MISSIONARY HERO STORIES

Missionary HERO STORIES

TRUE STORIES OF MISSIONARIES
AND NATIONAL CHRISTIAN LEADERS
FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

Edited by
NINA MILLEN

FRIENDSHIP PRESS
New York

CONTENTS

P. indicates a story suitable for primary children; J. one for juniors; J.H. one that is usable with junior highs.

CONTENTS

CONTENTS

CONTENTS

LATIN AMERICA

HELPER TO DR. MARY

Mary Cushman (1870-)

by GERTRUDE JENNESS RINDEN

Not so very long ago, in the great land of Africa, there lived two friends. One was little, and the other was big. One had black, fuzzy pigtails, and the other had gray hair that she combed up plain and neat into a knot on the top of her head. One wore a square cloth tied around her little black body. The other wore the white coat of a doctor. One was Vikomo, a little African girl, and the other was Dr. Mary Cushman, an American woman—and they were the best of friends.

When Vikomo was only a baby she had begun to help Dr. Mary in the hospital on the hilltop in Ocileso, West Africa. Vikomo's mother, Nafalaku, was a nurse in that hospital. Every day she came from her village to work in the hospital. While she went about her nursing, the baby Vikomo slept in a box with a pillow in it and a mosquito net over it. That was the way she helped.

"See that baby," said the mothers who came to the hospital to get help for their children. "See how she lies there sleeping, all peaceful and happy." Then they would wonder if they should not do the same with their babies instead of

carrying them, tied on their backs, in the hot sunshine as they hoed in the corn fields every day.

"See how Vikomo helps us," chuckled Dr. Mary. "One look at her is better than a lecture on how to take care of babies."

When Vikomo grew to be a little girl, she loved to stand on the grassy slope outside of Dr. Mary's hospital and watch the people who came to be cured.

Babies were brought, with their big eyes peeping out over the cloths that tied them to their mothers' backs. Men with sores on their legs came limping on stout sticks. Once a chief arrived with a badly infected leg. And he had to stay in the hospital a long time and have Dr. Mary amputate that bad leg. Vikomo watched him the day he went away, smiling. Even the witch doctor, who hadn't liked Dr. Mary's coming at all, brought his son to the hospital, and the boy was cured.

Many sick people came in hammocks slung between the shoulders of strong men. Sometimes they had traveled for days and days over the grasslands and through the forests and jungles and across rivers. Sometimes they were very, very sick. And the strong men carried them right into the hospital and lifted them onto a bed or the operating table. Then Vikomo would hear Dr. Mary say, "Oh! If we only had doctors in those distant villages to care for people when they first take sick!"

Sometimes Vikomo edged her way into the clinic where Dr. Mary and Nafalaku and Sapunga and the others were busy taking care of the sick people who had come. With her back in the corner, she stood there and watched.

"Better run outside," one of the nurses was sure to say sooner or later, and Vikomo had to go. But one day she decided differently, and when the nurse said, "Better run outside," she braced her back against the wall and said, "I want to help!"

How the nurses laughed! They were about to shoo her out when Dr. Mary spoke up and said, "Of course you can help. See here—I need papers to wrap the medicine for people to take home."

In Dr. Mary's hospital there weren't any fancy boxes for pills or any pretty pink capsules for powdered medicines. Instead of capsules, little squares of paper were used to hold the powder. Even paper was scarce, and every scrap had to be saved for wrapping medicines. So Dr. Mary took a pencil and ruler and lined off squares on paper. Then Vikomo took scissors and sat in a corner of the clinic to cut out the squares.

When Vikomo was a little bigger she learned to fold the squares neatly after Dr. Mary had weighed the powdered medicine onto them.

"I need a cap and apron," said Vikomo one day. And again the nurses laughed. But Vikomo's big eyes were looking at her friend, Dr. Mary.

"Why, of course, you do," said Dr. Mary in her deep, kindly voice. "A good helper needs a white cap and apron. The sewing woman will make you one."

So Vikomo put a white cap on her black, fuzzy hair and tied a white apron over her little African dress. "Now I am a real nurse, and I want a big job," she said.

"Here is a big job for you," said Dr. Mary. She placed

a high stool for Vikomo near the corner of a clinic table. "Many of our patients need this medicine," she said. "You pour out the doses." She set a bottle of tonic on the table. After that, whenever Dr. Mary found a person needing medicine from that bottle, she sent him to Vikomo.

"*A-sa-ma.* Open your mouth," Vikomo would say. And when he did, she would pour a spoonful of medicine down his throat!

Many of the babies who came to Dr. Mary's clinic had sore eyes. They were the babies that had been jostled and joggled on their mothers' backs in the hot corn fields. Flies had carried the infection from one to another. Sometimes the babies were afraid of Dr. Mary. They were afraid of Nafalaku and Sapunga and all the big people in the hospital. The clinic was strange to them, and they cried loudly. It was no use trying to put drops into the eyes of crying babies, for crying eyes shut up tight. And crying made the sore eyes worse. One day Dr. Mary noticed how the babies watched Vikomo sitting there in her white cap and apron, and how they smiled at her.

"Let Vikomo put drops into the babies' eyes," said Dr. Mary. The nurses were shocked. But when a mother took her baby to Vikomo, Vikomo smiled, and the baby smiled. Then Vikomo put her finger on the baby's lower eyelid and drew it down, just as she had seen the nurses do. With the other hand she took her medicine dropper and splash, a drop of medicine went into the eye. The baby winked and that was all. Before long it was Vikomo who put drops into the babies' eyes.

When Vikomo was six years old she wanted to go to

school. There was a school near the hospital, but there was none in Vikomo's own village, which was an hour's walk away. "You cannot walk so far," her mother, Nafalaku, kept telling her. Again her friend Dr. Mary spoke up, "Let her live with me."

So Vikomo went to stay with Dr. Mary in her little grass-roofed house near the hospital. Can't you just see those two as they ate their meals together—the little black girl, with her big, wondering eyes, on one side of the table, and the staunch, gray-haired American woman on the other side? First they bowed their heads to thank God for their food. Vikomo called him Suku, for that is the name her people had given to God the Creator. Sometimes when the door was open, Dr. Mary would look out over the hills of Angola to the beautiful mountains beyond and say, "Those hills make me think of Maine where I lived when I was a little girl." And again she would say—in Vikomo's African language, of course—"I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains: From whence shall my help come? My help cometh from the Lord, Who made heaven and earth." Then Vikomo's eyes would blink the way all little girls' eyes do when they are thinking hard about great big thoughts that swell inside of them. "It is Suku," thought Vikomo, "who helps Dr. Mary do everything."

Sometimes their talking was questions and answers, for like all African children Vikomo was full of questions. "Tell me about the ship that brought you here," she would say. Then Dr. Mary, with her deep, kindly voice, would tell how she left New York in a ship and went to Portugal, how another ship carried her to Lobito on the coast of West

Africa, how she got on a train that took her up, up, up, into the highlands of Angola. "And here I am," she would say, smiling at little Vikomo.

One noon when they were talking they heard great shouts. "Leopard! Doctor!" Looking out, they saw two men running toward the hospital, carrying someone in a blanket slung between their shoulders. When Vikomo looked around, Dr. Mary was not there. She had rushed to the hospital.

Vikomo ran to the front of the hospital to hear what the carriers were saying. "Wisi was wounded by a leopard. His arm is almost off. His whole body is torn. Can the white doctor cure so injured a man?" Everyone began to shake his head—all except Vikomo, who spoke up loudly to say, "Dr. Mary can."

For days and days it was not certain whether Wisi would live. Dr. Mary did her best. She cleaned the wounds and sewed the torn muscles, but leopard wounds are always dirty, and infection set in. Wisi was very, very sick. Oh, how Dr. Mary worked over that man, hoping, hoping to save him! Vikomo understood. And she prayed to Suku to help Dr. Mary. In those hard days Vikomo's thoughts about Suku grew bigger and bigger. "*Suku eye ocisola,* God is love," she had heard Dr. Mary say many times. Now she began to understand what it meant. "If Suku's love for us is like Dr. Mary's, then it is very great," thought Vikomo.

"Wisi is better," said Dr. Mary at last, one day when she came home to eat her noon meal with Vikomo.

"Good—good!" said Vikomo, and then she said something else. "Dr. Mary, I want to be a doctor."

"Of course you do," said Dr. Mary in her deep, hearty voice. "There is no better way to tell of God's love."

After Dr. Mary had worked among Vikomo's people for twenty years, she returned to America for a time. The people of Ocileso were sad, but there was one brightness shining in their sadness. Vikomo, who was now seventeen, was going to Portugal to learn to be a doctor. In a few years she would come back to Ocileso to be the doctor in that hospital where she had helped her friend, Dr. Mary.

STRONGER THAN BLACK MAGIC

Henry McDowell (1894-)

by ALICE GEER KELSEY

"It is the black magic!" A dozen pairs of terrified black eyes looked down at the body of the boy Hosi, which lay stiff and still on a hard reed mat.

"Do you mean that the boy was poisoned?" asked Henry McDowell, who was still new to the ways of West Africa. "Why would anyone poison Hosi?"

"Hosi's elders told him not to come here to work for you," explained the boys. "They never trust men who are not of our own tribe."

"But his own relatives would not have harmed Hosi!" protested Mr. McDowell. The boys rolled their frightened eyes to look in surprise at a grown man, not a white man at that, who could be so ignorant.

"His family would be just the ones to punish him if he disobeyed them," said Salapula. "Our elders have told all of us that we would be sorry if we came here to work for you."

"Do you wish to stop helping me now, after what has happened to Hosi?" asked the young Negro missionary wearily. It had been hard persuading these young boys to

help him clear land and build the simple houses needed to start the mission station at Galangue. For a month the boys had been coming in from their villages to work at his side—felling trees, digging irrigation ditches, leveling the land, building the huts for homes, church, and school.

The dozen pairs of African eyes turned from the face of the dead boy on the ground to the kind face of the man they had learned to love in one short month. One after another the boys gave their reasons for keeping on with the work.

"You pay us well and are kind to us all the time."

"We are learning new ways of working."

"We like the school in the evenings when you and Mrs. McDowell teach us to write in the sand. Our elders think the writing is some new kind of magic, but we know better."

"Mrs. McDowell and your baby are our friends, too."

"We want to hear more of your stories about the good man you call Jesus. The storytellers in our villages have nothing like that to tell us."

With one more glance at the body of Hosi, the boys picked up their stubby African axes and went back to their work of clearing land for the building that would some day be their new school. Mr. McDowell's axe rang out steadily with theirs. As he worked, he remembered the warnings that had come to him about how hard it would be to start a new mission station at Galangue, in Angola, a country whose people were Negroes but which was ruled by Portugal.

"Galangue is the center of witchcraft," Mr. McDowell had been warned by Africans and white people alike. "Its

sorcerers are so many and so strong that people come from far away to get their charms. Galangue is known for its black magic."

"Foreigners who go into the Galangue area disappear," people had told Mr. McDowell, when he talked of starting the new mission station there. "Many a trader or government official has gone on business and has never returned. Your being a Negro will not keep the people from thinking of you as a foreigner."

But Mr. and Mrs. McDowell had not been frightened by these warnings. They had been chosen as the first American Negroes to open a mission station where all the missionaries were to be Negroes. Others would be coming soon from America to help them. It seemed to them that Galangue was the place to work, in spite of all its dangers. It was a place that needed help, with its 15,000 people within a radius of eight miles. The high plateau around Galangue with its fine water supply and good clay soil would make ideal land for a mission. It was too bad that the friendly head chief of the area had died just before the McDowells arrived. The new chief, Chingalule, and his adviser were not friendly, but the McDowells were sure that they would find ways of showing their good will. The strange death of Hosi made them remember the warnings but did not frighten them.

It was only a few days later that the boys came rushing to Mr. McDowell again, their eyes bulging in terror.

"Salapula of the village of Sindi is dying!" cried the boys.

"Let's see what I can do for him." Mr. McDowell hurried to the sick boy as the others trailed behind.

"Do not touch him," warned the boys. "The curse of the black magic will come on you, too, if you put your hands on him."

"I am not afraid." Mr. McDowell carried Salapula to his own home. With his wife, he worked to save the boy.

"He has been poisoned," said Mrs. McDowell, trying to find some help for the writhing boy. "How could anyone have given Salapula poison?"

"What I want to know is the sort of poison he was given and its antidote." Mr. McDowell walked toward his bicycle. "Someone from Salapula's village has poisoned him to punish him for working here. I am going to Sindi village and find what will cure the boy."

Mrs. McDowell remembered the stories of the foreigners who had disappeared when they went among the people of Galangue. But unless she had had the courage needed to let her husband go among unfriendly people, she would never have ventured into this wild part of Africa. "Yes, you must go," she said.

The boys could not understand why their new friend must risk his life for Salapula. "Where are you going on your bicycle?" they asked, though they knew what answer to expect.

"To Sindi," he told them. "I know the poison came from Salapula's village. I must go there to learn what will stop its working."

"Do not go," begged the boys. "Salapula will die anyway. If you go, you, too, may be killed by the black magic."

Mr. McDowell hopped on his bicycle and started down the rough and narrow mile-and-a-half trail that led to Sindi.

It was three o'clock of a very hot afternoon when he started. Forgetting that he had eaten no lunch, he pedaled on and on under the scorching African sun. When he reached Sindi, he was greeted by the stern-faced Chief Chingalule and his family.

"Salapula of your village is sick in my house," said Mr. McDowell when the necessary greetings were over. "I think someone in your village knows what poisoned him. That same person must know what will stop the poison's working and let the boy live."

Men came silently from many a grass hut and gathered in the place of palaver. For two long hours they talked with Mr. McDowell.

"It is bad for our boys to work for you," the men repeated over and over in different ways. "We told them they would be sorry."

"But we cannot let the boy die," pleaded the young missionary. "You must give me the antidote for the poison that is killing him."

"It was not good for Salapula to go to you," repeated the men. "He deserves this punishment."

"You cannot let a boy of your own village die," begged Mr. McDowell earnestly. "I could report this happening to the Portuguese authorities. They would come to your village and arrest the ones who gave poison."

Chief Chingalule and the elders looked nervously at one another. They knew that the Portuguese officials would indeed punish the poisoners.

"But I do not plan to do that," continued the soft-spoken young Negro. "I have a wife and child in my own hut. I

know that you could keep me from ever seeing them again. I want to be your friend. That is why we came to Galangue. I want you now to help me cure our Salapula."

Chief Chingalule and the others exchanged uncertain glances. Here was a man who seemed to care about one of their own boys. Perhaps he truly meant that he came because he wanted to be their friend. It might be that the school and the church he was planning for them would be good instead of being full of a new kind of magic. If he did not report this poisoning to the authorities, it would be a sign that he really meant to be their friend.

"Go back to your home," said the chief. "Put Salapula on a hammock stretched between two palm poles. Find two boys to carry him on this *tepoia* to Sindi. We will stop the poison."

Mr. McDowell had hurried under the hot sun as he pedaled to Sindi, but he worked even harder on the way home.

"Our palaver took too long," he worried. "I wonder if the boy still lives. Can I get him to his own village in time?" The sun was still hot. The path was rough and led uphill. It seemed much longer than a mile and a half. His empty stomach reminded Mr. McDowell he had not eaten since early morning. He managed to hold up until he had started the sick Salapula on his *tepoia* ride to Sindi.

Back in his home, Mr. McDowell began to eat the welcome food—but the heat, hunger, and exhaustion were too much for the missionary. He became violently sick.

"He has been poisoned, too," wailed the boys. "The sorcerers of Sindi have thrown black magic into the air.

The wind has carried it to him. We said it was not safe for him to go to that village."

The news was quickly taken to Chief Chingalule that the missionary had been poisoned. The chief was very angry.

"It must be the relatives of Salapula who have done this," he ranted. "They did not believe the friendly words of the foreigner. They feared that he would tell the officials what they had done. They must be punished—every one of them—lest the Portuguese authorities hear of this sickness and bring trouble to our village."

Word of Chingalule's anger was carried to Mr. McDowell, who was waking up after having been unconscious for most of two hours. "It will go badly with Salapula's relatives," said the boys. "The chief intends to punish them. No one will have anything to do with them. Their children will be sold into slavery as a punishment. Even Salapula, if he should get well, may be sold as a slave. Chief Chingalule is angry because he thinks you will report this to the government."

"But nobody poisoned me," argued the sick man. "I was ill because I ate when I was so hot and hungry and tired."

The boys shook their heads. They thought they knew more about poison than this newcomer from a far land.

Wearily Mr. McDowell climbed onto his bicycle for the third time that day and started back toward the village of Sindi.

"Do not go again," begged the boys.

"I must show that I have not been poisoned," the missionary explained. "I must plead with Chief Chingalule not to punish the relatives of Salapula."

So back to Sindi pedaled the tired young man. The chief was very much surprised to see him.

Mr. McDowell asked about Salapula and learned that he was getting better. "You can see that I have not been poisoned," said the missionary. "Let us talk again." The second long palaver convinced the people of the village that the newcomer to Galangue was their friend. From then on, Mr. McDowell had no trouble getting boys to work for him.

From Sindi the word spread to the other villages of the Galangue area that the man from America cared about them and was not afraid of their black magic and talked things over with them instead of reporting their wrongdoings to the authorities. From that day, more and more of his African neighbors looked upon Mr. McDowell as a brother. The other Negro missionaries who followed the McDowells to Galangue found the people quick to be friendly.

DR. HENRY OF ASSIUT

Vellore Meek (L. M.) Henry (1854-1942)

by ANNA A. MILLIGAN

IT WAS almost time for the express train from the north to arrive at Assiut, Egypt, and the station platform was crowded with people. Everybody seemed to be there—young and old, rich and poor. City officials had closed their offices to come. Businessmen had closed their shops and were on the platform. The brass band was there, all tuned up to play rousing music. If you had asked, "What's the excitement?" anyone would have told you, "Our Dr. Henry is coming back! He is returning from his year's stay in America."

Every eye looked north. They saw the smoke, and then the train came into sight. They saw Dr. Henry standing at the side door of a compartment, with one foot on the step so that he could be off quickly. The train stopped.

As the watchers cheered and the band began to play, a man darted forward, rushed to the doctor saying, "Hakim, do you know me?"

Dr. Henry gave him one searching glance with his keen eyes and said, "Yes, you were in the hospital when I left."

The man announced with pride, "Hakim, I do know Jesus,

and I love him, too." Then he rushed back and was lost in the crowd.

Only a few of the onlookers understood the happening, but to Dr. Henry there could have been no better welcome. Before he had started for his furlough in America, a Moslem man had been brought into the hospital, very ill. Doctors and nurses had known it would take their best efforts to save his life. All had worked faithfully, and finally the man had begun to improve. When Dr. Henry knew that the man was getting better, he said to him one morning after his usual call, "Do you know Jesus Christ?"

Quickly the man had replied, "No, I don't." He had seemed surprised that the doctor should ask such a question of a Moslem, who followed the teachings of Mohammed. Dr. Henry made no comment but had gone on to give help and cheer to other suffering ones. Next morning the doctor had made his usual professional visit and when leaving had asked again, "Do you know Jesus Christ?" The man had replied, "No, I don't, and I don't want to, either."

A few days later the Henrys had left for America to visit their three boys, whom they had not seen for seven years. The Moslem man had soon become well enough to be discharged from the hospital. He had gone home, but he could not forget the doctor's question. He could not forget that the doctor had never shown anger at his replies. "What caused the doctor to be so kind?" he asked himself. "Why did he leave his home and children to wear out his life helping sick Egyptians?"

The man had determined to get the Book about Jesus from the hospital people to see if he could find the answer

in it. He had bought a Testament and had read it again and again. The story had gripped him, and he had given his heart to Christ. He had wanted to be the first to tell the returning Dr. Henry of the change in his life.

There were many in that station crowd who had learned to love Jesus through Dr. Henry's influence. The doctor was always talking about Jesus—in hospitals, in homes, on the street, and on trains. It was for that he had come to Egypt. As a young man he had not thought much about Jesus. He had been too interested in the ways of the world. His parents had been good Christians. His mother had prayed for him to her dying day, but he had not given serious thought to Christ. He had gone to college and medical school, started practice at Idana, Kansas, married a fine Christian woman, built a beautiful home, had two promising sons, had been known as a very popular doctor and well-to-do businessman at the same time.

One day Dr. Henry had become ill—very ill. He had known that most people die when stricken with the disease that had attacked him. He had watched the clock and had counted the hours until normally he would pass into a coma and never awaken. He had begun to think of his past life, full of work and pleasure as it had been, but without the light of Jesus' love. He himself had begun to pray. He had confessed his sins, had asked Christ to forgive him, and had promised he would serve him all his days if his life were spared.

Dr. Henry had not died. He had become better, and he had kept his promise. He had joined the church, attended prayer meeting, offered to pay the salary of a missionary in

India. But all that had not been enough to satisfy him. So he had offered his services as a medical missionary. At the age of thirty-seven, he had set out for Egypt.

The language of Egypt is very difficult. Most people cannot learn it after they are thirty years of age. But Dr. Henry had learned it well enough to do his work, even though he would often say when examining a patient, "Put out my tongue," or "Do you feel a pain in my stomach?" for he never could seem to get his Arabic pronouns straight.

There had been universal gloom in Idana when people had heard that he was going to leave them. One neighboring doctor had said to his wife, "I heard sad news today. Dr. Henry has gone crazy and is going to pack up and go to Egypt." The neighbor spoke more truly than he thought, for in a way Dr. Henry was crazy about Egypt for the rest of his life.

Dr. Henry had found plenty to do in Egypt. His work increased and had kept on increasing until he had realized he must have a hospital. His mission board did not have money to build, so he had undertaken to raise the necessary cash himself. He had put all he could save into the fund. Some friends had helped. When he had been in America on furlough, one friend had taken him to the noon luncheon of businessmen in a big Pittsburgh hotel. Dr. Henry had told those men of the desperate need in Egypt with all the earnestness of his loving heart. One man had asked if the Egyptians paid him for his medical service. Dr. Henry replied, "They pay what they can."

The man had continued, "Well, Doctor, what was the largest fee you ever received?"

After a moment's hesitation the doctor had said, "One day there appeared at our clinic a young man, his wife, and her mother. They had come a long distance. We took the wife into the operating room and for hours worked to save her life. Her mother crouched outside the door, covered from head to foot with a garment that prevented anyone from seeing her face. That was Moslem law. Perhaps she had never in all her life spoken to any man outside her family. That was Moslem law, too. As nurses and assistants passed in and out, she peeped through her garment with one eye, hoping to see what was going on. At last the operation was over. I came out and, seeing her, said cheerily, 'Mother, it's all right. You are the grandmother of a fine healthy boy, and your daughter will come through safely.' The woman rose, looked into my eyes to see if I were telling the truth, then threw her arms around my neck and kissed me. That bashful Moslem woman broke all the customs in her gratitude. She simply said, 'God be praised!' Gentlemen, that was my highest fee."

Dr. Henry had taken some time to tell the story, and when he had finished, the company had been deeply moved. That story had unlocked the hearts of the men. They had known then why he was giving his life in such tireless service for the people of Egypt. The story had unlocked their purses, too, and they had given a goodly sum of money to help build the hospital.

There it stands today in the crowded city—The American Mission Hospital. Some patients are able to pay in full for their care, but no one is ever turned away because he is too poor to pay. The hospital is modern in every respect. And

it has what is never seen in most hospitals—a leper clinic.

Everyone who enters the hospital hears the story of Jesus. Doctors pray for every patient. Dr. Henry spent a certain hour every day alone in prayer, and he often prayed aloud. One of his nurses overheard him one time arguing with the Lord. "Lord, you must help me. You know how ignorant I am. I cannot discover what is the matter with Mrs. X!"

When Dr. Henry became too frail for heavy duties, he turned over the management of the hospital to younger men but remained as consultant. At the age of eighty-five he journeyed to the United States alone to visit his children. He fully expected to return to Egypt, so that when his life ended he could be buried beside his beloved wife, whose body lies near Assiut. The war prevented his return to Egypt. When he died he was laid away among his forefathers in the peaceful burial ground of Spring Hill, Indiana. But his monument is in Assiut, in the building that the people still call "Henry's Hospital" and in the lives that have been changed and lightened because of his work.

AT THE FOOT OF GARKIDA MOUNTAIN

H. Stover Kulp (1894-)

by PATTIE L. BITTINGER

EARLY one morning two missionaries rode out into the bright African sunshine, across the edge of a plateau. They looked down upon the Hawal River, running through one of the most beautiful valleys in Nigeria. There were many villages lying in the valley, and above one village, looking like an ice-cream cone turned upside down, stood Garkida Mountain, whose name meant Bamboo Mountain.

As the two men took in the beauty of the valley, they forgot the long, hard journey they had made from their homeland—America. They thought only of the search on which they had come and how close they were to its fulfillment.

Their search had started one day in late 1922 when their church had sent them to West Africa to look for a field in which mission work could be carried on.

"Go to the province of Bornu in the colony of Nigeria," the young men had been told. "It is an ancient and wealthy province. We hear that its people are strong and sturdy and clever. No missionaries have ever worked among them. The religion of the chiefs is mainly Mohammedanism."

So the two young men had started from America. One was Stover Kulp and the other was Albert Helser.

They had gone by way of England, where they had left their wives until they could have homes ready for them. From England they had sailed to the port of Lagos, in Nigeria. Then they had traveled a thousand miles inland to the end of the railway at Jos. From there on, they had journeyed on horseback, over African hills through the edges of the great Sahara Desert, to the province of Bornu.

