil and a Dutchman, each trying to make more smoke than the other.

Africa is the romantic continent. It was so long in being explored that fabulous stories of mystery became current. Some of the stories had foundation, others were made to fill in where accurate knowledge had left a gap. But to me Africa is the land of missionaries. The land of Moffat, Livingstone, Stanley, and of Schmelzenbach. It seemed to me that all who were on the ship should be in some way connected with the missionary project in Africa. And when I looked for the first time upon African land and African people my heart was thrilled and sent up thanksgiving to God who had permitted me to see a land so sacred because of the many who poured out their lives there for the gospel's sake.

Rev. George Archibald, a minister of our church who is engaged in city mission work in Capetown, met me at the wharf and helped me with my business affairs and saw me off on the four o'clock train for Johannesburg. His thoughtfulness was wonderful, and his care was a boon to a weary traveler. On my way back I preached for Brother Archibald one night. He is doing a splendid work among all races. His services are well attended and there is a splendid salvation tide on. His work is supported by Christian business men in Capetown, and he is free to promote a spiritual program.

It was a relief to be on land again, and a joy to know I was really in Africa. This was the first of thirty-one days spent in the dark continent, and of course it was brimful of interest all the way through. Africa contains the largest masses of people who are totally untouched by civilization, that are to be found in the world, and it has been, in a certain sense, the most baffling challenge to missionary faith and service that has ever confronted the Christian Church. But thousands of devoted souls have sung, "Africa, dark Africa, God's light shall shine on thee," and have given their money and their lives to make a channel through which that prophecy could be fulfilled.

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Chapter 17
FOUR DAYS IN AFRICA -- AT SCHMELZENBACH MEMORIAL

One of the surprises of Africa to me was to find so much arid and semi-arid country. It is quite seasonable around Capetown, but about midway between Capetown and Johannesburg are two deserts which they call the big and little "Karoos." This region is three or four hundred miles across and is but sparsely populated, and that by white sheepherders. In fact, for the most part, the "jungles" as I had expected to find them do not exist in South Africa. What they call the "bush veldt" in Transvaal and Swaziland has scrubby trees, but they do not constitute jungles. That is the trees are sufficiently scattering so that passages can be found among them without much difficulty.

The distance from' Capetown to Johannesburg is approximately a thousand miles, and it required about thirty-six hours on the train to cover the distance. The railway is narrow-gauge, the coaches are divided into compartments which will hold about six people, and there is a narrow aisle down one side. I was on the train two nights going up, and I rented bedding for the two nights for seventy-five cents. The ordinary coaches have a sort of sleeper arrangement with two bunks -- one above the other -- on each side. The bed is hard and there is not much sleep, but it is better

than sitting up. The cost is reasonable. Even the meals on the train are reasonable and quite good. One day we had springbok venison. The springbok is a small antelope or deer that is quite plentiful in South Africa.

I arrived at Johannesburg about seven in the morning and was met at the station by Brother and Sister Ferree and Brother Jenkins. The Ferrees were at that time in charge of the work at Johannesburg and had been so for four years. They have since been transferred to our mission in Portuguese East Africa. Brother Jenkins is our District Superintendent for all the work in Africa.

Johannesburg is situated on what is called "The Rand." This term refers to a reef of gold-bearing rock which reaches two sides of the city, and the mining operations give character to the place. In fact there was no city here until gold was discovered. At present there are about one hundred and fifty thousand white people and about the same number of natives who are residents of the city. Then, in addition to these, there are approximately 200,000 native men gathered in from all parts of central south Africa who are housed in compounds and are there to do the manual part of the mining work. Agents recruit these workmen and they come under contract to stay a year. This contract may be extended to eighteen months, but not for a longer time, because the dust of the mines brings on disease something like tuberculosis if the workmen stay too long. Hence there is an ever changing personnel of Christians and heathen in these compounds.

The compound itself (there are perhaps two hundred of them on the Rand) consists of a piece of ground varying in size from one to ten city blocks and surrounded with a stone wall twelve or fourteen feet in height. There is one entrance into the compound and this guarded so that no one passes in or out without the knowledge of the compound manager. The native men are allowed to pass out to work. If they want to go at any other time, they must secure a pass from the manager. If the police of Johannesburg find one of them out without a pass they arrest him, place him in jail, and he is fined two dollars and a half.

Within the compound are dormitories in which the men are housed. There are sometimes five or six bunks to the tier with narrow aisles between. There is also a square in the center of the dormitory where there is a fireplace and room for social gatherings. Outside there are streets and squares between the various dormitories. The companies furnish the food and prepare it in great quantities. At one compound I observed that each man had a white enameled washpan which he used as a plate. This he brings in his hands, the cooks dish out the food with large spoons into the pan, and the man seeks out a place on the campus where he can sit and eat. The number housed in each compound ranges from a few hundred to eight thousand. These men have been brought away from their families and from their tribal organizations and are kept thus together for many months. There is little organization and the wonder is that they do so well.

Our work in the compounds is directly connected with our work in Portuguese East Africa, for it is from this part that much labor recruiting is done. Among others, our boys (and they are called boys without regard to their age) sign up to work in the mines and come up to live in the compounds. It is therefore our duty to pastor them still. Otherwise they would be left here for from twelve to eighteen months without any Christian direction. Our missionaries carry on meetings in about fifty of the compounds in which we have men. And they usually arrange with the compound manager to have all our men brought into one dormitory so they can have night schools, prayer

meetings, and other religious services under the direction of native evangelists who are also workers in the mines.

We have a church called "The Tinsley Memorial" in the suburbs of Johannesburg and another corrugated iron building out toward the west end of the Rand. In these buildings the special meetings, like the quarterly meetings, are held. We need another church on the east end of the Rand.

It was a real experience to preach to the large audience in the compounds and in the churches. There would be not one woman in the crowd. The singing was splendid and the interest was great. Many sought the Lord in the services and there were many indications of the Spirit's presence.

Our own people from Portuguese East Africa speak the Shangaan language. But the Zulu is the tongue of most of the others. Therefore to make the best of the services it is necessary to have the sermon interpreted into both languages. My experiences in Latin America had prepared me somewhat for preaching through interpreters, but the Africans gave me another lesson. I used to stand up and preach in English. A black evangelist would stand on my right and interpret into Zulu. Another black evangelist who could not understand English at all would stand on the farther right and interpret the Zulu into Shangaan. At first I wondered whether the men would get any good out of such an arrangement. It seemed to me they would be so taken with the way it was said that they could pay little attention to what was said. But it developed that the curiosity quickly passed and each man simply looked at the man whom he could understand and paid not the least attention to the others. And I never ceased to wonder at the degree of effectiveness we were able to attain through such a method. There must be compensation in the fact that such an effort is made to bring the message to the people. That is, those who listen must be impressed with the idea that whatever is brought with so much effort must be important. Of course there is no substitute for knowledge of the language of the people; for when you learn the language you must also learn the customs and the manner of thinking of the people, and thus you are better prepared to adapt the message to the people's understanding.

A native preacher preached on the conclusion of the Sermon on the Mount about the houses built on the rock and on the sand. But his knowledge of the manner in which the citizens of Swaziland build their houses affected the application, if not his interpretation of the Master's illustration. In Swaziland they bring the small tree trunks from the water course, dig a round trench and place the tree trunks in stockade fashion and tamp the dirt back around them. This is all the bracing the walls of the house require. So the preacher said, "Now you know that you cannot build a house on a rock. You choose a sandy place to build a house. Then you dig your trenches deep and pack the earth in tight and your house will stand. Likewise you cannot be a good Christian and be hardhearted and impenitent. You must dig deep in repentance and prayer and contrition and build your spiritual house on the sand. Then it will stand, even though the wind may blow and the rain fall." And then I speculated on how difficult it would have been for those people to have understood me if I hart preached and attempted to set before them the advantages of building a house on a rock.

