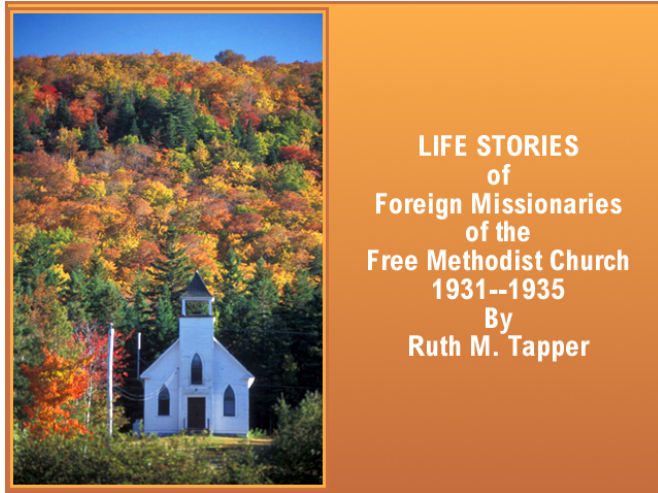


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**LIFE STORIES
By Ruth M. Tapper**

**Life Stories
Of Foreign Missionaries
Of The Free Methodist Church
1931 -- 1935
Supported By The
Young People's Missionary Society**

**Y. P. M. S. Council
Winona Lake, Indiana**

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DEDICATION

Dedicated to my mother, whose stories of Free Methodist missionaries implanted in my child heart a true love for the missions of our church. May these sketches kindle similar flames of love in the hearts of the youth of our church!

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PREFACE

He who gives for a person usually gives more largely than he who gives for a cause. So the young person who gives substance, prayer, or self for a missionary often gives more truly than the one who gives for missions. Out of the intimate, personal touch, love grows. From love genuine giving springs. Hence it is often desirable to supply the personal contact through the printed page that abundant, rich giving by youth may be inspired.

Such is the purpose of this book: to serve the Great Missionary by enlarging the available biographical material about Free Methodist missionaries. We have aimed to introduce primarily to young people the foreign missionaries supported by the Young People's Missionary Society, so far as their own and their friends' responses have made it possible. We have attempted to present these characters not as names nor as models of perfection, but as real persons who live, work, and love in common with us. Their life stories are in no way complete here, for they are, still in the making. To continue these sketches from month to month through reading the current periodicals of the church may be the readers' joy. May these sketches of living personalities inspire the rich gift of love for Christ's ambassadors in other lands!

We wish to acknowledge the invaluable aid rendered by those busy missionaries and their friends who have supplied the data, to those who have read the manuscript critically, and to Him who has given strength and courage. We are grateful.

If from these pages a few living men and women of remote village or distant city shall emerge before the mind's eye of Free Methodist youth, then we shall be happy.

Ruth M. Tapper
Aurora, Illinois,
January 5, 1935

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INTRODUCTION

The highway across the Canadian Rockies west from Banff presents a continually changing picture of majestic beauty. By the roadside, here and there, one sees a signboard with an arrow and the word "Vista." The first time this is met the traveler, curious, takes advantage of the parking space provided, cut out perhaps from forest or from mountainside, and leaving his car follows the arrow some distance off the highway to a hidden spot where he suddenly comes face to face with some scene of surpassing loveliness. It may be a snow peak which dwarfs all the range; a valley full of gorgeous autumn colors, unusual, wholly unexpected; a tremendous waterfall. Thereafter he watches for every "Vista" sign, anticipating something far too fine to miss.

In the ordered progress of each generation youth finds itself watching for indications of the unusual, the rarely beautiful, which might so easily escape its observation. Whoever by any sign calls attention to a life finer than the ordinary, more lovely because more fully given to God, does youth a service. And not youth alone. It is well for all of us to turn aside that we may see the glory of God in human action. Such a service has been rendered by Ruth M. Tapper in her book, "Life Stories."

In the fifty years which have passed since the Free Methodist Church sent out its first missionaries, making itself responsible for their maintenance on the field, a great company of devoted Christian men and women have shared that service, a true apostolic succession. The story of those fifty years is told elsewhere.

In this book we have brief biographies of our active foreign missionaries (of 1931-1935) supported by the Y. P. M. S., these lives as they are lived today, in conditions utterly differing from ours and from each other's, real people. In each life there is something that stands forth unusual, interesting, compelling. It is worth our while to turn aside and look.

The task of making these persons "come alive" for us was no easy one at best. They live on three continents and in two great island areas. They use a multitude of languages. They share alien cultures and civilizations. Yet they speak to our hearts direct.

Then, too, missionaries are incorrigibly modest and it is difficult to extract the simplest personal facts from them. Without the help of parents and friends it would have been next to impossible. If they write about their people, how fluent they are! If about themselves, how sure that nothing they can give will be of interest or of use! Yet Miss Tapper has found a way to make them live. Her feet have never yet left their native soil, but her mind has gone wherever our missionaries live and work. With them she has made the daily round; with them has wept and prayed; with them rejoiced at every victory. She has given us remarkably true pictures.

There has been a strong demand for just such information as is given in this book. Since the Young People's Missionary Society has undertaken to secure the funds for the support of all our missionaries, the dearth of definite information about them has been felt acutely. At the request of the Y. P. M. S. General Superintendent, Lillian B. Griffith, and the Y. P. M. S. Council, Miss Tapper has assembled all these facts and presented these portraits of our missionaries.

It should be said that not all the heroes of the Cross are in definite missionary service. The author of this book, carrying daily responsibility which precludes such service, is no less a missionary than these whose lives she vividly portrays. From the book may the call to high endeavor ring clear.

Helen I. Root

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EVERY YOUTH

Every Youth travels life's road; and, as he walks, he ponders within himself as to what his life work shall be. Companions around him are entering the trades, or the professions, or staying at home on the old farm. Many become carpenters, teachers, doctors, farmers; now and then a favored youth becomes a minister or a missionary. As he walks and as he ponders, he hears a voice so still and small that he alone can hear it saying, "Every Youth, become a teacher, a lawyer, or a farmer, as you will. But as you teach, or plead, or plow, be a missionary for Me !" And Every Youth walks on to his career, with this gentle call ringing in his mind -- Every Youth a missionary!

* * * * *

01 -- THE EXECUTIVE AS MISSIONARY

"Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy, with the laying on of hands of the presbytery Take heed unto thyself, and unto thy doctrine; continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee" (I Timothy 4:14, 16).

The Executive As Missionary

In the year of 1889, when Harrison was president of the United States, and Frederick was king of Denmark, a boy was born in a little sod-house near Wessington on the plains of South Dakota. These fond parents, with the hope that the lad would amount to something and perhaps be a president or a king some day, named him Harrison Frederick. His friends, however, wishing to save him the embarrassment of going through life with such a long title, cut it short, and called him Harry Fred.

Father and Mother Johnson, having left the old country for the new with a determination to begin life over again, and with the courage of real pioneers, laid claim to as much land as the Homestead Act would permit. Soon they built the little sod-house and began breaking up the virgin soil with oxen. Those days were marked by extreme poverty, tremendous blizzards, devastating droughts and raging prairie fires.

Mr. Johnson describes the sod-house as follows:

The wall itself measured two feet thick. The inside was plastered with yellow clay and whitewashed. It was divided into three compartments, a living-room in the east part, which served as dining-room, parlor and bedroom, and kitchen. There was one other bedroom down-stairs, and then the garret. Six strapping boys slept in the garret; I was one of them. The snow sifted over us at night, but we suffered no harm from such exposure to pure air. By the way, we had no electric elevator either in this house, nor any of the rest of modern inconveniences. This was first-rate education in that quality so essential in missionary life; namely, adaptability. This course in preliminary training lasted only twenty years, for after that we had accumulated enough of this world's goods to be able to build a frame house. On the walls of the old sod-house hung the picture of Old Abe Lincoln standing by his chair, with that inexpressible, sad look on his countenance, and also the picture of William Jennings Bryan, who was father's political hero in those days. Two books were ours, Abe Lincoln's "Anecdotes" and the Bible.

Riding along the road one day, and dreaming of life's future possibilities, such as a career in medicine, law or salesmanship, Mr. Johnson came to a distinct fork in the road. One path pointed toward riches and the self-life; but it was dark on that downward path and there was no real future. The other path seemed to lead upwards through self-denial and poverty; but it was light, and the farther up it led the lighter it became until it ended in a sunrise. He deliberately chose the cross,

standing at the fork of the way. That was a momentous decision, a crisis in his life. The subject of this sketch was now nineteen years of age, and had been very thoroughly converted in a little schoolhouse on the hill.

Immediately there came a desire to make more thorough preparation for life's work, and he decided to attend Wessington Springs Seminary. His purpose was to become an efficient preacher.

Then came the period of school life at Wessington Springs Seminary, Greenville College, Universities of Chicago and of Southern California. The development of the spiritual life was always put first. He was always in the prayer-meetings, the class-meetings, and soon joined the Volunteer Band. He liked to play most of the school games, such as tennis and baseball. Before he learned to swim he almost drowned two or three times; but he never gave up until he was able to accomplish that feat. So far as his scholastic record is concerned, he was not as brilliant as some, neither was he found among those of the lower level. He was rather known as one of the plodders, who having set his hands to the plow would not give up the struggle. He was compelled to earn his own way through school. So in securing an education he put Christ first.

In the early days of his Christian life, when he frequently heard the song, "Where He Leads Me," always a deep conviction would come over him that God had a special work for him to do. Entering every open door as time passed, he found this Conviction growing. Finally, in 1921, he and his wife, who had joined him in the meantime, offered themselves to the Missionary Board to be sent anywhere. Mrs. Johnson was Pearl E. Vennard of Wessington Springs, South Dakota. As young people, this couple went through the same high school and college, but were not wedded until their schooling was finished. Mrs. Johnson has always been an outstanding, consistent Christian. She was definitely called to mission work. Almost immediately after their application to the Missionary Board, they were sent to the Dominican Republic. To meet this call they gave up a lucrative pastor-teaching position at Naples, South Dakota.

When they disembarked from the Steamship "Huron," at Puerta Plata, Santo Domingo, they were delighted with the luxuriant tropical vegetation, but more with the generous, likable people. The first seven months were spent in language study, which Mr. Johnson had always enjoyed in school, although he had never studied Spanish. He still remembers his first discourse in Spanish. Having forgotten the prepared one at the half-way point, he referred or tried to refer to the pope with "La Gran Papa de Roma," which means the great Irish potato of Rome. The wrong article had crept in.

At the end of this period he was put in charge of the mission at Santiago, and with the other missionaries began the Bible Training School for men. In his first revival the membership was doubled and a group of fine young men were enrolled as candidates for the ministry. Two years later when the furlough of the

superintendent came due, Mr. Johnson became superintendent of the mission as well as pastor of the Santiago work and principal of the Bible Training School. Later the girls' school was combined with this in the eastern part of Santiago under his leadership.

In the spring of 1931 Mrs. Johnson's health compelled them to return to the homeland. Here he became pastor of the 1510 North Main Street Mexican mission in Los Angeles. Just when he was located and intensely interested in his new Spanish-speaking friends, he heard another call of the church, the call to be her missionary secretary. Now he sits in his office or travels throughout the church; but always he is seeking the best ways and means of extending the Kingdom through the agency of our missions.

From the sod-house of the wide-open spaces in the northwest country to the office that directs our heralds of the Cross around the world is a far cry and a noble cry! The pioneer boy followed where the Master led on and up and out -- ever a missionary. There is no doubt but that his early training, hardship in the pioneer days, training in two of our schools, and ten years on the mission fields, has helped to fit him for his present task.

About fifty years ago a Christian woman connected with a home missionary society in Switzerland discovered a bright little eleven-year-old boy, unsheltered and running wild on the city street. She gained the lad's confidence and pictured so vividly before his eager mind the possibilities of the life open to a righteous young man that the little fellow determined by the grace of God to make his life like that picture. This was young Jules Ryff.

He was sent by kind friends to a farm on the frontier between France and Switzerland, far away from the temptations of the city. He lived there four years and during that time made a public confession of Christ. When he was sixteen years old, he was lured to America by the hope of acquiring wealth, and settled in a Swiss community in Idaho. Wishing to make use of his religious training, he opened a Sunday-school conducted in the French language, which later developed into a preaching appointment.

In the providence of God he moved to another farm in eastern Washington, and there for the first time came in contact with Free Methodists. They were holding a revival meeting at Colville, Washington. On the fourth night he attended the meeting he sought and found Christ as a personal Savior. Soon after, he heard the Holy Spirit saying to him, "It is not the money you earn and give so freely to the needy but yourself I want as a missionary to break the Bread of Life to the souls of men." He responded to this call in "sacred consecration" of his life to God and received Him as his Sanctifier.

In the fall of 1896 Jules Ryff entered Seattle Pacific Seminary, then in its beginning. There he spent four years in study and in blessed fellowship with

teachers and students. After he was graduated, he taught school; then, thinking he might be a medical missionary, he took part of the pre-medical course at the Washington State University in Seattle.

Among the students in the Seminary was a beautiful young woman named Elizabeth E. Eva, but better known as Lilla. She was born in Cornwall, England, and brought by her parents to this country when she was only two years old. Her father, of precious memory, was a pioneer preacher in that rugged western country. At the age of thirteen Lilla sought God. Her conversion was "clear as the noonday sun." Ever after the sunshine of His presence illuminated her life, soon fully consecrated to His service in mission fields. Her schooling at Seattle Seminary was somewhat broken because of her having to leave school to earn money for her expenses. After graduation she secured a remunerative position as a bookkeeper; but, led by the Holy Spirit, she left this to become the head of the primary department in Seattle Seminary. What she may have lost in salary she gained in receiving a deeper and richer Christian experience than ever before.

Jules Ryff and Lilla Eva were married and offered their lives to the church for work either in India or in Africa. By appointment of the Missionary Board they went to Africa in 1903. After a short stay in Natal they established their home at Germiston near Johannesburg in the Transvaal in the heart of the gold mining country. Within a year Mr. Ryff applied to the Commission of Mines for permission to erect school buildings on the mining claims. Work had already been begun by G. Harry Agnew some years before among the "boys" of the mines, native men far from their homes and segregated in the mining compounds. This work Mr. Ryff took up and greatly extended and developed. To the men who come to these mines from many parts of Africa Mr. Ryff has been a faithful and far-seeing missionary, sending many hundreds back to their homes true disciples of Jesus. He has also greatly furthered the self-support of the native church in arranging for the converts to send substantial gifts back to the churches near their homes.

Besides the natives there are many English-speaking people at Germiston, business men with their families. Mrs. Ryff turned her attention to Christian work among these white people and was remarkably successful in Sunday-schools and other forms of religious activity. The Ryff home was a "house of rest" and a benediction to many travelers as well. To the sorrow of the whole community and the irreparable loss of her family Lilla Ryff passed to her eternal house of rest in 1920.

Mr. Ryff brought his motherless children home and placed them in the care of their grandparents in Seattle. During a furlough, somewhat prolonged on their account, he inspired the church by his able addresses on the missionary work so dear to his heart. After a time he married Miss Ethel Davey, a gifted Canadian young woman who had worked for five years in Natal under the Free Methodist Board and who was then on her first furlough. She became a true mother to Lois, who is now grown and married, and to Frederick, who returned to Africa and is still with his

father there. Mrs. Ethel Ryff has two delightful children of her own now and is busy and very successful in the work among English-speaking people in Germiston. For years she has edited the "Inhambane Tidings" and has given efficient service in translating Sunday-school lessons into the native dialects and in preparing other instruction materials. Recently some of the native men, long located near the mines and converted under other mission influences, have come to us as a church, bringing their families with them. This opens up a whole new field of work for Mrs. Ryff among the women and children of these native homes, a parish limited only by time and strength. This missionary is also greatly interested in temperance work, as it is carried on through the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the Transvaal, and is widely known and loved.

Rev. Jules Ryff is the president of the Provisional Conference for the Transvaal and Portuguese East Africa, and most conscientious in the discharge of his duties there. As a linguist of rare ability, he is in demand for translation work and as an interpreter. He is the official representative of the whole conference with the Portuguese Government. These are the Ryffs of Germiston -- a devoted missionary family.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wagner joined our missionary force in Japan in 1919. Prior to that time they had been working in Japan under another board. The first nine years were spent on the little Island of Awaji in Kobe Bay, where Mr. Wagner was responsible for the evangelization of the entire island. It is a difficult field, for the country people of the interior are very conservative and slow to accept new beliefs, while the shore people are largely made up of fishermen who are equally indifferent to the gospel.

In 1928 the Wagners were transferred to the mainland, where Mr. Wagner was assigned the responsibility of being missionary-in-charge of the Osaka and Banshu (now Kobe) Districts. Since then they have lived in the mission home in Kobe. Since the return on furlough of Rev. and Mrs. Frank Warren in 1933, theirs is the only missionary family on the Japan field. The quiet, unassuming, gentle, modest, humble ways of the Wagners are so much like those of the Japanese people that they work together in a happy fellowship. Mrs. Bodenhamer of Los Angeles, who spent several months in Japan in 1934, says she asked Rev. T. Tsuchiyama if he thought the time would come when American missionaries would not be needed in Japan. In reply he looked up in the face of Mr. Wagner, his own face eloquent with love and confidence, and said: "Oh, we are such pals and love each other so and work with each other so well!"

In addition to his work as superintendent, Mr. Wagner teaches in the Osaka Theological School, assists the district elders in holding quarterly meetings as needed, serves as English secretary of the Japan Conference, while there is a never-ceasing demand for his advice and counsel in matters of business with the different churches, pastors, and workers. Mrs. Wagner is the Board treasurer, one of the conference Sunday-school secretaries, teaches music in the Osaka School

and fills her place as housewife and mother. Not the least among the duties of these quiet, hard-working missionaries are the many calls to meet the steamers at the Kobe docks and greet home-going or returning missionaries of all denominations in order to help them through customs, and entertain them in their home for varying lengths of time. This and more they are always glad to do; for they thoroughly believe in "giving a cup of cold water in his name." Mrs. Wagner's memory book of all the different missionaries and preachers who have been in their home is a most interesting volume.

It may seem to the church at large that what they see and hear of these two faithful missionaries is little; but they have laid a deep foundation of trust and confidence among these people for whom they have labored so faithfully. They are not given to big reports. Their lives and work are largely behind the screens. But God keeps the record. At present they are on their ninth year of continuous service since their last furlough. Quiet, hard-working, loyal missionaries -- such are the Wagners.

In Portuguese East Africa live a quiet couple, Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs. Ever they are at work in the advancement of the kingdom of God among the black people of their field. While friends at home eagerly wait for news of this work, they are hard at work making that news. Mr. Jacobs spent some time in the South Africa area, serving as the missionary-in-charge of the Edwahn school. Then providentially he found God's place for him.

Times were hard for the Inhambane work. It seemed that this valuable field must be given up because of lack of missionaries. Only one was actually in service on the field. But God had a man and his wife ready for the difficult but prosperous field. So it happened that Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs went to Inhambane in 1918. Here their hearts have been poured out in loving service. Here he has become an organizer and administrator.

As he surveyed the field, he looked far beyond that single station at Mabili and realized the unlimited possibilities of the regions just beyond and still farther out. Out of this vision grew his plan for the development and success of this work. Constantly the work grew. Just as constantly his vision grew.

Now in the capacity of district elder he directs the work there in Portuguese East Africa. As fast as possible evangelists are trained and sent to preach where Christian villages have been built up, or they are sent to points to build up such villages. Each of these men is a chief recognized by the government and is responsible to the district government in matters of taxation and labor. Moreover, he is responsible to the church as a local preacher. Over these village-evangelist-chiefs are inspectors, Christian men of larger experience, who go about a circuit of four or five villages, encouraging, inspecting, holding special services. Over all of these native workmen in the Master's vineyard is an ordained deacon, who much like a district elder holds meetings at each point and helps everywhere. However, all

of these native workers are directly under the guidance and inspiration of the elder, Mr. Jacobs. So his task of apportioning just the right responsibility to each of these earnest natives, of personally inspiring each of these his sons in the Lord, of befriending every village and every worker all along that far-flung line of the newly-spreading and growing territory of Inhambane, is prayerfully and quietly carried on as unto the Master. As none of the native workers is ordained, Mr. Jacobs himself holds the communion service at every point in his large district. His is the joy of leading his blacks of that once fever-ridden country into the precious experience of the most sacred of the church's sacraments.

Once a year he gathers together all the preachers, sometimes their wives also, for a holiness convention. These are occasions of great blessing, from which all go back to their hard, poorly-paid work with new enthusiasm and courage.

He must teach the men how to make and burn good brick, or he must instruct them in the cutting and fitting of fine mahogany for doors and window-frames, or he conducts experiments with sand that he may make usable cement, or he supervises building mission property on his district. For these many tasks and numerous unmentioned ones he draws strength and wisdom from that time always found for personal devotion.

He is also the representative of the missionary work with the Portuguese officials, and very difficult situations frequently arise calling for diplomacy of a high order as well as for keen business ability. In all of this he has won the respect of all classes and the ardent loyalty of his African fellowworkers as well as the warm affection of the missionaries throughout the field. Why did we not get better acquainted with this truly great missionary when he was on furlough? He was too busy finding out about drilling wells and furthering his pursuit of language study and so making possible the mighty victory in the new Massinga field. He leaves to others the public presentation of the cause.

Ever at his side labors his wife Ethel. Being unusually gifted as a nurse and having worked with the best of doctors on the field, she is able to give medical aid to hundreds of people in the villages to which she travels with her husband in the evangelistic work. Then, too, she trains the African women to care for their families, to give the sick proper care, and so gives valuable medical help through these native agents. Her coworkers say that she is a host in herself. For any successes in nursing or teaching she gives the glory to Him.

So devoted Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs spare not themselves but press forward valiantly to lead those sheep of Inhambane forward in Christian living. There they are filling the place God kept for them, and in promoting the work which they under God were able to save they find life abundant.

In 1889 with his father, S. E. Mills, little George Mills went to the Dominican Republic. The father who established the work in Santiago which became the Free

Methodist mission was respected and loved by the natives, who called him "El Padre Ingles, The English Father." Today they bestow that same love and loyalty upon the son George, who carries on with his father's tireless energy and consecration.

George, who was the oldest child in the family of eight, attended Chesbrough Seminary in North Chili, New York, graduating in 1907. He returned to the Dominican Republic and found work on some of the plantations. George served as "majordomo" for about two years on the large "finca" of the Belgian Consul, whose Spanish wife was a very close friend of his mother.

Some months later, after the death of his mother in the summer of 1909, George went to the United States to be married to Ruth Lindburg of Jamestown, New York, whom he had met at Chesbrough and who was well acquainted with Mrs. Schlosser and Miss Jones, now of China. Together they returned to Santiago to help care for the home and the younger children. Desirable work, however, was limited; and within a year they moved to Porto Rico, the neighboring island, where he became a teacher in the public schools and later a superintendent of schools of one of the picturesque mountain districts. In 1913 they returned to the United States, expecting to remain. Even before their trunks were unpacked they received a cablegram notifying George of his father's death. They dropped all other plans and left at once for the Dominican Republic. They expected to settle the necessary business matters and return north as soon as possible. A serious revolution broke out in the island shortly after their arrival, however; so a full year passed before they were able to leave, even then after considerable adventure and danger.

For three years, then, Mr. and Mrs. Mills lived in Cleveland, Ohio, and made a home for his two sisters. He taught Spanish in the Spencerian Commercial College. In 1917 he passed civil service examinations for a Federal clerical position. But just before accepting an appointment in Washington, D. C., he received a letter which changed the course of his whole life. Previously Rev. J. S. MacGeary, missionary secretary of the Free Methodist Church, had written asking them to return to the Dominican Republic as missionaries, to assist in building anew the work, which had been badly disrupted during the revolutionary period. Due to the responsibility of caring for his sisters, and for other personal reasons, Mr. Mills felt compelled to refuse, but the secretary wrote again. Mrs. Mills received the letter just as she was preparing to go to town to meet Mr. Mills. She noticed the return address on the letter, surmised its contents, and lifted her heart in prayer that if the Lord wanted them to be missionaries in the Dominican Republic, instead of Africa to which she had felt called in her school days, He would make His will clear to George at that time. She met him at the appointed time, watched prayerfully as he opened and read the letter, and then gladly joined in his decision as he quietly looked up and said, "We will go."

Plans had to be changed again, but the Lord led them very clearly. The necessary physical examinations were undergone and Ruth very successfully

passed through a major operation, which improved her health and eliminated difficulties of long standing. A trip to Chicago to see Mr. MacGeary brought them in contact with President Burritt and resulted in a trip to Greenville, Illinois, to see the college and complete plans for the two sisters to attend school there. In a few months they were "home" again in the Dominican Republic. They have been north on several furloughs or visits since then, but each time the Lord has led them back to that field, even when circumstances seemed for a while to hinder and they themselves thought that they would not be able to continue the work.

Their duties have been varied indeed. Like all missionaries, they have adapted themselves to all forms of service and are expert in many lines. Mr. Mills has served as pastor, evangelist, teacher, principal, translator, writer, printer and editor, as well as carpenter and general caretaker. Mrs. Mills has found herself in the pulpit and often cared for the sick, although her chief work has been in the Sunday-school and among the young people. They must contact the higher classes and those in official position even while they visit the homes of the lowly and minister to their needs. With a bond of love for the people whom they serve which few missionaries are privileged to experience, they are able to instruct and to discipline as well as to comfort and to help. The Dominican people respect and almost reverence them as they often do the foreign missionaries, but they also love them as their own and turn to them as a child to his parents. When one preacher wrote that he could not enter the pulpit, having no shoes, he knew that Mr. Mills would somehow solve the problem, no matter how meagre his own resources. Indeed, the shoes were found. Another native once wrote to tell him that he had nothing to eat. He knew that some provision would be made by his missionary father. Such a wholesome relation between the missionary and those whom he would lead to Christ is a tremendous force in spreading the gospel and portraying the love of the heavenly Father.

Mr. and Mrs. Mills have reared a Dominican girl and have had the joy of seeing her become a graduate nurse in the employ of an American doctor, ministering faithfully and lovingly to her own people as well as being an earnest Christian and member of the church. In their home is Junior Mills, a fine boy of eleven years, a comfort and help to his parents.

Their home is in San Francisco de Macoris, although as superintendent of the mission Mr. Mills travels to the most remote corners of the Cabao valley. They live in the building which formerly was the girls' school, ever busy in the interests of the kingdom. Mr. Mills may often be found during a spare moment with rake, or hoe, or carpenter's tool in his hand; for his hobby is keeping the property in good shape. Day by day these faithful missionaries follow Him who has led them step by step from Jamestown, and from that pioneer missionary home in Santiago to this present one, from which radiates the love and spirit of their Master and to which come many hungry hearts to find the peace and joy which only Christ can give.

Thus the man of much system and the quiet, slender wife radiate the love of Christ to natives all about their humble home in San Francisco de Macoris. Here day after day in various forms of service they continue the glorious task undertaken by Father Mills. The vision splendid of that pioneer is being realized anew in the radiant lives of this missionary family. Ever busy, too busy" to write, but never too busy to serve and to love: that means the Mills family of Macoris.

* * * * *

02 -- THE PIONEER AS MISSIONARY

"I do not boast beyond my limits in a sphere where other men have done the work: my hope rather is that the growth of your faith will allow me to enlarge the range of my appointed sphere and preach the gospel in the lands that lie beyond you, instead of boasting within another's province over work that is already done" (2 Corinthians 10:15-16, Moffatt's translation).

Born in the highlands of Ontario, Canada, J. W. Haley grew up on a farm in another part of the province. School work every day and chores in the morning and the evening were insisted upon by his father. In vacation he had opportunities a plenty for hoeing and harvesting. So numerous, in fact, were they that he preferred school. His chief sports in the winter were skating and hockey. His parents, who were thorough Christians, were instrumental in raising up a church in their neighborhood. Later two carry-meetings were held on their farm. In these services the subject of this sketch and his brother were converted.

Looking back, he does not remember when he first felt the call to Africa. However, the missionary hymns which his father used to sing, especially "Bringing in the Sheaves," moved him. When he was nineteen, as he was harvesting the crop, the call to labor in God's harvest field became dearer. At that time it was not a call to Africa, but a call to do the task at hand, that of influencing the men and women in his own neighborhood. Two years later the call came to assist Rev. W. H. Wilson, a missionary from the West Ontario Conference to the Canadian Northwest. So in 1900 the youth became a pioneer in his own dominion in the work on the "edge of the beyond."

Thus for two years he boarded around and shared the sorrows and the joys of this true class of pilgrims. With these settlers he would drive over unoccupied prairie seventy-five miles to the Saskatchewan River and bring back dry poplar poles for summer fuel. Two days were taken in going, one in cutting the load, and three in coming home. At night they slept out in the open with the mercury at zero. Aside from the contrast in temperature, this pioneering life was not so very different from that long trek into the Belgian Congo which he has lately taken into the edges of the inner beyond of the dark continent. His being just a boy preacher drew crowds and had a lasting effect upon many who stayed to learn and to seek his Savior. Sometimes they thought that he knew only four or five sermons and would

run out; but, when he continued night after night for ten weeks, they knew better. Many a worthy settler has reached the glorious end of his road or is on the way to that end because of the pioneer boy preacher in northwest Canada.

The call to pioneer for God came to him here, not to go merely to the edge of the beyond, but to go to the farther edge of it, to Inhambane. The missionary secretary put an appeal in the paper for a young man to go to Portuguese East Africa. Now this call to Africa was his. Soon he applied and was accepted for service there. In less than three months he found himself hastening halfway across this continent and across the ocean to London to overtake his party of missionaries who had sailed before he even started. By a future missionary companion he was imagined as a large man taking gigantic steps across those lonely regions to the coast.

Shortly after his arrival, he attended his first service in Africa. With a native school-teacher he walked to an outpost, where they sat on logs in the open in a round formation. The men wore shirts with long tails, which were not inside trousers, for trousers were not for these natives then. As soon as the preliminaries were finished, the native evangelist turned to him and said, "They are waiting for words." Then and there began his conscientious search for that contact with the native mind and thought so necessary to winning the black man to the way of the Cross.

Through all the years since that time he has been enjoying the evangelistic work. He thought nothing of walking fifteen or twenty miles a day for weeks and lying down at night on a mat on the floor. But before he lay down he had sat before the fire listening to the banter and chaff of the black company. Sometimes he sang songs to them. Sometimes they told him the wonderful tales of their folklore. This life of roughing it was all forgotten when he could see the people turning to his God.

For many years within his mind has lived a dream of going far into the interior and telling those who had never heard, of doing over in a new field the good work his church had done in South and Portuguese East Africa. In truth, for ten years past he has been motivated by a sense of the great spiritual need of a vast field, two thousand miles from his appointed work in Natal. Strangely enough, this Congo-Nile country is actually the point for which G. Harry Agnew and his party set out in 1888, beyond Lake Tanganyika, in the very heart of Africa.

Incredible obstacles have beset this pioneer. It took years even to gain permission to go and investigate the need and the possibility of our opening a mission there. It took years more to secure permission to enter, and then only on conditions very hard to meet. It took years to pray out the necessary funds even to start. Yet Mr. Haley's faith never faltered. He has pressed on until he stands at the very threshold of this land of his vision and his longing. Unable to secure funds for his family to accompany him, this intrepid missionary pioneer has gone alone to

take possession of the land he feels sure God purposes to give to our church as a fruitful field.

Mrs. Haley is also a true missionary. Of sturdy Canadian Free Methodist stock, she has been a loyal comrade in all her husband's work since their marriage on the field. In later years she has taken special interest in promoting the Africa Woman's Missionary Society. She does not forget to teach them the blessing of giving to missions, too. They are interested deeply enough to pray for the success of Mr. Haley's new venture in the north and are sacrificing to aid in that work. She delights in teaching them also how to sew and to quilt. Mrs. Haley remains with her girls at school in Durban, while her husband enters the new field.

So the pioneer in childhood became the pioneer preacher in young manhood, and finally the pioneer missionary to the Belgian Congo.

Albert E. Haley was a young preacher in the West Ontario Conference. His elder brother, J. W. Haley, had already gone to Africa and, appalled at the magnitude of the task, wrote home about the urgent need for more workers. Albert, reading such a letter, said his heart burned within him "with the love of God for those poor souls in that dark land of sin" and he "felt a longing desire to go and tell them of Jesus and His love." This he confided to his district elder and waited God's providential leadings. That summer, at a camp-meeting, Rev. B. Winger, then the missionary secretary, asked this promising young man whether he did not feel the cross laid upon him to go to Africa. This was the word he was waiting for -- a summons from the church -- and very soon he definitely applied as a missionary for Africa. He was engaged to Miss Matilda Deyo, a devoted Free Methodist girl in Ontario. They both hoped they might be married and go together, but the Board decreed otherwise. Mr. Haley went in January, 1904, and it was almost three years later, December, 1906, that Miss Deyo sailed. They were married in Natal during the succeeding summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Haley have labored in South Africa and in Portuguese East Africa and have seen wonderful progress, particularly in the latter field. Revs. R. J. Jacobs and A. E. Haley went to explore the territory extending west and north from our Inhambane field and were providentially directed to the tract now known as Massinga. There they purchased the property and located the new mission station in the jungle. Here Mr. and Mrs. Haley lived for months in dark, native grass huts, enduring the hardship incidental to pioneering.

First they directed the digging of a well and, after long drilling through solid rock, the thrilling moment came when pure, sweet water was found in abundance, type and promise of the Living Water, still to be found by many thirsty, heathen souls. A comfortable house has been built, and other needed construction is going on. With pictures of loved ones in storage one thousand miles away, and no

moment for thought into the past of their lives, how they begrudge the time this construction work takes, for it hampers the evangelization of this great field.

In any direction they go on the winding bush paths to tell the story of the gospel to those whom they meet; always it is the first time the black man has heard. In the two and one-half years they have been stationed at Massinga they have organized a Sunday-school, a Bible class, a seekers' meeting and prayer-meeting. Away into the regions farther Beyond are our native evangelists, real heroes, and their wives and families who are assisting the Haleys in pushing back the frontiers. Only once have these natives had the privilege of a visit from their missionary in more than two years. Visiting half a hundred stations, teaching Bible study, holding women's meetings and evangelistic services, the missionaries are truly busy. For many of us from now on the names of Albert Haley and Mrs. A. E. Haley will mean strenuous, loyal, loving pioneering in this great new field of Massinga in Portuguese East Africa.

It is a long road those two young Canadian sweethearts have travelled to this home in their middle age in the heart of Africa's dark wilderness; but the God who called them still goes before them.

The story of Grace Allen's life and work is written large upon the lives of natives of South Africa and deep into the hearts of the missionaries there. For forty-six years she has continued that work of pioneering in the dark continent for the Master. At present she is the senior missionary of the Free Methodist Church to that country. One after another of the heralds of the Cross in other lands today received their first interest in missions from the stories of Miss Allen's love for her black girls at Fairview or from the pictures she sent back to the "Tidings" of her work there. Three different fields of labor have been hers since first she went to Africa. First she was stationed in that trying climate, Inhambane. Failing health compelled her to move to Natal, South Africa. At that time she hoped to regain her health and be able to return to the field she had come to love. However, when she was not permitted to do this, she put all of her energies into the work in South Africa. In 1891 she went to Fair View. Here she crept through the low doorways into the heathen huts and told the story of the Cross. Before long, heathen girls who wanted to become Christians ran away from home to her, asking that they might live with her. Others came to escape from some undesirable marriage being forced upon them by their parents. Then later others came because their Christian parents wanted them to have Christian training. So Miss Allen founded the Fair View Girls' School. How eagerly she welcomed these girls into her heart as they all lived on corn meal mush, learned of Jesus and His love, and from experience learned how to keep a Christian home! Together in the school and in the home they lived. She taught and prayed, until finally great revivals broke out among her girls and spread to the countryside around. Those were busy days. Even before the opening of the girls' home and school she had taught the little children, making their first trousers and dresses. The children had become her first army for Christ to break a way into the hearts of the people she met as, walking miles over the hills, she visited kraal

after kraal of raw heathen. Then when she was past sixty years of age the church asked, "Are you willing to take up the work in Pondoland?" To learn a new language and begin a different type of work at such a late day in her life was indeed hard. But loyally and quietly she said to her most intimate missionary coworker in the school, "The voice of the church has ever been the voice of God to me, and I will go." So leaving that missionary to care for her beloved school and home that she had been with since its beginning, she went into a section where no white people but missionaries and a few traders can live and took up the burden of organizing the work of two mission stations and a dozen schools, including a boarding school. The new language and the miles she must walk were forgotten. She was answering the call of the Lord, just as some forty years before she had replied, "Yes, Lord, I will gladly go."