All had not run smoothly for the missionaries. The British government officials had thought that the Mohammedan chiefs would not want Christian workers in their province. There were many visits to be made to talk with the chiefs of Bornu before government permission was won for starting a mission. The chiefs had proved eager to have doctors and teachers, hospitals and schools, and so permission was given.

Thus it came that the two missionaries rode out to look at the beautiful valley at the foot of Garkida Mountain. They were pleased with what they saw. "This is the spot we've been seeking," said Stover Kulp.

"Then let's hurry into the village below the mountain and see the chief," said Albert Helser, and they started on their way.

The missionaries greeted the chief politely with the words they had learned, *Salaam Aleikum*, "Peace be upon you." The chief was just as polite. He invited them into his house. The missionaries knew that helping sick people was one of the best ways to be friendly. They weren't doctors, but they had learned how to give simple treat-

ments. So when the greetings were over, they asked, "Do you have any sick people here?"

"We always have sick people," replied the chief. From the crowd that stood near the front of the house the chief called those who were suffering with sores and sickness. The missionaries were soon busily at work treating them and bandaging their sores.

When the Africans saw the kindly way in which the missionaries bound their sores and cared for their sickness, they asked, "Why do you do this?"

"We do this," said Mr. Kulp, "because we have a God who is our Father and your Father, too. He wants us to be kind and helpful to one another. We have come to teach you about him."

"You must move into our village guest house and live with us, so that you can teach us," said the chief.

"We shall do that," the missionaries replied, "for we are your brothers, and you are ours. We would like to build houses and schools and a hospital in your village, and live with you as neighbors."

Later that day the missionaries looked for a place to build the mission settlement. Above the village stood Garkida in majestic solemnity. In front of the mountain were low hills that merged into a pleasant plain.

"These hilltops would be good places for our houses," Stover Kulp said, "and this plain between the villages and your homes would be fine for the hospital and the school."

"And here by the edge of the village we shall build our first church," said Albert Helser.

Though the valley was beautiful, it was dangerous, too.

Many diseases raged among its people. Before long, Albert Helser became very sick with a tropical fever.

Stover Kulp took care of him and at the same time started making plans for the mission buildings. One September morning the ground-breaking service was held. Work began on the mission houses while Stover nursed his friend.

The village people were interested in all that was going on. The herdboys, who spent their days watching their fathers' goats and sheep on the hills, were never tired of talking about the missionaries. They had never seen white men before. Some of them thought that such pale-colored men must have come from a house up in the clouds where the sun could never reach them.

When the boys did not see Mr. Helser for several days, they began to wonder if Stover Kulp had eaten him. But a few days later, Albert Helser appeared outside, looking whiter than ever and very thin. Stover Kulp felt that his friend needed special treatment. So the sick missionary was carried by hammock to the larger river a hundred miles away, and from there he and Kulp traveled by boat to Lokoja, five hundred miles south. Albert Helser soon recovered under the care of the nearest doctor. The work of building had now progressed far enough for the missionaries to feel safe in bringing their wives. They met them at the seacoast town and brought them to Jos by train. At Jos they purchased bicycles on which to travel the four hundred miles to Garkida.

Mr. and Mrs. Kulp arrived at Garkida first. They were very eager to see the house the Africans were to have completed in their absence.

At the edge of the plateau overlooking the Hawal Valley, Mr. Kulp called to his wife to stop and look upon their future home.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "it is beautiful, more beautiful than I ever could have imagined! There stands Garkida across the river, just as you told me in your letters, and on the low twin hills in front of it are what look to be two houses. Are they ours?"

"Yes," exclaimed Stover with as much eagerness in his voice as there was in hers. "See the new grass thatch shining in the morning sunlight? Let's cross the river and get to the houses as quickly as we can. The Africans in these parts build only circular houses of one room. I'm not sure how they will finish the square house that I planned."

After they had been helped across the river by the friendly Africans, the couple hurried up to the top of the low hill and entered their home. Each room was filled with posts to support the roof. In a few moments they were laughing heartily.

"Let's count them," laughed Stover. Presently he said, "There are twenty-seven posts here!"

But when they went outside they thanked the Africans for doing their best to build a square house with several rooms.

Within the year a great sadness came to Stover Kulp. The dreaded sickness of the valley reached into the house on this hilltop. Mrs. Kulp and their infant son died.

"Why do you stay here and serve us?" the Africans asked him with questioning looks.

"Because I love to teach you about God the Father and

his love for you. So I will stay and serve you as long as he gives me strength," answered Stover Kulp.

Stover Kulp knew that the African people must be taught to read and must be given books. He wrote primers, readers, and grammars in the language of the two tribes who lived in the region. He translated the Books of *Mark* and *The Acts* and prepared a book of Old Testament stories. He even helped to bring out a little book that dealt with the problems of the farmers of the valley.

Whenever there was a hard job to be done, Stover Kulp was ready to do it. One of the things he liked to do best was to go through the villages, visiting and preaching. Then the African homes were thrown open to him, and the greeting *Salaam Aleikum,* "Peace be upon you," was given with great cheer.

DOCTOR IN THE DESERT

Paul Harrison (1883-)

by FLORENCE M. GORDON

PAUL HARRISON has always liked tough jobs. He throws his whole self into whatever he does. As a boy he went on long hikes to strengthen his thin, wiry frame. He used to set himself goals in work. "I am going to get this much finished today," he would say, always trying to better his own record.

He would rise at four o'clock in the morning, in the Nebraska farm country where he lived, and would race the farmhands, trying to see which one of them could do the most in the fields or the strawberry patch in a given time.

By the time Paul had entered high school, he knew that he wanted to be a medical missionary. He meant to be a good one, so he entered Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, one of the best medical schools in the country. Each time he performed an operation during his training, he tried to do it better than before.

He was always on the watch for better ways of doing things. Once he was watching a friend crochet. "How do you make that stitch?" he asked. "It might be handy for me to know for sewing up a wound."

He used to try out minor operations on himself in order to learn how to avoid causing pain and scars. He even tested the stomach pump on himself.

"Where are you going to locate?" Paul Harrison was always being asked during his last year at Johns Hopkins. But Paul had not yet decided. Then Samuel Zwemer came to talk to some of the young doctors and nurses at the hospital. Dr. Zwemer was a missionary in Arabia, on the Persian Gulf.

"Three things make Arabia one of the hardest places in the world to be a missionary," said Dr. Zwemer, "the language, the climate, and the people."

Paul Harrison was challenged by the idea of working in one of the hardest places in the world. He talked the matter over with Dr. Zwemer. "If you can show me that Arabia is the hardest place in the world in which to work, that's where I'm going," he said.

Within a few days Paul Harrison offered himself to the Reformed Church in America as a medical missionary to Arabia. "I chose Arabia," he told his friends, "because I wanted to go where there was the most trouble and the hardest job for medicine."

When Dr. Paul Harrison got to Arabia, he found that Dr. Zwemer had spoken truly about the country's being a hard place in which to work. Arabic is one of the most difficult languages to learn, and it was two years before Dr. Harrison could speak simple sentences. The climate proved hard, too. Muscat, where he began his work, is said to be one of the hottest places in the world. It lies on a narrow strip of sand along the coast, hemmed in by bare rocky cliffs two

or three thousand feet high, which cut off any breezes. The temperature in the summer hovers around 110 degrees, and the sand and rocks hold the heat of the sun. At Muscat little rain falls. There may not be a single shower all year, and drought follows. Then the date gardens along the coast dry up, and the town Arabs who depend upon the date palms for a slender living have a very hard time. The date palm furnishes food and fuel and building material for the town Arabs. Mats are made from its leaves, and beds and furniture from its wood. So it is a serious thing when the date gardens fail. The wandering Bedouins in the interior also have a hard time getting along in a drought, for their living depends upon their goats. They live on goat's milk and on the dates they get in exchange for it. They make and sell cottage cheese and clarified butter. They sell goats and goat's hair and sometimes hides. It is a serious matter for them when there is little vegetation for the goats to graze on. In a drought, thousands of Arabs do not have enough to eat. People who are near the starvation point easily fall prey to disease. A drought means more work for the doctor.

Paul Harrison proved equal to his hard task. He was friendly, adaptable, and inventive. He established a hospital, and patients began to come to it from miles around.

The hospital would not seem much like the ones you know. The rooms are bare, concrete cubicles. There are some beds, but the Arabs do not like them, since they are not used to them. Even a sheik prefers to sleep on a mat on the floor. A friend or relative usually comes with the patient to care for him. He brings food and a charcoal stove on which to cook. He sleeps on a mat on the floor.

Until recently Dr. Harrison did not even have an X-ray machine. The lights over the operating table were rigged up by a local carpenter for a few dollars. If there is no stretcher, Dr. Harrison or one of his Arab helpers carries the patient to and from the operating room in his arms. A pressure cooker, such as your mother may have in her kitchen, serves as a sterilizer.

A visitor was surprised to find Dr. Harrison with a blow-torch like those that painters use. "What is that for?" he asked, aghast.

The doctor grinned. "I heat a soldering iron with it," he answered. "That's what we use for an electric cauterizing machine."

From the first, Dr. Harrison has gone on visits to his patients. On his very first tour, he became acquainted with the donkey and the camel. "Nothing is harder than the back of a camel," he says. All his early tours were made by camel caravan. Sometimes there were as many as twenty camels carrying the doctor and his helpers and the medical supplies, the dressings, kerosene, and food for the party.

Nowadays trips may be made to the towns along the coast in a sailboat or into the desert in a Ford built especially to stand the heat. But often the last stage of the desert tour has to be made on camel back. When Dr. Harrison first began to use an automobile, the Bedouins suspected and feared this strange object. Once they "arrested" it and put it into jail. A friendly sheik whom Dr. Harrison had treated got it released.

Sometimes the planes of Imperial Airways have carried the doctor to distant places on either side of the Persian

Gulf. Dr. Harrison has had many amusing experiences while making his visits.

"Can you pull teeth?" a sheik once asked the doctor.

"I think I can."

"Very well. Pull one from the mouth of this slave, and if your work looks good, I shall have you pull mine."

Fortunately the slave had a tooth that needed pulling, and when it was out, the sheik opened his mouth, too.

Operations occasionally have to be done along the roadside under a date palm, with the tall doctor kneeling over the patient as he lies on the ground. There are dust and flies to contend with, and the Bedouins crowd in close to watch it all. "Why do you wash your hands so much?" they ask.

Mrs. Harrison goes along to help, especially with the women whose families often refuse to let a man doctor treat them because it is against the customs of their religion.

Dr. Harrison has lately been serving at the mission hospital at Bahrain, called "The Pearl Island" because pearl fishing was the principal industry till oil was discovered there. The war brought American and British soldiers to the mission hospital, and our government gave it an APO number. Few hospitals serve such a medley of people—pearl divers and camel drivers, fisherfolk, merchants from the Pirate Coast, Persians and East Indians, members of the royal family from the interior, and Bedouins of the desert tribes.

"He is a very fine *sahib*," the Arabs say of the doctor, while he says, "I am in the world's greatest business—working for the kingdom of God."

HE WAS AFRAID BUT HE KEPT ON

James Hoover (1872-1935)

by FRANK T. CARTWRIGHT

WHEN James Hoover was young, Borneo to him was just a spot on the map, representing an island, as it probably is to you. If he had ever heard of the people who lived there, it was likely in the ditty about the "Wild Man of Borneo." He did not dream that some day those "wild men" were to give him one of the most frightening experiences of his life.

James Hoover was twenty-seven years old when he set out to be a missionary in Malaya, that long peninsula stretching southward from the coast of Asia. He went to teach in a boys' school in Penang. There he began to hear stories about the near-by island of Borneo—stories that interested and excited him. He started to read all that he could find about Borneo.

He learned that the "wild men of Borneo" were Dyaks. They were fierce fighters and head-hunters who were continually at war with one another. Work did not appeal to them, and they farmed in a very crude way.

Hoover learned also of the "white Rajah," Charles Brooke, who ruled in the part of Borneo called Sarawak. The story

of how a white man came to devote his life to ruling Sarawak and trying to bring peace and order there was one that fascinated him.

But the story that Hoover liked best of all was of the founding of a colony of Chinese Christians in Sarawak. The "white Rajah" had wanted for his country, men who would farm the land. He had struck upon the idea of asking Chinese to come from their crowded country and settle in Sarawak. He had offered steamer fare, free land, and food until the first crop was harvested.

The people who had answered his invitation were Christians from Foochow, China, where there was a flourishing church. They set out like the Pilgrims of old, and after many trials they reached Sarawak. There they settled in the fertile valley of Rejang to do agricultural work.

The first years in the new land were difficult for the settlers. They were homesick; the land and its ways were strange to them. The Dyaks were unfriendly and sometimes attacked them. Strange diseases affected them. Their numbers were growing less all the time. In their misery they asked that a missionary be sent to them. In Malaya, Hoover heard their call. He not only heard, he answered and went to them to be their missionary.

With his boundless energy and his undefeatable Christian faith, Hoover brought new spirit to the Chinese. They began to succeed where before they had steadily failed. He persuaded them to try crops new to them but suited to the climate and soil of Sarawak—rubber, pepper, coffee. The people of each scattered settlement were encouraged to establish at the center a building that would serve as both

church and school and to endow it with a plot of land on which by united labor they would plant rubber trees that would help to support the pastor-teacher. He trained the more promising boys until they were able to serve as lay preachers, and the best of these were sent away for theological training.

All the time he was befriending the Dyaks, even though he never had the time nor the resources to establish schools and churches for them. They knew that he was friendly to them and did not hesitate to come to him. It was shortly after James Hoover had married Mary, the daughter of a missionary, that the most frightening experience of his life occurred.

This is how Hoover described the happening to a friend of his:

"Mary and I had been married only a short time, and the life in Borneo was strange for her. In many ways it was terrifying. She knew and liked the Chinese, but they themselves were afraid of the nearly naked Dyaks, who would come to town in groups, heavily tattooed and carrying headknives, shields, and spears. We had scarcely organized our school and congregation when an intertribal war broke out in the upriver regions, and some Dyaks friendly to the 'white Rajah' came up the creek in their war canoes and anchored at the bridge near our 'home.' After they had eaten a supper of rice, sweet potatoes, and a snake they had broiled, the headman came to demand that they be allowed to sleep in the large room of our house. What could we say? Not a thing except a word of welcome. There were no policemen for protection. We were hundreds of miles from any effec-

tive force of white men. The Chinese of the village a little way downstream were as afraid as we were.

"They moved in, and we went into our inner rooms, which had only flimsy doors with no locks on them. We talked and, yes, we prayed an extra prayer because we were nervous. And the next chapter was even worse, because they decided to rehearse for the battle they expected the next day. First one and then another warrior would rush out into the center of the room, brandishing his spear, leaping and howling his defiance. As if an enemy were in front of him, he would swing his shield before his body and wield his heavy knife as though his enemy's body were being carved into bits. Each dancer grew more wild, until we actually feared that a frenzy would drive them to attack us. We could hear even the little sounds, the panting breath as well as the shrieked defiance. And we could see everything because the cracks were almost as wide as our eyes! I think that long night of fear was our most terrifying experience.

"But Mary lulled 'em! She suggested that we open our little folding organ, and that really got them. Not one had ever seen a 'singing box' before, so they crowded around to watch and listen as she played. Soon they sat on the floor and fell asleep. It was truly a laughable ending to what we feared would be a tragedy."

Hoover reported that their guests stayed a week and were put to sleep with singing every night.

With his wife as almost his only missionary aide, he spread churches and schools throughout the entire valley. In later years, he brought from the United States, as gifts

of Christian friends, a small electric light plant and a power-driven sawmill. An ice plant was established for the city, which soon grew where the first settlement was made. All of these projects were started by the missionary but immediately turned over to groups of Christian Chinese, so that the economic life of the whole region was steadily bettered. A radio station was set up, and Hoover was the "expert."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Hoover started a primary school for the girls and later a secondary one where numbers of girls were trained for higher education or for the making of good homes. Mary Hoover from the very beginning insisted that homemaking was one of the "musts" in the curriculum in Sarawak, and it was not a matter for wonder that she found herself almost besieged by the educated Chinese young men who wanted her to help arrange betrothals with her schoolgirls.

With no children of their own, Tuan Hoover (as the Malays called the missionary) and his wife stretched their affection to cover literally hundreds, even thousands, of Chinese in that region. Each six or seven years they would spend a brief furlough in the United States, sometimes studying, more often going up and down the land, telling of their work and shrewdly seeking constructive gifts to build a better community life on Borneo.

Years piled up. Honors came to them both. Charles Vyner Brooke, the third rajah of Sarawak, esteemed the elderly missionary, whom his father, Rajah Charles Brooke, had appointed in 1904 as "protector of the Sarawak Foochows." The Hoovers were frequent guests in the *astana,* or palace, of the rajah in Kuching, the capital.

In February of 1935, Hoover took seriously ill while on a boat from Kuching to Sibu, his home city. In Sibu, the doctor advised that Hoover be taken back to Kuching, where there was a hospital and adequate nursing. No boat was due to go back to Kuching for a week. When the rajah's representative in Sibu learned of the grave condition of his friend, he ordered steam in the boilers of the government launch and insisted that it make a special trip to take the sick man back to Kuching. Burning with fever, pitiably weak, Hoover was carried to the little cabin of the launch, protesting against leaving his work.

Two days later, Hoover was dead, malignant malaria having taken him off. The rajah ordered all schools and government offices closed in honor of one of Sarawak's great men. The bright-colored flag was half-masted throughout the little protectorate. Chinese men and women wept openly and unashamed because their great friend had died.

But a series of clean and modern communities existed up and down the Rejang River because he had lived. And there were scores of schools and self-supporting churches with several thousand Christian church members as a living monument to one who, often in danger and sometimes afraid, never even faltered in his following of the way that he believed to be the way of Christ.

THE FARMER MISSIONARY

Brayton Case (1887-1944)

by FLORENCE STANSBURY

IT WAS the magic time of early morning in Burma. Two boys dashed along the street of their little village. Po Min and Ba Thaw were on their way to get their friend Lu Gyi.

"Wake up! Wake up!" they called to him. In a few moments Lu Gyi stood before them, rubbing his eyes sleepily.

"This is the day the white man comes! Don't you remember?" said Ba Thaw impatiently.

Lu Gyi shook himself awake. Of course he remembered! No white man had ever been to this little Burmese village before, and for days the boys had been talking of him. Besides, was not the white man the teacher of their teacher? It was proper that the schoolboys should make ready the meeting place.

The three boys went to a large cleared space close to the village. They cleaned from it all sticks and stones and rubbish. As they worked, they talked of the white man and of how he would look.

Secretly all three were more than a little frightened at the thought of seeing a white man.

"He will probably bring a pig and a chicken with him," said Ba Thaw, who had talked a lot with his teacher.

At this idea the other boys had to laugh. "A white man with a pig and a chicken! Just like any village farmer!" snorted Lu Gyi.

Bong! Bong! The sound rang out over the village. It was the gong calling the boys to school. They hurried along the narrow, winding path to the small school made of bamboo.

Inside the school the teacher reminded the pupils to come to the village meeting that night. The missionary, Brayton Case, whom the Burmese people called Sayah Case, would be there. The three boys did not need any reminding. They were as curious to see a white man as anyone in the village.

Toward the close of the afternoon, the village people gathered on the path along which the white man would come. They waited and watched. Before long their patience was rewarded by a shout. "Here he comes! Here comes Sayah Case!"

The elders stepped forward, all ready to welcome the visitor in the name of the village. As for Po Min and Ba Thaw and Lu Gyi, their fears got the better of them. They ducked into the bushes near the path. Their bright eyes peered out from behind the leaves, watching for their first sight of the white man.

Then he came along the path, carrying a pig and a chicken. His tanned skin did not look so white after all. But he seemed as tall as a giant, with his long arms and legs. The three boys leaned out from their hiding place as

they watched their teacher go forward to greet the visitor.

"Welcome to our village! All we have is yours!"

"Thank you," replied Sayah Case, walking along the path with the teacher.

Sayah Case glanced around him. He saw the faces of the three boys peering at him from the bushes, and he gave a hearty laugh. At once the boys felt that he was their friend. They came out from the bushes and followed closely after him.

That was a wonderful night for the boys. They followed their teacher and Sayah Case into the village. First of all, Sayah Case asked to see their chickens and pigs. He showed the ones he had brought. "You can grow chickens and pigs like mine," he said.

It was still light when the villagers gathered at the meeting place. Sayah Case talked about his school, Pyinmana Agricultural School, where boys could learn not only to read and write but to be good farmers as well. Lu Gyi thought, "Oh, if I could only go to that school!"

Before Sayah Case finished, he was telling the people about the God whom he loved and who loved them all. This was not the first time that the villagers had heard the story of Jesus Christ, because the village teacher had taught them from the Bible. Already, few had dared to say that they wanted to be Christians. Tonight more made that decision, among them Maw Kaw, who was Lu Gyi's father.

Sayah Case stayed with the teacher that night. As Lu Gyi and his father walked home, the boy asked the big question: "May I go to the white man's school?"

Here was a way that Maw Kaw could show his new-

found belief. "Yes, you may go if Sayah Case will take you with him," he said.

Lu Gyi slept little that night. Early the next morning he and his father knocked at the teacher's door. The teacher and Sayah Case had already had breakfast and were ready to start the day's work. As it was not a school day, they were going to call all the village men together to talk about how they could grow bigger hens and fatter pigs and better crops.

Maw Kaw told the teacher and Sayah Case of Lu Gyi's desire to go to the Agricultural School.

"Good! Good!" said the teacher. "Lu Gyi is a bright, dependable boy."

"He may go with me when I leave," said Sayah Case.

How the other boys envied Lu Gyi! Both Ba Thaw and Po Min wanted to go with him. They begged their fathers until each of them said "Yes." So the three boys packed their clothes and food for the journey to the school.

The trip was long, but the time passed quickly. Sayah Case seemed to know everyone. Whenever they came to a village, he talked to the headman. Always he told about how to have better hens, more crops, new vegetables, better fruit, and fatter pigs.

"Your oranges are too small and seedy," he said to some. "Next time you come by the school, stop in. Let me sell you some trees that will grow large, juicy, sweet oranges."

To others he said, "Your beans are good for animals to eat but not for people. Next time you are near the school get some of my beans. They are good for people to eat."

In one village the people rushed out to meet Sayah Case.

"Come see our hens that came from your eggs!" they said, and also, "Look at these cabbages! They are from seed you gave us."

Always when Sayah Case stopped in a village he talked to the people about his God. He carried a little black book and often read from it. The people liked to hear him talk about more and better animals and crops, but they seemed happiest when he read from the Bible and told of Jesus' love for everyone.

As they traveled through the villages, a question had been growing in Lu Gyi's mind. One evening he put it to Sayah Case. "Why did you leave America and come to work in Burma? These villagers are not your people."

"I love the Burmese people. They are indeed my people, for I was born here in Burma. I went to America for study. I planned to be a minister like my father. But all the time I kept remembering how poor the Burmese people were, how small and scrawny were their animals. I remembered that they had only rice to eat and that many were sick all the time. I recalled that many babies and little children died because they did not have enough good food. I believed that God wanted people to be well and strong and happy. So I knew what my work must be. I must show the Burmese people how to grow new crops and better pigs and chickens so that they can be well and strong and happy. That is why I am a farmer missionary.

"I teach the farmers how to grow better crops and animals. And all the time I preach the gospel of Christ to them because I think it is the best thing I have to give them."

Lu Gyi and the others had much to think about before they fell asleep that night.

The three boys were tired but happy when they reached the school. Brayton Case and his wife made a place for them in the school. Mrs. Case soon became their good friend. Part of each day the boys spent learning to read and write. The rest of the day they worked on the farm. Each one was taught to feed and care for the pigs and chickens. Quickly they learned what feed made animals fat and what to do if one of them got sick. It was fun to take care of the plump, clucking hens and fat, sleek pigs.

Plots of ground were cleared and new kinds of seed tried out. The boys found that some would grow and some would not. Sayah Case was constantly encouraging them to try new seeds.

Lu Gyi took a special liking to Sayah Case. He often asked to do extra things for the teacher. Sayah Case, whose own son was in faraway America, found a good companion in Lu Gyi. After walking and talking with Sayah Case one night, Lu Gyi could not sleep. So he crept softly down the stairs to Sayah Case's study. There sat the teacher at his desk, clearing up the day's work.

Softly Lu Gyi knocked and quickly and kindly he was invited into the study.

"I couldn't sleep! Tell me again the story of Jesus." Sayah Case took his Bible and told again the story of Jesus' love and his command that all should love and follow him.

"I believe," said Lu Gyi. "It is very simple. One should give something in return for Jesus' love. I am ready to give myself."

So Lu Gyi became a Christian. He went with Brayton Case to near-by villages to teach the farmers the value of better seeds and larger gardens. Sometimes he went on longer trips also.

One day Sayah Case spoke to Lu Gyi and his friends as they were working in their gardens. "Want to go on a trip with me? I must visit a village not far from here."

Of course they wanted to go. Their shining eyes, their smiles, and their nods showed it.

"What can you do when you get there?" asked Sayah Case practically.

"Teach the boys a game," said Po Min.

"Clear a place for the meeting," said Ba Thaw.

"Help plant a garden," said Lu Gyi.

"That sounds good to me! I'll get three older boys to go, too. Be ready after lunch."

What fun it was packing! What joy to think of riding in a car! The boys took along food and clothes for the three days they would be away. They packed their bed rolls in the car. Then in went pigs and chickens in crates and plenty of seeds in bags.

Just before they were ready to leave, Sayah Case called the six boys to his study. "We are going to a village that knows nothing about us or our work," he said. "The people are poor and many are ill. They have only rice to eat and not enough of that. They have never heard of Jesus nor of his love for men. Let us ask God to bless us in our work for this village."

