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Mrs. E. J. J.



Nazarine Missions

In the Orient

By

S. N. Ptain

and

Emma B. Word





MRS. S. N. FITKIN AND EMMA B. WORD IN A JAPANESE HOUSE

NAZARENE MISSIONS
IN THE ORIENT

By
REV. S. N. FITKIN
and
EMMA B. WORD



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Dedicated to the devoted, self-sacrificing Nazarenes who are loyally standing by the world-wide program of the Church.

PREFACE

In presenting this little booklet to our Nazarenes, it is our desire to share with them some of the things that the Lord has permitted us to see during the few weeks that we spent in Japan and China and a hurried trip through Korea.

We trust that as you read this brief account of our trip, your hearts will be stirred, and your vision enlarged, even as ours was when we saw the darkness and heathenism with which the people of these countries are bound. Our prayer is that the Lord will give us a greater vision of the whitened harvest fields, not only in these countries, but throughout the whole world.

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Nazarene Missions in the Orient

CHAPTER I

A "BON VOYAGE"

Our hearts were truly overflowing with praise and thanksgiving to our loving heavenly Father for the great privilege given to us of visiting our missionary work in Japan and China.

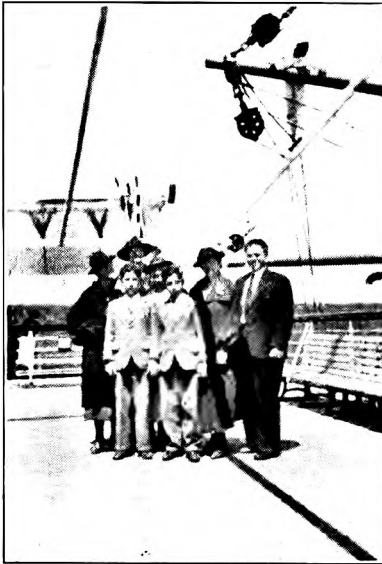
It had long been our desire to visit these two fields, but we dared not attempt the trip until we knew that it was God's time for us to go. We were very thankful that He so marvelously and definitely opened the way, that we could not doubt that He was leading.

We felt that this was not merely to be a sight-seeing trip, but that we were to have a definite part in helping to precipitate a world-wide revival. We also hoped to be an encouragement and blessing to our missionaries and Christians as well as bring some of those still in heathen darkness to the light of the gospel.

Being assured that we were in the Lord's will, we sailed from San Francisco August 27th, on the beautiful Japanese steamer, *Chichibu Maru*. We were privileged to have as traveling companions Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Eckel and the twins, Baldwin and Talbott, and Mrs. Eckel's mother, Mrs. Belle Talbott, who were returning to Japan for another term of service, after two years' furlough in America.

How we rejoiced as the great ship pulled away from the wharf, amid colored streamers held by those on shore, and launched out into the waters of the mighty Pacific. We did not feel anxious nor troubled, for we knew that we were in

the Father's loving care and since we were in His will, we knew that He would bring us safely to our destination. As we settled down to read our large number of steamer letters, the assurance that many friends in the homeland were praying for us cheered our hearts anew.



Our Party leaving San Francisco on the *Chichibu Maru*—Mother Talbott, Miss Word, Mrs. Fitkin, Mrs. Eckel, Brother Eckel and Baldwin and Talbott.

The *Chichibu Maru* is a beautiful ship—the second largest on the Pacific. The crew, mostly Japanese, were very kind and courteous and did everything for our comfort and to break the monotony of an ocean voyage. A large per cent of the passengers were Japanese.

We were given the privilege of visiting all quarters in the ship. All accommodations were very clean and comfortable. One day we went down to the engine room and saw there the very heart of this great floating palace.

We learned that they used oil for fuel and had two large Diesel engines each having sixteen pumps. We saw the charts being marked indicating our course, speed, position, etc. The same day we also visited the Navigation Deck and were told how the ship was operated. The charts, compasses, etc., were all very interesting. The

engine was equipped with an automatic device so that it was not necessary for some one to be at the helm all the time. The course was set, a lever locked and the ship proceeded on its way. We also went to the topmost deck and could see for many miles over the deep blue waters of the great ocean. There were ten flights of stairs from the engine room to this top deck, which we realized a little more fully the following day.

Another day we visited the Japanese suite of rooms on the veranda deck. This was a model Japanese home. Of course we had to remove our shoes before entering. We then sat down on cushions on the matting floor around a lovely little table. We also tried out the wooden stool pillows and investigated the incense burner, closets, etc., in making an effort to prepare ourselves for Japanese life.

We were so thankful for the special messages received from Dr. H. F. Reynolds, our General Superintendent Emeritus, just before leaving, regarding a world-wide revival. The Lord had very definitely spoken to him, giving him several passages of scripture and telling him that it would be an easy thing for Him to "shake all nations" and bring about the salvation of a million souls during the next quadrennium, if we would all pray and ask Him to use us in this great undertaking. We invited Brother and Sister Eckel and Mother Talbott to come often to our room and join with us in earnest prayer for this special revival effort and to begin it in Japan and China. We had blessed seasons of prayer together and our heart burden was increased, our vision enlarged, and our faith inspired to co-operate in this great program.

We stopped over one day in Honolulu and enjoyed very much the little glimpse we had of these beautiful islands of the Pacific.

One evening as we were nearing Japan we were treated to a special *sukiyaki* dinner, which is a favorite Japanese food



OUR PARTY IN HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

and is very popular among foreigners throughout the world. A Japanese atmosphere was created by having the promenade deck decorated with lanterns and the straw matting or *tatami* placed on the floor. The guests were seated on little cushions Japanese fashion, around small circular tables. In the center of the table which accommodated four persons was placed a little electric stove and on the stove the *nabe* or frying pan in which the *sukiyaki* was to be cooked. This special dish consists of tender beef cut in very thin slices, onions, bean curd known known as *tofu*, leeks and a gelatine like vegetable cut in thin strings called *konnyaku* and sometimes chrysanthemum leaves chopped fine are also added. This is all placed into the frying pan together with a piece of suet. To this mixture is added the Oriental sauce which they call *shoyu*, a natural soy bean sauce, highly nutritious, and later sugar was added. While this was being cooked, our waiter served us with a bowl of Japanese soup, a cup of tea, a bowl of rice

and a bowl containing an unbroken egg and of course the all-important chopsticks. He explained as he worked, the steps taken in the preparation of this special food. We were all very much interested and asked numerous questions. By this time the *sukiyaki* was beginning to send forth delicious odors, and being assured that it was ready to eat, we each dipped our chopsticks into the frying pan and helped ourselves. We had already broken the egg into the little bowl and beaten it well with our chopsticks, for we had learned that the hot food taken from the pan was to be dipped into this before being placed in the bowl with the rice, after which it was to be eaten together with the "honorable rice." It was very delicious and it seemed that our appetites increased as we ate. Sometimes a liquid known as *sake* or Japanese rice wine is



"SUKIYAKI" DINNER ON BOARD SHIP

added to the meal. Being strictly Prohibitionists we preferred ours without the wine, even though the ladies at our table insisted that it be added. However, the waiter was very kind and served the *sake* to them in little wine cups, explaining as he did so, that it was never cooked with the *sukiyaki*, but we learned later that it was.



JAPANESE GARDEN PARTY ON DECK

Another day luncheon was served on the promenade deck that had been decorated like a Japanese garden. The food was arranged in little booths and we helped ourselves. This was just like a picnic and we enjoyed it immensely. Some of the waiters dressed like Japanese women performed the Cherry Blossom dance. Then one afternoon we were given the privilege of testing our artistic ability by painting Japanese pottery. All these extra things provided for us helped to break the monotony of the trip and at the same time gave us a little idea of what we were to expect in the beautiful land of Japan.

We spent two Sundays on our trip across the Pacific. The first Sunday Brother Eckel had charge of the usual Sunday morning divine worship, and Rev. Franklin, a Methodist missionary, brought the message. It was a very good service. The second Sunday Brother Eckel again presided and the General President of the W. F. M. S. brought the message. Mrs. Eckel then sang very effectively, "The Ninety and Nine," and Mother Talbott shouted, so it seemed like a real Nazarene meeting on the high seas. The Lord blessed and our hearts were drawn closer to Him. After all, people are hungry for the real truths of the gospel message. May the Lord help the Church of the Nazarene to ever keep close to the Bible and preach its vital truths.

The weather was ideal all the way. It almost seemed that the Lord had planned it all for our special benefit. We enjoyed so much the beautiful moonlight nights and the wonderful presence of the Lord only added to the grandeur of the "Bon Voyage."

CHAPTER II

GLIMPSSES OF KWANTO DISTRICT, JAPAN

We were up bright and early the morning of the tenth, for was not this the day that we had long looked forward to, when we were to get our first glimpse of beautiful Japan? Now on our right was the first long low ridge of mountains. The bay was dotted with funny small boats with square sails held in place with bamboo poles. The coast line was very beautiful, especially where Commodore Perry landed under the great white over-hanging rocks. The hills were covered with lovely green trees and little white lighthouses dotted the cliffs. We strained our eyes for a sight of Mt. Fuji, the sacred mountain of Japan, but because of the fog and clouds it could not be seen. An airplane swooped down close to the ship, no doubt to determine whether we were a friendly ship, as we were in Japanese fortified territory. We were actually sailing into the beautiful harbor of Yokohama.

After the usual routine of having our "medical muster," baggage declared for customs and passports examined, we went out on deck to find our boat was being made fast to the dock. We were delighted to see the Japanese in their bright colored kimonos and carrying their beautiful parasols and fans, who were crowded on the large double-deck wharf.

We gazed anxiously about to get a glimpse of some Nazarenes who we knew would be there to greet their returning missionaries and the visitors. This was the day that we would see with our own eyes some of the precious ones who had been saved from their heathen worship and their hearts made white in the blood of the Lamb. Very soon Mrs. Eckel caught sight of Rev. N. Isayama, who was jumping up and down and

waving both hands frantically in the air. Then we saw Mrs. Isayama and others of our Christians, a dozen or more waving and cheering the American party. Our hearts were melted and tears filled our eyes as we looked upon these precious Japa-



REV. N. ISAYAMA AND FAMILY

nese Nazarane brothers and sisters. As soon as possible they came on board and what a welcome they did give us all. There were also two clergymen from other denominations there to welcome the Eckel party. We felt right at home and knew that we were among ur own people. We were happy also to meet Rev. Harada, one of our native pastors, who was sailing that afternoon for America to attend our college at Pasadena

and to have charge of the Japanese work on the Southern California District.