Another native preacher was trying to make clear the advantage of being delivered from inbred sin. Now practically the only coats any of the native men, even the Christian men, ever had are made of duck, and to cleanse them they simply wash them as any other white goods. So the preacher said, "Now, take that coat of yours. It needs washing. So you take it and wash it well. Then you dry it and put it on. Pretty soon you feel something crawling and biting. What do you do? Take the coat and wash it in water again? No, that is not what is needed. What you should do is take a hot iron and iron it well, especially down the seams and in all the places where insects might hide. And that is the way with salvation. The washing of regeneration removes the dirt of actual sin, but it takes the hot iron of the baptism with the Holy Ghost to kill out inbred sin." The people seemed to understand this illustration quite well, but I would not have used that illustration in a long time. Yes, you need to understand the customs and the thinking of the people to be able to preach to them effectively.

Our work on the Rand is very essential to our program in Portuguese East Africa, and the fruit, both in salvation and in the development of those who were Christians when they came from our Gazaland field, is very gratifying.

After a week on the Rand Brother Jenkins and I passed on to Sabie, Transvaal, where Brother and Sister Shirley are in charge and where is located our printing press which turns out quantities of literature in the Zulu and Shangaan languages. I preached twice in the mission church and had a very interesting time. It is the custom when an African is baptized for him to give up his heathen name and take on a Bible name. So Brother Shirley took me along down the line, introducing me to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Enoch, Elijah, Jeremiah and so on to twelve or fifteen familiar names. After the greeting I said, "Well, I have heard of all you brethren, but I did not know you all lived in this country." But this was no joke with them and they assured me that this was their home and that they had been here all the time. And they seemed quite surprised that I had heard of them and yet did not know they lived there. All this had to be interpreted between us and when it was finished I felt that I was the one who had tried to be funny and had tried in vain. At Sabie we have quite comfortable quarters for the missionaries, a nice "green brick" church and the printing plant, and a good native church.

Out from Sabie sixteen miles is Bethany station, where Miss Cretors has charge of the home and school for girls in the Transvaal. We went out there also and had a pleasant and interesting afternoon. Miss Cretors has about a hundred acres of land and carries on a number of enterprises in connection with the promotion of the work. The road between Sabie and Bethany is wretched indeed. But the country about Bethany is beautiful and well settled with native people, so that there is a good opportunity for kraal work and preaching to the native people, as well as a home and school for girls.

At the conclusion of our visit at Bethany and Sabie, Brother Shirley and little son, Millard, took us in the mission car to the great Kruger National Park, said to be the largest national park in the world (it is approximately three hundred miles long and fifty or sixty miles wide), where we spent the night. On the way over I asked Millard (he was just ten) what he would do if he waked up in the night and found a big lion licking his cheek. He said, "Oh, I would just say, 'Chummy, Chummy'" (Chummy is the name of his little dog). But when we had secured our hut for the night and the guard told us that a native woman was eaten by the lions just a half mile away the night

before, Millard was very willing to obey the command to get inside and not come out until morning. He was even willing for his father to sleep over next to the little window.

We drove about the park next morning and saw more African wild animal life than we had even hoped to see. There were many herds of wildebeests, antelope of different species, deer, wart hogs, three wild giraffe, zebra -- almost everything except lions. There are said to be six hundred lions in the park, sufficient to keep the other animal life at about the right number. But for some reason old Leo did not pay us his respects.

But without at the present moment following our regular line of travel farther, I should like to pass to the day of our arrival at Schmelzenbach Memorial station in Swaziland. We were a day late on account of car trouble, and so the campmeeting was on. But somehow the hour of our arrival had been pretty well estimated, so when we drew up beside the little house in which Schmelzenbach lived for eighteen years and in which he died, there were several hundred Swazi Nazarenes on the little hillocks and about the road and paths to greet us. They called out their Zulu greetings and then sang together "Africa, Dark Africa, God's Light Shall Shine on Thee," in the Zulu tongue. At the close of their song I was asked to speak to the people. I did greet them as followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, but I could not follow on to speak to them at length, and so called on Brother Jenkins to lead in prayer.

It seemed to me as I stood there that day there came to me a vision of the time when Brother and Sister Schmelzenbach and their little babe arrived at that very place with nothing but their wagon and span and hearts burdened for the salvation of the Swazi people.

The Schmelzenbachs went out to Africa as independent missionaries. But when Peniel College in Texas, which had financed the going of Brother Schmelzenbach became identified with the Church of the Nazarene, we became heir to the Schmelzenbachs also. Our missionary department wrote Schmelzenbach to ask if he would open mission work for the Church of the Nazarene in Natal. But he wrote back and said, "Not in Natal. Natal is already well supplied with missions. But if you want to do mission work in Africa, I will find a field where no one is at work." And that is how it happened that he came to northern Swaziland and settled in the community which the natives called Endingeni. He christened the place "Peniel," after the college which sent him out. After his death the missionaries renamed the place "Schmelzenbach Memorial." And there today is the little house in which he lived. Out behind the house at a distance of about a hundred and fifty feet is the grave of Harmon Schmelzenbach! The marker was furnished by his fellow-missionaries and the inscription says, "He gave twenty-one years of unbroken service for the native people of Africa." Halfway up the slope is the little chapel which Schmelzenbach built with his own hands -- the First Church of the Nazarene of Swaziland. It has now been enlarged to several times its original size. As first built it would not hold more than fifty or sixty people, but in 1914 when General Superintendent Reynolds visited the field for the first time this building was large enough to accommodate the campmeeting crowds. The Church of the Nazarene owes a great debt to General Superintendent Reynolds for his wonderful missionary leadership. From a beginning so small that it was said, "Dr. Reynolds carries the missionary movement in his vest pocket," up until the present time when our church operates missionary enterprises in twelve different mission fields, Dr. Reynolds has never wavered nor has his vision grown dim. In the day of small things he rejoiced to see the larger days ahead, and kept incessantly

urging a forward movement. And how God has justified his faith! There in Swaziland where there was so little when he first looked in upon it, in 1931 there was a reception committee of several hundred out to bid me welcome and a crowd of a thousand or more attending the services in the big grass tabernacle. I felt like saying, "Behold what God hath wrought!"

Farther up the slope beyond the church is the girls' school where Misses Louise Robinson and Fairy Chism have done such a noble work in such crowded quarters and with such inadequate equipment. There also stands their splendid new building now almost ready for occupancy. Near the top of the slope, at campmeeting time, is the big grass tabernacle where the people sit on the ground, the men on the right and the women on the left, to hear the gospel.

Over at Pigg's Peak, twelve or fourteen miles away, is another station, our second in Swaziland, where many noble missionaries have labored, and where Brother and Sister Esselstyn and Miss Lovelace were holding forth with the evangelists' training school, dispensary, church, school and a large out-station work when I was there.

But Endingeni was our first, and in a certain sense, must remain our first always. It stands for the salvation of the Swazi people. Whatever may be the fruits hereafter, the beginning was at Endingeni, when the Schmelzenbachs came there and claimed the country for God. And although we now have over sixteen hundred full members in the Church of the Nazarene in Africa, about an equal number of probationers, and nearly a hundred native evangelists, still it all looks back to Endingeni, and to the toils and sacrifices of those who were pioneers there. Brother and Sister Penn were in charge of the church and outstation work and of the dispensary at Endingeni when I was there, although they went on to Johannesburg soon after the Council, to take the place of Brother and Sister Ferree who took the Jenkins' place in Portuguese East Africa, while the Jenkins transferred to Bremersdorp to supply while Dr. and Mrs. Hynd went on furlough.