There you might have found her any day during the years just past if you had gone to Africa. Crossing the river on horses and riding up a steep hill on the Pondoland side, you find Miss Allen's covered wagon waiting for you. It is her preaching wagon, has a canvas cover, a cot inside, and other little conveniences so that she may live here when she goes about holding meetings. Then you would ride five miles up to the Greenville Mission Station, to be welcomed by this tall, rather stout lady with white hair, piercing brown eyes, and a small, sweet mouth. As she eagerly welcomes white visitors in her social manner, you would notice her small, ladylike hands and her quick, unhurried movements. Her erect posture bespeaks the good care she has taken of her physique. Yesterday she was at the Critchlow Mission Station thirty miles away. When she rode home in time to hold a business meeting, she found a very serious case to handle. The meeting lasted until midnight, while both her own heart and those of the native workers were broken by the failure of one of their number. Now, after a few hours in bed, she has arisen at dawn to intercede for the fallen brother. Yet, after all this strain, she meets you with rejoicing, for life at Greenville is after all lonely for this lady missionary. Together you would visit about the improvements which Edwaleni boys will make for her in the property. Then the next day you might watch her or even help her put up the Christmas decorations in the church. Her artistic eye can make beauty out of little. Then, too, she will fill little candy bags for the wonder of the native children. She must see to the killing of goats, a sheep, and a pig for the feast tomorrow. Her native helpers will make large quantities of samp. Late at night the weary households will come to bed. The dear senior missionary will be no more exhausted than the younger workers. But before they retire, all of them gather in Miss Allen's room for prayers. Such is a little of her work now in her third African field, the one she entered when she was well past sixty.

Miss Allen has her hobbies. She can make roses grow where others fail. A garden becomes a spot of beauty. How often has she come in from the garden over at Fair View with perspiration streaming down her face and the soft mud of the garden plastered over her clothing from going through the tall, dew-soaked grass into the soft earth to work. She can teach a native boy how to milk a cow without letting the calf feed at the same time. She enjoys raising livestock. It is nothing for a

turkey or an old hen to hang around the door of her office just to hear her coaxing voice. Possibly reading should be included in this list of hobbies, for she has through the years read the most up-to-date books on gardening, nursing, and the like. It is no wonder that she is progressive in her work of extending the kingdom of her Lord. When she finds time she writes stirring articles for the publications of the church. No one but the good Father above can estimate the number of missionaries and the number of sheaves that Miss Allen has garnered in by this method. That she is prayerful is doubtless the secret of all of her success and endurance. Any place is a place of prayer if a problem is to be settled. Many a night was spent in prayer back at Fair View settling the difficult problems.

Miss Allen is the only one of the first missionaries to Africa still on the field. With two furloughs in forty-six years, she has endeared herself to the native people. Indeed, she is unique among missionaries in that she has acquired not only their mannerisms but also their psychological attitudes. They prefer not to eat until noon. She, likewise, the missionaries think, prefers to wait until then. Toward her the natives are tender and free-hearted. They venerate her. To them she is grandmother. Her first going to Pondoland brought great joy to the natives there, for they felt honored to have this mother-missionary for their own.

She lives so near to her Master that when at night after she had traveled many miles on horseback darkness came down and some distance along precipitous native paths was yet to be traversed, she looked to Him in prayer. Veritably a Presence was at her side guiding the horse in the dark, a strong presence, a guardian presence in soldier dress. She did not see Him, but she knew that the angel of the Lord had come to guide His servant home in the night. So He will guide this faithful missionary along the road of life to fuller and fuller usefulness and joy. Senior missionary to Africa, mother-missionary to the Africans, loyal worker in Inhambane, Fair View, and in Pondoland: she is the charming Miss Allen.

Now in her old age she has laid down the strenuous district work in Pondoland and returned to Fair View where her work began so long ago. Thee girls' home is closed but she hopes, still looking forward, to gather women evangelists for Bible study and prayer, training them to carry the message in her stead.

Lucy Hartman spent her childhood and youth in pioneer surroundings. She was the youngest daughter in a fine Christian home in Iowa. School for her was the school of the farmers' children with a long, dusty walk in the warm weather and a freezing cold one in the winter. Then, when she was fourteen years old, she became a real pioneer; for she moved with her family to South Dakota. Here they were among the first settlers. At first when they went to the claim they could look as far as the eye could reach and see nothing but bare prairie; not a building fence or bit of plowed land. Here she helped to haul water on a sled for some distance. Once on their arrival, she helped to hold the tent from blowing away in a high wind. Ever she was ready to hitch up and drive horses to help her father in the farm work. She

milked, knew all about cooking for threshers and harvest hands, raising chickens and hogs, and butchering. What better preparation could she have had for life on the farm station of Africa?

Under the influence of pioneers in our church she was converted. Having been affected deeply by the camp-meeting held by J. W. Dake near her home a year before, she was converted at ten years of age in a camp-meeting directed by Rev. C. E. Harroun. Shortly after this experience he received her into the Free Methodist Church at a tent meeting held in her father's grove. Later, when she was again seeking God, without ever having seen a missionary and without having read missionary literature, she was confronted with the question: Will you go to Africa as a missionary?

Again the question was presented. Both times she answered, "If it is God's will," but thought this might be a test. However, by the time she was twenty-six this call had gradually become more and more real until she realized that it was from God.

By way of preparation for this work she went to Wessington Springs Seminary, then under the direction of pioneer Free Methodist educators. Much of the time she worked in the home of Mother Freeland. Besides working for most of her expenses, she had regular preaching appointments at distant country points. Then at the conclusion of her preparation she became a pioneer missionary in Africa.

Early in her work in Africa she taught in the day school. Then after three o'clock came trips out to the kraals, caring for the home, training servants who knew nothing of methods of work, and making dresses for converts who could not get them in any other way. Sundays were spent holding two or three services in different places with very few evangelists to help. Then after four years Miss Nickel came and took over the school and home duties largely, while Miss Hartman spent most of her time in the saddle, taking bands of native converts right into heathenism and winning new territory for Christ.

Ever since the beginning she has been in charge of the Itemba farm. Now she is responsible for the school, the church, and the farm of over six hundred acres. Also she is treasurer of the mission funds for South Africa. She is in charge of ten preaching places, five Sunday-schools, four day schools, and has 380 members on her circuit. But, "Do not think I am working too hard," she says. She has a good girl to do most of her housework, native teachers for the schools, and native evangelists to do much of the preaching. Most of all, she enjoys visiting in the homes of the people and holding kraal meetings.

Let us imagine that we are visiting her at Itemba one day and watching her work. At five or five-thirty she rises to find a back yard full of people wanting a pass for a cow to leave the farm, a loan of ten shillings to buy food for a hungry

household, a loan to pay the dipping tax, a kraal meeting at a certain place where a woman is sick unto death and lingers only for this meeting to be held, and dozens of other things. Then she eats breakfast and holds prayers with her household, has a session with the farm man over fences, cattle, herd-boys, or something else, probably making a trip to almost any quarter of the farm to outline work and explain how it is to be done. Next in the saddle with a lunch packed along with a Bible and hymnbook in the saddlebags, she goes off over rivers, up and down steep precipices to see that woman who has not been to church for a few Sundays, that other one who was so badly beaten by her husband that she is in bed, still another who is being troubled by the demons, that man who is dying and wants the Lord's Supper and baptism before he passes away. Then she goes to a chapel for a mid-week class-meeting, notes what repairs must be made on that chapel, stops on the way home to arrange with some Christians to have the work donated. At last she reaches home again to find Gigaba the evangelist waiting to give his weekly report on the front porch; then she prays with him, trying to pull him up to greater steadiness. Then after supper she has a long talk with the teacher of the school about spiritual things on the mission. Now she may spend a quiet hour in her homey sitting-room chatting with her guests. That sitting-room is surely one belonging to a pioneer. She herself has planned and made the chairs and davenport from packing boxes. They are attractive, too. Through the whole day she has been at her work in her cheerful, leisurely manner. Now at its close she retires, not to sleep, but just to be alone for a time before she sleeps.

Not only has she been a faithful Christian pioneer at hembra station, but she has also been a victorious one. Let us attend with one of her friends the dedication of the Itonjeni Chapel, a day of truly great victory in her life.

One might remember the early visits down here, the faithful work of Miss Nickel, then the days when Grace Bhengu held on almost alone; then came a blessed evangelist only to be smitten by death just as a revolt to the Area Africa came when half of the members cast off their church vows and joined a native sect which embodied most of the old evil religion mixed with some Christian tenets. Grace Bhengu and a faithful few kept on. The work on the new chapel, already begun, went slowly on for much over a year against fearful odds. Moses Cele came as evangelist, and Miss Hartman with groups of Christians made unnumbered trips the ten miles and back to Itemba over the hills, carrying timbers, iron, all materials for the building. Grace cooked weeks at a time for two native builders, furnishing the food and declaring that her food store was miraculously increased. Now the brick chapel with an iron roof is ready to be dedicated. Three missionaries are with Miss Hartman in the evangelist's hut. Christians color all the hill paths as they swarm to the great service. Hours pass unnoted in the meeting as they listen to the dedicatory sermon and prayer, as they share with their ringing testimonies of victory, as they gather around the altar to pray through their peculiar difficulties. Now they are gone again and Miss Hartman stands with her evangelist in the whitewashed chapel. She stands tall with gray hair and a firm mouth. Her brown eyes shine. With shining eyes the evangelist points to the red smears all around the

white walls, "See, Knosazana, they have been here; the heathen have been here in the house of God." Yes, that is the final triumph; the work of soulwinning is still going on.

This pioneer woman is loved and respected by the natives. Long have they called her "indoda," man, not because she is mannish but because she can do the work of a man. Likewise they have named her "Ikehla," old man with head ring. Such an old man has influence. In the later years they have taken to calling her "Mfundisi"; that is, the name given to a missionary but never to a woman. Over a third of a century she has done the work of a man among them. The loving woman heart of the native women responds to her loving service in words like these:

But of course we know Miss Hartman is the mother of us all, and she will be with us in heaven. Miss Hartman is different; she is our mother.

She enjoys a multitude of activities as in her calm, leisurely way she goes soldiering over the hills about her loved Itemba. You don't need much but your pith helmet, Bible, and hymn book to go marching with her. She sleeps on her army cot or on a mat, if the baggage is delayed, in a native hut. She eats mostly native food cooked for her in the native pots. Such is her life on her trips with her natives to extend the kingdom of God to yet other kraals. Often she may be found mending harness, doctoring sick cows, making dresses for women who come and work in her garden to pay for the first dress they ever own. Or she may be seen pulling teeth, giving out simple remedies, building fence, meeting officials, from the native police to the English magistrates, dealing about chapel sites, or holding business meetings that may last three hours to settle difficulties. At Thanksgiving she holds great meetings for offerings after the harvest. At Christmas she holds large services and at New Year's has a watch-night meeting, after which her people are provided sleeping-room if they come from away.

It is all pioneering: these years from the bare Dakota prairie to the mission farm at Itemba, where she has pushed out on the frontier for her Master ever since she founded the station. What soldiering it has been for a lone white woman many times in this more than a third of a century with one furlough! What loving, loyal campaigning among her hills in South Africa! Best of all, she continues with joy unspeakable and full of glory to tell to black men round of her Lord.

The "Chapel Across the Road" was being dedicated. For over a year Miss Nickel, a tall, thin lady with brown hair, loving, keen, gray eyes, and a firm sweet mouth, had been toiling away to finish the building. She had made innumerable trips, had camped out there on the hill, and even more, had helped in the actual building. Now there was the joyous gathering of Edwaleni Christians from near and far and all of the missionaries who could come, to welcome one more chapel. After the morning service all ate lunch. Then the service of praise and consecration was resumed until evening drove those from far to set out on their journey. We in the homeland can never feel what these dedications mean to the weary, worn

missionary who has been up against seeming impossibilities for over a year, struggling alone to get the "Indhlu Yesonto," house of worship, to stand as a memorial in another heathen community. So alone Miss Nickel has borne the burden. The natives can only follow her plan; they can not lead. The fellow missionaries are each off on similar tasks, also burdened and alone. Now at last it is done. As the natives and whites gather to help rejoice, the tired missionary is more than conqueror, for she has done it and has new courage to build another chapel. Over and over in her more than thirty years of service in Africa Miss Nickel has gone into a new heathen community and thus built a chapel.

From earliest childhood on the farm in Kansas Margaret Nickel wanted to be good. When she was six or seven years old she felt in a meeting held in her home as though she were very bad. Such a longing to be good filled her heart that after the meeting she slipped outside, went alone behind the house, and wept. There her sister found her at dinner time. When she was asked, "What is the matter?" the child replied, "I want to be good."

A little later, with her family, she moved to Fairfield, Iowa. There still she possessed this desire. When she would make a wish, as children do, she now believes that every wish was really a sincere prayer to be good. Still she did not know how to satisfy this desire.

Soon she went to the altar and believed she was saved but had trouble in becoming settled. A little later her family moved to California. When she was fourteen years old, she found such peace that she knew she was saved. At eighteen years of age she was clearly sanctified. All through her childhood and youth she enjoyed a very close companionship with her father, who taught her strict obedience and gave her a real desire to be a genuine Christian.

Many incidents spread over some time led her to become a missionary. Early in her study of geography she thought of being one. About this time she read an article in the "Free Methodist" written by Grace Allen about her trip to Mrs. Lincoln when she died. This picture of sorrow and love on the mission field took strange hold of her. Then she read the life of Mrs. Kelley, another missionary to Africa. As she thought that the Free Methodist Church would be the most direct way to the mission field, she joined it. When she was calling on people during a revival meeting in her home church, she was asked by a friend, "Is God not calling you to be a missionary?" Her reply was simply, "I should be willing to go if He should call me." Such thought would not be put from her mind. At last she asked her father, "Would you be willing for me to go to a foreign country if God called me?" He replied, "You can not go single, with no one to care for you." Consequently she planned to take nurses' training. When the call became more definite, she asked as a test that it be revealed to some one else. Sure enough, soon after that at the close of a meeting, Rev. C. B. Ebey, with whom she had worked in revival meetings, said to her, "Is God not calling you?" Her test had been answered. Once she had reached a decision, she prepared to continue her schooling, attending the

University of Southern California and Wessington Springs Seminary. From here she was called home to Los Angeles by the serious illness of her mother. Although her mother improved, still her condition was such that Miss Nickel felt obliged to delay her going to the field, to care for her. After her mother's death, in spite of the fact that her sisters felt they needed her and her father would be left alone by her going, she felt that the call of God and of the church was upon her to go to Africa. By this time her father was perfectly willing and encouraged her to go. "So this is how I came to be a missionary, because God called me," she says.

Then began those more than thirty years -- more than half of her life -- in Africa. When she first landed in the dark continent, she was sent to be with Miss Hartman, who met her with a two-wheeled cart and took her upcountry to Ebenezer. As these two lone women rode along in this little cart pulled by a horse and night began to settle down, she heard the heathen men yelling and was almost afraid. But He who said, "Lo, I am with you," took care of her. Miss Hartman, who had been in Africa four years then, helped her much in those early days when she was struggling with the Zulu language.

After Miss Nickel had been in Africa two or three months, she began to assist Miss Hartman in the school. First Miss Nickel wrote out a prayer in Zulu and committed it to memory so that she could pray in school in the children's own language. Soon she went as far as she could in Zulu and finished in English. At first Miss Hartman stayed with her, then merely opened the school and left to come back in time to dismiss the pupils. Before long she left Miss Nickel to teach alone.

Since those early days with the struggles to learn the Zulu language she has served on every station except two of the newer ones and has learned the Sheetswa, as well as to understand the Chopi and Gitonga. Even in the first few months of her work in this foreign land she helped Miss Hartman to build a chapel.

Such a long life on the new stations in a foreign land is bound to be full of interesting incidents. This woman has been a true pioneer. Once she was going to spend the day in work at the other end of the mission field. But first she had dozens of little things to settle for her numerous household. By the way, she always had a house full of bad boys and girls to mother. At last, after endless delays, which made no impression whatever on her placidity, she came in and dressed in her riding habit. Then she called to her kitchen girl for her lunch to put in the saddle-bags. As the girl had forgotten to prepare any Miss Nickel wrapped up two cold soda biscuits each with a piece of butter in the center and went on some dozen miles over the hills to Emtini outstation to look after repairs there and hold a meeting, then to return about half of the distance toward Edwaleni and put in the rest of the day looking after the building of a chapel there and holding the midweek class-meeting. About ten at night she arrived riding Jabulani, her famous horse.

We have been warned by one who knows her well that a typical day of work for Miss Nickel would put any one of our readers to bed. She rises early, at five

probably, has a little quiet time, then gathers her heterogeneous family of bad boys and girls around while she prays with them and deals out food for the day, gives out tasks, disciplines, and then meets all who have come in from the mission station on business. At last, by force, she gathers herself up and starts off on Jabulani for the day's work. That work is likely to take her ten miles or more to hold chapel and kraal meetings and to erect and repair buildings. After such a day, when she arrives home at night she meets her family again in all stages of obedience and disobedience and takes command. Of course her day is never complete without pulling some teeth and treating sick people. Such is a typical day. In her life there is no such thing as leisure time. From the Source of life she hourly draws strength for this unusual amount of work.

Living in her little hut right out among the people, when her health would not permit her traveling on her mule amid the tall, wet grass morning after morning, she spent one year of testing, victory, and seeing God work. Again she was down with fever and in the hospital in Durban not expected to live, but her prayer to be spared to help save the work in Inhambane in its struggles was answered. Again with blood poisoning developing from a scratch on her hand, exposed when she nursed a native, she was so tired and sick that she wanted to go home. But God spared her life, and she has carried on. Once when all of the other Inhambane missionaries were forced to leave for Natal by their failing health, the elder wrote her, "Do not remain there alone, but come along." Then there were letters of pleading sent to the elder and prayers of agony sent to the throne that she be allowed to stay to save the work there. What if the heat was so intense that the feet of the native carriers were blistered from the sand! What if it was not really safe for one lone woman, and many had complained that for two to stay there alone was cruel? What if many lepers went at large as they pleased and lived right in with the rest of the family? It was enough just to see the crowds of black-skinned people listening to the story and to be able to lead many to the Christ she loved. At last she prevailed so far as to be permitted to stay at the Methodist Episcopal Mission a few miles away and take care of the work in a measure. So through her faithfulness about fifty stations were spared to our work.

Miss Nickel is now on her second furlough in more than thirty years. Painstakingly she wrote by hand fifty-eight pages to furnish material for this book and apologized because it took her some months to complete it with teaching, preparing the lessons for the children, looking after the church work and her own work in the house, and all that comes along that must not be neglected. At the close of these pages that literally breathe self-forgetfulness she says she would like to say to the young people of our church, "Be sure you really find God." Then she rejoices because she persevered until she was satisfied.

Considering the amount of work that she has accomplished in these most difficult places, we do not wonder that the natives have named her for her quick, methodical movements of a nurse with the Zulu word for "flitting." Truly she is a pioneer.

In the village of Wun, Berar, India, lives the senior missionary of those sent by the Free Methodist Church to that land. For over thirty years, much of the time the only white person in the village, Effie L. Southworth has lived in the land of brown people. She and her two native helpers are responsible for carrying the gospel story to the people of this whole "taluka" (county). Many of the people in the surrounding villages hear of Jesus once a year when she and her helpers go out touring during the cold season. Since most of these people can not read, they hear the gospel only once in a whole year from the lips of these missionaries. Many others live in villages where no missionary has yet come and they may never hear. In the midst of such a needy people she pours out her life and love.

Because her father was a minister, she spent her early life moving from place to place in New York and Pennsylvania. Growing to young womanhood, she enjoyed school, was especially fond of music and dreamed of becoming a music teacher, read much and particularly enjoyed reading biography; but most of all, it seems, she delighted in doing housework. All of these interests she has been able to put to good use on the field where she has trained many girls.

After the death of her mother when she was still young, she went to live with relatives and consequently attended A. M. Chesbrough Seminary. Previously she had been educated in the public schools and at Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia, when Professor and Mrs. Beers were in charge of the school. At North Chili, New York, she so made her way into the affections of all, both students and teachers, that one of her teachers of those days calls her "one of our own," and adds that she was graduated with the love and confidence of all. After her graduation here, she returned to her father in Kansas.

Up to the last year of her high school work, her ambitions included becoming a music teacher, having a beautiful home, and being wealthy. However, that year as she listened to an address by Celia Ferris, she heard the definite call to India. Being very quiet, she feared to mention a thing so sacred and to her, who was always conscious of her apparent unfitness, a thing so preposterous. Still, the Omnipotent helps even these quiet people in the telling of the good news, for such it was to this devoted, loving girl. So He whispered the news to another, who queried of the girl one day, "Do you not feel a call to India?" Then she could but answer that God had spoken. Later when her cherished plans for life and home in this country were thwarted, the conviction that she must go to India was deepened. From this time on all former aspirations gave place to the one great controlling ambition to become a missionary to India, pleasing to her Christ.

The result was that she wrote to the missionary secretary to apply for an appointment to India. Back came the answer that she would probably have to wait several years to be sent out, as there were several on the waiting list. Then it was that her good father, whom she had almost idealized, asked her how she felt about her call by that time. Simply but earnestly she replied that she expected to go in a

year's time. So sure had she been of the voice of the Lord. In a year's time she was off to the land of caste. Back East in dear old Chesbrough teachers and students helped her to sew and pack. Their own young woman was leaving them for a land that was famine-ridden.

Having arrived in India, she was at home in this strange land the very first night she spent in her home in India, and again she was assured by the divine Comforter that she was just where He wanted her to be. In the more than thirty years since that night, with just two furloughs, which her health demanded, she has continued there, blissfully satisfied that this is her place. Because she arrived in the midst of the famine, she had no time to learn the language before she began her work, as missionaries do today.

Instead, she began to work at once with the poor little emaciated girls and talked to the children with her hands. Looking at the poor little waifs with those terrible famine sore mouths, awakened within her an even deeper love for India and its people.

That love is expressed whenever she writes or speaks. When her father died she declared, "Now I do not care if I never come to America again." Recently speaking of her work she said:

When I'm here in the dispensary, I wish I might have studied medicine and been a doctor so that I could help the people more. I delight to alleviate their sufferings; but when I'm teaching a class, I say, "Was there ever anything more enjoyable than imparting knowledge?" When I'm telling people of Jesus and His love and power and I see their faces light up with a new light, then I feel as if telling the "old story" is the only thing that is worth while after all. My! I love it all. I think I can not say which part of my work I like most.

This attitude and her long years in India have indeed fitted her for a service of high order. As years pass, her usefulness is greatly increased. There is a growing reverence on the part of the people of India with every added year.

Once when she was struggling with the language, she felt the work was useless. Now she had mastered the alphabet of fifty-one letters and was trying to learn the hundreds of combinations. With all of this effort, she was nevertheless shut out of the service she was most eager to render. Could she ever learn this language? Just then she remembered the One who had called her and given her a home in India; and, turning to Him, she was assured that He would give strength and courage to learn the language, even if He did not give a royal road to it.

Looking back over the years of service in this land where missions are unusually difficult, she is encouraged by the memories of earlier days. For many years she was in charge of the girls' orphanage at Yeotmal. In the earlier part of her work there, one noon, utterly exhausted with the duties and with the heat, she had

thrown herself on the couch in her room that overlooked the Girls' Orphanage compound. She was hoping for a few minutes' sleep. The door into their quarters stood wide open, for she knew there was a restless spirit among them. For days she had hardly dared to close her eyes, for fear that some of them would run away.

When she had lain quietly with her eyes closed perhaps fifteen minutes, she was aroused as some one rushed to the door and announced, "Auntie, eight of the girls are missing." She sprang to her feet and by a hurried search convinced herself that they were really gone. Sending people in different directions, she took the oxen and "tonga" and started in another direction to search. They would not be safe if they were left to wander all night. From village to village she went. Sometimes they had gone through an hour before; sometimes they had not been seen.

Finally about six o'clock in the evening she found four of the culprits in a large jawari field somewhat like a corn field. All night until two o'clock in the morning the search continued for the other four, but in vain. However, they were found the next morning. Our lady missionary had the unpleasant task of disciplining the culprits. How she did it, she has not said. But now she looks over the people in the Christian communities and remembering the sleepless night and the earnest prayers for those eight wayward girls, she is made to rejoice at the eight fine women, who are her associates in the work of the Kingdom. Now all of them are married and have six to eight children each. Two of them have been teachers in the government schools for years. Two are teachers in the mission schools of the Free Methodist Church. Three are among the finest Bible women. The other one has now finished her course and has been called home. Thinking of these and others she has been able to help, she is happy.

Her daily routine in her mission home at Wun now, it would appear, is largely made up of interruptions. But system or interruption, it is all work for the Master and is done in that spirit. Perhaps we may follow her through some of the interruptions of one day. Before breakfast is finished, a very influential lady of the town calls, bringing her servant and the material for a cake. Will the missionary teach her how to bake a cake? Cheerfully the cake is made and baked in Miss Southworth's little oil stove. Then the missionary serves tea, visits with the guest, sells her a New Testament, and finally bids her good-bye at about two-thirty. If this is on Friday or Saturday, she has two preparation classes, one for the Sunday-school teachers, and one for the workers in the native church. Often the patients crowd in, so that instead of leaving the dispensary around eleven she can not leave until about two o'clock.

During the cold season, with a native helper or two, she always goes touring from village to village, camping in some one day, in others for a longer time. Often they travel along in their little two-wheeled "ringi" and stop to camp wherever night overtakes them. Almost always, as they drive into a village, they are eagerly watching for some one who has once heard the story from them, but who has not yet accepted the way of Jesus. Will the poor old man who was interested still be

alive? Will the boy whose parents opposed him be here ready for baptism? Will those women understand this time? Then again they are approaching a village to which they have never come. So far as they know no messenger of the Cross has ever come here to these people, for whom the Savior died. How her heart ascends in prayer for wisdom to make the way of life plain to these who can not well understand! Then again when she comes into a village and sees a brightened eye in the crowd as she tells the same old story of Jesus and later hears from the lips of that man, "We know that story. One of our village once met a lady, who told him that same story; and he told us all he knew. Will you tell us more?" How her heart leaps up!

Thus she continues, evangelist, teacher, not a doctor, but one who while waiting for the doctor that India needs does all she can to relieve the suffering of brown men and women, boys and girls. Whatever she does, she serves gladly and systematically in tile name of the One who called her and then gave her a home in India. In the shadow of the cross she finds glory.

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03 -- THE WORKER AS MISSIONARY

"See, I have called by name Bezaleel . . . and I have filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship" (Exodus 31:2-3).

Frank Adamson was born in a little two-room house, half dugout and half sod, a few miles from Oxford, Nebraska. He is the youngest of four children. His earliest recollections are of the four children being taken to Sunday-school and church every Sunday in a big lumber wagon. When he was about five years of age, he attended the first missionary meeting that he remembers. At this time Clara Leffingwell spoke.

All of his life he has wanted to be good, to be a Christian. Twice during his childhood he was definitely converted at camp-meetings, but was unable to stand. Finally during his school life at McPherson, Kansas, in Central Academy and College, after a long struggle, he definitely receipted the presence of his Savior into his heart.

His education was received in various public schools, in Evansville Seminary, at Central Academy and College, and at Mechanics Institute, Rochester, New York. Always he financed his own education. At Evansville he worked in a hotel for his meals and slept in the dormitory. At least three summers he worked in the Texas wheat-fields. While he was at Mechanics Institute, he worked in a home for his board and room. Then later he received a scholarship which furnished his tuition.

He tells one interesting incident of his school days. From the very first he had been taught to give one-tenth of all he earned. During the days when he was struggling to pay his way through school he felt that he could not spare the tenth. Then, as he came to the close of his first semester in Rochester, he was almost out of funds and had no idea what could be done to make the budget balance for his next semester. Thinking of the unpaid tithe, he remembered that a man owed him the price of an old Ford automobile, an amount approximately equal to the tithe he had not paid. Solemnly he promised the Lord that if the man paid the bill, he would pay his back tithe. Then the student prayed that if it was the divine will he should be granted a scholarship. This last prayer was answered before the tithe had been paid.

Again during vacations here in Rochester he worked for a manufacturing company. His scholarship was renewed twice. By doing the tasks that came to him to do, and with teaching school half time, he was able to finish his education without going into debt.

By the time he had been graduated from the Mechanics Institute, he had felt a call to Africa. It had come back in McPherson as he listened to the addresses of Mr. Rice, the missionary for years associated with the boys' school at Edwaleni. Then consulting this experienced missionary, he was advised to take work in mechanics to prepare him for the same kind of work Mr. Rice was doing at Edwaleni. At first his future wife had not felt the same way. But in a short time as she listened to another address by Mr. Rice, she, too, received a definite call to Africa. So at the conclusion of the schooling in the Mechanics Institute, upon the advice of the missionary secretary, they attended Greenville College together.

One day at the close of their first semester in Greenville they met the missionary secretary, who asked, "Do you still want to go to Africa?" Want to? Of course they did. Had he not been sacrificing these years to fit himself to do efficient work in the Industrial School? The result was that they were appointed to Edwaleni to work in the Industrial School to take the place of Mr. Rice when he came home on his next furlough. With joy they sailed in company with Dr. and Mrs. Backenstoe on their return from furlough. Three months were spent in acquiring a working usage of the Zulu language. Then they began their service proper at the school that has become like home to them.

In the Industrial School for Boys at Edwaleni they are teaching the boys seven courses in practical work, that these lads may be fitted to earn their own living. Carpentry and cabinet-making, tailoring, motor-mechanics, leather work, tanning, blacksmithing, and wagon-making are in the list. How he loves to supervise the native teachers who lead the boys into the mystery of making chairs, cupboards, dressers, beds, benches for the native churches, shoes, bags, saddles, harness, men's suits, shirts, trousers, overalls, coveralls, wagons, carts, wheelbarrows, and all kinds of iron repairs! In tannery they learn to tan ox-hides, cow-hides, python skins, iguana skins, buck skins, and many wild animal skins. In

addition to supervising this instructional work he teaches the theory to some classes and serves as legislator, lawyer, judge, advocate, peacemaker, doctor, preacher and what not!

All of their work is unto the Master. But especially do they enjoy going out to hold meetings among the raw heathen in the kraals. Thus to us Edwaleni with its Industrial School for the boys means the Adamsons and the Rices.

Since the return of the Rices to Edwaleni Mr. and Mrs. Adamson have been sent to take charge of the work in Pondoland, thus relieving Grace Allen of its heavy responsibilities. In a new field many new problems await them. Their knowledge of the language, acquaintance with the people, and all the Edwaleni experiences fit them for success in Pondoland.

Caroline Coffee was the child of pioneer Free Methodist ancestry. On her father's side her grandfather was a pioneer minister in our church. On her mother's side her grandparents were Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Freeland, among the founders of the church. Not only was her home life religious, but it was also deeply and intensely missionary from the beginning.

When she was four years old her parents moved from South Dakota to Oregon, where she lived until she went to China. On account of much illness in childhood, she was denied the joy of many outdoor activities. However, she was happy with her dolls, flower gardens, out-door playhouses, and especially her reading. Pleasant memories are hers of lunches and "fixins" prepared for her by her mother. Every old lady in the neighborhood became her good friend, for she delighted to exchange slips of plants with all of them. While visiting her older sister once, she read the life of Redfield and was so greatly impressed by his preaching experiences that in her play hours she reenacted the scenes. Out in the woods, amid ferns, she would climb upon a stump, preach, give an altar call, and then quietly slip around, bending down the ferns to indicate their seeking. Thus her missionary inclinations were indicated.

She was educated in the public schools of Portland, Oregon, except for one semester in Seattle Pacific College. Through the years of high school she was characterized by integrity and independence. Always she took her stand in school for the right, and always because of her cheerful disposition was a favorite.

At fifteen years of age she felt a definite call to missionary service, but kept this fact to herself for some little time. Finally, one Sunday afternoon at a camp-meeting she sat in a missionary meeting, of which her mother was the chairman. All through the service God laid it on her heart to arise and state her call. Having never seen a consecration service, she felt she could not do this. Because she was not a strong girl, she feared people would think her call only a childish notion due to the influences of her home. At last she told the Lord as she sat there that she would state her call if some one would call for volunteers. This decision was reached just

as the speaker sat down. At once her mother arose and said, "I feel strangely led to ask for volunteers. I feel there is some one here who should go to the foreign field." Caroline Coffee had promised; so she arose. Her mother burst into tears, the mother who had trained her for such a love for the world as to fit her for such a call and who has probably been her most sympathetic supporter in all the days of preparation and service since then.

During her one semester at Seattle Pacific College, a young man, Locke Silva by name, was attending school there also. He was born in West Virginia of pure English parents, who traced their ancestry to the very early days of Virginia. In his early youth he had moved with his father to a ranch near Seattle. At eighteen years of age he heard his first gospel sermon and gladly responded to the call. Converted then, he has never backslidden. Later, as soon as he heard of holiness, he was sanctified. Always this young man had loved books and longed to be a teacher. However, soon after his conversion he felt a clear call to China. His pastor helped him to borrow money with which to attend Seattle Pacific Seminary to prepare for his life work.

For five years Mr. Silva had worked and turned his money into the home fund, and so at twenty-six was penniless and only just ready for his senior year in high school. When his father was informed of his call to China, he did not care to help his son. So, when Caroline entered the school, Mr. Silva was there firing furnaces, raking lawns, acting as assistant proctor, doing anything to help himself through school. Thus God brought together the girl with a missionary call and the boy rancher with a call to China.

After Caroline returned home to complete her high school work, correspondence between the two followed. Then Mr. Silva, desiring to see Oregon, made a visit, which was followed by several business trips. The business was finally completed in the marriage of Caroline Coffee and Locke Silva.

By this time he had graduated from the Friends College at Newberg, Oregon. Then a little later both of them attended Greenville College, where he worked on his B. D. degree and she on her college work. From those happy days at Greenville they started for China.

So it came about that the girl who wanted to be a teacher and the boy who could have forty acres of land and the stock on them if he would forget his call to China, joined hearts and minds in teaching Chinese to love their Christ.

When they crossed the Pacific Ocean on their first voyage out, they sailed just after the great earthquake into the harbor of what had been Yokohama. Their boat helped to take refugees to cities where supplies were available. Soon after they landed in China they passed through the time of trouble and war, living temporarily in Peitaiho with our missionaries, who had been compelled to flee from Honan.

Now, just outside Chengchow, that city where Clara Leffingwell founded our mission, in a compound just in front of the third-class vice district and near the city dump, they have a veritable sanctuary that they call home. Flowers from the homeland and pets give recreation. Three children bless their home. The cow is a real missionary animal, for her milk helps to keep them well. The compound is named the Sellew Compound because it was through the advice of the late Bishop Sellew that the property was purchased. When Mr. and Mrs. Silva were appointed missionaries in charge it became Mr. Silva's responsibility to plan and superintend the rehabilitation of the entire property. Only those who have been in actual touch with the situation know what a herculean task it proved to be; but the executive ability displayed and the success attained gave a new title to the man who carried it through. They call him, "The Builder."

