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Our
Friends in Guatemala

R. E. Bower

Our Friends in Guatemala

By R. E. BOWER

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DEDICATION

To my daughter, Miss Margaret Elizabeth ("Betty") Bower,
who saves Indian-head pennies and likes missionary stories about
Daddy's "Injuns."



MISS MARGARET ELIZABETH BOWER

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PREFACE

We have been requested by many readers of "The Unreached Indian" to rewrite the little book, bringing it down to date including an account of our Ten Thousand Mile Trip to the Latin American countries; but the additional material gathered has warranted the writing of several new books. This trip was made primarily to inspect our mission stations and to acquaint ourselves with the best methods of reaching the many American Indian tribes of which millions have no witness for Christ. On account of the kaleidoscopic government maladministration of public funds, conscription an established principle, the Indian is found today on a lower level of existence than he occupied under the Aztecs. Millions are living on corn and beans.

To understand our Latin American neighbors it is necessary to know more than the current social and political conditions. Modern writers generally give us a write-up on the American Indian by relating to us his progress from the wigwam to the log cabin or farmhouse; his struggles during his transitional stage, adjusting himself to modern social and economic life, advocating sympathetic understanding of his plight while he travels on the white man's road to civilization. The racial endowment of the Indians who form the bulk of the population, the character of the various governments under which they have lived, and their opportunity for social and educational advancement — all of these things and many more must be studied to realize the present condition.

Our experience in Guatemala has been unique, with intimate contact with the Indians. Studying them at first hand we soon realized that the Guatemalan problem is largely an Indian problem (as the backbone of Guatemala is still Indian),

which must be solved before the Guatemalan people can ever attain solidarity of government. Our travels in Guatemala have broadened our minds and deepened our interest in the evangelization and other needs of this great, virile Red race, who by the millions are wandering over the rocky mountain trails without a Shepherd.

As a missionary under the Church of the Nazarene board we had an exceptional opportunity for studying the life of the Guatemalans and Indians, which opportunity we utilized to the best advantage. For every alarming thing reported the author claims that a hundred pleasing truths might be told. The invasion of the Spaniards in their insatiable greed for gold, the domineering Roman Catholic Church, and the internecine wars with their toll of thousands of the youth of the nation, all have had a demoralizing effect on the nation. One native writer has bitterly declared that the Spaniards brought but three "blessings" to Guatemala: priests, bullfights, and gambling.

Hand-books and guide-books, Baedeker form, are useful and generally save the purchaser inconvenience equal to their cost the first time they are put to use. It is astonishing that we know so little of our so close neighbors. We found very interesting people in the Guatemalans (Ladinos) and Indians, of whom this book presents a vivid and picturesque panorama.

In these wonderful lands where language and customs are strange, where comforts obviously are not as available as at home, and where the traveler will welcome every ready expert assistance, we were indeed very fortunate to have our esteemed friends, guides, and interpreters, Rev. R. S. Anderson, missionary at Coban, and Rev. J. D. Scott, Superintendent of our Central American and Mexican territory, accompany us through perils seen and unseen on our long overland journey and visit to Guatemala. Brother Scott, old warhorse of the Cross, has been over thirty years in the service.

This little book briefly describes the countries we visited, only in generalities. It does not pretend to be complete. A

library would be required to adequately tell the story of our friends in this Latin Southland.

My wife and children bore their part of the separation during the greater part of one year. We are thankful to those in the homeland who prayed for my safety. Our God had His guiding eye over me continually and kept me from any serious accident. I was ill but five days from a minor affliction from which our missionaries, Brother and Sister R. S. Anderson, carefully nursed me back to health. It was a hard trip, but we thank the Lord for it. We were hospitably entertained and all our needs looked after by our missionaries on the fields which we visited. God has given us a heroic and noble band of missionaries. God bless them! We shall never forget the many friends we made in the land of the Southern Cross.

We are indebted to Our World Publishing Company of New York for a number of illustrations they have furnished for this book, which were formerly used by them in a recent number of their magazine, *Our World*, together with the consent of the author, Mr. Popenoe, United States agricultural explorer, in an article, "How a Vanished American Race Lived." Also, to my daughters and son, Mrs. Mildred A. Maybury, Mrs. Rae O. DeMott, and Gordon E. Bower, for assistance in the preparation of the manuscript.

February 1, 1924.

R. E. BOWER.

MY FRIENDS, A'DIOS

My travels are ended; the reality has passed; only memory remains. I have returned; my mind, in fancy, travels often over the old paths. Pleasant faces greet me tonight and silent voices ring into my ears. The companions—friends by sea and land—probably never meet again. Wherever these pages are read friends will bear me company—share the pleasures without the hardships of the journey.

CENTRAL AMERICA

THE GEMS OF THE CARIBBEAN

Seven different states or entities today compose this zone or territory of Central America, washed on one side by the Caribbean and on the other by the Pacific, whose people dwell in one of the most beautiful and interesting parts of the earth's surface: Guatemala, with its coffee plantations and lavish fruits; Honduras of the rugged surface; British Honduras, rich in cabinet woods; Nicaragua, with its great lake; Costa Rica, the one-time "Rich Coast"; Salvador, most populous and advanced of all; and Panama, the land of the famous canal. These states are dowered, as regards nature, with almost everything that could make a people happy and prosperous.

I BY LAND AND SEA TO GUATEMALA

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you" (John 15:7).

"Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not" (Jeremiah 33:3).

We got to a place where it seemed we were carrying the burdens of all the ninety millions of souls of Latin America; especially did we think all the burdens of the two million souls of Guatemala, Central America, rested directly on us. Crushed down with this tremendous burden, we were praying one Sunday afternoon when we heard direct from heaven, and it was made clear to us that every obstruction and hindrance was removed; the burden was lifted and assurance was given that we were going to visit the people that we longed to see.

About a month later we attended the annual meeting of our General Board of Foreign Missions in Kansas City, Missouri. We were requested to place any plans that we might have with regard to the American Indian work before this board in their annual session. We did so, expressing our desire to visit the Indian tribes of Guatemala. This request was freely granted, with a visit to the nation of Mexico thrown in for good measure. Surely God hears and answers prayer. With every barrier swept away, we returned to our home in Philadelphia after the board meeting, arranged for our passport and the securing of equipment and exigencies needed for our foreign itinerary. My good wife and children seemed to think it was of the Lord for me to make the trip at this time, and agreed to the separation for nearly one year.

On March 14, 1921, I kissed wife and children good-by and took train for New Orleans. I spent a few days in this

southern city, visiting the Guatemalan Consul General's office, the customs house, and the United Fruit Company's steamship office. I did a little shopping, buying a last lot of useful articles for my trip to the tropics, and visited here the French settlement, and the mammoth cave under the Grunewald Hotel. We were told that of New Orleans' population of 387,213, it has 327,144 Roman Catholics, which is probably the largest percentage of Catholics found in any city in the world. It was probably opportune for me to visit this strong Roman Catholic city before sailing to a priest-ridden Roman Catholic country.

Our steamer, the *Heredia* of the United Fruit Company's great white fleet line, was scheduled to sail Saturday, March 18th. We boarded the steamer about 10:00 o'clock in the morning, and at about 11:00 o'clock the boat slunk away like a coyote, going down the Mississippi river. That, Saturday, afternoon we sat on the deck of the steamer watching the changing of pilots. We saw the pilots at intervals shoot out in their gasoline launches from their retreats, made secure by being chained down tight so that the onrushing mighty waters of the greatest river of America could not wash them away, climb up their Jacob ladders and take their position on the steamer. We could not help but offer up a prayer to our Father in heaven for His guiding, watchful eye over us on this trip. About 6:00 o'clock that night we reached the mouth of the river where we lost sight of land, having passed beyond where Louisiana turns out swamps and islands.

On board were fifteen passengers, including two women. The steamer could have accommodated one hundred. Among this small complement of passengers there seemed to be a representative from every nation on the globe. As far as I could learn all the other passengers were southward bound, bent on some commercial enterprise, except one young man from Florida, who was on his way to Honduras to marry an English girl. The Gulf of Mexico, with its deep green waters, at this time of the year was calm, as likewise later we found the sky-blue waters of the Caribbean sea. We were told that

in September of each year this same company lost a boat on the gulf during the stormy season. Again we knew God was taking care of us. After a few days out on the gulf one of the ladies and one of the gentlemen became ill, and we missed them at meals throughout the balance of the trip on the sea. Great sea gulls accompanied us, flying around the steamer and at times resting on the boat. We also could see flying-fish skipping over the briny waters. We had three days and nights to pray when we were not relaxing by resting on the deck or pitching quoits or walking or running around the deck. On board the steamer I made the acquaintance of a French-Canadian who had lived thirteen years in Guatemala. He informed me in his conversation that he had secured an old concession from the Guatemalan government to mine marble. His concession amounted practically to a monopoly on a mountain, several miles square, of rich white marble, said to be the only white marble this side of Italy. He had been up to the states to interest some business men in his enterprise and was returning to his quarry with two Tennessee gentlemen.

