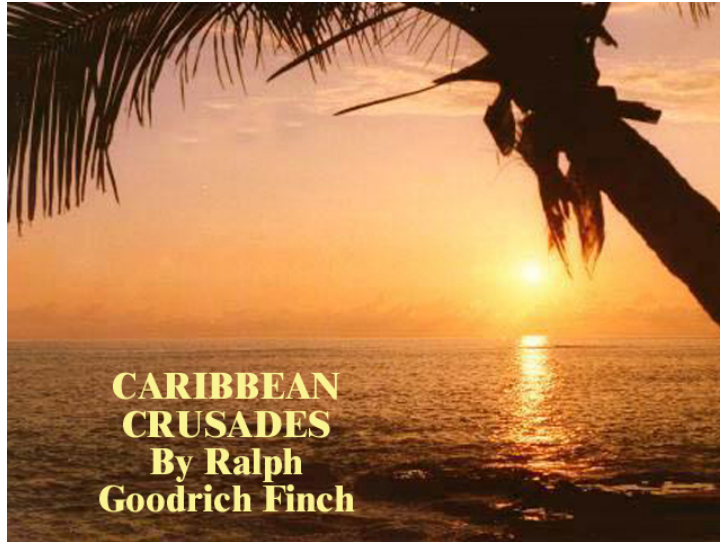


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CARIBBEAN CRUSADES
By Ralph Goodrich Finch
With Charles L. Slater



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While there is no publication date shown, from internal evidence it is obvious that the events described in this booklet occurred during the year 1922. Therefore, I think it likely that the booklet was published either in late 1922 or in the year 1923. --
Duane V. Maxey, Digitizer

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01 -- FIRST LETTER, JANUARY 8, 1922 -- RALPH GOODRICH FINCH

Our farewell at Kingswood Sunday afternoon will long be remembered, in fact the Holy Spirit was so real and the love from the church so manifest that we could hardly fear on this trip. Already we feel the mighty influence of prevailing prayer from our faithful supporters in the home land. Our journey to Cincinnati was without anything unusual, and our reception at God's Bible School was the real welcome with which all missionaries are received on the Mount of Blessings. It was our pleasure and great profit to hear Bro. Kulp preach after Bro. Slater had sung and the writer had spoken a few words to that grand student body. We surely praise God for all that these precious saints have meant to the Missionary Work. God bless them!

We reached New York near noon Wednesday and, as usual, were held up a bit at the British Passport Office; however, with a little patience and much prayer we had what papers we needed to visit the West Indies.

Our one evening in New York was spent listening to Rev. Paul Rader, Superintendent of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. This man is anointed of God. He spoke of the sanctified life and of the folly of professing divine love and then wire pulling, pouting, etc. He referred to the faith of Moses, showing how he refused to be called by worldly names, and chose affliction with God's people. "How many there are who want office, prestige and praise of man and society, but Moses refused it all and so will you, loving and choosing the sanctified life." He puts foreign missions uppermost in the sanctified life. God spoke to us through his messengers.

Thursday we rushed about getting a few little things for the Missionaries, and at 1:00 P. M. went aboard to find letters awaiting us. On the dining table was a great basket of fruit, lovely bouquets and gifts galore. A young married couple were sailing to South America. We used our last few minutes before the boat sailed in sending letters back to friends and loved ones at dear old Kingswood. How glad we are that our families are in that lovely country place away from flying autos and rushing trains which might crush them in our absence, away from artificial city life and with a splendid student body preparing for God's harvest field. We keep them committed to Him who "never slumbers nor sleeps" while we carry the message He gives to the West Indies and South America.

God has planned everything. Terrible storms had been sweeping the Atlantic coast, but we sailed out on a smooth sea and have had nothing but the best weather and lovely sailing. We passed the Parima (sister ship to ours) bound for New York. The chief engineer said that she was sailing right into the teeth of an awful gale. Think of it! Fearful storms right up to our time of sailing, calm sea while we sailed down the coast, then the gale began again. Glory to God, He had fixed everything for our safety and comfort.

I said that everything had gone well. I forgot one thing which happened and while it seems small, it did good. Bro. Slater had a new cap. I wore it on deck one day and when walking around a corner a gust of wind picked it off my head and into the sea it went. Several times he had spoken of how well he liked his cap. You can imagine my feelings when I look at it lying upside down on the water and fast falling behind. There was nothing for me to do but confess. Down to the cabin I went and told what had happened.

I felt very small, but Bro. Slater's big smile with no trace of disappointment soon fixed the cap accident and we sailed right on. I shall get him another the first stop for caps on ships with the steady trade winds are a necessity. Perfect love is especially convenient on board a small ship. With acres of water and no place to hide away and pout, it is good to be kept sweet. Each day we find more reasons to be thankful for the faithful preachers who came our way and cried aloud, sparing not. They said, "Get sanctified and call it by name." This we did and it has meant so

much and put such a "GO" into our souls that we expect to declare it from every land and nation where God permits us to press our feet.

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02 -- WEST INDIES IN GOD'S PLAN -- RALPH GOODRICH FINCH

If ever we have seen God's hand it is these wonderful days. Our ship reached St. Kitts about noon Jan. 11. Of course we were stretching our eye to get sight of some of our Missionaries. Soon we saw a white and a black man in a little row boat waving welcomes and crying: "Do our eyes deceive us? We have waited so long. Thank God, you have come at last." It was Bro. Ives from Barbados and Bro. Taylor from Nevis. Soon we were off our ship in a little row boat bound for the shore. On our way ashore we stopped alongside a little sailing vessel and made arrangements to sail for Saba, Dutch West Indies, the next day. Ashore we met natives who years ago had begged us to hold meetings on this awfully neglected island. After purchasing a sun hat we went to a humble home which always welcomes us on St. Kitts and lay down to rest. Coming from snow covered New York to sunburnt St. Kitts fairly wilted us the first day.

In this native home we found Sister Taylor (formerly Irene Blyden) and her sweet little girl, Catherine, and boy, Ira Moulton. These children show what splendid type, of native children can be raised when properly fed and cared for. Sister Taylor is as careful in feeding and caring for these children as the best mothers in America and the children with chubby, fat hands and feet and smiling faces show the result of it.

At 7:00, Bro. Taylor led a street meeting and with the native worker, Bro. Ragiers, led a street march to the humble little church where the rest of us awaited them. Into the building they came singing and in a few moments seats, windows and all around were crowded. Song after song rang out on the night air. I found myself near weeping, then ready to yell for joy, then struck with sadness as they sang, shouted and praised God. You ask, "Why sadness?" Just the thought that the island has called for help ever since we first entered the West Indies in 1912 and today has perhaps less help than then. I think a dozen songs were sung. Couldn't stop them. These people do not tire of religious meetings and I have the first time to ever hear one say, "The meetings are tog long." There are no movies to attract their attention; the streets are so dark that there is no pleasure loafing around the dark corners, and there is but little Bible light to help them on to God. They grasp at what comes their way like a drowning man at a straw. For instance: after one of us read a scripture lesson, others testified, and Bro. Slater exhorted, nineteen of them came to the altar and they prayed, and some screamed out for God's help. Scores held up their hands for prayer. Next day talk was heard on the streets about the wonderful sermon. The sermon referred to was Bro. Slater's exhortation. We wonder what a ten-day camp meeting would produce in this city.

Next day we boarded a schooner for Saba, sailing down the St. Kitts shore for ten miles, beautiful beyond description. We then struck across the channel for Saba. This threw us into a heavier sea. After two waves broke across the deck wetting me good I moved my chair to the stern, just back of the captain, where the boat is seven feet across. Here I got the full motion of the boat. Bro. Ives was in another deck chair by my side, while Bro. Slater was across from me. Toward mid-ship Bro. Taylor and their two children sat or lay according to the effect the tossing boat had on them. Sister Blyden-Taylor is a splendid sailor. If ever sick she does not show it, but bravely sits up waiting on the sea-sick crowd. For years this has been her post of duty on the Saba trip. The sea became so heavy that the ship tossed until Bro. Slater was pitched across the boat, landing against my shins. I felt it, as he weighs over 200 pounds, but was so disinterested in galloping boats, waves, food, and people that I just lay there trying to forget the peculiar feelings racing through my system. What did I care for 200 pounds landing on me when it felt like I had drunk a barrel of ocean water and wanted to get rid of it the quickest way; however, in the morning Bro. Slater and I looked at each other declaring we would not get sea-sick going to Saba, and by the time we landed we could shout, for neither of us had fed the fish and before we went ashore we were perfectly normal. Those who have sailed with me to Saba in other years declare that I deserve a gold medal for my behavior on this trip.

On landing at Saba the Governor was the first man to greet the Missionary party. He showed his welcome by leaving his pony at the wharf for some of the party to ride up while he walked the two miles of steep, winding stone steps to the city in the crater where he lives and where our church stands. At one place in going up the tiresome climb we stopped to rest, but the natives notified us to move on as the place was dangerous. They told us that far above the goats were homeward bound and frequently they loosed great stones which would be hurled down the walls with such force that trees could not stop them. Rest assured, that we stopped no move until at the top. Bro. Ives was so sick we let him ride the pony. He declared he nearly threw up his heart toward the last. He could have been worse for we have heard them declare that they felt like their feet were coming next.

This was the best sail we have ever experienced from St. Kitts. Leaving at 20 minutes to 12 one morning and reaching Saba at 4:30 is a record breaker. When we left St. Kitts the ungodly captain said, "It depends upon God when we get there." If such men acknowledge God should not we glorify Him with all our heart.

Soon after reaching the town in the crater we were happily seated around the table in our dear Missionary's home. Bro. and Sister Craig (Scotch folk) who formerly lived in Demarara, South America, have now been in charge of Saba for over three years. They look like they might together weigh 200 pounds, but they are surely strong and wiry. They have a mountain climbing pony which is called "Fire-Fly." This pony derived the name from her fiery nature and speed. A friend of the Craig's visiting Saba declared that Bro. and Sister Craig and the pony were "First, Second, and Third Fire-Flies." One of them ride the pony awhile, then the other, the

one walking always keeping pace, whether up or down the steep cliff steps. These Missionaries have broken all previous records in visiting all over the island. They go from the rich to the poor (perhaps no rich to speak of.) They never tire of praying with the sick, rebuking sin, establishing Sunday schools, preaching and singing. Do pray for these faithful souls up, on this rugged mountain where no buggy, bicycle, nor car could travel; nothing except on foot or mountain climbing ponies can scale these heights. They have three or four regular preaching places and one strong central station. This is a Dutch Island with about 4,000 people living on a space four miles long and three miles wide. The Catholics have opposed from the start, but God, has established His work on this beautiful island and there now rests a little stone church in the bottom of the old extinct crater where the city called "Bottom" lays.

The Missionaries expected us two weeks later; therefore, no plans were made nor announcements given of the campaign. However, the windows were full last night and quite a few inside as we gathered an hour or two after reaching the island for prayers. Bro. Taylor preached for a few moments, followed by burning testimonies from Bros. Ives and Slater. The meeting begins in truth tonight.

It is impossible to express our delight as we entered the town and saw the splendid stonewalls of our church. This splendid building is a credit to Rev. Wm. Beirnes who did such faithful work on this island for several years. I am now sitting in the little home where Bro. and Sister Beirnes lived while on Saba.

Since writing these lines we have been nearly swamped with precious soul's begging for a few cents. Catholics and Protestants come to the Missionaries for financial help and many of them for spiritual blessings. Not knowing who are most deserving, we give what few cents we can spare to the Missionaries in charge and they place it where needed most.

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03 -- A WONDERFUL SAIL -- CHARLES L. SLATER

Missionary work among the islands of the Caribbean Sea means that the Missionary must do a great deal of sailing in all kinds of sea craft from the splendid Royal Mail steamships to the little one-mast sloop, sometimes less than 40 feet in length. These trips are often fraught with danger and even loss of life. Captain Arthur Simmons, one of our best Christian men on the island of Saba, has just been relating to us some of the sad tales of the sea. He has spent more than 40 years of sea life and can thrill one for hours as he relates the wonders of the deep. Just about a year ago the schooner "Majestic" sailed from Demarara, South America, with 14 passengers and her crew. Some of those passengers I knew when I lived in Demarara. On her 400 mile voyage to Barbados she was struck by a hurricane and was driven miles out of her course over to an island off St. Vincent. Here, as far as can be known, the captain lost control of the ship. The passengers were battered

down in the cabin and the wind with herculean strength drove the vessel straight into the perpendicular rocks off St. Vincent, her jib boom striking first and tearing the little vessel to pieces. No one was saved and soon the sharks had no doubt eaten the bodies of the dead.

In the 107th Psalm we read, "They that go down to the sea in ships; that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep." Then the Psalmist gives an accurate word picture of a sea voyage, telling of the big waves and the trouble that the passengers are in; how they cry unto the Lord in their distress, and then how good they feel when they get to their desired haven. At family worship, this morning all the Missionaries agreed that the writer of this Psalm knew what he was writing about.