Here are a few of the things a day is apt to demand of the missionary mother of this home. One can understand very well what her doctor meant when she spoke of taking a rest: "Rest? Yes, but some one's Sally will break her elbow, and you'll run." Morning devotions take the time from five-thirty until the boys wake up. At seven compound prayers demand the attendance of the husband and often of the wife. Breakfast, which is always interrupted, comes at seven-thirty. While the boys play from eight to nine, she gives the woman her daily mending or sewing and consults the cook as to the day's meals. From nine to twelve she usually teaches the boys. In summer she must nap in the afternoon, for some way or other the climate just takes the life out of foreigners. In the winter she does not take time to rest at this hour. Later in the afternoon, while the boys play again, she studies in preparation for classes and meetings, goes calling, writes letters, or entertains guests. These guests are many, for Chengchow is a railroad junction, where many missionaries on their way to or from the interior, change trains. After supper, if there is no meeting, once in a long while this happy family in this home far away have a quiet time together. In addition to all of this they ever care for sick people, settle disputes, go out into the country to preach, and hold the numerous regular services in the compound. Writing in the midst of the sweltering heat one day, they commented thus on their life: "It is not a monotonous life! We love it even though we do get so tired."

God, who heard Mrs. Silva singing, "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go," her favorite, turned the potential teacher into a missionary when He whispered to her that He wanted her to go to China and brought to her another would-be teacher to join her in that blessed sanctuary in Chengchow.

Rev. Benjamin Winget started street meetings in the poor section of a small town where he was then a young pastor. The result was that a little fellow, James Rice, member of a Catholic home, came into vital fellowship with Jesus Christ. From the zealous young minister, on through adolescence, this poor, earnest boy caught the inspiration of the preacher's poured-out life in sacrificial service. That inspiration became a vision of a life willingly made a sacrifice for the lost of Africa.

Although he had little means, he seized every opportunity of study; in fact, he seems to have made his own opportunity sometimes. He attended some of the seminaries of the church and also Greenville College. Here he diligently shoveled coal or cared for the boiler. Whatever task was his was well done, to help with his expenses.

All the time he was preparing himself for service he was attended by that vision born of God of a life given for Africa. It culminated in his applying to the Missionary Board to be appointed to Africa as a teacher in a manual training school for boys. Then he attended Mechanics Institute in Rochester, New York, from which high-grade school he was graduated. In this same institution he learned the tanning industry during a furlough, for he had noticed the great possibilities for this field of work back in Africa. He was also graduated from McPherson College during his second furlough. Thus with material obstacles many, through the years he has plodded earnestly along, to fit himself well for his work in the school dear to his heart.

Shortly after completing his work in Rochester, he married Mabel Kidny. She came from Wisconsin. Her pleasant smile and her stalwart Christian grace which enabled her to stand alone in her family made her, then as now, a choice helper and wife. She studied in Evansville Seminary and in Greenville College, besides taking a course in nursing.

Their marriage was followed by their appointment to Edwaleni Industrial School and their sailing for the land of the little lad's bright vision. There at Edwaleni he has taught black boys to be self-supporting carpenters, tanners, shoemakers, or tailors. There she has nursed and taught the native women how to care for their sick. There they have reared their family of four sons and one daughter. There on Edwaleni farm they buried one of those four boys. Out from that missionary home presided over by two pious parents, almost other-worldly in their affections, the two oldest boys go time and again to meetings in which even they, the children, lead black men to choose the Lord. Best of all is the patient, tactful way in which this teacher has won boys and still other boys for Christ and sent them out to win still others for the Master, even at his bench or his sewing machine.

The Rices are at home at Edwaleni. Husband, father, teacher, to the boys is Mr. Rice. Nurse, mother, friend is she. The vision of the boy has become a reality splendid, not one life, but six, poured out in loving, sacrificial service for the boys of Edwaleni and its country.

When he was a child, Mr. Puffer enjoyed running about the farm of his father, who was a carpenter by trade and so had a good set of tools. All through his youth the boy played with these tools, building railroads, traction engines, and motors that he saw in his fancy. On winter evenings in the home he listened to his father

reading all the good literature of our country and much biography. Also he enjoyed the powerful influence of his gentle mother.

Coming to young manhood, he was converted and seized with a strange conviction that he was called to preach. If he was to preach, he must prepare. The minister under whom he was converted encouraged him to believe that he could prepare even if his parents could not afford to send him to school. So he went to Spring Arbor Seminary, but had to return home to help care for his invalid mother. Later failing to make the education bee sit still, as he expresses it, he bargained with his father to be allowed to raise some sugar beets and use the money from their sale for further schooling. The result was that after five months of backbreaking labor, he harvested his crop, went off to Spring Arbor, and paid his fees, together with two months' board. With fifteen dollars left he consulted the president, Rev. B. J. Vincent, who inquired, "Can you milk cows?" Of course he could. Hadn't he spent most of his life so far doing just that? Did he know what it was to feel the cut of the sharp tail in the face? Well, yes, he would do or suffer anything to get that education to prepare him to serve Jesus better. Then it happened that not by the skin of his teeth but by the milk of many cows he finished high school in the classical course of the seminary. Meanwhile, he had been sanctified and now came to understand this experience as the best way to present his soul clean and spotless as a love gift to Jesus. Then the whole educational career was determined by that question -- how can I best serve Jesus?

Consequently, he started for Greenville College by way of the west coast, where, he had been told, he could earn enough in two years to take him through college. Upon reaching the coast he found a severe depression. However, the Spirit whispered, "Go over to Seattle. There is something good for you there." So he went to Seattle, and found such good things that he never reached Greenville. The first good thing was the B. A. degree secured through work at Seattle Pacific College and at the University of Washington. Incidentally, perhaps, he learned of India through the sociology courses.

Another good thing, of which he is very sure, is his wife, Edna Lawrence, whom he met there. She had spent her first six years on a farm near Batavia, New York. Sunday afternoons she heard her mother read, and they joined in a real worship service, so appealing to her child's heart that it has never been forgotten. Often they went out to a quiet and beautiful spot by the creek. She and the other children would ask simply, "Mama, tell us a story." Then as they combed the mother's hair, they heard some favorite Bible story, like that of David, often acting out the vivid parts. She seemed born with a love for books and study.

Later, after her parents had moved West, she took her high school work at Seattle Seminary. Here she was inspired and deeply interested in missions by the spirit of the school. Although she felt no call to be a missionary, she used to say to her sister that she did not see why young people felt badly when God called them to

the field. Later there had come an idea that possibly a known need and preparation under God's guidance might constitute a call. Consequently, by her senior year in high school she had joined the Volunteer Band. Even then she thought of India as her choice.

Next came a pre-medical course at the State University. She endured sorrow in the loss of her mother at this time and offered to leave school to keep the home; her father replied that he would give her all the education she wanted.

After she received her B. S. degree, she became a teacher in Seattle Pacific College. It was the same year that Mr. Puffer came to this school in his all-pervading endeavor to prepare himself to be a better servant of Jesus. Their acquaintance here resulted in their marriage later. After three years as a teacher, she went to Chicago to take a year of nurses' training in the Illinois Training School for Nurses. It had been her ambition for a long time to become a doctor in her effort to help humanity. But now this training seemed the nearest approach to that. At the same time Mr. Puffer was completing his college work at the University of Washington.

After they were married, he manifested an unusual interest in India. Previous to this he had felt only a call to service but not to definite missionary work in a foreign land, and she having had no striking vision by way of a call had given up the idea of such work and interpreted her marriage as a call to another form of service, that of a minister's wife.

During the years of preparation for the ministry, having a peculiarly vivid impression that a preacher must have some way of making a living, when funds did not come in for his salary, Mr. Puffer planned to be efficient as a building contractor. One summer was spent in a brass foundry, another period of time in an automobile plant, still another in the ship-yards in Seattle. For another whole year he served as secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in Belding, Michigan. Although at the time all of these experiences seemed a wasteful process, yet each one has proved an invaluable aid in his work in India, as he devises implements, or forms cooperative industrial societies, or makes a better fertilizer. The tools that were his delight in boyhood have become his hobby in manhood.

Finally God united and took to India this couple with their similar, yet different, ambitions -- the girl who had ambitions to be a doctor, to help people of all sorts, and even to teach, with the boy, who at various times planned on being a doctor, an engineer, and a preacher. Plans were all laid aside, and talents were transformed into assets for that land of India.

Now, after one furlough, during which time both of them secured their Master's degrees from Columbia University, they pour out their lives as truly good servants of Jesus. How that aim has dominated both of their lives! How it still determines their every step in the development of the brown men and women among whom they work!

Among various missions in India Mr. Puffer is coming to be recognized as a leader in education, industry, and rural uplift. Mrs. Puffer, too, is called to other missions to direct religious education. Perhaps the outstanding work they are doing is the experiment in rural uplift through the farm village of Harajuna. Near this village, which he calls the promised land because it is a dream come true after years of prayer, planning, and work, are six villages, of which Harajuna is the center one. He helps them to raise cotton, juar, or gram, more easily. So he provides every villager an opportunity to make a living. His wife carries on the Sunday-school -- a means of winning the older generation through the children for Christ and a means of illustrating the most practical kind of Christianity. With the help of a nurse they carry on real child welfare and health education. They encourage the raising of goats and chickens, for these villagers suffering from malnutrition need the milk and eggs. They teach side industries such as rug and tape-weaving, which can be carried on in the seasons when the people are not busy in the fields. In Harajuna a good well, where no caste distinctions bar any one, has been dug and is truly a monument to the Christ for whom this village was established. They are introducing a good bull of the Hansi Hissar breed in order to improve the quality of the bullocks and cows. Every week through the bazaar the missionaries, or their native workers, tell to these villagers the old, old story of the God who loves them enough to give them eternal life. The villagers, listening, think of the love that has prompted Mr. and Mrs. Puffer to uplift their rural life. Truly these white men and women have loved and lived among them in the manner of a loving God.

For a time Mr. Puffer acted as principal of Union Training College, in Ahmednager, an institution supported by different denominations. Since then he has been asked to remain in charge there. But he felt that the work of our church at Yeotmal and Harajuna was more important, and that its outlook is the best of any place he knows. So, with love in their hearts and in their deeds, they came back at the end of the year to direct the natives upward socially and spiritually; for Harajuna is nothing if it is not an earnest attempt to lead men to Christ.

The simplicity of farm life in his boyhood has remained with him to this day in India. He even dislikes poetry for its embellishments and lack of straightforwardness. But his whole being is filled with the consciousness that he and his wife are working together with Jesus on a big job.

We who, by mind's eye, behold the work of Mr. and Mrs. Puffer on our oldest mission field, thank God for that time when in Washington University in the sociology classes he learned of India; for that time when she decided that seeing a need and preparing to meet that need might constitute a call. Truly knowledge to both of these became an open door through which the Cross beckoned to the farm village in Central India.

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04 -- THE PREACHER AS MISSIONARY

"Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day: and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem" (Luke 24:46-47).

At noon one day in the vicinity of Wun, India, as a missionary and his wife prepared their lunch on the bank of a beautiful stream of water, a swarm of wild bees, aptly described by the natives as fiery bees, attacked the couple. A very real crisis this was. Such bees sting to death. As calm as a man could be with a live bee in one ear, one stinging under the eyelid, another on the tongue, and scores covering his body, he remembered the cool waters that flowed near by and rushed into them. It was the only possible means of saving his life. After a few days he recovered from the stings which had completely covered his body, and his wife recovered from her seventeen welts. These were none other than Mr. and Mrs. Davis, our missionaries stationed at Wun at that time and touring the country in evangelistic efforts.

The years that had led this couple to this day were long and rough. Both had spent most of their lives back in Los Angeles, California, near the school at Hermon. Together they had played -- the serious, pleasant, round-faced lad with blue eyes and red hair and the sweet little girl with brown eyes and hair who was her mother's cheerful helper. His father, a preacher and teacher in our schools, had been the first president of Los Angeles Seminary. The son had early become familiar with economic rigor, so much so that when he was in kindergarten and was asked by the teacher to bring a spoonful of flour for paste, he gravely replied, "We haven't much flour in the barrel." Far more important was his heritage of a deeply-spiritual ancestry that came to him in this home. The piety of a maternal ancestor whose home was often visited by John Wesley, of other relatives, and of his own father and mother ran in his veins. He always loved nature, watching the garden grow, and wandering in the woods. He remembers a particular camp-meeting in Wisconsin, when he played with other children around a pool of water, looking out beyond the goldenrod to the waters of Lake Michigan. He also enjoyed a summer on his grandmother's farm, pitching hay, cultivating with an old blind horse, driving the cows to pasture, feeding the pigs, and gathering hazelnuts. Then he came west to Hermon, a settlement of a few houses with only a few wooden sidewalks.

Melba Smith, born in Pennsylvania, came as a little girl to Hermon also. Here she played with dolls, hiked over the hills gathering wild flowers, enjoyed active games such as "Run, sheep, run" in the open spaces of the newly-settled town. Here she often walked briskly with her mother, arm in arm, chatting happily with her. She, too, had come from a religious family. Together, Rolland and Melba went to the grades and high school, in the then Hermon Seminary. Then he lost his father; and, being next to the oldest, with his brother he assumed the responsibility of the family of seven children. These boys did janitor work in the school and odd jobs on Saturdays; in vacation they made berry baskets, worked in yards, and did

whatever they could find, with the result that they were able to finish high school. At this time Mr. Davis began to learn plastering at one dollar per day when other boys his age were making exactly twice that. But after two years of working at this trade under the direction of a fine Christian layman he was making five dollars per day, while others were still making two or two-fifty. Not only did this trade pay in a practical way in those earlier years when he was assisting in the support of the family, but it also pays well now that he is in India and often needs it in the erection of mission buildings.

In high school Melba was popular and active. A classmate recalls this interesting incident in her school life. A new girl came to school and at recess stood shy and alone in the hall. Two by two all of the girls strolled about. They were not rude to the new girl, but just thoughtless. Then Melba and her friend passed -- no, came by. Melba locked her arm in the arm of the new girl and the three walked on. The "new girl" told this. Melba Smith, too, worked to help with her school expenses. Her chum of those days, recalling the good influence, mischievous ways, and happy disposition, calls those years with Melba her happiest school memories. Those high school days after her conversion were filled with helping others. Often she, with others of the missionary society, went to the old ladies' home near the school to sing and visit. Together Mr. and Mrs. Davis attended the Hermon church, and of course were literally brought up on missions in the church as well as in the home. What a tribute to that church!

Quite naturally both of them answered the call to India that came to them separately in their youth and unitedly after their marriage. After almost a year's pastorate in California together they sailed for India. The first two years there were spent in language study primarily. They were located at Wun, then stationed at Umbri, where he was in charge of the strenuous but enjoyable building work, taught in the Bible School, and did evangelistic work. When the school was moved to Yeotmal, the Davises moved along with it.

Once more, after a furlough during which Mr. Davis received the 13. D. degree from the University of Southern California, they are at work in the land they love. Three children bring sunshine to their home. The two older ones now attend school one thousand miles from home. Although her mother heart aches to have them so far away, it is a relief for Mrs. Davis not to have to teach them.

If we could go to Yeotmal to spend an ordinary day with this preacher and his wife, we would pass the time somewhat in this way. After the little breakfast, "chota hazri," he teaches school classes from 7:45 to 10:45. At 11:00 is breakfast. Then until 3:00 we find him busy with correspondence, Bible study, rest, odds and ends. And these odds and ends are legion. Then he spends an hour teaching classes, after which he studies, or reads with his Marathi teacher. Then, if other duties do not interfere, he has an hour of recreation from 5:30 to 6:30, usually working in his garden. At the same time his wife usually enjoys one of her hobbies, caring for her

flowers. She calls this the best tonic for tired nerves. The day ends with supper at 6:30 or 7:00 and more study.

If the day were any time from November to April, we would go with this couple out into the villages in evangelistic tours, living in a tent, using the stereopticon lantern at night to teach Bible stories. Or, if it were in May or June, we might go with them out of the unbearable heat of the plains away to the rest home in the Himalaya foot-hills; that is, if the funds have come in according to schedule from home. Even if they have slipped away to rest, they work on, writing letters home, studying the Bible and the difficult language. Or perhaps at some other time we might accompany Mr. Davis in his capacity of district elder as he holds quarterly meetings in the various stations.

With Mrs. Davis we young ladies might go to the homes of the poor Moslem women who still live in seclusion. Ever through busy hours this missionary lady hears the cry of their need. Or with her we might prepare material for the Woman's Missionary Society meetings, for she has been very active in the organization of the missionary society among the Christian women of India. Or we might help her with her sewing for her own family. Again, we might find her giving out medicine or simple remedies to some sick native. She has less of this to do in Yeotmal than formerly in Wun, where she was in charge of the dispensary. In this work her year of nurse's experience is a real help. Again we might find her sorting the vividly-colored pictures from Sunday-school charts sent from America. She is making a life of Christ in pictures. The extra ones and the duplicates she shares with other teachers or keeps for the rewards for twenty Sundays' attendance in the village Sunday-schools held about Yeotmal on every day of the week. Often at any hour of the day when some one calls at the mission bungalow, she may be seen slipping over to the cupboard on one side of the veranda and producing a tiny book, a Gospel, then selling it to her caller.

In odd moments we might catch the husband at his hobby of helpfulness. He delights in rigging up labor-saving devices, such as a solarium he made of an iron box set up in the strong India sunshine to heat water for family use.

The Indian people have taken this couple into their hearts. She being a mother is very close to the common Hindu woman. Once Mr. Davis was testifying in an open-air service and referred to his having been a great sinner. One native, listening and watching the speaker's honest face, interrupted with, "Sahib, what sin did you ever commit?" Another native, a Christian who knew Mr. Davis well, said of him, "Whenever I see Davis Sahib's face, I think of Jesus, for I think He had just such a serene, peaceful countenance as his."

So these two with lips and lives preach the everlasting gospel in a land where fiery bees and the powers of darkness may attack. Indeed, they count it all joy, when in the quiet of a starlit night under the pimpal tree that grows in front of the

grass-roof bungalow in Yeotmal they point an old, grey-haired Hindu woman to their Lord.

Edmund Snyder was born in Apollo, Pennsylvania; and just five days later Clara Zahniser was born in Bradford, Pennsylvania. He was the son of staunch Free Methodist parents, who trained their children thoroughly in the observance of the Sabbath, the habit of family prayer, the necessity of tithing, and the practice of being present at all religious services. She likewise was blessed with the finest heritage of Free Methodism. When an early Free Methodist minister came into Forest County, Pennsylvania, to hold revival meetings, a big, six-foot, raw-boned farmer-boy and lumber-worker was among his many converts. Like most of the early converts, he at once felt it his duty to spread the gospel. Not long afterwards four brothers were converted. All of these five Zahniser brothers were soon in the ministry, two of whom are still carrying on, one of them holding the highest office the church has to give, three having died in the active work, after giving their entire lives and energies to the church. This is the inheritance of Clara Zahniser, daughter of this farmer-boy.

At the age of two years when the doctor had frankly told her father that she must succumb to membranous croup before morning, in answer to his prayer of faith she recovered. About the same time over in Apollo the little Snyder boy in a similar way recovered from just as dangerous a disease in a remarkable way.

As a child and young girl, Clara Zahniser endured the various tests that come crowding in upon the daughters of ministers. Always she wanted to be good, and early gave herself to God. However, her overly conscientious spirit and the trials of the pastor's daughter in church and in changing schools very often made progress difficult. But that sincere desire to please Him never entirely departed from her heart. Her sister Grace, who was less than two years younger, her constant associate, was taken from her by death when Clara was about thirteen. This loss affected her deeply and made her very thoughtful and quiet for a long time.

One of her favorite games was playing church. The Junior Missionary Society under a capable leader was a real joy to this little girl. Often she thought of missionaries and how wonderful they were. But surely she could never be good enough to be one. God has been better to her than that early childhood fear, and He has so filled her with the spirit of the Master Himself that she is a real missionary.

She received her schooling in the public schools of different towns of Pennsylvania where she lived, and graduated from the New Brighton High School with an excellent record. The very same month Edmund Snyder graduated from the Apollo High School. As yet neither of these fortunate children of the church had heard of the other.

Always Edmund was interested in making things, taking things apart, and in finding ways to earn a few pennies. All of the money he has ever earned has been

tithed. Because his family was large, it was necessary for the children to help as soon as possible. So early he began working in the summer, doing odd jobs after school, working in various stores, in the mills, on the farm. One summer he worked on the farm for fifty cents per day and two meals. During his high school days, at the age of seventeen, he was converted; but, fearing the call to the ministry, he soon fell by the way. At the close of high school, although he could not enter the University of Pittsburgh Dental School, he could paint houses to earn money with which to continue his education. Eagerly he set to work to become a dentist.

But again two lives were to run in parallel channels and were soon to meet. His parents, seeing his worldly tendencies and desiring above all else, that he become a real Christian, desired that he enter Greenville College. Finally, through the influence of one of his sisters, he did go.

That same fall Clara Zahniser entered Greenville College also. In spite of the fact that the young man from Pennsylvania had been forewarned that this young woman of high ideals and devotion would never look at him, before long, after his conversion, they spent many happy hours hunting wild flowers for botany and cultivating each other's acquaintance. Very soon she had learned that he had been named for her uncle and still carried a silver half dollar presented to the infant by that minister. Then for a short time their ways parted again, as she was called to Pennsylvania by the death of her father. She continued her education and later taught school there. He stayed in Pennsylvania to earn money for the continuation of his schooling.

The outcome was that after she had taught less than two years, he came to Pittsburgh to complete his education in the university there at the same time that he taught general science in one of the high schools. Then in the next Easter vacation, her uncle, now Bishop Zahniser, married them. In less than three years these two young people went to their first circuit. To the little town where, on his way to the humble church, her own father had dropped dead, with brave hearts and a will to shepherd this small flock as well as if their members had been numerous, they began that happy ministry to which he had felt the call. One morning during prayer in a special service, he had heard the Voice speaking, "I want you for my work. Will you go?" This was a call to lay aside his legitimate ambition to become the best kind of a dentist. With his answer, "Yes, Lord, I will," peace had flooded his soul. Soon he had taken several of the subjects in the ministerial course of study. Then had come the real test. The time had come to tell Miss Zahniser of his call to the ministry. Necessarily she must refuse to have him now, for had she not spent her life in the home of a minister? Did she not know all about the path which he must follow? However, better than all his fears was her answer, "All right, I am willing to go with you." With a light heart he had returned to Greenville that fall to continue his preparation for the great harvest field. Now at last he was beginning his ministry, and she was continuing hers of living in the parsonage. Here they traveled back and forth in the Ford, while he continued his teaching in the high school. At the close of three years among the people who became very dear to them, they

were sent to another small circuit near Pittsburgh, where they lived in the parsonage under the church in a community that was not very friendly. That was a real mission field. Not only was there almost no salary, but also he gave generously to the work of the little band of faithful ones from his salary as a teacher.

In the midst of this sincere ministry in a rather hard place they were surprised by a telephone call one Saturday morning. A voice asked how they would like to go to the Dominican Republic to take charge of the school there. As he had been looking forward to a slightly different field of labor, his first impression was to say, "No." Yet remembering that just the previous Wednesday night he had talked to his congregation on reckless faith, and that during the winter months he had publicly expressed a desire to go to the foreign field, he knew that he could not say no, but must consider the matter. A hurried trip to the homes of their respective mothers followed.

For Mrs. Snyder to leave her mother, who now for more than twenty years had been partially blind, and who had leaned heavily upon this daughter, loyal to the church and to the faith of the father, was hard. But as they consulted the mother who had seen two daughters taken from her by disease, who had been left lonely by the death of her husband, the Unseen Friend was present. He it was who helped the mother with tears streaming down her face to say, "Yes, the Lord's will be done." So in all of the advising, they found not one to say "Stay." Consequently, they left the matter in the hands of the Missionary Board.

In a few short months Mr. Snyder had resigned his \$3,000 position, they had broken up their home, disposing of the new furniture they had just purchased, and were sailing for the balmy land of San Domingo. Before long they found themselves in the oldest city in the New World, surrounded by almost pagan customs and modern civilization, side by side. The poor old women, the destitute children and the physical sufferers all cry to their inner souls. Looking out over the great valleys and the spreading mountain regions where thousands of people live without the gospel, they cry out, "How long shall they still have to wait for the blessed story?"

Taking their two boys with them into a hotel, they heard a servant there saying of Jimmy, the younger boy, "Bonita," pretty. From then until now they have been adding new Spanish words to their vocabulary. Mr. Snyder is in charge of the school. Leisure moments are spent in repairing the mission car, painting the kitchen, mending the plumbing, making a kite or wagon for his boys, working in the garden or reading. Mrs. Snyder, besides educating her two boys and caring for the baby girl, who has come to add sunshine to their home in the tropical island, helps in the Sunday-school and church work.

Thus day after day these two people, who were born in the same state during the same month, both of pioneer Free Methodist families, labor on in the Dominican vineyard, bringing others to be like Him.

George D. Schlosser was born in Chester County, Missouri, December 15, 1875, of Scotch-German descent. He moved to Dakota in 1882. Here he received his first schooling in a mud schoolhouse with a thatched roof. At twenty-one years of age he went to South Dakota Agricultural College. He joined the U. S. Army in 1898, with a rank of sergeant. The next year he spent in the Philippines on army duty. After farming for a time and teaching school in Dakota, he completed his education in Washington State Agricultural College and in Greenville College. From there he was sent to Africa as a missionary. This field was not his own choice but that of the Missionary Board and after a time he asked to be transferred to China. In 1908 he went at his own expense to this field. After being first stationed at Chengchow, he was soon sent to an orphanage, carried on by faith funds supplied by the "Christian Herald," located far from the regular work of our mission, in another part of China.

Meanwhile Mary Ogren of Jamestown, New York, had come to the work in China at the end of 1909. She was a graduate of Greenville College and a member of its Student Volunteer Band. She had been converted early in life and in 1900 received the blessing of perfect love. Arriving in China she undertook the study of the language with enthusiasm and became expert in its use. She had become engaged to George Schlosser, but they supposed they could not marry until she had spent two years on the field. However, in January, 1911, after a little more than one year, Mr. Schlosser was put in full charge of the orphanage work, which responsibility almost necessitated his marriage; for of all things the children most needed some one to mother them. So these two were married and went to their distant station and their hard work.

By 1914, as support for the orphan work through the "Christian Herald" was no longer available and most of the orphans had grown up, the smaller children were turned over to other agencies and the orphanage was closed. The property was sold, and Mr. and Mrs. Schlosser returned to the area where our mission is located. There for the succeeding years they have poured out their lives for the Chinese.

George Schlosser sat at his desk in the gathering twilight thinking of the events of the day, and planning his message for the next morning. He was also thinking of Wang and his poor wife dying from malignant cancer. It was a sad case. How could Wang go on in his excellent work as a young evangelist if he had to care for his two children and his home alone? A knock at his study door aroused the missionary.

"Pastor Li! Come in, come in!" "I have perhaps disturbed the Muh Si in his studies?" "No, not at all. Please be seated." "Thank you, Muh Si, I can not stay long." "What is on your mind? Can I help you?"

"Muh Si, we must declare a fast prayer-meeting for the whole church to last a week."

"A fast prayer-meeting -- to last a week?"

"For Mrs. Wang. You know what the doctors have said? Well, God is going to heal her, and I believe we should fast and pray until she is well."

George Schlosser was pacing the floor thoughtfully. Li was standing quietly by his chair. Then George turned and said, "But what if God's will is not to heal her? What if He has other plans?" In his heart he was thinking of the ruinous results should the prayers of these new converts not be answered as Li felt sure they would. They were so young T They were so ignorant! They had heard of the miracles of Jesus, but if their prayers were not answered as they expected, how could they understand?

"I shall announce the meeting tonight," said Li.

"But Li, can't you see -- " he stopped helplessly.

Just then Mary Schlosser entered the room and was about to excuse herself when her husband explained the request of Pastor Li and asked her to stay. The beautiful old face of Pastor Li seemed to shed a heavenly light as he repeated his statement, "I shall announce a fast prayer-meeting tonight," and the young missionaries felt like children in the presence of a saint.

Speechless they watched him leave the room with a light step and glad smile. They turned helplessly to each other. Then, still without a word, they sank to their knees and poured forth their hearts to God who alone could save the situation now.

Cancer, malignant cancer in an advanced stage -- and these people were going to pray God to cure that! It was not that the young missionaries believed God was unable to perform the miracle, it was simply that they questioned whether or not it was His will to do so. The work at Kih sien was new and promising. There were many young converts who would watch closely the results of this fast prayer-meeting. Many outsiders, too, would watch. The situation was crucial in the work of the mission at Kih sien. The two arose from their knees, strengthened and assured that His will should be done.

Each morning for a week the church-members gathered in the church for a prayer-meeting which took the place of their morning meal. Each morning God came close and touched them deeply as they prayed. Meanwhile, Mrs. Wang grew stronger every day. By the end of the week she was so much better that she could be about her household duties just as if she had never been sick, and the Christian community ended its week of meetings in a joyous praise service.

Today Mrs. Wang is the mother of seven beautiful children, and her husband is one of our most successful evangelists.

This took place many years ago. Since then many changes have come. The work at Kih sien as well as in other places has grown. George and Mary Schlosser have seen nearly twenty-five years of service in China and are more enthusiastic than ever. Their station is a sleepy little village just south of the Yellow river, but they spend every bit as much time out in the highways and byways of that interesting river country as they do on their regular station.

Mr. Schlosser does not seem to know that he is nearly sixty, for he rides his bicycle for many, many miles through the countryside, preaching the gospel and distributing gospel tracts to the eager country folk. They all love him, from the tiniest schoolboy to the most stylish army officer. How can they help it? He is just one of them. He tells them about his early life on the farm or his experiences as a soldier or a schoolboy, and they laugh heartily at his funny stories. Then in some way he turns the conversation into a new channel; and, before they realize it, they are listening intently to his gospel message.

Mrs. Schlosser, too, is loved by the country women and children far and near. She also travels to different outstations or villages, sometimes with her husband and sometimes with a Bible woman. She often sits at some doorstep or under a large shade tree, or in a quiet courtyard talking to an eager crowd of women who find in this gospel, comfort and strength -- just what they need to cheer their dark, unhappy lives.

But when these two beloved missionaries find themselves at home for a while, their thoughts fly to their children scattered nearly to the four winds. There are Winifred and Frances, the two oldest girls, who are now in college in America. There is John who is helping Dr. Green at Kih sien hospital. Annabel, the youngest of them all, is hundreds of miles away at boarding school for missionaries' children. Their children are a constant joy to them, and separation from them is, they insist, the only hardship of their lives. They are ideal parents. They take a keen and intelligent interest in every activity of "their four" and keep up a correspondence with each of them individually.

In a recent letter to one of her daughters Mrs. Schlosser quoted a verse which is one of her favorites and which is characteristic of the attitude of the Schlossers toward their work, "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name give glory."

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05 -- THE POSTAL EMPLOYEE AS MISSIONARY

"On going outside after this he noticed a tax-gatherer called Levi sitting at the tax-office and said to him, 'Follow me'; he rose; left everything and followed him" (Luke 5:27, Moffatt).

Mr. Ryding, the English missionary stationed at Chenliu, who does much evangelizing of neighboring and hitherto unreached villages of China, comes from Great Britain.

From the journal which he began to keep when he was about fifteen years old, we get entries bearing upon his call and going to China. On January 28, 1906, even before his conversion, he wrote:

My thoughts are continually on such ideas as going out as a missionary. The only reason I can see is that I want to do some good in the world. I do not think there is much spiritual call about it.

Again on the thirty-first of the same month he recorded this :

At night I read "The Story of My Life" by Mackay of Uganda. How similar the entries in his diary are to some of mine! Why do I want to read these biographies of missionaries? I think it is because I want to see what really made them wish to go out as missionaries. I wish that I had an earnest desire to preach Christ to the heathen. How little I know of Him myself!

In seeking satisfaction for his own soul, he read books on various religions. As he did so, he wondered what truths a Christian missionary to the Hindus would have which they had not. Then he felt that, if he were a missionary, he would have little to offer them. At this time he still had not been converted.

However, in 1906 and 1907 he earnestly endeavored to follow the teachings of Christ, and as every honest soul that follows conscientiously is, he was saved and sanctified in those years. With this inner transformation came the understanding of the real motives in preaching the gospel. Now he took every opportunity of engaging in evangelistic work. Still he desired to use his whole time in the work of the Master. While he continued at his work in the post office in Manchester, England, he spent hours in prayer seeking the one divine plan for his life. At this time other people were used to direct and encourage him. One of them said, "The desire you have in your heart is from God." The one who implanted that desire was soon to give him the first step in the course of missionary service which had been laid out for this honest disciple.

One day in 1912 his stepmother remarked to him that some days previously she had been talking with a Chinese. She had gone to his laundry with some soiled linen wrapped in a copy of an Oriental Missionary Society paper. Upon seeing some Chinese words in the paper the man was curious. The result was that he told her that if her son would take him, he would go to a place of Christian worship. So Mr. Ryding, eager to do missionary work, began in his home town of Manchester to do missionary work for the Chinese. He took the yellow brother to Star Hall, a large holiness center. This was the first contact of the postal employee with the Chinese race. Later some of the laundryman's friends also went with them to Christian

worship. Similar providences led him on to China. An invalid Christian lady of Reigate, when she was almost eighty years of age, made and sold between two and three hundred small velvet bags a year for the aid of foreign missions. The little bag that speaks to Mr. Ryding of the interest and devotion of an invalid to the cause he now represents is still a cherished keepsake. Other earnest Christians by their prayers and help enabled him eventually to reach the multitudes of China.

After resigning from the post-office, Mr. Ryding arrived in China in 1915. The following year he joined the Free Methodist Church and was accepted as a member of the mission.

He has been away from China on furlough twice. The last time he spent several months in study at Greenville College. Modestly he states that in common with his fellow missionaries he has encountered trials and dangers. Perhaps the greatest of these was his capture by bandits. One night in 1926 the city wall was scaled and a band of some two thousand brigands entered the city of Chenliu in which he lived. The next fourteen hours were filled with depredations and atrocities. Then the brigands left the city, carrying off with them a great number of Chinese captives and Mr. Ryding. Hundreds of people were killed. Many others were not released until large ransoms were paid by their friends. What our missionary experienced in the twelve days of his captivity is a closed book. Mercifully he was delivered at the end of the twelve days. But the effect of that experience on his nervous system will never be removed.

Now again this intrepid Englishman makes his headquarters in Chenliu. His life is a busy one. Almost every clay he is taking his bicycle and going out to some village to hold a service. Again and again he is trying to secure a place of worship, a house of prayer where the little group of new Christians out in this village or that may worship. Now he is bending every effort to secure a church bell for those people in one village who find it hard to tell when it is time to go to pray. Now he is being forced off the road in the midst of a sand-storm into the ditch on his way to a service. Now he is on again, off again, in his effort to traverse the muddy roads on the bicycle. First he walks, then rides, then cleans the mud from the wheels, that he may go on. If he is not forced to return to Chenliu because of the mud, he may soon be sitting on a five-inch bench in front of a new convert's humble home, waiting for the little company of believers and interested onlookers to gather. Then he will teach some to read, all to pray, and will lead them into the same sacrificial way of living which he found back in England years ago.

Literally multitudes of Chinese have heard that blessed story from Mr. Ryding since he took his Chinese laundryman to church in Manchester in 1912. The desire to be a missionary was surely God-sent.

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"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you" (Matthew 28:19-20).