As we gazed upon the throngs on the dock we realized that in this beautiful land of Japan there were millions who did not know our Christ and our task as a church is to lead as many as possible to the foot of the cross. It seemed like a herculean task but we have a great God and had He not assured us that it was an easy thing for Him to "shake the nations" and give us a million souls in the Orient?

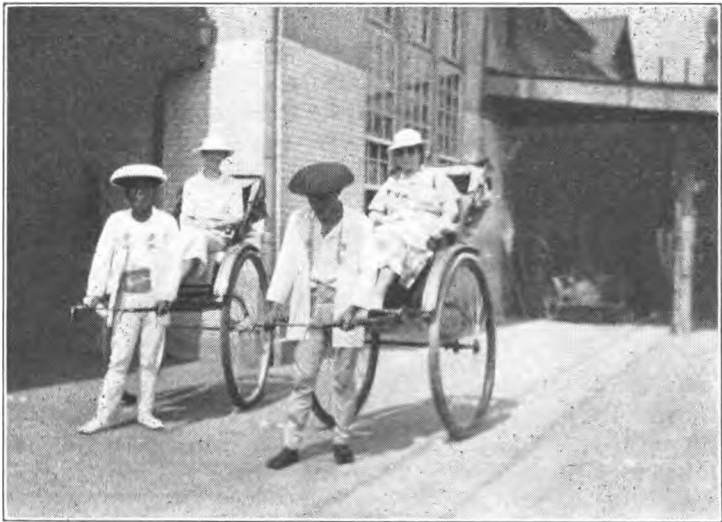
Things move slowly in the Orient, so we exercised ourselves in much patience while getting our baggage off the boat and in the hands of a baggage master to be taken to Tokyo. We had lunch in downtown Yokohama, in a Japanese restaurant, but had a good American meal and everything was very tasty. We then went on to Tokyo. At first it was quite nerve-racking to ride in an auto, for they drive on the left side of the street instead of the right, as we do in America, but we soon got used to this "novel" way of driving, as we hurried away from this Americanized port. After a ten mile ride through Yokohama and suburbs we were at last in the great city of Tokyo. Many strange sights here met our eyes as we rode along through the crowded streets. One of the many festivals to heathen deities was in progress. Great hideous images were being carried through the streets and huge paper flower bouquets from three to five feet across were in evidence everywhere, and many other colorful decorations. As we saw the narrow streets with their quaint shops and homes, the interesting people and cunning children, we realized that at last we were really in the "Land of the Rising Sun."

At the January, 1936, meeting of our General Board, Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Eckel were appointed to return to Japan to have charge of the work on the western side of the Islands, with Tokyo as a center, where we already have two small

churches. This new district arranged for was to be known as the Kwanto District. Here we were to spend our first few days in Japan.

TOKYO

Greater Tokyo which includes eighty-four towns and villages, comprises a total area of two hundred seventeen square



OUR FIRST JINRIKISHA RIDE

miles. It has a population of over six millions and is the second largest city in the world. It is the finest, wealthiest and most prosperous and progressive city of New Japan. It is also the Capital of the Empire and the residence of the Imperial ruling family. Many of the streets were very narrow and the colorful display of the shops remind one of an Indian Bazaar.

Bicycles and jinrikishas were to be seen everywhere, but these are fast being replaced by the automobile, and many of the streets are being widened and made into beautiful boulevards throughout the city. The *Ginza*, the great retail thoroughfare of the city, is one of the finest streets and is often called "The Broadway" of Tokyo. This city might also be said to be the general headquarters of the Christian movement in Japan. Here are the largest cathedrals, churches and missions, and here the most important conferences and commissions meet to plan their campaigns. To this intellectual center come delegates from all parts of the world to aid in the advance of Christianity. It is the center from which Christian literature is sent to all missionary outposts. Here also the Buddhist and Shinto priests focus their apprehensive eyes and thoughts.

The great Imperial University is located here, being the center from which Western learning is disseminated throughout Japan, Korea and China. From a recent observation of the religious trend of this great University, it was found that there were among the student body fifteen Shintoists, thirty Buddhists, sixty Christians, fifteen hundred Atheists and three thousand Agnostics. This alarming condition seems to indicate that the old religions of Japan are fast dying out and a race of unbelievers is taking their place. What an opportunity for the Church of the Nazarene to plant real holiness work in this great city.

JAPANESE HOUSES

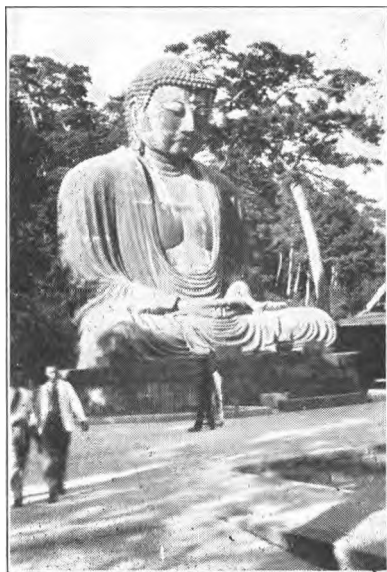
The Japanese houses are built rather low, of one or two stories, of light framework without foundation and with a heavy tile roof. Even though they lack architectural character, yet they are very graceful and dainty. Though outwardly the homes are plain and simple, yet behind the plain exterior often lie little landscape gardens and patios with flowers and shrubs, and the very graceful and unique dwarf trees that

make them very attractive. The exterior walls of light framework are covered with a tough, transparent paper. The better homes often consist of several small rooms connected by sliding doors which may be removed altogether when necessary. These partitions are covered with artistically decorated paper. The floors are covered with fine matting or *tatami* about an inch thick. This makes an ideal foundation for the lovely soft, comfortables or *futons* spread upon it in making up their beds at night. We had an opportunity to test their comfort for our first night in Japan was spent Japanese fashion in the temporary home of the missionary. In every room of the house there are closets hidden behind the sliding doors in which the bedding and clothing are stored. The houses are practically destitute of furniture. A low table about eight inches high is the only piece of furniture in the living room. The one fixed wall in the living room forms a sort of recess. The floor of the room here is raised three or four inches for a width of from twenty-four to thirty inches. Half of this floor space is called *Tokonoma*, and is usually graced with branches of some flowering plant. The wall behind is decorated with a beautiful scroll of Oriental design. The other half of the wall is built into small cupboards and also decorated with flowers, all gracefully and daintily arranged. In front of the large pillar dividing these two recesses is the place of honor. Here the special guest is invited to sit.

Upon our arrival in Tokyo we were served with a delicious *sukiyaki* dinner at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Isayama, even though they had just moved from Kyoto and were not yet settled in their new home. The next morning there were callers before we had finished breakfast, some of our precious Christians had come to welcome us, and brought gifts to the missionaries and visitors.

THE DIABUTSU

The trip to Kamakura to see the Diabutsu or Great Buddha was very interesting. After a short ride on the train through the suburbs and a few quaint villages we were again at the shore and a short distance away on a slight elevation surrounded by a lovely park sat the august deity.



THE DIABUTSU AT KAMAKURA

When we finally reached the park we found on either side of the elaborate gateway, two huge, gruesome idols, engaged in glass guarding the sacred grounds. On a tablet at the entrance was this inscription: "Stranger whosoever thou art and whatsoever be thy creed, when thou interest this sanctuary remember that thou treadest upon ground hallowed by the worship of the ages. This is the Temple of Buddha and the gate of the Eternal and should therefore be entered with reverence.

We had long desired to see this famous idol which for many many years has been a favorite of Japanese divinity. As we entered the "sacred" grounds, before us loomed the great bronze statue elevated on a foundation of crude masonry about five feet high. The idol is almost fifty feet high and nearly one hundred feet in circumference. They tell us that

the length of the face is almost nine feet and the measurement from knee to knee is over thirty-five feet. It is said that the eyes are of pure gold and the boss on the forehead represents the jewel which sheds a radiance over the universe and contains thirty pounds of pure silver. There are eight hundred and thirty curls on the head, each nine inches high and are supposed to represent the snails which according to legend, once crawled up the original Buddha to shelter his bald head



PILGRIMS WORSHIPPING BEFORE THE DIABUTSU

from the burning sun. The idol weighs four hundred and fifty tons. The eyes are half closed while the whole body indicates absorption and the blessed peacefulness of *nirvana*.

While we were there many pilgrims came to worship before this sacred shrine. The incense that they bought was placed in the huge incense burner directly in front of the idol. Then stepping back, they tossed a coin into the offering box and with uncovered and bowed head they would offer their prayers to the great idol. One group of pilgrims were all

dressed alike. There was special writing and designs on the collars and backs of their kimonos. Upon inquiry we found that these markings indicated the number of temples or shrines that they had visited. One of the group was the leader and would direct the others in their worship. After completing

their worship they would march around the idol and then sit down in the park to rest. They had done their part but there was no response from their god, and no blessing bestowed to meet their need. Brother Isayama very aptly said, "The head is empty, the heart is empty and cannot even meet the physical needs of the poor people let alone the needs of their hungry and burdened hearts." It was so pitiful to see the old men and women who were so sincere in their worship and yet it was more heart-breaking to see the young people who came and who were just as sincere and devout. As we watched the throngs coming and



REV. R. KIDA AND FAMILY

going our hearts cried out, "Is there no way that we can help them and tell them of the One who alone can meet their hearts' need." We felt so helpless. Truly our God can reach

them, but it must be through the prayers and consecrated efforts of those who know Him.

MEETING OUR JAPANESE NAZARENES

We looked forward for Sunday to come, for we were so eager to meet our Christians. Our hearts were melted as we entered the little church Sunday morning and saw a group of about forty all seated upon the floor. Their bright happy faces were an inspiration to us, and clearly indicated that their lives had been changed. We have never heard such enthusiastic singing in America. The Eckel family were introduced and were given a rousing ovation, for they were all so happy that they had returned to Japan. We were introduced and gave our testimony and then followed the morning message with Brother Isayama interpreting. We have never had a more attentive audience. They seemed to drink in every word of the message. Everyone had his Bible and would follow closely the Scripture references. The Lord graciously blessed especially as we gave Dr. Reynolds' message regarding a world-wide revival to them. At the close of the service a volume of prayer ascended to the throne from the entire congregation for a mighty outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon their hearts. They were so anxious that the revival begin in their own little church.