On Jan. 12, we arose with glad hearts and high hopes for this day we are to sail away to the wonderful island of Saba, of the Dutch West Indies. For years we have heard from the lips of our Missionaries what a trying trip this was, but once safely on the island one never regrets the trouble of coming. We chartered the gallant little schooner "Harris," well known as a splendid sea-worthy boat. We sailed across from St. Kitts at 11:40 A. M., and I do not have words to describe to you the beauty of the tropical landscape of St. Kitts. For ten miles or more we sailed on a fairly even keel under the shelter of the island; then we struck out across the Statia channel. Here our vessel reminded me very much of a well fed horse. She would rise, so to speak, on her hind legs and shake her shaggy mane, throwing sea water all over us until we finally had to move. At 4:30 P. M. we came alongside the island of Saba, the only island in the West Indian group that does not possess a harbor. If they drop anchor it goes so deep that it takes half an hour to haul it up and very often it gets caught in the rocks and they have to cut it away, thus losing anchor and chain. A small boat came out to take us ashore. As we neared the shore our true and tried boatman waited for the right wave, then they pulled with all their might and more than a dozen willing hands caught the boat as its keel touched the sand. As each wave came in we were pulled higher and higher until we could step out on dry land. Thank God, safe at last.

Soon all were landed in safety and then we began to climb the mountain to the town called "Bottom." We were amazed to see these men put a heavy steamer trunk on their heads and hurry off up and over these steep steps. We followed on behind, carrying nothing but our avoirdupois and were soon wet with perspiration.

Owing to the uncertainty of the sailing of the boats, Bro. and Sister Craig were not expecting us for some two weeks and we gave them a happy surprise. We are almost entirely surrounded by mountains, some a thousand feet high while we live in the mouth of the crater.

* * * * *

By Saturday night the arrival of the Missionaries had been heralded through the island, the church was full and perhaps as many more crowded around on the outside. We had a pleasant visit in the afternoon with the Governor and Administrator, receiving much valuable information about the Dutch possessions in the West Indies. We invited them to attend our meetings. They came, bringing their families and the government teacher, his family and friends also. We appreciated having the officials attend the services. They told us that they enjoyed our plan of worship. The Administrator told us that his brother was in the same kind of work in Cuba.

Yesterday was surely a full Sabbath. We had family worship in the Missionary Home at 9:15. Usually a crowd gathers around the gate and they wait, even though they have to wait an hour or more, just to "hear the prayers," they say. Others come and sit, declaring they came to get the Missionary to pray for them. This morning we took pictures of some of the poor native white folk. We want you to see their modest dress and hungry faces.

At 9:40, Bro. Craig and Bro. Slater went across the island for a service at Windward. This is only a mile as a bird flies, but, as it is constantly up and down steep steps, around cliffs and beside great chasms, it is a long and tiresome trip. However, Fire-Fly carried first one, then the other, the one walking held to her tail.

The rest of the party gathered at the main station for a morning service. After a glorious time of song worship, Bro. Ives and Sister Blyden-Taylor sang, "Jesus is Dearer than All." They were anointed until it lifted us to the glory land. The writer brought the message showing how a Christian is like Jesus in so many ways. Bro. Ives gave a simple altar call and the altar filled.

We thank God for these Dutch saints, never emotional, but solid in character and right on the spot to mind God. No one seems in a hurry to get home, but linger inside and around the gate after meeting is over talking and thinking. Three Dutch soldiers, one inside and two outside, listened, to every word. One of them is already about persuaded to yield.

Dinner, consisting of yams, Dutch potatoes, rice, chicoos, pease (which grow on trees) and mutton was served at 2:00. How we did enjoy that meal! Bro. and Sister Craig are doing everything possible to make it pleasant and comfortable for us and are surely succeeding beautifully. The meal times are spiritual and social treats when we relax and thrilling experiences of the past are told. How I wish I had space and time to write them all. They told us all about the loss of the schooner "Majestic." Just a short time before her fatal trip Bro. Ives had sailed on her to British Guiana to help Brother Schoombie in a revival. On this trip he preached to the crew and sang for them. One of the sailors was a boy from Saba. Years before when a boy he was under conviction, but his unsaved mother objected to his having anything to do with the holiness folks. This boat left British Guiana with 14

passengers outside the crew. She was caught in a tropical hurricane, driven against the rocky cliffs of St. Vincent and nothing more was seen of her except part of a mast, a bracelet with a passenger's name on it, and part of a trunk top.

The Saba men are nearly all sailors and a member of almost every home has been lost in a storm, died at sea, or met some tragedy. After the meeting on Saturday night dear old Bro. Arthur Simmons told how his beloved boy sailed out of port, hardly away from land, when the main-boom swung across the schooner knocking him overboard never to be seen again. Oh, the songs and tales of the sea! If she could talk, what heart-rending stories would sound across her dashing billows.

At 3:00 we all started for St. Johns for open air meeting, can't say "street meeting," for there are no streets on this volcanic-formed island. We climb 800 steps to get to the outdoor meeting. Fire-Fly climbs the steep steps while Sister Craig holds to the saddle and Bro. Craig to the Pony's tail. The saddle has a good, strong crupper to hold it from sliding over the pony's head descending the mountain, while a breast strap holds it in place ascending. The pony perspires as he climbs and, the Missionaries do likewise keeping up.

Before we arrived, men, women and children had gathered. Two lambs scampered along and a kid followed the crowd for awhile. A cow was ordered out of the way and the meeting began. Songs, testimonies, and prayers followed in rapid succession, closing in time to ascend to the crest and descend to the town in the bottom of the crater for the Lord's Supper at 6:00. By the time we reached the bottom Bro. Slater's knee had become disabled, but was touched by God's healing hand during the meeting. A woman in the congregation declared she felt the presence of the Lord during the few moments we were, receiving the bread and wine until she saw Jesus looking down and smiling on the whole party. It was one of those sacred hours, good to look back upon and often remember. Away off on a lonely island He came so near and blessed so sweetly that even those back in the congregation had visions and thrills as only He can give.

Then songs rang out announcing that the regular evangelistic meeting had begun. The church was crowded, windows full and a large crowd in the yard. What a meeting! Bro. Ives sang a beautiful solo, prayer was offered and Bro. Ives brought the message, telling how sin caused loss in every step of life. It was splendid. The Governor and his assistants listened as carefully and with as much interest as the saints, while the crowd scarcely moved. It was one of those times when truth goes deep and hours are needed for action. Many hands were up for prayer, but we were not led to press the altar call. We closed in order to let Truth get the minds and hearts of the hungry more desperate for salvation. This evangelistic party has declared for definite work rather than gush. After years of experience we have found that it pays to go slow and sure and be definite rather than to have hurried seeking. By 11:00 we were all resting, tired in body, but so happy in soul. Oh, the glory of being in his His sweet will!

Thursday, January 18

Bros. Ives and Slater started ahead walking and I was to come later on Fire-Fly. Upon finding myself alone with the wild pony I felt a bit shaky, especially when she began rapidly moving her ears back and forth and turning sideways, looking at me and then slowing her pace. Up the hillside I saw the two brethren slowly climbing the cliff steps, a turn was just ahead and as we neared it she sped up and I saw her intention was to go down another way instead of tackling the cliff steps. I reined her up the hill, but at this cross of her plans She lifted both heels and lay back her ears. I struck her with the whip and she kicked again, knocking dust out of the wall which stood strong on either side of the mountain trail. A few more steps and we came suddenly to a dead stop. Fire-Fly had discovered she was carrying a new load and was doubtful regarding her intentions. More whip only increased and intensified the jumping and kicking. It took but little of this performance to persuade me to let her turn back where I overtook her groom (a stout native boy who takes her up the mountain each day to graze) and soon we were on our way again with Fire-Fly perfectly subdued and trotting right along. On our return they told me that she had killed her former owner. Rest assured I am walking wherever I go the rest of my stay on Saba. As much as I enjoy riding horseback, I confess there are times and circumstances when I prefer walking.

Soon after eating our breakfast at 1:00 P. M. (noon meal called breakfast you see) in the home of big hearted people, although poor in this world's goods, we climbed to one of the dizzy heights and stood on a huge rock overlooking miles and miles of sea. It took but little of this to turn me to the pathway for Windward. One cannot imagine feelings which creep over the body as they look at the rolling waters as far as the eye can see, then right about face and look down a nearly perpendicular wall where cows look like cats, and men like dolls, while another turn makes us face mountain peaks lost in the clouds. How can man doubt there is a God!

Several natives follow us to the other end of the island where we call on different ones exhorting and praying. One very pleasant visit was with Mr. Johnson and English wife. This gentleman left Saba some twenty years ago, his wife leaving England perhaps the same time. They became acquainted in New York City where they were later married. They traveled on the same ship, we did, coming on a visit to Mr. Johnson's home. She had asked all kinds of questions, having heard so much about the witches, spooks and spirits of the dead, also how certain ones could see the spirits of those who were sooth to die. Some of the natives can tell the most weird stories of this kind and she had heard of this in New York; therefore, she half dreaded her first visit to Saba. We had done our best to still hot fears, but she declared that she had her crucifix which she, was keeping close by for protection. They had landed at St. Thomas and had to wait several days for a sail boat to Saba, whereas we landed at St. Kitts and secured a schooner next day, thus arriving in Saba several days before them. We had a short and good sail, the winds

favoring us, whereas they were on board two days and nights, having a contrary wind and having to tack all the way up. It was laughable to hear Mrs. Johnson tell of the awful sea-sickness with not even ten minutes rest the whole journey, while her husband was no better. God helped us pray with them. I wish you could have heard their heart-felt thanks for our visit and prayer.

At the night meeting, the crowd jammed in as usual. Inside and out were hungry hearted souls. What a pity our building here will seat but 30, while the yard and street are full. However, we have secured a piece of land on which we hope to have a modest church building before we see this place again.

On our way back to Bottom Town we were halted beside a huge rock and told to stoop down and put our hand under. To our amazement, we found hot air rushing out into our face. Out from this opening in the mountain heat constantly comes. I lingered but a few seconds. Somehow I wanted to get away from that hole which can be nothing less than a safety valve from the furnace beneath this mountain. One, of the alarming things is the sulphur mine near which smoke and gases belched forth during June of last year until the natives became alarmed. Think of it! Less than a year ago smoke was rolling out of this volcanic formed island proving that it is very much alive, still human beings remain right here taking the risk. It makes a creepy feeling go up one's spine until we remember that we are in God's program, then we again rest easy and feel safe. This is surely one place where I should not want to go to sleep unsaved, but new homes are being built and sailors plan to come back "home" to live. There seems to be something about the place where we were reared which remains sacred and always calls for our return no matter where we roam.

Saturday, January 20

Upon waking this morning Bro. Slater said that he had dreamed of falling over cliffs and visiting the poor all night. No wonder, after the experience we had yesterday. If I could see you it would be more possible to picture the heart-rending sights and paths we trod too dangerous for the timid hearted. Most of the party took the upper path, Bro. Craig and myself with the wild pony, traveled the lower. Down, down, down the steep cliff steps we went. It kept me busy keeping my knees or feet from striking the rocks as Fire-Fly dropped from one big step to another. I wouldn't let Bro. Craig know my feelings, but I will tell you that my heart nearly failed me as I rode along that narrow path. At times my knees scraped the great boulders to the right and I looked up 1500 to 2000 feet wondering if that wall of ashes, dirt and rock could, remain so high and steep much longer. Most of it is covered with small trees which hug closely to the nearly perpendicular wall, while ferns, elephant leaves, and flowers abound. Goats jump from rock to rock gathering their food, while on places where a cow can lodge they can be seen grazing. I felt sorry for one which we passed. She looked so tired, but no place in sight could I see a place large and level enough for her to lie down. It gave me a peculiar feeling to see men working gardens where a Kansas farmer would not think of venturing. As we went we came

to places where a slip of the horse's feet would have hurled horse and rider to the dizzy depths below. Once as Fire-Fly felt her way down a place, even hard for men to climb, her ankle turned, but, quick as a cat, she caught herself. When on a level I told Bro. Craig that I wanted him to get on so I could get his picture on this rugged trail. I also wanted to ride no more, but trusted my feet the rest of the journey. At one place we all sat down on a ridge 10 to 12 feet wide. On either side we looked down, perhaps 700 feet, while from the point we saw the waves tearing away like they wanted to pull the whole mountain into their jaws. The waves ran 10 feet high, throwing spray much farther and they broke with a roar which sounded up the great canyons like distant thunder. We could hardly see how the cliffs, made up of lava, sand and boulders, withstood this thundering and beating of tons of water constantly dashing at her base. At one point there towered pointed rocks like church spires. These were black from the wash of breakers and spray of salt water; but, although constantly pounded and washed, they seemed to say: "We are founded on a rock. Let the winds and waves roar and howl at us, we will stand to the glory of our maker. See how the waves have undermined float hill next to us, how the sea hounds have gnawed away her foundation, causing fall after fall, until in time there will be no more sand bank left and the waves which now roar and rush against her will soon smoothly rise above, but we hold our own. We may look a bit weather-beaten and aged, but we have set our face like flint and shall not be ashamed or moved."