The second day on the Gulf we could see the reflection of a great light coming over the waters. We were informed that it was from the lighthouse off Yucatan, Mexico, some eighty miles away. A phonograph in the dining-room continued to play an appropriate song, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," and now and then a selection of jazz music very much to the dislike of an Englishman on board. The meals were excellent — all that could be desired. Late one afternoon, while enjoying the azure skies and balmy soft warm air of the tropical Caribbean waters, we noticed small islands planted with coconut palms. A coconut grove is said to be a "lazy man's investment." When the trees begin to bear, after six or seven year's planting, the nuts continue to drop for sixty years, and all the owner has to do is to pick up his nuts and turn them into money.

We were now nearing the land of *poco tiempo*, tomorrow, procrastination, or "wait a while." We were soon to see face to face a people whose principal business, most zealously fol-

lowed, we were often told, is revolution. This we did not find to be so, but rather a people and a land of peace. All of our life we had been used to a people who led a strenuous, rushing, hurried life, a people that have gone literally mad to make a dollar. What a contrast between New York folk and those of Guatemala City! Some one has described our metropolitan city as follows: "It is a meaningless conglomeration of humanity swept together from the ends of the earth; an unhealthy coating on a stone tongue in the mouth of the Hudson — a wart on the nose of civilization. Its architecture, like its confusion of tongues, has the tower of Babel beat out of sight. The Jews own it, the Irish run it, the Americans visit it in rubber-neck wagons. It is bounded on the east by Blackwell's Island, on the south by Wall Street, on the west by Greenwich Village, and on the north by Babe Ruth and the polo grounds. Its business is chasing the dollar, its diversion the leg show, its political symbol a tiger. When you land, buy a ticket to America!"

At midnight of the third day we arrived in Honduras bay, anchoring there until 6:00 o'clock the next morning. About 5:00 o'clock we were awakened by a waiter who informed us that we were to be served hot rolls and coffee in our state-room. We dressed hurriedly and took a peep out into the bay, where we could see huge porpoises turning somersaults in the water. Orders were given that all passengers should line up for inspection. Government officials had climbed aboard and begun to inspect us to see if we were free from contagious diseases. They also examined our passports, after which we were allowed to land.

As I looked down on the wharf I caught sight of Rev. R. S. Anderson, one of our missionaries, who had come two hundred and thirty-five miles from the interior of the country to meet me. Most of this long journey he had made on mule back. As I was entering a strange country, among a strange people with strange characteristics and language, it can be readily understood that I was very glad to see Brother Anderson at the port. He informed me that we could take the 7:00 o'clock

train out if we hurried up and got our baggage inspected in time, which we were successful in doing. Connections are made here with the International Railways of Central America for Guatemala City and interior points. The distance from Puerto Barrios to Guatemala City is one hundred and ninety-five miles. With a prayer on our lips we entered Latin America at Puerto Barrios, where early in the morning we heard the crisp pat-a-pat-pat of *tortillas* in the making — those unleavened, unsalted, flat corncakes of prehistoric America.



AMERICAN INDIAN GIRL HOLDING AN AVOCADO (ALLIGATOR)
PEAR OF THE LARGEST VARIETY. BY COURTESY OF
OUR WORLD MAGAZINE.

A CHILD MAY LEAD

If our fifty thousand Nazarenes would save *one Indian-head penny a week* it would amount to twenty-six thousand dollars in one year.

Thousands of Sunday school scholars are organized into mission bands and are saving Indian-head pennies.

They will help your missionary offerings.

II

FIRST THREE DAYS IN GUATEMALA

Brother Anderson purchased our "billetes" and checked and paid for the transit of our baggage. As our missionaries usually ride second-class, to economize, we boarded a second-class coach amidst a sprinkling of many nationalities who continued making use of their polyglot tongues, while men, women, and children began to squirt out tobacco juice right and left on the floor of the car. The train, with its wood-burning engine, lazily pulled out, running through a jungle of bamboo, palms, tangled vines, and banana trees. The weather was very hot and the air dry. We could see here and there in the clearings some wattled huts of the natives, and half-nude boys and girls, yellow barking dogs, squawking parrots, parrakeets, and chattering monkeys.

Soon we passed through an immense banana plantation of thirty-six thousand acres, belonging to the United Fruit Company. This same company owns the railroad that we were riding on from Puerto Barrios to Guatemala City, forming one of the three railroads of the country. They also own a fine hospital, which they built at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars, located on their railroad at Quirigua. We arrived a little after noon at Zacapa, about one hundred miles from Puerto Barrios, where we were met by Rev. J. T. Butler and his two sons. They escorted us to their home, which furnished us a welcome retreat in that hot country. Brother Butler was at one time identified with our church as one of the pioneer missionaries in Guatemala. At the time we visited him on this trip he represented the Central American Mission, an interdenominational organization, with headquarters at Paris, Texas.

That night being prayermeeting night, we accompanied Brother Butler to his mission, preaching there our first sermon with the aid of an interpreter, Brother Butler. Zacapa has a very hot and dry climate. The natives say about this town, "If it is not hot enough in hell for the poor unfortunate that go there, they are sent back to Zacapa to be tormented." We kicked flies and mosquitoes nearly all night, and got very little sleep.

The next day, about noon, we left Zacapa for El Rancho, arriving there about 4:00 P. M. At this point we left the railroad, giving our baggage (one steamer trunk and one suitcase) over to the Indian *mozos*, a father and son whom Brother Anderson had engaged to carry our baggage through to Coban over the mountains. This was our first sight of Guatemala's burden-bearers. An Indian woman swam across the Montagua river, a swift stream, pulling a canoe after her. She came in answer to a signal given her to paddle us over the stream. We then had a hike on foot for about two miles to a *finca*, where we spent the night. It was here that Brother Anderson had left the mules on his way to the coast to meet us. Before dark the owner of the *finca* took us through his fields to show us his plantation. We saw growing here the following trees: rubber, cacao, sapotichiclet, spice gourd, bamboo, pacaya, coffee, lemon, orange, plantain, yucca, maranyon, cotton, royal palm, willow, etc. From these trees wine, starch, cotton, sandpaper, bluing, and gunpowder are made. An old sugar-cane mill was also very interesting.

About 2:00 o'clock the next morning we caught Sol and Luna, the mules ("Sol" meaning sun and "Luna" meaning moon). I started out mounted upon the "moon" and Brother Anderson on the "sun," on our long journey of forty-five miles over very rough and high mountains which the natives call hills. Going through some small Indian towns before the break of day, we were followed by a cloud of obstreperous, vicious, barking yellow dogs. We were reminded at the sight of these dogs that the dog is the only animal that has followed man throughout every region of the earth.

The journey was hard and trying, leading sometimes over mountains running high above the clouds, then down and across dangerous roaring canyons. The mountains were dotted here and there with picturesque Indian huts with their red tile roofs and patches of maize and beans. The trail we were following was only a mule or Indian foot trail. The heat of the day was beginning to simmer. The locusts in the mesquite in the valleys were singing a monotonous song. Long before noon we became weary and fatigued, longing for the noonday rest. I had not ridden a mule or horse for over twenty-five years, and this ride of forty-five miles was beginning to tell on me. My legs began to ache and pain and stuck out like bean poles! I fairly cried with pain, but stuck to my post on the beast. I shall never forget that long tortuous and torturous ride.

About 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at San Jeronimo, noted as a whisky town on account of a certain grade of whisky manufactured there. Here we have a mission station, and it was here that I first met some of our native converts in Latin America. This station is seven miles from Salama. We took a rest for about half an hour and then started on our last lap of the journey for the day toward Salama. We had not gotten far when our mules came to a sudden stop, snorted, and became frightened. They would not move an inch. Presently, directly ahead, we saw a huge snake coil up, take his stand, raise his head several feet high, shoot out his fiery tongue, and make an awful, hissing sound. We got down off our mules, picked up some cobble stones, and threw them with all our might at the snake. The snake dodged the stones right and left quite professionally. After a while the huge monster crawled away and we passed on.

We are told that all the snakes in this country are poisonous and will put up a fight when seen. We do not know of any missionaries who have been fatally bitten by snakes, though many natives die from snakebite every year. There is here found a small reptile shaped like a lizard, the color of green grass, which oftentimes is hard to see, whose bite is very ven-

omous, so that man or beast will die from its attack. Rev. J. D. Franklin and wife rode out on their mules to meet us and welcome us to Salama, where they were stationed as missionaries. Tired and hungry, we rolled into Salama about 5:30. After straightening out the kinks in our legs, taking a good washup and a rubdown, and eating a splendid supper, we were glad for a good night's rest in the missionary compound.

Salama is in a hot, dry country. Brother and Sister Franklin, with a number of native missionaries, have been laboring there for several years. They have an excellent congregation. Since our visit there, Brother and Sister Franklin, owing to illness, have been compelled to return to the homeland. To show how they were esteemed as excellent missionaries to the Spanish-speaking people of this section, we append here a recommendation by Rev. J. D. Scott:

"I consider Brother Franklin one of the most successful and aggressive missionaries that we have ever had on this field. He is greatly loved by the native people among whom he has labored. We exceedingly regret to lose him for even a short period of time, but since he and his wife have both contracted chronic malaria, and the physician has ordered them home for a rest, I take great pleasure in recommending him to any Spanish-speaking church, or as a Spanish teacher in any of our educational institutions. He is thoroughly competent and is a consecrated man of God."