Quietly and reverently the boys stood with bowed heads as Sayah Case prayed with them.

Soon six happy boys were packing themselves into the car. At first they laughed and talked, then grew quiet and sleepy as the car chugged along over the rough dirt roads. Finally they stopped not far from the village.

"We sleep here tonight. In the morning we'll go into the village," said Brayton Case.

Before many minutes had passed all were in their bed rolls fast asleep. They awakened with the first rays of the sun. Soon they were at breakfast, ready for the day's adventure.

"Take it easy," warned Sayah Case. "Remember we are strangers. Don't urge people to do anything. Let them watch you work. They will want to help soon enough."

The day in the village was fun. Two of the boys taught the village children new games. Two others spaded up a plot for a garden and planted seeds. Sayah Case talked to the men about how to grow better vegetables, fruits, and meat for their children. He gave them eggs from which fine chickens would hatch. He showed them a fat, sleek pig.

Meanwhile two of the boys had cleared a small place at the edge of the village for the evening meeting. Just before supper Sayah Case came to the clearing and sat down with the boys.

"All ready?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. We have the pictures for the children and the big picture to show the people."

"Good," said Brayton Case, "you've been real helpers today. This afternoon you've helped me spread the gospel of good farming. Tonight you'll help me tell the gospel of God's love."

AN UNWANTED GIRL

Ida Kahn (1871-1931)

by EDITH FREDERICKS

A BABY girl was born into a poor Chinese home over seventy-five years ago. The family were disappointed, for they had hoped for a boy. It was good that the baby was too young to understand the talk that went on around her.

"Another girl!" sighed the Chinese mother. "We have so many girls already."

"Well, give her away," said the neighbors.

"Who would want a girl?" sighed the mother. She and the neighbors knew that girls were an expense to a family. They had to be married young, and weddings cost money.

According to the Chinese custom of the day, the parents called in the blind fortuneteller to give them advice about the baby.

"Give her away or drown her," said the blind fortuneteller.

The parents were not willing to do that. Already they loved the bright-eyed baby girl. They began to make other plans. They decided to betroth her to a little boy in a neighboring family. They consulted the fortuneteller again,

but he declared that the marriage would not succeed. He said that the little girl had been born under the dog star and the little boy under the cat star, and they would never get along together. The parents were at a loss to know what to do.

The baby did not seem to mind. She grew chubby and healthy. Unknown to her family, a great change in her fortune was on its way.

One day, to their surprise, a Mr. Chan called upon them. He was a city man and a teacher, so they were impressed. He said that he knew someone who wanted their baby girl and who would take good care of her. The mother was pleased, but when she heard who wanted the baby her dark eyes were full of surprise. It was a woman missionary teacher from America.

Mr. Chan said the teacher was about to start a school for girls in the large city of Kiukiang on the Yangtze River.

He did not explain to the mother that the city people would not send their girls to the school. They were suspicious of the foreign woman, Gertrude Howe.

"Whoever heard of girls learning to read anyway!" the people had said.

Mr. Chan was doubtful about it himself. He was Miss Howe's teacher of Chinese. She had often talked to him about the school she hoped to have. He knew that she wanted to prove to the people that girls could learn to read and write as well as boys.

One day Miss Howe had said to Mr. Chan, "I shall adopt some little girls and teach them myself. They will be my first pupils."

So that is how Mr. Chan came to be asking for the unwanted baby girl. He said that the baby would be given learning. The mother was pleased at that, though she herself knew nothing about schools. Within a few days, arrangements were made for the baby to be adopted by Miss Howe.

Soon after, the baby was taken to her new home. The mother had dressed her in a little, bright-red coat and embroidered tiger cap. The baby stared with large, black eyes and then smiled as Miss Howe took her into her arms. The missionary named her Ida after her own beloved sister and gave her the last name of Kahn, because it was similar to her rightful family name.

Ida became a loved and devoted daughter to Miss Howe. Later the missionary adopted three more girls. When the Chinese saw how well she cared for the little ones they lost their suspicion of her.

Girls began to enter the school. They learned quickly and easily. The people of the city began to see that girls could learn as well as boys, but they still thought that school was a waste of time. Yet year by year the school grew.

Ida was a brilliant student and spent much time outside of her studies helping her beloved missionary mother. She learned to speak English well.

"Mother, I want to be a doctor," said Ida one day. "There are so many sick people all about us with no one to care for them." Her mother agreed, and plans were made.

The school years moved swiftly for this happy, smiling girl. While she took her share of responsibility in the

school, she was being specially prepared for college and for medical school in America.

Ida loved her years of study in America. She made friends easily. She was graduated from medical school with honors and returned to China in 1896 as a medical missionary. With her went her Chinese Christian friend who had gone all through school with her and who was now Dr. Mary Stone.

The strings of exploding firecrackers brought large crowds of people out into the narrow streets of the inland city to which Dr. Ida and Dr. Mary were welcomed as they returned together to found a Christian hospital in Kiukiang, the place where they had been brought up and which was home to them. Medical work was new and women doctors still newer, particularly ones who had been educated in a foreign country. Never before had the people seen Chinese foreign-educated women doctors. Even before the two doctors had a house in which to work, sick people began coming to them in large numbers. Later a new building was put up, and the two young doctors were happy in helping the many people who came to them. A year went by, and day after day their fame had spread abroad, and sick people came from farther and farther distances.

One day a rich-looking sedan chair appeared at the gate of the hospital. Out of it stepped an official in his silken robes. He asked to see the doctor immediately. "This is very important," said he.

He was ushered into the reception room where he met Dr. Kahn, who served him a cup of hot tea, as was the custom. He explained that the wife of a high official was

very ill and that he had come to take a doctor back.

"We have tried everything," said he. "A small boat is waiting to take you to Nanchang."

Now Nanchang, the provincial capital, was one hundred miles south, and there was no railroad to it. Going there would mean a long journey on a small boat and a stay of at least two weeks away from the hospital. But Dr. Kahn made the trip and brought the wife of the high official back with her to the hospital in Kiukiang.

The woman was healed of her sickness. During her stay in the hospital, she had come to love its peace and quiet and the joyous spirit of the two Chinese doctors and the Chinese nurses they had trained. When she went back to her home in Nanchang, she gave glowing reports of her stay in the hospital.

As a result, wives of other officials made the long journey to the hospital to be treated. "Open a hospital for us in Nanchang," they begged. "There is not a single educated doctor in our large, crowded city."

"But it will be difficult. There are no missionaries there. Hardly anyone knows about Christianity," argued Dr. Kahn. "There will be no money to start a hospital."

"We will help you build the hospital, if you will only come," said her friends from Nanchang. "We will raise the money."

"Very well. I shall go," promised Dr. Kahn. She was young and full of faith and courage. She could see that the healing of one sick woman might open a new way. And indeed it did!

A church was started in Nanchang. When Dr. Kahn ar-

rived in the city in 1902, one thousand dollars had already been raised for the hospital. With it she rented a house and opened a clinic. Money kept coming to her to help the poor and the sick. The news of her service spread quickly. Early every morning crowds of sick and suffering people were at the gates to see the young doctor. Soon the clinic house was not big enough to hold them all. Before long the rich people of the city gave Dr. Kahn a large piece of land near the center of the town on which to build a hospital.

"I have the land for the hospital but not enough money to build it," said Dr. Kahn.

"We will help," said her friends in China and in America.

Money was collected, dollar by dollar, and over a period of years, beginning in 1911, the hospital was built. Dr. Ida planted trees and shrubs and flowers around it to make the grounds beautiful. To the gardener she said, "We must have plenty of fresh vegetables for the hospital, but we also want beautiful roses and lilies and chrysanthemums to cut for the rooms and for the wards. Beauty helps make people well." Being a great lover of beauty herself, she believed in it for others. Both sick and well people enjoyed her flowers and shrubs and spacious lawns.

Dr. Kahn was also a lover of people. She had friends in the elegant homes of the rich and in the little mud huts of the poor. She served all her sick people faithfully. Patients came from long distances to consult her. The grown-up sick were carried in sedan chairs or on bamboo stretchers. Babies and small children were brought in the arms or on the backs of relatives or friends. None of the hospital beds was empty. Many people were turned away because there

was no room, and so the hospital had to be made larger.

There were many who were too sick to be brought to the hospital. Dr. Kahn went out to visit them. She tells of one trip on a midwinter day. "We crossed the Fu River several times in our sedan chairs and were nearly frozen, but we saved the life of a mother and her little boy, so everyone was happy. In one home the people said the evil spirits left as soon as we entered the house and everything was peaceful and quiet, whereas before we came the spirits had made a great noise and everyone was afraid. Here we were able to help sick children, and the parents gave us two hundred dollars to help the poor patients in the city."

For many years Dr. Ida Kahn, beloved physician and friend of the people, served in this hospital in Nanchang. She not only healed sick bodies, but she shared the Christian message with all who came to her. She was a radiant Christian, and the people loved her.

Often there were uprisings among the people. Bandits were a constant menace. Revolutions broke out and raged. But through all these dangers Dr. Kahn carried on her work calmly and steadily. Not only did she work herself, she prepared others to do the same kind of service. Chinese girls were trained as nurses and as clinic helpers to serve their people and the community. With other Chinese doctors of that day, Dr. Ida Kahn had opened the way for modern medicine in China.

"When I think of what my life might have been," said this noble doctor one day, "and what through God's grace it is, I think there is nothing that God has given me that I would not gladly use in his service."

RED-HEADED WHIRLWIND

Robert McClure (1900-)

by MURIEL BEATON PATTERSON

THE sun was shining, the lake was cool, the Canadian woods were a-song with birds. Two young lads sat moodily on the dock, kicking their heels against the boards.

"Gee, this camp is dull," sighed one.

"Nothing ever happens," complained the other.

"You just wait," a voice floated up from the water. "Bob McClure arrives tomorrow. Then watch things hum."

The next day Bob arrived—blue-eyed, tall, broad-shouldered, and carrot-topped. True enough, the camp began to hum. The days were full of exciting happenings for the boys. A dynamo of energy had been released. Not many years later the Chinese were to say of this same Canadian, "He never walks if he can run; he never runs if he can gallop."

Bob McClure galloped through his early school years in China, where his father was a medical missionary, through two years of high school, and seven years of medicine in Canada. He never decided to become a doctor; he just took it for granted that some day he would be a surgeon in China like his father.

RED-HEADED WHIRLWIND

College chums remember Bob McClure as the red-head who ran a barber shop in his room during the term, handled a baggage truck for the express office during the Christmas holidays, operated, dismantled, and put together again Sir William Gage's motorboat one summer vacation, drove an ice wagon to get extra money, and still managed to have time for church, church school, and college groups. He was graduated from college and became Dr. McClure.

While still a student, Bob went one evening to a corn roast. There he met a young businesswoman named Amy Hislop. The two were attracted to each other. Later they became engaged. Amy Hislop took nurse's training so that she would be able to help Bob. The young doctor went to China alone, but he kept writing letters and planning. In 1926, Amy and her father started off on the long voyage to China. They expected Bob to meet them somewhere in Japan and travel back to China with them. They went to Yokohama, to Kobe, to Nagasaki, but no Bob. They arrived in Shanghai in China and still no Bob. Finally they secured passage on a small coastal steamer that would take them on their way. By accident they moored at Cheefoo, where a Chinese port doctor came aboard. On hearing Miss Hislop's name he lost his usual Chinese calm and left the boat hurriedly. In a short time he reappeared with an excited young Canadian in tow. Bob had become so interested in his work that he had lost count of the days and had been at Cheefoo, on his way to Shanghai, when the port doctor had burst into the room with the news that his bride-to-be had already arrived. Shortly afterward the marriage took place.

The young couple had lived only six months in Honan when rebellion flared around them. The McClures were forced to leave China for safety. They went to Formosa, where the doctor worked for three years and learned a great deal about tuberculosis. There two children, Nora and Douglas, were born.

A measure of peace had settled over China, so the McClures returned to Honan. Two other children, Patricia and Josephine, were added to the family circle. The McClures are a truly international family, for Bob himself was born in Portland, Oregon, after his mother had fled from China at the time of the Boxer Rebellion.

Then followed busy years at the hospital in Hwaiking. Bob had hospital and clinic work to do, teaching to carry on, patients to visit, field trips to make, and a number of odd jobs to attend to as well. One of his odd jobs was to be the doctor for the workers in a British-controlled coal mine. The coal began to give him ideas. In the hospital he had to operate by the light of candles and oil lamps. Why not have electricity, he dreamed. With Dr. McClure, to dream is to act. He started experiments with the coal from the mine. Six months later a Diesel engine was on order from England. One exciting day a panting coolie brought news that many crates were waiting at the distant railroad station! Dozens of coolies were hired, and the precious boxes were carried across two rivers and over miles of road to the mission. The other missionaries looked on in bewilderment as the crates of machinery were opened. Not so the doctor! With a smile of pure enjoyment, he took off his coat, and with the help of one man

who knew a little about machinery, he began putting the equipment together. The heavy work of the hospital could not be interrupted for even a day, so the project of assembling the machinery took weeks. When the first electric lights blinked on, Bob McClure led the cheering.

It wasn't enough just to have an electric plant. Someone had to be able to run it as well. At first, no one but Dr. McClure could do it. Every time he returned from a field trip he would be greeted by an anxious staff, saying, "The lights are off again, Dr. Bob."

Dr. McClure knew what to do. He would teach the Chinese to help him. In addition to carrying on his surgery, teaching, and visiting, he taught a group of Chinese mechanics to run the electric plant. They learned their job well, and the hospital had its electric lights.

Bob McClure's big interest is surgery and medicine. When he first practised, the hospital was so crowded with patients that often the serious cases could not be given the good care they needed.

"If only we had some doctors who could look after the light cases!" Dr. McClure often said to himself.

From early boyhood, Bob McClure had roamed the Chinese countryside. Just outside of Hwaiking were several large towns. The doctor was visiting in one of these when he met a young man who had once worked as a helper in the hospital. This man had set up a practice in his own town and was doing a good business, although he had had no real medical training. "He's a 'quack doctor,' but he's helping people by using the knowledge he learned at the hospital," said the doctor to himself.

The "great idea" came to Dr. McClure at that moment. He saw a way of caring for the easy cases. When he got back to the hospital he chose the brightest of the hospital men nurses and gave them special training. After several years, these "quacks," as Bob called them, were sent out to the surrounding towns. Every two weeks the doctor visited their clinics, saw their patients, and sold them supplies. The light cases they were able to treat themselves. But the cases they could not help were turned over to the doctor when he made his rounds. Gradually the hospital filled with the seriously sick, while many hundreds of light cases were treated by the doctor's "quacks."

When the war broke out, the Red Cross in China asked Dr. McClure if he would became the director of their activities. For two years he inspected hospitals, kept supplies rolling, dealt with Japanese and guerillas. His family lived in Hwaiking for a time. Finally they were separated by the lines of battle, the father on one side and the family on the other. After some time, Mrs. McClure and the children managed to cross the Pacific and return to Canada.

As the war surged southward, the Chinese Army retreated slowly, south and west. Dr. McClure found himself in charge of hospitals and depots on the Burma Road. Supplies were desperately needed. Trucks arrived, and there were no drivers and no mechanics. The doctor appealed to the West China Union University for senior high school boys who were conscientious objectors to come and help. Forty young lads were on the spot in two weeks.

It was dangerous business training them, for their practice ground was the rough and tricky curves of the Burma

Road, where enemy planes often flew low overhead. Dr. McClure taught the boys and drove with them, sharing their food and their adventures, driving under rice stacks when a plane attacked, treating the wounded in the valley and villages, exhorting, pleading, commanding, "Keep 'em rolling!" One evening at dusk Dr. McClure was standing by a truck when a driver swung a big truck into the yard. The doctor was caught between the two trucks and badly injured. Even in the hospital, with his chest crushed, vertebrae injured, twenty-two ribs broken, he tried to carry on his work. Because of the accident, he had to return to Canada for a rest.

Once he felt well again, he tried to join the Canadian Army but was turned down on account of his injuries. He was getting ready to go back to China when he received a telegram from the British Friends Society. It invited him to lead a unit of fifty men with full ambulance equipment on the Burma Road. The Friends Ambulance Unit was to be financed by the American Society. Over half of its members would be Americans and the rest British. A Canadian director with American ties was the ideal leader.

Back to work on the Burma Road went Dr. McClure, fighting typhus fever, relapsing fever, smallpox, malaria; healing wounds; operating; dispensing medicines; living in danger on the front lines of battle. Some members of the unit were killed and wounded. Dr. McClure was stricken with typhus and again sent home for a rest. He spent his furlough in making speeches, pleading with Canadians and Americans to see the big job there was to be done.

When the war ended, the Friends Ambulance Unit,

which was still on the Burma Road, asked their director to lead the way back into North China. Dr. Robert McClure returned joyously to China. There was plenty of work to be done, and he was a man who enjoyed work.

Whatever the future holds for Dr. McClure, whether the red-headed whirlwind will be traveling the Honan countryside by bicycle, baby Austin car, motorcycle, or perhaps American jeep, the Chinese will shake their heads saying with pride and wonder, "He never walks if he can run; he never runs, if he can gallop."

THE STORY SMALL BROTHER LOVED

Newton Chiang (1900-)

by MARY BREWSTER HOLLISTER

LITTLE Hsien-chwang trudged wearily in the wake of Brindle Cow, along a path beside a canal in West China. His chapped hands held tightly to her long straw rope so she would not run away again. He had been watching her and the other cows as they grazed on the grassy slope, while Third Elder Brother climbed to the hilltop to sketch the lovely Chengtu plain below. It seemed to Hsien-chwang that he had barely nodded his head. But when he had opened his eyes Brindle Cow was gone. And now his short legs were aching from the long chase she had given him before he had found her again.

The plain was already in purple shadow. The sun was setting, and its fiery lights were reflected in the water of the canal. The winter wind blew needle sharp from the distant mountains. Hsien-chwang shivered inside his patched cotton coat. He looked toward the grassy knoll where the rest of the herd had been, but there was not a single cow in sight.

"*Ai!*" he sighed. "Third Elder Brother has taken the cows home. What will mother think when I'm not with him?

Why did you choose so cold a day to wander?" he scolded at Brindle Cow.

The cow flicked her tail in his face, stinging his eyes. He stumbled, and just then she gave a sudden spurt of speed. Hsien-chwang lurched forward, lost his footing, and tumbled into the icy waters of the canal close to the path. But his hands were still holding tightly to Brindle Cow's rope.

"If I can just hold on, Brindle Cow can pull me out," he sputtered. But she did not pull him out. She merely pulled him along, giving him no time to scramble up the steep, slippery bank. He was afraid to let go of the rope, though his hands felt stiff and numb with cold. By and by he felt aching hands let go.

"There's Brindle Cow!" he heard his brothers shouting. "But where is Small One?" He knew they were looking for him.

"There he is!" Through his daze Hsien-chwang knew it was Eldest Brother's deep voice. "In the canal!"

"Quick! Quick!" the familiar voices of his brothers called together. Strong hands drew him up the bank.

"Did you want to take your bath before you got home, little shrimp?" joked Eldest Brother. He picked Hsien-chwang up in his strong arms, dripping clothes and all. The small boy relaxed against his brother's shoulder, too tired to protest being carried. This brother was grown up, a sophomore at the university. So it was almost like having Father Chiang carry him, as he used to do before he left for his important work in America. Then Hsien-chwang had been only four years old and really young enough to be carried.

Safe at home, Hsien-chwang was given a steaming bath. Soon after, Mother Chiang, her thin, bright face smiling, brought him a bowl of hot milk. "Lucky it is we have our good cows to give us and our neighbors milk." She tucked the faded, patched comforter around the small boy's shoulders. "See that you don't get cold after that hot bath Eldest Brother gave you."

The rest of the family had their supper around the rough homemade table, just beyond the thin partition, with the door open so Small One could see and hear them all. It was crowded but cozy, this tiny Szechwan farmhouse, with Mother Chiang, eight sons, and Father's youngest sister.

Third Elder Brother came in to get Hsien-chwang's empty rice bowl. "Did you finish your drawing?" his youngest brother asked eagerly.

"Don't laugh at me, Small One," Third Elder Brother said dreamily. "I caught a glimpse of our own farmhouse beneath the old pine trees. So I drew a picture of that instead." He took the picture from his pocket and held it to the flickering candlelight.

"I like it," murmured Hsien-chwang happily. "Our Ginling dairy farm is beautiful."

His elder brothers crowded into the room to get their schoolbooks from the cupboard beside Hsien-chwang's bed.

"Small One, you look like a refugee wrapped in that ragged old comforter." Second Elder Brother grinned at his little brother.

"I am not a refugee," Hsien-chwang said sturdily. "I was born in the Province of Szechwan. I'm a native."

"You are indeed," Eldest Brother nodded. "We are the

refugees. You were born in Chengtu, after our long journey afoot from Nanking."

Hsien-chwang was reminded of the ache in his legs. "I made a long journey afoot myself today. I walked as far chasing Brindle Cow as you all walked in a day."

"*Hai!* Listen to the infant!" jeered Fourth Brother. "On our journey we began walking sky-scarcely-light, and we walked until darkness fell."

"I walked until darkness fell today," Small One said stubbornly.

"Until you fell into the canal," his brothers Hsien-hwa and Hsien-lin shouted in chorus. They always did everything together. Being nine and ten, nearly the same age and size, they looked and acted like twins.

"You don't remember the journey yourselves," Hsien-chwang said to them. "You were only two and three years old."

"They were brave babies." Mother sat beside Small One on the bed and made room for Hsien-hwa and Hsien-lin beside her. "When Father and I were so weary that we couldn't carry them another step, they'd trudge along on their small legs."

In the outer room, the five elder brothers and Auntie were crowded around the table and the one peanut-oil lamp, their heads bent over their schoolbooks. In the inner room Mother and the three youngest huddled close together beneath the comforter for company and warmth. This was the hour of the day Hsien-chwang loved best, when Mother, weary from her day's toil, sat thus on their bed, and they snuggled close around her. They sang songs

they'd learned at school and told one another stories softly so as not to disturb the studious ones in the ring of lamplight.

"Tell us, Mother, about the journey," Small One wistfully begged again and again. Although he knew well the story of how his family had left their home in Nanking when the enemy armies came and had traveled to the safety of West China, he wanted to hear it over and over. He wished that he had been there to march with them. "Tell about what happened at the bridge."

"Father and Eldest Brother had gone ahead to West China, leaving the rest of us in safety, they thought. But the enemy armies came quickly and we had to flee," Mother began. "One day we had just crossed a long bridge over a wide, deep river. Several bombers passed swiftly over our heads. A few seconds later we looked back and there was no bridge. Bombs had destroyed it."

"*Ai,* the heavenly Father takes good care of the Chiang family." Small One breathed his relief. He had lived through many air raids over the Chengtu plain when one never knew where the bombs would fall. Six months ago peace had come, but the memory of those terrible war years could still make his heart choke in his mouth.

"Tell about what happened to Second Elder Brother when the Japanese planes came," Hsien-hwa urged Mother Chiang.

"The planes swooped down, dropping bombs and machine-gunning in every direction. Everybody rushed to hide. But Second Brother had no time to run. He threw himself flat under a motorcar someone had left standing

in the road." Mother's voice always trembled when she told this. "There was a blasting roar, and the car was wrapped in smoke and fire. I rushed over. The engine of the car was destroyed, the wheels smashed—"

"But underneath, there was Second Elder Brother all safe," Small One finished for her excitedly. "It was a miracle."

"You talk as if you were there, Little Last One," Hsien-hwa said with gentle scorn. "You weren't even born till we arrived in Chengtu."

"He came, but not quite in time for Christmas." Mother stroked Small One's black head, which was drooping with shame that he should have missed that courageous journey. "Our very nicest Christmas present at the end of our long journey across China."

"I can recite Father's poem 'On Foot to Freedom,' even if I wasn't there." Small One's spirits always picked up easily. "Do you wish to hear it, Mother?"

"I always love to hear Father's poems." Mother smiled at all three of them. So Small One began to recite the poem that they all loved so well:

"The whole family are walking, are walking step by step,
On foot to freedom, from Nanking to Chengtu, to the great West,
Walking, walking, and walking . . . six thousand miles;
Past and over are three hundred and fifty-five days and nights,
Lost and gone is everything save our own bodies . . ."

Small One stopped for breath, and Hsien-lin carried it on:

"Still our heavenly Father bestows on us his gifts:
Many friends with loving hearts,
Sun and moon, overhead the beautiful stars,
Rain and snow, wind and frost, and clouds in the skies,
Huge rocks, mighty rivers, great lakes and lofty mountain peaks,
Dense forests, tall bamboos, birds' singing, and the fragrance of flowers . . ."

Hsien-hwa joined in now:

"And more was given us—joy which gold cannot buy,
And strength to struggle with wind and water, burning sun and open air;
And then he gave us peace that passeth all understanding."

"He gave me strength to walk all that distance after Brindle Cow when she ran away," Small One nodded solemnly.

"He has given us strength and courage to carry on our little dairy business. Such hard work everyone does so cheerfully and so well." Mother's face shone with pride. "That's as difficult a job as our journey to freedom ever was, Small One. You are a real partner with your elder brothers in that. Don't grieve any more that you didn't arrive until after the other long, hard march. Some day soon you'll be taking the journey with us back to our Nanking home, helping us to build a new life again."

"*Ai! Ai!* In three months now, as soon as spring comes." The boys clapped their hands. "Good! Good!" they all said at once.

"Will we have to walk, walk, walk like in Father's poem?" Small One sat up excitedly.

"No, silly. There'll be trains when we go back down the River Yangtze," said Hsien-lin.