The pastor of this church, Rev. Kuboki, is a bright, promising young man, deeply spiritual, and has been greatly used of the Lord in opening the work in that section of Tokyo. He is a man of much prayer and prevails with God until He receives answers to his petitions. Here is an example of his prayer life: When Brother Isayama moved from Kyoto the schools had already begun but it was necessary for him to enroll his little girl of twelve years in one of the girls' schools of the city. Application for admittance was made to a number of schools, all to no avail, for every one was filled to ca-

capacity. It seemed like a hopeless task, but Brother Kuboki, believing God would help, called his church together and they prayed that the way might be opened for the girl to enter school. After dismissing the congregation he continued all



REV. KUBOKI AND FAMILY

night in prayer and received the witness that the child would enter school the very next day, and that without examination or the necessary books. The next day Rev. Isayama and his daughter and Rev. Kuboki set out to find the answer to his prayer. The first school they visited the principal thought possibly they could take her in a week's time, but Brother Kuboki, full of faith said, "No, this is not the place." At the second school they indicated that they would try to register the child the next day, but Brother Kuboki still believing God, told the principal that this was not the place, for his God had assured him that the child would enter school that very day. Again they started out and entered one of the best Girls' Schools in Tokyo. The Lord whispered to Brother Kuboki that this was the place, and sure enough upon making application the principal told them they had

only one vacancy and that the child could enter that day without examination and without books, even though she was a week late. "And it was so even as the Lord had said."

The evening service was held with our other church in Tokyo. Here Rev. Kawauchi is the efficient pastor. He also is a Spirit-filled young man and the Lord is blessing his efforts in that part of the city. The church was packed to overflowing and we realized at once that they were needing a larger place. The congregation was so delighted to greet the new missionaries and visitors. Again we were greatly impressed with the spiritual fervor of our Japanese Nazarenes. At the close of the sermon on "Knowing God and Doing Exploits," we again presented Dr. Reynolds' special message, to which all hearts responded, and all went down before God, several praying definitely for the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and others for a fresh anointing that would fire their hearts anew to undertake greater things for God in their needy country.

Tokyo with its millions of people, many of whom are atheistic and agnostic in their belief, and others bowing before the great Buddha and other heathen gods, presents a real challenge to our faith. The door of opportunity is open wide. Shall we not pray much for Brother Eckel and his helpers in the gigantic task of planting the Church of the Nazarene in that great city?

CHAPTER III

GLIMPSES OF KWANSAI DISTRICT, JAPAN

On Monday we left for Kyoto, which is the center of the Kwansai District, where our work has been carried on for twenty-five years. Our train carried us through the beautiful mountain country, giving us a good picture of rural Japan with its vast fields of rice, tea and mulberry bushes, also an abundance of lotus plants and elephant ears, the roots of which are used for food. The mountains were covered with trees and the thatch-roofed homes nestled at their foothills were very picturesque and the whole scene reminded us of a beautiful garden. Here and there in the rice fields and on the mountain sides could be seen little shrines that had been erected to the gods. Soon Mt. Fuji, the loftiest and most beautiful and most sacred mountain of Japan came into full view, standing as it were a silent sentinel against the blue sky.

Upon our arrival in Kyoto, we were happy to greet Rev. and Mrs. Hiroshi Kitagawa, Miss Bertie Karns, Mrs. M. L. Staples, Miss Alice Smith and Miss Pearl Wiley, who had come to the train to meet us. We were also delighted to meet about forty of the Japanese Nazarenes who had come down to welcome us and were waiting just outside the station for us. Before leaving the station we had prayer with them and again our hearts rejoiced to see these redeemed ones.

We took dinner that evening with Mr. and Mrs. Staples, Rev. and Mrs. Kitagawa and Miss Pearl Wiley in a lovely restaurant in Kyoto. Upon our return to the home of Brother and Sister Staples, where we were to be entertained, our hearts were made happy again to meet some more of our Christians who came to the home to welcome us. Representatives from

the Bible Training School also came and told us how thankful they were for the privilege of attending the Bible School. A little widow who had so little to give brought us a lovely box of grapes and a bunch of flowers. Another lady presented each of us with a box containing two dozen lovely fresh eggs, and others came at different times, each bringing gifts. These expressions of love strangely stirred our hearts, for it is not the size of the gift nor the kind that matters, but the spirit with which it is given.

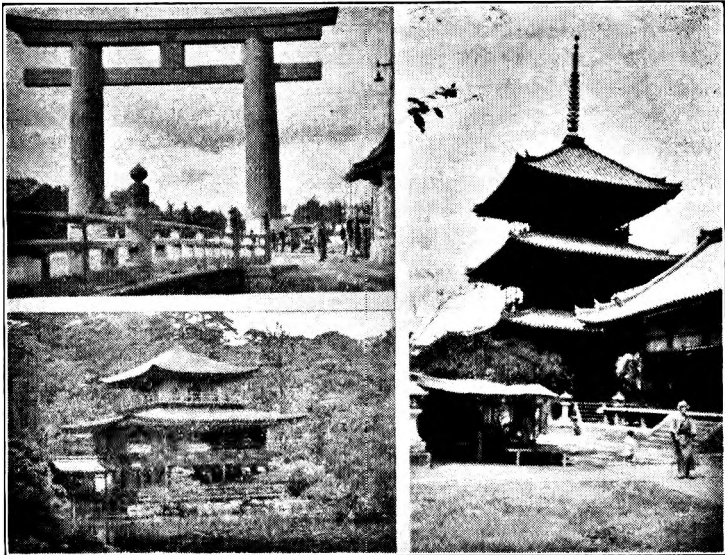
Early the next morning we were awakened by a peculiar noise and on looking out of our bedroom window we could see the neighbors across the street going through their heathen worship. They were clapping their hands and bowing down again and again before the idols erected in the home. This worship was repeated in the evening. Mrs. Staples told us that it was a mixture of Christian Science and Buddhism, a very strange combination.

KYOTO

Kyoto, the old capital of the Japanese Empire, is situated in an amphitheater of mountains covered with beautiful green trees. It is noted for its gorgeous temples, shrines and pagodas. We learned that there were nearly one thousand Buddha and Shinto temples scattered throughout the city.

The day after our arrival we made a trip to the mountains and there visited one of these ancient temples erected over three hundred years ago. The trip was a beautiful and interesting one. We ascended the mountain by means of a cable car. This afforded us a most wonderful view of the city and fruitful valley below. The mountains were decorated with trees, flowers and ferns and even some little baby orchids were seen. From the cable car station we were carried in bamboo basket chairs by two coolies to the summit of the mountain and from there

crossed over to another mountain by means of a cable basket. Then we were again carried in the bamboo chairs to the ancient temple.



1. Gateway to Shrine, Kyoto Japan. 2. Buddhist Temple, Kyoto, Japan. 3. Pagoda at entrance of Temple Grounds

We were surprised at the size of the building. We removed our shoes and entered. In the outer court was a large offering box and incense burner. There was an inner sanctuary with two small platforms built on each side where the chief priests sat. Between these two platforms and a little to the rear was another larger platform where were the statues of five noted priests and directly in behind them was a large statue of Buddha. The worshipers stood in front of the statue bowing

and offering their prayers to the great idol. We were informed that the entire mountain on which the temple stood was sacred and belonged to the temples, there being over thirty of these temples in the mountain. Upon inquiry, we found that the offerings given were turned over to the chief priest who used it for the upkeep of the temple grounds and the support of the assistant priests, but the larger per cent was kept for himself to support his many wives. We were told that the chief priest was very wealthy. Certain seasons of the year thousands of pilgrims come to worship in the mountain and crowd the temples to overflowing.

We descended the other side of the mountain in the cable car and saw there in the valley below Lake Biwa, the largest lake in Japan. This lake was supposed to have been formed in a single night by depression left by the great earthquake 286 B. C. that caused Mt. Fuji to rise to its present height.

Another day we visited three other temples much larger than this one in the mountain. These temples were simply enormous. The large pillars of solid wood supporting the tiled roofs reminded one of the cedars of Lebanon used in the building of Solomon's temple. The beautiful carved ceilings were overlaid with gold. We were informed that when the temple was reconstructed the builders could not find any rope strong and heavy enough to bear the weight of the huge timbers needed for the work. They finally decided that if they could get ropes of human hair they would answer the purpose perfectly. When this became known about one million of the women devotees voluntarily supplied the need. They cut off their hair willingly to provide a sanctuary of Amida, Buddha as well as for Shinran Shonan, the founder of the sect. Fifty-three coils of rope were made, each thirty-six feet long and nearly sixteen inches in circumference and weighing more than a ton. Twenty-nine of the ropes were used in the erection of the temple and the remainder have been preserved in the temple



1. Rev. Hiroshi Kitagawa and family -Left to right, Yoeshi, Shin, Rev. Kitagawa, Naomi, Mrs. Kitagawa and Keiko. 2. Visiting Temples, Kyoto, Japan, Rev. and Mrs. Kitagawa, Rev. Funogoshi, Mrs. Pitkin and Miss Word 3. Children brought to the Temple and taught to worship the idols.

in large glass cases. While we were here we saw the worshipers come and after flinging their offerings across the altar they would continue their worship. A mother with two little boys not more than three or four years of age came to worship and was teaching the children to clap their hands and bow before the idols. Another mother brought a baby hardly able to sit alone and was also teaching it to clap its little hands and worship. How sad we were to see these precious children being taught to worship the gods of wood and stone. The second temple visited that day was a very special temple erected to Buddha. We entered a narrow hallway and came into a large room in the center of which was the immense idol seated on a lotus blossom. Directly in front of the image was the usual incense burner and offering box. To one side was a small framework on which were placed burning candles. These had been placed there by worshipers in seeking to get rid of some evil. In the room adjoining, were one thousand smaller images of Buddha overlaid with gold, each having forty hands, indicating the many blessings that could be given out to the worshipers. These were all standing on lotus blossoms. The legend tells us that the lotus flower is the symbol of the teachings of Buddha and represents purity. Just as the plant lifts up its bud out of the slimy pools of water and the leaves and flowers unfold with no trace of the mire on the spotless petals, so the souls of men according to Buddhist faith rise from the slime of sin by their own efforts and power and reach the blessed state of *nirvana*. In another room were thirty more hideous idols representing the God of the Wind, Fire, Lightning, Punishment, Children, etc. We could not help wondering why any one would choose to worship such terrible looking images that could neither speak nor hear, but we were reminded that it was the worship brought down through the centuries, and only God alone can break asunder these chains of idol worship and superstition.

The last temple visited was situated on the side of a high mountain and was surrounded by beautiful parks and gardens. The vine covered pagodas with their lofty spires reaching skyward presented a beautiful setting for this large temple. After climbing a series of steps we came to the main temple where we saw the people performing their acts of devotion. An immense gong suspended by a large rope from the ceiling, was sounded at intervals to wake up the gods. One poor woman was going through a special form of worship in the inner sanctuary and we were told that she was seeking a blessing of good fortune. We saw her go away with a disappointed look upon her face. Descending numerous other steps on the other side of the temple we came to a special shrine where the people perform their worship under streams of water coming down from the hillside to a shallow pool below. The water is supposed to be surcharged with some miraculous power. Those seeking some very special blessing or favor worshiped there. A woman was worshiping when we passed by. She repeated her supplications to this special deity several times but also left carrying the same burdened heart with which she came.