At this writing, Miss Sarah Mae Cox and Brother and Sister Ingram are our missionaries stationed at Salama. They came out to this country since my visit there in 1921. Recent intelligence through the columns of the *Herald of Holiness*, informs us that Brother J. D. Franklin never regained his health fully after his return to the homeland. He fell asleep in Jesus last summer to awake in that bright celestial city to join singing with the redeemed around the white throne.

III

THE BURDENBEARERS AND SLAVES

Land-Ownning Class —

"We have made a beast of burden of the Indian and do not want him to become anything else. We are jealous of any influence that would tend to make a man of him."

The Church (Roman Catholic) —

"We make a business of exploiting his vices and furnishing his feasts."

The Government —

"Prohibits the export of sugar, in order that the cane may be used in the manufacture of the rum of the country, thus providing the rum for the Indian."

We shall never forget the Indians (burden-bearers) of this country. Not many years ago the railroads, the municipal buildings, mule trails, oxcart roads, and telegraph lines were all built by the compulsory labor of the Indians, working like machines for little or no wages. The old form of slavery no longer exists, but the forced labor system which took its place is practically the same. The government still at times exacts labor from the Indians and, if they resist, inflicts at will corporal punishment. It is a sad scene to see these human freight carriers go along on a dogtrot, carrying their great burdens of one or two hundred pounds over the roughest of mountain trails. We understand that they will carry their loads for thirty miles or more for a day's journey and at night curl up like a dog, sleeping on the bare porches of the municipal buildings. It is pitiful to see barefoot or sandaled Indians doing the labor that belongs to beasts or machines. A strong man carries a burden of two hundred pounds in his pack, which he will carry for four or five days till he reaches his destination,

only to get another as heavy to bring back, and then to repeat the task indefinitely. Behind him trots his wife, barefoot or sandaled, with a hundred pounds or more, from which even the exigencies of maternity do not excuse her. It not infrequently happens that a babe is born scores of miles away from home with only the loss of an hour or two from the journey. The mother, after the short delay, reappears with the new arrival hung on her back. Her loving lord and driver considerably takes most, or all, of her load in addition to his own, and all take up the heavy, hopeless round again. Even the little tot of four or five goes trotting along with his ten-inch steps, crying at times, for it is very hard to keep up with *tat* (father) and *nan* (mother). But he must learn, for that is the only school that he will ever have to train him for the wretched servitude called life which is his fate.

We at one time saw a dozen Indians crossing a mountain carrying a whole household of furniture strapped on their backs, which included beds, stoves, chairs, refrigerators, tables, piano, etc. These packs were held in place on the back by ropes attached to a wide strap over the forehead like the breeching of the harness of a horse. Ever since the Spanish conquest, the Indian has been the servant when not the slave of the nation. He is the public laborer, messenger, and burden-bearer. He does the work, others enjoy the luxuries. Logs are sawed into boards by the Indian in many places because his wages are so low that the steam saw can not compete with him. Year in and year out he carries enormous burdens beside bounding rivers, because it would cost more to harness the rivers than he gets for his toil. Many of the Indians are working under the peonage system for from three-fourths of a cent to six cents a day. As long as the Indian owes a penny he is forced to work; and being illiterate he falls an easy victim of the schemes of plantation owners to keep him in debt. Many of the coffee *fincas* when sold carry with the ground so many hundreds of Indian families (slaves) thrown in "to boot." The number of the families varies as the size of the *finca*. The selling of the Indian prevails in Guatemala,

Peru, and Bolivia. In all of them the disinherited Indian today exists by sufferance only, in his stone, mud, or palm-leaf hut, on land that belonged to his forefathers.

Many of the owners have a dozen or more concubines. A German was pointed out to us who is said to be the father of one hundred children! The Indian's wage is so small that he seldom has sufficient money to buy his clothing. Very few wear shoes, and many times, going over the rugged mountains carrying their heavy loads, they leave a stream of blood from their torn and worn feet. Some have leather soles strapped to their feet to protect them from the sharp stones. His dress is that peculiar to his town, and is generally of native wool. The women wear artistically woven sacklike waists made of cotton. The skirt is about six yards of native goods woven in beautiful designs. It is wound around and around and held up at the waist by a long sash. The dress of the men varies more. Some are very artistic. For an adult it consists of about three yards of navy blue material with a hole in the middle and short tassels on the tail. The head is put through the hole so that the tassels behind fall down about to the knees, while in front the goods does not reach quite so low. Under this white drill trousers are worn which reach to the knees. The waist is fastened with a sash. Half-open sleeves are sewed on, but not used when one is working.

Many of the little Indian children die young from hookworm, a tropical disease, usually developing from exposure of the bare feet to the ground. While we were in this country a certain Indian who had been carrying mail into the interior, while fording a river lost his foothold and dropped one of the mail bags into the swift stream. He was unable to rescue the bag and came into town without the mail, for which offence he served three years in jail. Another Indian was convicted of a minor offence and sentenced to one and a half years, but waited in jail one and a half years before his trial, thus serving three years in jail.

Indians are jailed for the smallest offence down to the "boiling of a peach." Indian morality is relatively correct

when they are not under the influence of liquor of other races. Though he represents 70 per cent of the population, he is charged with only 25 per cent of the crime. In Guatemala City, where legal pressure is strongest, in 1915 the Ladinos or mixed race showed an illegitimacy of 63 per cent, while the Indians had but 27 per cent. Where drunkenness prevails the Indian illegitimacy runs much higher. The Indian is instinctively loyal, chaste, very respectful to authorities, conscientious, religious, generous, grateful for favors, and habitually industrious, where he can see anything come of it. He is tenacious in the face of difficulties, capable of high intellectual attainment, artistic in temperament — in short, an ideal soil for a high type of Christian culture.

The Indian character itself is a ringing call for evangelization. Both earlier and later records of Indian life show that they have always been weak in the matter of abstinence from strong drink. Their own tribal authorities often try to keep them away from the saloon, but conditions are all against them. Both the extensive sugar-cane crop, and a large part of the fruit crop are manufactured into brandy. A drink costs less than a cent and a thorough intoxication less than a nickel. The saloon-keepers give the left-overs in the glasses to the Indians. The drink demon arouses in them, and they spend their last hard-earned cent for "burning water." It is not considered disgraceful. The Indian believes brandy is a good substitute for food, for medicine, and to relieve from trouble. In religious festivals they must have brandy, even if everything else is wanting. A fermented fruit brandy called "chica" is much used by the Indians. It has most serious effects on the health of its victims. In 1913 there were 65,200 saloon licenses issued by the government, or one to every thirty-six inhabitants, counting men, women, and children, for all drink. Besides there is an enormous though unknown amount of "moonshine." We have seen mothers treating their children and even their sucking babes. On religious feast days, in Indian districts, the roads out of town are fairly ahowl with Indians in all stages of intoxication. You may see little chil-

dren crying because *tat* and *nan* are both in the gutter, and the problem of looking after themselves is too much for the baby mind.

In the redemption of the Indian from this, his principal, vice, no help can be expected from the government because of the Devil's old sophism of the revenue. Nor does a single ray of light break from the Catholic Church. She fattens on sin, and liquor is a fruitful mother of "holy" revenue. Then, too, the "holy father" is often the star consumer of the stuff, holding the drinking record of the town. The best priest in the country will readily confess, "when an Indian takes to liquor nothing can save him — he is gone." There is but one hope, and that shines clear and strong — his salvation. This has been tried and does the work. What a race of people! With Christianity, freedom and education they would make one of the cleanest and finest races under the sun; but without the gospel their outlook is as hopeless as despair. The Indian earnestness with which they take to the gospel gives them an almost certain victory.

Again we exclaim, What a field for mission work! What, with oppression, vices, and false religion, which only sink him deeper in the throes of his sins, the Indian is without hope. But, praise God, No! He was in times past without hope, but now the light of the gospel is dawning round about him. The Christ who said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest" has heard the cry of the Guatemalan Indian. And what a splendid Christian the Indian makes! He is naturally, as is well known, honest and dependable, though slow. When he hears the gospel and is convinced he seldom delays but accepts immediately. And how glad he is to hear for the first time! The women fold their hands, look up to heaven, and repeat "matiosh, matiosh" (thanks, thanks) while listening to the message.

The Indian is the object of the greatest hatred on the part of the Ladinos or Spanish-speaking race. The common expression is that he is no better than an animal or a piece of furniture. A rhyme often repeated is:

"Todo Indio y sanate, Manda la ley que se mate"
(*"Every Indian and crow, the law orders to be killed"*)

The result of this oppression and hatred is abject poverty and extreme submissiveness. But deep in his heart runs a strong current of bitter resentment as well as suspicion and distrust.