Tired and perspiring we climbed to Merry Point. The first home we visited received us and gave us a fresh drink. The priest had forbade their allowing prayer and we traveled on. Next place the mother told how one of her children had fallen in a cistern and another off a wall. Both were so badly hurt that they died. Beside the front entrance were two little graves. On them some roses tried to cheer the broken hearts.

Next place we found an old blind man, whose wife, nearly blind, made straw hats to help keep them alive. In one of the two little rooms young and old crowded to hear the Missionaries. How can we begin to describe the scene. To see that dear old man drink in every word repaid us for all the scares and scars received getting there.

From there we went to a poor woman who has lain for thirty years, having hurt her spine by a fall when nearing womanhood. It is a wonder any of them get through alive on this wonderful, but rough island. Her home is ant-eaten and decayed until a cow could pass through some of the places. One side of one room still remains intact enough to keep out rain. Bro. Craig had trouble in rousing her enough to talk to us. One of the first things she said was, "I haven't had a bite since Sunday," and this was Friday. I am sure she would not weigh 40 pounds. She must have been a beautiful girl in her youth. Her brown eyes showed it, but her mouth was spoiled by poverty and starvation. She is a white woman. We wanted her picture and opened the shutters, but the rusty hinges fell off. This alarmed her, but a piece of money quieted her fears. They tried to feed her, but her strength was

gone. Her head fell to one side, her eyes rolled back and I feared the crowd coming in suddenly in her lonely home had killed her. I say lonely -- no telephone bell in this far away lonely seaside home. Grown children heard their first cornet music as Bro. Slater played for them. A three-year-old boy cried with fear and held to his brother. No Ford car will ever honk in this place, no baseball, football, movie, nor electric light; no organ, nor even church bell to help Change the monotony or call them to worship.

This poor soul motioned us near her and took my hand, causing a chill to creep over me for it was as cold as the trade wind off the ocean which moaned around her fast decaying hut and withering little body. We were silent as death when Bro. Slater asked us what it meant to "do unto others as you would have them do unto you." She called each of us to her bedside and asked one to send her beef, another mints, and others food of different kinds. Later, as she was aroused more, she apologized for begging the first time she had ever seen us. We left this lonesome spot determined to ever be thankful, thankful, thankful.

This island is a great place for drawn thread work. One after another asked us to purchase. We urged them to have their own people go to New York and establish a business with one of the large stores. This would assure them constant sale for their hand work and thus they would not have so much loss as they now do. A few more days, weeks or years, and the Rapture. Have we done what we could for these precious souls?

God is surely giving victory. Nineteen Were at the altar last night and most of them prayed through. One of the lowest and most dangerous characters on the island came forward a few nights ago for salvation and last night for sanctification. I wish all America could have heard the testimonies which followed the praying through. This is the best revival we have ever seen on Saba and this is my fourth time here. The work is so definite. We have set our minds and hearts in prayer for definite rather than light and gushing work and God is honoring this plan.

A sweet little five-year-old Dutch girl has just brought us a cake and a lovely bouquet of roses. After this we had prayer, then began writing. Then a little Dutch woman, weighing less than 80 pounds, came in and sat down. At first she was very shy, then with tears in her eyes and trembling voice told her sad story, years in sin, three little children, their father dead -- never having been married, a little boy also died. As he died he looked her in the face declaring that he would see her from heaven. Sunday night she had heard Bro. Ives preach from, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul," and ever since has trembled in her soul. Last night she dreamed fearful things, couldn't stand it longer and pled for prayer from a hungry heart. We fell on our knees with her and pleaded with God. In less than ten minutes God took her sins, fears and dark past and put it under the blood. She looked up, reminding us of a bird, or timid, crushed deer just let loose from its iron bands. After this touching scene we all praised God for the privilege of

being in His will, of being Just where He leads, just where we can claim His promises, where we can help these precious souls on this isolated island.

One of the party asked a bit ago what would have become of all these souls who are praying through if we had not come with the full gospel. That is the question. What would become of them? And what would become of all those who will be seeking and finding God as we go down through these islands? And what will become of the millions we will not be able to reach in and south of these islands? This last question is one which nearly crushes us every now and then. Oh, for reinforcements to help us sound the alarm, wake the sleepers and lift high His banner!

Saba, January 22

We were up early this beautiful morning getting ready to sail. The boat was to be here by 7:00; however, we learn that the Captain told us that just to keep us quiet. He is bringing a cargo for another island, thus delayed. In our worship Bro. Slater declared that we would always praise God for answering us and sending a north wind this day. He fails not and, to our joy we have a north wind which is favorable.

Saturday afternoon we climbed the St. John cliff and took supper with a family, consisting of the father, mother and twelve children. The hard-working father brought in a lamb, dressed and cooked it. I do not know how many tables were served, but it was wonderful. While the older folks ate, the children played and sang gospel songs in the next room. After supper our host took us to see his mother. She told us of her 43 grandchildren and great grand, children, then showed her coffin which is made of hard wood and has laid under her bed for thirty years. There were two of them, but the father died a few years ago. They stood the coffin up with him in it and took his picture with his wife standing by its side. It is a weird scene. He is buried beside the front porch and his wife will be laid by his side. On our way down to the night meeting we passed a small cave where an old woman had lived and died. Her last days were spent in such weakness that her food was brought to her once a day by friends.

Sunday was a day of days. The day began with six o'clock prayer meeting, a good start for the day. Bro. Slater preached on holiness -- the holiness of God, the holiness of Jesus, and the holiness of His people. The altar was crowded and chairs at each end. Didn't count the seekers, we were, too busy helping them through. In the afternoon meeting eight children were dedicated. Old and young shed tears during this touching scene. After this the dedication of the splendid church building was held. The building was crowded and windows and doors packed. God surely helped the singers, pray-ers and preachers make clear and plain what we stand for.

We called on the Brigadier and his family, who had listened to every sermon, and prayed with him, his wife and beautiful children, The mother soon began to

weep and pray. This was more than he could stand. He bit his thumb, then so sobbed. Oh, the power of the Gospel!

The night service was beyond words to tell. A crowded house -- it was wonderful to see the people climbing up as high as they could get to see, and hear. God seethed to especially bless. Long after it seemed we should be home the crowd lingered. They sang, "God be with you till we meet again," shook our hands and showed their appreciation in every way possible. When we reached our resting places we were tired, but happy.

They have been bringing us flowers, but this morning they showered us with bouquets which would bring nice sums of money in New York. Hour after hour passed by and no boat. God had sent the north wind as had been prayed, then we remembered we had asked for a north wind. but had not prayed for the boat to come. Having made a contract with the Captain we felt it. would surely be on hand. However this delay proved a blessing for we called on some people to their good and God's glory. By 2:00 P. M. we were on board waving farewell to the great crowd on the shore. While we were being rowed to the ship we caught a picture of the vessel that we were to be tossed and rolled in for seventeen hours. As rough and hard as this return trip to Nevis was, it was the best and quickest trip we have ever made from Saba. How thankful we were to see daylight Tuesday morning after riding the rough sea in that small, lurching, prancing, rolling, and twisting little boat all night. Although covered with sail canvas the rain had beat through until our steamer blanket was wet and we chilled to the bone. How good it felt to be again in the Missionary home on Nevis and after a good bath, warm food and rest we felt ready for another battle.

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05 -- TO HELL'S GATE AND SULFUR MINES -- CHARLES L. SLATER

With anticipation running high we arose on the morning of January 16 and prepared to go on what became the very roughest trip of our life. Saba is an island that from a passing steamship looks very small, only a mountain sticking out of the sea, but is vastly different once you are on land. The surface is very rough and it is stated that 50 square feet of level land cannot be found. The only vehicle known is the wheelbarrow. We travel from one town or village to another by means of large stone steps. We are amazed as we look at the houses and remember that every board was carried up the mountain side on the heads of the people. We saw a large piano weighing 800 pounds, 1800 feet above the sea. We were told that it took twenty men to carry it up at a cost of \$25.00.

We left the Mission Home at 9:00 and as we proceeded others joined us. We were royally welcomed by one of our members at the Peak, 800 feet above, then proceeded to the town called Windward, which evidently received its name from the fact that here the breezes are always blowing. We reached this town by the ever

winding, crooked mountain path. As we could secure but one pony beside Fire-Fly, it meant that nearly twenty of us must walk.

It has been my privilege to travel a great deal during the last twenty years, but I never was over such a rugged country in my life. In an hour we reached Zion's Hill, locally known as Hell's Gate, but for what reason I do not know unless it be from the sulphur mines near by. These mines became very active last year belching smoke. This volcanic mountain has some very hot springs and this morning we passed a large rook from under which hot air continually pours. Who knows but what the near future has in store for this place the same sad experience of Martinique.

About a mile from Hell's Gate we left the well-beaten path and slid and dropped, rather than walked, down several hundred feet, over very rough volcanic rocks, to the mouth of the sulphur Mine where the air is laden with sulfuric fumes. Using our flash lights we explored a little these dark caverns under the mountain. It is claimed these mines contain the finest sulphur in the world, but, owing to the rough country, it is almost impossible to market it. A short distance from the mine is a perpendicular wall 500 feet down to the sea, and the Atlantic is nearly always rough at this place, therefore the ship companies refuse to carry the sulfur.

We had considerable trouble getting back up the mountain, but gained the top, prayed and sang in a home. and a little farther on held a splendid open air meeting, the people listening attentively while we told them the story of the Christ. Afterward we were invited to a Catholic home where they have a piano and were allowed to sing several songs and have prayer.

At 6:30 we were back at the hall which was packed and a great crowd on the outside. After the singing we listened with glad hearts to the testimony of a man who had once walked with the Lord. but had fallen by the wayside. Sunday morning he had listened while we preached on how Enoch walked with God. He could find no rest until he called on the Lord and was reclaimed. His testimony rang with a note of praise. The Lord gave us a good time as we witnessed to these people. When we started down the mountain side. our bodies were very weary, but we felt that it had been one of the greatest days of our life. Bro. Finch had remained at the "Bottom" and reported a wonder day in the revival. Thus the good work goes on and we are praising Him for victory.

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06 -- VICTORY ON SABA -- CHARLES L. SLATER

The ten days the Missionary party spent on Saba will no doubt be long remembered by the people on the island because of the blessed victory. It was a pleasure to preach the Word to these eager, hungry hearts, not that they have not heard, for our Missionaries have been faithful and have stood for God and Holiness for the past three years without a change. But our coming with the same old story

clothed in different language, possibly, and different methods, have stirred the hearts of the saints to a flame, caused the backslider to hunger to get back to Father's house, and brought the sinner under awful conviction. It was a joy to our hearts to tramp over these rugged hills and visit the little homes, singing and praying, and telling the people what the Lord could and would do for them. Open air meetings were held in many parts of the island and there were always attentive audiences.

The best of the wine was reserved for the last of the feast. The last Sunday was a great day, started with a six o'clock prayer meeting. At 10:30 it was my privilege to bring a message on Holiness, the Spirit applied the truth, a glorious time of prayer followed and many entered into soul rest. At 2:30 we had a dedication service. Eight little children as well as the new church were dedicated to the Lord. Bro. Finch preached a soul-stirring sermon on the Church and what it stands for. He was at his best and the Lord greatly used the message. The church building is a credit to the island and a monument to the faith of Bro. Will Beirnes, the builder. It was dedicated free of debt. Thank the Lord!

Monday morning was spent in some very profitable visiting, among them being a call on the Commissioner of the Island. Here we found that Saba is seven miles in circumference, is 2800 feet above the sea at its highest point, has a population of 1699 -- 285 men, 515 women, 379 boys, and 520 girls. The island is supplied, with water from the falling rains which is caught in 219 cisterns built at an average cost of \$300 each. Thirty-six inches of rain fell last year at Bottom Town. There are four towns: The Bottom, the seat of government; Windward, Hell's Gate and Merrypoint. There are 500 homes on the island and these have to be built substantially on account of the hurricanes. There are 936 Roman Catholics, 670 Anglicans, 70 Holiness, 23 miscellaneous. There are 208 cows, 535 goats, 215 sheep, 295 hogs, 8 horses, 3 donkeys, and no wheels of any kind except a wheelbarrow. To run the island one year costs the Dutch government 39,300 Guilders, or \$15,720. They receive in return from postage and taxes 14,913 Guilders, or \$5,965.20. It costs Holland \$9,754.80 to hold Saba for one year.

A long string of the dear people followed us down the 1000 foot descent to the beach, our steamer trunks on the heads of the men, while the children vied with each other to carry our small hand baggage. They sang and shouted us off and prayed for us as we sailed away from their little lonely island. We love these people and their lovely little evergreen island home. Our vessel carried only 12 tons and we rolled and pitched and plunged and rocked. "No sir, I will not get sick," some of us said, but, dear me, saying that you won't does not always work. Try as I would, there was no use, but I was not the only one. After fourteen hours of that awful sailing we anchored in the harbor of Nevis. Thank God, safe at last.