Hsien-chwang lay back on the bed ready to sleep. He knew that he would go back to Nanking with his family, and he intended to enjoy every foot of the way on that long journey.

YING TEACHER OF HONAN

Ingeborg Nystul (1880-)

by VIOLA FISCHER

As a little girl, Ingeborg Nystul spent her happiest hours on the hills of Norway, watching her father's flocks. When she was a grown woman, her happiest days were passed in China, where she has served as a missionary for more than fifty years.

Deaconess Ingeborg Nystul went as a pioneer missionary to the inland province of Honan in China in 1906. She had come to America in 1902 to get her training. In China she was called Ying Teacher and was soon beloved by the people whom she was teaching about Jesus. In those days life was not always pleasant or safe for a missionary in China.

But one thing it always was—exciting.

The Chinese people of Honan had seen few white people. They disliked the newcomers for their strange looks. "Devils! Foreign devils!" they called them. Children and grownups often shouted the names at the missionaries in the streets.

Mishaps and misfortunes that came upon the people were likely to be blamed on the foreigners. Once the mis-

sionaries were almost mobbed because of a drought that they were believed to have caused.

Dread of being called names, dread of the anger of the people did not stop Ying Teacher and her companion from carrying on their work of taking the gospel to the country women.

Wherever they visited, they sang hymns, taught the Bible, and even showed a few women how to read. To the Chinese people this teaching of women to read was surprising and ridiculous. They all believed that women and girls did not have as good brains as men and boys.

Traveling was slow and difficult. In springless carts pulled by oxen over the rutted roads, it took all day to go fifteen or twenty miles. Nights were often spent in tiny country inns with just the mud floor as a bed. Hordes of bugs shared the bed with the missionaries.

Getting good food was a problem. Once when thirsty from a day of much walking, Ying Teacher and her young co-worker stopped at an inn for the night. The innkeeper had just one pot, and in that he had cooked the millet cereal that was the only food served. Afterward he poured water into the unwashed pot to be boiled for tea.

"It's awful," said the younger girl when the tea was served. "I can't bear the taste!" She started to pour out the murky liquid.

"But it's precious! Don't waste a drop! We can't drink unboiled water. This must do!" cried Ying Teacher, and she proceeded to drink a big bowlful.

Another day when her young companion protested that the dirty bowls made it impossible for her to eat, the older

worker laughed and said, "Close your eyes and eat. The food is well cooked; it won't kill you." Then she herself took up the chopsticks and began to eat the big dish of noodles served in a bowl that had just been wiped on a dirty towel.

At times there was real danger. Twice in one day's journey their mulecart upset, but luckily the missionaries had been sitting near the front and jumped to safety. As darkness came on, they were passing through an area unfriendly to foreigners. The missionaries had to sit far back in the cart, hidden by the baggage and the long strings of heavy copper coins they used for money. Then the cart turned over for the third time! When the driver had finally gotten the mules on their feet again, he called out, "Speak. Are you dead or alive?"

"Alive, thank God," came the cheery voice of Ying Teacher. "Scratched a bit, but well. Press on to the next village."

How good it was to reach the home of the friendly Wang family in the next village! How delicious the clear, hot tea tasted! Best of all, how precious to thank God for a safe journey!

Twenty years passed, bringing with them many changes. Now there were more Chinese friendly to the missionaries who told them about the Friend above all, the Lord Jesus who loved men of all races. But in 1925-26 a wave of banditry swept through the province of Honan.

Ying Teacher now had a girls' school in the old walled city of Juchow. The courtyard of the mission station rang with shouts of little girls having fun—yes, and learning to

read and write and count, proving that they had brains just as well as their brothers. Some fond papas had even permitted the missionary to unbind their little girls' feet!

"But no man will ever want to marry a girl with a big foot," wailed old Grandmother Hsu, when she visited the school of her granddaughter and saw Orchid's natural-sized foot.

"Then I'll provide for her myself, Honored Mother," said young Mr. Hsu. "My little girl shall have feet as the Lord intended."

"Thank you, Honored Father." Bright-eyed Orchid smiled and bowed low. "Perhaps some day I can be a teacher like Ying Teacher."

One day the big compound gates remained tightly bolted against visitors. The gatekeeper scarcely stirred from his stool near the entrance. The sound of marching feet in the streets sent the Chinese evangelist, Mr. Hsu, hurrying to the residence of the two missionary women.

"Ying Teacher, it has come! The bandits have taken the city!"

"We are still in the Lord's hands," came the calm reply. Even as Ying Teacher spoke there was a terrific knocking on the thick compound gates.

"Open! Open quickly! Open the gates!"

Ying Teacher walked swiftly to the entrance. "This is a mission station," she said. "We are friendly people and have no soldiers here. We teach and preach the God who loves all mankind."

"Open at once!" came the reply. Heavy swords clanked against the big metal bolts and locks. For fifteen minutes

the lone missionary stood her ground and refused to unlock the compound gate.

"Then we'll come in another way!" cried a loud voice, and the first wild-eyed bandit soldier scrambled over the rooftop and dropped to the ground at her side. "Now lead us into your school!" The bandit shouted the words, and he turned to enter the courtyard.

Ying Teacher was too quick for him. Quickly she ran to the big school building and knelt in the very door.

"Lord God," she cried, "we are in your hands. Keep my girls from harm!" Turning to the leading bandit she said, "Only over my dead body do you reach my girls."

The man stopped. An unwilling awe came into his eyes as he looked at the kneeling missionary. Then turning to his followers, he said, "Go. Leave this place."

A few minutes later the gateman shouted in joy.

"Teacher, they've gone!"

"Thank God! We must together praise him for deliverance," said Ying Teacher.

Years of peace followed. Ying Teacher went back to her first and best-loved work—teaching the country women. For months each spring and fall she and her fine Chinese helper moved from village to village, teaching short courses. Not often now were young girls in the classes, for there were public schools in many towns where girls as well as boys were welcome. But most of the older women could read very little or not at all. Sometimes girls from her old school in Juchow, now wives and mothers, came eagerly to help in the classes, and often they persuaded their neighbors to come with them. Simple hygiene, baby care, the

Christian way of living—all these had been added to the daily Bible study, singing, and reading lessons. After each course the women were better fitted to carry on their part in establishing Christian homes.

One day in 1937 the Japanese brought war to China. Millions of people left their homes and moved westward to escape from the invading armies. Ying Teacher left with them. The year 1944 found her living in a simple Chinese house in the faraway town of Paochi, in the province of Shensi. She was a refugee among refugees from her beloved Honan. But still she could teach and help her friends. Old and young, rich and poor came frequently to talk with the snowy-haired missionary. A warm bed if needed, friendly counsel, some minutes of prayer together brought comfort to every visitor.

"It nearly breaks my heart to see some of them," she wrote once. "But what a privilege to be able to help them in the name of Jesus!"

So with love and with prayer for wisdom, she distributed the relief funds sent by Christians in America to help their needy brothers and sisters in China. And with the gifts of money she told of the Lord's faithfulness, too.

NEVER OFF DUTY

Christian Frederick Schwartz (1726-1798)

by JANE GILBERT

A YOUNG man was leaning against the rail of a sailing vessel in July of 1750, straining his eyes for the sight of land. The delightful, spicy scent of cinnamon was carried to him on the breeze. He knew that he was close to the shores of India. His four-month journey on shipboard would soon be ended, and he would begin to carry out his heart's desires. He, Christian Frederick Schwartz, was going to work as a missionary among the people of India, that faraway land where he had long dreamed of going.

The plan to be a missionary to India had come into his mind some years before, when he had been studying at the University of Halle. He had been helping a former missionary to India in the work of preparing a translation of the Bible in the language of the people of South India. As he had heard the missionary talk of the people of India, their poverty, and their need of teaching, he had been fired with a desire to help. Particularly when he heard of the children of India, his heart had been touched.

"There is work for me to do there," he had thought. And so he had begun to make plans to travel halfway around the

world to India. He was twenty-four years old when the journey he planned became a reality.

As he stood leaning against the rail, Christian Frederick Schwartz thought of friends in different countries who had helped him to get to India. There was his kindly father, who lived in Prussia and whose hope was centered in his son. There were the friends in Copenhagen, where he had been ordained as one of the missionaries sent out by the king of Denmark. There were his friends in London, who were helping support the Danish mission in India. Most of all there was Dr. Francke, who worked among orphaned children of Halle. Schwartz was planning to use in India some of the things he had learned about children from Dr. Francke.

Closer and closer to the land the ship sailed. The anchor was dropped at Tranquebar, a port in South India. Little boats were bobbing out from shore carrying wares to be sold to the travelers on shipboard. Mr. Schwartz hung over the rail, watching. The sounds and odors of this strange land excited him. He saw the thin limbs and arms of the boatmen.

"How poor they look!" he thought. "They need someone to help them. But how can I help when I do not speak their language? My first work must be learning to talk to them. And I shall begin with the children."

It was not long before Schwartz was working with a class of children. He was teacher and learner as well. He learned from the children the language spoken in South India. The learning did not take him long. In four months he was able to preach his first sermon in the new language.

Schwartz knew that it was more important to live friendliness than to talk about it. He ate rice and vegetables, as did his Indian neighbors. He lived in a simple way, as if he were as poor as they were. He was ever watching for ways to help people to see the joy of a true Christian life. He taught the simple village people and told them stories. He talked with passers-by at the roadside. Sometimes he argued about religion with the high-caste Hindus. He preached the gospel to all who came to hear. He gathered his converts into little congregations.

"Schwartz," said one of his friends, "is a man who is never off duty."

Always Schwartz had the needs of children in his mind. Every day he saw them on all sides, poor and sick and hungry. "I must do something for them," he kept telling himself.

So he opened schools and invited the children to come to them. He gathered the orphans into homes where they could receive food and clothes and care.

Schwartz had a gift for learning languages. He put his gift to use in order to get in touch with those who needed to hear the gospel. He learned Portuguese so that he might preach to the Europeans in India who spoke only that language. He studied Hindustani so that he might talk with Indian nabobs and officials. He perfected his knowledge of English, and his influence among English people grew.

The need of the people in other areas weighed on him. After ten years in Tranquebar, he planned to leave to start mission work in another place.

"Why do you go away?" asked the new Christians of

Tranquebar. "You are our father. We need you here."

"I am going where they need me more," the missionary explained. "I have been with you for many years, and now some of you are good teachers yourselves and can lead others. There are many who have never even heard the good news of God's love. I must go to them."

Schwartz founded a new mission at Trichinopoly, about fifty miles away, where there were not only Indian people who needed him but a large garrison of English soldiers whom he had found to be without a chaplain. He soon became a friend to the soldiers in an old Hindu building.

"Our chaplain is a good preacher," said the soldiers, "as well as a good friend. More and more of our men want to hear him. We will build a church for ourselves." And they did.

It was while he was in Trichinopoly that Schwartz went on a mission of peace for the English government to Hyder Ali, who had overcome the king of Mysore by forcing himself upon the people as their ruler. Even this tyrant could tell an honest man when he saw one.

"Send me the Christian," he had asked the English officials. "He will not deceive me." And Schwartz went, over dangerous mountain roads where tigers hid. He felt that this journey would not only give him a chance to make peace but would also provide him with the opportunity to tell his good news to any who would hear him. When the task was over and Schwartz left Mysore, Hyder Ali made him a gift of a large sum of money. Oriental courtesy demanded that the missionary accept it, but he later used it to build a home for his orphans.

Always seeking for a wider scope for his labors and for more people who had not heard the gospel, Schwartz went, among other places, to Tanjore. There he became the trusted friend and adviser of King Tuljajee, who persuaded him to make Tanjore the next field of his work. Tuljajee was growing old and had adopted Serfogee, a ten-year-old cousin, to succeed him on the throne. He sent for Schwartz to bless the child.

"This is not my son," he said, "but yours. Into your hands I deliver him."

Here was an orphan who needed Christian love and teaching. Schwartz felt keenly the responsibility of guiding this future ruler, but he accepted the care of the boy in a spiritual sense and never failed in loyalty to the young rajah. Tuljajee died, and Serfogee was in danger of being killed through treachery of the regent. The old missionary stayed with the youth until twelve stalwart Sepoy guards could be brought in to protect him.

Christian Frederick Schwartz spent almost half a century in India, until his death in 1798. He never went back to his homeland and in all the years never ceased to teach and preach and live his faith. At his death he had many loyal friends among the English officials and the officers and men of the army.

Two stone monuments stand to his memory. One was erected by Serfogee in the church at Tanjore, near the pulpit in which the missionary had preached. On it were carved some lines of verse composed by the rajah himself to express his devotion to his spiritual father.

The other monument was placed in the Church of St.

Mary in Fort St. George at Madras, by the English officials.

More memorable than these monuments of stone were the schools, the churches, and the homes for orphans, which remained as living evidence of his career. All the missionary work done in South India in the years to come was built upon the solid rock foundation laid by Christian Frederick Schwartz and for which he himself would have claimed no credit—for that rock was Jesus Christ.

THREE KNOCKS IN THE NIGHT

Ida Scudder (1870-)

by FLORENCE M. GORDON

THE girls at Northfield School in Massachusetts were talking over what they meant to do when they grew up.

"I know one thing—I am *not* going to be a missionary!" Ida Scudder, leader in school sports and pranks, was very sure what she was *not* going to do.

"My grandfather was the first doctor to go to India from America as a missionary. Every one of his seven sons became a missionary doctor, too. Father and Mother are out in India at this moment. I think that the Scudders have done enough for missions. I am going to stay in America and go to college and have a good time. I wish I had been born a millionaire!"

Ida, blond and blue-eyed, was the baby of her family. She and her five brothers were all born in India. When Ida was eight, the family came back to America for some years because the father's health was poor. They lived on a farm in Nebraska, and the children went to a rural school. The boys taught Ida how to swim and skate; they never let her off easy in their games because she was "just a girl." "We are making a good sport of her!" they would say.

When the parents went back to their work in India, the children were left in schools in America. Ida went to boarding school at Northfield.

Just as Ida was finishing boarding school, her mother became sick and sent for her to come to India. Even then Ida did not plan to spend her life in India. "When Mother's better I am coming back. My family has done its bit for missions," she insisted.

One evening after her arrival in India, Ida was reading in the thatch-roofed mission bungalow. She heard a step on the veranda and then a knock at the door. A tall, fine-looking Brahman stood there.

"Please come home with me," he begged. "My young wife is very sick."

"But I don't know anything about medicine!" protested Ida. "I'll send my father—he's a doctor. He's seeing a patient in the village, but just as soon as he comes back—"

The Brahman interrupted her. "The customs of my religion do not allow a woman to be treated by a man. I'd rather see my wife dead!"

Ida knew that what he said was true. Many a wife in the village could have no visitors except women, even when sick. They were never allowed to stir out of their homes unless heavily veiled.

Twice more that night the same thing happened. A Mohammedan husband and a high-caste Hindu gentleman came to Ida begging for medical aid for their young wives. They, too, refused her father's help because he was a man. "No strange man has ever seen my wife's face! Only a woman can help," they declared.

That night Ida could not sleep. She kept thinking of those young wives, girls hardly older than she herself. Early in the morning she heard tom-toms beating to announce death. Had one died? Had two? Had all three? She sent a servant to ask. She learned that the three young girls had died that night.

Then and there Ida made up her mind. She went to her parents and told them, "If Indian women cannot be treated by men doctors, there must be women doctors. I've got to learn to be a doctor, like you, Dad, and like my uncles and Grandfather. I'm going back to America to study medicine."

At that time few women were studying medicine, even in the United States. When the mission board of the Reformed Church heard of Ida's ambition, the women said, "What! Send an unmarried woman to India as a missionary doctor! Impossible!"

But one woman got up in the meeting and said, "If Miss Scudder feels that God wants her to do this work, we should see that she gets the education for it. Here is the first ten dollars toward her expenses."

So Ida went to college in America—a medical college—and was graduated. Just before she was to sail back to India in 1899, a man overheard her tell how much a hospital was needed in Vellore in South India, near Madras.

"I meant to give a library in memory of my wife, Mary Taber Schell," he told the young doctor, "but instead I shall give $10,000 for a hospital. Come downtown with me, and I shall help you select the instruments for it. You can take them back with you."

Back in India in early 1900, the new doctor used a room in her home as her clinic, although it was only eight feet by ten. It had one bed and a window out of which she handed the medicines. Soon she asked her mother to let her use the guest room, too, which had two beds. Then she asked for a house with six beds on the mission grounds. Before the new hospital was even finished, she had treated five thousand patients. It was a great day in 1902, when a hospital with forty beds was opened for women in and near Vellore.

But there were many sick women and children in villages near Vellore who could never come to the hospital. They did not know about it, for one thing, and for another, they were very poor and would have had no way of getting there.

"I'll take the hospital *to* them!" Ida announced. "One day a week I'll go out into the country and look for patients."

A friend gave her an automobile for her trips. At first the village people who had never seen an automobile would run away from it screaming, "It is the devil's wagon! The devil is coming!" But soon they learned to look for the visits of the doctor who brought comfort and relief to so many. They would walk miles across the rice fields to be on hand to meet her.

As they waited under a big banyan tree by the wayside, they would talk about her visits.

"She helped my little girl's sore eyes. Now I'm bringing my other child to her."

"I cut myself—she will know how to fix it."

"Ask her if she will pull that aching tooth of yours."

"Next week bring your old mother—the doctor has medicine for everything."

There were always so many sick people in the hospital and along the roadside that Dr. Scudder soon saw that the few missionary doctors and nurses could never take care of all of them. She decided to teach Indian women to become doctors. There was then only one medical college for women in all India, and that one was way up in the northern part of that great land.

"You can start a college if you get six students," an official told Dr. Scudder. "But you will be lucky if even three girls want to come."

He was wrong! One hundred and fifty girls wanted to come. There was room for just seventeen of them in the first class. They had only an old rented house for their school with a few books and hardly any equipment. But Dr. Ida was a good teacher as well as a good doctor.

"Don't be discouraged if your girls fail the government examinations," she had been told. But the girls did not fail; instead they carried off most of the prizes.

At first only the Reformed Church, which had sent her out to India, was interested in Dr. Ida's work. But when she started the school that became known as the Missionary Medical College for Women, four other boards joined to support it. Today there are over thirty mission boards in America and Great Britain that are raising money for it. Since the work ties together several countries and many churches, Dr. Ida calls herself "a union miss."

The college buildings were given by American women.

There is a beautiful chapel where the girls sit, Indian fashion, on the floor. They gather around the lily pool in the sunken garden to sing many of the same songs we sing at camp. They play tennis and volleyball, not in blouses and shorts but in graceful, flowing Indian *saris*. The graduates come back on Dr. Scudder's birthday, which they call "Founder's Day." On Dedication Sunday all who are connected with the school and hospital offer their lives to God in the service of the sick.

Instead of one hospital there are now many hospital buildings. The children's hospital is so full that often some of the child patients have to lie on the floor under the beds.

Three hundred Indian women who learned to be doctors at Vellore are now helping sick people all over India, Burma, and Ceylon.

An American woman visited a hospital where a young Indian woman was in charge. She noticed how helpful the doctor was, what tender care she gave all the patients. "Did you go to the college at Vellore?" she asked.

The doctor's face lighted up. "I had that privilege. Greet Dr. Ida for me when you see her. Tell her I try to have the Vellore college spirit. At Vellore they teach us not to be ministered unto but to minister."

THE WAH-WAH MAN

Sam Higginbottom (1874-)

by ALICE HUDSON LEWIS

SAM HIGGINBOTTOM has always been "a man of action." With him, to believe that a thing should be done, was to do it, with no fooling around. This began very early in his career; when he was only twelve years old he decided that school was too dull to bother with any longer. So, to use his own phrase, he "kicked up his heels" and left school to go to work on his father's farm in Wales, England. He loved it—the wide outdoors, the fields of growing things, the calves and ponies.

When he was sixteen, two women gave him a Bible. Now Sam already had a Bible. Every member of his family had a Bible for that matter, because they were that kind of people. But Sam hadn't bothered to read his. When this gift was put into his hands, there was nothing for him to do but be polite about it, so he began to read it. He read that Bible for eighteen months. And long before the end of that time he realized that if he called himself a Christian, and he did, he had to do something about it. He could not get out of his mind the thought that to do something about it meant that he had to become a minister or a missionary. Although

he fought the idea for a long time, he finally gave in to it.

But what was he to do about education? There were no schools in Wales for boys his age. There *was* one in America—Mount Hermon. Sam knew about Mount Hermon because his own half-brother had gone there. He pleaded with his father to let him go to America to Mount Hermon.

His father pooh-poohed the idea. "What does the boy need with more education than he has? Why he reads now until he has no sense left."

The half-brother, a preacher, came to Wales on a visit and preached at a near-by church. Of course, the Higginbottom family all went to hear him. Young Sam's heart was full. His mother knew well how the boy was feeling and on the way home talked earnestly with his father about the matter. That evening his father called him and said, "Well, Sam, if you really want to go, I guess we'll have to let you." Nine days later Sam was on a boat bound for America.

Sam was eager to go and happy to be on his way, but he loved his Welsh home and all that it stood for. He was just as homesick as any boy would be as he watched the ocean roll between him and home. On the first Sunday at sea, he came up from his place below deck to hear a man give a lecture. The man was Robert E. Speer, and he spoke on the subject, "Jesus, a Friend." The boy's heart was quieted and inspired. After the meeting he plucked up his courage and spoke to Dr. Speer.

In September, Sam was enrolled at Mount Hermon. He spent five years there, two years at Amherst College, then went to Princeton for another two years. It was while he was at Princeton that a friend took him to a Y.M.C.A.

meeting in Trenton, New Jersey, and there he heard Henry Forman of India speak.

The next morning when he got on his train, there was Henry Forman, and Sam took the seat beside him. They shared a twenty-minute ride. Not much time, is it? But in that twenty minutes the course of Sam Higginbottom's life was set.

He knew now what he wanted to do—he would go to India and preach the gospel of love and brotherhood to the outcastes—that vast army of men and women who were in their Indian brothers' eyes "untouchables." He wouldn't wait to go through theological seminary; he would be a lay preacher.

So, early in 1903, Sam Higginbottom received his commission from the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. And who handed it to him? The man who nine years before had eased the heart and inspired the spirit of the homesick Welsh immigrant boy on a ship bound for America—Dr. Robert E. Speer.

When young Sam got to India he found that the mission had made its own plans for using his time. Two unexpected assignments were given to him. A teacher of economics was needed at Ewing Christian College at Allahabad, and he was assigned the job. His preaching to the untouchables would have to wait or be fitted into the odd corners of time left over from this job.

Then there was a sort of understanding among the missionaries that the new man could take over the management of the Naini Leper Colony. Sam didn't want to do it. He was so horrified by his first sight of a leper that he ran

away. Later, with the Allahabad missionary doctor for company, he went to visit the asylum. When he saw the awful broken-down mud huts filled with lepers in all stages of their loathsome disease, his nerve failed him, and he made up his mind not to have a thing to do with those hopeless creatures. But coming away from the village he saw a leper lying alone under a tree. It was not a pretty sight, because the poor man was far gone in his disease. Sam stopped and made himself look at the man.

"As I looked," he said, "I suddenly remembered that this man was my brother—that inside that repulsive body was a soul for whom my Master died. Who was I to refuse to help him? I agreed to accept the oversight of the leper colony."

So there was the new missionary who had come to preach to the untouchables, turned into a teacher of economics and a keeper of a leper asylum—two jobs he never in the world would have dreamed of planning for himself. How did he do them?

Well, with the help of his wife, Ethel Cody (a cousin of Buffalo Bill), who was just as eager and venturesome as he was, that leper colony gradually grew into a beauty spot. Now, in place of broken-down huts, there are neat houses and fine buildings, children's homes, and a lovely chapel, schools and gardens and fruit trees. But best of all, there is happiness, hope, and laughter where there was only misery. That is because Naini has become a Christian place. There were five Christians there when the Higginbottoms took over, but now many more than half of the patients are Christians.

And how did the economics course turn out? Sam Higginbottom was not a textbook teacher. He took his young students right out into the city and countryside to see for themselves what conditions were and to try for themselves to find a working plan to better those conditions. One day he visited the prison at Naini, and there he saw the magnificent garden maintained by the British prison head. It gave him the idea of what his own plan would be. It involved convincing doubting missionaries that a school of agriculture was a venture in evangelism. It involved a trip to America and two years' study at Ohio State Agricultural College. It involved a hard campaign for funds. After all this was done, it meant beginning from scratch in India.

There he bought 275 acres of the roughest, toughest land he could find, in order to prove there wasn't any soil that couldn't be reclaimed. When he had bought land, seed, cattle, and had built fences and shelters, there was no money left for classrooms. But there were two trees in the backyard. The first six students used one tree for a dormitory and the other for a classroom. When it rained, they took shelter in the cattleshed. And Mrs. Higginbottom turned over the back veranda for a laboratory and milk house.

From this tiny beginning the great Allahabad Agricultural Institute has grown. Students came to it from all parts of India, some of them sons of rich landowners, others untouchables sent by missionaries. But whether prince or untouchable, the student had to go into the fields and work with his hands. One of Sam Higginbottom's best stories concerns a young prince who came to the school bringing

a servant with him to do the work. That prince became a farmer before he left.

Today there are more than 200 students at Allahabad Agricultural Institute and a teaching staff of twenty-seven, eighteen of whom are Indians. The Institute has its own radio station which broadcasts instruction in agriculture, dairying, and health, along with music and entertainment. There are 600 acres now instead of 275, and these acres have been turned into beautiful grain fields, gardens, and orchards, with paved roadways cut through them.