In the little mission house there at Endingeni, Harmon Schmelzenbach toiled early and late to master the Zulu language. The text books made the explanations in English, comparing the constructions with those of our own language. But Schmelzenbach had to learn English, his early education having been cut short, in order to understand the explanations. But he never gave up, and he did master the Zulu until he could preach in it almost as though it were his native tongue. He read the Bible in Zulu and used Zulu as the family language and shut himself up to it until he could think it through and work it out. His perseverance was wonderful. But he set a high standard for those who came on after him and our missionaries in Africa have always felt that it was theirs to master the native language before they were prepared to do effective work among the people.

And once again today I turn back to Endingeni, and the grave of Harmon Schmelzenbach and to the faithful missionaries who labor there still, and to the redeemed African Nazarenes who call the place blessed, because it marks their own deliverance from witchcraft and from heathenism and induction into the joy and peace of God's kingdom. And as I stand there I rejoice with both the sowers and the reapers and praise the heavenly Father that in some degree God's light hath shined upon dark Africa.

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Chapter 18
FOUR DAYS IN AFRICA -- A WEDDING IN GAZALAND

Swaziland is a protectorate of the British crown; related to the home government something like our Indian reservations in America are related to the Federal government. It was set apart as a national home for the Swazi (a branch of the Zulu) natives. But like our Indian reservations, again it was soon invaded by white men who by bickering with the native king and chiefs soon practically possessed the land. The British government had to step in to defend the natives. A commission was appointed and the land was redistributed -- some of it being available to deed by and to white men and the rest being reserved for the natives, the title remaining in the crown and the natives being distributed by their oven chiefs. This means that the natives of Swaziland do not personally own the ground upon which their huts are built, and are subject to removal by decision of the native authorities. The British government still keeps some general control and enforces the criminal laws and seeks to better the condition of the native people. This little country is surrounded on three sides by the province of Transvaal, one of the four states which make up the dominion of the Union of South Africa, a country as free and independent as Canada. All things considered, there is probably no better conditions under which to prosecute mission work in the whole of Africa than those which exist in Swaziland.

On the east Swaziland is bounded by Portuguese East Africa, a large territory fifteen hundred miles in length and four or five hundred miles in width in the widest places. This country is under the Portuguese government and Portuguese is the official language.

About ten years ago, after serving for three years in Swaziland, in association with Brother Schmelzenbach, Brother and Sister C. S. Jenkins and Miss Rixse went over into Portuguese East Africa and opened a mission near Monjacaze, which is located 185 miles northeast of Lourenco Marques, the principal city in that part of Portuguese East Africa. They soon found that in order to carry on successfully they had not only to learn a new native language, but must also learn the Portuguese. Brother Jenkins was left in charge of the little beginning they had made, while the two women went down to Lourenco Marques and spent fifteen months in the study of Portuguese. And so at the end of three years they had made but the barest beginning, were housed only in native huts, and were looking out upon a vast but difficult field, which they deeply coveted for God. But God was with them and in due time results began to appear. Many were saved, choice young men were called to do the work of evangelists, twenty outstations were established, a campmeeting was founded, and the work of the Lord prospered in their hands.

But toward the end of the year 1929 there came another crisis in the work in Portuguese East Africa; for the Portuguese government decided to admit no more missionary organizations and to consider as entrants into the country only those missions that had secured permanent buildings by February 1, 1930. But our missionaries and native Christians in Africa were called to special prayer. The Methodist Episcopal church had a well-equipped mission station about twenty miles from our own, and soon there were negotiations for the sale of this plant to us just, as it were, on the last day of grace the deal was consummated, our place in the country was secured, and the missionaries moved into the well built and comfortably furnished quarters at Ebenezer. There are many and interesting details connected with this project, but I forbear to recite them. The main

thing is that the Church of the Nazarene is in Portuguese East Africa, has over forty outstations, about fifty native evangelists, several hundred native Christians and a great field of opportunity.

Brother Jenkins and I came into Lourenco Marques by train. Sister Jenkins met us there and we made the trip out to Ebenezer, about one hundred and eighty-five miles, the next day. Part of the way the roads were exceedingly rough, and we came into the station at midnight with both back springs on the car broken. But the main thing is, we came in.

The natives of our particular part of Portuguese East Africa are called the Gazas, so the country is called Gazaland. I think there are about forty acres of land connected with our mission. There is a commodious chapel, two comfortable homes for missionaries, a dispensary, and a building for a boys' school. Since we acquired the property we have erected a comfortable house for a home for the girls. The cost of this project was largely borne by the W. F. M. S. of Swaziland. A mile away from our station is a leper colony. This project is financed by the American Association for Lepers, but our missionaries superintend it. I went out there one day and assisted in a short service, held out in the open, at which about half of the eighty or ninety unfortunate people appeared. It is bad enough to be a black man or woman in the darkness of Africa, but to have a loathsome and incurable disease besides this seemed like almost too much. And as I talked to these lepers of Christ and His power to save to the uttermost both now and forevermore, my heart went out in sympathy to them and longed for their salvation. There are some Christians among them. In fact the husband of one of the inmates is our evangelist and is in charge of the religious work around the colony.

The campmeeting started on the night after our arrival at Ebenezer. Our outstations are scattered over a wide field -- some of them as far as seventy miles away. Companies came from practically all our forty-odd outstations. They were arriving at various intervals from noon until night. They always came with singing, bearing their firewood, food and camp equipment upon their heads, and their coming brought a thrill one cannot forget. Every time one of these companies appeared I was reminded of the joy with which the tribes of Israel used to gather at Jerusalem. In fact the mode of travel, always on foot (except an aged or crippled one now and then who came on donkey back), and the strange impedimenta which they brought, together with their mingled earnestness and gladness made one almost feel that he had gone back to the days of David or Hezekiah.

When we entered the large, grass-walled, iron covered tabernacle on the opening night of the campmeeting, we found the place well filled with people sitting on the ground -- the men on one side and the women on the other. But about a third of the people gathered were still outside, apparently unable to enter. Right away I expressed regret that the place was not larger so that all could come inside. But Brother Jenkins said, "Oh, I think they can all get in. They are not properly seated yet." And what an example of arranging a congregation awaited me! Brother Jenkins announced that it was time for the first service of the campmeeting to start, and he asked all to stand. Then he asked the whole congregation to come forward. Then he asked that those outside come in. When the tabernacle was jammed tight with standing people, Brother Jenkins said, "Let us be seated and begin the first song." I never knew until then that a crowd of people can sit down in the same space required for standing, but now I know they can.

The campmeeting at Ebenezer was a very blessed occasion. There were a thousand people or more in attendance. I addressed the preachers and their wives at an early morning service, and preached twice each day. Brother Jenkins was my interpreter, and I think he gave the people good sermons, no matter what I said. The interpreter has a great advantage and a great responsibility. There were many seekers for regeneration and for entire sanctification. There was an afternoon service each day at which a native evangelist did the preaching.

There was in the meeting a former witch doctor who was the first of her family to be saved; also her father and brother. The neighborhood chief came to some of the services. The native evangelists held a welcoming service for me. One of their number who had picked up his English about the mission acted as interpreter. The evangelists were unaccustomed to using an interpreter, and so their thoughts and words did not flow freely. Then the interpreter did not have a wide vocabulary of English words. The result was speech which was slow moving and much given to repetition. The title "missionary" was the highest and most honorable they had ever needed. Church offices were not well defined in their thinking. So they addressed me as the "Big Missionary from across the Sea," and their halting speech was punctuated with this phrase so frequently that I became fairly fond of it before the service was ended. But there was a sincerity about the whole proposition that made me feel very humble. These people are glad that their white brothers beyond the sea thought of them and sent them the gospel. They are glad indeed.