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07 -- GREAT VICTORY ON NEVIS -- CHARLES L. SLATER

On Tuesday night we had our opening service in the Mission at Charlestown. It was a blessed service and eleven souls bowed at the Master's feet seeking forgiveness or cleansing. Just one week has passed since that night, but it has been one of the greatest weeks of our lives. We were here but a few days when we discovered that a spirit of revival was on at all our four stations and each one seems equal to many of the camp meetings in the States. At each place our halls and churches are crowded, packed with people, and about the hungriest congregations we have ever seen. Thursday night Bro. Taylor and I went to Brown Hill. I blew the cornet and people began coming from every direction, filled the hall to overflowing with many on the outside. Several lively songs were sung, the message given and 21 hungry souls came to the altar. How I wish the dear saints at Wilkinsburg, Pa., who built this church, could have been at that altar service. God was there and the answer came to many hearts. Praise the Lord!

I heard much about Gingerland and was very anxious to see the place, but was hardly prepared for what I saw Friday night. Sister Nesbitt, one of our local workers on Nevis, was carried to a hospital eight years ago to die of a horrible disease, but the Lord healed her while there and set her soul on fire to preach the Gospel. She went to Gingerland and began preaching on the street. The Lord blessed her and gave her the hearts of the people and for eight years has held the crowds and won hundreds for the Lord and three years ago a nice church was built. Sister Nesbitt knows how to pack the people in for a service -- seven grown folks on a seat that is just about right for five, and the children on the floor around the altar until there is hardly room left for the preacher. The doors and windows were filled and clear across the street to the next wall. She began speaking to them of how glad she was when the Missionary Party arrived. There was a rumble of voices on the outside. She stopped and said in a loud voice, "I am talking now and it is time for you to be quiet on the outside," and from that there was perfect quiet.

The song service cannot be described. For once in my life I just sat back and let them go, and how the glory rolled. At one time I counted fifty on their feet praising the Lord. It was as near heaven as anything I have seen in a long time. I wondered how the church floor could stand the weight, but it was built to stand the hurricane season. You may want to know how they acted. I have never seen a service where things were done more decently and in order. How easy it was to preach to that crowd of eager listeners who drank in every word, fairly pulling it out of me. At least fifty hands were up for prayer. Finally we managed to get eight or ten feet of the altar clear and the seekers began to come, filled the altar and away down in the aisle 35. We had a wonderful time of prayer. The seekers prayed. How different from so many at the altars in the homeland. As soon as they come they pray and the Lord is ready to receive the penitent heart.

Sunday was a day hard to describe. The glory of the Lord was with us. Bro. Finch went to Gingerland in the morning and said that he had never seen such a crowded house at a morning service, but little room to stand and many on the

outside, and he said that no language could describe that service. I went to Brown Hill and after a blessed service nine souls sought the Lord. Bro. Ives preached at Charlestown and reported a victorious time with 25 seekers. We all came to the main church at night for a great time and the Lord did not disappoint us, bless His Name! I was privileged to bring a message on clean hands and a pure heart. The altar was filled, two front benches and several in the aisles, 34 crying to the Lord for victory, and how they did pray and call on the Lord. Our native workers had gone to the other points for the night service and reported one of the biggest times they had ever seen on the island. When we counted the trophies for Jesus on this one day there were 111, and at two of the services the crowds were so great that it seemed impossible to have an altar call, so we do not know what was really accomplished on this blessed Lord's day.

The extent of this work cannot be told. Bro. Finch has been here three times before and at one time spent two months here. He told me that he saw very few faces who were here then. I enquired where they were and he said that they had gone to Cuba, Jamaica, San Domingo, South America, the United States and to many other parts of the world. A Missionary went hundreds of miles up the Orinoco River in South America and found Christians from this West Indian work still saved and testifying to full salvation. Oh, thank God for what is being done! Salvation is rolling on like a river. While I write these lines my soul is so blessed I can hardly sit still. The altar is lined, the saints are shouting and the glory is rolling. My only reason for being here is that the mail boat goes early in the morning and I know that you want to get this glorious news of what the Lord is doing in the islands of the sea. They were having such a time of victory that I just had to go down and join the glad procession.

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08 -- FIVE DAYS ON NEVIS -- RALPH GOODRICH FINCH

There is no use trying to describe all that has happened in the Pilgrim Churches on Nevis the last five days. I have spent several years in the West Indies, and have taken trip after trip over the different islands, but, so far, this one surpasses them all. Something over 200 seekers the first five days. What will it be the next eight or ten.

To cover as much ground as possible we have divided our forces different nights and, as we came home for the night, all reported the same thing; i. e., crowded altars, aisles and windows full and many in the yard. They give thrilling reports of how the seekers tremble, cry, and shout through to victory.

I would not have missed that morning service in Gingerland for anything. I rode a pony weighing about 600 pounds and after climbing for an hour we came to Gingerland. The great mountain, over 3000 feet high, towered to the sky on our left. Our native worker gave many interesting facts as we rode along. The wild dogs

roaming the mountains sweep down on the flocks of sheep and do much havoc at times. A man who fell into a hole on top of the mountain was found in the sea later. It is supposed he went down and was washed out in one of the waterways from the crater into the open sea. There are several hot springs and two splendid cold ones which supply water for domestic use. At times they run low, then the officials allow the natives a limited amount daily.

Our native worker at Gingerland is a marvel of grace. She was taken to the hospital years ago to die, her throat and limb were in such a terrible condition. God had other plans and healed her. The doctor took part of the roof of her mouth away, but this has never handicapped this Spirit-filled messenger for a moment. Before leaving the hospital she was preaching to all who would listen. She afterward went to Gingerland to labor as a servant. Her mistress saw what power she had. After her day's work she trod the hills exhorting in the little homes. When sickness seized the poor people they sent for Sister Nesbitt. Her mistress would tell her to drop everything and go at once. (Thank God for such ladies). The demand for her spiritual help became so pressing that our Missionaries in charge of Nevis begged for a meager support so she could give all her time to God's work. She is now pastor of Gingerland Church with such a following that it is necessary to leave the church quite frequently and preach from the steps to enable all to hear. She has 300 in her Sunday school and 100 ready for baptism.

Although we reached the church in good time it was full to the door, still they kept Coming an hour after we arrived. Sister Nesbitt slipped up and down the aisle crowding them into corners while she had children sitting on the floor until all space was gone. Such a crowded house on a Sunday morning I never before witnessed. A more appreciative and easier audience to speak to never sat before me. God was so real that it was easy to preach on Christian Perfection. They shouted, wept and prayed us into the glory world.

These scenes must be like it was in Wesley's, Whitefield's, Finney's and Peter Cartwright's times. The sobbing, groaning, pounding the floor, and cries for mercy simply pierce the air at times. We have tried to speak to some of the seekers, but they have the old kind of conviction which makes them desperate for eternal life. We just commit them to God and let them pray through. Some come night after night, they weep and sob and grasp for truth like a drowning man for a straw. We do not have to pound them on the back and yell, "Pray." On the other hand I have wondered several times if we should not try to get them to let up a bit, then I remember how serious it is, commit them to God, and the next thing some one jumps to their feet praising Him. The crowds increase and press into the hall trying to see what happens. The more they come and look on the deeper their own conviction gets until next service some of them are at the altar. Oh, this is wonderful, wonderful!

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09 -- A REMARKABLE SERVICE -- CHARLES L. SLATER

In a campaign such as we are having through the West Indies where God is so wonderfully pouring out His Spirit and we are having so many wonderful services, it is not easy to tell which is the greatest.

Our campaign on the island of Nevis was marked from start to finish with the presence and power of God. The altar services were simply wonderful, but the service that stands out in my mind and will be remembered for a long time to come was the Baptismal Service, There were 54 who bore testimony clearly to the saving grace of God and the resident Missionaries felt that by their lives they had proven themselves ready for this sacred ordinance.

Tuesday, January 30, being a legal holiday, we decided to have service all day, beginning with the baptismal service. We gathered at the main church which was lacked by 8:00 A. M., formed in line with the Missionaries leading, then came the 54 candidates and a host of friends following, and marched to the sea. I thought of John the Baptist baptizing with the multitudes gathered. Bro. Finch, Bro. Ives and myself, each taking a candidate waded out into the beautiful blue sea. We in turn called the name and one of us pronounced the rite; thus, three at a time, we baptized them in the name of the glorious Trinity. Almost every time, one or more of those baptized came up shouting.

The interest was so intense and the crowd kept pushing farther out into the sea, when all of a sudden a wave much larger than the preceding ones came rolling in and knocked several down, wetting many others, causing a stir for a time, but the saints sang on and we proceeded to the end with victory. Each of us made 18 trips out into the sea, but the tropical waters are warm and we suffered no inconvenience from cold and were all sweetly blessed in our souls. We closed with prayer, and returned to the church, changed our clothes, and at 10:00 began service, received 56 new members into church fellowship and had a tender communion service. Many tears were shed around the communion rail. It was a glorious sight.

At the close we asked how many wanted to get right with God and join this happy band, and they began to come. The altar was filled, the two front seats were filled and then they knelt in the aisles, until 37 sought God. Hallelujah to our King! We had two other great services that day with seekers at each, in all 64 sought God that day. We spent 12 days on the island and over 420 bowed at the altar. You may know that we had some great altar services and we also had crowded halls to preach to.

As we view the work on the island of Nevis now and remember that 12 years ago two young ladies landed here and began preaching the Word, with no buildings, and to know that now they have buildings valued at \$6,000, we are made to rejoice. We find a live work and the halls crowded with eager, hungry people,

three well-organized churches and one other preaching place, and ether places begging Missionaries to come and start a work. We exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

Our stay on the island was delightful. Bro. and Sister Taylor (God bless them! They are black, but comely,) spared no pains to look after our physical needs and the natives, almost all of them poor, (for their wages are about 12¢ a day for a woman and 24¢ for a man), brought us such as they had -- bananas, potatoes, etc., and we did appreciate it all.

Our parting was indeed touching as many came with us down to the sea and as tears glistened in their eyes, we felt and appreciated their "God bless you, and keep you, and give you a safe passage." We sailed away saying, "Farewell Nevis! May we have the privilege, if Jesus tarries, of coming back to preach Christ to you again!"

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10 -- FROM NEVIS TO BARBADOS -- RALPH GOODRICH FINCH

These are surely great days of victory. Not all smooth sailing, but we have our faces set like a flint to go through. The great victory on Nevis was such an inspiration that we feel like pressing on as never before. It was with a bit of sadness that we took the little sail boat to leave for a 12-mile sail to St. Kitts where we caught a boat to Barbados.

At St. Kitts we called on the Administrator to complete plans for getting our work still better recognized. God blessed us and helped increase their confidence because of the splendid work being done at Nevis. We do not doubt but what all will be granted that we asked.

To our disappointment we learned that the plague of smallpox had increased on the island of Antigua and we were completely shut out. It is not bad, but the government is determined to control it if possible. The little island of Dominica was plague swept; in fact one out of every three have had, or are now down with the plague. Oh, that we could have had Missionaries on this afflicted island long ago. As it is, there are none there whatever. We wonder how many of these plague stricken souls will meet God unsaved and all because they have not received the light. We blame no one, but surely some one has come short or this island, so near the American shore, would have been honeycombed with full salvation before this.

Four years ago an American lady went to St. Kitts, rented a little hall in an isolated village and began preaching full salvation. Believing she would appreciate a little visit, we drove out to her home. She lives in rooms above the hall and if it were possible we would picture to you how she clasped her hands and fairly clapped them in an ecstasy of joy as the Missionary party walked in without

knocking. We sang for her and then prayed. Waves of glory filled our souls and hers as with tears in our eyes and joy in our hearts we knelt in her home. She labors practically alone on this island, in fact she is the only American to our knowledge on the island of St. Kitts.

Sister Ewell, another American Missionary, came over from the lonely island of St. Martins and spent the last three days with us on Nevis. The way she danced around with holy joy repaid us and would repay all who have helped us on this trip. How thankful we are to be able to bring a bit more joy and comfort to these Missionaries who are working so much alone on these islands.

We were up early Friday morning when we anchored in the harbor of Antigua hoping that Bro. and Sister King would be at least allowed to come and look at us, but the launch which carried the mail kept its distance from the ship, merely transferring mail and returning.

The next island was Montserrat where a few years ago they had 16 earthquakes in a day, most of them light, but some severe ones. At the time of the Martinique disaster this island belched forth much smoke, steam and gas. Later years the crater, which had always smoked, became clogged. It was at this time that the earthquakes shook the island. However, another great hole was blown out of the side of the mountain which has been a safety valve to the crater ever since. As we looked at this great opening in the earth with steam and smoke constantly arising, we could hardly imagine how folks could live so near a furnace like this and neglect salvation. But how are they going to be saved unless they hear, and how are they going to hear without a Missionary?

In the evening we sailed from Montserrat to Guadeloupe, a great island, and the first thing we beheld was a great liquor factory. The island is French, also quarantined for smallpox so we could not go ashore. The next island was Dominica where the plague has been raging for nearly a year. No one was allowed to come on board at this port; however, the special dugouts came alongside with the pox marked natives and the cargo was lowered into same. I lay here with fever one time doing my best to get a work established, but it was the same old story, not enough help.