All India is vitally interested in what goes on at Allahabad, and all India is served by the Institute.

Loved by lepers and outcastes, honored by princes and kings, the Welsh immigrant boy gave forty years of his life to Christian service in India and will never stop living *for* India, wherever he may be. He has done great things and won great honors. But perhaps no other single thing done under his direction has brought him greater thanks than the "Wah-Wah" plow. One of his engineers worked out a simple, inexpensive plow that cut deep into the soil. With it the poor Indian farmer could really plow instead of scratching the top of the earth as he was used to doing with his old type of plow. And with it and the same oxen he had used with the old plow, he could do five times the work. It was named "Wah-Wah"—"surprise." Sam Higginbottom is the "Wah-Wah" missionary.

LET THE WORK GO ON

Rudolph Teusler (1876-1934)

by HELEN F. NICHOLSON

WHEN you look at a large and beautiful oak tree it is hard to realize that it once was just a tiny acorn. It is hard to believe that it had its beginning inside a little shell not more than an inch long. And so, if you were to visit St. Luke's International Center in Tokyo today, you would find it hard to believe that it was once just a tiny, poorly equipped shanty. For St. Luke's International Center is one of the largest and finest equipped hospitals in the world. It stands six stories high, and there is wing after wing of wards, operating rooms, clinics, private rooms, and all other things necessary for a modern hospital. You would find that the equipment is the best and most modern that can be provided.

But a dirty, broken-down shanty that was called St. Luke's Hospital was what Dr. Rudolph Teusler found when he arrived in Japan in 1900.

The doctor was young and enthusiastic and filled with the Christian spirit. He had been practising medicine in Richmond, Virginia, but he hadn't been quite happy about his work. Any good doctor could do what he had been

doing, he felt. He wanted to work where he was badly needed as a doctor and as a Christian. Then Dr. Teusler heard of a Christian hospital in Tokyo that had had to be closed because there seemed to be no doctor who could make a success of it. The idea challenged the doctor, and he talked it over with his wife.

"There's a job that others can't do," he said. "It would be hard to work in such a hospital, but it would be fun, too. It's always fun to tackle a hard job and do it well." His wife agreed.

Dr. Teusler went to the Board of Missions of his church. "I want to go as a medical missionary to Tokyo," he said. His offer was quickly accepted.

Dr. and Mrs. Teusler set sail for Tokyo without knowing a word of Japanese. The boat arrived a day earlier than it was expected, and there was no friendly face on the dock to welcome them. You can imagine how they must have felt, trying to understand the language and customs of a land that was strange to them. But somehow they managed to make their wants known, and they went to stay in a small and comfortable hotel for the night.

The next day they were found by the bishop, and with him they set out to view their hospital. The bishop carried a big key, but the building that he showed them didn't seem to go with a big key at all. It was a sad-looking shanty, a story and a half high, badly in need of repair. Inside were a few broken-down beds, some blankets, and a set of very old surgical instruments.

"Is this all I have?" Dr. Teusler asked in amazement.

The bishop nodded.

"Well, I certainly picked a hard job for myself," said the doctor, trying to hide his disappointment.

As a beginning, Dr. Teusler set about learning the language and the customs of the country. He soon came to understand and like the Japanese people. And they in turn liked him. He wore a beard when he arrived in Japan, and this gave him a special place of honor among the Japanese people.

The doctor knew that he must get people to trust him before he reopened the hospital. So he started a private practice. Patients came slowly at first. Those who came and were helped told others, and the number of patients grew. All the money Dr. Teusler received he put toward a fund for rebuilding the hospital. He opened two small clinics at opposite ends of the city, and slowly, very slowly, the Japanese people began to see that he really wanted to help them.

In 1902 the new St. Luke's Hospital was opened. It had two wards and five private rooms. It was almost as if a fairy had waved her wand over the shack and changed it into an attractive building. The walls were painted in pretty, soft colors, the windows were widened, and everything was clean and spotless. From that time on St. Luke's Hospital began to grow.

Never did the doctor let anyone forget that St. Luke's was a Christian hospital. The best that was known in medicine was practised. In the waiting room where crowds gathered each day there were prayers and Bible reading and Bible teaching. Those who came for the healing of their bodies were told about the Great Healer, Jesus.

The doctor and nurses met together in the quiet little chapel for daily prayers and worship, and always there was someone ready to tell the story of Jesus to those who asked for it.

Throughout all of Japan, people began to take notice of Dr. Teusler and his hospital. Many made gifts to St. Luke's, some large, some small. One day there appeared at the door of the hospital a smiling, shiny-faced coolie. A year before, his wife had been treated for a serious illness at very little cost. He came to offer a blood transfusion to a very poor and very ill person whom he had never seen.

Another day the doctor was surprised by the visit of a very rich Japanese who had always been very much against Christianity. The visitor offered the doctor a large piece of land for a new hospital and said he would equip and pay for it. His small nephew, who was his only heir, had become sick and had been taken to St. Luke's Hospital much against his uncle's will. He had been operated on successfully, and the uncle was so impressed by the care and love shown the little boy that he wanted to do something to help spread such treatment. Although the doctor felt unable to accept the offer, he was deeply touched by it.

A school to train nurses was established at St. Luke's. "Only the best of Japanese young women will be accepted as students," Dr. Tuesler insisted. Eleven hundred girls wanted to come, but only twenty-five were chosen. The girls who took the training were all high school graduates, a most unusual standard for nurses in Japan. They had to study for three years to become nurses, while six months' study was all that was needed in other hospitals.

Dr. Teusler was not satisfied to have St. Luke's serve the city of Tokyo alone. He wanted to help all the people of Asia. He wanted the hospital to become a great international medical center.

New buildings were started. Everything was going along fine. So Dr. Teusler left to take a much needed vacation in America. And then came disaster! In September, 1923, the greatest earthquake the country had ever known shook Japan. Dr. Teusler was in New York when he heard of it. The bishop wired him, "All gone but faith in God."

The hospital that Dr. Teusler had worked so hard to build lay in ruins. The earthquake had been terrific, but not one of the eighty patients was injured. The doctors and nurses had taken them all out safely in spite of the fact that the stairways were dangerous. The patients were carried to the foundations of the new building. Then came fire. It swept by in great sheets of flames, destroying completely the already-damaged hospital building.

When the fire had burned itself out, the patients were moved to the dormitory of a Methodist girls' school, and there the work of the hospital continued. The doctors and nurses put their money together to buy food and equipment. Not much was available because of the destruction, but the smiling Japanese chef drew out from his kimono two hundred yen, or about one hundred dollars, and offered it.

Help came from an unexpected source. The Empress, who rarely went outside the palace grounds, came to see how St. Luke's was carrying on. She was happy to observe the fine spirit among the doctors and nurses, and from her

own purse she gave a generous gift so that the work could go on.

Dr. Teusler in America was at work, too. He arranged with the United States Army to have an army field hospital sent to Japan and established close to the old hospital site. It was run by the doctors and nurses of St. Luke's. For several months St. Luke's Hospital carried on in army tents.

As new buildings began to go up, Dr. Teusler was happy once more. But he thought more and more of the poor children of Japan. There were no hospitals to help such children. He told boys and girls in America about the need. The children of his own church gave their birthday thank offerings for three years to build a ward for the children of Japan in St. Luke's International Center.

Soon the new buildings were almost complete. The gleaming cross on the outside proclaimed them Christian. The lovely little chapel inside told the same story. But the love and devotion of the doctors and nurses told even more —that these people were following in the steps of their Master and were going about doing good.

In 1934, just when the hospital was about to be dedicated, Dr. Teusler was taken ill. He died several days later. His last thoughts were for the hospital. "Let the work go on," he said.

Today his spirit still lives within those walls. The work that was started way back in 1900 must go on.

Much of the church's work in Japan was destroyed during the war, but St. Luke's remained unharmed. During the war the Japanese used it to care for their civilian sick

and injured. Since the American occupation it has become an American army hospital. When the need for this is over, St. Luke's will again be in the hands of the church and will be ready to help those of any color or creed to grow well and strong.

MICHI KAWAI, THE TEACHER

Michi Kawai (1877-)

by MARGARET L. DECKER

IT WAS the day after Christmas and the opening day of Michi Kawai's new school. Until now, her pupils had been crowded into a dwelling house in the busiest part of Tokyo.

Each year since it had been started, more and more girls had asked to come to the school. Miss Kawai, loving them all, had not been able to refuse their pleas. The little house in busy Tokyo had been crowded to bursting. It hummed with noise and activity from morning to night.

"If only we had more room!" the teacher and girls had sighed a thousand times. At last everyone got to work —friends in Japan and friends in America—and gathered enough money to provide the new school.

Now on the opening day of the new school, the girls themselves were the first to push through the gates and stand within its garden.

"We love it!" they cried, as they saw the low, brown building with its many windows under a red tile roof.

Like a whirlwind, they entered its doors, raced from room to room, called and shouted their joy at each new

surprise. They visited their bedrooms at the top of the house, then peeked into the dining room with its black-lacquered tables and blue-flowered dishes. They exclaimed over the kitchen, so shiny and clean.

"What fun it will be to do cooking in a place like this!" they exclaimed.

They tried the new desks in the classrooms, drew pictures on the clean blackboards, and played that they were teachers for just a few minutes. Finally, reaching the gymnasium, they danced and sang and ended with cheer on cheer for Keisen, their lovely new school.

But no one was prouder or happier than Michi Kawai, their teacher, for this was her dream come true, a Japanese school for girls that was also a Christian school. Her pupils would be taught not just the subjects usual in Japan, but also the Bible and the Christian way of life. And they would become acquainted with the countries of the world. "For," said Michi, "until we know about other peoples and appreciate them, how can we come to love them?"

The last of Michi's dreams was that her girls should be farmerettes. Flower arrangement might be a lovely Japanese art, but growing a patch of vegetables from seed to fruit was to share with God in the wonder of creation. On Arbor Day, with song and ceremony, the girls planted trees and shrubs to beautify the garden, and even a tiny orchard in the farthest corner of the grounds.

When spring came, the girls put on their coveralls and commenced their digging, their raking, and planting. Michi cheered them on until she saw their efforts lagging, then wisely urged a rest in story and song.

How dearly they loved her stories! At once their shy, little teacher seemed one of them. They found it difficult to think of her as the world-famous person she really was! Yet they knew how often she had been invited to different parts of the world to speak to great audiences and how many friends she had made for their little island country. She had helped, too, to give the women of Japan a Y.W.C.A. and a summer camp where in the great out-of-doors the girls came close to God and to one another.

Today Michi started her story: "When I was a small child—"

"Goody, goody!" exclaimed the girls, for this was the story they loved the most.

Michi, smiling at their enthusiasm, thought how wonderful it was to see American-born Kiyoko and Hawaiian-born Tsukiko and little Kin Mei from Korea and lovely Lotus of Formosa seated there with her other students—all Japanese girls, but each bringing something good from her own faraway home to teach the others.

"When I was a small child," began Michi again, "I lived by the Shinto shrine where my father was priest. Often in the evenings I walked with him down the long avenue of trees to the temple. The dark stillness was broken only by the sound of our wooden clogs clicking on the stone path. While father worshiped, I listened to the birds singing in the grove near by and thought about the wonder and beauty of the night.

"My next home was in Hokkaido. I remember it as a gray little town covered with snow. I met my first missionary teacher there. Her name was Miss Smith, and when

she started a school for girls in Sapporo, I was one of her first nine pupils. What a shy, homesick, little girl I was! It took many attempts before I could read above a whisper and so win Miss Smith's praise.

"Once a week we girls were her guests at dinner. We struggled hard to use the strange knives and forks and to answer her polite questions in English.

"Our first Christmas was a very merry one, with a surprise party at which each girl received a beautiful wax doll. The dolls seemed even more wonderful because they came from America. Mine had a red velvet dress, and I loved her at once.

"The Christians of Sapporo were building a new church. We schoolgirls earned money to give to it by cooking Miss Smith's breakfast each morning, by doing fancy work, and by shoveling snow from the paths and roof. Since I was the smallest of the girls, I was especially good on the snowy roof. The others tied a rope around my waist and held it fast as I climbed out of a window and knocked off the deep snow that threatened to break our roof in.

"On Sunday evenings we sang hymns in Miss Smith's room, looked at picture books, and popped corn over her open fire. In many ways she was more like a mother to us than a teacher. Her example of living and loving are what I remember best."

"Oh, tell us, Kawai Sensei," chorused the girls, "tell us now about your first going to Bryn Mawr College in America."

Michi laughed and wagged her finger at them. "You just want to laugh at your teacher's mistakes."

"Well, tell us the apple story, anyway," teased the girls.

"Yes, that is a good one," agreed Michi, "for it shows how dear to one another two girls of different lands can become. My roommate was named Bertha. Often we forgot that she was an American and I a Japanese. This time it was late at night, and I was trying to write my English composition. I wasn't doing it very well either because I was so sleepy.

"'Come to bed, Michi,' called Bertha pleadingly, but I only answered sleepily, 'Be quiet, Bertha, and go to bed yourself.' She did so very meekly, but not until she had put a dish of sliced apples on the desk beside me. I ate the slices one by one, still having no success with my writing. Finally I came to the last piece of apple and under it found a tiny note. What do you think it said?"

"'Michi, come to bed,'" laughed the girls, who had heard the story many times.

Their teacher laughed with them, then said more gently, "Girls, in whatever country I have been, I have found friends. People trusted and believed in me because I was a Christian. It is a wonderful thing to be a member of the Christian family, for then race and color are soon forgotten."

The girls sat quietly thinking of her words until the clang of the supper gong brought them back to their everyday world. There was not time for the story to be finished now, and everyone looked disappointed. Only shy little Miyoko murmured, "I am glad, for now there will be a next time."

"Good night, Kawai Sensei." Each little black head bowed. "And thank you," they added, smiling.

And Michi Kawai, watching them go, thought, "What greater lesson can I teach them than to love the Lord their God with all their hearts, and with all their minds, and with all their strength, and their neighbors as themselves?"

She made her way across the garden, painted now with the colors of sunset. Under her study window, she stopped to bend apart the branches of the hedge. The gardener had said it was dead. But no—he was wrong. There were tiny green leaves coming again from its roots.

Softly closing her study door, Michi Kawai glanced happily about. How dearly she loved her pictures and treasured gifts from many lands! On her desk lay a new magazine from America. The title of its first story caught her eye—JAPAN DEFIES THE WORLD. With shaking hands, she turned its pages and read of the happenings of the past few weeks.

"God forgive us," whispered Michi through her tears. "His children killing one another! What will happen in this country to the Christians, followers of the foreign religion, and to their churches and their schools?"

And then suddenly it was Keisen, her own school, of which she was thinking.

"It shall not die!" she cried. "My school can never die. What I have planted in love and service to God must surely live, in spite of war!"

Her thoughts went back to the garden hedge, so bare and brown, yet hiding life within its roots.

"My school shall be like that," she declared, "until the time when love and peace are ours again. For this I pray, and for this I will wait!"

A FAMOUS WOMAN OF KOREA

Helen Kim (1899-)

by VIRGINIA FAIRFAX and HALLIE BUIE

IN THE seaport town of Chemulpo in Korea, some fifty years ago, the neighbor women were talking over a bit of news.

"The Kims have a baby girl. They are calling her Helen," said one.

"Too bad the baby is not a boy," said another, who believed with most Koreans of the day that boys were better than girls. "But the Kims do not seem to mind."

"The mother says they are going to send the child to school," said still another.

At this all the neighbors laughed, for whoever heard of girls going to school! Korean people thought that girls were not able to read and write, and that there was no use in sending them to school. Girls had to stay at home and learn to sew and cook and to help take care of the smaller children.

"Ah, well, I suppose it's because the Kims are Christians that they have these strange ideas," agreed the neighbors, as they separated to go back to their tasks.

In the Kim home all was happiness over the coming of

the baby girl and the plans for her future. The parents were both Christians at a time when there were few Koreans who were Christians. The mother was a Bible woman who visited near-by homes to teach her neighbors about Jesus. The Kims knew that the missionaries had started the first schools for girls in Korea's four-thousand-year-old history. They were determined that their little girl should go to such a school.

Luckily for Helen Kim, there was a mission school in her own town. She went to it, as her parents had planned. When she had finished that school, she went to Ewha College, in Seoul, the capital city of Korea. Helen was bright and active and full of fun. She liked working hard and she liked having a good time, and she did both easily and with joy. She taught a church school class and belonged to the college chorus as well. She not only sang beautifully but played the piano with skill. At the end of her course she was graduated from college with honors.

Rather to Helen's surprise, she was selected as the most outstanding student of the college and, as such, was given an opportunity to go to the United States for further study.

The missionaries were almost as excited about it as Helen. Since she could not buy American clothes in Korea, a few of the women missionaries made over some of their best dresses so that she would have suitable outfits for any occasion while traveling. On the boat crossing the Pacific Ocean, Helen sometimes put on American clothes in the daytime. But every night at dinner she wore a beautiful silk Korean dress, with a short waist and a long, full skirt

of bright, contrasting color. Those on board thought that she looked more charming in her native dresses than in the American costumes.

From the first day, Helen adapted herself easily to the life of the ship. She was always thoughtful of other people's comfort and pleasure. When she entered the stateroom that she was to share with two missionaries, she noticed that there were only two regular-sized berths and a small sofa.

She walked over to the sofa, saying, "This will be my bed." She insisted upon sleeping on the sofa every night so that the missionaries could have the more comfortable berths.

One afternoon Helen was sitting in a steamer chair on the deck with two Korean boys, who were also going to the United States to study. They were talking over the sad conditions in their country. The Japanese had lately occupied all Korea. One of the first big changes they had made was in the schools. They had made all the students use textbooks written in the Japanese language and had forced them to speak only in Japanese.

One of the boys said, "I'm going to get all the education I can while I am in America so I can be a leader and stand up against the Japanese. They ought not to rule our country."

Helen replied, "When I left home, I promised my father I would never forget Korea, and that I would study how to help teach the women of our country. I believe that Korea needs women who are well trained to do many different things."

Throughout the three-week voyage Helen was bubbling over with curiosity about everything on the ship. Sometimes she asked the missionaries such difficult questions that they had to get one of the ship's officers to give her the correct information. She especially enjoyed ordering meals from menus. Each time she would choose different foods, not knowing what they were and then would be as amused as the missionaries at the queer dishes that the waiters brought her.

The party landed at Seattle, and Helen was eager to get used to American ways and to practise using English. At her request she was the one of the group who went to buy the train tickets at the station, check the baggage, and talk to the redcaps. She managed surprisingly well and thoroughly enjoyed doing it.

She spent several years studying in the United States and took her PH.D. degree at Columbia University. Then she returned to Korea and became a professor at Ewha College. She entered into her work there with great enthusiasm and energy and was so sincere and kind that everybody loved her. She was always ready to do anything that would help the school or the church.

On one occasion when a visiting American bishop was to preach at the church, Helen had been asked to sing a solo at the close of his sermon. She had selected a beautiful song and practised it carefully. But as she listened to the bishop's sermon about the necessity of following Jesus, she laid aside her sheet music and opened a hymnbook, then handed it to the organist.

When the bishop had finished speaking, Helen rose and

sang the simple but deeply moving hymn, "Where He Leads Me, I Will Follow."

After the last note, the bishop said, "I've preached in mission fields all over the world, but I've never had any music anywhere that completed my message in such a fitting way."

After the United States entered the war against Japan, all the American teachers had to leave Korea. Helen then became president of Ewha College, and all the teachers were Koreans. Her greatest problem was to keep the college a Christian one and yet not to offend the Japanese so much that they would close it.

It was such a difficult and dangerous undertaking that her friends advised her to give up the struggle, but she refused. She was determined to stay at her post. And she did. She never left the college for a day or a night. It remained open throughout the war and carried on a Christian program.

The Japanese ordered all Koreans to use Japanese names instead of their own. Helen chose the word *Amagi,* which means "Heavenly City." On being asked why she had selected that name, she replied, "Because it will be a daily challenge to me to live as a citizen of the Heavenly City. Here on Ewha campus we have a chance to be a little part of that Heavenly City. If we can maintain that spirit through all these difficult situations, we can represent our Master wisely."

When at last the Japanese were forced to leave and Korea was free, no one was happier than Helen. Several months later, when speaking about her experiences at a

Y.W.C.A. convention at Atlantic City, she said, "After liberation, I heard some of my students speaking in Korean outside my window. So strong was my habit that I leaned out to caution them to speak in Japanese. And then I realized it was all right. They could speak Korean freely for the rest of their lives. It was one of the greatest moments that came to me after liberation."

A FILIPINO KEEPER OF THE FAITH

Juan Leones (1889-1935)

by MARJORIE ROBERTS

THE little Christian mission in Bawang was dimly lit. Inside, the Filipino worshipers were singing a hymn. The open window spaces of the house made of nipa palms allowed the sound of the song to flow forth into the night. Hidden in the shadows of a bamboo tree outside stood a young man. Juan Leones listened to the singing and to the soft-spoken words of the minister.

It was not the first time Juan had listened outside in the darkness. Several evenings had found him walking slowly past the little house, drawn by the songs of Christian hope and love that seemed to satisfy a hunger and unrest within him.

The neighbors of Juan would have been amazed if they had guessed at his unrest. They thought of him as a fortunate member of the Leones family, who were leaders in the community and wealthy. He had a good job with the government, and he was engaged to a beautiful, wealthy girl. What more could a man want? But Juan did want more. The religion of his family did not wholly satisfy him. Neither did their way of life. As he listened to the singing,

he realized that there was something better, and that he could have it. Suddenly he moved from the shadows and walked quickly into the mission house. The worshipers made room for him. The voice of Juan Abellera, the Filipino minister, went steadily on as he gave the Christian message. For the first time, Juan Leones heard the story of Jesus told simply and sweetly.

Juan listened and understood. He left the room uplifted. His old way of life, with its drinking, gambling, and swearing no longer appealed to him. He felt strong and happy, ready to take up a new way of life.

Pastor Abellera welcomed him into the church and gave him a little book to read. It was called *What Is Christianity?*, and in the weeks that followed it opened a new world to the young man. Juan read the Bible, too, and came to know its stories and message.

One day he watched the American missionary, Howard Widdoes, crossing the Bawang River on a big black horse. The river was high, and there was a long struggle before man and horse safely reached the shore.

Juan stepped up to Mr. Widdoes and said, "Pastor Widdoes, I want you to baptize me now beside the river."

The startled missionary said, "Can't you wait till tomorrow? I haven't my book of forms with me and there is none of the congregation here."

"But didn't Philip baptize the Ethiopian without any of those things? I am ready, so what more is needed?" asked Juan.

Pastor Widdoes saw that Juan was truly ready. So he baptized him in the rushing river. With that baptizing,

Juan Leones became a mighty worker for the Christian faith.

Juan turned first to his family, wishing to share his new joy with them. He was eager to tell them of his change of heart and his plans for his new life. Quickly he called his father and brothers to him.

"We are going to live differently in this house. We are going to stop this drinking and gambling and swearing and live different lives. Let me read to you the story of Jesus from this Bible."

"Bible!" Father Leones hated the word and the Book. He grabbed the Bible, tore the pages, and shouted to his son, "Get out of my house!"

Juan spoke no word lest he anger his father more. "Never come into this house again. You are no longer my son!" shouted the old man. Juan left, knowing that no longer did he belong to a family of wealth and influence. He began to think of the girl he loved.

"Chrispina? What of her? How will she feel?" he wondered. He tried to see her but was told she was away. One morning he received a note from her. He opened it with trembling fingers. Maybe she would see him and let him tell of his new faith. She might even be willing to go to the mission with him. He read the note eagerly: "Juan, I have heard of your strange doings. Our engagement is broken. Please stay away."

For hours Juan walked along the seashore, watching the rippling waves glisten in the sun. At times he threw himself upon the sand as he struggled with grief. To be cast out of his home, to lose his promised wife—this was a hard

test of his new faith. After losing so much, could he build a new life that would be worth living?

In the evening he went to his new friend, the minister Juan Abellera. The young man's face told of his struggle better than his words. "For the sake of Christ," he said steadily and slowly, "I have lost my inheritance, my parents, and the girl I love. Since I have paid so much for my faith, I want it to be worth all it cost. I have decided to resign from the government service and to enter the ministry right away."

Juan began his studies. After a time he wanted to start the work upon which he had set his heart. He went to the missionary committee with a request that amazed them. "Send me to teach among the Igorots in the mountains," he begged.

"The Igorots! They believe in spirits and especially those of their dead enemies. Because of their fear, they fight and kill. Surely you must know this!"

"I know it," said Juan. "Their need is great. That is why I am going to them."

Up the mountain trail that led to the region of these little known Igorots, Juan Leones trudged, accompanied by two American missionaries, Mr. Pace and Mr. Mumma. The beauty of the mountains, the clear, rushing streams, the wonder of the manmade rice terraces made the trip very interesting to the three travelers. Upon their arrival at the little mountain village of Sigay, they found all the huts deserted.

"Where are the Igorots?" asked Mr. Pace, as the three men looked around.

"I think they saw us coming and fled," answered Juan.

"I thought perhaps they would try to kill us," laughed Mr. Mumma. "I didn't think they would be afraid of us."

"They are afraid of your white skin," said Juan. "They have probably never seen white men before."

"What shall we do?" asked Mr. Pace.

Juan hesitated a moment. Then he said firmly, "You go back and leave me here. Perhaps if they see me, a Filipino, alone and unarmed, they will return. I thank you for coming with me, but perhaps it is better for me to meet them alone and try to make friends with them. Tell the missionary society to pray for the work here."