But the climax came, as one might wish, on the last day (the meeting lasted but four days). There was the early meeting with the preachers and their wives. This service was always held in the chapel. Then there was the morning preaching service. Early in the afternoon there was the baptizing at a pool a mile from the mission. The water was so shallow that the candidates, of whom there were forty-three, had to kneel to make it possible to immerse them. News was scattered about to the effect that there would be a wedding service at the opening of the night meeting, and those who were to be married were asked to be ready.

Now the Portuguese government recognizes only the labola marriage among the natives. This marriage is to us little more than wife purchase. Ten head of cattle, or, in the case of men who go to the mines and work for money, an agreed sum ranging from fifty to one hundred and twenty dollars is delivered by the prospective bridegroom to the father of the bride, and then the wife is taken with little or no additional ceremony. This custom is deeply ingrained in the thinking of the native people and is followed even by those who have accepted Christianity. The native Christians, especially the preachers, sometimes complain about this, and say to the missionary, "You do not have to have cattle or money to get married, but we have to wait until we can make enough to pay the labola." "Well," replies the missionary, "you pay before you marry, we pay afterward; for you see your wife works and makes the living for you, while we work and make the living for our wives." And even the Christian men have not come to the idea that they should do more than "help" their wives with the plowing and other productive work, so the answer at least partly satisfies them. And the girls, even the Christian girls, are entirely unwilling to pass up the labola. Their argument is that if the husband does not pay he will not appreciate what cost him nothing. And now even the missionaries say that until the African can reach a higher and better plane, the labola is a protection. It gives women a value and becomes a protection to them. The father has reason to protect his daughters and the husband his wife because they represent value in cattle or money. Not long ago one of our evangelists married one of the girls of our Ebenezer

school. She had no parents, but she demanded the labola, and deposited it with the mission until she should decide just what to do with it. But it is not to become part of the family fortune -- it must ever be a thing apart to represent the woman's marriage.

Well, the campmeeting wedding was to supplement labola marriages, and not to substitute for them. Only those who had been married the native labola way could be married now the Christian way. But even so, when the time came twenty-seven persons -- fourteen men and thirteen women came forward for the Christian ceremony. When the count was taken and there was found to be a man without a woman, he was asked about it, and replied that the woman was busy and to just go ahead. He held his ground, so we had to send others in search of the woman. She was reluctant to come, not considering that it was necessary for them both to be on hand to get married. The wedding was held up for several minutes while this indifferent bride was searched out and brought into line. Then the fourteen couples were married with one ceremony, and we turned away from the largest wedding we had ever seen anywhere.

After the wedding we celebrated the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. There were, I think, about six hundred communicants. And since there was no sort of furniture in the tabernacle, and the time required was too long to require all the people to stand while the elements were being passed, we asked that as many as could stand in a line across the front of the tabernacle come, and then that these be followed by others, until all should be served. But this program was not as simple as it sounds. The native idea of courtesy and appreciation would not permit one of them to give any assistance. When the minister approached with the bread, the native Christian extended his two hands pressed tightly together, and waited for the minister to take the piece and place it in the extended hands. The native then stood for a long moment holding the bread in his two hands before passing it to his mouth. Likewise no one would give the slightest assistance to the cup. The minister must judge the best he could in the dimly lighted place how much to tip the cup so the communicant could taste the contents. Then there were more communicants than had been calculated, so we had to dilute the wine with water -- not once but several times -- in order to have enough to go around

Just as the meeting in Endingeni stands as a symbol of the first coming of the gospel into this particular part of this land, so the Ebenezer meeting stands as a symbol of the working out of gospel standards in practical life and this growth and enlargement of spiritual life among the people. One may receive the grace of God as an experience of the heart in the twinkling of an eye, but it takes time to develop a character and to work out and establish a Christian community. But what I saw in Gazaland encourages me to believe that the natives of Africa are capable of establishing Christian homes and Christian communities and of developing Christian character and demonstrating the Christian life, as well as to receive the experience of saving and sanctifying grace. Africa, O Africa, God's light is shining on thee!

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Chapter 19
FOUR DAYS IN AFRICA -- THE GRADUATION OF NURSES

Brother Schmelzenbach, our pioneer missionary in Africa, and those who were early associated with him in the work, found themselves much hindered by the insidious work and subtle opposition of the witch doctors. For the witch doctor is the real dictator of African native life. He is teacher and priest as well as doctor, and there are few who dare to defy him.

The native African's conception of God is quite similar to the Christian's idea of the devil. The whole religion of the heathen African, if it could be summed up in one prayer, would be to be delivered from any sort of supernatural interference. He has never thought of God as being benevolent or willing and able to bless. And all human ills are connected with personalities. Sickness, for instance, is never caused by incorrect diet or exposure or by any impersonal thing. It is caused by spirits, and the only way to cure disease is to command the spirits and cause them to cease their evil work. And more than that, spirits are commanded to do their evil work. Therefore when someone is sick, he is sick because of evil spirits, and the evil spirits are under the command of some human being, and that human being is a witch. The only way to cure disease is to find out who that witch is and then compel him or her by any means, even to poisoning or violent death, to take away the bewitchment and then the sick will be well.

In any settlement of natives one sees the witch doctor, who can usually be discerned by the peculiarity of his dress. But the witch doctor does not stop with "smelling" out the witch, but also conjures up treatments for extracting the spirits from the body of the sick one directly. His treatments frequently require cutting the body with sharp stones, placing powdered snail shells on a raw sore or a severe burn, scraping away the hair and splitting the scalp with the crudest instrument, and in various other ways torturing the body of the sick one.

One might think that the problem is solved whenever a heathen is converted. But it must be remembered that every individual is in some way related to his fellows, and people do not get converted by the community or even by the family. Therefore a heathen husband may require his Christian wife to submit to the dictation of the witch doctor, or he may take matters in his own hands when one of the children is sick and get the witch doctor himself. If it were a mere matter of sickness or health or even of life and death it would not matter so much. But when the witch doctor comes there are injected doctrines and practices so corrupting and destructive that they cannot be exaggerated.

Besides the witch doctor there are the native midwives whose crude and cruel ministrations undoubtedly add much to the tremendously high infantile and maternal mortality of the land. Then there are those strange, unbreakable heathen customs like those which require the babe to be fed on cornmeal gruel for the first five days of its life and does not permit the female child to ever swallow milk, except its own mother's milk, all its days. And one cannot set these customs right by simply saying they are incorrect and should not be followed. Still if they are to become a Christian community and a strong and independent people, they must have help and direction as well as salvation.

Well, there is much more to it than this. But all such considerations caused Schmelzenbach and those who were early with him to call loudly for medical missionaries and for a hospital. Some said, "Why a hospital?" Well, the answer is, it is practically impossible to do successful medical mission work in the filthy buts of the natives. And aside from the unsanitary conditions,

the people have no clocks or watches and no conception of the passing of time. If a doctor left medicine the people of the kraal would not be able to follow his directions. And if the work of the doctor were not reasonably successful it would be a hindrance to the cause, rather than a help to it. In order to do the best for the gospel, the doctor must be able to do something for many cases which the witch doctors have given up. But he cannot do this unless he can have equipment and facilities. Like every Christian thing, the missionary doctor and the missionary hospital must be of good type and reasonably successful.