James Hudson Taylor is a man of several countries. He was born of English missionary parents in the city of Glasgow, Scotland, and "grew up" in China. We knew him first when he knocked for admission at our mission door in Kaifeng, China. He had been engaged for about five years as accountant for the China Inland Mission and Hospital in that city, where he did valuable work. Coming in touch with our missionaries, and particularly through the testimony and ministry of Rev. E. P. Ashcraft, he had entered into a rich, personal experience of holiness. He then desired to enter the work with our mission. We knew him better when he came to the United States for his college training, and entered Greenville College in the fall of 1921. We found him to be a young man who thinks things through, one of strong convictions who is ready to stand by them at any cost, one who is loyal and true to Christ and determined to follow His call. Mr. Taylor was engaged in extensive speaking tours throughout the United States during his summer vacations.

While at Greenville he met Miss Alice Hayes from "down East." Later they were married. This young woman has proved, indeed, to be a helpmeet. Laughingly, she said that she had two childhood desires, now fulfilled-to be a lady "tailor" and a missionary to China. In 1925 we find them completing their college work together at the George Washington University, Washington, D. C., and the following year Mr. Taylor supplied the work at Cullpeper, Virginia. He and Mrs. Taylor were accepted by the Board and appointed to China. While residing in Washington, death came into their little home and took their firstborn, Alice Geraldine, when she was old enough to sit by the window in her high chair and watch for them as they came home from the University.

In 1926 Mr. and Mrs. Taylor sailed for China. During the years of 1927 and 1928 when civil war was raging and the missionaries were compelled to leave Honan Province for safer places near the coast, we find Mr. Taylor on the following schedule, according to a letter from Mrs. Taylor: morning, language school, teaching a class in English to Chinese boys every afternoon, preaching at a street chapel Monday evening, at a hospital for wounded soldiers Tuesday afternoon, attending class-meeting Tuesday night, prayer-meeting on Wednesday afternoon, conducting a Bible class for his school boys on Wednesday night, attending community prayer-meeting Thursday afternoon, preaching to the English-speaking boys and girls at 9:30 Sunday morning, attending either a holiness meeting or a Chinese service, at 11 o'clock, acting as superintendent of the foreign Sunday-school on Sunday afternoon, and teaching the adult Bible class. This Mrs. Taylor wrote, to give an idea of how her husband then spent his time.

About herself, she added, "I am occupied with my second section of language study which I hope to get off so as to be admitted to the mission next

summer. Then I try to help James with his work, and you know we have a dear little girl who likes to be cuddled and loved occasionally, and who is really worthy of attention. She has been a real source of comfort and satisfaction to the mission during the past year when everything was so upset and distressing. We are prospering spiritually, happy in the consciousness of the indwelling Holy Spirit."

In the spring of 1928 little Kathleen Grace gladdened the Taylor household, "to be a much-needed playmate for our little Jean," writes Mrs. Taylor, "who never tires of her baby sister, but who became so curious about her that she pulled her, cushion and all, to the floor, then cried as if her little heart would break and covered the baby's face with kisses." "Little Jeannie" brought joy to the hearts of all who knew her, but in the spring of 1929 she "slipped away" and the fond mother, who had "cuddled" this darling child, wrote, "No one except those who have passed through such a place knows anything of the heartache and loneliness that it causes. We have been in a special measure experiencing the working of the Holy Spirit in His capacity as Comforter. We miss her cheering chatter and loving ways. She was in a special sense our 'Mission Baby' because of the cheer which she brought to us all during those anxious months when we were evacuated from the field." Kathleen Grace now has as her playmates, little brother James, Mary Evelyn and baby brother John Hayes. Our missionaries marvel at the amount of work Mrs. Taylor accomplishes, in the home, and in the classes for the Chinese women, tireless in service and able to fit in anywhere. Brother Taylor fills a large place in connection with our Bible School at Kaifeng, where he is principal. Since the return of Mr. and Mrs. Ashcraft to America on furlough, Mr. Taylor has also been acting superintendent of the mission. His services are much in demand in evangelistic work out in the field, for he is a strong exponent of scriptural holiness and an acknowledged leader among the Christian workers in China. Greatly beloved is he by the Chinese people. They know, without knowing him, that he loves them because of the way he smiles on them. He well represents his noble grandfather, James Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, and his parents, now retired missionaries after fifty years of service, and content in no other land but China.

Mattie J. Peterson spent her childhood on a homestead just three miles from the center of the city of Seattle. It was a beautiful place, surrounded with gigantic fir trees and large cedars. An abundance of vine maples grew on the place. Mattie with her brothers and sisters was always very happy when the autumn changed the leaves of these to various colors. In spring they enjoyed their own paradise as all of the fruit trees in the orchard bloomed. To their childish fancies, the orchard was like a fairy-land. From a spring that bubbled up perpetually they got their water. They attended what was then a country school, never fearing even if they did see a bear lazily strolling through the beautiful forests, as the merry group of neighbor children went to school.

Mattie was one of the three girls who were about the same age. Her mother and her family considered her just an ordinary child like all her brothers and sisters,

except for her fondness for the warm cup of milk which her father gave her just after he finished milking every evening. She spent many glad hours with these two sisters, making play houses, in which velvety moss was used for carpet and for furniture upholstery. Her earliest pin money she earned by doing odd jobs and by picking berries. These early days found her a careful, neat little student who always went to class with her lesson prepared.

During her childhood she belonged to a religious club of little girls organized by a teacher in the Seattle Seminary. Here began her Christian life.

Although she was not deeply interested in learning to play the piano, she did learn to play hymns' on the organ very well. Later she learned to play the guitar.

One of her early friends has said that her lovely home was a rendezvous for the friends of the community. Often her father and mother carried out surprises for the students and teachers of Seattle Seminary. Her parents, deeply interested in the cause of missions, gave liberally to its promotion and encouraged its activities. In those days she was a little girl, always spotless in her dresses. Ever she was kind and cheerful. Although she was genuinely serious, she also enjoyed the fun and jokes of her friends as well as any youngster ever did. She wore her soft flaxen hair in two long braids down her back. Her complexion was very fair. Since her stay in China she has laughed with others at the joke of having some of the natives pity her and say that her hair falling out was really a good thing, for then she could get one of the Chinese wigs, so that she would not need to have that light hair.

After she finished the preparatory course at Seattle Pacific Seminary, she spent four years at Greenville College, where she was a typical college girl, devoted to the religious life and ideals of the college, always ready for a good time, but never coming into conflict with the rules of the school. Hikes and nutting trips in the walnut groves delighted her. In her senior year, when her sister Lily had just gone to China, she began to think of going to that field herself. For days she was in turmoil as the call rested upon her. Then came the peace and joy which surrender brought. Later she taught three years in Seattle Pacific College. Heedless of the feeling of some for Mattie to leave her family so soon after her sister Lily's death in China and go to the same land was too great a sacrifice, she was courageous and went.

There her sunny disposition has enabled her when the clouds have hung low to dispel the gloom by a gesture or a cheerful remark. Her methodical ways have also helped to accomplish much in many lines and have been particularly helpful in her work as mission treasurer for a number of years. Most of all her love of wholesome Bible study and prayer has given her power to draw yellow women after the Man of Galilee.

At present she is located at Kaifeng, but goes often to seven outstations to hold classes for the women, revivals, and village evangelism. Nothing brings more

joy to her heart than a revival in which the light of her Lord shines clear upon the heart of some earnest, slant-eyed man or woman. How she delights to lead them, rich and poor, learned and illiterate, old and young, to the knowledge of her Lord and Savior Jesus Christ! In the joy of this she forgets the hours and hours she has spent walking from village to village or riding a burro or slipping from the train to escape the bombs from the airplane overhead during the civil wars. She forgets even the taunts of the watchers who scoffed, "Sit down and rest awhile. Won't your Jesus take care of you?"

Out of the beautiful Seattle homestead where spring brought her a veritable Eden she has gone to the poverty and sordid environment of China, there to prepare many to enjoy with her the eternal paradise of her Lord.

A little girl was helping her mother clean vegetables in a farm home near Franklinville, New York. They had just been talking of the Junior Missionary meeting that was being held in town that afternoon. How little Ila had wanted to go! Her mother had planned to take her to it, but all of the horses had been used that day. Ila had also begged to walk the seven and one-half miles to town and had cried when her mother refused. Now as they worked together quietly, her mother said, "Ila, I am glad that you can't sing."

"Why, Mother?" came the question immediately.

Then her mother told her that the Missionary Board preferred to send out as missionaries people who could sing. Already, perhaps, she feared that her little girl would be taken away from her to another land. But God was better to that mother than her fears: she went to be with Him before her little girl was grown, and now has a little daughter, grown big and good, out in Africa teaching black girls the way of God.

So Ila Gunsolus had her first childish fancy that some day she might be a missionary to Africa. Never from that time until she sailed for Africa did she entirely forget the thought.

In early childhood one Sunday evening, timid, bashful Ila gave her heart to God and found real joy that has endured through sorrow, trouble, and success. As a child she loved the church and the worship there. Living on a farm far from church, often they were unable to go to services in winter when the roads were bad. But on a bright Sunday morning, when her mother called her to get up with a cheery, "We are going to church," delighted, she would bound out of bed at once.

She was thirteen when her mother went to be with God, and she was left the only girl in a family of four children besides the father. She offered to leave school to keep house on the farm for her father. However, knowing that she should have an education, he insisted that she continue to attend the village high school. This she did but came home week-ends, to wash and iron, clean and bake. The lessons did

not go so fast when she had so much to do at home. But she persevered and was graduated from the Franklinville High School.

Continuing her education at the Buffalo Normal School in the summer, she began teaching public school the next fall. At this time she taught their home district school and so could keep house for her father and brothers at the same time. As she loved to teach, she was happy. About this time, after her sanctification, she was again impressed by the idea that she should prepare to go to Africa. Consequently she entered Chesbrough Junior College at the end of her second year of teaching. Upon her graduation from the two-years' work, she returned as part-time teacher to take more college work. During her life at Chesbrough, she decided to join the Student Volunteer Band. Indeed, she was president of that organization the last two years of her stay there. There she met Mrs. Adamson and roomed with her one semester. That friendship, renewed on the mission field, is being strengthened as the years go by. Debating and mission study particularly delighted her.

By a rather trying series of disappointments or closed ways she was led to attend Greenville College for her last two years of college work. In the spring of 1929 she was graduated from this institution. In the following August came the final struggle over whether or not she was to be a missionary. In desperation she had gone to her room to be alone and to learn the divine will concerning this vital problem. As she was trying to reason out the whole problem, she heard her mother call, as it were. Going into the hall to answer her, she saw her mother turn and go into the adjoining room. When she turned back into her own room, she fell unconscious to the floor. When she finally regained consciousness, she was being picked up with her face badly cut. Even in that moment of suffering, she faced the question, "Will you argue with God any longer?" All that night when she could not sleep she watched long lines of African children going past her. Then she saw them beckon her to come. By dawn she had vowed that no longer would she question God's plan for her life, but that at the first opportunity she would go.

That opportunity came the first of the next month in the form of a letter from the missionary secretary, asking her to consider an appointment to Africa, to leave in February. Because she was teaching the Gerry Home school and felt a hesitancy to resign in the middle of the year, and because she had preferred to remain at home two years before going, she might have hesitated. Yet that vow made in the presence of those phantom African children in the night could not be broken. Then, too, on the wings of this definite call came the assurance, "My God shall supply all your need." So gladly she replied in the affirmative, and joyfully began preparations for sailing.

It was not long until another teacher had been found to take her place and with the help of various missionary societies her outfit had been prepared. On the twelfth of the December following that August with its eventful night, she started

alone on her long journey to Fair View Mission Station to take charge of the girls' school in place of Miss Frederick, whose furlough was soon due.

Reaching Durban after a restful boat trip, she was met by Mr. and Mrs. Adamson and Miss Frederick. Then the pleasure of visiting all of the main stations before she settled down to her work in school was hers. Always in her memory's gallery will hang that picture of her first visit to a heathen kraal. With the Adamsons she went some distance in the mission automobile, and then single file they carefully made their way down a winding path to a group of conical huts with grass roofs, that were not any too well kept. With the boy interpreter they had brought along they entered a hut about sixteen feet in diameter. A woman dressed in a leather shirt laid a grass mat for them at the right of the low door. Seating themselves as comfortably as possible there, they were silent for a time while the heathen inspected them. After a time, the natives offered the greeting, "Sa ku bona," "We saw you." Then arising, the heathen came from the opposite side of the hut to shake hands with the visitors. During all of this introduction the children of the home were sitting around the open fire in the middle of the hut, eating wasted sweet potatoes. She noticed at the other side of the door the place for the calf to be tied. Over at the far side of the hut were the beer pots, over the sides of which the foam had run. The air was saturated with the odor of fermenting beer. In these surroundings they waited for the people to gather. Persistent efforts kept out the chickens. At last the man of the house came in, bringing a little old bucket of milk, which he poured into a hollow gourd and put away to sour for a later feast. The books, watches, and other belongings of the missionaries called forth many remarks on the part of the gathering crowd. Finally the crowd had gathered, and the service was begun. Then through the boy she was permitted to tell them a little of the old, sweet story of a loving Father who gave His only son for all men everywhere. Her joy was deep, for she had found God's plan for her life and had answered the calls of those black children.

Miss Gunsolus, who had personally aspired to a successful career in the teaching profession in the public schools of our country, has spent much of her time teaching or supervising the girls' school at Fair View. Like most missionaries, and particularly those who supervise a rather large project like this school, her routine has been decidedly varied. But if you dropped in on some ordinary day you might have found her teaching from nine to one. Then she might be nursing a sick black girl back to health, or encouraging a discouraged one. She might be supervising the cleaning or repairing of some of the buildings on the farm in connection with the school. Or she, perhaps, would be giving directions to the dependable native who cared for the cattle of the farm. She had to order the food for the girls every day. Then in the evening you would have found her having a meeting of some kind, student prayer-meeting on Monday, staff meeting on Tuesday, class-meeting on Wednesday, weekly prayer-meeting on Saturday. Very probably sometime during the day you would have found her stealing a few minutes to have a heart-to-heart talk with some girl in the privacy of her own office or room. It is this

personal touch through which she strives to lead these black girls to real fellowship with her Savior that brings to her the greatest joy.

Thus the little girl who cried to go to a Junior Missionary meeting became a teacher of black girls in Africa. And whether she is teaching in the school or going over the hills into the kraals, if she can teach these people a little of Christ and His way to God, then she is satisfied. To her the life lived for God is joyful in any land.

Edith M. Santee spent her childhood in the picturesque village of Niobrara, Nebraska, located in a beautiful valley at the confluence of the clear Niobrara River and the muddy Missouri River. She was taught to pray and sent regularly to Sunday-school. One night when she was about eight years old, she dreamed that Jesus had approached her with loving, outstretched arms. She awoke with great ecstasy. Here in her childhood home she learned to love nature. At times she felt that every flower petal and bird-note spoke of the loving Father's care.

She was educated in the schools of Niobrara and received many compliments for her excellent scholarship and her oration which was delivered at the time of her graduation. During this period of her education she learned to enjoy reading good books.

A little later, after the death of her father and the introduction of her mother to the Free Methodist people, she moved with her mother to Orleans, Nebraska. This move was made primarily for the purpose of giving the other children the opportunity of attending the Free Methodist school, Orleans Seminary.

Meanwhile she continued to teach school in various rural schools, sometimes on the Indian reservation, she taught. At this time she was converted in a country Congregational church in answer to her mother's prayers. Later securing a position in the public schools in Orleans she went there and after a time joined the Free Methodist Church, of which her mother was already a member. One striking incident of her teaching days is told by Miss Santee. She was teaching in a rural section. She seemed to see a valley filled with small mud huts which she had never seen and was unable to identify. In Orleans she was sanctified and progressively became conscious of a definite call to service. Miss Rose Cox, then a missionary to India, came to Orleans and presented the needs of India. Having been deeply stirred by the Spirit of the Lord before and during this address, she began to feel that India was the place for her to work. Before she had mentioned the matter to any one, she found that others were also thinking that she would find her place of service in India.

After a brief period of work in the Light House Mission in St. Louis, Missouri, she attended the General Conference. While she was in her room doing a little washing one morning, a messenger came asking her if she would come to see the Missionary Board. Looking a moment at her house dress and her sudsy hands, she stopped and went to the Board. There she told them that when she came to Jesus

she came just as she was, and that in the same way at their call she had come just as she was. Then she told them that because God had called her to work in India she was ready to go. In just a few months she was on her way to her life work.

In India she has been a missionary teacher and an effective organizer for many years. She has been associated with the boys' school, and with the girls' school in Umri. For years she has been training these fine Indian girls to be earnest Christians. Recently they have prayed long for a building in their village, dedicated to the worship of the true God. At last after many prayers and almost as many offerings their hearts and those of their teacher have been made to rejoice by the completion of a small stone building, which they call "The Temple of the Living God." To these girls who have been so lovingly trained by Miss Santee it is a sacred spot. Grace David, one of her girls zealous in the work of the Lord, has been living in a transport of delight since she has been specially appointed to persuade three women to accept the true God. At harvest-time, Miss Santee leads her girls to share with the neighboring farmers by buying several months' supply of jawari, dhal, and red peppers from them. She watches the smaller girls gathering the bitter neem leaves to keep out the destructive weevils from the harvest. Again she directs the girls in farming the field behind their quarters. By doing this they come in closer touch with their neighbor women who till the land about theirs. Then as the girls she has reared in the school come back after completing their normal training to be useful teachers in their own school in the service of Jesus Christ, the heart of Miss Santee is brimful of joy. Long since she has identified those mud huts she saw in the early days of her Christian life as the poor homes of the brown people she has come to love.

To think of Edith Santee is to think of the happy teacher in Umri surrounded by the happiest family of brown girls and young women, who daily find themselves nearer to the Christ for their association with their teacher-missionary. Like her Master she loves them greatly.

A young lady of medium size with her hair fastened in a knot low on the back of her head sat in the corner of a simple parsonage home one Sunday afternoon. As one caller after another came into the room, cheerfully and energetically she repeated her demonstration of a Chinese beggar. Speeding along in the Chinese language, she bowed again and again clear to the floor before one and then another of her improvised audience of juniors, young people, pastor, and neighbors. Finally, when she was handed, all in fun, a small coin, her face beamed with light and she bowed again and again, repeating in Chinese a very profound thanks. Such was our first introduction to the fun-loving, Chinese-loving, Christ-loving Geneva Sayre. She was even then the missionary teacher on furlough, teaching something of the customs of the Chinese she met daily near her dear Leffingwell Compound.

Geneva Sayre was born and reared in a Free Methodist parsonage until she was thirteen years old. Her earliest memories are closely intertwined with stories of Clara Leffingwell and of the Boxer trouble in China. From the first she was

accustomed to missionary reading in the home and to meeting the missionaries who were entertained there by her parents. Bishop Sellev's "Life of Clara Leffingwell" early delighted this studious daughter. Then at thirteen years of age she moved with her parents to Oregon, where her membership is still. By this time she had wholly given herself to her Savior and had found real joy in living for Him. Here her missionary interest was kindled anew by the friendship of two returned missionaries from the Dominican Republic. Eagerly she drank in all they had to tell of their former work. Then about this same time a missionary came home from China and held a service in her church. Since the missionary was being entertained in Miss Sayre's home, the two of them, speaker and young girl, walked home together after the meeting that evening. For the first time, during that walk, a missionary call was definitely framed in the mind of the minister's daughter. The speaker, who had spoken with such earnestness and who had already found her way into the young heart, asked her ever so kindly but sincerely, "Do you not feel a call to missionary work?" Never has that gentle question, long since formulated into a real call by the Spirit, left the mind of our subject. A little later in her own heart she decided once and forever to go to China as a missionary, naturally supposing that like Clara Leffingwell she would give her life to the cause through death. Just as surely she is giving her life through living as ever she consecrated to give it. It never occurred to her that she could be a missionary to any other place than China. And to China she went. Thoughts and youthful fears chased through her mind of how childish and impossible older people would consider such a plan. Sure enough, many church people considered her call a mere fancy when first they heard it. But never once has she wavered in the dedication of all her powers to the redemption of that needy land. Blessed indeed has she found it to labor effectually in the very spot where her first missionary heroine opened the Free Methodist mission in China.

Timidly she sent Mrs. Grinnell a little gift and for years, in fact until now, she has treasured the letter of thanks that came from a true missionary. Still she never dared to answer it for fear of taking a bit of precious missionary time. This love for missionary personality deepened and grew with the years of schooling. What a fine preparation for finding her closest associates and best friends in the other heroes of the Cross in China!

She was educated in the public schools of Kansas and of Oregon and attended the Oregon State Normal School in preparation for teaching temporarily in this country and for efficient work on the field. On her last furlough she had the privilege of at last fulfilling the dream of her girlhood by attending one of our church schools. She finished her work for her B. A. degree at Greenville College. This delightful year meant no more to her than her presence meant to the student body, and to those of us who came to know her personally rather than as a name at the back of the "Missionary Tidings."

For a time she was the teacher of the missionaries' children. Eagerly she helped these children, who were deprived of many pleasures, to plan for a

Christmas program and to make the decorations for their tiny schoolroom in one of the mission compounds. Then quietly she looked on when the night came and each one performed his part before the small, appreciative audience comprised of missionaries. Always she was ready to join with them in hikes or games of tennis. Again in 1930 to 1931, during the disturbances, which prevented the children from reaching the school in the mountains, she taught the children of our mission. This time she was also doing regular missionary work, but not so much work in the country as ordinarily. During these days of turmoil and anxiety, the children found in her a cheerful, jolly companion as well as a faithful teacher. Always she began the school day with fifteen minutes of worship with these boys and girls. While bombs sometimes burst overhead or near by, she watched her children joyfully studying and playing. They debated before a few missionaries on protective tariff. One of the younger ones made a snow-man in the yard. With their teacher all of them talked Chinese and enjoyed Chinese food.

Until recently Miss Sayre has been identified with the Leffingwell Compound in Chengchow, which is located in a strong Mohammedan center. Here in a small made-over Chinese house, she lived alone when Miss Reid was on furlough. Here in her yard about twenty by forty feet, she planted beautiful flowers, for some bit of beauty is necessary if she is to live in the midst of dirt, smells, and poverty. By trading slips of plants brought back from Peking and from home with the other missionaries, she secured a nice assortment. Then she has some house plants which she takes in out of the yard for the winter. A little Pekinese dog to bark and wake her if burglars come also helps to enliven her daily life. Canaries given to her by her mother and taken back after her furlough cheer her, too. Here in her house with board floor and glass windows she keeps four beds ready for visiting missionaries, who often change trains, in this city. Since her arrival in China she has corrected the idea that she needs only one or two of each kind, of dish, and that of thick restaurant ware. She must have thought in those early days that, until she died at the hands of the Boxers, she would eat only a lunch in picnic style. However, she has since supplied herself with a few more dishes, so that she enjoys entertaining heralds of the Cross from any church on their way inland.

Far more important than these few sidelights on her life in Chengchow is the real work she did in connection with the Happy Sound Hall, where she gave out the story that is ever new to the hardest of all Chinese to reach, the Moslems. All day Sunday she was kept busy in meetings, Sunday-school, preaching service, class-meeting, afternoon Bible study with the Christians who drop in, evening preaching when either she herself preached or emphasized the sermon by the native pastor. Every morning at six-thirty she had prayers with the folk on the place; that is, the families of the native pastor, the gateman, the cook and the Bible woman. As many days as she can in a week with her Bible woman she goes on a donkey out into the country to give out the good news to these eager country people, many of them women with little feet, so that they can not come in to her.

On these days she comes home at night hot and tired. During the last few seasons the heat has been intense, and the lack of funds has forced our missionaries to remain in the heat. The strain that this places upon their already weary bodies they will not tell us. One morning she called in the city and held a women's meeting, in which she tried to instruct the women in the way of life. Besides these general duties she had a preaching service on Thursday evening in the chapel, she wrote many letters, had a teacher training class for the Sunday-school, official and Sunday-school board meetings, and a missionary prayer-meeting. Then often there were the extra tent meetings and women's classes. If she finds a spare moment, she loves to be off to the country. Still she is teaching, but teaching the greatest of all lessons to the best of all students, those with open hearts. Especially is she interested in developing the Young People's Missionary Society in China.

One Sunday evening before the last bell rang she went out to the chapel and found the crowd already gathered. The children were singing familiar hymns to fill in the time. When the bell rang, Mr. Ma, the evangelist, came forward and with her help with the singing. After prayer and the reading of the scripture, Mr. Ma preached a good sermon on the love of God toward man. Both the men's side of the chapel and the women's were filled, and the people listened most attentively, although she had to act as monitor for the children part of the time.

Just as Mr. Ma finished his sermon, about twenty-five soldiers with their officer marched in; so the missionary and native pastor moved the children up to sit around the platform to make room for the newcomers. Some of the soldiers had not heard the gospel before. Their officer and several of the men had heard, however, and assented to the truth. After the service she talked with them and tried to find out where they lived, so that she could do follow-up work with them. Gradually they left, promising to come again.

At least one hundred fifty heard the gospel in her Happy Sound Hall in Leffingwell Compound in that one night, and many of them for the first time. Night after night they filled the little chapel and overflowed out into the street. So as she taught and worked and prayed here in this spot made sacred to all of us by the devotion of our first missionary to China, her first ideal missionary, her joy was full. Recently she has been stationed with the Greens at Kih sien. Now that the forces have been depleted in China and she is trying hard to fill the gap left by the death of Maud Edwards, she seems to be whispering back across the rolling waves of the Pacific no word of complaint, but, "May we pray for one another!"

On a farm in western Nebraska a little girl, the youngest child of the Frederick family, used to feed the horses and pigs, pump water for the cows, husk corn in the granary. Sometimes she milked the cows, but not particularly well. Raising chickens, corn, pumpkins, and flowers especially appealed to her.

Into this home, when Daisy Frederick was five years old, came the first copy of the "Missionary Tidings," a magazine for which she has since written. Keen was her childish interest in the famine-sufferers of India and in the work of Miss Allen in Africa, pictured in this magazine. So deep and real was this interest that she saved her first pennies to send to build the girls' home at Fair View, of which she was to be principal in later years. Her mother's careful teaching of tithing so influenced the child that not only one penny in ten but almost all ten went to Fair View and to the barn at the Woodstock, Illinois, Children's Home. Naturally then, as years passed, she found in missionary collections her highest delight.

Soon her parents moved to Orleans, Nebraska, with the definite purpose of putting their children in the Seminary there. Here Miss Frederick finished the grade and high school work. Those vacation days were happy ones when her mother, her sister, and she read together. One read aloud while the other two did some handwork such as quilting. Thus early she was acquiring, all unconsciously perhaps, that gift of beautiful expression and unusual command of English. She loved, too, to make into jelly the wild fruit which she had brought from the woods.

After her education had been completed at Orleans Seminary, she became a teacher of a country school. This experience of teaching was to her so enjoyable that she declares she could write a book about it. Later she taught a country school in California and at the same time did real missionary work in organizing and carrying on Sunday-schools. Her life as a teacher in this country reached its highest point when, after much private work, and some advanced work, she received the A. B. degree at Seattle Pacific College, and became a teacher in that institution. During all of these years of teaching she prayed that she might teach each day as if she were teaching in a mission school. One who heard her pray during these years was so impressed by her command of the English language and the spiritual power of her prayer that she called the prayer "sublime indeed." The friendless boys always found such a large place in her heart that she wanted to adopt them immediately, and she did mother every one who came into her schoolrooms. She herself believes her success in discipline was due to her utter dependence upon divine guidance. As a teacher she loved her work intensely.

From childhood this teacher was being prepared by God to become the missionary teacher. We have already seen how her interest in missions -- in Miss Allen's work -- was aroused by the first "Tidings." At fifteen years of age she began to feel a divine moving that her place was to be in foreign mission work, but that, since that was so, she must be about the work now. Consequently she called on her neighbors and worked with ladies of other churches in such organizations as the W. C. T. U. Such was her love for missions that she gladly denied herself of butter and of one meal a week to have a little extra to give. Eagerly she read all available missionary books. Ever the idea of being a missionary brought a thrill of joy. Friends told her these were but the romantic dreamings of a girl. Still the thrill comes after years of service. In answer to these friends' questions she decided that she would do all in her power by way of preparation and watch to see God open the

door or the impression wear off. Now that years of delightful service in Africa have come and gone, she exclaims, "It has not worn off."

Time passed and she was a teacher. She offered herself to the Missionary Board and waited to be sent. The longing to go continued to increase. At last the waiting-time was drawn out until she feared she would never become a missionary. One day at the close of a missionary meeting she expressed her doubt of becoming that of which she had dreamed. She was speaking to two men from Seattle Pacific College where she was then teaching. One of them, who has since been a missionary, in his boyish but optimistic way replied, "Doubtless you will be the next to go, perhaps within a year." So once more she prayed, this time definitely that she might be a foreign missionary before the year was out and added, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." Not long after this the missionary secretary sat next to her at a reception at the college. She spoke to him of her desire. The next morning he came to her to say he had been deeply impressed in his early prayer that she was the one to go to Africa to help Miss Allen. Would she give her answer by the next night? Of course she was ready with an affirmative reply. The result was that before that year was out she sailed for Fair View, Africa. The teacher had become a missionary.

Happy indeed has been her life as a teacher and principal in the Fair View Girls' School. To be privileged to work with the pioneer missionary to whose work one's own first pennies went is surely glorious fulfillment. Let us go with her through the work of a typical day during her life at the school. Long before 5:30 she rises and makes her way to the wattle grove at the foot of the hill, even though she becomes soaked with dew to the knees, passing through the grass on the way there. Here without interruptions she communes with God and wins the battles of the day. At class time, about 6:45, she comes from her place of prayer to teach. Now that the native Christians have formed a band to pray especially for freedom from sickness, less of her time is required for nursing than in the early years of her service.

On her way to her class she will probably find a group of people from the mission station here, for since she is the only missionary at this station she must be mother to all in sickness, need, or trouble. Perhaps it is a woman wishing the missionary to lend her money to take her child to a doctor. If she has to think over the matter, then the woman must sit at the office door and wait until breakfast time for her decision. Perhaps it is her farm hand reporting some accident or sickness among the stock and waiting for her hurried directions. Or perhaps it is a poor burned baby. Then everything waits until she applies the carron oil and tells the mother how to care for the child. She knows that the care will be carelessly given and fears she will never see the child alive again. Then she goes to class, where her faithful girls are studying. What if she is late? These girls realize that their teacher has many cares besides those of the school and loyally study whenever she is delayed. Then comes breakfast, after which she must put the mail into the bag to be taken to the station, meet the fann man to give him orders for the day, answer the

calls at her office, treat the ever-present Natal sores: all of this while the girls are doing dishes and going through the physical drill.

Following this period of hurry comes a pause in the life of the school. She is ready to conduct morning chapel. How she does constantly pray that she may be enabled to lay aside the rush of the last half hour and put into this chapel period all God would have in it for these girls entrusted to her care. Now she goes to her morning teaching. At one o'clock she is post-mistress, as the mail has come from the station. After dinner she gives out sewing materials for the afternoon's work at the day school. Then from two until four all are in the industrial classes, and she can do office work, order supplies, keep books, make reports for the Education Department and for the Missionary Board. During the free time from four to six she may see girls privately to talk over their problems and help them into that fulness of life in which they can be real missionaries to their own people. Finally comes supper and then evening time with its various meetings. So with days like this she has taught on in the school to which her first pennies came and has been the coworker of Miss Allen whose writings caused her childish heart to burn. With this founder of the Fair View School for Girls she has spent many nights in prayer and then gone out the following clays to win the victories. "Ntokazi," the young lady daughter, the natives called her, because she came to be Miss Allen's helper and Miss Allen was to them the good white mother. Since those early days, although she is still called by that first name, Miss Frederick has become teacher and mother to many of these black girls and friend to some of the women who in play were impersonated by her dolls in childhood.

One of the joys that mission life has brought this teacher is that most satisfying one of sitting in a heathen hut with faithful Grace Allen at her side and a little group of Christians over on the other side of the hut, watching the heathen family of the hut and their friends and relatives who have gathered in when first they saw the "Knosazana's" big white hat bobbing along on the horse over the hills, hear with silent attention the old, old story that Christ is come into the world to save sinners. Girlish dreams have come true. It is she who is permitted to tell these sheep that story for the first time.

Recently upon returning to Africa from furlough, she has been moved to that fine new pioneering work at Massinga in Portuguese East Africa where the necessary hardships of "the bush" daunt her not at all.

The fulfillment of her dream to be a missionary is far better than the dream. She loves to be a missionary teacher.

New Brighton, a picturesque village nestling at the foot of the beautiful Alum Rock Hills, in Pennsylvania, is the birthplace of Adelaide Latshaw, one of our Portuguese East Africa missionaries, who is now engaged in our Inhamachafo Girls' School. The Indian trail over these hills, the Beaver River, the woody dales,

the brooks gurgling here and there, afforded her childhood hours of delightful adventure and gave her a passionate love for Mother Nature.

Born of humble parents, she was trained in frugality, economy and household industry. She was one of seven children in a family that traces its ancestry in this country back for over two hundred years. Thus with a distinctly pioneer heritage she was early prepared to become a pioneer educator in Portuguese East Africa. To her were assigned certain responsibilities and tasks which seemed somewhat heavy for such a young child, but they were accepted and performed with thought and a desire for perfection. Thus she was taught to cook, bake, care for children, assist in sickness and in general household duties. Her first money was earned by caring for neighbors' children.

From her earliest memory there was always music in the home, as her father was one of the old-fashioned "singing teachers," plying his trade by day and teaching do, mi, sol in the evening to the country and town folk. This experience developed in her an appreciation of good music which has grown with the years.

The neighborhood school fairly teemed with husky boys and girls with whom she joined in the summer plays and winter sports. In work or play her motto was, "Act well your part"; so she heartily did her part, whatever it was, and not infrequently originated something new and led the group into adventurous daring.

Leaving the grammar school, she entered high school as an honor student and maintained her scholarship standing during the four years. She was graduated as valedictorian of her class of twenty-three. Then she was awarded a scholarship to Geneva College. But trouble had entered the humble home. So being denied the privilege of using this opportunity, she entered the local teacher training class, conducted by the superintendent of the public schools, Dr. Richey.

In her sophomore year she surrendered her life to God and was converted on New Year's Day of that year. At this time she joined the Free Methodist Church and became a loyal follower of her adored Savior. Later in spite of criticism and suffering she walked quietly and humbly with her Lord. Soon after her conversion she was trusted with a Sunday-school class and in this way came in vital touch with others. To this responsibility bestowed upon her by her church she credits her love and interest for Bible study.

At the end of four strenuous years, teaching by day, assisting her mother, studying until the wee hours of the morning, she received the coveted teacher's certificate. Now she had reached her goal -- she was a full-fledged, accredited teacher. Progress and promotion followed rapidly.

From the time of her conversion she seemed to possess a missionary spirit, for she began assisting the poor, visiting shut-ins and the sick, and prevailing with wayward girls in her own village to accept her Christ. Such work was her delight.

When she had art opportunity, she brought the less favored citizen and the foreigner into her own home where she taught them gratis. But she was not called to foreign service until after twenty years' labor in her own church and community. At the time of her call she was principal of the junior high school and consequently had a comfortable home and the possibility of a prosperous and happy future. However, the Lord's voice was imperative and again she suffered acute criticism, but was obedient to her Master's call. He had seen a missionary at home and had deemed her worthy of a promotion.

In July, 1920, she arrived in Inhambane, where she served in the dispensary while she was studying the language. Up in the early morning with pencil, pad, and a great deal of determination she endeavored to do her part. Many ludicrous mistakes and times of embarrassing situations added test and humor, which gave tone and color to those early days. In 1921 with her co-worker, Miss Armstrong, she entered school in Lorenzo Marques, where she studied Portuguese a year. Here she secured her certificate permitting her to teach in the Province. As she sat in the primary room, she furnished the children much amusement by her efforts in reading in Portuguese. Still the teacher was sympathetic and helpful.