The two Americans started down the long trail. Juan waited alone, looking at the little huts and praying that God would use him to bring Christ to this village. Just before dark he saw three old Igorot men approaching the village warily, with upraised spears. Juan went to meet them smiling and saying the few Igorot words that he had been able to learn, "Friends, I like you. You look nice."

One of the old men said something that Juan did not understand. "Friends, I like you. You look nice," said Juan again. The old men began to laugh. They shouted aloud to the others of their tribe. Soon many villagers were crowding around to see this crazy lowlander who dared to come among them alone and unarmed and who said he liked them.

In the months that followed, Juan worked hard to gain the friendship of the Igorots of the village of Sigay. He helped the men to build huts, he worked to gather their sweet potatoes and corn, he learned more Igorot words, he

gave sick people medicine and taught them rules of health, he told the people of Christ.

For two years Juan remained at Sigay. Once Mr. Pace and Mr. Mumma visited the village and were amazed at the influence a single Christian man had made upon the tribesmen. A whole village had been changed.

At the end of two years, Juan returned to continue his studies at the seminary that had opened in Manila. To the missionary society he reported: "There is a church in Sigay, and nearly all the village people belong to it. Send me now to the Kalingas."

The men gasped. The Kalingas were head-hunters and no one went near them but the soldiers.

Juan asked, "Don't you expect to carry the Christian message to them sometime?"

"Yes," they said slowly, "sometime."

"I want to do it now," Juan said.

At the meeting was a little deaconess from the Bible training school. She was fired by Juan's enthusiasm and said, "I wish I could go to the Kalingas, too." The men laughed.

Juan did not laugh. That evening he called upon the deaconess, Lucia Estoista, and when he left for Kalinga, Lucia went with him as his wife.

Again the friendly approach of Juan, aided by the helpfulness of his little wife, won the friendship of a hostile tribe. Two of the chiefs who at first had threatened the lives of the young missionaries later became Christians and served as officers in the little Kalinga church. Hundreds of the tribe were baptized in the years that followed.

Head-hunting and fighting became things of the past.

Juan Leones stood one evening looking into the sunset. Before him stretched the Kalinga village with the new church in the center, the tidy homes of the people clustered about, the children playing and singing, the older people doing their work neatly and efficiently. Juan and his wife had labored hard, but he felt it had all been worth while. Like Paul of old, he had fought the good fight, he had kept the faith, and a deep joy filled his heart.

SIGNAL HILL

Frank Laubach (1884-)

by ALICE GEER KELSEY

THE black dog bounded up the trail, gaily waving the white tail that gave him his name, Tip. He had time for side trips into green bamboo thickets to chase chirping birds or little scurrying animals. Tip, of course, had four nimble legs to his master's two. Tip knew the way well. During the month he had been at Lanao with his master, Mr. Frank Laubach, they had seldom skipped the five o'clock climb up Signal Hill behind their cottage to watch the sun set. Tip missed his young master, Bob, who had stayed with his mother in a safer place when Mr. Laubach had come to Lanao on the island of Mindanao in the Philippines to start missionary work among the warlike Moros.

The Moros were a Moslem tribe known for their fierce hatred of Christians. They were ever ready to fight their neighbors.

If Tip had been a person instead of a friendly black dog, he would have noticed how slowly his master walked this afternoon, as though something were bothering him. If Tip had been a person, Mr. Laubach might have talked to him something like this:

"Was it worth while coming to Mindanao, Tip? I worked for fifteen years with the Filipinos in other parts of the islands, and that work amounted to something. Was it right to leave my Filipino friends so that I could start new work among the Moros, who do not seem to want me? These Moros need so much that I could do for them, but I cannot find a way to start making friends with them."

But Tip was not a person, so Mr. Laubach talked instead to the Friend who is always ready to listen and to answer. Sitting on the top of Signal Hill, watching the sun set over blue Lake Lanao and the distant volcanoes, Mr. Laubach talked with God about his discouraging first weeks among the Moslem Moros. Tip snuggled his cool black nose under his master's arm and licked his master's hand. The dog knew that comfort was needed.

The clouds in the west changed from pale pink to fiery red, then turned a golden orange. The same bright colors danced over the blue lake. The man and the dog sat silently on the green summit of Signal Hill. Suddenly Mr. Laubach's lips began to move. It seemed to him that the God who scattered the colors of the sunset was speaking. Words seemed to come straight from God to the missionary's lips.

"My child," Mr. Laubach felt God saying, "you do not really love these Moros. You want to help them, but you feel you are better than they are. You must forget that you are an American. You must think of how you can love them. Then they will be friendly to you."

To these words, which seemed to come straight from God, Mr. Laubach answered, "God, I don't know whether

you are speaking to me through my lips, but if you are, what you say is the truth. My plans have not worked because I do not love the Moros enough. Come into my own life and think your thoughts through my mind. Love these Moros through my heart."

In answer to that prayer, one of God's thoughts flashed into the mind of Mr. Laubach. His own lips spoke the words that surely must come from God.

"My child," Mr. Laubach felt God saying, "if you want the Moros to be fair to your Christian religion, be fair to their Moslem faith. You want them to study your Bible with you. You must first study their sacred book, the Koran, with them."

The golden orange of the sky faded to gray; the blue of the lake deepened to black. The dog bounded down the trail ahead of his master, who walked now with sure, glad strides. Mr. Laubach was letting God think through his mind and love through his heart. He knew what to do now. He went straight to the house of some Moro priests.

"I wish to study your Koran," he told them. "Will you come to my cottage tomorrow and teach me?"

"We will come," promised the surprised priests.

And they did come, each with a fat copy of the Koran, which was written in Arabic. Of course, the priests expected they would quickly turn the Christian missionary to the Moslem faith. What happened instead was that Mr. Laubach kept finding ways in which the two religions were alike. Because he never belittled the Koran nor the services in the mosque, the priests were glad to share their thoughts with this new friend. When he showed that some

of the Moslem ideas and stories could be found in the Christian Bible, they were ready to listen to him. Both Moslems and Christians, they found, had many of the same heroes—Abraham, Moses, Joseph, David, and even Jesus. Because Jesus was mentioned in their holy book, the Moros were ready to hear new and beautiful stories about him from Mr. Laubach.

Still asking God to think thoughts into his mind and love through his heart, Mr. Laubach took one step after another to build a bridge between these Moslem people and Christ. First, he learned their language, which was as yet unwritten. When he could speak it, he and a Filipino teacher named Donato Galia figured out a way to write it. That was hard because the Moros themselves could not divide their sentences into separate words. For instance, they would say *Andakasoong*, meaning "Where are you going?" but they could not tell which part of *Andakasoong* meant "where" or "you" or "are going." At last, Mr. Laubach and his helper worked out a way to write the language in our Roman letters. Then someone gave them a printing press; someone else gave them a building in which they could use their printing press. Mr. Laubach and Donato Galia were all ready to print books for the Moros to read, but there was still one thing wrong with their plans.

"Who is going to read what we print on our new press?" they asked each other. "The Moros cannot read their own language. Very few of them can read the ancient and difficult Arabic writing. Not a single person among them knows the Roman letters in which we are planning to print books for them."

If Mr. Laubach had been thinking only his own thoughts, he probably would have gone about teaching reading in the old-fashioned, slow way by use of the Roman letters. Only the boldest Moros would have tried to learn. Only the brightest would have succeeded in reading a book, after hard months of study. But Mr. Laubach, as you remember, was letting God think in his mind. God, loving the Moros, helped Mr. Laubach find a shortcut in teaching reading.

"We must find a few key words that contain all the consonants of the Maranaw language," said Mr. Laubach. After several tries, he found three well known words that were just right—*Malabanga,* the name of a Lanao town, *karatasa,* the word for paper, and *paganada,* the word for study or learn. These words he divided into syllables and printed on a big chart:

ma	*la*	*ba*	*nga*
ka	*ra*	*ta*	*sa*
pa	*ga*	*na*	*da*

When a Moro, thrilled and surprised at himself, learned to read these words, he was shown that the different parts could be put together to make other words. *Ma la* meant "big," *nga nga* meant "open mouth," *ba ba* meant "short," *a la* meant "God." When the excited reader had learned to make words of all the syllables, he was shown what happened when an *a* was replaced by an *o, e, i,* or *u.* Before he knew what was happening, he found that he could read *lo bi* meaning "coconut," *bo la* meaning "ball," *mi mi* meaning "girl," *o lo* meaning "head," *bi bi* meaning "duck," or *a mo* meaning "monkey." A bright pupil could actually

learn to read within an hour. That sounds like a miracle, but miracles still can happen when people are willing to let God think with their minds and love with their hearts.

Mr. Laubach made another discovery when he asked each new pupil to teach another person to read. Not only was the number of readers increased but the new pupils learned their lessons better when they had to teach them. "Each one teach one" became part of his plan for showing people how to read. It, too, seemed part of the miracle.

News of a miracle travels fast.

"Teach our people to read, too," was the request that came from every corner of the Philippines. Mr. Laubach was only too glad to help. He saw that the same system could be used to make reading easy in other languages. A list of the languages for which Mr. Laubach found key words and started making reading charts sounds like a counting-out game. It could begin:

Maranaw, Ilongo, Tagalog,
Manobo, Isinay, Ibanag,
Ilocano, Joloana,
Cebuan, and Visayan.

And the list could go on and on, through twenty-one languages spoken on the Philippine Islands.

News of a miracle travels far.

"Please come and teach our people to read." The requests poured in from all over Asia. Mr. Laubach was about to start for a vacation in America, so he agreed to stop at several places in Asia on his way home.

In Singapore he had two days to work with two mission-

aries and some Moslem boys, showing them how to find key words and build reading charts in the Malay language. He made many stops in India, showing people how to write lessons in languages he himself could not speak—Hindi, Marathi, Telugu, Tamil, and Urdu. In Cairo forty missionaries and some Egyptians worked with him to make five charts in two days. In Palestine and in Syria, Mr. Laubach had the thrill of working on charts that would help people read of the great Jesus who once moved through the very land where they now lived. In Turkey, where new ways were being welcomed, more reading charts were prepared. It seemed impossible that one man could accomplish so much in so short a time. People began to call Mr. Laubach the "miracle man," but he himself knew these miracles all began when he decided to let God think through him and love through him.

News of the Laubach miracles spread to far corners of the world.

"Please come and teach our people to read," was the call that came again from Asia. It came, too, from Africa and from South America. As war conditions were making it impossible for Mr. Laubach to carry on his regular work in the Philippines, he had time for trips to East Africa, to India again, and to South America. Though he did not know the languages there, he could show teachers how to find key words and build reading lessons. He showed them, also, that patience and love were needed in teaching the first steps of reading. Wherever he went, he proved that it was not necessary to have many trained teachers. If the rule of "Each one teach one" were used, the wonderful

knowledge of the printed page would spread and spread and spread.

How can Frank Laubach crowd so much of love and successful work into days that are no longer than yours and mine? Let's climb Signal Hill again with him and his good dog, Tip, and learn his secret. He once stood on the summit of Signal Hill looking down at the rice fields growing tall and green in the sunshine.

"Child," he felt God saying to him, "the rice needs sunshine every day. It could not grow if it had sun only once a week or one hour a day. You are like the rice. You need God all day of every day. So do people all over the world. They are withering because they are open toward God only once in a while. Every waking minute is not too much."

SOLDIER OF PEACE

Ludwig Nommensen (1834-1918)

by ALICE HUDSON LEWIS

ALMOST everyone likes stories about heroes. There are many good stories about war heroes. There are good stories about peace heroes, too. One of the greatest of these is the story of Ludwig Nommensen.

Like many other heroes, Ludwig Nommensen was born in a very humble home. His father was a lockkeeper over a hundred years ago on a little North German island. There was almost no money in that kind of work. Little Ludy, as the boy was called, was sent out to work when he was only seven years old to earn a bit of extra money for the family by tending a neighbor's flock of geese. When he was eight he knew exactly what he wanted to be—a shepherd. When he was nine, however, his father apprenticed him to a slater. When Ludy was ten he was working for a farmer, and during that year he suffered a severe accident. A horse and cart knocked him down in the cobbled street. He was so badly injured that no one believed he would ever walk again. Long, lonely days came for the crippled boy, who could no longer run about at work or play.

Ludy had a friend who never failed him—the village

schoolmaster, who came almost daily to see him and help him with his reading. Ludy was told stories of faraway places where people lived who had never heard of Jesus. There was only one book in Ludy's house—the old family Bible. When the schoolmaster read to him from that Book all the wonderful old adventure stories came alive to the boy.

There was one sentence in the Bible that stayed in his mind—it was a promise. "If you ask anything in my name, I will do it." Now there was one thing that Ludy wanted very much, and that was to walk again. Night after night, alone in the dark, he prayed, "Make my legs well. Let me walk again, and I will go to carry the gospel to the faraway people the schoolmaster tells me about."

One day a new doctor came to the village, and the schoolmaster brought him to see Ludy. The doctor looked the boy over carefully. He said, "Hm! Well, well! I think we can do something about this." Under his treatment the boy grew stronger rapidly, and in less than a month he was walking again.

Hard times came to the Nommensen household. The father died, and for six long years Ludwig found himself the sole support of his mother and two sisters. But he never forgot the promise he had made to God to take the gospel to the people who did not know it.

Many friends helped him, and he worked hard to help himself. He milked cows, cleaned stables, taught school, swept the schoolhouse, took care of the church, and taught a Sunday school class. He did anything that would help him earn money enough to attend the school where mis-

sionaries were prepared for service in foreign lands. At last he was able to take the training. But he was twenty-seven years old before he was ready to leave for foreign lands. He was sent to the island of Sumatra in the East Indies. He planned to work among the Batak people, who were known as cannibals.

Now Ludwig Nommensen knew about Sumatra and how very difficult his task there would be. He knew that thirty years before two American missionaries had been killed and eaten by the people among whom he meant to live. But he knew, too, that these Batak people did not kill and eat human beings without a reason that seemed good to them. They felt that white men had a strength and a power that they did not possess, and they wanted that power. They believed that if they ate the flesh of those strangers, they would gain the same strength for themselves.

Nommensen believed that if he learned the customs of the Bataks and took care to break none of their laws, he could go into their country with safety. Once there, he thought that he could make friends with the people and finally show them that what they needed was not physical power to fight their enemies but spiritual strength to live clean, abundant lives—the kind of life Jesus promised to all who would follow him. During his first months in Sumatra he studied the ways of the Batak people. Then he began visiting their villages. With a couple of Batak guides, he would go to call on a village chieftain. Inside the village he would find an earthen wall topped with sharp-pointed sticks to keep out the evil spirits which everyone feared. The chief and his people lived in houses built on stilts so

that there was room for the dogs, pigs, chickens, and other animals to live under the floor. Through a trap door in the floor Nommensen would be led up to the room where everybody lived together.

Nommensen found the Bataks to be a hospitable people when they had nothing to fear, and soon he was sharing their meals as a friend. He always led the talk to fear of evil spirits. He never failed to tell them how Jesus had come to make men free from fear—yes, free of the evil spirits that so beset their lives.

Gradually Nommensen won friends, and late in 1863, with the permission of the Dutch government, he went to Silindung Valley to live among the Toba Bataks. Many of the chiefs in that region did not want him to live near them. When he tried to build his house, they and their people tore it down and tried to burn it. Failing to drive him away, they tried to discourage him by throwing all kinds of filth into his yard. They threatened him.

"We will cut off your legs and throw you into the river," they said. "We will kill you and call the people to come and eat you. We will burn you and your house together."

But with his two Batak helpers, day by day, Nommensen went among the people, talking with them, telling them about Christ, and learning more and more about them. They were cannibals of the worst order, but that did not make him hate them. He tried to understand them and help them.

Nommensen seemed to have magic in his fingers where the sick were concerned. He was not trained in medicine, but his skill at helping the sick surprised even himself. And

those who were healed were grateful. The men were so often at war with one another that constantly he was called upon to dress spear and bullet wounds. To him that meant an opportunity to teach the gospel as well as heal. He started a school and was immensely successful at it. Soon he had a fine band of new Christians.

One day Nommensen heard an exciting bit of news. The old chief who had killed the two American missionaries more than thirty years before was still alive. Now you might think that chief was one man Nommensen would avoid. But no, straight to that chief's village he went and sat down with him.

"I know that you killed the two white men and, with your followers, ate them," he said. "But I have come to tell you that God forgives those who are truly sorry for the evil they have done. And God will forgive you." The chief listened to the story of Jesus' coming to earth and to his plan for salvation. Oh yes, he freely admitted killing the missionaries, but he refused to repent.

Nommensen did much more for the Bataks than just preaching and healing. He took up their problems with the government and helped to make sure that their lands would not be taken away from them to make big plantations for Dutch landlords. They were grateful for this, too.

One of the most exciting experiences Nommensen had came when a group of unfriendly chiefs stirred up a movement against him and sent out invitations to a feast of sacrifice to the spirits. They intended to destroy Nommensen utterly.

The Christians were frightened and begged their friend

to leave the country. When he refused to run from his enemies, the Christians formed a bodyguard and would not leave him day or night.

When the day of the feast arrived, more than a thousand cannibals with spears, guns, and knives came to the village where Nommensen lived. Their witch-doctor chief was with them. They prepared to slaughter an ox for a burnt offering to the spirits. Nommensen, leaving his Christian guard, walked right into the center of the noisy crowd, alone and unarmed.

"I ask you all to lay aside your weapons of war," he cried in a loud voice. The armed men could hardly believe their eyes and ears. For a long moment they were stricken dumb by his bravery. Then a sullen murmur arose. Nommensen disregarded it and walked from one to another of the warriors, taking their knives from their hands.

"Hm," they sneered, "that won't do you any good! We can kill you with our two hands." But they did not move against him.

The witch doctor's voice rang out in a challenge to the Christians. "I shall not accept the ox as an offering unless you sacrifice a human from your midst."

Up from that crowd of cannibals rose a cry for the sacrifice of Nommensen. His Christian friends were certain that this was the end for him. But not Nommensen. With hand upraised he walked calmly around the circle. "Quiet!" he called. "Be calm and peaceful!" Straight toward the witch doctor he walked.

That evil man knew that his power was broken. Without a word he fell on the ground and lay still. The men who

had come with him to destroy Nommensen gathered in little groups, bewildered and fearful. Nommensen preached the gospel to them as to a great congregation.

Suddenly rain began to fall. When the rain comes down in the tropics, it falls in sheets and torrents. "Why, even the heavens are on his side!" the people shouted to one another as they ran to get out of the rain.

From then on, more and more were willing to listen to Nommensen's teaching. In less than a month's time a message was on its way to Germany: "Send more missionaries. All Silindung is ready to hear the gospel."

And so it was. In three short years Nommensen, the fearless missionary, had conquered the power of the evil spirits with his gospel of love.

It would take a very large book to tell all the exciting adventures of this great soldier of peace. In between the exciting experiences he found time to translate the Bible into the Batak language and give it to the people he loved. He saw the Christian church in Batakland grow from a fearful few to a great working body, independent and strong, with a fine missionary program of its own. He saw the descendants of the chief who refused to repent become Christians. A fine, strong church was built in the place where the two first missionaries were killed.

He died in 1918, an old man of eighty-four years. He died in the land where he had spent so much of his life, and more than forty thousand people came to his funeral. They came to honor the friend who had fearlessly brought them "the words of life"—Ludwig Nommensen, soldier of peace.

PIONEER IN TIBET

Albert Shelton (1875-1922)

by MABEL NIEDERMEYER

ALBERT SHELTON knew danger and hardship while he was still a boy. His family were among the pioneers who went to the plains of Kansas as settlers. Young Albert learned early to get his own food by hunting and to kill a dangerous rattlesnake with the long ox whip. Pioneer ways appealed to him. Perhaps that was why as a man he chose to go to a pioneer mission field when he finished his training as a doctor. He had expected to serve at Nanking in China. Instead he answered the urgent call for a missionary doctor in faraway Tibet.

To get to Tibet, Dr. Shelton and his young wife crossed the Atlantic, late in 1903, traveled up the great Yangtze River for a thousand miles to Ichang, then went farther up the river for almost two months. Finally they got in sedan chairs and for many days they were carried across wide plains and finally up, up, into the mountains that bordered Tibet to the city of Tachienlu, over 8,000 feet above sea level, standing at the head of a valley crowded between mountains.

By the end of his first year, Dr. Shelton was preaching,

taking charge of a day school, doing medical work in the city, and going on occasional journeys to help the country people. His work was lightened when another missionary couple, the Ogdens, arrived to help. Dr. Shelton was then free to concentrate on medical work. His home had been made happy by the birth of two daughters, Doris and Dorothy.

In many ways Tachienlu was not a good place for a mission station. Because it was on the border of China, the Tibetan people did not come to it freely. So Dr. Shelton and Mr. Ogden sought a place farther inland. They selected Batang as the best spot for the new station, and the mission board agreed to the change. In 1908 the move was made.

While the Sheltons were in the midst of moving, a man arrived who needed an operation. He had come a month's journey in search of the doctor's help.

The surgical instruments had already been sent on toward Batang. What could be done? The sick man decided that he would follow the doctor to Batang.

A few days after the doctor arrived in Batang, the sick man came to him. The doctor unpacked his instruments and decided to operate at once. He had his patient placed on a door, which he often used as an operating table. In the courtyard, in full view of many people, the operation was successfully performed.

The operation in the open caused great talk in Batang. No one could say that magic power or devil's medicine had been used to cure the man. The doctor's reputation was established.

It was happenings like this that helped to give the people

of Batang a friendly feeling toward the doctor and the other missionaries. At first they had feared the newcomers. "Do not go near them or they will cut out your livers to make medicine," they had warned their children.

Before long the children who were sick were being brought to the doctor for treatment.

A hospital, homes for the missionaries, and a church were built in Batang, and a sturdy Christian fellowship was built up.

Dr. Shelton was ever the pioneer. He wanted to push mission work farther into Tibet.

"We should build a hospital in Lhasa," the doctor often said. "We could not only heal the sick who live there but also those who make pilgrimages to the city. We could train young Tibetans to become doctors and medical workers among their own people."

The mission board had agreed to a trial visit to Lhasa and had sent the necessary supplies, which were waiting at the coast.

"Dorothy, Doris, and I shall go home to America while you go to Lhasa to try out your plan," Mrs. Shelton said. "It is time that the girls had some schooling in America."

So early one morning in 1919, the Shelton family started on their journey to the seacoast, with the farewells of the school children of the Batang mission in their ears.

Because of the mountain passes that had to be crossed, the journey to the railroad station at Yunnanfu had to be made by horse or on foot. Mrs. Shelton was carried in a sedan chair, the girls rode horses, and the doctor was on his favorite mule. When the party passed the border into

China, escorts were sent along from station to station to protect the travelers from any possible robber bands they might meet along the way.

After twenty-four days of travel, the party reached Lichang, China. Here they visited for a day or two with friends, to rest and to wash their clothes. The villagers came hurrying out to be treated for their various illnesses. Among them was a poor old woman who came with a basket of oranges and two ducks. "These are a gift for saving my husband's life," she said.

"Your husband?" asked Dr. Shelton in a puzzled way.

"Yes. He is the man who followed you to Batang when first you went there," she replied.

Rested again for their journey, the Sheltons started off once more and traveled twelve days with no trouble. By this time only four men were with them as escorts.

Dr. Shelton was riding along behind his family one Saturday about noon, when one of the escorts shouted, "Robbers! Robbers!" He fired his gun into the air and then ran back along the track they had come. With him went the other escorts. Shots began to come from in front. Dr. Shelton ran forward with his Tibetan servant.

By this time many bandits had swooped down on the party. The bandits quickly took what they wanted from the pockets, chairs, and saddlebags. One of the leaders asked Dr. Shelton to go back up the road a way to see their general.

In spite of Mrs. Shelton's pleading, the doctor was forced to leave his family and go with the bandits. He soon learned that he was a prisoner and was being held for ran-

som. In the following miserable days, he was forced to hide out with the robber band and to watch them steal and even kill. Often they rode all night to escape pursuit.

One day Dr. Shelton had a chance to talk with the leader, Yang Tien Fu. "What is the ransom you are asking for me?" he asked.

"You will be freed when the governor releases my wife and mother and son who are being held captive in Yunnanfu, and when $50,000 worth of arms and ammunition are given for your release," was the reply.

Dr. Shelton knew that if the ransom money were paid for him, other missionaries would be captured and held for similar sums, so he refused to consent to the demand for payment.

Yang Tien Fu reconsidered and finally said, "Then you shall be free only when my family is free and the governor grants a pardon to every member of our group."

Those terms seemed more hopeful. Later, through a French Catholic priest, a letter was sent to the governor, making those demands. The family of the robber leader were freed and a meeting arranged between a government representative and Yang Tien Fu. At that meeting, Yang Tien Fu asked in addition to his other demands that he and his band be given charge of the road for a distance of twelve miles. This the governor refused to grant, and Dr. Shelton's hope for freedom was abruptly brought to an end.

The days of captivity stretched on and on. Occasional word came from Mrs. Shelton and the girls, so the doctor knew they were safe and waiting for him. But the life he was forced to live began to break down his health. Coupled

with that, a small tumor began forming on his neck. It grew in size and began to pain him a great deal. Finally, he was almost exhausted. So on the sixty-fifth day of his captivity, the robbers left him behind in a bed of new rice straw in the loft of an old barn. Four men of the village took care of him for six days.

Late one afternoon, Dr. Shelton was told that a government official and his servant were in the village. The doctor managed to go out to meet them. He learned that the government had been trying for two months to rescue him from his captors.

In a few days more Dr. Shelton was reunited with his family. How happy his wife and girls were to see him again! The doctor returned to America with his family for treatment and rest before he could hope to go to his new field in Lhasa.