And so it happened that in the course of time, about seven years ago now, Dr. David Hynd and wife came out from Scotland to Swaziland. The British government had granted a tract of land on the hill overlooking Bremersdorp, almost in the center of Swaziland, as a site for the Nazarene hospital. The Hynds were young and possessed with vision and zeal. They brought along their five-year-old daughter and four-months-old son. They stopped on the bare hilltop, and in company with Dr. George Sharpe, who was then Missionary Superintendent, and a few others, cut the sod with a spade, sang a hymn, offered a prayer and "founded" the Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital (so named in memory of Raleigh Fitkin, young son of Mr. and Mrs. Fitkin of New York City).

Well, it would be a long story should I attempt to tell of the gifts of the Fitkins and others, and of the many self-denials and sacrifices of the women of the Foreign Missionary Societies of which Mrs. Fitkin is the general president. Even should I try I could not tell how Dr. Hynd turned brickmaker and architect and, amidst many other duties, built up an institution on that hilltop that is a credit to the community and an honor to the Church of the Nazarene. There has been approximately twenty thousand dollars invested in the equipment there which includes an ambulance and an X-ray. And I know of no place where money has been made to go any farther than at Bremersdorp. The hospital and other missionary buildings make that hilltop a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The doctors' and nurses' homes, the chapel built of rough stone, and the necessary houses for native helpers, along with the buildings connected more directly with the hospital, give the mission grounds the appearance of a well planned institution.

A number of white missionary nurses have wrought well in connection with the hospital at Bremersdorp, and six months previous to my visit Dr. Tanner, a woman of good training and missionary vision and zeal, came out from Scotland to assist in the work. Six or eight outstations have sprung up in the general vicinity of Bremersdorp, and the work of evangelizing the people is moving on apace. The campmeeting came on while I was at Bremersdorp. It was held in the comfortable chapel. I preached during the first two days. Sister Schmelzenbach, pioneer with her deceased husband of our work in Africa, was my interpreter. She is said to "speak the language like a native." And I greatly enjoyed the work and was pleased with the good results. And here again I felt safe, knowing that, no matter much what I said, by the time Sister Schmelzenbach got through the people would have a good sermon. If I did not say what they should hear or make it t plain enough so they could understand, she would "interpret" until it was adjusted and made clear.

Soon after my arrival at Bremersdorp Dr. Hynd told me we were to have graduating exercises for the first nurses to finish the three years' course of study and training assigned as necessary to qualify as nurses for native patients in Swaziland. I was surprised, however, when the hour arrived and we walked in to find the chapel crowded with native people sitting close on the floor. Up at the front on a side seat sat five representatives of the native king of Swaziland, who

excused himself for not being present, saying in his note that another sore had developed on his right foot which prevented him from wearing "the boots." His representatives were introduced as prime minister, financial secretary, chairman of the council, and two chiefs belonging to the king's council. These men were dressed in a garb which might be described as about halfway between native and European clothes, and their appearance was quite comical, although their bearing compelled you to recognize that they felt quite grave and important. The prime minister made a very acceptable address during the exercises. He spoke a little English, so was requested to speak in English, while a native school teacher interpreted into the Zulu. The prime minister listed himself as a sort of pioneer in relation to our hospital. He said he was there when the hospital was opened. Again when the ambulance was dedicated. Again when the X-ray was exhibited. And here he was now when the first nurses were graduated. Speaking both for himself and for the king, he gave words of appreciation for the work being done by the hospital and mission for the betterment of his people. This native official recognition went a rood way toward removing opposition to the work being done, and was quite a good thing for our mission.

Mr. Williams, a British government official, spoke for his chief, the Resident Commissioner, who was away in England. He gave hearty endorsement to the work in the name of the British government and for himself and family and for the white people in Swaziland.

Dr. Hynd went into some details regarding the courses of study and training which had been covered by the nurses, and outlined somewhat the work of medical missions and the manner in which they attempt to serve and bless the people. These nurses he said, are pioneers in this field among their own people. A native Swazi would not think of going out to the people of other kraals to care for the sick. To do so would be to risk being suspected as the witch who caused the sickness, and especially in case the patient died, there would be serious consequences to face. But these young women had broken with the old superstitions and had prepared themselves to be helpers in the hospital or to go out to outstation points and set up dispensaries and offer their services to the sick and suffering.

There were ten nurses in the class. Three of them were graduating from the course. These three sat in front. My turn came last. I commended them for the work they completed and for the choice they had made of a service that required self-forgetfulness and Christian devotion. Then I presented their diplomas, which they received with much evidence of emotion and appreciation. Then they turned to the audience and sang, "Africa, dark Africa, God's light shall shine on thee." Both they and the people of the audience were visibly affected, and a solemn awe and tender, melting atmosphere marked the closing moments of the service.

And just as the meeting at Endingeni symbolizes the coming of the gospel to these dark-skinned people in this darkened land; and just as the wedding in Gazaland symbolizes the development of Christian character, Christian life, and the Christian community so this graduation of nurses at Bremersdorp symbolizes the spirit and practice of holy service. The Christian's motto is "I serve." But opportunities for native Christians in Africa to serve their heathen neighbors and new-found Christian brothers and sisters have to be sought, just as they do in other countries, and the perseverance of these young women in following out a long and difficult course of training in order that they may serve is symbolic of that awakened sense of indebtedness to others which our African Christians both feel and follow up. There are other instances of it. There is the example of

the W. F. M. S. of Swaziland which raised money to build the girls' home away over in Gazaland -- so far away that there is no thought that any Swazi woman will ever see that home; but we opened and dedicated it during the campmeeting at Ebenezer, and it is a splendid monument to the zeal and sacrifice of the Nazarenes of Swaziland; for it is a good, permanent building and well adapted to the purpose for which it was constructed. Then there is the instance of the W. F. M. S. of Gazaland which raised fifteen dollars a quarter last year and sent it to Sabie to be used for publishing literature in the Zulu and Shangaan languages. Then there is the example of the boys who work in the mines on the Rand and who raised from their meager earnings last year enough to pay the salaries of the native preachers in their own Gazaland for one month. Yes, there are many examples which prove that our African Nazarenes are not only products of missionary endeavor, but also bearers of missionary light and fire. They have received the gospel, and they realize that "We are debtors to every man to give him the gospel in the same measure as we have received it."

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Chapter 20
FOUR DAYS IN AFRICA -- THE MISSIONARY COUNCIL

Once each year all our missionaries in Africa gather at one of the stations and consider the problems of the work in council together for a few days. In 1931 the council met at Bremersdorp. There were present: Brother and Sister Ferree from Johannesburg; Brother and Sister Penn and Miss Fairy Chism from Schmelzenbach Memorial; Brother and Sister Esselstyn and Miss Ora Lovelace from Piggs's Peak; Brother and Sister Shirley from Sabie, Transvaal; Sister Cretors from Bethel station, Transvaal; Brother and Sister Jenkins, Misses Martin and Cooper, from Manjacaze, Portuguese East Africa; Dr. and Mrs. Hynd, Dr. Tanner, Misses Pelley, Carpenter, and Seay, of Bremersdorp; Sister Schmelzenbach and Miss Cox of Stegi, Miss Latta, recently from Scotland, associate missionary at Bremersdorp, and Miss Ciple, employed as a missionary nurse in the hospital at Bremersdorp.