At the end of this schooling she returned to Inhamachafo where the evangelists' school was opened. The forty-four men and boys who came to learn appalled her, for among the group were some of the most important men of our native church, real, live preachers, who came to quench their thirst for knowledge. They were confident that the teacher could "pour knowledge into their heads." Alas! the clay came when July, one of the students, came kneeling before her and humbly stated that he had learned nothing the past fortnight. His bravery inspired others to evince the same information in a much less humble manner. This was a red-letter day in her teaching in Africa, since the discussion which followed opened to her vistas of Eastern African method of imparting knowledge. East is East! That she accepted some of their views and adopted a few of their suggestions was evident in her future classes and she was amply rewarded when Frank Gitimani Ngobee arose one day to say, "God be thanked! God be praised! The teacher has taught us well. Now we understand for truly the world is round for how could these words be true? 'Some sleep, others work.' God be thanked!"

Finally Miss Latshaw became engaged in the girls' school and found this a joyful service as the years sped by. She possesses an insatiable liking for children and young people. In office, classroom, and on the platform she is serious and dignified. On the playground she has the faculty of being a child and enjoys "London Bridge" or "Drop the Posy" as well as the smallest. In the inquiry room she prevails with her natives in intercessory prayer and then waits until she has the witness that these sons and daughters of Africa have been born again. In the dormitory she sits around the wood fire listening to the girls' tales of folk-lore and joins in pleasant laughter at some droll remark from one of her infants. No wonder is it that her smile has caused the natives at large to term her "Xidosiani," "sweet one." Then, too, some of the school girls who are more intimate with her have

secretly named her "the cleaner-up" because of her insistent endeavors toward sanitation and neatness.

Thus it happened that in God's good plan the missionary teacher for twenty years in this country became the missionary teaching preachers and girls in Africa. Always with music or with Bible, with broom or garden tools, she is teaching for her Lord and Savior, who having not seen she loves. Rich indeed is her ministry of teaching at Inhamachafo.

(The author is very greatly indebted to the subject of this sketch for the language as well as the content of this section. This is essentially her own story.)

Lillian Pickens comes of old English and Scotch-Irish ancestry. Her grandfather, Captain Pickens, who loved the South and had slaves, risked his all to fight on the Northern side in the Civil War. After the war all of his old slaves came back to work for him, and were paid wages. Her immediate family gave her a love for reading and for missions, no doubt; for her mother often read missionary biography to her children, and her parents, always interested in missions, gave liberally to the cause. Her mother once wanted to be a missionary herself. Now that dream has come true in the life of her daughter. As a small child Miss Pickens heard prayer offered around the family altar, always for the missionaries. So, since praying means knowing and loving, it is small wonder that her path was eventually directed in that way.

In Oregon she came in contact with the Free Methodist Church, was converted, and joined it under the ministry of the Rev. W. N. Coffee, father of Mrs. Silva, now of China. Soon after this she attended Seattle Seminary, where she became known among the students for the fine baking she did on Saturdays, in earning part of her expenses. Her knack for sewing won her friends among the girls, who received her sisterly help in this kind of work. Here the missionary atmosphere of the school had its effect upon her. Even now when days are trying and the many problems are troublesome, she hears again the words of encouragement Mrs. Beers spoke back in Seattle. Her realization that God's plan included some special religious work for her dates from this period of happy schooling.

Following two years of teaching in the public schools of Everett, Washington, she attended Greenville College, from which she was graduated in 1916. Here again she was surrounded by a distinctly missionary atmosphere. Although she never took any active part in the missionary organizations, she was deeply interested. Especially was she touched by the addresses of one of our missionaries on furlough from Japan. We are compelled to wonder if she remembers his little barefooted children on cold, snowy days over in Japan, as he vividly pictured them to us when we as children listened to his eloquent pleas for the land of beauty. Interest brought forth an application to the Missionary Board in the spring of that senior year.

Subsequently, while she was teaching in the school at Wessington Springs, South Dakota, she was accepted for Japan. When the news came, her principal called her into his office and scolded her for even thinking of such a difficult thing, when her health was poor. Some years afterward, when he had become Missionary Secretary and was visiting her work in Japan, he kindly told her that he had changed his mind. It was just like Miss Pickens to enjoy doing something a little beyond her. How well she has succeeded in her task we can guess from a brief description of her work. How well, we could know from those Japanese women she has led into the mysteries of American cooking, only to lead them on to the Master of this cook; from those Japanese young men who have learned from her the English and inevitably the Christ of the English Bible she has taught them; from that dear saint of Japan, Mrs. Tsuchiyama, who has been, through the years until her death recently, a bosom friend of the young lady missionary.

The women in Japan often say to her, "How do you spend your time; you don't have a husband or children to take care of?" Not so long ago she spent her time something like this: Monday it was decided that her servant's daughter-in-law who was ill with her baby should be brought to the dormitory where Miss Pickens lives so that she might have treatments there. Hearing that the sick woman was to come to the parlor of the dormitory, Mrs. Tsuchiyama insisted that her daughter's room be given to the sick woman. Then deciding that such a plan was too much for Mrs. Tsuchiyama, Miss Pickens hurried around preparing her own room for the temporary hospital. Tuesday she taught in the school in the morning, attending a committee meeting in the afternoon. Between times, she had to take care of the sewing woman, who could come no other time, and who had to be supervised unless one wished to find her new dress so tight that bending over was impossible. Then in the evening a young student and his bride took supper with her and spent the evening. Wednesday in the morning she taught in the school and held a girls' Bible class in the afternoon. Ordinarily she would have gone again to the official committee meeting, which lasted much of the day and almost all of the night. However, she was glad for the excuse of caring for the sick. Thursday she taught in the morning and spent the afternoon preparing for the cooking class the next day. We shall let her describe the cooking class:

We teach three things at a time; that is, some kind of a vegetable, meat or meat substitute, and a dessert. As we give each one a portion of these different kinds of food, it requires no small amount. Also the recipes are carefully written out in Japanese. When we see what a blessing these classes are to the women and how they look forward to them as bright spots in their lives we don't mind the hard work. The "Ryorikai," cooking class, is attended by women from a fine type of home. In lovely kimonos, a few in foreign dress, they fill her room by one o'clock. Before they leave, they hear a message from one of the Osaka preachers. That night she went to one of the fine new churches in Osaka to teach a Bible class. Knowing the eagerness of the Japanese to learn English, she has specialized in English Bible classes for young men, who become her "boys," and for young women. For years

she has taught such classes in three different Osaka churches. When she returned home, she had to attend to isolating the sick woman, who had contracted the Spanish influenza in addition to the original disease. Friday she had the cooking class of about forty women. In the evening again she entertained for one of the finest young men of her Bible class in honor of his recent marriage. About this time she decided to eat with the students in the basement, as her life was too busy to allow her to cook for herself, except when she had company. In spite of the fact that she gained weight on this plan, she found fish and Japanese cakes a bit tiresome after a time. Besides these comparatively regular activities she had to make her Bible class outline during the week. On Sunday morning she must be prepared to teach a class in her home church in the morning. For the younger divisions of this class she also had to prepare simpler outlines. On Saturday evening she held a Bible class prayer-meeting. Wouldn't she be busy if to these numerous duties had been added a husband and children?

One night during this week she was awakened by curious noises near her window. Thinking that some one might have climbed the tree outside and have been trying to enter, she decided to have it cut down.

For about eight years she had been teaching Bible in a college without salary, just for the opportunity to carry Christ to the students. However, this year when the lady in charge of the school became a higher critic, Miss Pickens felt obliged to resign. How she hated to leave those Japanese girls without her influence! But He was better to her than she knew. For a long time she had been wondering how she could help some of those brave little Japanese churches in their financial struggles. Now through one of her Bible class students she was offered a very good position teaching in the government school, on a schedule that in no way interfered with her other work. The salary was good. The time and strength to do it were really not available, but she could manage, for this was her opportunity to help the little churches.

Best of all her work she loves to teach the Bible to these eager young men, in the school, in the church, and at the Y. M. C. A. She eagerly accepts every opportunity of leading these people to a knowledge of the Light of the World.

It seems from reading between the lines of her letters that writing verse might be one of her hobbies. Life the last few years has evidently been too crowded for the production of much. Perhaps this stanza written some years ago bespeaks for her the utter contentment she feels in being in Japan, not a weak, foolish teacher from America, but a cultured, successful missionary in love with the Japanese:

But when those voices are hushed and still,
And our minds are at peace once more,
The "still small voice" of the Master
Sounds sweeter than e'er before,
And He blesses and comforts and cheers us,

And reminds us again, once more
Of the time when we shall be gathered
On that bright eternal shore.

After fifteen years of service, Miss Pickens occupies the mission home in Osaka. Denied an American companion, she has worked on alone, winning the Japanese for Christ-the work which is her life. Miss Ruth Mylander is now returning to Japan to be associated in this many-sided service.

Born in a Free Methodist parsonage, Florence M. Murray had the usual training of Christian parents who were interested in missions. Her childhood interests included the outdoors and reading. Many were the happy times she spent on her grandfather's farm enjoying the animals, the cool water from the well with the stone curb, and reading in the hay-loft. She was not very old when she joined with the rest of the family in evenings of reading and handwork. One would read while the others sewed. Florence was a very conscientious child and naturally grew into the same kind of a Christian young woman. This trait manifested itself years afterward. Long after she had received credit in a certain college course, she wrote to ask the professor's pardon for having failed to hand in a paper at the end of the term.

Early in her life one time when her parents were away on a Sunday afternoon, with her sisters she had a prayermeeting. That night the shy little girl arose in one of the recitation rooms at Evansville Seminary to stand up for Jesus even if she could not say a word. About this time her deep interest in missions began. She belonged to a Junior Missionary Society which called itself the "Do Good Band." With the other children she cherished the tiny letters of thanks which came from Celia Ferris for the comforter they had made her. Later this love for missions was deepened by her association with a live Woman's Missionary Society.

Her education, begun in the public schools of the various towns where her father was pastor, was continued in Platteville (Wisconsin) State Normal and completed at Greenville College. Here under the influence of President Hogue her faith was established. For several years she was a successful teacher in Wessington Springs Junior College, and later became County Superintendent of Schools of Jerauld County, South Dakota.

Then at the call of God she prepared for China. We can see her yet, as she stood on the platform on the old Glen Ellyn camp ground in the Illinois Conference. Her neat, dark brown hair was wreathed in braids upon her head. Slender, straight, and quiet she stood. Softly and ever so humbly, she said to us that she could not tell us very much yet, for she was just going to be a missionary, but that some day she could tell us more. That gentle, earnest spirit has ever since belonged in our concept of the ideal missionary.

Now for some years it has been her happy fortune to be fulfilling many of her girlish dreams, but in that far-off land of China instead of where she had expected. She dreamed of mothering helpless children. Now she mothers the Chinese orphans in the Kaifeng orphanage and loves them every one. She had ambitions of advancing in the teaching profession. Now she teaches both in the men's and women's Bible schools in the same city in addition to acting as principal and preceptress of the women's school. She thought of becoming an evangelist. Now she assists Miss Jones with the pastoral work. Her work in the Bible schools offers a real problem because there is a great range of ages, of previous training in books, and of depth of Christian experience in the students. Her family of orphans is a constant source of pleasure to her. Even the naughty little girls find a corner all their own in her heart. The poor crippled girls, who have had their feet frozen off, or have met a similar misfortune, are especially loved by her. There are times of trial when the measles run rampant through her little group, or when the death angel comes to carry away one of her little ones. But the joy of leading these little, homeless, slant-eyed Lotus Pond's and Precious Pearl's into the presence of the Lover of all children everywhere more than pays for the hardship. Then by some miraculous means she finds time to promote the evangelism of the people in the neighboring villages by native workers.

The China Woman's Missionary Society also receives its share of inspiration from her, as it studies the home mission field and hears from the lips of its own members the story of the gospel's coming into Kaifeng, the last province capital of the empire to be reached.

Miss Murray assisted Mrs. Lillian B. Griffith in the organization of the China Young People's Missionary Society in 1931 and has been an active promoter of it ever since.

When she became a missionary obedient to the heavenly Messenger, she not only took herself but in a few years she also was the human means of leading her sister Grace, to China, and thence to her Father's home.

Would you be pleased to meet the missionary teacher at Inharrime, Portuguese East Africa? This erect lady wearing glasses and speaking so distinctly is Miss Mae P. Armstrong. You will notice, if you look at the fly-leaf of the Bible she has just been using in a class with evangelists, this verse:

"Use me, God, in Thy great harvest-field,
Which stretcheth far and wide like a wide sea;
The gatherers are so few I fear the precious yield
Will suffer loss. Oh, find a place for me!
A place where best the strength I have will tell--
Be it a wide or narrow place, 'tis well,
So that the work it holds be only done."

This was dipped from the denominational Sunday-school paper years before she went to Africa. God's answer to that sincere prayer led her from Western New York to the trying climate of Inhambane and from dreams of home to the bliss of serving in one of earth's dark corners.

Her life began in the small town, Sandusky, New York, and was spent there until she was ten years old. At that time she moved to another small town, Franklinville, in the same state. The great joy of her childhood was to take a neighbor's baby for an airing. Even a greater pleasure was hers when she could care for a baby brother all her own. Never did the prophecy of the neighbors that the novelty would wear off come true. With this event in the home the charm of dolls disappeared. She now had the real thing. This love for children manifested itself in her dreams of a home of her own later and in her kindly interest in the black boys and girls of Africa now.

She was educated in New York and became a teacher in that state. She attended common school at Sandusky and at Franklinville. Following her graduation from Ten Broeck Academy in Franklinville, she spent a year at Delevan, New York, in a teachers' training class. Then after five-years' teaching in rural schools, she took the course of training at the Fredonia State Normal School, from which she was graduated. Next she taught in the grammar school in her home town until she left for Africa some three years later. Now she teaches in the land of dark faces.

In common with all the other missionaries discussed in this book, she did not just happen to be one. Like most of them she did not become one instantaneously. But gradually and surely the idea deepened to conviction, and then being sure that Africa was the place where she might serve best, she became a herald of the Cross. Very early in her life the idea of being a missionary was with her, now gone, now here. Once when she was visiting in another town and attended a strange Sunday-school, she grew bold enough to declare her intention of becoming a missionary. The teacher had asked what the children intended to be when they grew up. Looking around at the other boys and girls six or seven years old, she decided that no one there would ever tell her friends back home in Sandusky what she said. So after the girl next to her had declared her plan to be a pastry cook, she opened her little heart and answered, "A missionary." Later whenever the question was presented, she would reply that she planned to teach. Her careful preparation for the teaching profession and her varied experiences have been no hindrance to her teaching the Scriptures to people more backward than her children of the first years.

In youth her ambitions were centered around a home. To her no woman could do anything more wonderful than to become a Christian wife and mother and then train a family of children for God and for service. A noble aim was this. Yet this dream had to be laid aside when she became a missionary. However, who knows

the numbers of children she will have trained for Him? Her family is a large and growing one indeed.

During the years that she taught, one evening as she knelt in prayer she was conscious of a Voice divine saying, "You will not always be teaching school. I have a place for you in my work." Shortly after this she was especially given that hymn of missionaries and ministers' wives, "Anywhere with Jesus." Then one day as she prayed she was confronted by the problem, "Will you have -- natural children or spiritual ones?" She could take her choice that day, it seemed. Great had been her desire to have a fine family. Still with the presence of the unearthly there, she knew that only one choice was worthy of Him. So she gladly chose the spiritual children.

Soon after this a very choice young man came her way and sought her acquaintance. He was preparing to enter the ministry. Perhaps this was the work planned for her. But if that, was the plan, why had she been asked to choose between natural and spiritual children? Was God giving her back her Isaac because she had offered it willingly? But soon the courses of the two lives drifted apart.

Then as she sat very quietly in a missionary meeting one day not long after this, she knew that her work was to be on the foreign field. Never since then has there arisen a doubt that this was the divine plan.

So she came to Africa to be a missionary teacher. At first, surrounded by needs strikingly evident on every side, she seemed utterly unable to help. Then she was glad to know that she had come, not through an impression or an emotion, but at the bidding of the One who makes no mistakes. Ever through the years in this land of trying problems for a teacher, looking at the picture of Christ in Gethsemane which hangs on the wall of her room at Inharrime, she has found strength for the countless interruptions of every day. Classroom instruction of the native evangelists or of the black girls, visiting the kraal, holding religious services, having personal interviews, attending to government business and supervising all kinds of tasks about the school, chapel, and garden are strangely blended in her happy life.

After all there is not so much difference between teaching for the Master in the public schools of western New York and teaching for Him in the simple native school near the eastern coast of the dark continent.

It was not in a log cabin in Kentucky, as in the case of Lincoln, but in one in the great state of Texas, that Edwin P. Ashcraft, superintendent of our mission field in China, first saw the light of day. While he was still a child, his parents moved by a team of oxen to Kansas. Here they lived, first in a "dug-out," later in a sod house. With the other seven children Edwin had the common experience of all pioneers in northwest Kansas with droughts, blizzards grasshoppers, and an occasional good crop. Here, too, he enjoyed sports such as skating, swimming, hunting and trapping.

When he was eight years old, he Gave himself to the Lord in a revival in a Presbyterian church in Oberlin, Kansas. His education, begun in a "soddy," was continued in high school and in the University of Southern California, where he took his Master's degree.

The story of the Lord's hand leading Mr. and Mrs. Ashcraft into the Free Methodist Church and then to China is best told by Mrs. Ashcraft herself:

Born in a strict Presbyterian home, where we were taught that one is sanctified in death, I found it difficult, after having married a Methodist minister, to face a holiness revival in our own church. God wonderfully helped the evangelist to preach and to lead me step by step. At last the weary road was traveled and I was sanctified at Hynes, California, in the Methodist Church.

A really new life followed. We traveled a year in the evangelistic work, and then came a surprise call. It seemed the Lord's will for us to teach in the Free Methodist Seminary at Hermon, California. Seven happy, strenuous years were spent in this school. Although we taught to "pay expenses," our principal work was evangelism among the students. The altar and prayer services with seeking friends are the most vivid remembrances of those seven years.

Suddenly in March, 1916, God turned a short corner in our lives. We were faced with missionary work in China. Was it really His will for us to go? When this question had been settled, we sent our application to the Missionary Board of the Free Methodist Church. Those days and weeks of waiting were times of testing. The Lord helped us to hold still, and on November tenth of the same year we were in Honan, China.

Only those who have left an active life in the homeland and taken up the tedious language study in a new climate, among strange surroundings of heathen darkness, can appreciate what it meant to face it all. But there was the bright side. He who called went with us and helped us. There are times of testing in a missionary's life, to be sure, but not so severe as in that of one who does not obey the call.

My life in China has been varied. The wife of a missionary naturally accommodates herself to her husband's work. I tried to fit in as best I could wherever we were appointed. The trials are overshadowed in my memory by the great privilege of telling of Jesus and His love.

One outstanding experience was on one World Day of Prayer. We were in Chengchow. It was the regular round of service. But how often God manifests Himself in the line of duty, doesn't He? It seemed as if the Lord let me feel the atmosphere of all the praying people over the world that day. During the forenoon we were kneeling with a group of Chinese at the Leffingwell Compound. The wife of

one of our pastors was in great spiritual darkness and cried out for help. Suddenly it seemed as if the center of a cyclone struck the room and swept us out of our surroundings into the cloud of prayer which was encircling the earth that day. That lady still feels the influence of the power of God which came into her life at that time.

Our first furlough, in 1924, was a busy one. We spent much of our time itinerating. Then in 1925 we were again in China, in time for the evacuation and the Civil War. Words fail to describe the experiences of those hectic days. However, through them all God helped us to see His promises fulfilled. When it seemed for a time that Communism would close our mission, He enlarged our work and deepened it spiritually. Revivals have since that time been almost continuous.

Our second furlough, beginning in June, 1933, has been a new experience for me. This poem tells the story of the past year:

"Shut in, in idleness,
No duties to fulfill;
Served, but not serving now,
My service is to lie still.

"And is there naught besides?
Ah, yes, thrice-blessed word,
Shut in to Jesus Christ,
A prisoner to the Lord.

"Shut in? Yes, all shut in,
Whatever ill betide,
Shut in to Christ my Lord,
And oh, so satisfied!"

Their work in China has been decidedly happy and successful. Such suffering and confusion as war brings to the Chinese tear their hearts. Their mission work has been joyous. Welcoming Chinese in the guest hall with its opportunity of making friends for the Master's use was joy. Preaching in the chapel on the city street and traveling to the villages to tell the story was pleasure. Holding Sunday-schools and seeing the little slant eyes beam at the beautiful story of Jesus was good. Bringing relief to the pain-wracked bodies of soldiers in the hospital during the Civil War of 1927 to 1930 and offering spiritual food to them was work for the Great Missionary. Giving rice to the poor famine sufferers was blessed. Going from station to station holding the district quarterly meetings, enjoying fellowship with other missionaries and with the native church, was its own reward. Helping in revivals, directing mission meetings, editing "Praise and Prayer," compiling a Free Methodist Chinese song-book, "Songs of Victory": all were a delight. They love it all and are only waiting to return. Hardship, danger, loneliness: the Ashcrafts never mention them. They think not of themselves but of the Chinese.

The following tributes written by two of their friends give intimate glimpses of them at work:

A Chinese Saint

No, he was not born in China. But just think of the highest type of Christian winsomeness, apostolic fervor, and intercessory earnestness; and you have a sketch at least of Brother E. P. Ashcraft and his wife.

My first memory of Brother Ashcraft leaves him in my mind's eye on one of the sloping hills of Hermon, hoe in hand, trying to make a kitchen garden behave in that adobe soil. Mrs. Ashcraft at that time was teaching music.

Either of these occupations is a rather humble, ordinary affair, and yet out of that well of deep Christian living and devotion there came a challenging sense of conviction for deep spiritual reality in one's life.

They were cheery, good-natured, hearty, wonderful friends; yet somehow there was that invisible current of spiritual force and power which pervaded their lives and made, out of the most ordinary friendly contacts of the day, a spiritual challenge to the best that God might have for one.

During the years that I was wandering from Christ their kind letters were links in the chain that bound me to what was best in life.

A year before they left for their mission in China, Mrs. Ashcraft was greatly burdened in prayer for my salvation. A year later I was converted, and a few short weeks after that felt to take my place in the street on Pasadena Avenue, where Brother Ashcraft had formerly held street meetings.

Wherever Brother and Sister Ashcraft go, there is created that atmosphere in which revivals flourish. A few times Brother Ashcraft has spoken to our Mexican Conferences. Always the power has been upon us in a remarkable degree and sometimes altar, prayer, confession, consecration services have continued for several hours.

Such glimpses of the man, working as he must through an interpreter to a strange people whom he does not know, give some idea of the gripping spiritual power that God is able to bring to bear upon the mission field in China by the presence and the prayers of this godly man. -- B. H. Pearson.

A Tribute

The Rev. Edwin P. Ashcraft and Mrs. Harriet M. Ashcraft were missionaries long before any missionary board sent them to a foreign land. The writer as a fellow

student in the University of Southern California found Edwin Ashcraft devoting his spare time to Y. M. C. A. work -- among other things teaching a volunteer class in comparative religions. When later he and Mrs. Ashcraft found their way to the then Los Angeles Free Methodist Seminary, their labors in the Master's vineyard were remarkable for their constancy and variety. Their multiplied activities ranged from bringing new and modern subjects into the curriculum, to bringing spiritual light, guidance, and inspiration to scores of students who passed under their influence. An early morning prayer-meeting for the girls in Mrs. Ashcraft's living-room; another for the boys, possibly in the hay-loft of a neighboring barn, under the inspiration of Mr. Ashcraft; a late evening season of spiritual wrestling for seekers around the altar in church or school chapel; going on a "hike" with the students as one with them in sociability, when a nature-study excursion or trip to the mountains or seaside made a diversion -- in such ways did the Ashcrafts mingle with the students of the school, sharing their struggles, their disappointments, their triumphs.

Besides all this, the church community felt the uplift of their constant labors. It was often said that more pastoral work was done by the Ashcrafts than by any one else.

Praying for the sick or the distressed or the unsaved, ministering to their physical needs, giving counsel and sympathetic understanding, instant in season and out of season, always ready on a moment's notice at any hour of the day or night for some labor of love and the "cure of souls"-such things endeared these consecrated people to every one in school and community. That which made their service so rich in fruitage in the Master's work is their passion for boys and girls, for men and women. They are gifted with spiritual insight and rare sympathy; theirs is the unusual capacity for sharing and for entering into the spiritual struggles of others, for identifying themselves in spirit with those about them. Is it any wonder that the Chinese people felt instinctively that in Mr. and Mrs. Ashcraft they had friends who could enter into sympathetic understanding and appreciation?

It was an occasion long to be remembered, for many reasons, when the missionary convention congregation in the Hermon Free Methodist Church was electrified by the sight of Mr. and Mrs. Ashcraft going forward to the altar in sign of dedication to the missionary work abroad. In the minds of some there was well-nigh a feeling of consternation at the thought of parting with these good friends. Mr. Ashcraft seemed to us school people so absolutely essential to the spiritual work of the institution, his versatility on the teaching staff seemed to render him so indispensable, it appeared almost unthinkable that it was in God's plan that Mr. Ashcraft should be needed in any place nearly so much as he was needed in Hermon. How could this be in the order of the Lord? The answer to this question is seen in the renewed spiritual life of our missionary work in China, in the growth and temporal prosperity of that work, and in the fact that for years that work was led to heights of accomplishment under the superintendency of Edwin P. Ashcraft. -- Mark M. Horton.

Born in Brooklyn, New York, of English parentage, Elizabeth Moreland grew up a frail, earnest girl who early carried heavy responsibility. She secured a business training and thoroughly made good in office work. But she met Jesus, and His call to service rang clear in her heart. Every effort was turned towards the double duty of assisting a family and fitting herself for the work of God. For a few months she supplied a small charge in the New York Conference. Always she studied, prayed, and prepared in every way she knew for the wider work opening before her.

In 1913 she was one of the five missionaries sent to India. There were some forebodings that so frail a girl would never bear the change of climate and the hard work of the mission fiend; but Elizabeth Moreland thrived on both the climate and the work.

Her eager mind was challenged by the task of the study and acquisition of the difficult Marathi language. This she acquired not in an ordinary way but expertly as suited her will to do her best. She delved, fascinated, into the beauties of Sanskrit and also acquired a working knowledge of Hindu.

As an evangelistic missionary she used Marathi with her rarer gift of eloquent speech. In charge for a year of the boys' orphanage, she revealed her striking administrative ability. Back in "station work" she developed an understanding of people and a large capacity for leadership. Teaching by times in the Bible Training School, she found use for her patient and thorough study of the Marathi Bible. In all of this work God was fitting her for a far larger service,

In 1930 Miss Moreland was loaned by our Board to the India Sunday-school Union and became their representative throughout the whole Marathi area, a large part of western India. She goes from place to place conducting training schools for Sunday-school workers, men and women. Part of the year she spends at the national headquarters in South India. She is a very useful missionary in an unusual and new field. Every year she touches hundreds, perhaps thousands of lives, inspirationally.

A part of one furlough she spent at Greenville College, satisfying a life-long desire for real collegiate training. During another furlough she studied religious education at Boston University, taking these specialized courses after she had been on the field and knew exactly what she wanted.

God has found use for all her gifts and will surely say of this woman some day, "Good and faithful servant, enter in."

The ancestors of Edith Frances Jones were among the first settlers of Western New York. Her Grandfather Jones, later an itinerant Methodist minister,

came from Vermont with his family in a covered wagon when he was nine years of age. Her Grandfather Fenton came about the same time from Connecticut.

As a child Edith was quiet, studious and very fond of reading. She still is a great lover of books. Her first schooling was in a private school, then in the Jamestown High School and Collegiate Institute. She later attended Syracuse University and was graduated from the classical course. An excellent language student, she found it comparatively easy to learn the Chinese language.

After finishing her college course she took training in the Chautauqua School of Nursing and received her diploma. A little later she was called by President Hogue of Greenville College, a cousin by marriage, to fill a vacancy in the Greek department of that institution, where she taught several years. She was largely instrumental in organizing the Student Volunteer Movement in Greenville.

Miss Jones received her call to the mission field while she was a student in the University, but said nothing about it at the time. During her stay in Greenville College she received a deeper work of grace in her heart and soon joined the Free Methodist Church. At the same time she felt that the time had come for her to tell the missionary secretary that she was a candidate to the foreign field. She did this, was accepted by the Missionary Board, and soon found herself in China, the field of her choice, and there she has spent the better part of her life. She has spent more years in China than any other of our missionaries, and is sometimes called the mother of the Free Methodist Mission. She has an intense love for the Chinese people.

Her training as a nurse made Miss Jones a great help to our work in China. At that time we had neither doctor nor nurse and she was in great demand wherever there was illness. She willingly gave her time and strength in ministering both to our missionaries and to the native Chinese women, who so much needed her help.

She also taught in the schools and did much translating of English into Chinese for use in school and evangelistic work among the Chinese people. One of her coworkers said, "Miss Jones is the most unselfish person I ever knew. She never thinks of or spares herself when something needs to be done."

Some nineteen years ago Miss Jones found a little Chinese baby girl thrown out on the roadside to die. She took the sick, half-starved waif to her home and tenderly cared for her. The baby was named Lora for Miss Jones' mother. For many months it was doubtful if the child could live, but God spared her life and she has grown to young womanhood, a great joy and comfort to Miss Jones. She is a devoted Christian and a real missionary, loved by our missionaries and by the Chinese people. No missionary funds could be appropriated for the child and Miss Jones has shared her own salary in educating and caring for her. One missionary has said, "If Miss Jones had never done anything else, her careful rearing and training of this child has paid for all her years in China!"

Before her last furlough was due, Miss Jones' father died; so when she came home, her mother clung to her, and, not being well, she could hardly bear the thought of Edith's leaving her alone and returning to China. Their friends felt it was too bad for the field to lose so valuable a missionary, yet they felt that the mother needed her. Then a happy thought came to Mrs. Sellew and others and they helped to raise money from Edith's relatives and personal friends and sent the little mother with her when she went back to China. Perhaps no one was more delighted than was the child Lora who always had longed to see the loved "grandmother" for whom she had been named.* [*The author is greatly indebted to Mrs. Emma L. Hogue for this sketch of Miss Jones' life and work.]

Miss Wood is a granddaughter of Levi Wood, the first editor of the "Free Methodist," and one of those in the Albion group who drew up the statement of their beliefs in the matters of controversy in the Methodist Church prior to the formation of the Free Methodist Church. She was born in Albion, New York, and there was converted when she was about fourteen years old. Later she was immersed in Lake Ontario at a Sunday-school outing. From her earliest recollections she was much influenced by her godly parents and by many pioneer Free Methodist ministers and charter members of the church, and by her aunt. Before she had finished her high school work she organized "The Little Lights" society, one of the earliest children's missionary societies in our church.

Her early hobby was singing. She had a sweet alto voice, which she employed in singing at her work in the home and in leading the singing at church. Once she was offered a position in a paid choir in an ultra-liberal church but preferred to sing the hymns of faith in her own church.

Her education was continued in a normal school, and later completed at Greenville College. While she was securing her education, she taught school. She earned much of her own way through college. Mrs. Kittie Wood Kumarahulasinghe of India and Ceylon, her aunt, helped her with money, which was furnished with the stipulation that Miss Wood pay it back by helping her younger brothers and sisters through school. To do this, she taught in Free Methodist schools in Los Angeles, in Texas, and in A. M. Chesbrough Seminary.

Then about 1915, in answer to the call she had received before she ever entered Greenville, she sailed for China. Miss Leffingwell's addresses had directed her mind to this particular field.

Miss Wood has done evangelistic, literary, and educational missionary work, chiefly in Kaifeng. Still she is the ever-serious, but always jovial, school girl. Still she is the precise student, who never thinks that she knows all about anything.

She is almost six feet tall, substantial, and almost stately in figure. Her eyes are dark, and so was her hair, but it is turning gray now. Just as when she was a girl

at home, she enjoys both cooking and eating. Her beautiful ruddy complexion of girlhood now bears the marks of the smallpox from which she suffered during her first term in China, but her face glows with the beauty of salvation, revolution, famine, disease, squalor, and splendor of the mission field; she knows none of them is to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed.

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07 -- THE POET AS MISSIONARY

"Yet the Lord will command his lovingkindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life." (Psalm 42:8).

As a child Miss Reid lived near Kingston, Ontario. Without becoming vitally interested in religious matters or reading any missionary books, she grew to young womanhood. One incident of her eighth year illustrates her depth of feeling. When a baby sister came into her home and she heard her parents proposing to name the little newcomer Maude, she burst into tears and would not be comforted by any or all of the explanations and reasons given her for the choice. Finally from the depths of her child's despair she wailed, "Oh, Pa, that's a horse's name." The outcome was that her suggestion, Pearl Mildred, became the name of her little sister. And now Miss Bessie Reid is having the privilege of initiating the sister she named into service in the land she loves,

She had been educated in the public schools near Kingston, Ontario, Canada, at the Kingston Collegiate Institute, and at the Kingston Model School, and was teaching school at Desert Lake, Ontario. At this time she was enjoying her work as a teacher. Also she enjoyed office work, particularly bookkeeping. Her ambition was to become an accredited auditor. But God called in a meeting held in the Methodist Church by Rev. C. V. Fairbairn, and she gladly answered that call. As a result she spent three years in pastoral work in the East Ontario Conference.

As her spiritual experience deepened, several factors prepared her for the final decision to give her life to service on the foreign field. In 1918 the death of a sister led her to a deeper consecration to the whole will of God. Then, too, the beautiful sentiment and poetry of two hymns, "Face to Face" and "Take My Life," appealed to her poetry-loving soul and bade her go across the sea to help God's other sheep. Then one day she read the tract that tells of a shepherd sending his dog for the three sheep not in the fold. Out into the storm the dog went. Late in the night she came scratching at the fold door. Being admitted, she brought in two bleeding sheep. The dog was tired and badly bruised, but the shepherd commanded again, "Go, bring the missing one." After a long time the dog returned with the bleeding sheep and placed it at the shepherd's feet. Then she crawled into the kennel and lay down with her puppies, to die of exhaustion. It was the reading of

this tract, she says, that finally led her to make her decision to become a missionary.

At the close of her college life at Greenville, from which she was graduated in 1925, receiving her A. B. degree, Magna Cum Laude, she prepared to leave immediately for China. On her first furlough she continued her studies and received her B. D. at Greenville College.

Arriving in China in rather troublous times, she began the study of the difficult Chinese language. About this time she was left alone on the compound at Kih sien for two days -- the only foreigner in the whole community and, of course, she felt the dignity of the position. One afternoon about four o'clock, some of the Chinese women came hurrying into the house very much excited. Judging from their manner (not from what they said, for she could understand only a few words) she knew that something was wrong. So she hurried out to the scene of action. There lay a woman on the floor, evidently in great pain. How was she to find out what the trouble was? Hastily she took an inventory of vocabulary stock-in-trade -- pencil, pen, book, tea, is it or is it not, do you want it, or do you not? Not one expression seemed appropriate. There stood the crowd waiting to pass judgment upon the new missionary. Finally an idea flashed into her mind, and dashing into the house she grabbed the Mentholatum jar and quickly returned. Yes, she was sure of "Toe Tung?" (Does your head ache?) Fancy her helpless disappointment when the patient said, "No." Simply she told them they had better send for one of the older missionaries.

But the Chinese language was not to be her Waterloo. In less than usual time she had completed her required work. The first year closed with notes of victory in letters written home and jotted in her diary. The poet's soul within expressed itself in these lines:

**Then upward with a steady tread
And heart aglow with hope and love
I'll keep on plodding day by day
Until I reach my home above.**

Later she was established at her station at Jungtseh with Miss Murray and others. War clouds grew ominous. Step by step, from station to station, they reluctantly moved toward safety. Soldiers came and tried to enter the compound where they were. Messages began to come in code from the missionaries who were already at Peking to come at once with or without baggage. Still, since quiet reigned in Honan where they were and no news of trouble farther away could reach them, they remained at their work. In it all, they were not afraid. Finally, she, with her companions, left to join the other missionaries at Peitaiho, where they were comparatively safe.