Our first service in Kyoto was at the Bible Training School where we have fifteen bright and promising students, but we hope soon to have twice that number. Most of the efficient pastors on this district have been graduated from this splendid school. Bible Training Schools are the heart of our work in every foreign field. God is laying the burden of souls upon many native young people and these are pleading to come but already four or five are occupying each of the small rooms in the dormitory, and even with the strictest economy the small fund appropriated barely supplies the actual needs of those we now have. Pray for the Bible Training School. The students responded to the message given about "Rivers of Living Water." The Lord was very gracious and gave us



W.F.M.S. UNION MEETING, KYOTO, JAPAN

simple but heart-searching messages to give to the people so that all could grasp the truths of the gospel.

Because of our limited stay in Kyoto it had been planned to hold union services in the Honmachi church where Rev. Hiroshi Kitagawa is the pastor. This church is one of the largest of our eight churches in the city. The Lord wonderfully blessed in all these services with numbers seeking the Lord. We had very sweet fellowship and precious seasons of prayer with all our dear missionaries. We spent an enjoyable evening in the interesting little home of dear Brother and Sister Kitagawa and their four precious children, all beautifully saved.

The Friday evening service was devoted to the W. F. M. S. How delighted we were to meet with our consecrated sisters who are so faithfully and efficiently carrying on this part of the work under the leadership of the District President, Mrs. Hiroshi Kitagawa. Through their sacrificial efforts they are assisting in the support of the Bible Training School and helping to meet other needs on the district. Several societies were represented in this service and after the wholehearted welcome and a brief message from the Word a number of new members were received and several joined the Prayer and Fasting League. A picture was taken at the close of the service of this splendid group of women.

On Saturday evening a precious service was held in the Korean Mission. The little chapel was filled with earnest listeners and others were crowding around the doorway and peering in through the windows. There are thousands of Koreans in Kyoto without a knowledge of salvation. God is laying this need upon the hearts of some of our workers. Pray much that the Lord will bless in this part of the work.

The Sunday following the union meetings was spent in Osaka, about thirty miles from Kyoto. We have a splendid self-supporting congregation here and a neat little church building. In spite of the rain the church was filled at both

the morning and afternoon services. The Lord's presence was very manifest in both these meetings as we endeavored to break to them the Bread of Life. Among those seeking in the morning service was a geisha girl. She was a beautiful girl of twenty-one, who had been sold into this life of sin, much against her wishes, when a young child. Her parents had effected the sale for one thousand yen in order to support the family. She had now redeemed herself and told us that just as she had sacrificed her life for her family, so she wanted to sacrifice her life for Jesus. It was beautiful to see her weep her way through to the Lord. In the afternoon service a young man definitely called to preach requested special prayer as he dedicated himself to the Lord's service. He was so anxious to attend the Bible Training School. A number sought the baptism of the Holy Ghost and about forty joined the Prayer and Fasting League.

We returned to Kyoto for the evening service in the church where Rev. N. Isamaya had formerly been the efficient pastor for a number of years. There is a splendid congregation here. The blessing of the Lord came down upon the service and a number were at the altar seeking salvation.

While in Kyoto we visited one of the many large tuberculosis sanitariums where there were over seven hundred patients. Through the efforts of Mrs. Staples and a corps of our workers a number of them have been saved and they now have a Church of the Nazarene with regular services. Many slip away to heaven, but others are constantly taking their place. Some have been definitely healed, and one of them is now the efficient pastor of our church there. One of our pastors in Osaka was also saved in a tuberculosis hospital and healed. Later he was graduated from the Bible Training School and is being greatly used of God in the work. We also have a pastor in the southern part of the district who was



A CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE IN TUBERCULOSIS HOSPITAL,
KYOTO

a rescued tuberculosis victim. He was saved, healed, and called of God to preach. Later he was also graduated from the Bible Training School. We praise God for the great work being done in these hospitals.

One woman was saved the morning that we were there and two young men recently saved left their ward and came running to greet the missionaries and to ask for baptism. It was a great joy to see their happy faces even though their bodies were emaciated by the dreadful disease. This was only one of the hospitals where we have churches.

The following week, accompanied by Mrs. Staples and Rev. Hiroshi Kitagawa, we started on our trip to visit the churches in the southern part of the district, on the Island of Kyushu, where our work was first started. Our train took us through Kobe, Okayama, Hiroshima and Kure where we have churches. We were delighted to meet the pastors and some of the Christians from these places who came down to greet us as our train stopped for a few minutes at the stations. We

GLIMPSES OF KWANSAI DISTRICT, JAPAN 41

regretted that we were unable to visit these churches but because of our limited time it was impossible, consequently group meetings had been arranged and as many as possible from the nearby places attended.

We reached Shimonoseki early in the afternoon and were entertained in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nishida. He is the



FAMILY WORSHIP IN THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. NISHIDA,
SHIMONOSEKI, JAPAN

president of the Bank of Moji, just across the bay. Their home was a modern Japanese house. They did everything for our comfort. It was a joy to fellowship with these dear ones. They are true Christians and have three beautiful little girls. We had the pleasure of sleeping again on the lovely soft *futons* spread on the floor which provided a good rest for our tired bodies after the twenty hour ride on the train.

The services for this group of churches were held in the Kokura church. The afternoon meeting was a special service with the W. F. M. S. Representatives from the five nearby churches were in attendance. We had a splendid service and the Lord greatly blessed as we told them about the W. F. M. S. work and brought a message to them from the precious Word. A number came forward seeking to be sanctified wholly. Several had their lovely babies with them and as they fell asleep some would lay them on the soft matting floor while others slept peacefully strapped securely on their mothers' backs.

The evening service was evangelistic and the church was crowded. The five good pastors from the nearby churches were present and sang and prayed and rejoiced with us. The Lord was present and blessed His Word. Many came forward for prayer, twelve were beautifully saved and all hearts greatly blessed.

From Shimonoseki we went to Kumamoto, stopping over a day at Beppu, located in a highly volcanic section of Japan. We passed through the beautiful fertile country where the largest and best rice is grown and from which the royal family is supplied. Incidentally the Nazarene Mission is also supplied from this region so we can testify to its superior quality. Beppu is famous for its numerous boiling springs and also as being the home of the largest statue of the great Diabutsu in Japan. It was built to commemorate the millions of persons who have died in Japan without friends to perform the last rites (the bones and ashes of many of them are inside the image). This idol is about eighty feet high, a lotus flower forming its base.

The furiously boiling pools and springs spurting steam and water were seen upon the hillsides. These springs noted for their medicinal qualities are visited each year by many seeking a cure from various diseases. The whole country

seems to be underlaid with fire that is so close to the surface that many of the people cook their food over holes dug in the earth. Beppu is also noted for the manufacture of numerous articles made from the bamboo. Baskets, trays,

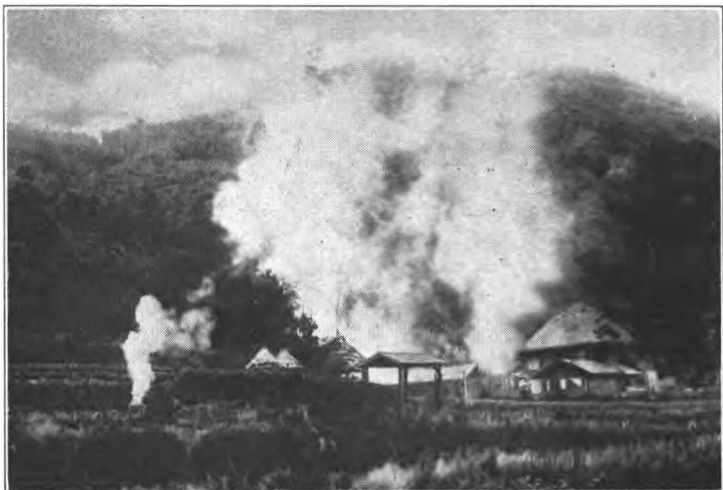


GREAT DIABUTSU, BEPPU, JAPAN

vases and various other things are made by the natives and are very beautiful.

The country between Beppu and Kumamoto is also very lovely and in some sections the scenery is wild and picturesque. From our train we could see the dense clouds of smoke ascending from Mt. Aso, one of the active volcanoes of Japan, which possesses the largest crater in the world, having a circumference of over seventy-five miles. We also passed through what once had been the crater of this volcano.

We were met in Kumamoto by Rev. Shiro Kitagawa, the District Superintendent of the Kwansai District, and were entertained in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Yamaguma. He is the mayor of the city. While they were not at home due to the death of the mayor's brother, they had made all arrange-



HOT SPRINGS, BEPPU, JAPAN

ments for our comfort before they left, even leaving lovely gifts for us.

Our first service in Kumamoto, where Brother Shiro Kitagawa is pastor, was on Saturday night. Here in spite of the heavy rain we had a large and attentive audience. There were many seekers at the altar. As we were leaving the church a splendid young man, who was the brother of a Christian doctor and also the superintendent of the large tuberculosis hospital in Kumamoto, wanted to be saved, so we lingered a while to pray with him. Several of the workers

prayed with him until after three o'clock Sunday morning, when he was definitely saved. He gave a beautiful testimony the next day of the saving power of Jesus' precious blood.

We had another good service Sunday morning which was marked by the presence of the Lord. A number testified that they had been definitely helped and encouraged during the meetings and our hearts were made glad to have the privilege of helping others by pointing them to the Christ of Calvary.

We were so happy to meet Mrs. Yamaguma at the close of the Sunday morning service. She had hurried back to the city in order to greet us before we left. She was saved in a tent meeting held by our workers and is now a beautiful Christian and greatly interested in our work in the city. Through the prayers of Mrs. Staples, the district evangelist, their little boy who was stricken with a very serious mastoid infection was definitely healed. This was another testimony of the wonder working power of our God whom she had accepted. A little later her husband and children were also saved.

Several years ago there was a man beautifully saved in our Kumamoto work who was very anxious to be baptized. The district evangelist, Mrs. Staples, asked him to wait a little while, as there were others to be baptized and she would have them all baptized at the same time. One morning he came to her with a very happy face and announced that he had been baptized. She asked, "How did it come about and who was there?" He replied, "No one was there but God and me." He then told her that he had waded out into the river and immersed himself in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost and he was very happy. He was so earnest and sincere that no doubt there were some unseen angels there who witnessed the scene, and God saw the deep sincerity of his heart and it was acceptable to Him. Later the Lord called him to preach and he was graduated from the Bible Training School in Kumamoto over twenty years ago,

and is still preaching Jesus to the people. He goes out on his bicycle and brings in many of the Sunday school children when it is too far for them to walk, or if they are not well, he has them ride on the bicycle behind him. He is a very earnest worker for the Lord.