At the first meeting of the Public Worship Committee I was invited to "lead the devotional services" three times a day. I asked what they wanted in these services and they said, "Preach to us just as you would preach in an assembly or campmeeting at home." This was quite a big request, seeing I was to be faced with the same little company of missionaries each time. But I think no preacher ever had a more appreciative audience. Some of these missionaries had been on the field twelve or thirteen years, all had been here for at least three years, except Miss Seay, and practically all the preaching they had heard in this time was adapted to the native hearers, and was scarcely on the plane adapted to one who has had a Christian background in a Christian country. So they were really hungry and I look back now upon the eighteen times I spoke to this little group as pretty good obedience to the Master's command, "Feed my sheep."

We required the missionaries to report very much as our pastors report in the District Assemblies at home. There was such a wonderful spirit of humble self-effacement among these heroes and heroines of the cross that I was always sorry when they seemed unwilling to say more. Their experiences were so unique that I felt always as though I were in a special school of apostles. It was impossible to tabulate much of the work attempted, so we had to insist upon

freedom of scope and considerable elaboration in order that one such as I could, comprehend just what was done.

One day one of the veterans, one of those who had been longest on the field without a furlough, began in even tones to tell of the work of the year. She described her special assignment of tasks about the station, and then continued, "In addition to the work at the station, I have this past year had general charge of five or six outstations. In each of these outstations we have a native pastor-evangelist, but I have tried to visit each place as often as possible, and it seems that the Lord has especially blessed us during the year. I think there is no year since I have been on the field when the sincerity of the native Christians was more apparent or when their spirit of devotion seemed to go deeper. It happened a number of times when I was on a visit to an outstation that just as the sun would come up, the blessings of God would come down." And here I interrupted to ask, "How does it come you were holding meetings when the sun came up?" "Well, you see I could not get to all these outstations for day meetings on Sunday, so I took some of them at night. The native preachers are not permitted to hold night meetings. But when the missionary comes night meetings are held. And as the people do not like to travel in the dark, they always arrive about sun down and we start the meetings soon afterward. Then since they do not leave until it is light again, we plan to get through the meeting by the time the sun comes up; for then the people must return to their homes and to their daily tasks." "But," I asked, "what do you do to make a meeting last all night?" "Oh, there is no difficulty about that. We begin with songs and prayers and testimonies. Then we have a sermon and try to give the people something necessary to the promotion of their practical lives. This usually brings out questions from them. These we try to answer. Then there are those who have had special difficulties, and we try to help them to victory. Then there are always some Christians who are not yet sanctified and who want the blessing. And usually there are loved ones of the Christians who came along to the meetings and who are not saved. So we have an altar service in which we pray for those who are seeking to be either saved or sanctified. In fact there is so much to do in that one service that we do not find time dragging heavily. In fact we feel that we have done well if we can get all done that presses upon us. We find that a night is quite a short time, and when we can get all through and have a time of complete victory and rejoicing by the time the sun comes up, we feel that we have done well."

Then this veteran missionary continued, "This past year has been also quite a time of heart-searching with me personally. I came out here under the clear conviction that God wanted me to come. I have been quite busy and happy these years. I am now among the oldest on the field who have not had a furlough, and of course we have been hearing considerable about furloughs of late months, and I have thought about my own prospects in this particular. But God sent me to the people of Africa, and He has not taken me away from them or them from me. I would like to have a furlough only if it will serve to make me a better missionary. I have no desire to go home to stay. In fact conditions have changed so much in my immediate family and in the old home community that I do not look forward to the visit with loved ones with the joy that I thought I would when I had been here only a short time. I want to see my loved ones, of course. But they have had to plan their lives without respect to me and I feel that I shall be somewhat of an outsider among them now. I shall want to see them a little and get adjusted again as I suppose every one must do who has been on the missionary field for so long a time, then I shall want to come on back to these black people whom I love as my very own.

"During the past year I had a somewhat extended season of general heart-searching and appraisal. I thought of how I came out here as a young woman, and how thirteen years have brought changes so that I cannot think of myself as exactly a young woman any more. When I came I wanted nothing but to be a missionary to these black people, and God has blessed me and given me my desire, in some measure, at least. And now I know it would be exceedingly difficult for me to go back and take another line of service and be content in it and make a success of it. So during my time of heart-searching I asked myself if I had any regrets. I asked if the missionary life had been a paying investment. I asked myself if there is any other way I would take if I were back where I stood thirteen years ago.

"And during the time when these thoughts were passing through my mind in a general way, I found an old woman in a kraal near one of our outstations. She was below the average in intelligence and was plainly not long for this world. But old and sick and ignorant as she was, I saw her as a soul for whom Christ died, and I very much coveted her for my Master and Lord. I sat by her and talked to her of Christ and His power to save. I sang Christian hymns to her and gave her my own testimony. But although she seemed to appreciate my visits and my interest in her, she did not show signs of spiritual awakening and did not truly repent and believe on Christ. But the more indifferent she was the more I seemed to become burdened for her and desire to lead her to Christ. Finally she became a challenge to me. I prayed for her much when I was away and sought additional opportunities to pray with her. At last she became such a care that I fell down before the Lord and said, 'O Lord, I shall be glad to give my life for the soul of this benighted one for whom Thy Son gave His life. O Lord, let the light shine in somehow. Somehow help me to bring her the saving message.' And I felt in that hour that if I could but win this one for Christ I would be glad I came to Africa, even if she were the only one I was able to save."

I sat there that day and listened to this simple, earnest recital of a missionary's trials and triumphs, and felt that I was indeed among saints. I felt ashamed that I had ever computed the value of a soul in terms of social standing or that I had ever been influenced by numbers. I could not recall ever having looked upon a soul as desolate as that old black, ignorant woman who sat in the sun outside her kraal and wished to die for its salvation. And yet I couldn't escape feeling that Jesus Christ looks upon souls just that way. And the meeting was left for a time without a chairman, while I sought a place to pray and to ask for a new burden and care for souls -- souls for whom Christ died.

I know now that it was from such missionaries that that old black Swazi Nazarene of whom they told me learned devotion. She was one of the early converts of our work at Endingeni, and was one of the charter members of the Woman's Missionary Society which was organized when Mrs. Fitkin visited Africa. Amidst her poverty and necessity this loyal soul prayed and fasted and somehow managed to find her shilling for her W. F. M. S. dues every quarter. But at last she was taken sick, and, after a few weeks of lingering, lay dying. Then she became disturbed and notified her friends and loved ones that she was not happy. For although she was sure Christ had forgiven and cleansed her from sin, she had not paid her missionary dues for the quarter which was just closing. Those who gathered about her tried to assure her, telling her that she had been sick and unable to work and therefore could not earn the extra shilling. And besides that her fellow-Christians and the missionaries knew about her sickness and would not expect her shilling this time. Someone else would pay and the little she could give would not be missed, etc. But these

words did not comfort her. She said she had not been sick all the quarter, and might have taken care of the missionary dues before she used anything for food. Her fellow-Christians and the missionaries might not expect her to pay, but she was persuaded that Christ would be pleased if she did. No one else could take her place while she was yet alive. Next quarter someone would come to take her place, but this time she should pay for herself. Her insistence was so great that her friends and loved ones collected the shilling among themselves and brought it to her. But she would not cease until a messenger was sent to deliver the money to the treasurer and bring back word that the bill was paid. Then she clapped her hands and rejoiced, and died happy, all the time saying her missionary dues for the last quarter of her life were paid and now she could go into the presence of her Master conscious that she had not failed Him until life itself had failed. "O Africa, dark Africa, God's light shall shine on thee!"