She was now to begin that fight which for her was more terrible than war, that long, slow fight against disease. With her month after month in this very real battle was Grace Murray, who was her nurse and who in those days of loving service became her best friend. In the Kuling Mountains they fought for health. Up and up they traveled to the top. So sick and so weary and yet up, up, up, she had to go. A voice within whispered: "Must be close to heaven up there." A voice from above answered: "It can be." And best of all it was; for in the beginning Miss Reid determined that whether these mountains meant physical health or not, they should become a Bethel to her soul. But the fight for health was not completely won here. It was won instantaneously back in Honan with her missionary friends about her during the visit of Bishop and Mrs. Griffith. Her "God who took her to China, land of trouble and need, healed her to work there for Him. Ever since that day when she was anointed she has done full-time work when on the field and it would seem double time here at home when on furlough.

Back to work in Chengchow she went with a glad heart. In this difficult work among the Mohammedans the vision splendid that attends her has enabled her to push ahead in the face of great obstacles. Her work is among the Mohammedans at the edge of Chengchow. These persistent resisters to the gospel have a mosque near by. Here they threaten those who dare even to attend the "Happy Sound Hall," as our chapel is called by the Chinese. They called the native pastor the foreigner's cow (one who draws the cart) and the gate-keeper of the compound the foreigner's dog (one who watched the home of Miss Reid and Miss Sayre). In the midst of an unusually strenuous persecution of this sort Miss Reid calmly made plans for building a new chapel. Miss Reid and her missionary coworker had come to stay, for they had come seeking the other sheep at the call of the Master-shepherd.

Miss Reid modestly states that poetry is her hobby. Nevertheless, that hobby holds an important place in her life. Her writings and sermons are filled with bits of appropriate poetry effectively quoted. Now and then there come poems of her own. Her whole life is entwined in the choicest poetry of love for her Master. When telling of her conversion, she often quotes the poem, "I Met My Master Face to Face." For this reason some have thought she wrote it, but she says, "No, I wish I might have been the author of such beautiful lines." Because it seems so much a part of her, we quote it here.

"I had walked life's way with an easy tread, Had followed where pleasure and comfort led, Until one day in a quiet place I met the Master face to face.

"With station and rank and wealth for my goal, Much thought for the body but none for the soul, I had entered to win in life's big race When I met the Master face to face.

"I met Him and knew Him and blushed to see "That His eyes filled with sorrow were fixed on me. I faltered and fell at His feet that day While my castles melted and vanished away.

"Melted and vanished, and in their place Naught else did I see but the Master's face. Then I cried aloud: 'Oh, make me meet To follow the steps of Thy wounded feet.'

"My thought is now for the souls of men. I have lost my life to find it again E'er since that day in a quiet place When I met the Master face to face."

Because this poem is true in her life, and because she became a missionary, China's sheep, too, meet the Master face to face, again and again, as she tells in winning power the story of His love.

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08 -- THE EVANGELIST AS MISSIONARY

"The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it" (Psalm 68:11).

Would you meet the missionary in China with the smile an hour long? Did you know that when these dear native women and little children want to compliment Miss Chandler, they look up at her lovingly out of their slanting eyes, and noting her native dress, her native home at Paliwan, and her smiling face, they say, "Why, you look almost like one of us"? Does she care? Care! My, no! She is delighted to have so thoroughly assimilated herself into their simple lives. She is made truly happy. Did she not give up all prospects to become one of them that by so doing she might lead them to her Christ?

Possessing a rich heritage materially, culturally, and spiritually, Miss Chandler spent her childhood on the farm in Illinois or Iowa. She came of a rather long line of deeply-spiritual Methodists on one side of the house. Taught very carefully by her mother, she early learned how to worship God when she first wakened in the morning. Once she climbed to the top of a haystack that she might be nearer God as she sang a hymn her mother had taught her. All nature, the country and the fields appealed to her. When she was still a very little girl, her mother became an invalid and was a patient sufferer for thirty years afterward. With several other children in the home younger than she, Letitia Chandler was kept very busy. Lessons and work at home took all of her time and strength, so that she never became fond of sports or hobbies in her girlhood.

So pronounced was her bashfulness that her mother declared she would not enjoy visiting if she took Letitia with her, for all the time the child would be pulling at her dress and mumbling, "Let us go home." Because she was so timid, she aspired to caring for orphans, in which work she could be helpful and out of the public view. The missionary is just the bashful little girl grown big, after all. She never knew she could make an address, until the present editor of the "Missionary

Tidings," Miss Helen I. Root, said to her, "You do not need to make a speech. Just tell us about those women among whom you work. You love them, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, how I love them," she answered, while her beaming face emphasized the reply.

"Well, we would like them, too. Just tell us about them."

Astonished at her success in making most interesting addresses, Miss Chandler remarked, "I never would have known that I could."

Even after she reached China, her timidity made going into new places and among the crowds of strange natives in the outlying villages almost impossible for her. When the orphanage work for which she went to China ceased, she wondered what was to become of her. Then the Board assigned her to the village work. At last her desire to see these women and common people of the country receive the good news conquered, and with the native lady who had encouraged her, she started out on a barrow to visit whatever villages they should find. Finally she met a lady in whom she had been greatly interested but whose home she did not know. That was answer enough. Facing the people paid. Ever since she has been going, going, going to new places, to new people, to spread the knowledge of her Lord and Savior among the Chinese who love her.

Her father owned several farms. She consequently might have lived in comfort here. Even in China she perhaps could have more of luxury if she chose. But that is not Miss Chandler. When she was praying for the Lord to send forth laborers into the harvest-field, she heard Him speaking to her. Then a young woman, she turned aside from all ease to go to China. What a difference there must be between the commodious farm home over which she might have presided and the small native hut in which she lives when out in the district work. Here she might have had money enough. There she must face shortage of funds. Once when she was a child, with the first money she earned she bought a lamb and continued to raise sheep until she was preparing for China. Then she learned that she was to care for men and women, not for sheep. Here she would have been a neatly-dressed, cultured lady. There in her native hut, wearing the common cotton clothing of a native woman most of the time, she is just one of the commonest of the common women. Some one once asked her about the poor little oil stove she used in her native house, "Couldn't you afford more?" Her sincere explanation was just this: "Some do; I could; but I'm afraid those dear women wouldn't feel so free to come." She is laying up the eternal wealth of sheaves garnered from the rural districts of Honan, China.

Her cultural heritage was rich. Early she learned to love poetry and of her own accord memorized much verse. Her taste for reading was developed. She was only a little girl when she began writing compositions for her mother. In her seventeenth year she was permitted to see the shallowness of much of society life.

Then more than ever before she cherished the ideals of her mother, who was a cultured, pious lady. This heritage God never asks any one to turn aside; but He puts it to good use in making contacts for Him.

After she had received her call to China, she was desirous of taking some college work and was referred to Greenville College. Here she spent a happy year, during which she united with the Free Methodist Church. Now for years she has been a truly evangelistic missionary in the land of the yellow people. Her day runs something like this, if she is staying in Kaifeng: At five-thirty she rises. From six to eight she has her own worship and prayer with the Chinese Christians. This is the part of the work that she loves the most possibly, for in this early morning hour she wins the victories of the day. From eight to ten she eats breakfast and cares for various matters. Then until two or three in the afternoon She is giving the gospel in the homes and villages. Going as one of them, she tells the story with that smile an hour long to the women who seldom get to the chapel. Many are interested and do come to know the Lord she preaches. About three o'clock she eats her dinner. Then for two hours she studies and teaches the classes for Sunday-school teachers. At six sometimes she eats bread and milk. The hour beginning at six-thirty is devoted to the evening preaching and prayer service, when the native evangelist, Bible woman, or she herself preaches. Often she goes out for a two-weeks' trip to the outstations to teach the women.

In common with several of the other lady missionaries in China she has for her hobby the raising of flowers. The most delightful part of this hobby is giving the bright blossoms to the little children she loves, saving seed to give to them, or slipping the plants for the children. Is it any wonder that children and mothers forget that Miss Chandler is a foreigner and say, "You are just like one of us"? Even at evening after the many visitors of the day have gone and she would seem to need the quiet and a little time to herself, she settles down to her correspondence, with the children playing outside in the court.

Perchance her contribution to the cause of missions is just as great when she comes home on furlough to give us those intimate pictures of her own life and the life of the Chinese with whom she works over there, as when she travels from village to village with the message of redemption. She has given largely, and also she is reaping largely in love and sheaves for the Master-reaper.

On the desk before me lie eight closely-written large sheets of India paper, the product of Mrs. Elmer Root's pen when she was suffering from malaria. As yellow as a jonquil, she wrote them propped up on pillows. In spite of the horrid feeling in the back of her mouth, down to her stomach, and in her head, a feeling now forever associated for her with yellow, she is bubbling over with enthusiasm to think that at last they have been able to secure a car for the evangelistic work. Good news this is to the devoted little wife and missionary mother, for this means reaching more villages with the blessed story of the Savior. Although she is half

way around the world in the mission bungalow at Umri, Berar, India, we feel that we have come into intimate touch with Mrs. Root.

Into the midst of plenty of life and fun, Elmer Root, the youngest of nine children, was born in a little stone house in Kansas. His gentle, frail mother's greatest concern for these little ones was that all of them should be good. His father farmed during the day and preached at night in schoolhouses or homes. The shy, tender-hearted little boy was converted at eleven years of age at the family altar. At that time he promised the Lord that he would preach.

As a boy he loved his dog and horse, and also was very fond of reading. The friends of his brothers and sisters liked this boy with his sympathy for man and animal. Never has he been very sturdy, but since his going to India he has had excellent health, for the most part.

In the State of Washington he received his high school education. He was active in athletics, especially in basketball. Summers he worked in the harvest-fields; and in the fall and spring and after school in the evening, he helped his father on the farm. In such ways he earned all of his clothes from the time that he was in his early teens. Similarly he met all of his own school expenses. Later at Seattle Pacific College he worked afternoons and Saturdays to earn money, went to school in the morning, studied nights, and attended at least five services on Sunday, two of which he usually conducted. At the same time he was president of the students' organization for one semester and president of the Student Volunteers for three years. Still he found time to see a certain young lady with a similar amount of pluck and energy often enough to fall in love with her.

It was during this period of time in Seattle that his ambitions were once more changed. That early determination of his boyhood to be a minister had been changed at the end of his high school days to that of becoming the best kind of a civil engineer he could be, so that he, the youngest child, might support his parents and do it well. This plan included going to South America. In the back of his mind all of the time was the idea that four of his brothers were already Free Methodist ministers, and that was enough. So with this plan in mind he entered the University of Washington to become an engineer. But early in that year, during a revival in the college church, he was stopped short in his self-planned course, unselfish as it was. Kneeling at the altar, he knew that God's plan was not for him to go to South America as an engineer, nor for him to become a minister in the homeland, but to be a missionary. How could he go, when duty was calling him to help his parents? How? Yes, how? But he would promise the Lord to do as He had bidden and trust Him to open the way. The Lord called, that was all. And Elmer Root and Mrs. Root later went at His call to the shores of India, and then inland to the Central Provinces, and at last to the mission bungalow at Umri.

Those boyhood characteristics are still his. His sympathy with the poor people of India interested him in starting the Industrial Cooperative Society and the

cooperative bank. The result to date is that now they have no dependent Christians in Umri, and that the Indians no longer expect the church to solve all their financial problems. His cautious spirit led him first to consult specialists in this kind of work, so that the society was begun without risk. Just as he was liked by his family's friends in childhood, so ever since he has been liked by young people. In Seattle Pacific College the high school boys trooped about him. In Wessington Springs the mischievous, lively group gave proof of their love and devotion for him. On the boat going to India he made friends with the young people. Going into the villages of India he draws the young people to him and plays with them. Last year at Pandharkawada he was invited to play with the village boys. From then on, wherever he went in the village, some joined him by ones, twos, or threes until sometimes he had fifteen or twenty with him. Can you see him -- a tall, slender man with dark brown hair worn pompadour -- laying his friendly hand on a lithe brown boy's shoulder to help the lad laugh with the others at his own mistake? They like to call him a cricketeer because of his build.

It was a time of crisis in his life as a missionary and in the work. The greatest trial of their missionary service thus far had come. His wife and baby, who was then eighteen months old, were both sick in bed. They had been in India less than three years. After finishing the language study of two years in fifteen months, he had relieved two other missionaries. Now immorality on the part of two of their servants came to light. Almost at the same time similar trouble occurred in the case of one of the schoolmasters. How could he dismiss the servants when his wife was so weak that she could not even walk? He could not stay with his wife, for he had to care for the schools: one boarding school, one day school, three village schools, besides the fields and shop work. He could not find a suitable substitute for the schoolmaster. Yet he could not let such acts go without punishment. As if this were not enough, he must endure reproof for his apparent failure to handle the situation. Returning, he knelt by the bed of his sick wife, the nearest to being overcome by discouragement that he has ever been. For a long time not a word broke the silence. His face was pale, haggard, and old. The life was gone from the blue eyes. Dry sobs shook his frame. When at last his wife asked, "What is the matter?" he only said, "Pray for me, dear, pray!" She prayed; he prayed. Then he arose, saying, "I wondered if we should not go home, but we'll stay. The Lord is with us!" Within was a new strength. The crisis was past. Months afterward when a satisfactory settlement had been reached in every respect, his wife learned what had caused the deep cut that day. Never has there been a question since about their staying in India.

During the cold season when they tour from one village to another, their work runs about like this: At eight in the morning, after prayer with all of the workers, they leave camp and go into the village for personal work. In some courtyard they may find three or four men who have shown some interest. Beginning with the point which seemed to interest one of them in the service last night, Mr. Root talks, sings, reads the Bible, or prays with them. Frequently he forgets the time so thoroughly that he must be sent for at meal-time. The afternoon may be spent in visiting

neighboring villages to invite people to the evening services in this central village and in selling books. Occasionally it is his blessed privilege to spend the afternoon in the jungle with some earnest inquirer who is seeking to enter the true way of life, Just before tea at three he tries to have a half hour to read. About sunset he may take his gun and three small sons, who think their daddy is the greatest man that ever lived, and go for a walk. A pea-fowl or a rabbit helps the family budget, and a deer is perfectly acceptable. At seven when the cool of the day has come, the little family of five have their main meal. Then at eight they are off to the village. Marching through it, they sing or call out invitations through a megaphone. When they have returned to the open space where the meetings are held, he shows stereopticon pictures of Bible stories, or just talks and sings. Sometime between 10:30 and midnight the service will close, and he comes home to bed.

At home in Umri they are ever busy. Now they are helping a man open a store so that he can make his own living. Now they are seeing to the fields for the mission animals. Again Mr. Root is helping a Christian young man to start a tin trunk factory. Now the Young People's Missionary Society and the scouts demand attention. From all over people are coming for advice about any and every problem. Often his study is occupied with inquirers the whole day through. When he has more than he and the native pastor can handle, he sends them out to the cook who, while he prepares the meals, talks of the good things he knows well down in his heart.

In all of these efforts the devoted little wife, who heretofore enjoyed the color yellow, works by his side. She, too, came to India because of a definite call. Into this land of sorrow she brings cheer with her beautiful soprano voice. At present, because of shortage of funds, she must be the missionary-mother-teacher for her sons. She has one in the fourth grade, one in the second, and one in the first. Then she is also teaching all of them to play the organ. As a mother she has a peculiar work to do in India, for from her the women learn what a Christian home means, and to her they will come with their innermost longings, for she is a mother like themselves.

So these two, our youngest missionaries in India, toil on by stream, jungle, and bungalow in Umri village. Great is their joy to know that they are doing for India what the Master bids them do. Greater still is their joy, now that they have seen the first baptized convert in this village, where for twenty-five years our church has carried on work. From these eight thin sheets of paper have stepped a living man and woman with three fine lads, who seek to evangelize the needy villages.

Jacob Schaffer is a native of Illinois, of German descent. He received his higher education at Wessington Springs Seminary and at Greenville College. Here his earnest attitude toward every obligation caused his teachers and friends to characterize him as "faithful," "competent," "persistent," and "durable." These descriptions have been abundantly justified in his work in China.

He life this country in war-time, in 1917, and has seen war conditions many times in China. During his first term of service he was happily married to Miss Pearl Denbo, a successful missionary of the Nazarene Church, who has proved herself to be a true helpmeet ever since.

Mrs. Schaffer was an Indian girl. Even before she had seen a missionary, when she was studying elementary geography, she became interested in the Chinese, their boats, clothing, cues, and their government. Before she had seen a missionary, she was singing, "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go," and the thought came, "China." Could it be that God was calling? Daily she prayed that her way would be made clear. After four months she heard the call from above, "I want you in China." Her call was confirmed by these verses of scripture: "Go ye into all the world"; "Depart, for I will send you far hence"; "I have sent you to reap"; and, "Except ye see the signs and wonders ye shall not believe." Consequently, she can never doubt that call to the land in which her interest had been aroused at a time when she had never seen a missionary.

Now while her husband is away from the station much of the time in evangelistic work, she stays close to oversee the station work and goes every morning to the hospital in Kih sien to help in the literacy Bible school. Then the rest of the day, between the calls of the Chinese who come for all kinds of help and who talk much about even small matters, she enjoys making a home in the land of China. Truly she is a missionary homemaker.

When they were at home on their only furlough, the Schaffers spent several months at Greenville College in advanced study, also making friends for China there and elsewhere. Returning to China just about the time other missionaries were being ordered home, they were detained for some months in Shanghai on account of war conditions in Honan. Here they threw themselves whole-heartedly into the work of a gospel mission for soldiers and sailors, where their services were greatly appreciated.

As soon as conditions would permit they returned to Honan and were stationed at Kih sien. The unoccupied hospital buildings there seemed especially attractive to the soldiers, and in spite of all orders from the Chinese generals they took possession of this property. War was all around them for months: shells dropping in the compound, wounded men to care for, terror-stricken people to harbor in the cellar, a compound full of refugees. Mr. Schaffer was constantly on the alert to save what property could be salvaged and to encourage and strengthen the Chinese Christians. At the beginning of this strenuous time he had been at an out-station repairing the buildings to make them suitable to be occupied by our women evangelists on their country trips. Just when he had finished, word was brought at four o'clock p. m. that soldiers had taken the church compound at Kih sien. At once he started to walk the twenty miles home and arrived at 9:30 p. m. to find the city gate closed with no possibility of reaching his home that night. He spent the night

in a Chinese inn outside the gates, "hungry, weary, hot, without bedding, and with only a little hot water available -- but God's grace, oh, how abundant!"

Soon after, Mrs. Schaffer reported that disease had fastened upon him and he must observe a strict diet. She tried to persuade him to spare himself but said it seemed impossible; he still rode on his bicycle some three hundred miles a month. He was absorbed in carrying out his vision of completely occupying the Kih sien District for God. He was building up strong outstations at certain points; and as these became stronger, with more Christians and better leaders, he was working out into villages beyond until, as he said, there would be no village more than five miles from a gospel center anywhere in our field. Evangelistic bands of Chinese workers went out in all directions. One summer six of them visited five hundred villages and preached the gospel to at least 12,000, perhaps 15,000 people, strengthened the Christians living all about that area and won many others to the Lord.

Mr. Schaffer is one Free Methodist preacher who takes the Discipline seriously, and he spends hours and even days with his preachers and evangelists going over its provisions and exhorting them to fulfill its requirements. Patiently he teaches his class-leaders how to lead, and he himself is a living example of what he teaches.

All this, Mrs. Schaffer writes, this hard, unremitting work, these cares, and this illness, have "aged him beyond his years." God grant many more to these servants, faithful, competent, persistent, durable!

Years ago when Celia Ferris went to India and Grace Allen to Africa, on their way to the east coast they were entertained in the home of a Free Methodist minister in New York. There they found two little girls, who were greatly interested in studying and reading all of the books upon which they could lay their hands. Little did the two early missionaries realize that this visit was to be the beginning of such a deep and lasting interest on the part of the timid little Nellie Whiffen that some day, looking back, she would point to this visit as the beginning of her interest in missions.

Miss Nellie Whiffen was educated in the grammar schools of the various towns in New York in which she chanced to live, then in the high schools of Binghamton and of Syracuse, later at the Oswego State Normal and Training School and at the Training School for Nurses connected with St. Luke's Hospital in Utica, New York.

Sometime after the visits of the two early missionaries she heard a stereopticon lecture giving views of home mission work. She was then seventeen. As she listened, she determined to become a nurse in preparation for such work. Her final decision was made in a service later, when she heard the song, "Elisha's Call," being sung. Always having been timid and shrinking from public work, with

dreams of continuing in the quiet, substantial work of the church at home, she was fully persuaded that she was to be a missionary when the singers sang: "But when he knew his shrinking would send many souls to hell, he said, 'No, I'll follow God 'til latest breath.'" The following day she sent her application to the missionary secretary.

When she first reached her field of labor she felt almost as if she had landed in a great hothouse. So green was the vegetation, and so humid the atmosphere! Then came the struggle with the language. Under the pressure of this almost crushing burden she was ready to fear that she had made a mistake in coming to the Dominican Republic. Then the Great Missionary spoke to her and told her that if she would leave it all in His hands, He would see to it that her life would be spent where it would be most for His glory. With this thought came peace and rest. About two and one-half years later, when she had mastered the language, came the definite conviction that her work was in the Dominican Republic. She has never doubted that since.

Would you like to meet this missionary who has been characterized as a perfect gentlewoman with all that carries with it? She is slight but erect. Her hands are small and graceful. Her hair is soft, pure white, done in a knot at the nape of her neck. Her sparkling eyes twinkle, and she wears an engaging smile, which is evidence of mild humor. Her voice is low and musical. This last characteristic, together with her delightful personality, enables her to speak at length before the audience realizes that the time has gone.

Her work in the island mission field to the south takes her through a schedule somewhat like this: Rising at six, she has breakfast at seven. The morning is spent in calling, mostly among the converts. At 12:15 she has dinner, after which she rests for about fifteen minutes. She spends the afternoon in calling or in working at her desk. After supper at six she has a religious service every evening except Saturday. Of course there are variations in this program when she makes evangelistic trips to other towns. She is pastor of the church in Santiago. On Sunday she helps in a number of sectional Sunday-schools and is responsible for three preaching services, at one or two of which she herself preaches. Also she has the distinction of being pastor of the largest Sunday-school in Free Methodism, one of 1,300 members.

Her sister Eva is one of those hidden missionaries who is willing to serve and do for others, forgetting her own comforts. She first went to the Dominican Republic to be with her sister, but with no thought of becoming a missionary. For some years she supported herself through her profession of nursing. Having won her way into the hearts of the natives through this quiet life, she was adequately fitted to become the efficient evangelistic missionary she is. Like her sister, she is greatly beloved by the Dominicans. Always she is kind to animals and has for her hobby dogs and cats. For years she has been the efficient treasurer of the mission in the Dominican Republic. She, too, is a good Sunday-school worker. When she is

put to it, she is a good preacher, but she does not put herself to it. She, also, has an excellent command of the Spanish language.

So these two sisters from the fine, cultured home of the minister in the East became preachers themselves in the tropical island. There in all of their quiet, retiring ways they are winning jewels for Him, whom, having not seen, they love.

You might have seen the little girl Gertrude Alcorn trudging along the country road from her farm home to the post-office in Hesbon, Pennsylvania, preceded by two large dogs, who carefully killed any snakes that might oppose their young mistress. Her parents had settled in the forest in the hilly part of the state and had built first a log house and later, before Gertrude came to join them, a better home. By cutting trees into cord wood and hauling it seven miles to a railroad, and then by cultivating the land he had cleared, the father made the living. Our little girl was the youngest one in the family and was the pet of her two older sisters, who would carry her to bed at night long after she was old enough to walk.

For several years she attended the country school without missing a day. Often in the winter she rode a horse to school, and then, turning it loose, would let it go home. Her school life was happy with its games of ball for both boys and girls and with the cheerful visits over night with school chums from neighboring farms. Even then she loved the outdoor life. She worked in the fields, drove and rode the horses. Not only did she ride horses, but also cows, when she had some little distance to take them. Indeed, now and then she rode the pigs for sport. Raising sheep or caring for goats delighted her, too. In good stead has been this love of outdoor life and animals in her India home, where now she enjoys caring for cows, buffaloes, and what not. Quite in her line is the attention required in seeing that the jungle is cut for the feeding of the mission animals. Winter, too, brought its sport of riding down those dear old Pennsylvania hills on sleds. In India she has found hills aplenty and streams swollen to the point of excitement, but the snow she never finds at Darwha.

The home of her childhood was a strict Presbyterian one, in which the Bible was read aloud, a verse by each member of the family in turn on Sunday afternoons, and where every morning prayer was offered. Out of this early environment came a love for the Word of God and a decided reverence for the hour of prayer.

After her graduation from the public school she attended a teachers' training school a few summers, but never did teach. Her dream of teaching was replaced by the one of making a home. The housework that in earlier days had been rather distasteful, enough so at least to cause her to be very busy with some outdoor duty at dish-washing time, seemed less irksome.

About this time she had become active in the young people's work of the Methodist Church which she had joined. During the sermons she often had very

serious thoughts and wondered about some question like this: If one person could be offered as a sacrifice to save this entire group of people from some fearful punishment, would I be willing to be that sacrifice? Moreover, she knew of a young man in a neighboring community who was planning to go to India as a missionary. Gradually these thoughts prepared her for the step she was to take after her conversion. At twenty-one years of age, having given her life in full consecration, she joined the Pentecost Bands, with whom she worked in this country for five years. These were blessed years of service and growth. During this time she came into the experience of sanctification.

Although long ago she had decided that some day she would be a missionary, in these busy days she thought little of India until she heard the missionaries on furlough from that country telling of the needs there. At these times, she would weep aloud in spite of her efforts. So very soon, regardless of the oft-repeated warning that because of her poor health she would not live long in India, she took the boat for that land where the sister who had led her to the Master was then at work.

Landing in this land of poverty, she was impressed by the vegetation and by the people. Everything seemed different, even the air she breathed. The ox-carts and the way the people lived out in the open when they were traveling struck her. On the first trip she took in an ox-cart with her sister and brother-in-law, the two ladies slept in the cart at night, while the husband slept on the ground under the cart. Other carts camped there, too. Quite like a gypsy life this seemed to her, but a good one indeed. That very first year her health improved, and the years of service since then long ago proved the folly of those many foreboding warnings of friends.

This beginning of missionary service under the Pentecost Bands was a long time ago. In a very few months after her arrival in India, she joined the Free Methodist Church. Much work has been done since. Most of her work has been evangelistic, but she had some experience in the girls' orphanage. Besides, that home-making dream has been fulfilled in an odd way. She seems to have made her hobby the taking of children and babies and rearing them. Some have died, others have grown up to go through the mission school. Not so long ago she was mothering two darling little brown three-year-olds. Her home is in Darwha. Here people still come to ask her for medicine which used to be given out at the dispensary, but which she can no longer continue. Here she oversees the mission school, in which a man and his wife are teaching. Almost daily she goes to the school to give a short talk on the life of Christ to the children. Then frequently she goes out through the village with the Bible woman to visit the women of the village. More than all of this, she goes out with the native preacher to the villages outside to preach the God of love. Sometimes in crude native huts made by setting up cornstalks and filling the cracks with mud, with only an earthen floor, she makes her home while she is out on these tours. Sometimes she finds a door to her little native house in which she lives; then she is glad, for she can keep out the dogs. Again and again she goes out in a village to teach some poor, earnest woman that

the oxen must not be worshiped just because they bring in food for the winter, to find her again with a light under a basket in some ceremony of worship to spirits. Patiently by story and more often by life she teaches the way of Jesus to these darkened ones.

Thus her pleasure in this land has continued for a long period of time with two, furloughs, during the last of which she was permitted to nurse both her father and her mother in their last illnesses. She is now hoping that the next furlough will be to the heavenly home, so great is her eagerness to make the days count in bringing India to the feet of her Savior. She says:

It is hard for me to realize that I am much older than when I came to India, but when I look into the mirror and see the white hair and changed features, I know that age is telling on me. I can still ride a bicycle a good many miles in a day and still ride with some ease in the bullock cart over the rough country roads; so I can truly say that I turn away from the mirror and forget about my looks, and go on with the same desire to see souls saved.

Not the least delightful of her duties is her work as superintendent of the Young People's Missionary Society in Darwha. What better hobby could she have, or what better way of working at her hobby than in bringing the youth of India into fellowship with the Master and with the youth of the church through this union? As years grow upon her, her charm and influence upon the people of India grow also.

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09 -- THE HUMORIST AS MISSIONARY

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine" (Proverbs 17:22).

Mr. Arksey comes from a pioneer Free Methodist family of Ontario, Canada, while his wife comes from a pioneer Free Methodist family of Oklahoma. Both families have furnished more than one valuable worker to the church of their affection. It has been very fitting then that these two young people should carry the gospel of their church to the frontiers of the church in Africa.

On a small farm of fifty acres near Sutton, West Ontario, Canada, Laurence Arksey was born, the youngest of four children. Thus he is a British subject, although his ancestry includes English, Scotch, and Pennsylvania Dutch blood not more than two generations removed. In this home of his childhood he was favored with Scotch training in regard to the Sabbath, and with the teaching of the Wesleyan and Puritan code of living. His own parents, who for more than forty years have been members of the church he serves, were connected with the church from its earliest days in Ontario. Their home has always been a place of rest and entertainment for missionaries and ministers. Every comfort and luxury was his in this home of his childhood.

At five years of age he toddled along to school with an older sister. There in the usual country school he learned the customary rudiments. In spite of the fact that this period of early childhood seemed to be one long succession of having all of the childhood diseases, he learned to walk miles through the snow, to drive a horse, and to rake hay without killing either the horse or himself, as he pleasingly expresses it. This early activity is still present in the form of constantly being busy, much walking, fine swimming, good skating in the rare winters now when he can find the ice, and good tennis playing. His is an active nature.

When he was nine years old, his parents moved to Toronto, the capital city of the province. Here as he played on the street with the crowd, he suddenly became conscious of the fact that he was a Protestant. Before this time he had scarcely realized that there were such people as Catholics. Shortly after this, when he was fourteen, he was converted.

During his high school days he spent his vacations in learning the building trade with his father and brother who are contractors and carpenters. At the close of his work in high school, he spent four years doing office work, carpenter work, even a bit of farming, and in learning to be handy with tools. Now on the mission field where one is supposed to know everything and to be able to do anything, he finds these skills very useful.

About this time he was at home alone one evening. Having been definitely impressed to pray, he heard the Lord in an almost audible voice saying that He wanted him in Africa. Close upon this command came the promise, "I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." For a time he was simply overcome by the experience and by a sense of his unworthiness. Even as that night, still he feels that he is among God's chosen ones, His missionaries.

Now preparation for this special work seemed necessary. Previously he had thought that he could not afford to go to college. However, a college education had been one of his ambitions. In detail he had aspired to becoming a writer and to climbing as far as having a book published. At present he says that he has never fulfilled that dream; but that now that every one is writing books, it really doesn't matter. The result was that although he knew almost nothing of his church's schools in the United States, he followed the call to attend Greenville College. Feelingly he refers to those days and to "dear old President Burrill." Here, as in all of his previous school work, he was outstanding. That his degree was conferred "cure laude" indicates this. Then he was and now is a voluminous reader. He writes in a vigorous style with the charm of humor and genial satire. Since his boyhood, he has been associated with an outstanding Canadian journalist and author, who has lived in his father's home. From this friend he has acquired much in the way of style and critical ability.

From a prairie farm in Oklahoma came Ruth Secord to be his wife. She, too, came of pioneer stock and of a sturdy Free Methodist family. In the race to the Cherokee Strip her father had secured his farm, where she was born and lived until she entered Central Academy and College, in McPherson, Kansas. In this home she received careful, intelligent training. Her father was a pioneer Free Methodist in Kansas and Oklahoma, but unlike many pioneers he read widely and critically, especially doctrinal books like those of Wesley and Fletcher. She was blessed also with a mother who possessed good sense, and who was both a conscientious and a consistent Christian. Her brother says that Ruth is plump enough to be cheerful and generous. The trait that made her well liked in school in the homeland is the one which helps her to win the black natives for her Master. She is thoughtful of others and forgetful of self.

So it happened that these two reached Africa under the banner of the Free Methodist Church. For once the boy who had always had the reputation of playing the pranks and turning the joke on the other fellow found the joke upon himself. On the way across both of them had taken the mumps and were in the ship's hospital when the liner docked. They were not allowed to land until one of the resident missionaries promised to take them right away to Fair View Station, where there were no children. So all unexpectedly they arrived one Sunday afternoon. They stayed on at the old farmhouse, while Miss Frederick, who was stationed there, lived down at the girls' school. As they were waiting to be over the annoying mumps, they discovered that baby Leon had taken the troublesome disease. Then they had to wait for him.

But, as all things do, finally the mumps came to an end. What a joy it was to go to their first kraal! Off they went, the fair wife, the red-haired Baby Leon, and the new missionary, who according to his own word is ridiculously small, has red hair, freckles, and blue eyes. Into the hut of a dying Christian woman they went. Here at last they were in the presence of a great need. In the service in that hut with the poor black woman, who was soon to leave Africa for the better land, because missionaries had come, how he prayed and how his heart overflowed with thanksgiving that the dreams of many years were at last realized! He and his were missionaries in the great harvest-field. God had brought them all the way from the first voice, "I want you in Africa," to the very spot.

Another interesting incident of their early days in Africa may be given. They had gone with the older missionary to visit a sick girl and had had a kraal meeting. In the midst of it Baby Leon toddled over to the other side of the hut to get acquainted with a heathen baby. Presently there was a heap of pulling, screaming babies. The joke-loving father had to extricate the fair baby from the huddle. It seems that in his friendly good nature, an Arksey trait, he tried to hug the black baby. The little black fellow was so frightened at the sight of the white-faced, red-headed baby that he just clutched him and screamed. Then when Leon tried to let go his hug and could not, he cried, too. At this meeting the natives who watched him with the baby named him, "Nkosana," son of the chief.

Later Mr. and Mrs. Arksey went to Portuguese East Africa to work. Wherever they go, their lives and preaching are Christocentric. Whether he speaks or prays, he betrays a living love for Christ. It is this passion that took both of them to the field and keeps them there. It is this same passion that makes him an effective speaker in the homeland in the interest of missions. By some unknown means this passion is contagious.

It is rather unusual to find a missionary who so personifies good cheer as to touch his letters with humor. Without optimism these missionaries believe that they would be carried out on stretchers as nervous wrecks. But loving their work, and ever keeping busy in carrying on, they have time to be cheerful, to send now a book, now a curio, to a friend, in short, to be always seeing the good, even the humorous side of their work. This spontaneous humor is shown by his practice of giving odd nicknames to his friends, never persisting in any one for any length of time. They are loyal friends. With Mr. Arksey in a circle of close friends, joy and good cheer just radiate, so his friends declare.

Just another miracle of the good God is this -- to bring the generous girl from the prairie frontier and the prank-loving boy from the Canadian frontier of the Free Methodist Church together and to send them to Africa, with their humor and passion to extend the frontiers of the church and kingdom.

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10 -- THE NURSE AS MISSIONARY

"For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison and ye came unto me" (Matthew 25:35-36).

Helen O. Abrams was born of a sturdy Norwegian line. Behind her childhood in a comfortable country home near Bergen, Norway, was an ancestry that had been religious for centuries, furnishing both preachers and missionaries to the world. So strong was the influence of her mother that Miss Abrams believes the missionary call was wished upon her from her birth. Her father was a schoolman holding a position about parallel to our county superintendent of schools. His daughter eagerly strove to keep pace with her father in intellectual pursuits. Very early she learned to love the Scriptures, being particularly fond of "Ruth" and "Revelation." Always, so far as she can remember, she enjoyed reading. From the time that she was ten years old she was a nurse, for naturally she took to helping her mother care for an invalid aunt who lived in their home. The beautiful outdoors appealed to her. When she was a little child, she sometimes gathered the sheep about her and preached earnestly to them. Thus in her childhood developed her tendencies toward nursing and preaching.