Of course the Indian has his weaknesses and his defects just as we all do, but nearly all agree that he makes a better Christian than the Spanish-speaking race. At the top of every mountain along the Indian trails is a wooden cross on a heap of stones. The Indian will take the load off his back and pray to the cross. Poor souls — lost, without hope for this world or the world to come!

The Indian is always a good farmer, and generally is cleaner than the average Ladino or Mexican peon. His wife weaves his clothing and blankets, he makes his implements and medicines and secures his own food from the fields, forests, and streams. He is a good trader and cares nothing for money. These Indians are not like the South American Indians who trade gold dust or gold nuggets for hatchets, knives, and guns. They are a subdued, peaceful people, retaining their pure Indian blood, and are noble characters. They bathe often in the rivers, applying a native soap similar to a vigorous application of Fairy soap to clear the pores of the skin. They are remarkably strong and athletic.

An evangelized, enlightened Central America, with her position in the very middle of the peri-Caribbean region, would wield a strategic and deciding influence for pure Christianity that would defy calculation. *The key to the whole combination* is the evangelization of the Guatemalan Indian. Whatever else must go, no effort should be omitted, no sacrifice spared, that will assure the capture and control of this stronghold for Christ as a guarantee for a free world and godly America. *And what predominates in America will determine the world.*

There is abundant proof that the real "gold" of Guatemala is to be found in the undeveloped mental and spiritual

capacities of the native Indian, rather than in the debasing exploitation of his muscular forces. This vast undeveloped source of spiritual wealth represents diamonds in the rough to be gathered for the Master's crown, an almost virgin field that challenges the mettle of modern Christian knighthood.



TWO MEN OF THE MAYA CAKCHIKEL TRIBE. BY COURTESY OF
OUR WORLD MAGAZINE.



GIRL WEAVING A HUUPIL (SHIRT WAIST) ON A HAND LOOM OF THE KIND USED BY THE ANCIENT MAYAS.
BY COURTESY OF OUR WORLD MAGAZINE.

IV IN BAJA VERAPAZ DEPARTMENT

"Adios!"—Go WITH God!

We arrived in Salama the day before Good Friday. The Franklins informed us that Good Friday was celebrated throughout Guatemala as a special feast day with a mock trial of Jesus Christ. Among the things that take place that day, the Catholics make an image of Jesus Christ and march through the streets with the image and a band. We urged Brother Franklin and Brother Anderson to accompany us that we might witness the mock trial. After considerable persuasion they agreed to go along. We requested that Brother Franklin take his kodak along and take some snapshots of the affair.

It was a gala day for the Catholics. All the people of the town, from the governor and his wife to the smallest child that could walk, were there. Much clanging of the Catholic bells and beating on drums informed us that the procession was forming in line. There was a wooden platform constructed in the center of the town. The march led from the Cathedral to the erected platform. Here sat a "Roman Court" of officials. They placed the image on the platform. The trial was staged to take place with the reading of the Scriptures containing that portion of the New Testament pertaining to the crucifixion of Christ by the Jews, even down to the washing of hands by Pilate. By this time many of the mob that had gathered were drunk and frenzied with anger and hatred. As they saw us American Protestants (whom they called foreign devils) witnessing their diabolical acts, they became infuriated, watching every move that we made.

Brother Franklin climbed up on a stone wall, pockmarked from the smack of bullets at short range, while he focussed

his kodak to take a snapshot of the trial. At the click of the lens a volley of stones came upon us, one hitting Brother Franklin and causing a mark which he carried to this country. We escaped into the small store of a "believer." An angry mob gathered around the store, threatening to force an entrance to get us. A little later we made our way to the missionary compound, reaching there in safety. As we were the only Americans in town, and their threats were increased against Protestants, we thought it best not to attend the crucifixion that was to take place that night. We are persuaded that only extraordinary zeal, effort, prayer, and faith will bring evangelical results among this people strongly entrenched in Romanism and fanaticism. They are completely held under the domination of Satan and the sway of corrupt priesthood and of papal rule — a rule of fear. Morally the priests are rotten, given to bullfighting, drunkenness, gambling, and women, turning their residences and churches into harems.

V

A MISSIONARY TOUR

While spending several weeks with the Franklins in Salama, we decided to take a tour to the missionary stations among the Indians in San Miguel, Rabinal, and Cabulco. One bright, hot morning we saddled our beasts, tied up some excellent food which Sister Franklin had prepared, and started off on our journey. At the time we visited San Miguel we had no mission station there, but found a few earnest believers who were anxious for us to send them a missionary. The next town we visited was Rabinal, which is located in a beautiful valley among rich orange groves. This is a town of considerable size, the population of which is mostly Indians. Some excellent homes and quite well-to-do people are found there. We had no mission there at the time of our visit, but found some believers who inquired about our missionaries entering the town. At this writing we have an excellent mission station there, and have bought some ground and buildings in a very attractive and advantageous section of the city. God is blessing our work in that city. One of our missionaries recently writing about the work at that strategic point, writes as follows:

"The new station opened up in Rabinal seems to be prospering, although the people are quite fanatical and the congregation is larger on the outside than on the inside. Catholicism is a strong enemy to the gospel, and our only hope is in God. But when we remember that our God has conquered and will triumphantly conquer, we are encouraged in the face of every difficulty."

Our itinerary on our beasts extended to Cabulco, the town once visited by Rev. James K. Taylor, on one of his famous

tours through Central America. We found there our mission property in charge of a native missionary who cordially received us and made us feel at home in that strange rural Indian territory. Our stations there have been wonderfully blessed of God. Recent reports indicate that the principal men and officials of the town attend the meetings at that place, and that there are many conversions. At times the mission building there is not large enough to accommodate the crowds that come to the meetings.

On this visit to these simple, plain Indian folk we got into some of their homes. Their homes are mere huts, made sometimes from bamboo sticks and cornstalks, thatched with banana leaves and mud. The floors were of dirt, but swept clean and covered with pine needles. In entering the homes we were always received with cordial greetings and often given a "fresco," a drink similar to coca-cola, to refresh us.

The children are very shy of strangers and often disappear entirely when one approaches the huts. It seems hard to get a foothold, but once gained the work goes on marvelously. The tour consumed about three days, over very rough mountains and rich valleys filled with thousands of Indian families. An indigenous church in this urban country is very primitive, and is attended with a great deal of persecution heaped upon its members.

VI

COBAN, A STRATEGIC CENTER

After spending several weeks with the Franklins and our native workers and friends in Baja Verapaz, we left on mule-back for Tactic, a halfway station between Salama and Coban. It is a good day's ride from Salama to Tactic, some ten leagues distant. At Tactic we have an excellent congregation in charge of our native pastor, Brother Don Javier de la Cruz, and his wife. We spent the night there and preached through an interpreter, Brother Franklin, who accompanied us from Salama. All missionaries have learned the art of pressing visitors into service.

The mission was crowded, including several Indian converts. It was wonderful to hear the testimony of these Indian converts, and to hear them exhort their heathen brethren to turn from their gods and worship the living Christ. Brother Franklin returned to Salama from there the next morning. We continued our journey from there to Coban in company with a native preacher, Brother Clemente, whom Brother Anderson had sent to Tactic to meet us. Coban is about ten leagues from Tactic and is reached by a very hard, tortuous mountain Indian trail. Brother Clemente speaks no English, and as my vocabulary in the Spanish was limited, most of our conversation was by signs and gestures. The mules of this country, as well as the people, seek to take advantage of the customary siesta.

At the first glimpse of Coban we offered up a prayer of praise and thanksgiving. Most itinerant missionaries who have made this journey understand our appreciation and gratitude. We had been in the saddle now, off and on, for two or three weeks, getting broken into real missionary work. The saddles

are generally of native workmanship and native material, hard and rough. They have a sort of "crupper" running down from the back of the saddle and extending around and under the mule's tail to keep the saddle and rider from slipping off the mule in ascending and descending the steep mountain grades.

Brother Anderson claims that he owes his life to his famous mule, Esperanza (hope). One day, while descending a steep grade on a mountain, his mule slipped on a rolling stone and dropped some ten or fifteen feet, lodging in a ledge of rocks. The beast sprang back again into the road with Brother Anderson on his back. It was several hundred feet to the bottom of the deep abyss or canyon, but the mule saved the life of himself and the rider. Brother Anderson thinks a great deal of this mule and would not part with him for the price of a small *finca*.

We spent two and one-half months in Coban, making our headquarters in the beautiful Anderson home. The Andersons are a real missionary family. There are six children, of whom the two oldest girls, Agnes and Margaret, are now in school at Olivet, Illinois. Mrs. Anderson, the wife and mother, together with the three oldest children, Agnes, Margaret, and Charles, often during my stay in Coban made evangelistic trips to the Indian villages in and around Coban. Sometimes we were accompanied by Mrs. J. D. Scott and her daughters Hazel and Cleo. All of these trips were very interesting to me. All of the other missionaries make periodical evangelistic trips to the Indians.