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Chapter 21
GREAT BRITAIN AND HOME

After the close of the Missionary Council I remained at Bremersdorp for two days and preached in the services of the campmeeting. Then Brother and Sister Ferree and I left before daybreak on Monday and drove back to Johannesburg. The 270 miles made a long hard day of it, since the roads are not exactly made for speeding. After spending the night and next day in the home of the Ferrees, I took the train back to Capetown to sail for Brava in the Cape Verde Islands, off the west coast of Africa. But when I arrived in Capetown I was notified that my boat was delayed two weeks. And it was also uncertain just when I would get across from Dakar, in French West Africa, where my boat was to call. So after preaching for Brother George Archibald in his city mission and spending the night in the Andrew Murray Missionary Home, I decided to sail that afternoon on the mail boat for Madeira, from whence I hoped to find a way to Brava.

The Andrew Murray home, named after the illustrious author of "With Christ in the School of Prayer," is open to incoming or outgoing missionaries, and to any missionaries and Christian workers who chance to be visiting in Capetown. It is dependent pretty much upon the South African General Mission, an independent movement for evangelization in South Africa, although I do not know just how much responsibility the mission takes with regard to supporting the home. But such a place is very much appreciated, I know that, and I remember with much pleasure the fine reception I received there. Brother Archibald sent a rug which was manufactured in his mission as a present to my wife, and this beloved brother once more took me in tow and helped me get everything ready for the hasty sailing.

The waters of the Atlantic and Indian Oceans meet just off Capetown and there are usually heavy swells there. So I had one bad night in the beginning of the voyage. After this, all the way to Madeira, the sea was smooth and the weather pleasant, even though we were in the tropics most of the time. There were three missionaries of the South African General Mission aboard, and the second engineer of the ship was a good, Christian man, so we used to meet in the engineer's room every morning for prayer and Bible study. Sometimes our group was small, sometimes it ran as high as a dozen, and these were times of refreshing that made the day seem shorter.

For the second time I was the only one to disembark at Madeira. The boy who acted as guide for me the first time I was there met me at the wharf and it was with the greatest difficulty that I was able to convince him that I would not need him this time. Whenever I came out of an office he was just outside. He hounded my steps until I finally turned to him and gave him a small coin and told him to not let me see him again while I was on the island. This seemed to make an impression on him and he did leave me alone.

Madeira is a Portuguese possession, as are also the Cape Verde Islands. There is a boat which comes out from Lisbon, calls at Madeira, and then passes on to Brava. I engaged passage on this. But two days before it was due, I called at the ship's office and was told that the revolution over in Lisbon had made it necessary for the government to use the ship to transport political prisoners to Sal, and that the ship would not call at Madeira. Upon receipt of this news I cabled Brother Diaz in Brava. He cabled back that I should take a boat to St. Vincent. But I cabled over there and the ship's agent cabled back that there is no regular service from there to Brava. I found out afterward that Brother Diaz had arranged for special transportation between these islands, but at the time it seemed the only thing to do was to give up visiting this brother who has been out there these many years with very little encouragement from the homeland. He is a native of Brava, and therefore is not so much a stranger as the majority of missionaries in their fields, but I regretted very much not getting to see him and his work. News comes that there are revivals in connection with his work, not only in Brava, but in some of the other islands of the Cape Verde group. The many years of sowing is at last yielding a harvest, and if we can follow up the work of Brother Diaz we shall have a good district in the Cape Verde Islands.

After a week in Madeira, I took the next mailboat on the Castle Line for Southampton, England. On the boat were three missionaries, one of the South African General Mission and two of the American Board. The weather was good, the sea smooth, and I believe this was one of the most pleasant voyages I had on the whole journey.

From Southampton I passed up to London, where I spent two days. I had crossed the path of Livingstone in Africa, later I saw his birthplace at Blantyre, Scotland, and in Westminster Abbey, in London, I saw his grave. All missions operating in Africa claim Livingstone, and honor him for the work he did. There was no cooling of his fervor until he died on his knees in his tent in the heart of Africa, and it was fitting that his heart should be removed and buried there, while his body was carried hundreds of miles by his faithful servants and delivered to the British authorities and sent back to be buried among the noble and great of the nation in Westminster Abbey.

I cannot take time to describe the buildings of Parliament, the change of guards at Buckingham Palace, or the crown jewels in the Tower of London, although these were all very interesting to me, as was also St. Paul's Cathedral where Lord Nelson and the duke of Wellington are buried and where Inge, "the gloomy dean," preaches. Then there are Pater Noster Row and Amen Corner where the books are printed, the old exchange building where there is a statue of Abraham Lincoln, and Trafalgar Square with the statue of Lord Nelson.

Passing north, I was met at the station in Leeds by Rev. Robert Purvis, the newly appointed District Superintendent of the British Isles District, and by him was taken to visit two of the neighboring pastors, and to the church in Morley, where Brother Purvis was just finishing a

successful pastorate terminated by his appointment as District Superintendent. Here I preached to a good crowd at night. Then I went on up to Scotland, where Rev. George Sharpe, the veteran founder of our work in Britain, met me and took me to his home, and directed me in a tour of our churches in the vicinity of Glasgow and even up to Perth at the foothills of the Highlands.

It was a great joy to be with our brethren in Britain, after so many months among people of strange tongue and strange customs. Pastors and people showed me every kindness, and I enjoyed a genuine enlargement of fellowship and blessing while with them. One day we went over to Edinburgh and visited the John Knox house in which the great preacher and reformer lived for many years and where he finally died. Also we saw the Edinburgh Cathedral where many of the stirring incidents connected with the lives of Knox and Mary, Queen of Scots, were enacted. Then there were Edinburgh Castle with the wonderful World War Memorial overlooking the city from a high eminence, and Holyrood Palace where Mary lived, and the Sir Walter Scott Monument, and, up toward Perth, the Wallace Monument. No country's history means so much to us as that of the British Isles. Everywhere you turn you see something connected with the development and progress of the Anglo-Saxon civilization and the Protestant religion that makes you glad you are in the succession.

Coming back to the south again, I sailed from Southampton on the Bremen, one of those German ships which are scheduled to cross to New York in four and a half days. The big ship was anchored out in the English Channel. We left the dock in a tender at ten a. m., but the fog grew so dense we could not find the Bremen. Such food as the little stalls on the tender could furnish was soon exhausted and a hungry, restless group of passengers felt the pangs of neglect. Late in the afternoon the authorities found a way to bring sandwiches aboard, and this helped the situation greatly. At about seven or eight p. m. the fog lifted sufficiently to enable us to find the Bremen, and in the beginning of the darkness we hastened away.

This was the thirteenth ship on which I had sailed since beginning the journey, and it was the finest and fastest. But it was none too fast for me, for now with the service of the journey behind, I longed for "home and native land." There were hundreds of people on the wharf at New York to greet us. I was sure I could see my wife and certain of the children in the crowd, and so hurried ashore. But at the first there was no one there I knew. Before I could get through customs, however, Brother Basil Miller and his wife and my wife, Miss Irene Anderson, and several of the pastors of the vicinity of New York arrived. There were also telegrams of welcome from the other General Superintendents and from Nazarene Headquarters at Kansas City, and so I immediately felt "at home," and was never more thankful for friends and colaborers and never more grateful for their kind remembrances and words of welcome. It was easy to think that there is no man with soul so dead that he never to himself has said, "This is my own, my native land."

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Chapter 22
OUR MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE

Before I left for my missionary journey I am sure I was orthodox concerning the Great Commission. I am sure also that I was correct emotionally as related to missions. Often I said we

ought to give the gospel to the heathen, and often I wished we could do it. But I am quite sure that I was weak as related to the practical aspects of the enterprise. I said it ought to be done, I wish it could be done, but I am afraid I often doubted that it could be done. And here is where the journey helped me. I now believe that that part of the task assigned us can be done. Of course I am still having to speak without knowledge as regarding our work in the Orient and the Near East where Drs. Goodwin and Williams went in 1930. But I can speak better than I could before I went to Latin America, British West Indies, and Africa, for there are some things in which all mission fields are undoubtedly much alike. The conditions were nowhere like I expected to find them. But I am happy to say that although I was disillusioned, I was not discouraged. In most instances the real situation is more encouraging than I had hoped or expected to find it.