While in Kumamoto we visited the large leper colony and had a service in the beautiful chapel that had been recently built by the government. We were told that there were over one thousand lepers in this one colony. They have a Nazarene church of about one hundred members. There were over one hundred present in the service in the spacious chapel. Oh, how our hearts ached as we saw these poor people, outcasts, suffering and with no hope in the world. We could only sit and weep as we looked upon their faces so marred by the dread disease of leprosy. Their only hope is in Jesus. One young man twenty-three years of age testified to the saving power of Jesus Christ. He said that he was in college and had such bright prospects for his future when, lo, one day he discovered that he was a leper. Outcast from home, friendless and penniless, and with nothing in life to look forward to, he found his way to this leper hospital and was admitted. It was there that he found Jesus and his heart was made white in the blood of the Lamb. Even though shut away from the outside world, he was happy in Jesus and the future had been made more bright because he was cleansed from all sin and made fit for the heavenly home. There were twelve precious souls definitely saved in this meeting.

Our services in Japan closed with the Kumamoto church. Everywhere we had received a hearty welcome. Everyone had been so kind and many lovely gifts had been given to us by churches, W. F. M. S., missionaries and other individuals. We had to tell them as the African does, that we did not have mouths enough to thank them, but our hearts were truly

grateful. We were loath to leave this beautiful land with its millions who are in need of the gospel of Jesus Christ, but we had to hasten on to our great field in China, also teeming with millions who had never heard of Jesus and His love.



CHINA MISSIONARY PARTY ON BOARD SHIP, KOBE, JAPAN

We returned to Kobe to get our boat the *Shanghai Maru* and sail for Shanghai. We arrived a day early in Kobe and had an opportunity to greet the China missionary party, consisting of Rev. and Mrs. F. C. Sutherland, Rev. and Mrs. G. W. Royall, Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Pattee and their families and Miss Rhoda Schurman, and see them off on their boat to Tientsin. We planned to join them in Peiping and all go to our mission station in the interior together.

CHAPTER IV

ON TO CHINA

Our ship the *Shanghai Maru* left at 4 p. m., September 29, for Shanghai. Miss Pearl Wiley and Miss Bertie Karns came down to Kobe to see us off. We had a very comfortable ship, though not as large as the *Chichibu Maru*. The trip through the Inland Sea was very beautiful and afforded us an opportunity to see some of the four thousand islands of every description that make up the Japanese Empire. Many of the mountainous islands were terraced to the summit and covered with rice fields and pine trees. Here and there could be seen a lighthouse set out on a cliff.

We left the waters of this beautiful, calm sea all too soon and sailed on into the Yellow Sea. We soon realized that it had been rightly named for the waters were a dingy, murky yellow and there was no beautiful scenery.

The second night the sea was rather rough and our boat rolled and tossed. We learned the next morning that we had just escaped a typhoon, getting only a little part of a terrific gale, and again we were reminded of the Lord's tender care and protection over us.

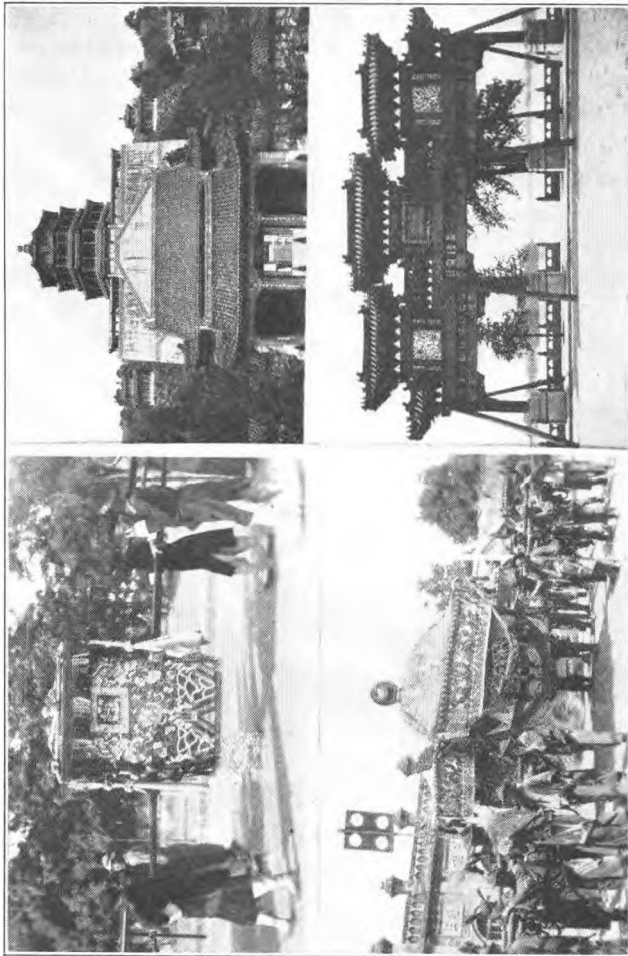
About noon the next day we got our first view of China, a low, level country, dotted with little villages with their mud and thatched houses. We soon entered the Shanghai Harbor and an interesting picture indeed was made by the fishermen junks and sampans floating idly on the waters. Soon the skyline of Shanghai came into view. We could hardly believe that we were coming to China with this beautiful and modernized city and the imposing waterfront before our eyes.

It was interesting to watch our ship being pulled into dock with ropes by the natives who were all loudly jabbering and talking in their native tongue. We were very grateful indeed for our friends, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Cornish, who were at the wharf to meet us. Their kindness to us during our brief stay there was much appreciated.

Shanghai is a city worthy to be compared with any in the United States. With the only deep waterfront in that part of China, it has become the commercial heart of the Celestial Empire. Some prophesy that it is destined to become the greatest commercial city in the world. The many skyscrapers, factories, warehouses, etc., remind one of our own American manufacturing cities. Here we came in contact with modern China and as the throngs surged through the streets we realized again that many of them had no knowledge of our Christ. While walking on the streets we were accosted by the most loathsome beggars that we have ever seen.

We were glad to meet Arnold Kiehn, the son of Rev. and Mrs. Peter Kiehn, while here and spent a pleasant evening with him. He is in college preparing for medical work.

On Saturday morning we were to leave by plane for a thousand mile trip from Shanghai to Peiping where we were to meet the China missionary party. The airplane left at 6 a. m., so we were up bright and early. We appreciated the courtesy of our friend, Mr. Cornish, who out of the kindness of his heart had insisted on coming to our hotel and taking us to the airport at that early hour. After a ride of three quarters of an hour through the streets of Shanghai, all silent in the darkness of the early morning, we arrived at the airport just at the break of day, and our beautiful silver ship, a Douglas twin-motor plane was ready for us. This plane accommodated twelve passengers and was in charge of an American pilot.



1. Bride's Chair. 2. Funeral Catafalque. 3. Cloud Tower, Summer Palace, Peiping, China. 4. The Arch, Summer Palace, Peiping, China.

Just as the eastern sky was illuminated with the rising sun the great ship lifted her silvery wings and took to the morning breeze. We were very conscious of the presence of the Lord, and as we soared higher and higher the words of the psalmist were whispered to our hearts, "If I take the wings of the morning, . . . Even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall hold me." The plane was a very comfortable one and as she glided through the air and seemed scarcely moving at all, we could see far below us thousands of villages dotting the landscape among the rice fields, that reminded us of a large patch-work quilt. The plane kept at an altitude of about twenty-five hundred feet so that gave us an opportunity to get a good bird's-eye view of the country. When we remembered that China contains one-fourth of the world's population huddled together in these multiplied thousands of mud villages and walled cities, we realized that there were millions who had never heard of Christ and His love. A great burden came upon us for these dear people living in such awful destitution, ignorance and sin, and we longed that there might be a Spirit-filled worker in every one of these villages! This is within the realm of the possible if we pray much and ask the Lord to send a mighty revival that will sweep the whole of the Celestial Empire and call more workers into this great vineyard of the Lord.

After an enjoyable trip of about seven hours in the air (the train trip would have taken two days and nights amid much inconvenience) we arrived at Peiping and were there met by Rev. F. E. Wiese, the District Superintendent of the China District. We were also very happy to meet again Mrs. Margaret Needles Williams, who formerly was associated with our mission in Tamingfu. It was a gracious privilege to fellowship with her again.

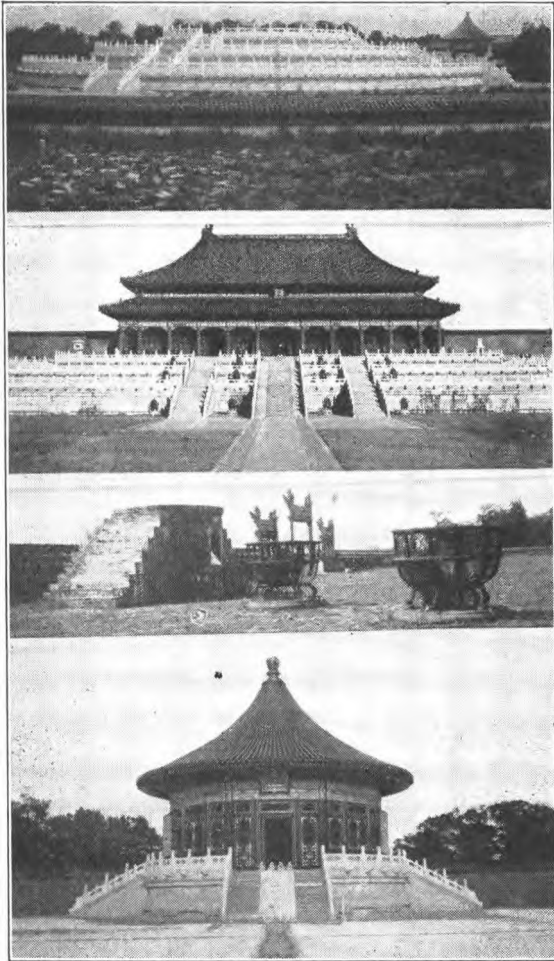
PEIPING

We were entertained at a Missionary Rest Home and were delighted to meet so many missionaries there from different parts of China. While waiting for our own missionaries to come from Tientsin we improved the time by visiting some of the important places of interest in this ancient capital of the great Chinese Empire.