There are two great craters here. A few years ago a young Englishman tried to explore one of them. Taking a boy with him they traveled for a day and a half climbing the great mountain side until they reached the open crater which is like a great lake of boiling mud. However, it is cool enough in places until foliage has grown and, with a good guide, one can cross it, but if the wrong step should be taken the unfortunate one would sink into the hot mud. This young Englishman took his camera and when they were near the center of the crater he told his little guide to throw a turf of sod into the main opening, knowing it would cause the crater to boil and roar, as he wanted to get a good picture. The man who had brought them across to the center saw that the sod had stirred the crater up to the

danger point, and took to his heels. The Englishman, seeing the little boy overcome with the gas, rushed to his side, became weak and sitting down, placed his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands to rest, no doubt. The guide never stopped running until he had reached the town of Rosseau. Forty men gathered and went back with him to the crater. It was four days from the time he left until he returned and then it was all they could do to get to the asphyxiated Englishman and his little guide because of the gas which was still boiling out of the crater. When they did reach him he was sitting looking at the boy as he was four days before. He had been dead all that time, but the gas had perfectly preserved him. They picked him up, placed him on a bier and handed him from one to the other down the mountain side. His people in England were informed of his death and, to reward the faithful men who brought him back to the coast, sent each Of them \$24.00, but the little boy guide remained in the crater. This seems to us just another sample of the neglect of the poor souls. However, the little boy was just as valuable in God's sight as the rich (Englishman. It is his class who received the Gospel gladly.

From Dominica we sailed to Martinique, passed the city of St. Pierre which was destroyed with its 40,000 people 20 years ago. It was so early in the morning we could see nothing. Being Sunday, we remained on board, read, prayed and rested. That evening our splendid ship reached the island of St. Lucia. We went ashore to visit the Catholic church which is said to seat 3,000 people. It was filled with worshippers. The choir sang in the high loft while people streamed through the door, dipping a finger in a marble bowl, touching their foreheads and making the sign of the cross. They would count their beads standing, then kneel, count them and pray. Candles were burning all over the altar. The priests were marching around bowing with their face to the candles, while boys elaborately dressed waved censers of incense constantly. There were three confessional boxes on each side of the building from the front to the rear.

We stood just inside the door and longed to rush up to the altar with our arms in the air crying out the truth. We wished we could have climbed into the high pulpit and declared to that great throng, full salvation. This scene has so burdened our hearts that we shall try to spare one of our Barbados workers to open up work on this island in the near future. (This has since been done). This will mean rent for a hall and lumber for benches and pulpit, but this island has been neglected long enough; we must reach these people. Years ago we received a letter signed by several hungry souls begging us to send a Missionary, but up to now we have not been able to do so.

By six o'clock our ship was weighing anchor and in a little while we were on the rough sea bound for Barbados and at 7:30 Monday morning we landed on this wonderful island. Our precious Missionaries and native workers with beaming faces met us at the Custom House. We cannot describe to you how good they all looked. We have declared from platforms in America that God has given us as good a lot of Missionaries and native workers in this field as there are in the world and this we are now more sure of than ever.

Although tired and half seasick, we must go as announcement had been made for a meeting Monday night at the main station. The pastor gave us a hearty welcome which was sanctioned with loud "Amen's" from the congregation. Bro. Slater preached a short sermon and many hands were up for prayer. Last night we went to one of the country points ten miles away. I did not count the seekers, but they crowded around the platform, front benches and middle aisle. It was surely a blessed time. God is leading us to preach Perfect Love and Christian Perfection constantly. We believe this is our commission as a Missionary body.

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11 -- BRIMSTONE HILL -- CHARLES L. SLATER

Leaving Nevis on a little sloop we came to the beautiful island of St. Kitts. The first day we had the privilege of driving completely around the island, a distance of 35 miles. On this trip we visited Brimstone Hill which is 779 feet above sea level. We took time to go to the top and see the old fort built in 1774. It was originally started by the French, but taken by the English and finished. It is a remarkable evidence of the untiring efforts of those British warriors of early days. Great masses of stone were carried to the top of the hill and built into a marvelous fort which stands today as it was when forsaken many years ago, with the exception that there are no guns except the old cannon which was built into the wall to make it stronger. At night we went to a little mission and after the Missionaries and native workers had testified, the altar was lined with seekers, many of whom prayed through.

Next day we boarded the "Guyana" and at midnight sailed for Antigua; unfortunately the island was quarantined and we had to abandon the idea of visiting our Missionaries and dedicating the splendid new building which has recently been erected there. However, we learned that God is greatly blessing the work on this island so that they now have over 200 Sunday school scholars. We had hoped to visit the little isolated island of Barbuda where a hurricane recently destroyed nearly all the houses and demolished our church building, but this, too, had to be given up because it comes under the same restrictions as Antigua.

We were glad of a chance to rest from our battles and enjoyed the trip down among the different islands, although we were not allowed to go ashore on some of them because of the smallpox. Sunday evening our ship docked at St. Lucia for two hours, giving us an opportunity of visiting the great Catholic Cathedral. Standing in the door our hearts were grieved as we saw the worshipping of the people, the priests and altar boys bowing to their idols and swinging censers. We left praising God that we had found the Savior. The reason why so many go to these cathedrals is because they can see beads, images, candles, and the elaborate flowing robes of the priests, but the blessed, Bible says, "The just shall live by faith." Thank God, we do not need to bow to images and count beads, but can have access to the throne by believing God.

Monday morning we dropped anchor in the beautiful Carlisle Bay, Bridgetown, Barbados, and cordially welcomed by our Missionaries. In the first service Bro. Finch told of what God had done for the work since 1913, at which time we had but 13 Missionaries and native workers, and the only property owned was a little 100-year-old building on the island of Saba which cost us \$35. Now we have nearly 100 Missionaries and native workers and property valued at \$60,000 practically all paid for. His report was greeted with shouts of praise. I was privileged to give an exhortation and told them that whatever we do, let us keep humble and on fire for God, trusting Him to help us to be a church that is evangelical and soul winning.

Tuesday night we drove out to Six Roads where Bro. Winter and his wife have charge. The Lord gave us a glorious time. The fire fell as the Missionaries testified and exhorted. The little hall was crowded and 13 souls sought fine Lord.

Wednesday night we were at Social Hall where Bro. Jorge is laboring. It would have done you good to hear these precious saints as with clapping hands and swaying bodies they fairly rent the air singing, "Reapers are needed." A blessed altar service followed the message and God's name was glorified.

Thursday night we drove out 14 miles to Martin's Bay where the work is under the leadership of Bro. and Sister Boyce. Bro. Boyce at one time was called the "Sugar King of Barbados," and was a prominent church member, but did, not know the Lord. One day a black boy came to his door and after delivering his message, looked him in the face and said, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." That was an arrow shot in a sure place. Bro. Boyce began to ponder on the words. He and his wife sought the Lord until they found Him and are preaching the Gospel in this needy field. We had a blessed time with them in their little hall.

Friday night we were at Ellerton's. Whether it was because it was the last service of the week or in fulfillment of that statement in the scripture of the best wine at the last of the feast, I am not able to say, but the power of God was so markedly felt that in my opinion it was the greatest service we have had on the trip thus far. The hall was crowded until there was scarcely room for the preacher to put his feet and the doors and windows were packed full of eager faces. The singing was like heaven on earth and it was easy to bring the message. As we closed and made the application, it was impossible to have the seekers come to the altar for every inch of space was taken, therefore we asked those who wanted to be either saved or sanctified to kneel where they were and call on God. This was followed by a volume of prayer and a goodly number arose and testified to what the Lord had done for them.

We are having a glorious time. Next week we will have revival services at the White Park Church closing with an all-day meeting the last Sunday. We are praising

God for continued victory and by His grace purpose to go through on old-fashioned Bible lines.

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12 -- EIGHT WONDERFUL DAYS -- CHARLES L. SLATER

Our first week in Barbados was spent in visiting the country points, but on Sunday, Feb. 18, we had a most remarkable day at one of the city churches called Carrington Village. Here our able pastor, Bro. Braithwaite, had made preparations for a real royal welcome. The choir sang beautiful songs and Bro. Braithwaite in most appropriate and touching language gave Bro. Finch, as General Superintendent, a very warm welcome assuring him that the brethren in the West Indies felt it a distinct honor to the West Indian work that our church at home had seen fit to call Bro. Finch, the Superintendent of the West Indies and South America, to be the Superintendent of all our Missionary work throughout the world. Bro. Braithwaite's remarks were timely and withal very touching. At the close of his address we were each presented with a beautiful writing case. In presenting them Bro. Braithwaite said, "This is real leather and we present them to real men." The ladies of the church gave us two pretty handkerchief sachets for our precious wives. Bro. Finch was also given two lovely bouquets which he was requested to lay on the grave of his departed little Daniel. At the close of this service 25 precious souls knelt at the altar seeking the blessing of holiness.

In the afternoon we visited the Sunday school of this church and found 185 scholars and teachers under the able leadership of Sister Phillie Dummett. God has so signally blessed this Sunday school that one of the classes has to meet out in the yard, and if He continues to pour out His Spirit upon the church and school a larger building will have to be erected to accommodate them.

At night we were greeted with a packed house -- eager hearts ready to listen to the songs in which they joined heartily and hear the message from the prayer of Jesus, "Sanctify them through the truth; thy word is truth." A glorious altar service followed with 30 seekers. It was a wonderful day.

Monday night the revival began at White Park Church, the largest building we have on the island, built by Bro. Geo. Beirnes in 1918. It has a seating capacity of 450. The first night God honored His word and 14 souls came to the altar. The following night there were 31. Wednesday night the tide rose and after the message, without a song and but little urging 59 rushed to the altar. It was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The following night 42 sought the Christ. Friday night 34 came. They yielded their all, said good-bye to this old world and arose with a determination firm and fixed to follow the Lord Jesus Christ to the end of the way.

But what will I say of Sunday? It had been announced that we would hold quarterly meeting on Feb. 25 and invite all the pastors from the country points to

come and bring their people to worship with us. We began the day with a most touching and beautiful baptismal service in the rolling Caribbean Sea. It was evident that God was present as these precious hearts came from the water. One of the candidates was of special interest because three or four years ago she was suspected of being a leper, taken to the lazaretto and confined for nearly three years, surrounded by lepers of all descriptions, many of whom died of that loathsome disease. While there she lost all her property, including house, donkey, cart, etc., but it was discovered that she was not a leper and released. During her stay she was blessedly saved under the ministry of Bro. Ives. For eight months she has had a struggle because people, knowing that she has been in the Leper Asylum for so long, are afraid to have her in their homes and our Missionaries have had to help her.

The first service in the church began at 10:00 A. M., every available seat being taken and many standing. It is impossible to describe this service in detail. The singing, blessed of God, at times rose to a climax of shouting and rejoicing. One of the most touching parts was the ordination of dear Bro. Winter who has spent a number of years in Missionary work in Panama, Puerto Rico, and other places, and is now in charge Of our Six Roads Church. Tears flowed from many eyes as Bro. Finch gave the charge and the different brethren read the scriptures and prayed and God settled down upon us. Bro. Finch then read the Church Covenant and received into fellowship 21 members. Our brother laid special emphasis upon the necessity of our keeping humble, living, dressing and acting like true Pilgrims. After a time of rejoicing I gave a graphic description of Missionary work in Africa. Although the hour was late and we had been in service for four hours yet the people listened with rapt attention as I tried to tell them what God was doing in the land of their forefathers. An offering was taken and it was touching to see the people march forward with their pennies and three-pences. God is showing us that He is interested in the whole world and that these dear people when their hearts are moved become Missionary at once. The altar call was given and 25 responded. We closed at 3:30 with shouts of victory and notes of triumph, thanking God for one of the greatest services we have ever attended.

The closing service was conducted in true camp meeting style. We had a rousing, wonderful platform meeting. Bro. Finch called on 15 or 18 of our workers, preachers and others who go to the Almshouse and Leper Asylum. They were given three minutes each. How we wish the saints from every quarter could have been there to listen to these wonderful, inspiring messages. Several songs were sung and God was present in a marvelous way and that to bless.

I said at the beginning of this article that this church would seat 450 and that is true, but by a careful count I found at the night service that we had at least 540 people crowded into the church. It was indeed an inspiring service with a great hungry crowd and when the altar call was given 45 came seeking the Lord. Glory to God!

It is true we were tired and wet with perspiration, but felt that God had not failed us and are glad to report that in the last 12 days at least 354 precious souls have bowed at an altar and sought the Lord Jesus. This brings the total number of seekers in the last six weeks to 924, and the end is not yet, praise the Lord! We are convinced more than ever that God is pleased for evangelists to come to these islands and bring stirring messages which build up the Missionaries, encourage the saints and help many precious hearts to find salvation.