In the first place, there are many evidences that God has been with us in the securing of the fields that we have. This does not mean that our pioneers were better informed than others and selected wisely on that account. Rather I think they chose more wisely than they knew. But it is fortunate that we have the whole northern half of Guatemala for our field in Central America. This is a more exclusive field than we would be likely to have in any other part, and yet it is as needy and as promising as one could hope to find. It is the same in Peru, and the West Indies. And how very wise Schmelzenbach was in turning from Natal to the unoccupied part of Swaziland! In the Argentine we have followed the example of Paul and have entered the very center of things.

Then we have been very fortunate in the personnel that has made up our missionary force. It has been a noble band of sanctified men and women, for the most part well adapted to the work they went out to do, that has gone to "the regions beyond" for the Church of the Nazarene. And their devotion to the task of making Christ known to those who are now having their first chance is indeed inspiring and assuring. God has given us the field and the force to work it.

Multitudes are attending the meetings which our missionaries and native preachers are holding, they are hearing with interest, and are seeking and finding God in great numbers. And their profession is not of the passing nature; for we now have six thousand full members in our church in the twelve foreign districts. Probationers and those recently converted number almost as many more, so that the work is not only going today, but it has material from which it will draw tomorrow.

Many things in the way of physical equipment are still needed, but we have gathered about two hundred thousand dollars worth of property in all foreign fields, and this property is well adapted and in most instances well located.

But perhaps the most encouraging thing in connection with our foreign missionary enterprise is the splendid manner in which the native preachers and Christians are taking on responsibility. We can never send out white preachers to do the work in these countries, and we should not even if we could. All we want to do is to start the work and stand by it until the people get their feet down, then we want them to develop a self-supporting and self-directing church. And it is remarkable what has already been done along these lines. In our District Assembly in Guatemala, we ordained five elders, in the British West Indies, five, and in the Argentine, four. And these fourteen preachers compare favorably with a like class of ministers in our own country. We have almost a hundred native preachers in Africa alone. And while these are not yet qualified

for the eldership, they are earnest and successful preachers and their type is improving rapidly. There are three self-supporting churches up in the mountains of Peru, and a number in other parts of Latin America that do considerable toward self-support, and as soon as they obtain property so as to save paying rent, will be entirely self-supporting. And above all, there are evidences of spiritual responsibility among the native Christians of these foreign districts. They feel that they must bear the burden, pray down the revival, and make Christ known to their fellows.

We have had a glorious past in this foreign missionary enterprise. We have come to a new a epoch as it were, when more and more attention must be given to organization and to the utilization of the native forces and capacities. All the missionaries see that this is a growing need, and they are planning and working to meet this need. We do not want to draw out a dependent people. We must not let our native churches become unwieldy by unorganized numbers. We must organize and direct and lead on and reap the benefits of numbers as the Lord has given them to us.

And as to the future of our foreign missionary movement: I consider that it is promising indeed. So far we have been largely laying foundations and blazing trails. We are now ready for a general forward movement of revivals and of the development of the native church. Soon the sowers and the reapers will be rejoicing together. In fact our missionary movement is right now much like the situation of the farmer who has plowed the ground, sown the seed, waited for the season, and has thrust in his hook for the gathering of the first ripe sheaves. What a calamity if that farmer should become discouraged and should decide to either stop or to employ less labor just at this critical point! Why, to do that were to waste much of the labor which has already been bestowed upon the field. And thus it is with the Church of the Nazarene. This is no time for us to lighten our blows or lessen our force. Our pioneers have prepared the way, we have gathered in a little of the harvest, but we must press on for the full bringing in of the sheaves. I say this not simply upon a general basis, but from close observation of the situation as I found it in a half dozen fields.

More missionaries are needed in practically all the fields, but a young woman teacher is imperatively needed in Peru. There should also be a man and wife sent there soon. But when these latter are sent it will be necessary to provide additional housing. What we have now is inadequate for the present force. There should be provision for a worthy literature printed in the Spanish language to supply the needs of our people and preachers. The Sunday school leaflet which has been abandoned was a great blessing and should be resumed. We should by some means help secure church buildings in the cities of Peru and in the Argentine Republic -- also in the British West Indies. In most instances these need not be expensive buildings, but they must have places to meet and worship, and in many places locations are too expensive for our poor people there to secure them. The mission car in Peru is worn out and should be replaced right away. Also a truck there would assist greatly in the work. In Africa they need additional nurses, and as furloughs are given there will be need for still more, and the regular missionary force must be kept up at least to the present number. When we are able to enlarge our scope, we should have another main station in Portuguese East Africa, on north from our present location. Soon additional missionaries should be sent to Guatemala, to provide against the day when those there now must come on furlough.

In fact our missionary situation reminds me much of the time when a real estate man took me for a drive about his city, showing me the various sub-divisions and newly laid out sections. At

the end, he said, "This city has only a half a million people, but it is laid out for three times that number. It is in truth just a great skeleton. All that is required is to fill in the outline we have and there will be a city of a million and a half. We do not need to go out and take in new territory. Rather we need to work and fill up the territory we have already enclosed." It is the same with us. God has given us a wonderful field. It is no time for us to be begging for additional territory. We must work what we have. It will scarcely be necessary for us to have additional territory for a whole generation. There are approximately ten millions of people in the Nazarene territory in our twelve different foreign fields, and it will take us some time to evangelize them with the gospel.

If there are any who feel that we have undertaken too much or that the cause is not pressing -- well, I can only wish they might see what I have seen. I wish they might see hundreds of families in Guatemala living in grass-covered huts, the walls of which are made of reeds or even cornstalks. I wish they might see the large number who suffer from intestinal diseases and malaria -- all because they do not have the gospel of Christ. For these external marks of poverty are but symptoms. The real disease is poverty of ideals, poverty of spiritual life. And only the gospel can cure these deep-seated diseases. The blessings of civilization are the by-products of the gospel, but it is not often that people who have had no chance to receive the gospel are yet privileged to enjoy its byproducts. Representatives of the Rockefeller Foundation found the work discouraging in Guatemala, because the people had no motive sufficient to stir them up to take the advice given them for the improvement of the health conditions of the country. It is easier to have corn and beans and black coffee for food than to prepare vegetables and fruit to balance the rations, and why should anyone do anything that he can avoid doing? Likewise it requires labor to drain away the stagnant water and overturn the vessels about the place where mosquitoes breed. And why should anyone do anything that requires effort? Christ gives the motive for all these things, but where He is not known men lose the vision and sink into degradation as well as into final perdition.

The people of God as a rule are poor, as compared with the rich of earth, but it is their privilege nevertheless to make many rich. For whoever gives another the gospel has made him rich indeed. And this is not in an imaginary sense or even solely of spiritual application. The gospel lifts people out of the dungeon of economic and intellectual poverty also. The greatest contribution we can possibly make to the present and eternal happiness of a people is to take them the gospel of full salvation. It is therefore likewise true that the unsearchable riches of Christ are the most precious possession in all the world.

Those lepers who went out from the city of Samaria and found the enemy camp deserted and spoil of untold value left behind expected that judgment would come upon them if they did not go back to the starving city and tell the good news. May we likewise be increasingly aware that "We are debtors to every man to give him the gospel in the same measure as we have received it."

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THE END