Peiping is a very beautiful and interesting city with its wide streets crowded with hundreds of the indispensable jinrickishas, people of every description and unique shops and markets. However, the automobile is gradually replacing the jinrickishas. Peiping presents a far different picture of China from that of Shanghai, for it never has been an industrial center but is famed as the capital of imperial dynasties. The ancestral temples, altars, palaces, throne halls, city gates, etc., were modeled after those in the ancient capital of Nanking but were built on a grander and more magnificent scale. The architectural beauty of these buildings far surpasses anything seen in our twentieth century. We went to several of these interesting temples and were astonished at their grandeur, all reflecting the departed glory of an ancient empire.

The Temple of Heaven, situated in the "Outer City" was erected over five centuries ago by one of the Ming Emperors. In 1889 it was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. Legend tells us that this was a direct act of heaven because an impious, but now famous centipede crawled up the walls to the golden peak. The temple has a blue tiled pagoda like roof with a gilded dome supported by large pillars painted a bright red. The giant cedars on either side of the avenue leading from the gate to the temple were over a thousand years old.

The Altar of Heaven is built of beautifully carved white marble and arranged in three terraces. The entire structure is laid out in multiples of nine. The middle stone on the plat-



1. The Marble Altar, Temple of Heaven, Peiping, China. 2. Reception Hall, Forbidden City, Peiping, China. 3. Sacrificial Burners, Temple of Heaven, Peiping, China. 4. Ancestral Temple, Temple of Heaven.

form is looked upon by the Chinese as the central point of the universe. It was here that the Emperors worshiped the only superior they acknowledged—Heaven. They came once a year to this lonely spot at the time of the winter solstice to spend a night in fasting and prayer and then to kneel alone in the stillness of the night on the spacious platform of the altar to worship Heaven. The Sons of Heaven were the humble intercessors for their people and took the responsibility of the frailty and sins of their subjects and sought the forgiveness of Heaven for themselves and their people. To one side of the temple are the mammoth fire pots where the oxen used in the sacrifice were roasted.

There were other temples of similar character within the temple grounds, with their intricate carvings painted a vivid green, blue and red, while others were overlaid with pure gold.

We visited the Imperial Ancestral Temple and saw there the thrones where supposedly sat the spirits of the departed ancient emperors and empresses.

The Forbidden City which we also visited is one of the architectural wonders of China. The magnificent historical buildings with yellow tile roofs and the large and impressive gateways, all surrounded by a moat below, reveal something of the achievements in landscaping and building art of ancient China. The southern section is devoted to the Throne rooms, the banquet halls, exhibition halls and spacious courts with white marble steps leading up to these massive structures. In this section were held the state functions with great pomp and ceremony. The northern and central sections were used for ordinary functions and ritualistic ceremonies, while to the east and west are the palaces of the various Emperors and Empresses. The whole city suggests an atmosphere of mystery and power.

We regretted that for lack of time we were not permitted to see the Great Wall of China which is said to be the most imposing and spectacular achievement of man.

The arrival of the new missionaries from Tientsin having been delayed we were obliged to stay in Peiping over Sunday. We went to a native Chinese church service Sunday morning. Rev. Wang Ming Tao, one of the prominent religious leaders of China, is in charge of this church, which is an independent work. It would surely make a fine Church of the Nazarene. We found them enthusiastic and evangelistic. After the devotional service the pastor asked their special home mission worker to give his report of a recent visit that he had made to some of the unevangelized villages. He gave a glowing report of the unreached villages that he had visited, meetings held, etc., illustrating it on a blackboard. The pastor in a very quiet and refined manner, but with great earnestness, urged all to cooperate in the new church building they were planning for and which was greatly needed. While we were unable to understand anything except what the missionaries wrote down for us, yet we thoroughly enjoyed the service and were glad for the opportunity to see how a real Chinese service was conducted.

Monday we visited some interesting shops and were guests with nine missionaries to one of the famous Peiping duck dinners. The landlady of the Missionary Rest Home very kindly made the arrangements for us at a Chinese restaurant. A large table was covered with an unironed, unbleached, cotton tablecloth and it was laid wrong side out. We were crowded into the little "private" dining room on the second floor where we were to partake of this delectable meal. Chopsticks and a porcelain Chinese spoon were the only "silverware" with which we were provided and also saucer, and a plate and a small piece of tissue paper (the latter to be used to cleanse these sundry utensils). Presently a waiter brought in a large bowl of steaming hot water and set it in the middle of the table. Those who had dined in Chinese restaurants before began to "sterilize" their chopsticks and spoons as well as th

teacup and plates, so we proceeded to do the same and felt quite safe in using them after having taken this precaution.

The dinner consisted of meat balls that we rolled in a mild pepper before eating, velvet chicken that is made from the white meat and pounded into a velvety mass, a kind of fish served with a sweet and sour sauce, scrambled eggs mixed with ground meat and bamboo sprouts, spiced chicken cut in small pieces, bone and all, so that it was easily handled by our chopsticks, a vegetable dish something like spinach, and then baked duck and pineapple. To be sure we must not forget the main dish of every Chinese meal which is "honorable rice." We thoroughly enjoyed it all and thought when we reached the spinach like vegetable that we had finished the dinner, when lo, and behold, they began to serve the duck. This was served in small pieces. Having been supplied with a flat pancake resembling a Mexican tortilla on which we had spread a brownish sauce, we took a piece of the duck together with a green onion and wrapped it in the pancake. Now it was ready to be eaten and proved to be very delicious. After we had eaten we were surprised when the waiter brought in on a platter the cooked head of the duck, eyes and all, and the fowl's "drumsticks"—a proof that we had partaken of a real duck dinner.

We learned that the ducks served at those dinners are pampered from their infancy and never allowed to feed themselves. They are fed at regular intervals by having ten or twelve pillets each about the size of a man's thumb forced down their throats, allowing no time for the poor bird to catch a breath. After this a light massage is given and then they are turned loose in a pond for a little exercise. The roasted duck is not for the enjoyment of the fattened meat but the relish of the crisp roasted skin to which a little of the meat and fat adheres.

That evening we left with the missionaries for the interior, where our missionary work is located in the Hopei and Shantung Provinces. Rev. and Mrs. Pattee stayed in Peiping to attend language school. We had looked forward with eager anticipation to see our missionaries, native workers, and Christians as well as our beautiful Bresee Memorial Hospital, and to know that it was soon to be a happy realization cheered our hearts and we were glad to be on the way.

CHAPTER V

TOURING OUR CHINA FIELD

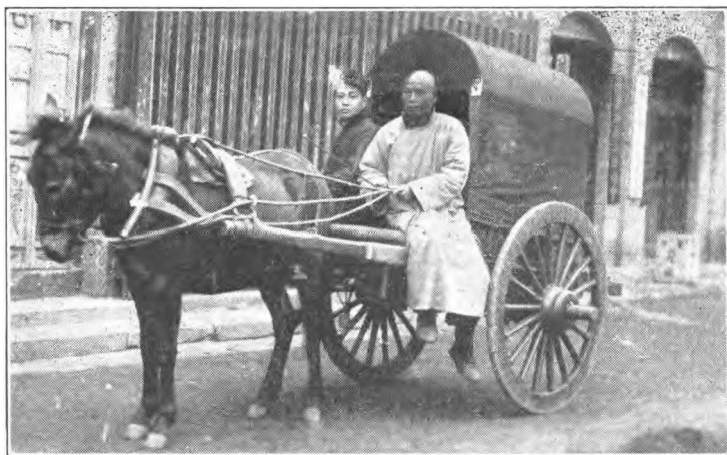
We had heard much about the trains in China, therefore we were a little apprehensive about taking this four hundred fifty mile trip from Peiping to Tamingfu, our central main mission station, by rail. We were happily surprised, however, and found them more comfortable than we had expected. We had a fairly good night's rest in a "Chinese Pullman" and the next morning awoke and found that we were really in the interior away from civilization and getting a glimpse of real China. As our train sped along we could see the natives out in the fields tilling the ground and making it ready for the next crop. Many of the crops had just been harvested so the fields looked bare and desolate as everything is gathered from the fields, even the stalks and roots to be used for fuel. Everywhere the land is irrigated and very primitive methods are used to flood the fields. Wells are dug here and there and the pumps are kept in motion by little blindfolded donkeys or oxen going round and round in a circle.

It was interesting to watch the people in the fields, some using a large wooden hoe, some planting the grain by hand and others plowing with the old-fashioned plow to which might be hitched several donkeys and a cow or one poor little donkey pulling the heavy plow alone. None of the farmers were too busily engaged in their work that they could not take time to come running to the road to see the train go by or to gaze at the group of "foreigners" when the train stopped at the stations. We found ourselves quite "popular" and objects of great curiosity.

We did not pass through any "modern" cities in the interior. All the villages, both large and small, were laid out in a similar manner, each enclosed by mud walls, some of them ready to tumble down. The houses were made of mud, the streets narrow and the children scampering here and there with the chickens, pigs and animals joining in the frolic, were very dirty.

We reached Hantan about two in the afternoon and were met by our pioneer missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. Peter Kiehn, and a number of the Christians from the village, who welcomed us with the usual word of greeting, "Ping An" meaning "peace to you." Hantan is the nearest railroad station to Tamingfu so the rest of the journey is usually made by bus. It had been arranged for us to remain with Rev. and Mrs. Kiehn a couple of days and visit some of our work in this northern part of the district. The rest of the missionary party left on the bus later in the afternoon.

We have a neat little church at Hantan with a nice congregation of believers who built and paid for the church building. We held our first Chinese service in their little chapel and for the first time met our Chinese Christians. It was pitiful to see the women with their little bound feet come hobbling into the church. Many had walked a number of miles in order to be at the meeting. They were all dressed practically alike. Their loose, baggy trousers were made of a coarse dark blue cloth and tied tightly around the ankles. A jacket or coat of the same material was also worn. In the winter time they wear garments heavily padded and as the weather becomes more severe they put on more garments, for their houses are not heated. The men wear similar costumes only their jacket is longer, coming down to their ankles. We saw very few men with the "queue." Most of the men have their hair shaved close to the head.



COVERED CHINESE DONKEY CART

We had a splendid congregation, all so attentive and the Lord graciously blessed as we gave them a message from the Word, with Brother Kiehn interpreting. The new missionaries and visitors were introduced and all were very happy that new recruits had arrived to help push the battle for God in China's whitened harvest field. We were delighted with the two special songs of welcome given by two groups of the W. F. M. S. One was "The Only True God" and the other was the "Twenty-third Psalm" set to Chinese music. Toward the close of the service an old man arose and earnestly asked that when we return home to request the Board to send Rev. and Mrs. O. P. Deale to the field. They had labored in this part of the field and are much beloved by the Chinese.