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13 -- SUMMARY OF THE BARBADOS CAMPAIGN -- RALPH GOODRICH FINCH

To say that our visit through the West Indies so far has been glorious is putting it mildly. Before reaching the first island we believed that God would bless and give us a great time, and, so far, it has surpassed our expectations. The Missionaries on Saba outdid themselves to make us comfortable. This kept us in good condition to be at our best physically and at our best pushing the revival work. It was victory from the time we reached Saba until we left. The same thing was repeated on the island of Nevis. Each country point received us with open arms and you can see that many were ready to receive Jesus when we tell you that more than 500 knelt at the altar in less than 30 days. We are nosy leaving Barbados after two of the most victorious weeks of our life. Our churches and Sunday schools, including those in the Leper Colony, number 15 on this island. The first week here we visited the country points and to our great joy found every one of them in splendid spiritual condition. Every turn we make we see the results of splendid management of fire-baptized Missionaries and workers. The Martin's Bay, Carrington Village and White Park buildings are a credit to the Pilgrim Holiness Church. God bless those who have given and made it possible for us to have these splendid buildings. The halls at Social Hall, Ellertons, Welchtown, Rices, Massiah Street and Six Roads are small and are not strong enough for the good congregations in these places. We hope and pray that God will make it possible for us to soon have good, strong, roomy churches all over the island. However; as good as the above may be, what pleases us most is to find our workers consecrated and on file for God. Very few complaints have been made and these were easily adjusted. The willingness of our workers to give up, or take on more work has surely touched our hearts. The zeal with which Bro. Ives has labored in Barbados has made us realize that he is God's man in the right place. When some of our workers came to us and offered to double up in their work, thus making it possible for us to open up work on two Or three more islands, has filled us with joy and praise. In looking over last month's report from one of them we find he had visited 164 homes and preached 25 times. No wonder the work is flourishing on the island of Barbados.

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14 -- SOUL-STIRRING SCENES -- CHARLES L. SLATER

Almost two weeks before the ship sailed we booked our passage for second class to British Guyana, but when she came into port we learned that all first and second class cabins were taken. So we must, therefore bought our tickets third-class and went aboard. These cabins are back over the propeller where it is most unpleasant to ride and the odors of the ship are not at all pleasant. The parting at the wharf was very touching as a large number of old and new friends came down to bid us good-bye. The farewells and God-bless-you's came from the bottom of the heart and we shall not soon forget them.

We spent one delightful day on the island of Trinidad with dear Bro. and Sister Rees. It was like an oasis in the desert. Our bodies were refreshed and our souls blessed. That night we sailed out through the Bocas, running up close to the great land of Venezuela and on out into the great Atlantic. After sailing 42 hours we waited from 9:00 A. M. until 2:30 P. M. for the tide to come in so that we could get in over the bar. We sailed nicely for about 20 minutes and then began to plow through the mud, going slower and slower until finally we stuck. The great engines were reversed at once for had we stopped five minutes we would have settled so in the mud that we would have been stuck for hours. I have seen ships stuck here for two days. We backed up a long way and tried it again and went through all right.

We left the ship at 4:30 P. M. and that night had a welcome meeting in the main church on Orange Walk. This building is a credit to the work and speaks, well of the untiring faith and zeal of Bro. Geo. Beirnes, the builder. The Church was crowded full and gave rapt and sympathetic attention while each of the party spoke. After these testimonies 27 raised their hands for prayer, and 12 came to the altar and sought in good earnest for the Lord. A blessed welcome service and forerunner of a great campaign.

Tuesday we hired a Ford and drove out to Golden Grove and found a splendid new church building, a good congregation of saints and many hungry hearts. Six years ago at this place five of us drove out here and under a big tree I blew the cornet and in 15 minutes we had over 300 people who listened very attentively. I made an altar call and 45 sought the Lord. As we were driving away a young man jumped on the running board and said, "Parson, are you coming back again?" I answered him that we would some time. He said, "Oh, I want you to for I gave my heart to Jesus tonight and you know how hard it will be to live right if you do not come and help us." Now, thank God, we have a good work at that place. This time the Lord gave us liberty and when we made the altar call 32 came. I say, praise the Lord!

Wednesday and Thursday nights we spent with Bro. and Sister Carth at Perth and Airy Halls. We had the loan of a car for two days and on our way up we had three punctures and a blow-out, all in the same tire. Bro. Finch and Bro. Schoombie found another car and went ahead leaving Bro. Thornton and myself to fix the tire. When we reached the church we found a good crowd and again we had the altar full

of seekers. What a change I find in the church building compared to what it was five years ago. Then I preached in an old thatch church with a dirt floor which was constantly rooted up by the hogs and infested With myriads of insects until I preached standing an one foot while I rubbed my ankles with the other and scratched with both hands. But now there is a splendidly built church which is nicely painted, nice, clean floor raised 4 feet off the ground. Bro. Schoombie has done well in building this and one at Airy Hall which is not yet painted.

We went out to find that tire flat again, but we Pound a man who would sleep in the car while we walked a mile or more to lay our tired bodies down to rest. How different from the last time I slept near here. I mean I tried to sleep for I had to fight mosquitoes, sand flies and fleas all night. I finally arose and wrapping my feet and limbs up in a sheet read holiness papers until daylight. Now I had a good clean, hard bed with a good net which defied those nocturnal pests so well that when I awoke in the morning I found but one mosquito. We spent the day visiting and dedicating babies. That night at Airy Hall we had the church full and a crowded altar. It is a delight to visit these country points and preach to these hungry people. Surely the Lord is working in a wonderful way in British Guyana.

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15 -- AMONG THE MUD HEADS OF BRITISH GUYANA -- RALPH GOODRICH FINCH

Yes, that is the name given to all who are born in this city which is below the sea level several feet at high tide. We left Barbados on a Canadian Mail steamer Friday night after two of the best weeks of our lives. From the day we landed on that wonderful little island (which is the second most thickly populated spot on earth) until we sailed God's mighty power was manifest. We bought third-class tickets; however, God saw our position, touched the chief steward and we were fed in second class and sat on first class deck. This is the first time in my life when we have been first, second and third class passengers all at once, while paying only third class rates. It was nice and clean on the first class deck and we not only sat there during the day, but slept there at night. Sleeping in steamer chairs is not always the most comfortable, but we were thankful for the chairs.

On our way we stopped at St. Vincent where they have been calling for a Missionary for years. Within six weeks we Shall have one of our splendid native Missionaries from Barbados, located on this neglected island.

Between St. Vincent and Grenada we passed Whale Island. Out about 50 yards lay a great whale spouting water 12 feet or more. We are glad we are, not Jonahs else we might not have landed where we did, for there was the Whale and no doubt hungry.

Grenada is a great island, formerly cultivated by English planters, but forsaken after the volcanic eruption and awful earthquake some 25 years ago. Since then it has been managed more or less by the natives as best they could.

After a pleasant day with Bro. and Sister Rees at Trinidad when we were so glad to get off the boat for awhile, we sailed four days to British Guyana and then it looked like we would stick in the mud. some miles from shore before reaching the deck. The great Demarara river is constantly depositing mud in its broad mouth until it is becoming more and more difficult for the great ships to get into the river to anchor. Our boat fairly plowed through several feet of mud and once was stuck and had to back up and try another route; however, we pulled through and found our faithful Missionary, Bro. Schoombie, waving at us as we swung around and slowly sided up to the wharf.

The usual excitement of getting through Customs was soon over and we were hurried to our places of rest. A hasty supper was eaten and then off to the Orange Walk church. Oh, if our readers could only just see and hear one of these welcome meetings. Each place seems to increase in fire and blessing. If saints together can have such times here below, what will heaven be? As we entered the church they arose and sang a beautiful welcome song. Other songs were sung. Then Bro. Tucker prayed as only he can pray, after which Bro. Schoombie welcomed us, from the pulpit. The church members said, "Amen," as he praised God for bringing reinforcements. Different ones then spoke, an altar call was made and the altar filled. Think of it! Just off ship, after sleeping on deck and part of us sick most of the time, and all tired out, will short talks of God's leadings for the altar to fill. Do you see why we love Missionary work? Results at once and constantly. Glory to God forever!!!

Last night we went to Golden Grove 17 miles up the east coast, driving along the shore, but could not see the sea because we were lower than it is, and down behind a great sea wall. Although this wall is strong and well built, there are places where the water rushes over strong enough to wash an automobile off the road. At 7:00 we held an open air meeting. This was Bro. Thornton's first experience with East Indians. As the precious children crowded around, it touched his heart. He whispered, "Bro. Finch, there is the hope of our work in the future." I agreed, but I wonder how we shall ever reach them. Our present forces are overloaded with the native work while these East Indians are about as much neglected as if they were in the heart of India. Oh God, how long?

We marched to the hall which was crowded inside and out. Songs, prayers and short sermons followed and over 30 came to the altar. If we ever felt God it was then. I am convinced that we must have more evangelists. We simply must have them! The Missionaries and pastors are doing their best, but God calls some to be evangelists and we must have them, men and women to stay on the field and hold regular meetings at each station. Wonderful results would be obtained by a two or three

weeks' revival at each station. On this campaign we can only give each country point one night, and a week or less at the central stations. We need evangelists who can stay on an island until a revival is held at each point. With from four to twenty-four churches on an island you can see that it will take several evangelists to cover this District of nine or ten islands and colonies. If as much effort could be put into each church in this district as is put into many of our home churches we would see unbelievable results.

After that wonderful meeting last night we jumped into the Ford. and started home. We were well on our way when we Saw just ahead an alligator five or six feet long. In passing over the road from one swamp to another, the head lights blinded him and he stopped. We were right upon him going at 20 miles an hour, and the Indian boy who was driving turned on the gas and hit him mid board with the left front wheel. As we were about to strike, I wondered if the car would land in the swamp, but Bros. Schoombie and Slater were with me on the rear seat and our weight held the machine right side up, although we received a good jolt as both Wheels passed over his body. I looked back and saw him beating the road with his tail and paving the air; on his back and evidently badly hurt. The boy stopped the car as quick as he could, but we were slow to jump out and go back. Bro. Slater said he would go if he had a flash light, but declared he had no legs to spare. When we backed up the alligator was gone, but doing a lot of splashing in the swamp and we concluded he was wounded badly. If we could get his hide and have it stuffed we could have shown you the first alligator we were mixed up with in South America.

I surely thank God for our Missionaries in the West Indies and South America. Each one is God's very own, whole-souled in the work; no place too hard; one aim in view-the salvation of the lost and sanctification of believers. Each field is so well managed and worked that a revival begins the first service.

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16 -- A DAY WITH THE LEPERS -- CHARLES L SLATER

There are days in each of our lives which stand out on memory's wall. We spent such a one among the lepers of British Guyana. God's Bible School, Cincinnati, had sent Bro. Schoombie funds to give them a Thanksgiving lunch and he had very kindly awaited our arrival to give this unusual treat, something that had never been done by any society in the past.

The preparation of this lunch was no small matter as there were 282 lepers, but with the help of a number of the sisters in the church and other friends we soon had a lot of sandwiches, cake, buns, and candy ready for the Asylum. We arrived at 10:00 A. M. on the day for which these unfortunates had long looked forward, as our faithful workers had told them we were coming and they were to all be ready.

The first hour was spent in visiting the wards. We gladly spoke a word of cheer here, or sang for another, or stopped to pray and encourage these desolate hearts. We saw sights which sickened our hearts. One or two were totally blind and covered with open, running sores. Others have dry leprosy and are minus toes and fingers. One girl of 12 years, her face all covered with cotton, seemed so pleased when I slipped 4 pence (8¢) into her little leprosy covered hand.

The attendants did all they could to help us make it one of the best days the Institution has ever had. They have a splendid new chapel built by the government at a cost of \$9,000. Our Missionaries have the use of this building twice a month on equal grounds with other churches. We began meeting at 11:30 with the large chapel filled. It was indeed a touching sight to look over that large audience and know that each person before you was a leper. We made some music for them with the cornet and organ, then had some special singing. We taught them to sing the chorus of "Get the Glory," and they sang it heartily. Bro. and Sister Thornton testified; Bro. Schoombie, who has been so faithfully visiting this place for five years, read the scripture lesson and gave a touching farewell message (it was not hard to see that they loved their "Parson"). Bro. Finch then brought a message which was listened to attentively, and I made the altar call when 23 came and bowed at the feet of the Savior. There they were, a long altar more than full of hungry souls and we dared not touch one of them. They prayed as simple as children pray and we do believe that our great and blessed, sympathizing Lord heard their cries. May we meet them all in heaven!

A special light lunch was prepared for those in the hospitals as they couldn't eat the meat. We all had part in spreading the lunch on the tables, giving, each two nice sandwiches, a large sweet bun, a big slice of cake and three sticks of candy, with a quart of nice sweet drink. They marched in, took their places and waited, until we sang "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow," and Bro. Finch asked the blessing. This was in the men's ward, the same thing took place in the women's ward. Many of them wept for joy at the kindness of the Missionaries and those who had made this possible. I am sure if you had been with us you would have said, as we did, that this should be repeated every year, and I think I hear you say, Amen.