Tours were made of the country, visiting all of our mission stations except one which was temporarily closed for the lack of a missionary. We also attended several Bible conferences and the Central American District Assembly. We preached a number of times in our chapel at Coban. We made a number of missionary tours to the outstations and visited many Indian families in their homes in the rural districts. We also visited a large number of *fincas*. We attended the dedication service of the girls' mission school at Coban.

Our church has considerable property in Coban and nearby towns viz., Tactic, San Juan, San Pedro, Lanquin, and Cajabon. Land has been purchased from the funds of the Indian-Head Penny Fund for an Indian mission. This property, costing \$2,000 in United States gold, and comprising about twenty acres known as El Caracol, is located only ten blocks from the heart of the city of Coban. It consists of a good substantial building, about six acres in cultivation, and the balance in rich pasture land, except a small hill in the center, which contains good rock for building purposes. It is located in the center of the great Quichie Indian tribe numbering 300,000 souls. It is an ideal property for a mission, a hospital, and enough land for several hundred Indian huts and sufficient land for vegetable growing and the raising of corn for *tortillas*. The pasture land harbors our mission animals, supplying them with necessary provender.

The following is a partial report, by Rev. J. D. Scott, of our mission fields in Guatemala, published in *The Other Sheep*. The report covers from November, 1922, to July, 1923:

At the close of our last Assembly we organized several bands of workers into evangelistic groups and sent them out for some months or more with wonderful results. They held meetings in some ten or more new towns, preaching the gospel to many new people and seeing the salvation of several souls. Our workers have carried on evangelistic meetings throughout the year with most gratifying results.

We have had employed this year in the various branches of our service twenty workers. Eight of these are pastors, two are printers, two are colporteurs, five are Bible women, and three are teachers in our schools. The daily report cards for the nine months show as follows: Regular services 865, attendance 13,659; Sunday schools 450, attendance 5,328; prayermeetings 696, attendance 7,263; seekers 127, attendance at services 2,238; Bibles sold 23, given away 368; tracts given away 20,502; homes visited 4,105; persons evangelized 17,903; leagues traveled 2,621; towns visited 212; hours of study 4,187; hours of prayer 5,394; hours of teaching 1,319; showing that either in some of the regular services or personally and privately 44,153 persons have heard the gospel in this territory.

We have only three organized churches as yet, but hope to organize others in the coming year. Coban has 115 members, Tactic 65, and Salama 80, making a total of 260 members.

In addition to our regular stations we have twenty outstations, where our workers preach with frequency and regularity, and in most of these places we have believers.

Of our workers 12 are married, 2 are widows, and 6 are single. Among them are 42 children (19 boys and 23 girls), of whom 15 are students in our schools.

There are about five hundred native Christians in the district, which is a gain of about 150 over last year, due principally to the successful evangelistic campaigns.

We have ten good properties, four in Coban and six in other towns, valued at \$18,000, all in good repair and free from debt. We are purchasing property in Livingston which will cost us \$600. The native believers have purchased three lots in a new town and are planning to build a tabernacle for services. There are several places where we need small chapels and tabernacles which would cost but little. We own about \$1,000 worth of live stock, and with mission turniture and other articles which we own our assets will easily aggregate \$20,000.

Miss Eugenia Phillips is the director of our girls' school and Miss Neva Lane is assistant director. The enrollment this year has been 67, and the spiritual tide good. Rev. Ira True and wife are in charge of our boys' school, which has an enrollment of 34. In both schools we have some good prospects for future workers.

This year we have published *El Cristiano* as the official organ of our Latin American work. We have published *Ruyitos de Luz*, our Sunday school lesson paper in Spanish, and in addition to these many thousands of tracts; and at this time we are publishing the Manual in Spanish. We distribute on an average some half million pages annually.

Too much can not be said of the faithfulness of our eleven missionaries in this field. Rev. R. S. Anderson is pastor of the church in Coban and director of the printing office. Mrs. Anderson assists her husband and is an efficient missionary. Rev. Ira True and wife are in charge of the boys' school and Miss Phillips and Miss Lane of the girls' school. Miss Cox is pastor of the Salama congregation and Rev. Robert Ingram and wife are her helpers. They also do much evangelistic work. We do not ask the board for any additional missionaries until the present financial strain is lifted, but we do ask that at the earliest possible day

their former salaries be restored, as it is almost impossible to get on with our present salaries with the increased price of necessities.

In the first part of the year I was privileged to visit all of our stations and to take part in the evangelistic campaign, but during the last four months I have done practically nothing on account of my physical condition. I was in the hospital in Guatemala City for thirty-four days, and at this time I am not able to take any active part in services, but am slowly improving; for this I thank God and the faithful ones who have prayed for me.

Brother Scott has regained his health, and is again in the battle. It was our great pleasure to again meet him at the General Assembly of our church, last October, in Kansas City, Missouri.

There are many problems which confront us as a church in reaching the Indians, chief of which is the learning of the Indian dialects. As these dialects are unwritten, it necessitates that our missionaries live among the tribes to gain their tongue. In the program of evangelization of South and Central America and Mexico, the publishing of diatol gospels in the native dialects side by side with the Spanish is of prime importance, if for nothing more than to give the workers among the Indians a vocabulary with which to present the gospel. At this writing the New Testament has been translated into the Quechua language, spoken by three million Quechua Indians in Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia. The only other New Testament translation in an Indian tongue is that of the Guarani, of Paraguay and South Brazil. A portion of the New Testament appears in the Zapotec dialect of Southern Mexico.

To the Church of the Nazarene have been assigned the three northern Departments of Guatemala: Peten, Alta Verapaz, and Baja Verapaz. These comprise an Indian population of over 150,000 souls. The Quiches, a people of Maya stock (not to be confounded with the Quichuas of Peru), number about 300,000. Their sacred book, known as Popol Vuh, embodies a mythological cosmogony in which is a story of the

creation and an account of a flood after the manner of that of the Old Testament. The Pokomochies number 25,000 or more, and a good part of the 300,000 Cakchiquels of Maya stock live in this territory. There are some smaller tribes, such as the Lacondones, who live in the Peten Department. This tribe has never been conquered, not even during the Spanish invasion. Beginnings have been made to translate these strange, hard dialects.

Coban is a strategic center for Indian evangelization. It is in the center of the great Indian population in that part of the world. No evangelical church has a more definite mission than the Church of the Nazarene has in her problem of Indian evangelization. Plans for the future are bright. Our God is faithful. He does answer prayer. Some forty or fifty Indians have been redeemed from sin. Amen! The Indian is an inveterate attendant at meeting after he is converted, even if he has to walk a long distance.

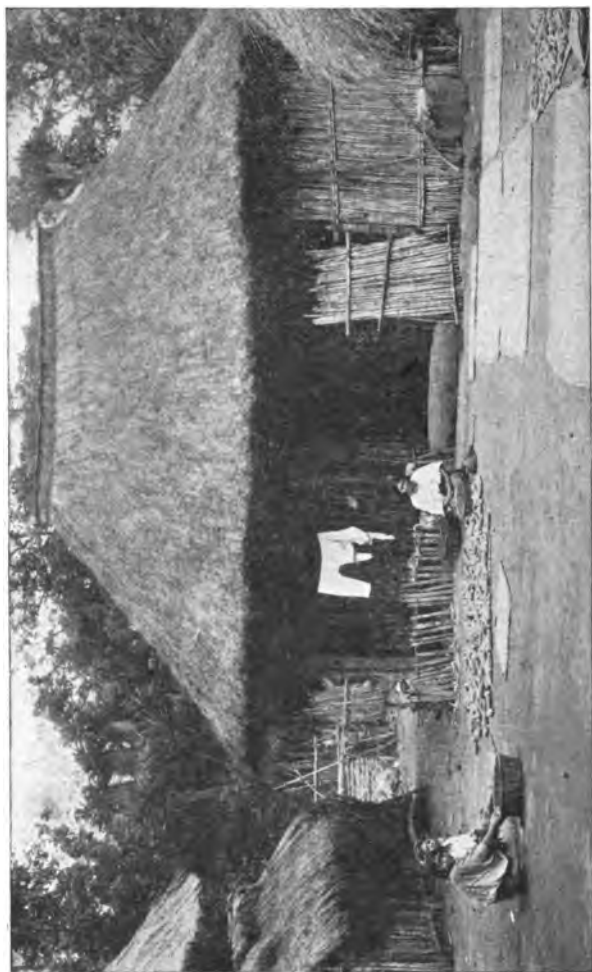
Our missionary work dates back some seventeen or more years ago, to when our first missionaries entered this country. Rev. S. D. Athans, professor of Spanish, Pasadena College, Pasadena, California, visited the Guatemalan Indians and our Spanish-Indian mission stations in Guatemala in the first half of the year 1923, and writes as follows about these Indians:

"The Holy Ghost operates here in the same way He does anywhere else. The redeemed of the Lord in Guatemala pray and testify the same as we do in the states. We could see the shine of heaven in the faces of the olive-skinned Guatemalan Indians. God is certainly prospering our work in this district."