CHENG AN

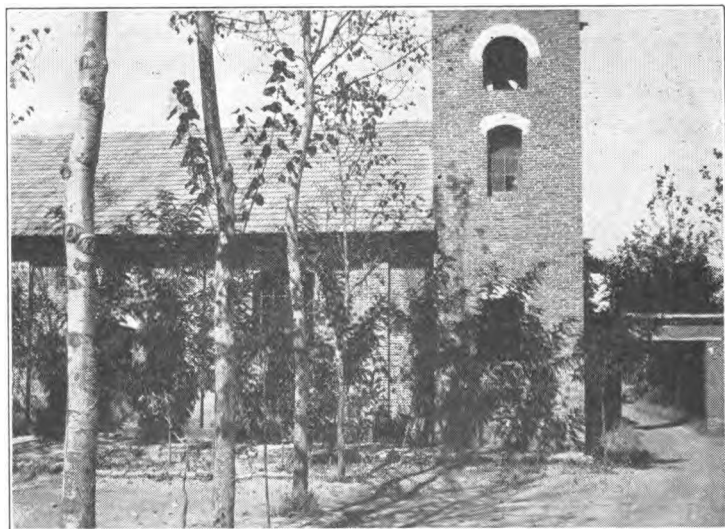
As we were getting ready to leave for Cheng An, one of our main stations, where Brother and Sister Kiehn live, the

people thronged around the car so that we could scarcely get in. This was to be our first automobile ride on the country roads of China. However, we had a fairly good road to Cheng An, as it is the regular bus highway to Tamingfu, consequently it was built for automobiles instead of ox carts and wheelbarrows. We were amused as we passed through the dirty narrow streets of the villages to see the little naked children and the chickens, pigs, donkeys and cows running to get out of the way of the car. It was often necessary to stop the car in the middle of the road and wait for an ox cart or wheelbarrow ahead of us to be moved to one side in order for our car to get by. Sometimes the cart heavily loaded would be upset in the process, but the driver would look up at us good naturedly and smile as we went by, as if nothing had happened and he had not been put to any inconvenience at all.



OPEN CHINESE DONKEY CART

We passed a number of our Christians from Cheng An on bicycles. They had gone to Hantan for the services there and were returning for the meeting that was to be held in our church at Cheng An upon our arrival.



CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE, CHENG AN, CHINA

After much bouncing and bumping over the Chinese roads we came to the suburbs of Cheng An village and were happily surprised to see a group of about seventy-five of our Christians who had come to the gate to meet us and were all giving us the usual salutation "Ping An." We noticed that they were all wearing a blue pin with a red cross at the top under which was written some Chinese characters. Upon inquiry we learned that all our Christians wear these pins as

a precaution against the attack of soldiers from the south. The characters translated mean "The Chinese Holiness Church." We drove through the streets of the village and wondered at times if they were wide enough for the car, but Brother Kiehn was an experienced driver and managed to get the car through, even though it seemed at times that he would run into a cart or donkey, or over the children, as they scamp-



WHEEEBARROW RIDE

ered across the streets, sometimes even stopping right in the middle of the road in front of the car. We breathed a sigh of relief as we drove into the mission compound. The Christians had waited long for us to come, so we went immediately to the little church near the entrance of the compound. A nice congregation of nearly two hundred awaited us. We were told that one woman with bound feet had walked twelve miles to come to that service. Others had come several miles. We could not help wondering if we would have been as much interested as they were to attend a meeting if it meant walking a long distance over rough country roads with our feet bound so that it was difficult to walk at all. One dear old lady said, "I am over eighty years old but the Lord gives me grace to walk a long ways to come to church." Her little wrinkled face just

shone as she praised the Lord. At the close of the service about seventy-five in the congregation indicated that they belonged to the Prayer and Fasting League and fifteen more joined that afternoon. We had a very precious service and could scarcely get away from the church as they still wanted to stay longer and hear more from God's Word.

We spent a very restful, quiet evening in the home of Brother and Sister Kiehn. It was indeed a real delight to be with these missionaries of the cross in their home in far-away China. The home where they live is quite comfortable but hardly large enough. It was built by Rev. F. C. Sutherland when he was on the field a number of years ago. It had never been occupied by the missionaries until Brother and Sister Kiehn moved in recently, as the soldiers occupied the compound after Rev. and Mrs. Sutherland went home on furlough.

VISITING OUTSTATIONS

Very early the next day we started on a long trip to visit some of the outstations. While fifty miles even in an aged car may not seem a long trip to automobile travelers in America, yet traveling over Chinese roads is quite different from over the beautiful paved highways in the homeland. The typical Chinese "highway" led us through numerous walled in villages with their narrow streets and mudhouses and the usual scene of children and animals in the streets. At the cross roads could be seen small temples or shrines, some of them practically in ruins. We looked inside of some of them and saw the hideous idols all grimy and covered with dust. Sometimes there would be an offering of rice, flowers, etc., that had been placed in front of the image. The larger villages were all surrounded by a high mud or brick wall and sometimes with a moat below. The massive gates were guarded by soldiers who demanded to know who we were, where we came from, and

the object of our coming. Finding that we were from the "Jesus Church" we were allowed to continue on our way.

After driving about fifty miles over what in America would be termed impassable roads, we reached Chichei to find a group of about two hundred awaiting our coming. They came out to greet us, thronging around the car until we had difficulty in alighting. Even though most of them were Christians,



VISITING OUTSTATIONS WITH REV. AND MRS. PETER KIEHN

yet they were all curious to see the "foreign visitors" who had come to their village. The church here is in charge of a native pastor. We had a good service here and all hearts were blessed. We did not have time for an altar service but about a dozen or more joined the Prayer and Fasting League. Most of them were men, as a number of the women already belong. Here again they begged us to send the Deales back to the field. How we wished we might have been able to tell them that they were coming. Surely they are greatly needed, for the "har-

vest is great, but the labourers are few." There were a number of Christians from nearby outstations, some not even having native leaders, and all requested prayer for the work in their respective villages. They had prepared Chinese food for us and wanted us to stay longer, but we had to hurry on as there were other places we must visit ere we returned to Cheng An.



W.F.M.S. AT CHICHEI OUTSTATION

Again the people flocked around us as we got into the car and many came from the village, all staring at us and curiously looking over the strange vehicle that "went of its own accord." As we looked at these people living in ignorance, superstition and sin, our hearts were strangely "moved with compassion" and we longed so much to tell them of Jesus and His love. Oh, that our church would get a vision of these perishing millions and send out more laborers to lead them into the fold of Christ.

We stopped at Hsinchuangpu, an outstation that had recently been opened through the efforts of the W. F. M. S. We had only a brief service here and had to be on our way again.

KUANGPINGFU

We arrived in Yungnien (formerly Kuangpingfu) another main station, about three-thirty and after a hurried lunch we went to the church for the service. The church, a large and beautiful brick structure, is known as the E. F. Walker Memorial. We regret that we do not now have a resident missionary here at this main station, but the work is carried on by our native pastor and Bible woman. This station was in charge of Rev. and Mrs. O. P. Deale when they were on the field. The Christians here also asked that they be returned. As it was getting late we had to turn our ears away from their plea for us to stay longer. We wanted to visit one more outstation if possible before returning to Cheng An.

We reached the little village of Tien Shang about seven o'clock. For some reason unknown to us, the Kiehns did not seem very anxious to stop here after dark and had planned only to greet our Christians and then go on. When we got out of the car we were carried almost bodily by the crowd into the Bible woman's home, where a tiny candle was the only light, and almost forced to sit down in the only rough chairs in the little room. Then the natives crowded in around us until we found ourselves hemmed in on every side and no way to "escape." They were insisting that we give them a service and while Mrs. Kiehn was busily making ready for the service we entertained the people by singing to them. Upon entering the little chapel what a sight met our eyes. The chapel was crowded to overflowing and many trying to push their way in at the door. Brother Kiehn told us that there were more people outside the chapel than there were inside.

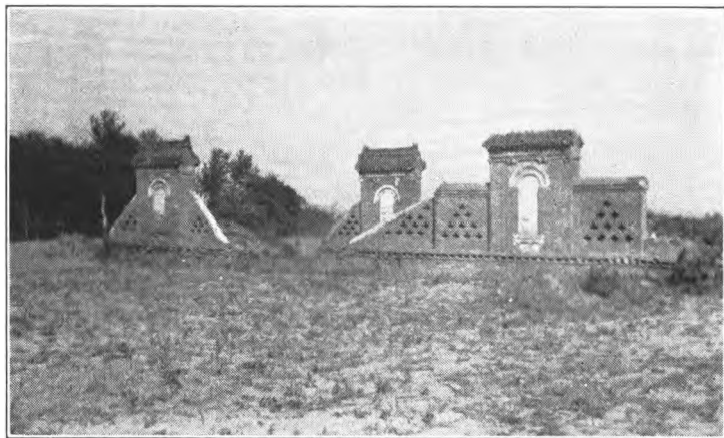
Even though it was late and we were anxious to get home and avoid the Chinese roads after dark, we felt that we could not let this great opportunity pass of giving to these hungry hearted people the Bread of Life. Brother Kiehn gave a short message after which he requested the men to go outside. He then turned the service over to Mrs. Kiehn for the women and he went outside to preach to the men. We gave our testimonies and a simple message from the Word. We trust that the seed sown will some day bring forth an abundant harvest. We returned to the car, tired but happy that the Lord had counted us worthy to bear the glad message to so many hungry hearts. After we left the village the Kiehns informed us that there was a band of fifty or sixty robbers and bandits living there. But we were His children, bearing His message, and He in His love and care for us may have sent a special convoy of angels to guard and protect us.

When we arrived at Cheng An we found Brother Wiese and Brother Sutherland waiting for us at the entrance of the village. They had come to take us to Tamingfu. And how happy we were when we arrived at the Kiehn home to find our dear Dr. Hester Hayne, who had come with them to welcome us. Our hearts overflowed with joy as we greeted this precious ambassador from our Kansas City First Church.

Even though it was late and we were tired, we hurriedly packed and were soon on our way to Tamingfu, the headquarters of our work in China. We arrived there about midnight, very weary indeed, but were soon tucked away in our beds in Dr. Hayne's cozy little home, to awaken the next morning to find ourselves really at Tamingfu, the central mission station of our China field.