The Superintendent and doctor stayed with us throughout the whole time and showed in many ways that they enjoyed and appreciated what we were doing for their helpless charges. The doctor is greatly interested in his work and through a new process has been enabled, to kill the germ in many of his cases and they have been dismissed from the Asylum. Oh, what a boon if they could all be healed. The doctor and attendants live on the grounds and are doing a splendid work to relieve and help these lepers. If they make their calling and election sure, we know when they meet their Lord their reward will be abundant. The doctor followed us to the gate and said, "If more people would do what you have done and show the Christian spirit that you have shown, even this colony would not be a bad place to live." The Surgeon General has since written a word of appreciation to Bro. Schoombie thanking him for giving the lunch to the lepers. The lepers were helped,

but the influence of that day on the government will be a help to the Missionaries in the future. Pray for the lepers!

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17 -- BROTHER FINCH DESCRIBES THE DAY WITH THE LEPERS

For two years Bro. Schoombie had been trying to get a little money ahead so he could give the lepers a treat. A short while before we landed he received a check from the trustees of God's Bible School, also permit from the government with notice that he could give the treat Wednesday of the week we were in British Guyana, thus making it possible for us to be there and preach to the lepers, also help distribute the treat.

By 8:00 A. M. we were gliding along the great sea wall toward the Leper Colony, 22 miles up the coast. Thousands of acres of low land is redeemed by this great wall which cost millions of dollars to build. I am told the contractor was an American. It is a strange sight to ride along this wall and see the sea water break and fly into the air, while at places it breaks over strong enough to knock a car off the road

By 11:30 we began the service with the chapel well filled. What a time we had. It would have touched your heart to see the hands (rather stubs of hands) go up for prayer and then see 23 hobble forward and kneel for prayer. After the service we served the tables and saw them hobble in, or wheeled in, while we sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and we left them to enjoy the treat.

The doctor went with us from the time we came until we bade them good-bye at the gate. Just before we left he turned to us and said, "Your treat is great, but the spirit you bring is best. You are demonstrating Christianity indeed."

We saw a marked improvement in the Colony since we were here four years ago. Bros. Schoombie, Harding (who went to heaven two years ago,) and Tucker, have labored here so faithfully that the whole spiritual atmosphere is changed. The inmates used to rush after the attendants at times and cause awful trouble, but since our workers have taken hold, this kind of thing has ceased. The lepers declare they like our meetings best of of all which are held in the colony. We praise God for this and give Him the glory. The disease also seems to be much better. The doctor told us that they had dismissed several cases during the last few months, and all are getting better. One little half-BuckIndian girl 11 years old is the worst case we saw and he declares that she is much better. Her legs were covered with ulcers, but they are now healed, but her face and hands are still awfully raw and ulcerated. He said that he expected more of them to be healed and released. We trust it will be so; however, there is a difference of opinion, so much so that some of the best people we meet declare that these lepers are not cured. Possibly they think because the leper marks remain that the disease is still present; however, it is

possible for the germ to have disappeared. The doctor reminded us that because people have the marks of smallpox they do not still have the disease. Oh, can it not be, after all, that God has let man find a remedy for the dreadful disease, thus answering prayer.

We reached town so tired we wished there were to be no night service, but we must go and do our best. It took all the courage we could get together to get to the church, but when we found the place jammed and many standing, we determined to look to Him who never sleeps nor slumbers. Our mind was so fagged we had a battle to think, but soon the Spirit took charge, fire began to fall and 55 came to the altar. Thus He put His seal on our day's work at the Leper Colony. Glory to God!

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18 -- A GLORIOUS DAY FOR GOD -- CHARLES L. SLATER

Yesterday, March 11, was surely a wonderful day. The beautiful tropical morning seemed to be freighted with the very presence of the Lord. The sun was shining in all his splendor so that by time to go to the service we were perspiring in the shade. We have already told you of the blessed week we have had as we visited the different country points, but the campaign in the main church began this Sunday morning. We were greeted with a splendid company of people who seemed, to be ready for a revival as with open hearts and mouths they listened intently to the Word as Bro. Finch brought the message. His theme was one which he delights to handle, "Perfection." He had no trouble to prove that everybody believes in perfection. For instance, when they buy a hat they want one that is perfect, not one with part of the rim gone; everybody believes in a perfect pound, not a 15-oz. pound; also a perfect yard stick. He soon convinced us all that we did believe in perfection after all; then, why not a perfect heart. As he reasoned, from the word of God, men and women were moved by the Holy Ghost and before he was half through with the message, they began coming to the altar and weeping as they came 32 came without a song.

We visited the Almshouse in the afternoon, and oh, what a service we had! As I look back upon it I cannot help but feel that it was one of the great hours of my life. We had a splendid attendance and how they did join in the singing. Each of the Missionary party gave a testimony of the goodness of the Lord. I brought the message and made an appeal for those who wanted to seek the Lord. It was easy to speak to that crowd -- how they listened as they wiped the tears from their eyes. They came at the altar call, and oh, what a sight! They came, the halt, the maimed, and the blind. Some came who because of swollen, stiffened and diseased joints could not kneel; others led the blind. One came who had only one arm and one leg, others came with their legs swollen with dreadful filaria. It was a sight which would have moved the hardest heart and I know that it touched the compassionate heart of God for they prayed and wept and I believe many found peace with the Lord

out of the 40 seekers. We were there less than an hour, but what an hour! It seems that it paid for the whole trip to South America.

At 7:00 we were back at the main church with a crowd that filled every seat, doors and windows. We had a good song service. Bro. Finch and I sang, "Good-bye Pharoah," to the delight of all present. The writer brought the message after which the altar was filled and we had a good prayer service. When we turned our faces homeward we were tired, for this heat is surely trying, and the least exertion makes one perspire until our clothing is wet. But when we counted that there had been 81 souls at the altar this day we thanked God and decided that we would serve Him forever by His grace.

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19 -- A TRIP TO ESSEQUEBO -- CHARLES L. SLATER

Throughout this entire Missionary Campaign we have tried to visit all of the country points, or at least as many as we possibly could within the limited time we had to spend at each place.

On Friday, March 16, we arose at 5:00 A. M., ate a hurried breakfast, walked a mile to the ferry and at 7:00 A. M. we crossed the big, muddy Demarara river which is a mile wide at the mouth. We boarded a little train and went rocking along for 18 1/2 miles to Pareka. Here we came to the great Essequibo river which is 12 miles wide at this place, the mouth being filled with some large islands. Our little ship had to follow a winding and somewhat treacherous course. At one place we rubbed along on the bottom, but was enabled to get along without any further mishap. After about three hours we landed on the other shore and were confronted with a long line of Fords. They had many prices for cars to Danielstown some 22 miles away. Finally an East Indian said that he would take us up and back for \$6.00 and we climbed into a somewhat dilapidated car. After a good deal of spinning, cranking and sweating he finally decided to jack up the back wheel and then she started. We were swinging nicely down the road from one side to the other when, lo, we had a puncture. The Indian's pump was out of order, but we found that if one of us would hold the hose on the valve we could get a little air into the tire, but in a few miles the tire was flat again. Oh, the sun was so hot, but after a long delay we were started again. Our driver seemed to go to sleep and rounded the curve with a swiftness that caused the rear wheel to skid awfully near to the big ditch that is always on either side of the road, and also caused our hearts to come to our throats. Again the tire went flat. I was really glad it was on the other side from where I sat. If it had been on my side again I would have been to blame for I weigh 204 pounds. After four or five punctures and long hot delays we reached our destination more than two hours late.

Danielstown has about 4,000 people. We went up to the canal that comes down from the big savannahs far up in the country and saw a number of aboriginal

Buck-Indians. A few of them could speak English and I must confess they won our hearts and we wished we could get right into their little dug-out canoes and go back into the interior and preach the Gospel. The men are strong swarthy fellows and the women and girls are sturdily built and of a chocolate color with very smooth skin. They seemed delighted to see us and shook our hands freely. They had come in touch with a Missionary. We thought of the twenty million who are scattered over South America, very few of whom have ever been reached with the Gospel. We were told that once they learn to love you, they will stand by you to the very end. What a field for a host of consecrated Missionaries!

Bro. and Sister Gittins, our faithful Missionaries were delighted to see us and welcome us to their little home. Money had been contributed for a church in Danielstown. We found a substantial building on a piece of ground containing 19 cocconut palm trees and six other fruit trees, the best location in town for sale and one that will suit the needs splendidly and we decided to purchase it for a Mission Hall.

We started for the evening service and stopped on a corner, played the cornet and a large crowd gathered which seemed to increase every moment until we closed. I was privileged, to give the message in the open air and it was a tense 20 minutes. Never did people listen more attentively nor with more respect. We then marched to the hall. I do not know how so many people could get into that little building. It seemed they would break down the sills under the floor. Bro. Schoombie gave a farewell message, as he is returning to the States this summer for a much needed rest. Bro. Finch then gave a searching message on holiness which we doubt not will bear much fruit for eternity. After the service we went out into the road and what a crowd of people had gathered. We believe that this was the largest single crowd we have had on the whole trip. God bless them! We believe that with the more commodious building Bro. and Sister Gittins will do a good work for the Master.

Where we were taken to spend the night we noticed that there was no net, but were assured that there were no mosquitoes. Being very tired we were soon sound asleep and rested for a couple of hours and were awakened by those terrible humming birds of the night -- the mosquitoes. How happy they seemed to be, and why not? They had new blood to feast upon. They and the fleas gave us but very little more sleep that night. Bro. Finch was a picture. He arose, put on all his clothes, wrapped his head in a big towel, leaving but little more than his nose out. Being thin blooded that worked very well for him, but how about myself. I arose and put my underwear over my head and my rain coat over my feet, but was soon in a lather of sweat. I dared not throw off the cover for the night air would give me a cold. There was but one thing to do, that was to arise and dress. I sat in a rocking chair on the porch and walked the road. How long those last two or three hours were! But with prayer and humming some of those precious tunes and fighting mosquitoes the night wore away. At 4:30 Bro. Gittins' pleasant voice sounded in the doorway that it was time to be up and away.

We were soon speeding away in another and better Ford with another and better driver. The trip back home was without mishap save for the drunken diamond diggers who were returning to Georgetown from the diamond fields. We reached Georgetown in a heavy downpour of rain, but were thankful to God that He had counted us worthy of being Missionaries to the needy "beyond."

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20 -- THE LAND OF THE HUMMING BIRD -- CHARLES L. SLATER

We spent two of the most profitable weeks of the whole trip on the mainland of South America in British Guyana where, in the good providence of God, we saw 400 precious souls seeking the Lord. The time of our departure came all too soon. We secured passage on the "Mayaro," but we noticed when on board and they had the hatchways open that we could see clear to the bottom of her hold which meant that we had to go light over the rough sea to Trinidad, indeed she was so light that her red water line was about eight feet out of the water. We literally rolled two nights and a day. However, as soon as we sailed between the famous Robinson Crusoe island, "Tobago," and Trinidad. the sea was quiet and we had a delightful sail along the island of Trinidad. Sometime during the night we passed through the Bocas del Dragon, "The Dragon's Mouth," into the great gulf of Paria, and about 6:30 dropped anchor two miles from the landing jetty of Port of Spain, Trinidad.

Trinidad is the second largest of the British West Indies, called the "Land of the Humming Bird." Just yesterday we took the picture of an immense tree with a spread of 217 feet covered with hundreds of humming birds. The Indians called this place "Iere," which means the "Land of the Humming Bird," but when Columbus discovered this island on July 31, 1498, in coming from the north he noticed three ranges of hills which reminded him of the great Trinity and so named it Trinidad. This is one of the most beautiful of all the islands we have touched. They have here the world famous Pitch Lake and as fine a system of dustless roads as you could find anywhere in the world. The island is 55 miles long and 40 wide. The population in 1921 was 362,780. Of this number 121,407 are East Indians. Port of Spain, the capitol, has a population of 61,581.

Bro. Rees, our Missionary on this island, came off to meet us and we were soon located in the Missionary Home and preparing for the battle, the salvation of precious souls, the object of our coming. The first night we had a good service and a score of seekers.

Bro. Finch was obliged to return to meet with the Missionary Board, but as my work was not done and there were still more fields needing help, I was left to carry on the battle for souls. The Lord gave him a blessed, soulstirring message on Sunday morning, March 25, with 24 seekers at the altar. After prayer and an affectionate good-bye he sailed away. A lonesome feeling crept over me for a night

and a day, but with a fixed heart, I am determined to do my best on the field. It has been a delight to work with Bro. Finch. He is a true yoke-fellow and a delightful brother. God bless him!

The next service we had 15 seekers at the altar praying for salvation and holiness and it was delightful to see that nine of them were grown men. Our forces have been greatly strengthened by the coming of Bro. Schoombie, from Demarara, en route to Barbados for his wife and children and then on to the United States for a much needed rest after their five years in that trying climate. He kindly consented to stay over two weeks and help us push the battle. Bro. Covault, from Venezuela, who had come over to confer with Bro. Finch, also consented to stay over and help us. The four of us, including Bro. Rees, make a good team and we pull well together. Praise the Lord!

On Monday night we drove out to St. Madeleine Village, some 45 miles, where Bro. and Sister Caddel, native workers, are stationed. The Lord' was present to bless and souls knelt at the altar. The 45-mile drive home in the moonlight through large cane fields and past immense cocoa estates was grand and inspiring. It is impossible for me to command words to express the beauty of a clear, moonlit night in the tropics. As we sweep past the great tropical trees with the silvery moonlight sifting softly down through the moss covered branches and then gliding out into the open where the light is so bright that one can easily read a paper or write a letter, it is magnificently beautiful.