One of the sad and painful disappointments to us, while we were in Guatemala was that we were obliged to cancel our proposed trip to the Peten Department, since we had not sufficient time to make the long hard journey and then return and make the long overland journey to Mexico City by July 1st. This was the time set to meet Brother E. G. Anderson, together with Brother Scott, for a conference arranged to take place

there at that time. Peten has one-third the area of the entire country, with a scattered population of some 10,000 souls who have no witness for Christ. As far as we could learn Peten has never had a resident Protestant missionary.

The District Superintendent, Brother Scott, made a visit to these people the year previous to my visit to Guatemala. He reports a fruitful field with a ringing Macedonian call for the gospel. Long they have called, but so far in vain. The American Chewing Gum Company of New York imports chiclet gum in its crude form from this section. It is also rich in minerals, oil, dyewoods, cabinet woods, and medicinal woods. Part of this territory has excellent cattle grazing grounds. Alligators, monkeys, and beautiful birds are found in the rivers and forests. It is, however, very little known to the outside world, and very little developed for any commercial enterprise. Worst of all, souls have gone out into midnight darkness for centuries without Christ or hope — a people with no Christ and no Bible to guide them to heaven. Fifty thousand Nazarenes have been responsible for this field for nearly a quarter of a century. What a meeting when we meet them at the judgment! Let us go to our knees!



AMERICAN INDIAN WOMEN DRYING AND SHELLING CORN IN FRONT OF THEIR HUT. BY COURTESY OF
OUR WORLD MAGAZINE.

VII

LEAVING COBAN; TRAVELING TOWARD MEXICO

After much prayer with our missionaries, and an impressive farewell service, we decided to make the long overland trip through Mexico, leaving Coban and its enchanted hill country on May 29th. It was very fortunate, and we are sure very providential, for us to have our genial District Superintendent, Rev. J. D. Scott, to pilot us and act as interpreter on this long journey through Mexico. Brother Scott had just returned from a hard trip to Mexico, and it meant real sacrifice for him to so soon make another trip through that tropical country. We have no man in our entire Nazarene connection who knows that country and its people better than Brother Scott.

Our journey from Coban to the international boundary was full of interest. Our first day's journey took us to Tactic, where we had a farewell service with our missionaries and friends at that place. We spent the night there as their guests and left early the next morning for Panajacjke, where we spent the next night.

At Panajacjke we left our mules, colporteurs, and guides, who returned to Coban.

There was no excuse of a building there that would look like a hotel. So the genial station agent allowed us to sleep in the portion of the station set aside to hold freight. He gave us a huge hammock which we put up to furnish us a bed. I tried to persuade Brother Scott to sleep in the hammock, but he refused, preferring, he said, to sleep on the floor. So I slept in the hammock.

While waiting for the train to back up to the station the next morning, I noticed Brother Scott was engaged in conversation with a Pokomochi Indian woman. She was brightly

clad and very beautiful. While she was talking with Brother Scott I noticed she cast wistful, inquiring eyes at me. I could not understand the conversation as it was carried on in Spanish and Pokomochi. I was curious to know what she was talking about, so I inquired of Brother Scott. He said she was trying to make a bargain with him to become my wife, but in doing so I would have to support her children. I then told Brother Scott to ask her how many children she had. We were informed she had been married three times and had five children from each man. I told Brother Scott then to inform her I was not in the market, as I already had a good wife.

At this place we made connection with a narrow gauge railway going to Panzoas, a distance of twenty-eight miles. This took a whole day, as the train with a dogtrot wormed its way through a dense jungle, at times hid or buried completely, running through a tunnel of vines and reeds. This train moves only once a week. We had a hotbox on the road, causing a delay of several hours. The passengers, with their baggage, were transferred from the only passenger coach, which was left on a siding, to a portion of a freight car, the other end of which harbored a drove of pigs. Piled high on baggage we arrived at Panzoas that same day, about 9:00 P. M. Panzoas is one of the jumping-off places on this terrestrial ball that appears to us a place nature never intended any man to live. It might be a proper rendezvous for alligators, wild boars, and millions of mosquitoes. It is a jungle-buried town, built on stilts amidst bamboo reeds and other tropical marsh-reeds and grass, swarming night and day with a militia of millions of mosquitoes and other microscopic deadly, poisonous, vicious insects of all sorts, because of which man or beast has no rest night or day. There live but two white men in the town — the station agent and another man who keeps a wild animal menagerie to amuse himself. There is no hotel of any kind to be found. The natives have been dreaming for several years about one.

The railroad agent, a good friend of Brother Scott's, took pity on us "wandering Jews," and gave us lodging in his home

for the night. We were informed that the boat left for down the river at 6:00 o'clock in the morning, so we arranged for an early breakfast, as we had about one mile to walk to the boat landing. Panzoas is located at the head of navigation on the Polochic river, about one hundred and twenty-five miles from Livingstone.

We arose about 5:00 o'clock that morning, and after breakfast fought every inch of the way down the railroad track amidst millions of mosquitoes. It was still dark, so we used a flashlight to direct our steps as we followed the railroad to the wharf. We reached the wharf about 6:00 o'clock, and discovered all on board fast asleep, there being no sign of life. We began calling to the officers to awaken them so they would permit us to come aboard, as the mosquitoes by the thousands were bent on devouring us alive. Finally the men on board got awake and opened up the boat, bidding us to come aboard. We were very glad to escape the militia of insects which were a considerable menace and annoyance to our peace. The boat was a large gasoline launch that would accommodate about twenty-five passengers. At about 7:00 o'clock the boat started down the river on one of the finest cruises on inland waters we ever had the privilege to enjoy. We noticed along the river strange waterfowl with massive wings and bills, laughing cranes, wild ducks, giant kingfishers, etc. Late in the afternoon we crossed Lake Isabel. This is a beautiful lake, probably five miles or more wide. While crossing it we could see huge sleepy-looking, half-submerged alligators. They seemed to wink at us and then suddenly disappear. After crossing this lake we entered the Rio Dulce (sweet water river). This river is only about nine miles long, but presents some of the most beautiful natural scenery we ever saw. Perpendicular granite walls rise to a height of about two hundred feet on either side as the river winds its way down to the sea.

Arriving at the mouth of the Rio Dulce we docked at Livingstone where we spent the night, stopping at a hotel which furnished fairly good accommodations. Here the next morning we visited the mission station of the International

Holiness people of Cincinnati, Ohio, in charge of a brother by the name of Rev. Higgs. This property has since been purchased by our Nazarene people and it affords an excellent gateway to our work in the interior of the country. The bay here is shallow for one to two miles out to sea. There is a steamship line running between New York and Livingstone, carrying freight. The steamer anchors several miles out in the bay, unloading its cargo on freighters, by which it is then transported to the town of Livingstone. This city does not have a salubrious climate, but is rather in a malarial zone, much to be dreaded by any foreigner. About 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon we left Livingstone on a small gasoline launch, going twenty-five miles across the Honduras bay to Puerto Barrios.

We arrived there early in the afternoon and had to remain until 7:00 o'clock the next morning for the next outgoing train. There is a splendid hotel at Barrios. There are also some good stores with a sprinkling of American goods in stock. The next morning we took train to Quirigua, stopping a day to visit the jungle-hidden ruins famous for their undeciphered hieroglyphics. We also visited a hospital here, controlled and owned by the United Fruit Company, in charge of an American doctor by the name of Johnson. The doctor was very courteous and begged us to remain another day, stating that he would take us through a famous nearby cave which, he said, was twenty-one miles long, filled with many "blind alleys" and beautiful specimens of crystallized prisms of rock. In conjunction with this offer, he said, if we prolonged our visit we would see a large consignment of yellow fever patients that the hospital would receive. We understand natives are immune from yellow fever. After getting this information we made no effort to remain another day, but took the afternoon train for Guatemala City.

We arrived in the metropolitan city, the capital of the nation, about 8:00 o'clock that night. Guatemala City is located on a plain five thousand feet above sea level, one hundred and ninety miles from the Atlantic Coast and seventy-five miles from the Pacific Coast. We remained there five busy days,

visiting the American Consul General's office, the Guatemalan Consul General's office, and several banks to exchange our money to Mexican gold.

Guatemala City has a population of about 100,000 people. When we visited this city it was recovering from a serious earthquake which three years previously had destroyed almost every building. The street railway had not been rebuilt, and many buildings were still in ruins. The city has been three times destroyed by earthquakes. Most of the people run into earthquake holes in the ground when an earthquake is on. The earth seems to be in a quiver here all the time. The people pay no attention to these light shocks unless they should be severe enough to shake down the walls or articles on the shelves of the homes or, perchance, one would see his bed walking from one side of the room to the other.

This city has fine hotels and stores and nice parks and streets. It is the national seat of the government. While here we visited the Presbyterian mission and their newly-erected hospital. We understand at this writing that Miss Hazel Scott is now a nurse in training in this hospital. They have an excellent work in this city with a prominent, well-built church in the center of the city. The Presbyterians were the first Protestants to enter the country. They also have an excellent mission station among the Indians at Quesaltenango, some seventy-five miles away, a town which was largely wrecked by an earthquake in April, 1902. It was further injured by an eruption of the volcano of Santa Maria in October of the same year.