At the age of seventeen, she entered a hospital for nurses' training. In a short time she was given her uniform, without the probation of six months, because she had mastered in her practical experience at home the basic principles of the introductory course. Then came her first birthday in training. A few girls had gathered for her party. The doctor -- all in good nature -- asked, "How old are you?"

"Eighteen," she replied innocently.

"But, didn't you know the rule? You must be twenty-one to enter training," said the doctor.

"I didn't know. No one told me. What are you going to do? Send me home to wait until I'm twenty-one?" she answered.

How happy she was when she heard his kind answer, "Oh, no, not that. You may stay." So it came about that she graduated from the nurses' training course before she was old enough to enter it.

During the next few years she attended college. One incident is noteworthy here. In oratory the professor made her assignment a missionary story. She chose to condense "Livingstone's Bodyguard." The story of faithful blacks traversing dark Africa carrying the precious remains of their beloved missionary to the coast impressed her profoundly. At the appointed hour, for fifteen minutes, she talked to her very critical class. She made the blacks so vivid in their journey of love that when the professor called for criticisms, none was offered. His comment ran like this: "All of us were so much interested that if any criticism could be made, we don't remember it."

Time passed, and she held a good position in a hospital in Norway. She was trained to the surgeon's hand. On a year's leave of absence she came to the United States with a patient, but decided to stay, much to the distress of the surgeon. Here she nursed until God took her to the Dominican Republic as she answered that missionary call she has always had. Sometime before this, one glorious Easter morning when she was sanctified wholly, she received the promise of the unfailing One, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Since then she has traveled over ocean, along precipitous Dominican roads, and through hard places, but never alone.

Now this small, witty nurse has become a preacher and pastor of San Francisco de Macoris. Fifty preaching places, twelve Sunday-schools manned by eight teachers, more than 100,000 souls, and the prison, are her responsibility. Often she works until midnight on Saturday evening cutting and mounting little pictures for the children in the Sunday-school. In addition to this evangelistic work she does some nursing. Especially does she enjoy the services in the fort, where she tells 175 to 250 men the gospel story every Sunday morning. Down there in the wasting heat she lives in a house with only shutters, boils her milk, eats her beans,

rice, and plantain, walks -- oh, only twenty miles -- and then says, "I think we don't have much of hardship on the mission field." The reason is clear! She has Him, and her whole life is being poured out for these Dominicans to whom she takes the gospel of Jesus Christ.

And every day there rings in her heart the words of the old, old, Dominican lady in an out-of-the-way place, "Why didn't you come before?" of hungry hearts in other corners of her circuit, "Why can't you come? We'll send a horse For you."

In some miraculous way, as she says, the Master who "stretched the loaves and fishes, stretches her out" to do His bidding.

In a large plantation house once used as the headquarters of General Lee during the Civil War, near Richmond, Virginia, Kate Leininger was born. Soon she moved with her parents to West Virginia and later to Ohio. Often she wandered over the hills of West Virginia and later enjoyed boating and fishing on the Ohio river. She never knew anything but a Christian home and regular attendance at church.

In her early youth she united with the Free Methodist Church. When she was sixteen years old, she heard the first missionary sent by our church to China, Clara Leffingwell, speak. A thought sent from God came to her about being a missionary to China. Never in all of the time since then has that thought left her. Because she was naturally quiet and retiring, she at first feared that she would die of homesickness in a foreign land. But He who called her has been better than all of those early fears, for never once has she been truly homesick. In times of danger and trouble, when she would most easily have been tempted to wish she had remained in America, she has found in her early, definite call an anchor sure. At such times to her inmost self she would say, "He has called me here, and He will keep me here."

Her work in China has combined the medical and the evangelistic phases of our missionary enterprise. Being a trained nurse, she naturally expected to devote the most of her time to the ministry of healing sick bodies and thus to the directing of sick souls to the Great Physician. When first she landed in China, there was no hospital. So her medical work was greatly limited, and much of her time was given to helping in the evangelization of the people in the villages and to the regular work. Then, when the hospital had been built and they were about to begin the medical work under the direction of Dr. Grinnell, he was taken by death and the hospital was closed. Once more her attention was given largely to evangelistic work and she gave a nurse's help when the need presented itself. Hence, the nurse has traveled about on wheelbarrows doing evangelistic work. Always she took medicine with her and cared for the sick in any outstation where she might be teaching or preaching. Often she has nursed sick missionaries back to health.

Her work the last two years of her last term in China has been somewhat like that of a health director along with the duties of a regular missionary. Located on

the Bible School compound in Kaifeng, she has helped with the teaching and at the same time has cared for the sick in the school. Here with over two hundred people in the compound, she is often kept busy night and day. She likes to think of herself as a missionary school nurse. Her heart is rejoiced by this work among the children, whom she loves dearly. Again God has been good to China in sending to her Dr. Green. Perhaps yet Nurse Kate, as the missionaries call her, will have the joy of working in the hospital, in which she began her medical ministry to the yellow people she loves.

Miss Leininger's hobbies are two, children and flowers. Along with the other missionaries to China, she finds rest and relaxation in a little spot of beauty where she raises flowers. How she loves to help the mothers bathe the children, care for the tiny yellow bits of humanity when they are sick, and give every child better care. Ever she is leading these little ones with their mothers to Him who said, "Suffer them to come unto me."

Because a nurse is known best by her patients, let us listen to the account of her service by an associate lady missionary:

During a siege of diphtheria in the winter of 1919, two years after she had come to China, Miss Leininger came to Kaifeng to nurse me through that serious illness. As she was a trained nurse and of a kindly, sacrificial nature, I could not have had better care. She was with me nearly a month and put herself under the quarantine for my sake and the safety of others, setting apart my bedroom upstairs and the one adjoining for herself.

A double dose of antitoxin had been given me. The indirect result to me was a terrible aching in the elbow and knee-joints, so that I could but groan with pain. Many a time, day and night, our dear nurse came and rubbed those aching joints with some soothing lotion and patiently and cheerfully helped me to endure. Never did she chide me, or act vexed at my lack of strength to restrain my groans. I could only marvel at her humility, care, and patience. Day by day my love was deepened for Nurse Kate, an angel of mercy indeed.

The first night that she came to my help, a friend detained her outside the city and the school compound, thinking that the long ride of nearly thirty-five miles by native cart should be followed by a night of rest before undertaking a case of serious nursing. But she insisted that the messenger bring word whether the patient wanted her to come at once. When she found that she was wanted, she came that evening. Suffering intensely, with one side of my throat well closed with membrane and the other filling fast, I was glad to have one who knew how to swab the raw throat with its cutting pain. I have always considered that I owed my life to Nurse Kate with the blessing of God upon her efforts, when hope seemed gone.

Another picture of her work is one of an evangelistic tour to Chulin shortly after the last Civil War. Very early on Friday morning everybody was astir, for they

were to go twenty-five miles by ricksha that day to their most distant outstation. Before the sun had shone long, she and her companion were on their way. By eleven o'clock they had reached an outstation eleven miles on the way, where Miss Edwards was conducting classes with the women.

Here they were refreshed by a hot dinner, and after a few words of greeting with the Christians who had gathered in, they hurried on, to cover the last thirteen miles.

Traveling through the country, they saw miles and more miles of deserted trenches and embankments, silent reminders of the dark war days through which they had so recently passed. From deep within their hearts welled thanks for the quiet peace of the country.

Even the longest road has an ending, and as the close of the day drew on, they came to the end of twenty-five miles of dusty road -- a long, long way in China. Ahead lay the little town of Chulin. At once they were greeted with a hearty welcome. Soon the long road with its dust was forgotten in the joys of serving Him. For two happy weeks they met the women who had gathered from the neighboring villages. Spiritual, mental, and physical needs were ministered to. Some of these yellow women were strengthened to bear the burdens bravely a little longer. Others of them came into the joyous fellowship of our Lord and Savior. All went home to be brighter lights in their dark corners. And Nurse Kate's heart was happy.

From a fine plantation home in aristocratic Virginia to the native houses, where she stays on her tours to the country, is a long trip. But Nurse Kate's has been a glorious one in company with Him who walks every way of life with His disciples.

Near a logging camp in the midst of the San Bernardino Mountains in California, Rachel Smiley spent her girlhood. Here near the big pine trees she enjoyed climbing trees and reading. Here she delighted in attractive Bible stories and missionary literature. It was not long until the burning interest of the family in the work of Miss Nickel in Africa had been implanted in her tiny heart. Often she would perch upon her father's knee and with his assistance read the lesson for worship. Then slipping to her knees she prayed, never forgetting, "God, bless Miss Nickel."

Sunday evening worship in those days of her childhood was often held outdoors. Sitting there in the mountains around a huge bonfire, she was conscious that God, who made the starlit sky and the dark pines, reared sentinel-like against it, was near.

In a little country school of one room in these mountains her education was begun. Here she was the only one in her class through the first five grades. Into her studies she put herself. Literally she loved her school work. Of games, too, she was

fond. Particularly did she enjoy riding the burros. One day she and her sister and a playmate went for a ride. The burro she was riding started on a run through the brush. Her frightened sister called out, "Jump off, jump off; you'll be killed; you'll be killed." Yet our little girl only clung the tighter, while the burro raced on through the bushes. A few minutes later she and her sister took account of the damages -- nothing worse than a few scratches and a bad scare. That little girl, now a missionary grown, has been holding on ever since when danger threatened.

The rich heritage of this early environment in the mountains was still further enriched by the visit of Miss Nickel to the mountain home. How the little girl loved this real missionary, who taught her a Zulu song and helped her and her sister to make a miniature African hut! Eagerly she helped to gather willow branches for the framework and grass for the thatched roof and to put the materials together. Later she enlisted her father to get the clay for the floor and for plastering the sides. Unconsciously she began to feel a responsibility for her little Zulu brothers and sisters living in big huts like this one.

Sometime in her early childhood she simply gave her heart to God. So early was this dedication that she herself does not remember it. But so complete was her offering, that from then until now she has continued as His child.

When she was twelve years old, she moved with her family to Hermon where missionary acquaintances were multiplied. Finishing Hermon public school, she entered Los Angeles Pacific Junior College. Here she attended the classes of E. P. Ashcraft, later missionary to China. About this same time the J. T. Taylors came to live in Hermon. As this girl heard Mrs. Taylor plead for "India! Poor old India!" her heart was greatly stirred. Later she came intimately in touch with Nella and Ethel True, Mexican Mission workers. As she watched the True sisters with frail bodies pouring out all their strength in sacrificial labor, she was impelled to a deeper consecration.

She continued her education at the University of Southern California, where she took a pre-medical course, at Los Angeles Pacific College, where she took a Bible course, and at Greenville College, from which she was graduated. The following autumn, she entered the Pasadena, California, Training School for Nurses as a probationer and was graduated three years later.

During almost all of her life so far, several influences had been at work to make of this loving soul a missionary. First, when she was two years old, she had the whooping cough, which left her with chronic bronchitis. The doctors seemed unable to help the child. So serious was the illness that her parents feared she could not live. Finally, when she was about four years old, she was anointed. At this time her mother became willing to let God take her little girl if such was His best. And she gave her child simply and forever to Him for missionary work, if she lived and if He wished her. Thus her mother gave the budding life to this great work.

Then, not knowing of her mother's consecration, she herself loved missions and missionaries. From her earliest years she had absorbed the intense love of her family -- parents, grandparents, and others -- for the messengers of Christ around the world. By them she had been given missionary reading. Through them she had met and loved real, living missionaries. In their home she had listened to those early prayers for Margaret Nickel. Later through her school associations she met and respected missionaries. It was in these days that ever so earnestly she wished that she might be called to answer those stirring appeals of Mrs. J. T. Taylor for "poor old India." How she did love India! And how her heart burned within her as she hoped for a call to work there! But no vision, no audible voice came. Yet steadily her love grew. In a convention she dared to raise her hand, signifying that she felt God had a special work for her to do, although she did not know where. Again she was invited to join the Student Volunteers. Of all things, she desired this association, but having received no call she felt she could not join. At last on her way home from a missionary service in which Tom Beare had told of his call to China, she was feeling little and useless. In spite of her love, she was not chosen, it seemed.

Then she remembered a story of the girls in India: "During the revival the girls spent much time praying and working with those who were not yet converts. Still there was a certain amount of work that each needed to do. Each girl made her own 'chapati' cakes both in the morning and evening. It took time to grind the grain and toast the cakes -- precious time they wanted for prayers. Then one girl spoke up. She seemed to have no gift in prayer; she lacked the talent of speaking to others. But she wanted to do something for her Lord. So she offered to make 'chapati' cakes and let the others pray and work more."

As Rachel Smiley walked along, she told the Lord that, if He wanted her to stay at home and make "chapati" cakes so that others could go to the field, she was willing. Her love reached all the way. She loved India enough, yes, she loved God's missions everywhere enough, to make "chapati" cakes while others went.

Not only had God seen the mother's gift and the daughter's loving desire, but now also He Himself called. Still no whirlwind nor flaming vision announced His will. But gradually deepening within her heart the conviction that she ought to be a missionary was planted. At last the strands had been twined together. The Great Missionary had called her to His service. Then for the first time she heard of her mother's consecration of the sick little girl.

Soon she was planning for medical work in India. However, at the same time she was being fitted for educational work in San Domingo by teaching in the Mexican mission. Here she first learned the Spanish language, and that so well that she taught a Sunday-school class in Spanish on her first Sunday in the Dominican Republic. Moreover, she came to love the Spanish-speaking people.

Besides completing her preparation, she served faithfully at home in missions, and as pastor of a circuit in the Southern California Conference. She is now an ordained minister, holding her membership in that conference. Usually reserved, under the direction of the Spirit at missionary conventions she would sway the crowd of young people until they wanted Christ. Her effective preaching was characterized by the expression, "We as young people should carry the marks of the crucifixion." Finally one day at the close of this faithful ministering at home, she was accepted as a missionary to San Domingo. Great was her rejoicing!

So it happened that this slight, neat young woman with her sandy-to-light hair and blue eyes, became a missionary to the island to the south. As a teacher she is preceptress of the girls in the school in Santiago and teaches daily classes in English, Bible, and theology; and once a week tells the Bible story to the teachers who use it in the twenty-odd Sunday-schools around Santiago. As an evangelistic missionary, she helps Miss Whiffen in street meetings, she leads the weekly prayer-meeting and Bible study in Miss Whiffen's absence, she is superintendent of the primary department of the Sunday-school. Sunday afternoon she holds one of the outside Sunday-schools, and Sunday evening sometimes she preaches. As a trained nurse, she cares for the sick girls at the school and dispenses local remedies. In her work as superintendent of the conference Young People's Missionary Society of San Domingo she is perfectly at home. Occasionally, when her routine duties permit it, this frail-appearing young woman hikes back into the mountains. Her heart fairly bursts with love for the Dominican people in their clearings that cover the mountainsides. Almost immediately her winning way makes these natives, who are mostly unable to read or write, her friends. That smile of hers never vanishes in the face of any difficulty. These trips to the mountain people, who are of all the natives most inaccessible, to whom workers can not come more than a few times a year, are her real delight. So in this work her consecration often carries her beyond her physical strength. She loves these people; she would rather live among them than among friends in America.

One of her favorite poems peculiarly fits Rachel M. Smiley, whose entire missionary career from that early lisped, "God, bless Miss Nickel," to the present hikes to hidden Dominicans in the mountainsides has been one of love:

Love

"Love has a hem to its garment
That touches the very dust;
It can reach the stains
Of the streets and lanes,
And because it can, it must.
It dares not rest on the mountain,
It is bound to come to the vale,
For it can not find
Its fullness of mind

Till it kindles the lives that fail."

In a log house on a farm near Cedar Springs, Michigan, lived a timid little red-haired girl. Grace Somerville was so bashful that when she heard the neighbors calling that they had brought her mother's groceries from town, she would not go out at all, but later would tell her mother that she heard them but couldn't go out. Even as a little girl before much sympathy had been aroused for missions in her territory she heard her mother and a neighbor lady, a member of the Free Methodist Church, talking about missions. In her home she spent her evenings after the chores were finished curled up in a chair listening to her parents and their friends visit. Often she grew sleepy during the conversation, yet when the gentle neighbor lady would say quietly at the close of the evening, "Let us have a word of prayer," she was wide awake. Always the neighbor herself prayed before the quiet hour closed. How this bright-haired, shy girl waited and listened to hear that prayer!

In winter with her brother she would trudge over the long road to school, nearly freezing her feet or hands, or ears. As she delighted in school, when sickness prevented her attending it was truly a sad day. She was a little girl when the Free Methodists first came to her neighborhood. As she sat in the services she often wept, realizing that she needed something. But no one taught her how to find God.

However, later, when she was about eighteen, her baby sister died. This baby was particularly dear to Miss Somerville, as she had often cared for it. In her despair she questioned, "If there is a God, why did He not save my sister?" Clearly back came the answer, "You never asked me." So then she blamed only herself. However, this great sorrow proved to be her awakening. For two years she was miserable with sorrow and fear that God would take also her mother from her. At the end of this time she found wonderful peace in her Savior in a revival meeting in her own schoolhouse. Such joy as she had that night on her way home seemed too good to be real, She almost hated to go to bed for fear she might awake and find this joy only a dream. Even the years have not taken from that joy that flows from wells eternal and limitless.

About three months after being converted and sanctified she received her call to missionary work. She describes it in these words:

In a cottage prayer-meeting at our next-door neighbor's one evening the pastor read 1 Corinthians 12. The latter part of the chapter came home to me with great force. The Spirit showed me that every person had a certain place in life to fill. While He called some to be prophets, and some apostles, and some teachers, yet all could not be prophets and teachers. In order to run the affairs of life there must be farmers, storekeepers, bankers, and such. If each one would find the place in life that God would have him fill the Lord would make each one a blessing and bless him and her, whether on the farm or in the city, in the pulpit or in the store, or wherever it might be, that life would count for definite things in the kingdom of God.

Then I thought, "What am I going to be?" After a little consideration I decided that I would be a farmer. I was then living on a farm and thought I could not get along without the farm. With that I dismissed it from my mind, but it did not stay dismissed. Reaching home from prayer-meeting, I found that every one had retired; and I decided that since our living-room was quiet and warm it would be a good place to say my evening prayers, so dropped on my knees in there. I was no more than on my knees when a voice spoke so clearly and plainly before I had even begun to pray, "Will you be a missionary?" It certainly took me by surprise.

Living away off in northern Michigan, and having heard very little about missionaries, here she was called to be one without education beyond that of a twelve-year-old in the country school. At first she made excuse that she had no way of getting an education and that she was needed at home. Then, for the first time, Spring Arbor Seminary came to her mind and a great longing to attend school there. As she prayed she was given the promise that all things are possible to him that believeth, and on the strength of this promise she began to make plans, and as she planned the way opened before her.

At the beginning of her second year there she had just enough money to pay her fare to Spring Arbor. Still she wanted to go to school so much that she went and attended the opening with the hope that something would turn up. When she heard the announcement that students should go to a certain room to hear the assignments for the next day and where the classes would meet, she thought to herself, "Now if I don't go and hear the announcements made, then if the Lord should open the way I will not know where my lesson is and will not know where to go to class." So she went, and listening to the announcements took them down. Her next thought was, "I had better get some books and begin preparing the lessons, for if I don't and the Lord opens my way I will be behind in my lessons." So she secured some books on credit. And out into the yard she went, sat down under a tree, and began to study for all she was worth. Before long the principal and his wife came along and remarked, "So you have decided to attend school."

In her delightful simplicity she replied, "No, the Lord has not yet opened my way, but I thought I had better be studying, for if I do not and the Lord does open my way I will be behind." It had not occurred to her that she ought to be out hunting for work to get money with which to return home. Surely the Lord would open her way. About five minutes after the principal and his wife had passed on, laughing, she was asked what she was willing to do to help herself through school. She answered, "Anything," and happy as a lark she began almost at once to pay her way. God had opened the way for her preparation for service.

After completing her course here, she entered nurses' training in the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Here daily strengthened by Him, who had led her into this way of service, she persevered until at last she was a graduate. We next find her taking post-graduate work at Dr. DeLees Hospital in the south part of Chicago, where she had her first experiences in real missionary work among the poor mothers and their

little children. She also, while in Chicago, wrote to the missionary secretary, stating her desire to become a missionary, and later called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. MacGeary in order to talk it over with them. As it was decided that further studies at Greenville College would be helpful, Miss Somerville availed herself of the opportunity and entered as a special student. She was accepted by the Board for India and appointed to sail in company with Miss Southworth and Miss Ward, who were to return in August, 1920. But in June of that year our prospective missionary was under the doctor's care for appendicitis and was far from strong enough for a trip to India on the 21st of August, but calm and undisturbed, feeling sure that God's will was being worked out in her life.

Plans were changed by the Missionary Board and she was asked if she would go to China. Would she, could she go to people like those down at the laundry? She had met these Chinese when she took her uniforms to be laundered. Of all people they were repulsive to her. But perchance God was calling. Back on that winter night in the cozy living-room He had said "missionary," but He had not said where. So it came about that before long she knew that it was God who was calling her to China.

On her voyage out, the boat struck the tail-end of a typhoon. In the midst of the storm her heart was singing,

"As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild,
Boisterous waves obey Thy will,
When Thou sayest to them, 'Be still!'"

She had little more than begun her work in China when on a Sunday morning sitting in a Chinese chapel she was filled with love for these yellow-skinned people, who had been repulsive to her. Ever since that Sunday morning nurse and people have loved each other mutually. To them she has remained the "goddess of the golden hair" or the "heavenly one" because of her abundant red hair.

Typical of her work in China was a trip to an outstation for a ten-days' Bible class. With rolls of bedding, kitchen utensils, food, books, tracts, and simple remedies the wheelbarrows were sent ahead. Reaching the outstation she was eagerly surrounded by men and women who never had seen red hair. Day after day, besides teaching the children the Bible stories, she cared for the sore eyes, boils, and running ears. Thus in her nursing she silently taught of the great Physician.

Her duties in China have been many. She has welcomed the babies into the homes of the missionaries, and of the Chinese, and they have been mostly boys. She has cared for sick missionaries at our own stations and at the hospital of the China Inland Mission in Kaifeng, helping to bring them through "the crisis," and back to their friends and work. She has substituted in the station schools when

there was need of a teacher, and she has given herself, without stint, to the country evangelistic work, going forth both as evangelist and nurse.

Natural self-possession and composure, two of her strong characteristics, have enabled her to be strong for service when there was fighting and bloodshed all about the mission stations. In 1926 she wrote, "Upon arriving at the China Inland Mission Hospital I found them indeed in need of help. Wounded soldiers were pouring in. There was only one man nurse left in the hospital, and to add to their difficulties one of their doctors was looking after his wife and child who were seriously ill. I offered my services and it resulted in my taking care of the doctor's wife and child. This I was glad to do, for this doctor had freely given himself during Dr. Grinnell's illness. After two weeks in their home they were about again and I was released for hospital service among the soldiers, where I spent about six weeks." These soldiers had been wounded in a battle near Kaifeng and arrived at the hospital, cold, ragged, hungry and wounded.

Who would think this ever-busy nurse-teacher-missionary who comes home to tell audiences throughout the church of the work she loves, of that labor of love to women, children, and men with diseased bodies and hungry souls, was once a little red-haired farm girl, too timid to take her mother's groceries from the neighbor? And further, who would ever guess that this "nurse from heaven" tenderly binding up yellow people's sores, ever loathed the Chinese laundrymen who washed and ironed her uniforms? Such a long journey came the little farm girl, but such a glorious Companion has been with her in school, in nurses' training, and in China! She loves it all, every bit of the mission work.

We now find her name on the staff of the Grinnell Memorial Hospital at Kih sien, Honan, where she is assisting Dr. and Mrs. John D. Green and Miss Geneva Sayre in reopening this hospital which has long been closed because of the passing of Dr. Grinnell and the political disturbances in that part of the country. Self-denying, untiring service is being given cheerfully by our Grace Somerville, the missionary "with golden hair, a goddess from heaven," as she is sometimes called by the Chinese people.

At every step of the long path from West Greece, New York, where Ida Menter was born, to Umri, Berar, India, lay a multitude of obstacles. Early the little girl thought that she must begin at once to do well every duty which came to her. In her childhood, she was her father's "dandy strawberry-picker." One of the first great obstacles she met was the disease, St. Vitus dance, with which she was afflicted at eight years of age. Although she recovered from this sickness entirely, it was later used by friends as an argument against her going to India. She attended the country school until she was eleven years old. Then she moved with her parents to Los Angeles, California, where she was to have the opportunity of finishing high school at the Los Angeles Seminary and of making friends of several missionaries and missionaries to be.

A series of rather normal events led her to become a missionary to India. There was no audible voice, no vision of starving brown people, no man of the Orient beckoning her to his shores. Yet there was all the reality of the spiritual and the heavenly in the culmination of the occurrences, which persuaded her that surely she was to serve in India in the medical missionary work.

As a child she was once asked to take a rather difficult part in a service, and said to herself, "Well, if I am ever to be a missionary I must begin now to do the hard things." That wholesome attitude toward the royal cross of Jesus Christ dings to her still. Before very long the older members of the church began to say in the kindest of tones, "Ida, you will be a missionary some day." Then time passed on, and she was a young woman doing cooking and housework in the homes of other people. Always she has enjoyed this kind of work. It was once her delight to bake twelve cakes for her sister's wedding. But still, some way, she grew more and more dissatisfied with expending so much time and energy in work which accomplished so little toward some goal as yet undefined in her own mind, but surely existent in the great omniscient mind of the One who best plans for all of our lives. Finally she left the home in which she was working for a two-weeks' vacation, but in her heart of hearts she felt sure that she would never work at housework for others again. All of this she felt with no earthly reason whatever. She liked her work. She was in this way earning money to help support the family, from which responsibility there was no visible means of escape. She was not sure that any other definite work was planned for her. Yet the impression was there that she would not continue to do just this.

Sure enough, during the vacation her mother was called East, and she was the only one left to take care of the cooking and the home. So her work for outsiders ended. While she was working at home, the conviction came that she ought to take up nurses' training to prepare for the work she was to do, that work to her still unknown. A very great hindrance lay in the way. Her parents felt that she was not strong enough to become a nurse. Furthermore, she was still needed to help in the support of the family. In the face of this real hindrance she paused long enough to hear the voice from out of the ages bidding her, "Be still, and know that I am God." At last she was still.

Another event in this series of influences was a stereopticon lecture by a returned missionary from India, describing the terrible famine conditions in India at that time and appealing for workers. Going home with the weight of India's need upon her heart, she consecrated to be a worker there if that should be the plan for which she had been searching. The answer, "I have accepted your consecration," seemed to come back with the added statement, "I want you in India."

Now at last. the time had come to tell her parents all about her feelings. Her mother was opposed to the plan of her taking up nurses' training, fearing that the St. Virus dance might return. However, her father sensed the necessity of listening to the divine call. She wrote to the Missionary Board and was told that there were

no missionaries except trained nurses being sent out then. Soon she entered the Seaside Hospital in Long Beach, California, and in the course of three years was graduated. Then she took the examinations and became a registered nurse. During the time of her training when she once began to lose weight rapidly, she was tempted to believe that her mother was right, but trusting the One whose voice she had obeyed she continued in His strength and was soon gaining once more.

Having finished her nurses' training, she again wrote to the Board and was advised that a high school education was very necessary. At once she began the completion of her four-years' work. So it came about that, after she had passed these various obstacles, she sailed for India. Here during her first term of service she visited all of the stations periodically, helping the sick as she could and giving instruction in health, while she or her Bible woman told them the best of all stories, of Jesus and His love. Since that, in her second term, she has been located at Umri. Here, living right in the hospital, she has charge of the dispensary in the front part of the building. We can just see this lady with round face, brown eyes and hair, dimpled cheeks, and smiling eyes, as she greets that endless line of brown natives who come day after day to her for help. Often they come to her before she has finished her devotions in the early morning or while she has been out to the cookhouse or kitchen seeing to it that the coffee-pot is boiling. Sometimes while she is eating her breakfast, they come for medicine. Here comes one in the regular dispensary hours from seven to eleven o'clock in the morning. The poor mother has come bringing her baby about fifty miles right through a town where there is another hospital. Gaining courage from the smiling eyes of the nurse, the mother begs, "You remember the baby who was covered all over with sores. You gave the mother medicine for it and now it is well. Please give good medicine for my baby, too. Why did I come so far? Oh, I was sure that you would help."

Then prayerfully Nurse Menter treats the emaciated baby and tries to tell the mother how to care for this bit of brown humanity. She does more than this: she tells her a little more of that beautiful story that the Bible woman has begun while the mother has been waiting her turn to see the nurse. Probably today it is the account of the dear Savior taking those little black-haired children of Palestine into His arms and blessing them. All through the morning hours the patients continue to come seeking help for pain-wracked bodies, for sores, for eyes that are fast going blind, for burns, broken bones, and almost every other ailment. The hardest part of her work is to face a poor Hindu, who trusts her to the very limit for relief, and have to tell him that because she is not a doctor she can not help him. Ever since she landed in India in 1922, she has been looking for a doctor who would come and help her in her great work. But as yet she has looked in vain. Several times she has thought that one would soon arrive, but then he has been unable to come. So in the hospital that waits still for a doctor, she labors on, lovingly ministering to every one she can through these long morning hours.

Then in the afternoon after tea at 2:30, she visits among the people. In these calls she faces the epidemics of malaria, typhoid, cholera, and disease of old age.

Night or day, her time is never her own; for, like a doctor, she must be ready for the call of distress. Between times she keeps her accounts, for she is mission treasurer in India.

When we think of Ida Menter, we always think of a cheerful woman in the door of the dispensary on the hill in Umri, looking out beyond the few houses that make the village, and we always hear some grateful brown mother saying, "Menter Auntie helped me."

Two girls in their early teens were walking home from church one Sunday noon with the mother of one of them. One remarked that she would like to be a missionary. Quickly Persis spoke slightly of such a plan. Then, although her mother and her friend said nothing, she heard the still small voice whisper, "That is exactly what you will be."

Persis Phelps, the girl thus early impressed, was a third generation Free Methodist in Cedar Springs, Michigan. Earlier than this she had been converted, but had lost out. Some little time later during a revival in her home church, she again welcomed into her heart the presence of the Christ whom she serves in India today. Even at that time she was impressed with the conviction that she must be a missionary. From this time on through her high school work she conscientiously followed her Lord. Often she hoped that God had asked her to be a missionary just to see if she were willing. This hope ever brought trouble and dissatisfaction with it. At last in a humble cottage prayer-meeting she reached the point where she definitely knew that God wanted not only her willingness to go to a foreign country for Him, but also herself.

With this clear call came the conviction that she must prepare for her work. Consequently, she planned to go to Greenville College. However, later in the summer her father's illness seemed to require her at home. So she prepared to teach a country school, passing the examination for the certificate and applying for a school. She thought the school was hers. But, as time passed and she did not receive the contract, she investigated and learned that the director who had promised her the school had become intoxicated on his way home from talking to her and had vociferously promised the school to another girl in the presence of her father. Of course he was ashamed, once he became sober, to go back on this second promise. Providentially she failed to get the school and could begin her preparation for the field.

The years of her education were years of hard work to make ends meet. Working at housework, in the dormitory, for a poor family, and finally in the home of a leading family of the community at Greenville, helped her to finish. Once she and her brother, who was also in school there, did not know what to do next to make ends meet. He, who always before had kept enough money to go home if the worst came financially, came to her room utterly discouraged. His money was all gone. She had just one stamp. Together they read from Matthew about God's care for the

lilies of the field; then they prayed. He left for his room. In just a few moments one of the girls came to ask Miss Phelps to iron the next day. Ironing meant twenty-five cents, and more, a real help to the faith of both brother and sister.

Again she secured a place to work for her room and board in a poor family, where the husband received only \$6.50 per week. She had a pleasant room, but the board would have been disastrous to one without strength. However, the months in this home were truly joyful, for here His presence abided. Thanksgiving day came; alone she feasted on stale corn flakes and crackers, happy because God was with her. Was she not preparing for the service He was planning for her?

In the spring of her second year in college, it seemed as though she must teach for one year and pay up the debt she had accumulated in the two years. The president sympathetically advised her to stay in school. A scholarship was promised for the following year. However, she applied for a school near home and was accepted. Then, although she held the contract, something unseen seemed to hold her. During this experience one night in the student's prayermeeting, tremblingly, because of hesitancy to speak in public, she told the story of how the Lord had helped her through the first two years of college. Incidentally she mentioned that she would not be able to return the next year but hoped to do so later. As she left the chapel, she was met by one of the teachers and asked if finances was the reason for her not returning the next year. And she had to confess. Simply the teacher replied, "I do not want you to leave school because of that. I will pay your tuition if you will come back." Too proud to accept at once, she waited until a few days later, when that still small Voice spoke to her in the Student Volunteers' prayer-meeting bidding her return. She returned the contract unsigned and accepted the scholarship and the gift that had come to her.

The last two years she was led in a very unusual way into the home of two very fine Christians. They treated her as a daughter. So after four years of work in school and outside, without missing a day on account of her own illness, she was graduated with honors in a class from which have come a number of leaders in the circles of Free Methodism. In every respect she had been forced to economize, but she had reached the goal, and that honorably through faith in the One for whose work she was preparing.

At this time teaching was a necessity if she was to pay off the debt of \$400. To teach in a public school or in one of the church schools was the question. The first course would be the quicker way of clearing the debt. Yet she was constrained to apply in our school first. Her first application, that to Spring Arbor Seminary, was accepted. There as head of the English department, in which subject she had won departmental honors at Greenville, she spent four years of further preparation for her life work.

At the end of this fourth year of teaching she was told by the missionary secretary that she could go to India at the end of the year if she wished. But

because she felt that she should take nurses' training before going out, she entered Blodgett Memorial Hospital in Grand Rapids instead. Having completed the three-years' course in two years, she was graduated from nurses' training and two weeks later bade her Michigan friends farewell. She was off for the west coast and from that for India.

Before she had been in India long, she began to learn the Marathi language and then to take charge of the dispensary at Umri in the hospital that still waits for a doctor. Here she made a detailed record of every case in pencil, and then copied it in pen and ink into a large ledger after dispensary hours. At this place in a year she treated over 10,000 patients. She had come prepared to train the native nurses in this hospital when a qualified doctor should come to take charge of the hospital. But no doctor came. Day after day, as patients came to her she had to play doctor or turn them away with no help for them, if the case required a doctor. Again and again she looked for the prospective doctor and was disappointed. Furlough time came, and she took some work that would be needed if a doctor did come. While she was in the United States, she was offered a position here, which would have yielded good financial returns as well as the association of home friends. Thinking of her beloved India, she answered with deep feeling, "I love those brown faces!"

With some hope alive that a doctor would be available soon, she returned to India. Soon it was all too evident that she and the other missionaries and natives, poor brown natives who must suffer and die, would have to wait many years before a doctor would come. Alone she stayed at the dispensary, growing more and more dissatisfied with what was being accomplished. The awfulness of it all, as she realized that those in the long lines of suffering ones who were bearing the greatest agony were the very ones she did not know how to help, depressed her until she was almost ready to resign. Then came a happy change in her work. She went to Yeotmal to take over the school and district nursing. Here she spent her time trying to keep people well. As a nurse this is her calling, to prevent pain rather than to lessen it.