The days of getting well seemed long to this missionary man of action. He was eager to get back to Tibet. Finally he could be held in America no longer. In the fall of 1921, Dr. and Mrs. Shelton and two new missionary couples sailed for the Orient. The Shelton girls stayed with their grandparents in California. The plan this time was for Mrs. Shelton to go as far as China, while Dr. Shelton would take the new workers on to Batang and then make plans for beginning his work in Lhasa.

The doctor said good-by to his wife at Shanghai, and with the other members of the party went on to Batang, arriving just before Christmas.

On February 15, Dr. Shelton set out from Batang to see the governor of eastern Tibet. He had not gone far when

he received word that he had better return because of danger.

Dr. Shelton and his party started back the next day.

When they were about six miles from Batang, suddenly, as he rounded a curve in the mountain path, a shot rang out, and Dr. Shelton fell from his mule. When his companions, riding in back of him, rounded that curve, they found him lying, wounded, in the middle of the road. He had been shot by a bandit. Dr. Shelton treated himself until a doctor came. Then he was carried back to Batang on a stretcher. As the party neared the city, between fifty and a hundred villagers who had heard the news came out to light the way with pine torches.

The doctor's condition was so serious that no more could be done for him. About midnight he began to grow steadily weaker, and he died within the next hour.

After his death one of his best friends wrote of him: "He was scared to death most of the time, but one of the bravest of men. He traveled over the main roads of a hundred thousand square miles in Eastern Tibet and worked among the most savage tribes, making friends and opening the way. In his ministry of love he went about doing good, preaching, teaching, and healing after his ideal, the Christ."

DOCTOR ON HORSEBACK

Frederick Shepard (1855-1915)

by ALICE GEER KELSEY

I'M *so* glad Astrig is sick!" Garabed wriggled himself to a higher limb of the big mulberry tree, the better to see over the mud-brick wall that guarded the orphanage yard.

"Why, Garabed! What a thing to say!" Siranoush climbed awkwardly into a low branch. Like Garabed, she watched the road that wound from the Turkish city of Aintab up the brown hill where the mission orphanage for Armenian children stood.

"Well, of course, I don't want Astrig to be *very* sick," admitted Garabed. He peered down the brown road that seemed to grow smaller and smaller till it disappeared in the city from which forty minarets pointed skyward. The slim towers were silent now, but soon, Garabed knew, muezzins would climb the winding stairway of many of them and let the Moslem call to prayer trill out over the city of mud-brick houses.

"I know what you mean." Siranoush laughed but did not take her eyes from the hard, brown road. "You mean you are glad she is sick enough so that Shippet has to come to see her. I think we are all glad about that."

There was a joyous whoop behind them. The orphanage door flung open, and two small boys ran down the cobblestone path to the front gate.

"Miss Frearon says we can open the door for Shippet," shouted Arsham. Like many others in the Aintab area, the boy shortened the name of Dr. Shepard to "Shippet." Like the others, he spoke the name lovingly.

"You can watch from the mulberry tree and tell us when it is time to open the gate," called Haritun.

"We will watch," promised Garabed and Siranoush together.

Thin Zadouhi, a newcomer at the orphanage, joined the watchers by the gate. "I asked Miss Frearon why everyone was so excited about this Shippet's coming. She told me to come out here and ask you."

The four children started to talk at once. All Zadouhi could hear was a mixture of words: "kind—fun—laughing—strong—helping—horses—children—"

"One at a time, please," she begged.

"There's no one in Aintab who can ride a horse the way Shippet can!" began Garabed. "He trains his horses himself usually, and he rides as far and as fast as an Arab. But he doesn't ride just for the fun of it. He rides to get to sick people just as quickly as he can. And he goes by the shortest roads, no matter how rough they are. Once he swam beside his horse across a cold river in the winter because going around by the bridge might have made him too late to save the life of a sick girl. Oh, there isn't anything Shippet doesn't dare to do with a horse!"

"And wait till you hear Shippet laugh!" beamed Arsham.

"Once I was in the hospital with a broken leg. Every day he came to my bed and talked to me. He always had something funny to say. People used to say that his jokes and his laughing helped them get better almost as much as his medicines and his operations."

"You ought to see the sick people who want him to cure them!" said Haritun. "They call him to their homes here in Aintab and way off in faraway villages. There are crowds of them on clinic days. They come hobbling on foot or riding on donkeys or bouncing along in oxcarts. If he cannot cure them in the clinic, he takes them into the hospital. When people are so sick that he cannot really cure them, he talks to them about Jesus and makes them feel better. People call his hospital the Jesus hospital."

"Shippet doesn't have to talk to people to remind them of Jesus," added Siranoush. "They can just look at Shippet and see what Jesus must have been like."

Just then there was a whoop from Garabed, high in the mulberry tree. "There's someone coming on horseback! It's a good rider on a fast black horse. It might be Shippet!"

"Is he short with broad shoulders?" asked Arsham.

"Does he sit very straight in the saddle?" asked Haritun. "Does he ride as though he were part of the horse?"

"Does he wear a hat instead of a fez?" asked Siranoush.

"Yes!" shouted Garabed. "It *is* Shippet!"

Ashram and Haritun opened the "needle's eye," the creaking, small door that was cut in the great gate of the orphanage wall. Siranoush slipped awkwardly from the low limb of the mulberry tree and ran into the orphanage to spread the good news to the children who were working

busily inside the building. Miss Frearon had promised them all that they could run to the gate as soon as the doctor was reported to be in sight.

"Shippet is coming!" called Siranoush.

Hammers clattered to the bench as the little boys left their simple carpentry. Needles were thrust hastily into homespun squares as the little girls laid aside their colorful embroidery. Stools scraped on the bare floor as the big girls jumped up from their places at the great wooden loom where they were patiently tying knot after knot to make a thick, soft rug. Only Koharig stayed behind to tie a few more knots and to think about the wonderful idea that had just popped into her head.

"Shall I tell the other girls?" she asked herself. "I wonder what Miss Frearon would say. I wonder if Shippet would like it."

Koharig tied three knots of soft red wool, then four knots of soft blue wool. She wanted to be alone to think. She followed the pattern carefully, knot after knot—yellow wool, green wool, red wool, blue wool. She heard the sharp clip of horses' hoofs outside the gate. Then she left the loom and joined the group of happy children in the yard. Small boys and girls of all ages lined up on either side of the orphanage path.

"Hosh geldiniz!" The children called their welcome as the short, stocky doctor jumped easily from his horse and stepped through the "needle's eye" in the big gate.

"Hosh bouldouk!" he answered their greeting. The doctor walked between the two rows of smiling orphans with a word for one and a smile for another.

"How is the leg, Arsham?" he asked, recognizing the boy whose broken leg he had set.

"I was in your home village last week, Yevkine," he said to a shy girl with huge brown eyes. "There were baby lambs leaping on the hillsides."

"How big you are growing!" he said to Haritun.

A few more he greeted by name as he walked between the rows. Then he went inside.

"Lucky Astrig!" sighed Mariam. "He'll talk with her a long time. He'll tell her funny stories, perhaps about his own children."

Dr. Shepard went upstairs to see the sick girl. The workroom filled again with busy orphans. But Koharig did not return at once to the loom. She went first to see Miss Frearon. She wanted to talk with the orphanage mother before she spoke with the other big girls about her plan.

"It sounds like a good idea to me," Miss Frearon said when she had heard the plan. "Let me know what the girls say about it."

Koharig danced into the workroom a few minutes later. The other girls about the loom stopped their work at the sight of the happy shine in her brown eyes.

"What is it, Koharig?" they asked. "What has happened?"

"I've had an idea! Listen!"

Their dark heads huddled close together as Koharig told them her plan.

"Who is the best man in Aintab?" began Koharig.

"Shippet, of course! He is the best man in all Turkey. I think he is the kindest and most wonderful man in the whole world."

"Would you like to give him a present to show how much we love him?" asked Koharig.

"Of course we would. But we haven't a thing to give him. You know we have no money."

"But we have something better than money." Koharig held out her own slim hands. "We have our fingers that know how to make beautiful things."

"But what could we make for him? He wouldn't want embroidery or lace."

Koharig pointed at the big rug, almost finished on its wooden loom. "Our hands did every bit of work except the shearing of the sheep."

Slowly, as the idea caught on, the girls realized how very much of themselves would go with a gift of the rug.

"Remember how warm it was in the spring sunshine the day we took the new wool to the brook to wash at shearing time?" said Mariam.

"Remember how we pricked our fingers on the sharp spikes when we were learning to card the clean wool?" added Yevkine.

"And how we all went around twisting our spindles while we were spinning the wool into yarn? Do you remember how Siranoush used to stand in an upstairs window and let her spindle whirl until it almost touched the ground?" said Koharig.

"Dyeing the wool was the most fun. I loved dropping the white yarn into the steaming dye pots and pulling it out in its lovely new colors." Arshaluis stroked the glossy brightness of the rug.

"And remember how like a summer flower garden the

yarn looked, drying in the sunshine in its great, looping skeins?" said Anitza.

"Didn't we have fun deciding on the pattern?" said Siranoush. "I hope Shippet will like our pattern."

"It isn't too late to change the pattern a little bit." Mariam was looking thoughtfully at the bright rug stretched so proudly on the wooden loom.

"Why change the pattern?" snapped Siranoush. "It's a good pattern."

"But we could put in something especially for Shippet," explained Mariam. "We could weave a greeting at the bottom of the rug—something that would tell him how much we love him. We could decide while we are working."

"So you do like my idea?" beamed Koharig.

"Of course we do," chorused the girls.

There were quick footsteps on the stairs. The girls picked up their bright scraps of wool. When Dr. Shepard looked in at the door of the orphanage workroom a few minutes later, he saw dark heads bobbing busily as the girls worked at the loom.

"That's a beautiful rug you are making," came the doctor's hearty voice. "Lovely design! Glorious colors! That's a rug any home would be proud to own."

He wondered why the girls beamed so very happily at his praise. He wondered what brought into their faces that shining look that comes only to those who are working hard for someone they love.

THE MAN WHO NEVER WASTED TIME

William Walton (1869-)

by VIOLET CLARK

IF ANYONE had told young William Walton that he would spend most of his life on the bleak shores of James Bay, the boy would not have believed it. "I've got my art and my music," young Walton would have said. "My future lies with them."

It was true that William Walton was gifted in art and in music. Throughout his school days in Birmingham, England, he had shown his talent, and his plans for the future were bright.

But one night when he was eighteen years old his plans were changed. Walton went to a missionary meeting at which Samuel Crowther, the first Bishop of the African Church, spoke. The youth was deeply touched by the message he heard.

"My life work lies not in art or music, as I have planned, but in the service of God. And I shall give that service on the frontiers of the world, in places where the people have not yet heard of God's love for them," he told himself.

During the next five years young Walton worked and studied in Birmingham. Those were happy, crowded days

for him. He had taken a Sunday school class, and the boys and girls came in such numbers that he had to hold two sessions on Sunday. Even then the class had to be divided every six months. His Tuesday night club for them grew to seventy-five members and then to one hundred seventy-five.

Walton made use of his artistic talent. Each day he worked at a glass factory, painting stained glass windows. Some of the workers at the glass factory were deaf and dumb. Before long, young Walton had made friends with them and was talking to them on his fingers. He became known as the boy who never wasted time, for in his pocket there was always a book to be studied in spare moments.

At night he went to drawing school, because his father insisted that he get a certificate before he could prepare as a missionary. In his final examinations he took three prizes.

At last the day came for his entry into Islington College to begin his training for missionary service. Many subjects had to be studied before the young man was trained. Among the things he learned was the care of the sick and injured. He helped take care of sick people at clinics. He spent his holidays in hospitals to see how injuries and diseases were treated. He wanted to be ready for any kind of work anywhere.

"Will you go as a missionary to the Indians and Eskimos of James Bay in Canada?" William Walton was asked, when his training was ended.

"Gladly!" he answered.

In 1892, at the age of twenty-three, William Walton

sailed for Canada by way of Hudson Bay. Slowly the stately sailing vessel crunched its way through the ice of the huge bay, down through James Bay to the mouth of the Fort George River. On an island in the river stood Fort George, a post of the Hudson's Bay Company. William Walton stood on the ship's deck and eagerly looked at the barren shores that were to be his home through the coming years.

The Hudson's Bay post, where the Indians and Eskimos came to trade, was protected by a high stockade with two great gates that were locked at night. Never were the Indians and Eskimos allowed to come into the fort at the same time because fierce feuds existed between them. When the Indians came to trade, the Eskimos had to wait down the coast until they had gone, and then one family at a time, they were allowed to enter the store.

As soon as the young missionary could speak the language of the Indians, who were Crees, he began to preach to them. "God is the Father of all men," he taught. "Indians, Eskimos, and white men are all brothers."

Walton always treated the people of each race with the same kindness and consideration, and his sense of humor often helped to overcome their jealousies. He so impressed on them the idea of God's Fatherhood that one day two Eskimo hunters felt they must ask his permission before they set about getting rid of an Indian family who, they said, had caused the death of one of their relatives. Walton and the two men talked the matter over, and later the hunters went away, content to allow the Indian family to live. The young missionary rejoiced that these Eskimo hunters,

at least, had learned that God was their Father and the Indian their brother. But this one victory did not solve the big problem of blood feuds, though it gave him an idea of how it could be done.

Shortly before this happening, William Walton had married Daisy Spencer, the daughter of the Hudson's Bay post manager. One of their wedding gifts was a microscope. Here Walton's knowledge of doctoring helped him. He took a drop of his own blood and that of an Indian and of an Eskimo. By using his microscope, he made lantern slides showing the three drops of blood, enlarged. All three looked exactly the same. When the Indians and Eskimos saw the slide pictures on the screen, they were convinced that their teacher was right; they *were* brothers. Slowly but surely the deadly blood feuds came to an end.

The young missionary still had the habit of never wasting time. Wherever he went he told the Good News of God's love for men. When he traveled he took with him a promising Indian or Eskimo youth who showed that he might become a leader of his people. As the two walked behind the sled or glided along in the canoe, the missionary taught his companion from the Bible and answered his questions.

Books were needed by the Indians. Walton did not have any books printed in the Cree language. He knew that the young leaders he was training should have books. So he and his wife began to translate the Gospels, using the simple Cree alphabet that had been invented by another missionary, James Evans, in 1846. Often the early hours of the morning found them hard at work, for in the trading season the people began coming to the mission house at eight

o'clock in the morning and continued all through the day. But the problem was how to make these translations into books and how to make enough copies to go around.

Carefully Walton traced on waxed sheets of paper the words of the Gospels in Cree characters. These were laid on a gelatin surface, which took the inky impression, and from it copies were run off. Then the pages were cut and sorted into their proper order. Some of the Indian women who sewed well were invited to come in and help. They sat around a table in the center of which was a bowl of candy as a treat. They stitched the pages together into books, making them neat and strong. Each year more books had to be made, but later a special typewriter with Cree characters instead of letters made the work much quicker and easier.

For about six months out of every year Walton was away visiting the Indians of the southern forests or traveling by dog team in the winter to the Eskimo settlements. Thirty-five services a week was not an unusual number for him. It seemed as though the people couldn't get enough teaching. Besides this, he doctored the sick and trained the native leaders. During his long absences from home, Mrs. Walton taught the day school, took charge of the services, and cared for the people generally. Often she would play the harmonium with her baby on her knees. When she got up to preach she would hand the baby to one of the Indian women to hold.

Through Walton's medical skill, so many sick and injured were made well that his people began to think he could do anything. One day an Eskimo woman brought her fourteen-

year-old niece to him with the request, "Teacher, will you make this girl better?" The girl was deaf and dumb, and the sight of one eye was gone. The missionary knew that nothing could be done to cure her, and he also knew how miserable her life would be if she were left with her own people.

"All I can do is to take her and care for her," said the young man.

"You can have her," came the quick reply. "We don't want her." So the Eskimo girl was adopted into the Walton family and was baptized Lucy. How glad Mr. Walton was that he had learned to talk on his fingers! Now he was able to teach Lucy to talk.

Lucy was delighted with her new home and was quick to learn. When she saw Mrs. Walton's Indian maid sweeping the floor, she would take a broom and sweep the floor, too. When the Indian girl knelt by her bed to say her prayers, Lucy knelt down, too. She learned to sew and to make her own clothes—in fact, she did so well and was so happy that her adopted father hoped other Eskimo girls would see her and try to be like her.

One of the meeting places for the missionary and his people was the trading post at Great Whale River. Once as the Eskimos were coming into the post, word came to Walton that a man was lying ill with pneumonia some eight miles away. Tired out with traveling though he was, Walton got ready four dogs and a sled and set out to find the sick man. He realized that he was the only man in the district who knew anything about doctoring. The day was clear, and he could see dog teams coming from all directions.

Joyous greetings rang out as he met his friends. Shaking hands with them, he told them to go on to the post and he would be back in time for evening service. One Eskimo who was partly paralyzed and half blind had come four hundred miles in order to meet the teacher. On recognizing the friendly voice of the missionary, the poor man almost fell over the drift ice in his eagerness to clasp his hand.

Walton went on till he found the sick man. After giving him some medicine, he tucked him warmly into his sled and took him to the post, where he was put to bed. That evening in the little church an eager, happy group of Eskimos heard his teaching.

The sick man recovered, and another life had been saved by the skill and devotion of this missionary.

No wonder the Indians and Eskimos loved Walton. For over thirty-two years he was their minister, teacher, doctor, and friend. No sacrifice was too great for him to make for them. Their warm response to the glad news of God's love more than repaid him and his brave wife for the long, strenuous years they had spent among them. Today practically all the Indians and Eskimos in the James Bay area are Christian, and many of the church leaders are the ones whom William Walton trained.

THE PREACHER WHO CARRIED THE BALL TO CONGRESS

Dirk Lay (1886-1944)

by ELIZABETH S. WHITEHOUSE

"WE WANT a touchdown! We want a touchdown! We want a touchdown now-w-w!"

The football game was at its most critical point, and the bleachers were packed with cheering students. Those from Dubuque University were shouting for a touchdown. Their tall preacher-captain, Dirk Lay, had the ball and was making a dive for the goal. He landed behind the goal line, scoring a touchdown for Dubuque and getting a kick in his left eye that caused a beautiful "shiner."

It was not long after this sports event that a letter to Dr. Steffins, president of Dubuque University, came from a mission board. "We are looking for a man just out of college, one who isn't afraid. We want him to become our missionary to the Pima Indians in Arizona. It is a tough job, and it calls for a real man. Have you anyone to suggest?"

Dr. Steffins thought over his students one by one. Then he sent for Dirk Lay and handed him the letter. "Well, I never planned spending my life among the Indians," said Dirk Lay.

"It's a big job and a tough one. Won't you think about it and pray about it, too, before you make up your mind?" said Dr. Steffins quietly. "I've picked you as a man who could do it. I'll not hide the difficulties from you," he continued. "The summers are very hot where the Pimas live. The government records show that the temperature often reaches 126 in the shade during July, August, and September. If you decide to take the job, better wait until winter before you go. I've heard that the Indians are not very appreciative. They find fault no matter how much you try to do for them. I've been told, also, that they are terribly lazy. You might feel that the job would be too much for you."

At first Dirk Lay was inclined to agree that the job would be too much for him. He had a new bride, and the Arizona desert didn't seem like a suitable place for a honeymoon and a permanent home. But the more he thought about the job, the more he felt that he ought to take it on. One night he promised God that he would try it for one year. "I'm not waiting for winter before I tackle it, either," he thought.

It was a fiercely hot September day when Dirk Lay and his bride got off the train at the Casa Grande station in Arizona. All about them they could see nothing but sand, cacti, and gray-green sagebrush. The temperature seemed to be trying to make a high record for itself. The only living creatures to be seen were an Indian sitting in a spring wagon and his team of pinto ponies. The Indian came to meet them shyly. "I am Edward Jackson," he introduced himself to Dirk Lay. "You must be the new preacher. I am a member of your church."

These simple words won the hearts of the Lays, but their

spirits sank as they drove over the fifteen miles of dusty yellow road that wound its way through the desert to a little mud-walled village. They looked at each other in dismay as their guide drew up before a gray adobe house with its brush-thatched roof. This was to be their home for a whole year. During the next few days the Lays began to make discoveries about the Pima Indians. One of their biggest surprises was the finding of a mighty canal, seventeen miles long and in places fifteen feet deep, which the Pima Indians of long ago had dug with no tools other than sticks and their own bare hands. For generations the canal had brought water from the Gila River to the fields and gardens in the valley, but now it lay empty with no life-giving water within it. Almost nothing would grow on the mud-baked flats around it.

The Pima Indians were not lazy. Dirk Lay soon saw that. From boyhood, youths were trained in habits of endurance and accomplishment. Young men had trained themselves as runners until any one of them could run down the swiftest horse on the reservation. A Pima boy could lie out on a giant anthill and let the great black ants bite his naked body without betraying the least sign of pain or discomfort. Of such stuff were the members of the three churches that Dirk Lay had come to serve.

Why then were people as stouthearted and enduring as these gradually starving to death, Dirk Lay wondered. Why did not the men try to get more food for their families? Why did they shrug their shoulders in despair when babies died and when the aged turned away in distaste from the never-varying diet of dried beans and flour cakes?

Mr. Lay determined to find out. He called the old men of the tribe together.

"Once," he said, "the Pimas were a mighty people. With crude sticks and their own strong hands they dug canals to bring water. They made their land bear food for them. Why do not your young men find out what is holding back the water of the Gila River and parching the land? Why are you now content to sit here waiting for death?"

"Once," said an old man of the tribe, "Pima land was rich and fertile, and the Gila River was our mother and our father. It watered our crops, sending out little streams everywhere to comfort and to enrich our land. Then came the white men. They settled along the Gila River above our reservation. They diverted the water of the river to their own farms and pastures. They do not care that we starve and die here without water on reservations that we may not leave. We have sent our chief men to talk with them, but they will not listen. Long ago the government promised us the rights to the waters of the Gila as long as the river flowed, but the white men who steal our water do not care. We have no one to speak for us to the great father in Washington, nor to plead our case before the white man's Congress. So," he finished stoically, "we wait here to die."

Mr. Lay forgot that he had come to the Pima reservation for only a year. He looked about him at the Pima people. Their trouble became his trouble; their sorrow and despair lay heavy on his heart. He felt that fighting in their cause was worth a lifetime of effort. He watched the women at their basket-weaving. Their fingers were often cut and bleeding as they worked from dawn to dark making baskets

to exchange for the dried beans that were almost all families had to eat. He saw hungry men and boys desperately cutting great loads of mesquite wood and carrying them into town over the rough desert road in order to get a little money with which to buy the seed for planting. He watched tiny plants spring from the seed, dry up, and wither. "This thing should not be," he told his wife.

"Brothers," he cried to the members of his church, "we will fight for your right to the river water! Ask God to help us to work and to endure with courage until our fight is won." So the Indian Christians knelt with their tall preacher, asking God to guide him and to strengthen his hands for the hard task ahead and to give them the patience and endurance they so sorely needed.

Just as Dirk Lay had once carried the ball safely over the goal line in spite of obstacles, so he now set himself to win for the Pima Indians their right to life and happiness. Time is too short to tell of all that he did. But he and his wife went to Washington, there to begin the battle for the Pimas' right to live. He interviewed over five hundred reluctant congressmen and senators, laying before them the plight of their fellow Americans, the Pima Indians. He told them facts about his people that these men had never heard before.

"The Pima Indians have always been the white man's friend," declared Dirk Lay. "They protected the white settlers from the Apaches who sought to drive them out of the territory. The first Arizona man to be killed in World War I was a Pima Indian who had volunteered to fight under the Stars and Stripes. The Pimas are a hard-working and

industrious people. They are entitled to the respect and to the justice that we claim we offer to all who live in this country. Give them water! Build them a dam across the Gila River, so that their land will be again as well watered and prosperous as it once was before we allowed a few selfish white men to rob them of their chance to live."

Back and forth across the country went Dirk Lay, pleading the cause of the Pima Indians he had come to love and respect. He and his wife together wrote more than forty-four thousand letters to people all over the United States, stating the cause of the Pimas and pleading with them to demand of their congressmen justice and help for the friendly Indians he had come so quickly to love and to respect. Soon thousands of telegrams and letters were pouring in upon Congress. They came from every part of the nation. They demanded justice and a square deal for the Pima Indians. A bill was introduced into Congress outlining a plan for building a dam on the Gila River to supply the Pima reservation with water. It was passed by the Senate and was put on the calendar of the House of Representatives. But there it stuck. Appeals to the Rules Committee and to the House speaker brought no results.

Then the churches in Washington, at Mr. Lay's request, were asked to pray that the Speaker would recognize the bill. In the last week of Congress a special appeal was made to the President, and he sent a direct message to the Speaker of the House about the bill. The Speaker finally called for the bill. It was passed in thirty minutes. The moment the bill was safely passed, Dirk Lay sprang to his feet from his place in the gallery and with all his old foot-

ball form rushed out to send a wire to the Pimas. That night the church bell on the reservation rang and rang. All through the next day it rang, and the hearts of the Pimas sang as joyously as the bell.

When at last the San Carlos Dam was an accomplished fact, the Pimas gathered in hushed expectancy along the banks of the dust-filled canals. Soon there was the sound of a mighty roaring. The life-giving water came rushing through the dry land with its promise of hope and life. A shout of joy came from the assembled people and echoed against the very sky, and a mighty chorus arose from the assembled people:

> Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
> Praise him, all creatures here below.