Tuesday night we drove to Freeport, 26 miles, where Bro. Hercules and wife have charge. This brother, true to his name, has five fingers and one thumb on each hand and the Lord is using him greatly. We had a large crowd and six came to the altar. Freeport was started when the slaves were set free in 1807. A number of them came to this spot and named it Freeport. It is true they are free, but they use their freedom for aa occasion to the flesh for sin runs wild at this place. However, one of the leaders in the ranks of the devil has been gloriously saved, and has proven a bright and shining light in that place and it is telling on the conduct of the community.

Chaguanos was our meeting place for Wednesday night. Bro. Sandiford is pastor in charge of this work. We have a good church building and a growing work. The people gave a good hearing and 15 came forward, 6 of them being men.

Thursday night, we went to San Juan where there has been a mission looked after from the main church in Port of Spain, but now the Lord has opened the way and a regular worker goes there next week. We held a street meeting with a large audience before we held the service in the hall. The Lord gave us a good time with four seekers.

On Friday we drove out to Arima 22 miles. Here they have just recently rented a larger hall at \$6.00 a month which was badly needed for the crowds had grown so

large they had no place large enough to hold them. This makes the 14th station we now have on this island. We held an open air meeting on the chief corner of this village of over 4,000 people and then marched to the hall. The church was packed to the door with scores standing on the outside. It was to my mind the best service of the week. We had 16 seekers at the altar, including one Chinese and one East Indian.

We have had a good week visiting the country points, but there is room for 50 stations on this one island. Oh, for more faith in God that we may lengthen our cords and strengthen our stakes and keep pace with the Blessed Holy Spirit!

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21 -- FROM VENEZUELA, CUIDAD, BOLIVAR -- CHARLES L. SLATER

Poor, dark Venezuela, the land of need and the land of night. We closed out in Trinidad with victory and 127 souls. Thank God! We drove by motor car 450 miles, and we had grand meetings, and the Lord cheered Bro. and Sister Rees. God bless them! We bought our tickets deck passage. The agent told us to see the purser on the boat and all would be well. We sailed on time. Bro. Covault said it was something wonderful for a Venezuelan boat to leave on time. I approached an officer and asked, What time do you sail, sir? "Me no speaka de Englese," and I said, "Me no speakee de Spanish." I approached a deck hand and said, What time do you sail? He treated me as did the officer, but by signs and wonders, grunts and motions, he understood what I meant and said, "Eight o'clock." Thus I was introduced to Spanish proper, or improper, I hardly know which.

We were soon out in the dark of Arima bay. We fixed our chairs and slept on deck. The rain awakened me so I had to move and the waves beat hard against the ship, but at 4:00 A. M. we entered the beautiful, wonderful, mighty Orinoco. They tell me it has 216 mouths, but only 17 large enough for a ship to enter. Next day about 7:30 they brought us our breakfast on a pan -- some small pieces of meat with good gravy, rice, plantain, biscuits and black coffee. The purser told us later that we could go first-class for \$2.00 and we accepted, thus saving \$20.00 on both tickets. However, the whole trip was interesting. After 36 hours sailing we were in Bro. Covault's home. For dinner we had boiled turtle and turtle gravy, cassava bread and native cheese, no milk for coffee or tea save in the morning.

This is a quaint old Spanish town. Our house has mud walls, cement floor, and thatch roof, one electric light, and all the windows are barred with iron bars. Last night we sang until eleven o'clock. I gave a Bible reading on holiness from the the first book of Thessalonians. How they did drink it in, especially Sister Covault. God bless her. She said, "Oh, how I wish I could have been over in the Trinidad meetings."

This morning we went over to Solidad, just over the river, a village of 2,000 where no Christian work has ever been done until a few months ago when Bro. and Sister Baldwin began meetings in their home. These meetings are now being carried on by the Plymouth Brethren Missionaries.

We hope to start for the interior by three tomorrow and spend 22 days, making the trip in that time. The middle of the day is hot, hot, hot -- more oppressive than any place I have ever been. The Orinoco water does not agree with me, but I am feeling better today than I did yesterday. I am careful that all the water is boiled. I am writing a detailed account of this trip which I will bring home with me.

22 -- THIRTY MILLION HEATHEN WILL DIE THIS YEAR WITHOUT THE GOSPEL

One Going Every Second To Meet God. What Are You Doing For Them? They Will Meet You At The Judgment. No doubt many questions have arisen in your mind concerning the need of the fields, and we will try to answer a few, and trust it will stir your hearts as ours are stirred.

CHINA -- Area, 5,000,000 square miles, more than twice that of the United States. Population about 400,000,000. One preacher to every 75,000. Religions: the ethics or self-righteousness of Confucianism; the idolatry and asceticism of Buddhism and the superstition of Taoism. Yet the main religion of China is Animism -- they imagine the earth, air and water are inhabited by spirits. These they claim must be propitiated by worship and sacrifice. There are 1,704 counties in China proper, of which one-fifth have no reported evangelistic center. One-fourth of China proper still remains unclaimed by any Protestant missionary society. There are whole districts begging for some one to preach the gospel to them. We are praying for a new work to be opened in northern China.

JAPAN -- Area 275,000 square miles. Population 65,000,000. Religions: the principal ones are Shintoism and Buddhism. There is a temple or shrine for idol worship to about every 130 inhabitants. One ordained Protestant minister or missionary to each 100,000 of the population. Many here have given up their idols. Please pray that they may stand true amid the persecution of their friends and loved ones.

INDIA -- Area 1,876,182 square miles. Population, 326,000,000, and equals that of the United States, Canada, Mexico, Central America, South America, and Africa combined. 24,000 die every day without God. 1,000 every hour. Think of it! One preacher to 140,000 of the population. 710,000 towns and villages have no resident missionary or native preacher. Problems -- Caste, idolatry, polygamy, zenana, child marriage, temple prostitution, illiteracy and 90 per cent of the male population and 99 per cent of the female population can neither read nor write. Religions -- The principal ones are Hindu, Mohammedan, Buddhist and Animists. Pray for our missionaries, Bro. and Sister Rassman; Bro. and Sister Meeks and Sister Stearns.

AFRICA -- Area 12,000,000 square miles, nearly as great as the combined area of North America and Europe. Population-171,000,000. One preacher to every 160,000. Problems -- The Mohammedans and Hindus are pushing in their faith. The missionary's influence is hurt by the baleful antagonizing work of white men's effort to exploit the land and its inhabitants, by boring railroad lines into the jungles, and demanding laborers in great gangs. The language must not only be learned, but reduced to writing. The climate through some sections is especially trying. Many more missionaries are needed here. Our Bro. and Sister Rodway, Bro. and Sister Reed, the Reynolds, Sister Cora Allen, and F. T. Fuge and family are now on this field. Please pray for them.

LATIN AMERICA -- consisting of Mexico, Central America, the West Indies and South America is more than 8,000,000 square miles. Population 85,000,000 of which 20,000,000 are native Indians. One preacher to every 227,000 population.

SOUTH AMERICA -- twice the size of Europe, three times the size of China, four times the size of India. Except for the coastal and nearby cities, it is the largest unevangelized region in the world. In Northern Brazil there are seven states with population ranging from that of Maine to that of New Jersey with no foreign missionary. No missionary in French Guyana. On the Pacific coast of Columbia there is only one missionary.

BRITISH GUYANA -- a great neglected colony with hundreds of thousands of inhabitants. Brother and Sister Hiles with six native workers are here. They have six places of worship, about 300 members and are preaching the gospel to thousands, as great numbers here flock to the services. The Bible women visit hundreds in their homes, pray for them and see many healed, converted and sanctified. Pray for these workers.

MEXICO -- there are states with a million population where no foreign missionary works. There are only 200 ordained ministers, both native and foreign to preach the gospel to 15 million people; thus 75,000 souls to one minister. The presidents of at least five countries, Mexico, Guatemala, Argentina, Bolivia and Ecuador, have asked that Protestant mission work be carried on in their countries, so you see these are ripe for mission work. Amen! Let us go forward and possess the land.

WEST INDIES -- Area 92,270 square miles. Population 5,500,000. The West Indies consist of many islands, on many of which no Christian work is being done. On the island of Antigua, where 45,000 of the poorest people exist, we have ten churches, having just finished an excellent new building in the principal city. God is shaking the foundations of this island through the holiness work. Bro. and Sister O. L. King are in charge. They also have BARBUDA, a beautiful little island about 16 miles long and 8 miles wide with 800 people. A hurricane visited the island a few

months ago, blowing down many buildings, among which was our church. We are planning a stone building here.

BARBADOS -- one of the healthiest islands in the West Indies, an evangelistic field. Bro. and Sister Ives are here. Since the winter campaign there has been an increase of 8 churches and 500 members.

TRINIDAD -- Bro. and Sister O. W. Rees, of Indiana, have charge of this great island, where tens of thousands of heathen live. Indians are found here with their dark superstitions, Chinese with their false religions, Spaniards are plentiful, and many mixed races with minds as dark as any human race can be.

Besides these, are many more islands of the sea and other fields, many parts of which are untouched. And upon us who have heard the gospel, rests the responsibility of getting it to our sisters and brothers across the seas who have never even heard that Jesus died to save them. Is it not appalling? Put yourself for one moment into their place, with the darkness, superstitions, and idolatry; with no ray of light, no hope of salvation in this life or without any expectation of heaven beyond. What would you do were you in this condition? Think of the joy it gives us to think of Heaven, how our hearts are encouraged to know that some day we shall see Jesus face to face who has loved us and redeemed us by His Grace. If our people could see these facts as they exist today, they would do more, push harder and pray more earnestly until we see greater results for God along the line of Missions.

Christ's Command is: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Is this only to a select few missionaries who are willing to sacrifice their lives for the heathen, or is it to the whole church? Then, if it is to the whole church, can we excuse ourselves and roll the load on a few? Our Lord said, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." Then are we His friends if we fail to carry out this command? The question is not "Will the heathen be saved without the gospel," but, "Can I be saved if I fail to give them the Gospel."

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23 -- NEEDS IN WEST INDIES AND SOUTH AMERICA

So many enquiries are coming in asking about the needs in the West Indies and South America until we believe it will please God for us to print them that you may pray with us and get them supplied.

\$800 will build a church at Windward, Saba, D. W. I. The natives have already paid for the lot. They also need a folding organ.

\$125 is needed to paint the Brown Hill Church on Nevis, B. W. I. This keeps the ants from eating the building so rapidly as well as protects the nails and iron work from the ravish of salt air.

\$20 will paint the Gingerland, Nevis, church roof. The pastor of this church was saved when a poor servant, healed of an awful disease, has pulled fire from heaven and souls from sin until she now has 300 in Sunday school and often such a crowd on Sunday nights that she has to preach from the front steps in order to reach them.

\$5.50 is also needed to repair this building. The old buggy on Nevis needs new wheels and the Missionaries need \$70.00 for back rents.

\$1,000 will overhaul our main building on Nevis which has been in use for years and can no longer go without repairing and enlarging. It is worth \$3,000, a splendid Tabernacle and Missionary Home.

\$500 lumber and nails. \$25 drains, \$6 each for windows, \$25 cistern, \$80 workmen.

A Ford car for Antigua as the work has grown until the ponies are not able to carry the Missionaries fast enough to accomplish the work.

\$300 more for the demolished church at Barbuda.

\$1,500 for a substantial church at Willikies, Nevis, a growing district. If we had space to tell of the hard fought battles here and what a building will mean you would jump to help and thus establish a work that all hell can't ruin.

100 "Mounting Up" song books for St. Lucia, an island where work is just being opened.

\$300 to clear all the debts on buildings on Barbados. Our work here has jumped in one year from 13 to 24 churches with an increase in membership of over 500.

\$800 will erect a building at Six Roads, Barbados. A lot was given by a native.

\$15 per month will support a splendid young preacher on Barbados.

\$75 for typewriter for Bro. Ives, the one he has now being worn out.

\$100 for repairs on the most used and most needed article on this island of 24 churches, -- the Ford car. Our Missionary would be swamped without the car with the load he now carries. Busy business men can realize what this need means, and we appeal to you.

A folding organ for a Missionary's wife as she sent hers to one of the 24 churches, and all she asks is a folding one to take its place, and she asked for this so timidly that I felt sorry for her. We want this little mother to have an organ as it helps her when tried. She is worth much more. She loves to play and sing when left alone with her family and far from home.

\$20 for a shed to cover the car, Barbados.

\$25 a month on Trinidad for the support of a native preacher.

\$12 a month each for two native Bible women, Trinidad.

\$50 each for two bicycles.

The stations are so scattered that it requires much travel in the old Ford, therefore he appeals for assistance to keep up the repairs and buy gas, Trinidad.

\$500 each for two buildings at country stations.

All these different things are needs and I can assure you that the Missionaries in the West Indies and South America can make \$1.00 go farther than any one I know.

**All for Jesus,
R. G. Finch.**

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THE END