She visited different schools and villages. In the schools she taught the children how to care for their teeth, that sore eyes often meant blindness if neglected, that they must eat certain things to weigh enough, how to prevent the spread of diseases such as malaria, cholera, and tuberculosis. On reaching a village early in the morning, she put her medicine trunk in a shady place and visited some homes before she went to the school. At 9:30 she returned to the school, where the children and any others who came were treated. The master of the school and two of the older boys were instructed as to the treatments to be given during the week; they kept records of all the medicines given out. Then either in the building or out in front of the school she gave a health talk. In these talks she taught them to wash their faces clean, with special attention to the eyes, nose, ears, and neck, to clean their hands, including the finger-nails, to clean the teeth at night as well as during the religious ceremonies in the morning (if they were not Christians), to comb the hair neatly, and to drink six cups of water daily. Also she

supervised the giving of quinine three times a week for the prevention of malaria. All of the time she tried to inspire them to the proper use of water, milk, fruits, and vegetables for the promotion of health.

Also she had charge of the junior department of the Sunday-schools and taught the teachers the lesson each week, besides supervising the Yeotmal Sunday-schools.

At present she has been loaned by our Board to work among children and young people at Kodaikanal. On account of the shortage of funds, she felt it better for her to take this work temporarily and let her apportionment be divided among those remaining in Berar.

Thus her life in India proves the comment of one of her classmates at Blodgett Hospital, "She is swallowed up in her life-work." As we have seen, she decided the question of answering the call to India independently. But a short time before she sailed for the land of brown faces now so dear, she learned for the first time of a decisive factor in her life. She was a very little girl attending a communion service with her mother. Usually she stayed with her father while her mother went forward to take the sacrament, and with her mother while her father went. But this Sunday she slipped away from her father and went to her mother who was kneeling at the altar. After the others arose, her mother remained kneeling, and with her arm around the little Persis, dedicated her to the Lord. Soon after that, her mother went to heaven. But her daughter still feels the influence of that dedication. Having added her personal, complete consecration, her life says, "I love these people and this work of leading them to Christ through medical missions."

Out of a Free Methodist camp-meeting at Odessa, Ontario, in 1919, came a joyful young convert, fifteen years old, Pearl Mildred Reid. Not once did she see God's plan for her life, but first of all she must fit herself for usefulness wherever she might serve. At home in Kingston, Ontario, Miss Reid studied in the Collegiate Institute of that city and later in the Lorne Park College. After a short business course she took a position as bookkeeper, where she stayed for four years, and God enabled her to live for Him.

Entering the Nurses' Training School in connection with the Kingston Hospital, she met the nurses' usual temptation to let the hard, unaccustomed work keep her from prayer and the study of the Word. After a few months of discouragement, she prayed her way back to God and He enabled her to live a fully victorious life during the last year of her training.

Meanwhile her older sister, Bessie, had felt and followed God's call to China. Letters home, the disquieting news of breaking health, her long struggle for recovery, her healing in answer to prayer -- all this kept China upon Pearl's heart. She was working as Supervisor of Nurses in the Kingston Hospital. This position she resigned in the summer of 1933, having "long felt the call to missionary work,"

and now being impressed that the time had come to make definite preparation to go to China.

Bessie Reid came home on furlough and the sisters spent the year together in Greenville College. In the middle of the year Grace Murray joined them, all three looking forward happily to service in China. Suddenly came the shock of Miss Murray's quick home-going. Pearl helped to care for her and must have felt more deeply still the needs of China's women, bereft of such a friend.

Her formal application was sent to the missionary secretary, the necessary papers filled out, inquiries made and answered, and at the April meeting of the Board of Directors this gifted young woman was appointed a missionary to China. A full summer of personal testimony and appeal followed, never to be forgotten by many Free Methodist young people. Then heart-touching farewells, and Pearl Reid was on her way to China with her sister. The voyage was none too peaceful, as indicated by the accompanying verses, written on board, and the journey's end was doubly welcome. Now the Chinese women wait her ministry when the difficult language shall have become her servant and this nurse can serve by word as well as by skill.

You may talk about the ocean,
You may rave, you may enthuse,
But for me to sing its praises
This I flatly do refuse.

Not a joy to me, this rocking,
On the cradle of the deep,
When it makes me lose my dinner
That I'd much prefer to keep.

Oh, this pitching and this tossing,
And these rolls from side to side,
And the showers through the portholes,
None of these I can abide.

How Balboa named the ocean,
That I can not understand;
But he must have made the error
While he stood upon dry land.

Why he called it the Pacific,
Is a mystery to me;
If he'd dubbed it the terrific
Far more suitable 'twould be.

When my seven-year term is over

And I homeward turn my gait,
Do you think I'd cross the ocean?
Nay, I'm due by Bering Strait!

Oh, yes, you may sing its praises,
You may heap them high and thick,
All I have to say about it
Is just this -- it makes me sick.

Mary B. Stillson, who was a doctor's daughter, spent many a spare hour during the first eleven years of her life, peering into the medical books of her father. Often she went with him on his "rounds" to visit the sick. Well she knew that her father wanted her to be a nurse. Again and again, as she cleaned his instruments, she asked their names and uses. Then, when her father died, and her brother studied to continue the medical work, she was still carrying on with her mother in the old home -- always to her a doctor's home.

Guided by the Quaker mother, whose prayerful influence was great, she was converted in early adolescence. Then she had her first call to missionary service. It came about in this way: To her hospitable home Rev. J. J. Haviland came for entertainment on his way to Africa. She asked him to write in her autograph album. His reply was, "I will put in my African address; and when you are ready to come, you can write to me." To this quiet, studious girl, who was planning to become a nurse and dreaming of having enough money to entertain all missionaries and others in a comfortable home, this plan seemed utterly impossible. Yet from that moment on until she was asked, "Don't you think you could be a missionary?" and she answered, "Yes," Africa never left her thoughts. Now when a young doctor asked her to go with him to Africa, she was twice called to missionary service.

For some years God had been preparing W. A. Backenstoe for just such a time as this. He was a descendant of French Huguenots, who settled in America in 1754. He was born and reared in the farmhouse in which his mother and grandmother were born near Emmaus, Pennsylvania. Farm life, nature, animals, and study delighted him. His busy mother, who was always helping the needy, wanted him to be a minister.

His education was received in the public schools of Emmaus, Pennsylvania, and was continued at Chesbrough Seminary. Later he attended Greenville College, from which he was graduated. Here he was an outstanding Christian student, always unselfish. At last he was ready to become a medical student and so went to the Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Following this training he served a year as intern at Robert Packer Hospital, Sayre, Pennsylvania, and was later admitted to practice. With this year the student days of his youth came to a close. However, his studies were continued along with his work to the very end.

During these days of preparation for the medical profession he was so profoundly impressed by the death of Louisa Ranf, a Free Methodist missionary to India, that he determined as a doctor to supply money to send a medical missionary. But as his preparation progressed the desire changed to a call, not to send a doctor, but to be one on the mission field. So with glad willingness he offered himself to the Missionary Board, asking the Missionary Secretary to find him the neediest field. The result was that he was accepted for medical work in Africa.

At this point in the lives of these two young people their fortunes were joined. On their wedding day Doctor and Mrs. Backenstoe sailed for Africa. Together they began the work dear to both of them -- ministering to suffering bodies and yearning souls. In childhood and youth Mrs. Backenstoe had often gazed at the picture of "The Doctor." The scene is a forester's cottage in North Scotland. With his chin in his hand the doctor is watching the sick child laid on pillows on two chairs. The light from the lamp shines out from beneath the tipped green shade across the doctor's face and the feverish child. If only he can bring the little one through the crisis, he can make the suffering, humble parents in the corner glad. Gazing at this picture, the girl had decided to carry on her father's ministry of love. Now together for more than a quarter of a century the Backenstoes were to fulfil that dream.

The first three years were spent at Mabili Station in Portuguese East Africa. Here they learned two dialects from a dictionary and a grammar. From Inhambane they went to Natal for a rest, but took up work at Edwaleni Station and so remained there. After this all of their work in Africa was in Natal, where they used the Zulu language. On their first furlough the doctor studied in Edinburgh, Scotland, that he might be fully qualified to practice medicine any place in the United States or in the British Empire.

Returning to Africa, they settled at Ebenezer where the hospital and Rest Home are. It is with this place that the Backenstoes are identified by natives, colonists, and supporters at home. A few glimpses into their life here will furnish us perhaps the best acquaintance with the doctor and his wife, the nurse. Patients came from an area of over four thousand square miles. Year after year these devoted, efficient laborers of love served the population of over 120,000. Before breakfast the native patients began to arrive. After prayers and breakfast the doctor would see them and call on the European patients in the hospital. Then he traveled horseback to the patients in the outlying districts. In the earliest days at Inhambane and Edwaleni they walked always, sometimes as far as thirty-five miles. Then a white neighbor, a Christian man, whose wife had been treated by the doctor for a felon on her finger, gave him a horse. After some little time they succeeded in getting another horse, so that both the doctor and his wife could ride. Once on just such a trip both of them almost lost their lives in a dangerous, swollen river. Often he returned late for his noon meal. Again, European patients were interviewed, prescriptions were made, native quarters visited. At last came supper, family prayers, and bed if there were not cases to keep him up far into the night.

All of this time the faithful nurse, at his side in important cases away from the hospital, was busy attending to patients, caring for babies, ordering food for them, holding prayermeetings, helping with the native patients, filling prescriptions for the doctor, admitting European patients, visiting native quarters, supervising the native nurses in training, weighing babies, meeting callers, advising native patients about the children, and directing the work in the garden, with the poultry, and the outbuildings. As if all of these duties were not enough, she also cared for the natives who were staying on the premises to recuperate from burns, or broken limbs, or other misfortunes.

Occasionally it was the doctor's privilege to preach. And how he did enjoy this part of their great task! He had taken up the ministerial studies and had been ordained both deacon and elder. Many times with conviction and love this short, rather heavy-set man, with dark hair, and piercing black eyes, proclaimed the gospel message. Just a few months before his death he counted it a privilege to dedicate the latest chapel built by Miss Allen in Pondoland. How glad he was to participate in this decisive victory of the pioneer lady, who for over twenty-five years had been his friend in their efforts to uplift the African!

The years at Ebenezer were filled with incidents of loving service. Sometimes they were cuddling chilly chickens to save the precious food supply for patients, or even helping a suffering cat. Pain anywhere was enough to call forth the doctor's kindness. Again he was shrewdly and in good sport persuading the lady missionaries not to use side-saddles, but the more healthy cross-saddle. More often, together they were nursing back to health a worn missionary. Always they were relieving the sick. Long a desire to train native nurses burned in his heart. First, no suitable girls were available. Then they selected six girls from Fair View Girls' School and trained them. Finally, the last year of his life, he could have had a large class; but there were no funds. His dream almost came true. Now it seems too late.

So long as there was life the doctor worked on joyfully. Even in the face of death he prayed and comforted the families soon to be bereft. But when he had done all in his power, and yet the end had come for some soul, he could scarcely bear to hold the funeral service. He would much rather have his faithful wife take charge.

The unselfishness manifested in the giving of themselves was also evidenced in their putting their own funds into buildings, medicines, and mission work without stint.

An incident of the early days shows his ingenuity and skill. Before he had the hospital, one day the doctor came home and said that he was going to take off a man's leg at the knee the next day. The man would be there to sleep on the kitchen floor that night. He was a heathen. The next morning, after the dishes were washed,

the home-made kitchen table was scrubbed for an operating table, and the man was placed upon it. Three native nurses stood by in their white uniforms. Mrs. Backenstoe was ready to give the anesthetic, while Miss Reed was also near. At just the right moment the doctor began to use the knife, snipping each vein or artery with arterial forceps, cutting just above the knee.

When he had cut halfway through the knee, the leather tourniquet broke as a rotten piece of leather breaks. For a second the doctor was stunned. But just then another missionary opened the kitchen door. He had ridden over on horseback from Pondoland. At once he was asked,

"Have you a leather strap on your saddle?"

"No," was the answer, "but I have a new picket rope."

"That will do," quickly replied the doctor. In a moment he had it and had bound up the leg. Then the doctor continued sawing and cutting and finished his operation successfully. For ten days the man slept on the kitchen floor, and then went home with an undying picture of the Christlike doctor within his heart.

Thus year after year at Ebenezer these good people carried out their Master's command, "Bear ye one another's burdens," as they advised troubled patients, set limbs, baptized children, held prayer-meetings, proffered their hospitality to natives who came just at meal-time for help from their good friends. Gratefully they received presents of eggs or mealies in return for medicine they gave to the poor.

In the midst of this beautiful service of healing and befriending the black and the white, God sent an angel to call the doctor up higher. After a very brief illness, probably brought on or at least hastened by his over-exertion to save a patient's life, he told his wife and friends that he would not be there in the morning. With statements that it was sweet to trust in Jesus and that he wanted only a plain box for a coffin, he took the injection to relieve the pain and went to sleep to awake in the presence of the Great Physician.

Together the doctor and the nurse served our church in Africa. Now since his promotion the faithful wife cheerfully continues her service of Jove, first in Africa, and now for a time in the homeland, not alone, but with the constant inspiration of the doctor's life and love and with the veritable presence of the Master at her side. For Free Methodists of this generation Ebenezer means the hospital and Rest Home presided over by the Backenstoos.

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"But when Jesus heard that, he said unto them, They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick" (Matthew 9:12).

Dr. Green was born on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, in South Dakota, when his parents were teachers among the Indians. The day soon came when the baby was to be baptized. At about nine o'clock in the morning his mother and father, two older children, and the Presbyterian missionary went into the little sitting-room for the ceremony. After the singing of several hymns the missionary read about the transfiguration and baptism of Jesus in a hushed voice. All of it was so sacred that the children were perfectly quiet. Soon Baby John cuddled down in his mother's arms, closed his eyes, and slept through the ceremony. When the water had been applied, the heart of the mother, overflowing with praise, joy, and responsibility, burst out in prayer. Just sitting in her chair with the baby on her lap, she talked to God about him. Giving the baby fully to God she asked for him, not riches nor honor nor fame, but goodness and wisdom and holiness, that he might serve God here and live with Him in heaven, that the Spirit might be sent to abide with her little son. She had asked largely, and she believed that exceedingly more would be done.

His childhood was spent on the Indian reservation, where the little Indian boys were his first playmates. With them he played in the tepees, with the bows and arrows, dogs and ponies. Always he was full of life. Learning easily in school, he was a great reader. While he was still in the grades, he read not only fiction but also histories and many of the classics. Often he asked questions about God and religious problems.

This inquiring nature caused him almost to lose his right hand when he was four years old. As he watched a great pulley take forks of hay up into the barn, he investigated the process by reaching out and taking hold of the great rope. His little brother Rosslyn quickly stopped the horses. The burn was deep and terrible, clear to the bone. That right hand is badly scarred. Fighting with the pain afterwards, the little fellow forced out the words, "It was Rosslyn who made the horse stop, so that I could let loose. I won't cry anyway, because it isn't bleeding blood." Surely a wise heavenly Father saw that day that the little right hand must be saved to operate on pain-tortured bodies in the Free Methodist hospital at Kih sien.

Later, when he was still a little boy, he lived with his parents at the Indian boarding school at Shawnee, Oklahoma. Here he made a good friend of the fine old Quaker preacher who was in charge of the little mission church. Working for this pious old man, John earned his first money. Great were the talks the two pals had on stewardship and tithing, as well as on other subjects. From this good old man the boy borrowed many a heavy book and carried it home to be read thoroughly. Friend Brown, as he called the old man, used to call the fine young lad a walking encyclopedia because of his much reading of difficult works.

Although his early years were spent in the midst of Indians and often far from white people outside of his own family, his religious influences were strong. His mother says that, when he was about four years old, he gave himself to Jesus and never since for a moment has given up his faith in God. What a priceless testimony to give to those among whom he now works! He was about eight years old when he told his mother, "When I grow up, I'm going to be a doctor and go across the ocean and take care of the folks that don't have any doctor." Now he has fulfilled that mission and has been set down in the midst of a million people who have no other medical aid.

He was educated at Central Junior College in McPherson, Kansas, from the time that he was a junior in high school, then at the state university of Kansas. He worked his way entirely through school. Truly remarkable it is that, although his training required thousands of dollars, he made every bit of it without ever going in debt and had a little money left when he had finished. Sacrifice was often great, but the goal ahead was clearly seen. The adequate preparation for medical missionary service was worth any price. When he entered the state university, he had one blue serge suit that was mostly worn out. He cleaned this and pressed it himself to wear on Sunday. To classes he wore khaki army trousers with boots, since the leggings required too much precious time for winding each morning, and a red sweater. Never until after he had graduated from the university did he have an overcoat. Gladly he did all kinds of work such as restaurant work and shoveling coal. He taught in high school one year, at Central Academy and College two years, and at the University of Nebraska one year. Truly a miracle is this education of a determined son of the church. His being an honor student at the University of Nebraska won him a scholarship, which also helped him greatly in his medical training.

All of this highly-specialized training was honorably received without ever working on Sunday to earn money of studying to earn grades. As soon as he had finished, splendid positions presented themselves on all sides. But none of these things could move him from the goal set before him back there at eight years of age.

Just before the completion of his medical work, he was united in marriage to Miss Lydia Flesher, whom he had met at McPherson. Like him she had worked her way through school entirely. She then was not only a college graduate, but also a trained nurse.

Together this young couple with enthusiasm and devotion set sail for China. At last the dreams of the little boy of eight years were fulfilled, for he had become a doctor and was now fast becoming an active missionary on the other side of the Pacific. Now, too, his mother's prayer at the baptism of her baby had been answered. Not riches nor ease, but an opportunity to do something for the Master had been granted.

For the first two years of their residence on the field, with all of their might, as they always do everything, they pored over the difficult Chinese under a very fine Chinese teacher who could not speak a word of English. Day in and day out they pursued the strenuous task. In the midst of this rather discouraging task of learning the most difficult Oriental language their hearts were made to rejoice; for God sent to them sunny little Evaline Joan, who cheers the hearts of our missionaries in China. What a blessing are these wee missionaries! Even before they had finished their study of the Chinese language -- of course, the study never ceases in a sense - - Mrs. Green had taken up the work of editing that delightful little magazine, "Praise and Prayer," the work formerly done by Mrs. Ashcraft.

Then eagerly they set about the impossible task of opening the hospital at Kih sien. Dr. Grinnell had just completed the building and equipping of the main hospital buildings for the second time when suddenly stricken by heart disease, he went to the land where neither doctors nor hospitals are needed. Soon the doctor who was to take his place came, but was unable to carry on the work of the hospital because of the civil war. Repeatedly soldiers have occupied the buildings and grounds. While our missionaries were away from the stations during the dangerous war period, all that was removable of equipment and buildings was carried off. Consequently, Dr. and Mrs. Green had come to a building with only bare walls remaining. But to make this Grinnell Memorial Hospital a station where the million needy bodies of this district may be treated scientifically and where the million hungry souls can at the same time be fed, they came to China. Even yet in the might of the God of the impossible they will serve through this agency of mercy. The task has been slightly complicated by the coming of the monster called depression. So unpacking bandages and linen sent from America, overseeing the digging of a sweet water well on the premises, seeing that door-knobs are replaced, and prevailing in prayer for this his special mission, Dr. Green labors on in Kih sien. Whenever he is able to help some pain-stricken yellow brother back to health, he is satisfied. He knows that this one of the million, his million, could not have been helped without the aid of the one brave young doctor with the faithful nurse at his side; for these millions of people around Kih sien will receive their healing from Dr. Green or not at all.

Who could doubt that the Mighty One who planted within the boy's heart the aim strong enough to carry him through every hindrance to the completion of a medical education, the One who saved the future surgeon's right hand, would fail to send the means to open the hospital that for many years now has waited for the bright, restless boy from the Indian reservation?

In a Methodist Episcopal parsonage in a small Kansas town lived a little girl, who used to tell people that, when she grew up, she would marry a doctor and together they would go as missionaries. In that very town, then in her father's congregation, was a little boy who was to grow up to be that doctor and to take her to Africa with him. That boy is now Dr. Theodore J. Thomas, and the little girl is now

Mrs. Thomas, mother of little Miss Thomas, Claire Ann. At present they are located near Inhambane, Portuguese East Africa.

Theodore Thomas, or Ted as he probably was to his playmates, spent all of his life except one year in Kansas on a farm. Life on the farm with its many chores gave him lessons in practical work in addition to the lessons learned in the country school. Although his time was well filled with work, he found some time to read; for he surely delighted in this best of all pastimes. Almost every evening when lessons did not interfere, some member of the family read aloud while the others worked. Lessons of devotion were his, too. Every morning just before breakfast the family assembled for the reading of the Bible and prayer. Before every meal he heard grace offered. Regularly the family attended Sunday-school, and then all of them stayed for church. At eight years of age he was baptized and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, to which his parents belonged.

His interests in youth included the Capper Pig Clubs, in which he won some prizes and through which he learned to appreciate good products and good efforts. In spite of the fact that he liked athletics, he found little time for such during his high school days. Work on the farm and walking four or five miles to and from school often occupied his time.

At the close of high school days he began to plan a life. His parents gave him every opportunity for life preparation. The decision was that he was to go to the University of Kansas, where he worked for part of his expenses, doing farm work, waiting tables, doing odd jobs, delivering ice, working in an oil refinery, selling Bibles and later, acting as orderly in a hospital. After three years of a general course in college he decided upon the medical course. His mother had suggested that he prepare for the ministry. But his admiration for the local physician persuaded him to follow the art of healing. However, he was not disappointing his mother in this, for during his college work he did much to further the cause of right by working through the Y. M. C. A. and by teaching a class of Indian boys at the Haskell Indian Institute at the edge of Lawrence, Kansas. One summer he attended a conference of the Y. M. C. A. in Colorado, where forceful speakers sounded a challenge to service in the benefit of humanity. At this time he investigated the possibilities of medical mission service. Again that winter he listened to a stirring address by a medical missionary from India. Soon, through a classmate who was a member of a missionary family in China, he began to attend the meetings of the Student Volunteer Movement. Doubtless his life in the Cosmopolitan Club, a cooperative rooming and boarding house where a number of Chinese, Hindus, Filipinos, Hawaiians, Russians, Germans, and Americans lived, studied, and played together, increased his breadth of feeling for humanity of every color and nation. What excellent preparation this student had been receiving for service on the mission field!

While the man had been developing from a farm boy into a medical student, the little girl, also of a Methodist parsonage, Lois Jane Adams, had developed into a

college girl and a leader in the Student Volunteer Movement of the college she was attending. She was, very early in life, taken to church, and by the time she was a year old, cried with disappointment if on his way down from the pulpit her father did not stop to take her with him to the door to greet the parishioners. Many times the family moved from one small town to another. This change of place and making new friends was pleasant to the child. Happy is the minister's daughter of such a disposition. She was fond of music and of books. To her now looking back on this happy childhood, it seems as if she just always heard of the missionaries and welcomed them with her parents into their home. Blest indeed is the child who from the earliest hours has instilled in it the love for those who represent us in the greatest business in all the world. Through the children's missionary societies to which she belonged, through the stories her parents told her, through the stories of missions that she so eagerly read, and from the kindled spirit of her father who had himself once planned to be a missionary to Africa, she learned of missions and loved them. Every time a missionary came to their home to be entertained, she eagerly drank in every word he spoke and silently dreamed of the day when she, too, could be one.

Later during her high school days, as she worked in the young people's society of her church, she became more and more interested in the cause and finally definitely signed for such service at an institute which she attended. Then in Washburn College in Topeka, Kansas, she was active in the Student Volunteer Movement. A young teacher of hers became a missionary to Turkey and so added the living personal interest that is the invaluable asset to any missionary.

During this period of his quiet but sincere interest in medical missions over at Lawrence and her interest over at Washburn College, the girl was found by the doctor of whom she had dreamed. Playmates of former days became man and wife. Between the time of their meeting again and their marriage he completed his medical training, and she taught high school for two years. Together they applied to the Missionary Board of their own church for service in some line of medical missionary work. Their church referred them to the board of the Free Methodist Church. So it happened that willingly, gladly, they came with devotion to Christ to be our doctor and his wife in the Methodist hospital directed for so long by Dr. Stauffacher about seven miles from Inhambane. In return for our church's furnishing a doctor, it is our privilege to have the use of the hospital and the doctor. When at last the dreams of years had been fulfilled and they were under appointment to Inhambane, Portuguese East Africa, as missionaries of the Free Methodist Church, they rejoiced deeply and were thankful for an open way.

Just before they sailed for Africa by way of Portugal, this young couple, for they are some of our very youngest missionaries, united with the Free Methodist Church. Then they were off for Portugal, where with the school children they studied the Portuguese language, lived with a family who spoke only Portuguese, earned the lady's teaching license and the doctor's medical license for the section

of Africa in which they work. At last with all of the preliminaries concluded they reached their station in Inhambane, and set about learning the native language.

Now they live in a home right on the bay at Inhambane where always they can hear the booming of the waves and look out beneath the stately palm trees to see the ships go sailing by. To the musical ear of Mrs. Thomas the tide coming in and going out makes music against the shore. Over at the clinic each morning Dr. Thomas treats over one hundred patients. Perhaps they need only a dose of quinine or an aspirin. But they can not be trusted with more than one dose of medicine at a time. Every variety of ailment may be found here, it seems. A sand-jigger must be removed from some black boy's flesh. If it is not removed, eggs will be laid in the flesh, and then there will be a sore to be dug out. In an isolated camp are over sixty lepers, for whom he cares. Tuberculosis, pneumonia, and malaria are common. Treating the suffering who come and go in the same day, caring for those who come to stay for a week or so, and going out to those who can not come keep this active young doctor very busy. What a boon it is to our missionaries in the trying climate to have a doctor there for their own help in time of sickness! In addition to relieving the suffering, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas try to do a certain amount of preventive work by giving health instructions through native workers.

Thus the little girl from the parsonage, who enjoyed making new friends, is making many more as her dreams come true. Together she and the doctor are spreading the gospel of Christ throughout the earth by the ministry of medicine and teaching.

* * * * *

12 -- IN MEMORIAM

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them" (Revelation 14:13).

When I think of Grace Murray, I seem to see a smiling nurse quietly stepping from yellow patient to yellow patient in the Jungtseh dispensary in her labor of love. I seem again to watch that beaming face and to hear those few quiet words, "I am supremely happy to be going to China." I seem to feel her rapture at her coming safe home to her Father where no sick bodies and souls need her help.

Life began for her in the home of a Free Methodist parsonage in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Later she moved with her parents to Evansville, Wisconsin, where she became interested in missionaries, but never dreamed that she could be one. Did not a missionary have to be able to get up before an audience and give a talk, if not a real sermon? She was just sure that she could never do that.

After finishing the public school she took her nurse's training at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia and did post-graduate work at Bellevue Hospital in New York City, making her own way after she was seventeen. Her ambition always was to care for children and helpless people.

Years passed by and she was living in Evanston, Illinois, a successful graduate nurse. With her sister, Melicent, she went to China to visit her older sister, Florence. During her visit there she was wonderfully converted. Then in her own words the call came this way:

While visiting Florence in Kih sien, one Sunday we were driven out to an outstation for the day's services. The pastor's wife wanted me to go into their home and see her little sick boy, a poor little thin, wasted lad with a tubercular hip. What could I do for the lad? Nothing, of course. But when we left, we took him with us, and the next day sent him into the Kaifeng Hospital. His father went with him. That same Sunday others asked what to do for this and for that when they learned I was a nurse. That was the time when I received my call, when I saw what a nurse could do here in China.

Clearly now she saw that she could use her training for the Chinese people who had helped to lead her to the Savior. Coming back to America, she visited the missionary secretary, W. B. Olmstead, and said, "I can no longer be happy in work here through feeling that my life could be helpfully spent for the Chinese. Although I am past the age for a new missionary, if I may be used, I could arrange for coming home at my own expense, should my health fail before my furlough is due." Her proposition was accepted by the Secretary and the Board and she returned to China where, for seven years, without being sick in bed a day, she was a great help and blessing.

On the sacred old Glen Ellyn camp ground, the summer before sailing, in a young people's service, she arose, and as tears of joy streamed down her face, she quietly declared: "I am supremely happy to be going to China." So often during those few days when we young people of her own district were being inspired by her quiet faithfulness and sheer joy at the thought of going to China's multitudes, the poem "Others" by C. D. Meiggs, was quoted. She left the whole poem in her collection of poems. How well it fits her life and the spirit which drew us to her in those days together! We have room only for the first and last stanzas.

"Lord, help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way,
That even when I kneel to pray
My prayer shall be for others.

"Others, Lord, yes, others,
Let this my motto be,
Help me to live for others

That I may live like Thee."

That fall she reached China and began those seven happy years of usefulness. There, after she had learned the language, she did what had not been done by any of our workers in China before -- she made the dispensary at Jungtseh self-supporting. She passed through the very trying period of the Civil War of 1927 and the following years. Now that she is gone to her home above, we are not concerned so much with her daily routine at the dispensary, as we are with the many people, natives and missionaries, who can say, "Grace helped me." Let us meet just a few of them.

A poor Chinese woman came to her one spring with a bad gash about four inches long where her husband had stabbed her. The wound was bad, for it had already been treated by native doctors for about ten days. The patient was weak from loss of blood. For a time, they took her daily in the cart a little over a mile to the nurse. Later, she stayed on the compound near the nurse to save her strength and the expense of the cart. When the wound was nearly healed, she went home again. But one day during the wheat-harvest, as she did too much heavy work, the wound began to pain. Infection set in and the wound opened up. Again she came back to the compound to the kind nurse, who treated it and gave her tonics to help. After a week or so, it began to heal very slowly. The time came for Grace to go to Kaifeng to spend five weeks with her sister. She would not leave her patient, but took her along. There the wound finally healed. Not only had the nurse brought her physical ease, but she had also led her to the Savior, who gave her spiritual peace.

Once cholera was raging. Hypodermic injections were being given as a preventive. In one month about 250 people were given the serum by our nurse. All of them, hearing of her home-going, might exclaim, "She saved me from cholera."

She was preparing to come home on furlough. Between times of packing she was seeing the Chinese, giving out some last medicines that they wanted, for they would be unable to get them hereafter for so long. Little did any of them dream it would be so very long until they would see her in the land where medicines are never needed. Many came saying, "What will we do when we get sick if you are not here?" Then she gave the Chinese a farewell dinner. How they did grieve to see her leave! Although she did not like to talk very well before the other missionaries, she talked very freely when she was alone with the Chinese. She knew the people and did not spare herself to be kind to them, to doctor their ills, and to listen to their troubles.

Many missionaries could speak of Grace Murray's helpful care. Miss Somerville, Mr. Ashcraft, and Mrs. Silva have had her for a nurse in serious illness. But Bessie Reid learned best of all in that long fight against disease the depth of her friend's devotion.

In the fall of 1933 she came home on her first furlough late, but eager to return to China. After four months, during which she visited her relatives and gave missionary addresses, she was taken ill suddenly and after ten days of patiently suffering she went home to join her dear Chinese Bible woman. Thinking of the little lad whose finger she found in three hanging shreds, of the sore eyes and the cholera, and of the tired, sick missionaries she has nursed back to health, we are reminded of that loving sentence she wrote in her last letter to us, "He (your father) can not come to you, but you can go to him. His worries and trials on earth are over and the Lord has called him home." These loving ones whom she has helped can likewise go to her.

After her home-going it was found she had set aside \$2,000 to provide for the out-going expenses and apply toward the support of a nurse to take her place. This made possible the sending of Pearl Reid, who sailed for China in December, 1934.

In her collection of poems also is this, which voiced her real prayer after that decisive visit to China in 1925, the prayer which her Lord so gloriously answered:

"Let me teach and work by the side of the road--
And nurse in a foreign land,
Where people come with yearning hearts,
Seeking a guiding hand.
I would not stay in the U.S.A!
I would go where the need is great!
Let me nurse and work by the side of the road
Where hundreds in readiness wait.

"I know there are heart-breaking burdens to bear
In lands full of grief and pain:
But, oh! the joy of a service there,
It can not be loss -- it is gain!

So I teach them the way of a more complete life,
I tell them of Him who is love;
And my burdens are never too heavy to bear,
I have help from the Father above."

Maud Winifred Edwards of Niagara Falls, New York, gave twenty-two years of service to missionary work in Honan Province, China, before leaving earth for her heavenly home.

Her father was a soldier in the Civil War. Maud was wont to say when facing her call to foreign work, "I am a soldier's daughter!" She was graduated from the A. M. Chesbrough Seminary in 1910. Father, mother, and sister had passed away before Maud started for China. She left only her sisters, Lucy and Iva, and a brother,

Lou. Very soon Lucy sickened and died. It was a grief, not alone to Maud, but her sister Iva was doubly bereft, having no sister left her at home.

Maud's call to foreign missionary work was unmistakably clear. Once, she was given a mental picture of herself staying in America. She saw a lovely home, well furnished, herself sitting in a rocking chair by a window, but utterly discontented. Her application was presented to the Missionary Board. So sure was she of its acceptance that she told some Jewish girls who were working as clerks in the same dry goods store with her that she was going out to China as a missionary in the fall. The result justified her confidence. She was accepted by the Missionary Board and was shortly on her way.

She was stationed for some years in Jungtseh, Honan, with Lucy Tittmore and various others of our missionaries. She learned the Chinese language, passed her examinations and was absorbed in teaching the Chinese women and children the gospel. She loved the women and when home on furlough would often say, "I am homesick for China!" Jungtseh was a center of operations with many outstations which the missionaries used to visit. Hoin, one of the outstations, consisted largely of cave-dwellers who lived in caves dug out of the hillsides. Maud sometimes lived for weeks in these caves, teaching the people of Christ and the Bible.

The road from Jungtseh to Hoin was a rocky rut, worn down in loess formation, and they were very uncertain of safety in traveling it. Once the cart turned over. In later years Maud's dark hair turned white, she said as a result of watching the cart as they passed the dangerous road.

The latter years of her missionary work were spent in Kih sien, Honan, where, also, outstation work was pursued. Danger here, too, was often encountered. When the millet was tall it was a hiding-place for bandits, and visiting had to cease for a few weeks until the millet was cut. Maud's work was ever her joy. She loved the Chinese women and they are sorely bereft by her death. She loved her fellow-missionaries and gave them constant proof of it. Her merry heart, her vivacious spirit, her fund of anecdotes, her patient and kindly spirit, her simple trust in God made her a choice companion when at home, and a joy to the women to whom she ministered.

On her several furloughs she was a welcome and efficient speaker at quadrennial meetings at various functions. She always held the attention of her hearers. On her last furlough she spoke in the Pierson High School at Sag Harbor, New York. The principal said of her talk, "It was the best address ever given in the high school." The Buffalo District of the Genesee Conference claimed her as their own and on this last furlough had a "Maud Edwards Day."

In the latter years of her missionary work in China, bandits infested the mountain resorts and she did not always go up to the hills in the hot season, as she

was wont to do. In 1933, the summer heat was intense at her last outstation visit. She was not very well, but seemed to recover when she returned to Kih sien. On Saturday eve, August 12, she sat in the court with Mrs. Schaffer for some time. Brother Schaffer had gone away for Sunday services. They talked some time, then knelt and prayed for God's help on the morrow, August 13. In a little while after retiring Maud called Mrs. Schaffer, saying she was ill. There was no medical help but a native doctor. He came; all prayed; but in a few short hours all was over. Maud had gone to God and her loved ones. She was dressed in a new, white, Chinese gown, just finished. They carried her to Kaifeng, and with the missionaries from that headquarters she was taken to Chengchow and buried in our sacred cemetery at that place, where rest the bodies of Clara Leffingwell and others who have died in China.

Maud left her sister, Mrs. Iva Edward Tryon, husband and little son, nine years old, very dear to Maud; and her brother Lou, all of Pitford, New York.

Her life is fragrant to her friends, an inestimable blessing to multitudes, and an honor to God and His cause. -- Adella P. Carpenter.

And teaching, pleading, or plowing, Every Youth became a missionary for Him!

* * * * *

THE END