THE LITTLE OLD LADY WHO WALKS SO FAST

Charlotte Kemper (1837-1927)

by MYRTLE STOSBERG SYDENSTRICKER

"The Little Old Lady Who Walks So Fast." That was what they called her, the people of Lavras, Brazil, when they saw her hurrying along their streets. They were used to the leisurely ways of Brazil, where few ever hurry. To be sure, Miss Charlotte Kemper did do a great deal of hurrying. Perhaps it was because she had been fifty-five years old when she came to Lavras in 1893 to open a school. Perhaps she felt that she had to make up for lost time. Or perhaps it was because she saw such a very great deal that needed to be done. Or perhaps it was that she liked to walk and felt that she should make such outings count for good. At any rate, she spent much time visiting the homes of the people, particularly in the poor parts of town. She carried baskets of food and bundles of clothing to the needy. She especially helped those who were poor but too proud to beg. She gave more than food and clothes. She comforted the sad and encouraged those who had lost heart. "Doña Carlota" she was called by those who loved her.

Not everyone in Lavras loved her, however. There were

many who were suspicious of her and her motives. Why had she left her own country and come to start a school in their town? She was a Protestant. Why had she come to their Catholic town? The priest of Lavras was a lazy man and had been poorly trained. He feared that Doña Carlota would take his congregation away from him. So he was one of those who busily spread evil rumors about her. She was called a Protestant devil who had come to spread evil. It was said that instead of feet she had hoofs like a cow and that the money she used was given her by the devil in a dark room every Saturday night.

There were long arguments among the boys of the town over these rumors. Jorge was suspicious of the missionary. José stood up for her and so did Samuel.

"The priest says that the missionary's money is no good and will turn to charcoal in your hand," said Jorge.

José scoffed. "The priest says that because he doesn't like Doña Carlota. He doesn't want people to be friendly with her."

Here Samuel entered the argument. "The missionaries rented their *chacara* (small farm) from my grandfather when they first came, and now they have bought it. They kept their word about paying, and their money is good."

"But they have hoofs like cattle," insisted Jorge.

"That's not true," insisted Samuel. "The cousin of our cook works for Doña Carlota. On purpose she watched her bathe her feet one day, and she saw that they are just like ours. Doña Carlota is a good teacher. I know because I go to her school. And my father says that she is doing a lot of good for our town."

So the argument ended for the time, with the boys two to one for Doña Carlota.

All over the town such arguments went on. None was more violent than the one about the way Doña Carlota handled money.

Miss Kemper was the treasurer of the mission, and she paid for the things that were bought. She kept the account books neat and tidy. To the people of the town it was a strange sight to see a woman handling money and carrying on business. In Brazil, women were not supposed to be able to do such things. Doña Carlota had a talent for figures, and she was a constant surprise to the people.

The school was growing fast, and more pupils had come every year. Doña Carlota ruled the school with a steady hand, and even the helpers came to know what she considered right.

Early one Sunday morning Manuel, the cook, came to the housemother of the boys' dormitory in a state of woe. There was not enough rice for breakfast. A bag that had been ordered for the day before had not arrived. Manuel had a plan, however. "I'll slip out quietly and buy some rice in the market, and Doña Carlota will never know."

The housemother was indignant. She said, "But I'll know, Manuel, and the Lord Jesus will know. We can't buy on the Sabbath. We'll have to find another way."

Jorge got over his dislike of Doña Carlota, and he joined her school. "She is a wonderful woman," he said. "She is not only very wise herself, but she makes everyone feel that he, too, has something that is worth while. I am thankful that she let me study in her school. My father could not

pay for the schooling of all us children, so she made up the rest. People think she is rich because she gives away so much. She is not rich, but she is generous in giving. My sister saw her take a sweater off her own back and give it to a beggar who claimed to have none."

In the school was a boy named Paschoal, who had a violent temper. One day Doña Carlota took him to task about it. "It makes me sad to see you conquered by your worst enemy," she said.

"Enemies will never conquer me," Paschoal interrupted boastfully. "I'm not afraid of anybody, not even of the devil; if he'd put in his appearance, I'd break his face."

"But you are constantly being defeated, and it's too bad for a courageous, intelligent boy like you," Doña Carlota insisted.

"I defeated?" said Paschoal in a hurt tone. "Who is this enemy you're talking about? I've already said I'm not even afraid of Satan himself. And if he had the nerve to come near me, I'd smash his face."

"Very well, I'll show him to you. Wait a minute." Doña Carlota hurried from the room. When she returned she brought what looked like a picture, and upon getting close to Paschoal showed him his own naughty face in a mirror. "This is your worst enemy, my boy. Now smash his face, if you can! You will be able to conquer the world, my son, if first you can vanquish this, your worst enemy."

There followed a serious talk of conquering temper, which ended in bowed heads and a prayer. It was the turning point in Paschoal's life. Not long afterwards he declared himself a follower of Christ.

Paschoal was an orphan, and Doña Carlota offered to be a mother to him. "I'm an old, old lady, Paschoal, but sincere, and I'll love being a mother to you," she told him. And how thrilled he was to have her! She was a mother to many. Boys somehow were her favorites. (Often her girl students accused her of partiality to the boys, and she did not deny it.) Poor boys in the dormitory would suddenly find on their bed a new shirt, tie, or socks with a little note of affection attached.

It is touching to see how to this day—some twenty years since her death—hundreds and hundreds of men and women in Brazil consider themselves her children.

"Mother of Souls" we might call her, this little old lady who walked so fast and so wisely, straight into the hearts of boys and girls who needed her.

COWBOY OF THE AMAZON

Eric Nelson (1862-1939)

by UNA ROBERTS LAWRENCE

"He did not come, my father," said João to the thin, sick man lying in the hammock. Through the open window a breeze blew in from the wide Amazon River flowing just below the house, cooling the hot Brazilian afternoon.

"The boat from Manaos came, but Pastor Eurico was not on it, nor the chapel, nor the medicine," João went on.

"Never mind, my son," said his father, Don Crispiano. "He will come. I do not know how, but I am sure. Did he not say in his letter for us to be ready to build? That he would bring the boards for the chapel with him, and the medicine? He has not written of any change in his plans. Let us leave it with the Lord and Pastor Eurico. Get me fresh water, my son."

Taking the water bottle from beside the hammock, João ran out of the house. His mother spoke quietly from the doorway where she sat on a stool, grinding the boiled root of the manioc for their supper. "The Pastor said he would be here before the people left to gather nuts in the forest," she said. "Senhor Francisco says they must go within two weeks. The river is rising, and his boats can wait no longer.

How can Pastor Eurico come now before the people leave?"

"Yes, yes, I know that," said Don Crispiano soberly. "But there may be another boat from Manaos that we do not know about."

João, coming in with the water, heard this. "I asked about that, Father. There will be no other boat, not for a whole month. By then the men will all be in the forest, and there will be no one to build the chapel."

João knew well that nearly all the people of this Amazon River town depended upon the brazil nuts for most of their living. The nuts must be gathered during the wet months, when the streams are full of water and the men can paddle their canoes up them into the groves of towering nut trees.

"My son, this morning I found in my Bible a verse for a time like this," said his father. " 'And it shall come to pass that, before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.' "[1] We have asked God for the chapel. We have bought the lot on which to build it. Let us not doubt that we will get it. Pastor Eurico has said he will be here. He will come, my son."

The boy looked up at his mother, and she turned away. Father had been very ill. When his fever ran high he often said strange things. Was it the fever now that made him insist that their beloved friend, Senhor Nelson, the American missionary, would come? Even though he was not on this last boat from Manaos?

João sat down to help his mother. "He needs medicine," she said in a low voice.

[1] *Isaiah* 65: 24.

"The chapel means so much to him," João whispered back.

No one knew better than João and his mother how much the chapel and the missionary meant to Don Crispiano. Ever since Father had come home with a Bible and some other books, bought from the missionary, Don Eurico, this new knowledge of God and his Word had been the most important thing in all their lives. Father had left his school teaching for a time to study for several months with the missionaries in Manoas.

Since his return, Father had been preaching in his own home to a little congregation of believers and their friends, as well as teaching school. Attendance had grown far too large for their small house. During the past year they had prayed and worked very hard for the chapel. Don Eurico had promised to bring the materials for it.

João heard his mother sigh. His eyes stung with tears of disappointment.

Just then someone called from the street, "Don Crispiano, Don Crispiano! A boat has landed! The *Americano* sends word for you to come!"

A boat—and the American! Surely that was Pastor Eurico! It could be no one else.

"Go, my son, run!" urged Don Crispiano. "Tell him that the fever has almost conquered me. But have him come quickly, and I shall tell him the men who will help build the chapel."

João ran down the street to the riverside. There by the side of the big river steamer was the most beautiful small boat he had ever seen. Its upper part was gleaming white,

trim, and clean, and the water was gently lapping its gray sides. On the boat was painted a strange word—*Buffalo.*

A slender man in white clothes was tying a huge rope from a post on the dock to its bow. João called out, "Pastor Eurico!"

Eric Nelson looked up. "Hello, there! Why, it's João! Come help me with this rope!"

As the boy scrambled down from the dock, he gasped, "You *did* come! Just as Father said!"

The man smiled and said, "You looked for me on the steamer, didn't you? Well, this time I have my own boat. See! Isn't she a beauty?"

"Oh, yes, wonderful!" said the boy as he looked around. "My father said you would come. But he did not know how. And this is it! On a boat! Is it all your own?"

"It is the Lord's. There are the boards for the chapel!" said Eric Nelson, as he pointed to a great stack of smooth planks of red cedar and brown mahogany, tied securely on the deck. "But where is your father?"

João told the story of his father's fever, when the medicine left by the missionary the year before had given out. "There has been much fever this year. My father gave so much medicine away that when the fever came upon him, there was none left for his own need."

"Come with me," said the missionary. Down a tiny little ladder they went, into the inside of the boat. Wonderingly, the boy looked around at two little rooms, one with bunks for sleeping, the other with stove, dishes, and a table for eating.

There were two other smaller rooms, for storage and for

the Diesel engine. From a cabinet Eric Nelson took several small packages. "Now let us go to your father. This medicine will soon make him well."

After the precious quinine had been taken by the sick man, João and his father and mother listened to the story Eric Nelson told about the new boat.

"You know that I have traveled the Amazon River for many years, on steamers, riverboats, canoes—any way I could. I have had the yellow fever, malaria, and all the many other fevers of this Amazon Valley. I suffered much from the poor food and disease. I was wearing out fast with this kind of life.

"One day about a year ago I came to the place where I felt I could not go on much longer in this way. So I knelt down and prayed, 'Lord, if you want me to live and preach on this River, send me a boat of my own.'

"A few days later I had a letter from a Baptist church in Murray, Kentucky. It said that the church people had been praying for something definite they could do to help spread the gospel in the Amazon Valley. They had heard about me and my work from a man who had worked with me a while. The letter said, 'If you need a boat, we have the money for one.'

"The money came," Eric Nelson said. "A boat builder took my plans and built the boat just as I wanted it, like a little home. It is big enough for Mrs. Nelson to travel with me, as she will often do. I can now carry a hundred Bibles where I could carry only one before."

"But the name?" asked João. "It is a strange word."

The missionary smiled. "When my wife, Doña Ida, and

I went for our first trip in it, the people at Manaos all came out to see us start off. The engine goes with a great roar, as you will hear. So we called it the *Buffalo,* for the huge animals that used to roam the western plains of the United States where I lived as a boy. It snorts and roars just as they did!" He laughed, and added, "Everybody knows now when I come to town."

Don Crispiano said, "We must find some way of getting word to our friends along the River to come to service tonight and to be ready to help build the chapel tomorrow. There is no time to lose."

"My boat will do it. Let's go, João," said the missionary. "You can show me the houses where we should stop."

João's eyes danced with excitement as he helped his friend untie the boat. He clapped his hands over his ears as the motor started.

"Oh," he yelled above the noise, "she really roars!"

"Yes," said Eric Nelson, "but when we turn into the main current it will not be so bad."

João perched on a bench by the wheel where he could see everything. "Tell me about the buffalo," he asked, "and when you were a boy."

The missionary smiled. He never tired of telling how God had called him to work in the Amazon Valley.

"My father lived on the great plains of the United States where there were large cattle ranches," he began. "When I was just a boy, no bigger than you, I made up my mind that when I was grown I would come to the Amazon Valley to become a rich cattleman. I grew up to be a cowboy. But then something happened to me. Early one morning

God spoke to me as he did long ago to Abraham. 'Get thee out from thy country and thy kindred unto a land that I will show thee.' I knew then that I was to go to the Amazon as a missionary.

"I told my father, and he was very happy. He had prayed that one of his sons would preach the gospel. My mother said, 'Son, do you have to go so far?' I told her, 'Yes, for God has spoken to me.' So I came to the Amazon, not to own a rich cattle ranch, but to ride this great River and tell its people about Jesus and his love, and to teach God's Word to those who do not know it."

João could hardly wait to ask a breathless question. "If I learn about the Bible and what it teaches, could I go with you, to help you with the Bibles and the boat?"

Eric Nelson eased the boat up to the bank where some canoes were tied to a little landing and a path led to a cluster of houses. "We'll see," he said. "Run now and tell the brethren here about the meeting tonight and the building of the chapel tomorrow."

João's heart was almost bursting with joy as he ran to give the message.

At candlelight the believers crowded into Don Crispiano's small house to hear about the chapel and to listen to a Bible lesson from Pastor Eurico, their beloved preacher. After the service they planned the building of the chapel.

The next day willing hands unloaded the cedar and mahogany boards, and work began on the chapel. João helped, along with several of his friends, for there was much that boys could do. They brought the palm leaves from the forest to make thatch for the roof. High posts were driven

into the earth to lift the floor six feet above the ground, for every year the town was flooded by the mighty river. Built of wood that neither heat would warp nor ants eat, it would stand for many years. During floodtime the people could come in boats and tie them to the posts while the service went on inside. During the dry months they would use the space underneath the chapel for classrooms for the Sunday school.

By the third day Father was well enough to come and watch the work. "You can take charge," said Eric Nelson. "João can be your hands and feet, and you can tell the men what to do. I must go on to Cruziero do Sul to deliver a box of Bibles. I shall get back here by one week from today. I think you can have the chapel finished by then. We shall have the dedication before I return to Manaos."

So the next morning João helped untie the *Buffalo* from her dock and stood with the little company of Christians cheering and waving, as Eric Nelson swung the bow of the boat upstream and with a great throbbing of the engine headed toward the upper Amazon.

With a will, the workers turned to the task of completing the chapel, putting up its sweet-smelling cedar walls, trimming the door and windows with mahogany, laying its dark mahogany floor, and thatching the roof thickly with palm leaves. It was finished when the *Buffalo* roared into town a week later.

That night the first service was held in the lovely new chapel. The men, women, and young people gathered early, bringing oil lamps with them, for as yet there were no lights for the chapel.

The leading men of the town were there to do honor to the new house of worship. Even Senhor Francisco, the rich brazil-nut merchant, was there and asked for prayer for the safety of the men of the town who would leave the next morning in his boats for the nut forests.

Never had the songs of the gospel sounded sweeter, nor prayers been more earnest. Eric Nelson preached. In the quiet moments at the close of the service he asked if there were not some of the young men or women who would give their lives to the service of God.

Three came to stand beside the missionary. João was first, then his best friend, Manoel, and a young girl, Julia, whose voice led the others in the singing.

"I felt," said João to his father, as they slowly walked home after seeing the missionary on board the *Buffalo*, "that if Pastor Eurico could leave his country and come to ride the Amazon for the Lord, I could surely give myself to the Lord to help him."

Cruziero do Sul—Crooz-ee-AYR-roh doh Sool
Don Crispiano—Dohn Chris-pee-AH-noh
João—Jawn (with an ng sound)
Julia—HOO-lee-ah
Manaos—Mah-NOWS
Manoel—Mah-NOH-ayl
Pastor Eurico—Pahs-TOHR Ay-oo-REE-koh
Senhor Francisco—Sayn-YOHR Frahn-SEES-koh

THE GOSPEL CAVALRYMAN OF THE CANE FIELDS

Primo Navarro (1873-1927)

by UNA ROBERTS LAWRENCE

DOWN the narrow lane between waving fields of sugar cane jogged the tall, thin man on the little gray horse, up and down, up and down, his long legs barely swinging clear of the ground at every jog. The Cuban sun was hot. There were no highways in this part of Cuba forty years ago, just rough trails through the sugar cane. The shade from the tall cane was most welcome. Across the back of the saddle, brown leather saddlebags creaked, slapping the sides of the little gray horse with a gentle flop, flop, at each jog.

Primo Navarro and his good gray horse were both very tired. They had come a long way, and the afternoon sun was low. They had stopped once for food and water, once to visit a sick boy, and several times to leave Gospels and New Testaments promised on their last trip.

To ease his weariness, Primo Navarro began to sing:

> Beautiful words, wonderful words!
> Wonderful words of life.

This song meant much to him. He had first heard its words and music in Key West, ten years before, when he was homeless, lonely, and friendless, like thousands of his countrymen who had fled from the terrible war that Cuba fought for freedom from Spain. One day as he passed a small building on a Key West street, he heard these words, and they made him stop, look, listen, and then go in. It was a meeting like none he had ever seen before. The people sang about God and his love, and a man read from God's Word, which Primo Navarro had never heard before. When the minister came to visit him, he listened, accepted a Bible for himself, read and believed its message.

After the war was over, he had sung this same song and read the Bible aloud in the park near his home in the city of Cienfuegos. People stopped, listened, and came back to hear more. He joined a little band of Evangelical Christians, led by an ardent young Cuban pastor who taught him more about the Bible and encouraged him to preach as well as sing and read the gospel.

So he had started out. With a pouch of Gospels and New Testaments slung over his shoulder, he walked from town to town and house to house in the sugar cane country, reading the Bible to all who would listen and selling the books to earn his living. Often he slept under the tall palm trees or took shelter under the wide-spreading branches of the ceibas. Often he washed out his shirt in the clear little streams in order to keep a good appearance for the gospel's sake. He ate the fruit of the wayside or shared the rice and beans of the country homes where he was welcomed. But he did not mind, for there was so much to be done.

At first, no one had welcomed Primo Navarro or his message. They thought that it was wrong for him to read the Bible. He understood why this was so because he had once felt that way himself. He knew the people had been taught that only those especially educated could understand the Bible, that it was not for the common people. So when doors were shut in his face and he was called names like "heretic," "infidel," "hater of God," he understood and patiently went back again and again, hoping that in time both doors and hearts would be open to him, as indeed they often had been. Now all over the sugar cane country he and his songs and Bibles were welcomed.

"Wonderful words of life!"

Primo Navarro hummed the words as his little gray horse quickened his pace. At a turn in the road was a small palm-thatched house, surrounded by banana trees. This was Paradise Farm, the home of a good friend, Vicente, his wife, and his son Juan. Here the evangelist expected to spend the night and go on early the next morning to Vicente's father's place, Delight Farm, for a very important meeting.

A boy came running from the house, calling, as he ran, to the man working in a small field near by. "Pastor Navarro has come, Father! He has come!"

Holding lightly to the stirrup, Juan swung along with the little gray horse, up to the veranda, where his father met them, and his mother, wiping her hands on her apron, smiled from the doorway.

"Welcome!" said Father. "Take the horse, Juan, and give him food and water. Pastor, I know you and the horse are

both tired, but a message has come from my father," he went on.

"The visitor from the States and your friend Dr. McCall are already at his house. They want you to spend the night there. Supper is ready, so you can go on quickly."

As they ate the beans and rice, the palm hearts, and fried bananas, Primo Navarro told of this visitor he was to meet at Delight Farm.

"He is a friend of Dr. McCall, the editor of a missionay magazine in the States. Dr. McCall is taking him to visit the men and women who are preaching the gospel, even out in the country like this. We hope and pray he will see much that needs to be done."

Juan's eyes danced with eagerness to ask a question. He looked at his mother. When she smiled and nodded her head, he blurted out, "Will you ask him for the baby organ?"

"That is all he talks about," laughed his mother, "ever since your last visit when you told him you are learning to play an organ and hoping to get one."

"I can now play three hymns," said Primo Navarro proudly. "But I am afraid the baby organ will not come soon. If I ask for anything for the work, I must ask first for another horse. I can ride all day, but my little gray horse needs to rest. I must have another horse if I keep going all the time."

Juan sighed with disappointment, though he knew the Pastor was right. "We shall all be over tomorrow," said Father. "I shall be glad to see Dr. McCall again. Didn't he get this horse for you?"

"Yes," answered the evangelist. "That was the first time I met him, when I was walking and carrying my Bibles on my back. He asked me how many I sold and how much they brought in for a living for my family. He said to me, 'You cannot carry enough Bibles on your back to make your living, when you stop to preach so much of your time and give so many Bibles away.'

"Soon after that a check began to come every month from the mission board in the States, and one day there was an extra check and a letter that said, 'Buy all the horse you can for this money.' And that is my little gray horse. I have always thought Dr. McCall sent that money himself."

Supper ended, Primo Navarro got up. "I'm glad the moon is shining tonight. Three more miles to ride by myself!"

"Oh, Father, let me go with Pastor Navarro," begged Juan.

"Would he be any trouble?" Father asked the evangelist.

"Trouble! He would be just the company I need," said the evangelist.

"Then saddle the pony," smiled Father, "and be quick about it!"

"I'll fly!" cried Juan, as he rushed out the back door.

The moon was high in the sky and very bright as Pastor Navarro and Juan rode up to Grandfather's house, but the whole family and the visitors were waiting for them. A stranger, handsome and gray-haired, came out with Dr. McCall. "So this is the gospel cavalryman of the cane fields!" he said, as he shook hands. "Well, I think he needs a bigger horse."

Juan led the horses to the shed. There in the dark he

bowed his head and prayed as Primo Navarro had taught him. "Dear Lord, help the Pastor get another horse and the baby organ, if it be thy will, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

The next morning things began to happen early. People who had first heard the gospel from Primo Navarro came from every direction. They crowded the patio and overflowed the rooms, using all the chairs, boxes, and benches Grandmother could find.

For several years they had been an organized church. It was plain to be seen that they could no longer meet in a home, even so large a one as Grandfather's at Delight Farm. So this meeting had been called when the superintendent of missions, Dr. McCall, could be with them to talk about the church house that they must build.

It was decided that they should build in the town near by, where more people would come. Certain men, and women, too, were appointed to see how much the church would cost, and find out who could give logs or time to saw the logs into boards, who could work on the building itself, and who could give money.

Everyone was very happy at the end of the meeting because they had started to build a church. Juan saw this was no time to talk about a horse and a baby organ, when such big matters had to be decided.

The tall, handsome visitor from the States had not said much, but Juan saw that he was listening to everything. Now and then he would ask Dr. McCall a question and make some notes in a small book. After all the people had gone, Grandmother had a very special dinner for the visitors, with a big dish holding a whole young roast pig in the

center. The visitor liked it very much and passed his plate for a second helping. He liked the big family, too, sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters, even one small great-grandson.

"I'm asking the Lord to call one, at least, to preach the gospel," Grandfather told him.

Dinner ended, the visitor turned to Primo Navarro and asked about how this church began.

"Right here in this house," said the evangelist, "when I stopped to spend the night. They let me read the Bible and sing and pray. The next time I came, they sent for the neighbors to come and listen also. That is the way they all begin," he added.

"You have started other churches like this one?" asked the visitor.

"This was my first church," said Primo Navarro. "But there are four, and there could be many more. I can travel and not need rest," he went on, "but my little horse gets tired and must rest from time to time. So I cannot do as much as I would like."

Juan felt his heart pounding with excitement. "Ask for the horse," he said under his breath. "Go on, ask—and for the baby organ!" But he didn't say a word out loud.

"Then I am learning to make music on the organ," Primo Navarro went on. "If only I had a baby organ to take with me, we could sing the songs of the Lord so much better, and more people would come."

The visitor nodded his head. "A baby organ would certainly help. But the horse—that you *must* have! Only this time it must be a big horse, sixteen hands high, at least.

Big enough to get your feet off the ground when you ride him." He wrote rapidly in his little notebook.

That night at bedtime, Juan and Primo Navarro went to see about their horses. "I prayed to God for the other horse and the baby organ," Juan said to his friend.

"So did I," said Primo Navarro. "God will send us what we need. Let's keep on praying."

One day about a year later, Juan saw a horseman coming along the road to Paradise Farm. He looked like Pastor Navarro, but there was something very strange about him. As he came nearer, Juan saw that it was indeed Pastor Navarro riding a big bay horse. And on the saddle was tied a large, oblong black box. Could that be—? It was the baby organ! With shouts of joy, Juan called to his father and mother. "He's come! And they've come!" And under his breath he said, "Thank you, God."

That night Primo Navarro told of the letter from Dr. McCall with the check for the horse. Their new friend had written a story for the missionary magazine in the States, telling about the "gospel cavalryman of the cane fields," his little gray horse, and how much he needed another horse and a baby organ. A man from Texas gave the money for the horse, and a woman from Baltimore sent the organ.

"I want to learn to play, too," said Juan. "You can," smiled Primo Navarro. "You can learn that and much more, if you ask God to help you."

Juan did ask God to help him learn, and as the years passed he became a Christian teacher, leading his church in singing to the Lord, and playing its large organ. Grandfather's prayer was answered, for a great-grandson became

the brilliant pastor of one of Cuba's largest Evangelical churches and editor of a Christian paper.

The story goes on and on, as missionary stories have a way of doing, for the churches in the cane fields grew to be ten in number before God called the gospel cavalryman to his heavenly home, and he and his little gray horse became a part of the everlastingness of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

ceiba—say-EE-bah
Cienfuegos—See-ayn-foo-AYE-gohs
Juan—Hwan
Primo Navarro—PREE-moh Nah-VAHR-roh
Vicente—Vee-SAYN-tay