One of the phenomenal sights near Guatemala City is a mountain that has over one thousand hot springs, shooting streams of hot water high into the air, covering the mountain with a spray of hot mist. Time did not permit a personal visit to this mountain.

We planned, when leaving Guatemala City, to go to San Jose on the Pacific coast, and take a Pacific mail steamer to Acajutla, and go thence by rail to San Salvador City, the largest slum city in the world. It is surrounded by thirteen "little

hells" (volcanoes) all spitting fire. Unfortunately we were obliged to abandon this side trip as we found it would take us one month to make the trip, and we did not have sufficient time.

Just as we were about to leave Guatemala City we got a cablegram from Rev. E. G. Anderson, of Kansas City, General Secretary, to stop at Panama on our way to Mexico City. On consulting maps and railroad guides we found that Panama was some 1,500 miles southeast, in an opposite direction, and would take us four weeks or more off our direct route. So we were obliged to leave Panama off our itinerary.

The time had now come when we were obliged to bid good-bye to the land of eternal sunshine and our bright and interesting Guatemalans. We could not help thinking of our responsibility as a Christian nation and our obligation to this nation's two million souls. Guatemala is truly a wonderful nation. Her people are very little in need of any of the temporal things of this life. She makes her own money, weaves the cloth for clothing her nationals; raises all her foodstuffs, such as corn, beans, coffee, cocoa, chocolate, sugar; tans hides for leather, and her forests furnish wood for fuel and building purposes. From her forests come also soap, dyes, sandpaper, bluing, dishcloths, gums, resins, chiclet, and what not. Yes, one could put a fence around this wonderful nation and she would not need anything from the outside world for a thousand years! Her imperative need is a spiritual one—Christ and the missionary. This is a country unmolested by strife or internecine war. A country of a peaceful people, hospitable, courageous, and with an outstretched hand to all who will come to her shores to help her in a spiritual uplift through the living Christ.

Our trip through Guatemala was to make a study of the people, their characteristics, the best way to reach them with the gospel, visit our mission stations for inspection, and, in short, to spy out the land of the unevangelized. It was a very important trip to us, and just as the archæologist loves the moldy ruins of the cities of the past ages, and the botanist the

orchid-dotted woods of the lowest tropics, and the average traveler finds more entertainment in the gay, kaleidoscopic life of the modern city, we were having a trip of our life in the one all-absorbing important mission commissioned by the King of kings. It was not the ruined cities of Peten, rarely visited and unknown to the outside world; the ruins of Quirigua; or one thousand other wonders in this magic land that commanded first place in our attention. No! We sought our entree to the modest, remote, sadly-neglected Indians who live away off from the beaten track of the globe-trotters, waiting in line with other foreigners. Being Americans, we were the last to be served in hotels and restaurants, humbly seeking a meeting with the Red Man to approach him and offer him the Living Word.

The Romanists all hate the advance of evangelical or Protestant missions, and have lined up with a Verdun sign, "They shall not pass," and can only be defeated (like General Custer's cavalry expedition in 1876 against the Sioux Indian on the Little Big Horn) by our missionaries advancing upon their knees in true apostolic succession. Some one has said that our country leads in great men and gunmen. May it be said that in our mission fields and everywhere we attempt great things for Christ, not through our wisdom, or at the force of arms, or at the command of our wealth, but as a Christian nation bowing before the living God in prayer. The average Indian knows little about trigonometry, but with little teaching he may know Christ.

The clairvoyant would say that most Guatemalans were born "under the moon," as shown by their peculiar characteristics. They are attractive, daring, and brave, often enduring many hardships in life, are set in their habits, and as a result never favor radical changes in anything. This we believe is true, yet they are genial, lovable, companionable, easily reached, well-deserving of our sympathy and our help. In proximity, they are our Judea, and we owe them the gospel. Guatemala's doors are wide open with a ringing Macedonian call, "Come over and help us!" She is not calling for young

men or women to come down to her shores to eat Eskimo pie or chocolate ice cream, or to go sightseeing in a land of eternal sunshine and paradise. Oh, no! She is asking for a band of courageous men and women who are not afraid of a den of rattlesnakes, tarantulas, scorpions, horned toads, priests, volcanoes, bandits, robbers, thieves, mad bulls, fevers, mosquitoes, flies, dirt, filth, or any enemy seen or unseen. We are at a loss to know what to compare with Guatemala. Yet she has many brave and excellent people who desire God's choice blessings for their sacrifice and hospitable reception to her foreign friends who visit her shores.

The nation of Guatemala, however, is fast sinking in sin and degradation. Her only hope is the gospel message of our Lord and Savior, the living Christ. We can break the Gordian knot that binds her in chains of sin and shame by giving her missionaries and Christian teachers, her one great need. We understand her president extends a welcoming outstretched hand to missionaries and Christian teachers from all Christian nations. Oh, Church of the homeland, in the lap of luxury, will you heed the call and hasten to the rescue of the people of our sister republic? God grant it. Our Guatemalan friends belong (that portion assigned to our church) to the ten million souls for whose evangelization we as a church are responsible. Their hearts have an Atlantic-cable pull to know the living Christ. With a Savior's love that knows no bounds, shall it not be known to our Guatemalan friends? It always has been an Argonne forest to us that our evangelical missionary boards jump across the seven seas ten thousand miles away to attack a billion heathen, and sadly neglect millions of Red Men at our back door on our American shores! We are, however, glad to note that our own board has placed more missionaries in the Latin American fields than she has in any other one foreign nation across the seas. May the great Oregon Trail to Latin America's ninety million souls be conquered by stationing one thousand gospel lights as living witnesses of an all-conquering Christ. May every one of the twenty-four

million homes in the United States be a house of prayer for our southern friends within one thousand miles of us.

One of the sad reflections of our trip to Guatemala was the never-dying sight and sound of the thousands of indigent men and women swarming everywhere begging for alms. Thousands of these were scantily clothed, and many were blind and halt and lame. Most of them had arrived at an age where it was almost impossible for them to believe in the religion of Jesus Christ, even if they should be fortunate enough to have it presented to them. It is a well-known fact that when men or women have gravitated in the stages of sin and depravity for many years, becoming set in their evil ways, only a few are ever saved. The picture of Guatemala's old men and old women baffles all description, and makes the heart sick to think of it. God pity old revolution-torn, bleeding, sobbing Guatemala, so sadly in need of God!

In the fall of 1922 stormclouds that came thick and fast hovered over our General Board of Foreign Missions. At that time over \$50,000 was needed to keep all of our missionaries on the firing line. The S O S distress call was sounded through the mighty editorial writings of some of God's choicest men—our General Superintendents and other officials of the church, Dr. B. F. Haynes, Rev. E. G. Anderson, and others. Our people went upon their knees and heroically met the crisis by sending in the needed amount of money. Praise God! Our Nazarenes will never be satisfied with this victory won, not only to hold the ground thus achieved, and keep all our missionaries on the firing line, but we must enlarge our forces until the gospel story is told in every land. The sum total of the Church's responsibility is missions. Christ will return when the gospel is preached as a witness in all lands. The Bible is a missionary book. The message is a missionary message. We are pre-eminently a missionary church. God help us to carry the message to the perishing millions. We must not leave out the American Indians, but include them in our missionary propaganda.

The Church of the Nazarene has a responsibility in its

Indian field as no other Protestant church in the world. She is placed exclusively among more Indians in the Latin American fields than any other Protestant church. Truly God will hold us responsible for their evangelization. If they ever get the gospel we must take it to them. If they do not get it, we have failed them and God. Long and loud have they called for the white man's Book with the message of Life, yet millions belong to the "Unreached Indian" who have never heard the message for the first time. Do I meet you praying for my Indians?

Listen! you man, washed in the Blood of the Lamb, possessed through sanctification with a white robe, filled with the Holy Spirit, commanded to carry the greatest message ever given to man, exceeding the message of angels—have you prayed for the salvation of the Red Man? Are you giving Indian-head pennies, Indian nickels, and Indian-head five dollar bills to send missionaries to the millions of unreached Indians? Oh, the unreached Indian! What a ringing, heart-piercing call for the gospel! Do I meet you praying for my Indians?

Man is found busy in every walk of life. We are living in a merchandising age. Each of us is a living, breathing show window. Each of us wants to sell something. The president of Czecho-Slovakia wants to sell the idea of his nation to Wall Street. The Prince of Wales travels around the world selling the British Empire. The debutante plans vaguely how to impress her beauty and charm upon the blond fullback from Yale. The attorney sells brains, the broker sells bonds, the insurance solicitor sells policies, the peanut vender peanuts. Thousands of others sell "personality." Truly, we are in the "last days," in mercenary adventure souls perish by the millions. The Indian-head pennies alone that pass through the hands of our Nazarenes, if saved, would support every Latin-American missionary we now have on the field, and place an additional missionary in every capital city of Latin America! Do I meet you praying for my Indians?

A FEW MEXICAN PHOTOGRAPHS

NOTE OF AUTHOR

A complete list of Mexican photographs and an account of our visit to the Mexican people are in preparation, material for another book entitled "Our Neighbors Across the Rio Grande," which we expect to publish. D. V., at some future date.



Nazarene Church, San Bernardino, California, Mexico.



Nazarene Church, Santa Rita, Mexico.



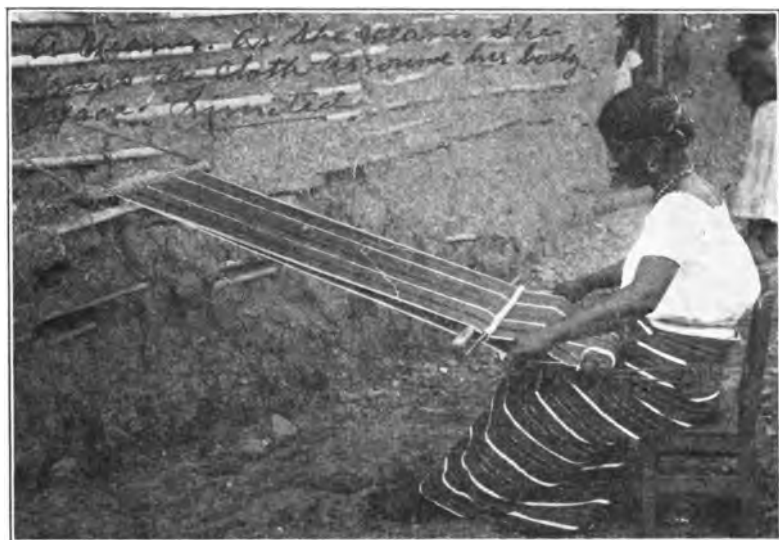
Mission buildings of the Church of the Nazarene in Southern Mexico.



TYPES OF ZAPATEC INDIANS.



A ZAPATEC INDIAN WOMAN IN HER
CHURCH ATTIRE.
THIS TRIBE NUMBERS OVER 500,000, BUT
HAS NO MISSIONARY.



AN INDIAN WOMAN WEAVING. SHE WRAPS THE CLOTH AROUND HER BODY.



DEPOT, SAN GERONIMO, OAXACA.



ZAPATEC INDIANS, MEXICO.



A BAKERY IN MEXICO.

THE INDIAN-HEAD NICKEL AND THE INDIAN-HEAD PENNY FUND

The purpose of this fund, promulgated by The General Board of the Church of the Nazarene, is for the evangelization of the American Indians in Latin-American countries, including Mexico, Central and South America. Let the Indian-head nickel or penny be the means of helping in this work. The Indian-head penny is getting scarce, and the chase becomes very interesting as one hunts them down.

Not only the Indian-head penny, but the Indian-head nickel. Or if you have an Indian-head on a five dollar bill it will be accepted and will count for so much more. Let the Indian-head pennies or Indian-head nickels be the means, through your efforts, of sending missionaries to the needy millions of the Red Race. Let a plan be started that every Indian in Latin America may have the Bible. May the grace of the Great Spirit send us one million Indian-head nickels.

We want not only your money for this noble work, but we want you to pray to the Great Spirit—the God of the harvest—to give us Christian native leaders. Surely, dear brothers and sisters, we shall meet these Indians beyond the grave, and we shall have to answer this appeal for the Indian-head penny or the Indian-head nickel. Have you prayed about it? Pray now. Yes, now; and give.

WHAT YOU CAN DO TO COLLECT INDIAN- HEAD PENNIES AND INDIAN-HEAD NICKELS

Ask your missionary society, Sunday school, Bible class, or whatever organization you belong to, to collect Indian-head pennies or Indian-head nickels, and send them through your missionary treasurer for the Indian-head Penny Fund. These offerings will help your budget appropriation for foreign missions.

WHAT THE INDIAN-HEAD PENNY FUND IS DOING

It is supporting Rev. Roger S. Winans and wife, who are evangelizing the American Indians in the mountains of Northern Peru.

ADDITIONAL NEEDS TO BE SUPPLIED BY THIS FUND

1. The support of the balance of our Latin-American missionaries.
3. Two folding organs for Central America.
2. Two chapel organs for Central America.
4. Livestock (one Holstein cow, two Holstein heifers, and one Holstein bull) for Central America.

Observe American Indian Day, the fourth Friday of each September (the Day appointed by the American Indian Association as Indian Day). This day is observed by special proclamation by a number of governors, and two states (Illinois and Washington) observe this day as a legal holiday.

The Indian-head Penny Fund has been steadily growing for four years until the contributions amount to about one hundred thousand pennies per annum. Over fifty Indians in Guatemala are reported saved in connection with the work there, and some in Peru.

We have purchased **one hundred dozen new Indian banks**, each of which will hold **five hundred pennies**. They are specially labeled, and attractive, and will help increase your missionary offerings. They are sent out free upon request. Our church is located among the great Indian tribes in Mexico, Central and South America as no other evangelical church.

THE GENERAL BOARD OF THE CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE
2905 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Co-Operation

The Woman's Missionary Societies have many special interests—among others, in some districts, helping to get the gospel out to the American Indians by the **Penny** route. But, as it would be a blessing for all to co-operate, we instruct the district superintendents of study and publicity to act in selling this excellent book, "Our Friends in Guatemala," and to see that each society is supplied with one of the new **banks** in which to collect **Indian-Head Pennies** and **Nickels** during the year, and to urge all societies to plan for a big public meeting on **Indian Day**, the fourth Friday of each September, with suitable program, bank opening, and special offering from the entire church.

Miss Madeline Eshman, 250 Keap Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., is the special agent for New York District, and to her untiring efforts and zeal we attribute the growing interest in that district in the American Indian work.

We are hoping during the coming year, if all co-operate, to secure funds to provide support for **two new missionaries**, who are sadly needed. Let it not be said that Nazarenes are among the number who are neglecting the thus-far "Neglected Continent."

His to serve,

S. N. FITKIN, *Gen. Pres.*

Woman's Missionary Society.

The Unreached Indian

By REV. R. E. BOWER

A treatise on Indian life and Indian missions, arranged for mission study class work. Written in two parts:

Part one—American Indians South of the Rio Grande.

Part two—American Indians North of the Rio Grande.

This book presents a great array of facts about the American Indians. It contains over 125 pages, maps and many photographs, an Indian song, a program for an Indian meeting for school or church exercise.

Boys and girls will read this book with interest.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE SAY

"We are grateful to our Brother Bower for the excellent field glass he has given us in this very interesting and instructive book that we could not otherwise have."—REV. E. G. ANDERSON.

"I was delighted with reading your book, 'The Unreached Indian.' Could not put it down until I read it all through."—MRS. S. N. FITKIN.

"I cried and shouted as I read 'The Unreached Indian'."—REV. MISS ANNA COOPE, Missionary to the San Blas Indians, Christobal, Panama.

"I thank you very heartily for 'The Unreached Indian'."—S. S. ROSEN, New York.

"Your book read, influences people to give to the support of missionaries to the Indians."—MRS. GEO. W. JEFFERY, Providence, R. I.

"A wonderful book."—REV. RED FOX ST. JAMES (Chief Skiuhushu) Denver, Colo.

"I have your book, 'The Unreached Indian,' and want to give to the work."—MRS. D. F. CONLAN, Eliot, Maine.

To extend the circle of readers of this good book, we have reduced the price to 40 cents a copy, postage prepaid.

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2905 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

American Indian Association (Incorporated)

P. O. Box 1565, Denver, Colorado



CHIEF JOSEPH STRONG WOLF (OJIBWAY)

Chief Strong Wolf (Ojibway), The Most High Chief, 1431 Poplar Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. Sherman Coolidge, B. D. (Arapahoe), Honorary Head Chief.

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Irving A. DeHol, Executive Field Secretary.

Rev. Red Fox St. James (Chief Skiuhushu), Field Lecturer.

Rev. R. E. Bower, 3316 Devereaux Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Field Lecturer.

This association is helping American Indian boys and girls to find a Christian home. It is the only Indian association whose purpose is to reach all Indians in North and South America and Mexico.

Membership in the association is open to all persons of the Red Race and (associate membership) to those of the White Race who wish to help the educational program of the Red Race of North and South America, for the best interests of the race and its uplifting to higher ideals in life, and to promote better understanding between the Red and White Races.

INFORMATION ON INDIAN PUBLICATIONS

The Indian Tepee, a quarterly Indian journal, is a paper worth reading. At \$2 a year, P. O. Box 1565, Denver, Colorado.



(1) REV. RED FOX, (NORTHERN BLACKFOOT)
 (2) LITTLE BEAR HOLT, JR., (SIOUX)
 (3) FLYING EAGLE, (ALGONQUIN)

California Indian Herald, published monthly, \$1.25 a year, 3 City Hall Street, San Francisco, California.

"The Unreached Indian," a wonderful book, 40 cents a copy. Order from Rev. R. E. Bower, 3316 Devereaux Street, Philadelphia, Pa., or from our address below.

"Our Friends in Guatemala," by R. E. Bower, 25 cents a copy. Order from him or from our address below.

"Our Neighbors Across the Rio Grande" (in preparation), by R. E. Bower.

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