We were scheduled to leave the day after our arrival at Tamingfu, to visit some of our other main stations and outstations in this part of the district. We had to satisfy ourselves with just a hurried glance at our compound and the

beautiful Bresee Memorial Hospital. Our party consisted of Rev. F. E. Wiese, Rev. F. C. Sutherland, Miss Mary Pannell and her sister, Miss Lucy Pannell who was here visiting, besides the writers and the two Chinese servants. With the two cars heavily loaded with food and bedding, and the assurance of the prayers of those left at Tamingfu, we were soon on our way. We were conscious of the Lord's leading as we started on our mission both to *see* our work and to be used of the Lord in winning souls to Him. Our goal for the first day was Puchow, one of our main stations about fifty miles from Tamingfu. We did not have beautiful paved highways, to be sure, but Brother Wiese and Brother Sutherland were good drivers and it was wonderful how we got over those rough, dusty roads at such an amazing rate of speed. A short distance from Tamingfu we had to ferry across the river by means of a raft pushed by some of the natives. Some places the road was very sandy and it seemed at times the cars would mire down, but our drivers kept them going and we soon overcame that difficulty. The air was filled with tiny particles of sand and the missionaries were fearful lest a sand storm so common in China overtake us. Then too we had to contend with the ox carts and wheelbarrows in the road ahead of us. How our drivers could come so close to these vehicles without running into them is still a mystery to us. But the Chinese are a good natured people and with a smile they would push their carts, sometimes heavily loaded, out of the way so we could get by. Then again in the narrow streets of some of the villages the morning markets would be in progress, and their wares spread out over the streets, but the articles were "easily and quickly" moved and we would soon be on our way. In one of these villages where the market was interrupted, one of the natives was greatly concerned because a brick had not been taken out of our car's way.



CHINESE GRAVE MARKERS

The crops had just been harvested, and here and there in the villages could be seen the threshing floors. Very primitive methods for threshing the grain are still used.

Everywhere our car stopped a crowd would gather. How our hearts ached for them and we longed to tell them of our Savior. They live in such ignorance and superstition but when once converted make beautiful Christians.

Our noonday picnic lunch was eaten in a Chinese cemetery. We had to get off the main road to avoid a crowd and even then had a few interested spectators. The Chinese graves are round mounds, some often quite large. We learned that perhaps one of the larger mounds represented the burial place of one entire family. Some graves had large stone or brick markers and most of them had small shrines of brick built to one side of the mound where offerings and sacrifices were made to the departed spirits. One large marker in this particular cemetery had the Chinese inscription which translated is "I will never

forget you." Even the Chinese in their ignorance and superstition recognize family ties and have a love that binds them together.

Small temples and shrines were frequently seen but many were in ruins. In many places they are visited only once or twice a year.

We continued our journey over rough, dusty roads, even driving through cultivated fields when we either got off the "main" road or found it more convenient to "cut across lots." We did have a few good roads (dirt of course) that had been built particularly for auto traffic but most of the time the roads were very narrow and with very deep ruts made by the constant stream of ox carts and wheelbarrows. We passed through numerous mud villages and the sight of the constant throngs of people with their very evident need was appalling.



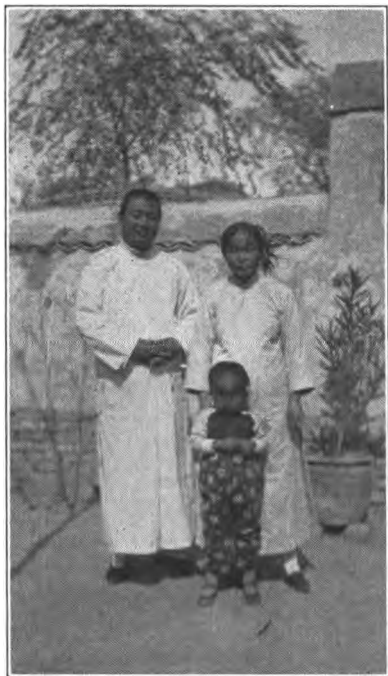
DEMOLISHED CHINESE TEMPLES. (NOTE THE GODS IN THE FOREGROUND)

PUCHOW

We reached Puchow, another main station, about four-thirty and had a service immediately and another one in the evening. We have a nice, large mission compound here and a comfortable missionary home, but no resident missionary. The work is carried on by our competent native preacher. We stayed in the empty missionary house over night and were awakened early the next morning by voices. Looking out of the window we found that the piazza was crowded with women and children. They could hardly wait for us to open the door and when we did, they came crowding into the room. We were glad that Miss Pannell was there so that she could talk to them and give them a little gospel message. While interested with the women we heard some one outside talking boisterously. Upon investigating we saw an old man who was exhorting the crowd that had gathered in the yard to accept Christ. It was amusing to watch him go through all kinds of demonstrations in his earnestness, but we were told that he was one of our faithful Christians in that village and went everywhere preaching and exhorting the people to turn to the Lord.

We left Puchow that morning for Chaocheng, another main station, stopping en route at a number of our outstations. We had four services that day and several calls from other outstations nearby to come and give them a service. How we wished that we could have done so but we had to keep to our schedule. We greeted our Christians at Hsiao Tuerh and held services at Pei-i-Ko during the morning and had splendid congregations. Many hearts were helped and blessed. We reached Kuang Cheng, a little after twelve and had a good service in the neat little chapel. We have a splendid native pastor here, the product of our Bible Training School. We ate our lunch in his home. It was very neat and clean and it was obvious that he and his family had come in contact

with Christianity and civilization. We met some beautiful Christians here at this place. The pastor and a special committee came to us and expressed in a most gracious manner their appreciation of our coming to them with the gospel message. All our Christians were so grateful that we "had wasted our hearts" to come so far from home to visit them. After all we wonder if we have really "wasted our hearts" or sacrificed any in order that this needy people might know of our living, loving Savior.



NATIVE PASTOR AND FAMILY AT
KUANG CHENG

Our next service was in the small village of Kua Tan. The chapel here was far too small to accommodate the crowds so the service was held in the yard. There were many in the crowd who had never heard of Christ and His power to save. They were all very attentive to the gospel message. We must have more fire baptized native workers in every village, the need is so great.

Our next service at Fan Hsien was well attended. We have here a splendid group of Christians and the work is being cared for by the native pastor and the Bible woman. We had

a good congregation of women present in this service and they were very happy to hear of the work that their sisters in America were doing.

CHAOCHENG

We reached Chaocheng late in the afternoon and "set up housekeeping" in the beautiful Fraley Memorial Missionary Home. We were delighted with our compound here and large mission home and commodious church. At the present we do not have a resident missionary at this place, but plans are being made for Rev. and Mrs. G. W. Royall, who have just recently come to China, to be stationed there. There were about two hundred present in the meeting which we held the next morning. God came wonderfully on the scene and hearts were blessed and many came forward either to be healed or to be saved or sanctified. There were two beautiful young girls in the service who were much interested and our hearts were drawn toward them. Neither could read or write. No doubt they represent multiplied millions of women in China today who are living in ignorance and sin. We remembered that every fourth girl born in the world is born in China and therefore realized something of the handicap that our missionaries encounter in attempting to bring such a vast multitude to Christ. It is a tremendous task, but thank God, not a hopeless one. What a challenge and what a door of opportunity for the women of our church today. Our Christians here had prepared a feast for us. There were ten or twelve different varieties of food served. Even though we were unaccustomed to these Chinese dishes, yet we enjoyed them and greatly appreciated the kindness and thoughtfulness of our native pastor and Christians who had provided so bounteously for us. We were very glad that the four pastors from nearby outstations came in and enjoyed the feast with us. There* was no question as to their enjoyment of it.



1. PART OF THE CONGREGATION AT KUANG CHENG OUTSTATION. 2. CROWD GATHERED AROUND CAR AT OUTSKIRTS OF VILLAGE. 3. HEAVILY LOADED CART (CHINESE COFFIN ON TOP). 4. VILLAGE SCENE

Our special tour ended here and we were soon on our way again, this time with Tamingfu as our goal. Again we encountered the same rough roads, but we were more accustomed to the jolts and bumps by now. Brother Wiese tried to comfort us by telling us that we were on the "direct" road to Tamingfu, when it seemed to us that we were going in every direction. We passed long caravans of Chinese carts drawn by frisky little donkeys and the indispensable wheelbarrows loaded heavily and each propelled by a man. We very obligingly gave a number of them the right of way while we chose the open fields for our road. Much of the produce was supplies for the smaller villages and other groups which we passed were on their way to the larger towns to market their crops. We passed through many more villages in the Tamingfu part of the district, but this is only a small part of the million and a half of unreached souls on our entire district. Only a few thousand have yet been reached. Is there not some way that more workers might be provided so that these thousands of villages may hear the gospel of Jesus Christ? "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest."

We arrived at Tamingfu late Saturday afternoon, a very weary party to be sure, but so happy and thankful that the Lord had cared for us in our tour of over one hundred miles, over dangerous roads and that we had had the privilege of giving the gospel to so many hungry hearts.

CHAPTER VI

TAMINGFU MISSION STATION

We appreciated arriving again at this splendid mission compound just outside the city walls of Tamingfu, with its beautiful flowers and lovely big trees and comfortable missionary homes after being out among the villages for the past three days. Truly this is an "oasis" out in the plains of China, and here many hungry hearts have been refreshed as they have learned to draw water out of the wells of salvation.

Saturday evening a reception was held for the new missionaries and visitors at the home of Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Wiese. We were so delighted to meet our splendid force of missionaries. All were present except Rev. and Mrs. Peter Kiehn from the northern part of the district and Miss Catherine Flagler, Rev. G. W. Royall and Dr. H. C. Wesche who had been detained in Tientsin. We were glad to have with us Rev. and Mrs. Smith from a neighboring mission. We much enjoyed the lovely dinner and the fellowship of our missionaries.

Sunday morning a three-day convention began in the big tabernacle on the compound. Our Bible woman and several of our preachers' wives from over the district were here for special Bible classes so we had three hundred or more at this station.

There were about five hundred present in the Sunday morning service and what an inspiration it was to see their shining faces and hear them sing the praises of God. The Lord graciously blessed the message and about thirty-five were at the altar. The whole congregation went down before the Lord and a great volume of prayer ascended for a real outpouring

of the Holy Spirit upon them and a mighty revival throughout the entire district.

The Chinese Junior Church, under the supervision of Mrs. Wiese, was held just before the morning service and was well attended. It was interesting to watch the children who were so attentive to the message given by Miss Word and listened



BIBLE WOMEN AT TAMINGFU

very carefully as the Chinese head nurse from the hospital reviewed the Sunday school lesson. They had all brought offerings and one little girl had a "sacrifice" offering which was money that her parents had given her to buy some things she needed for school. The roll was called by the little secretary and the children responded as their names were called.

There is a great opportunity in China for service among the children. The missionaries are trying to arrange for some

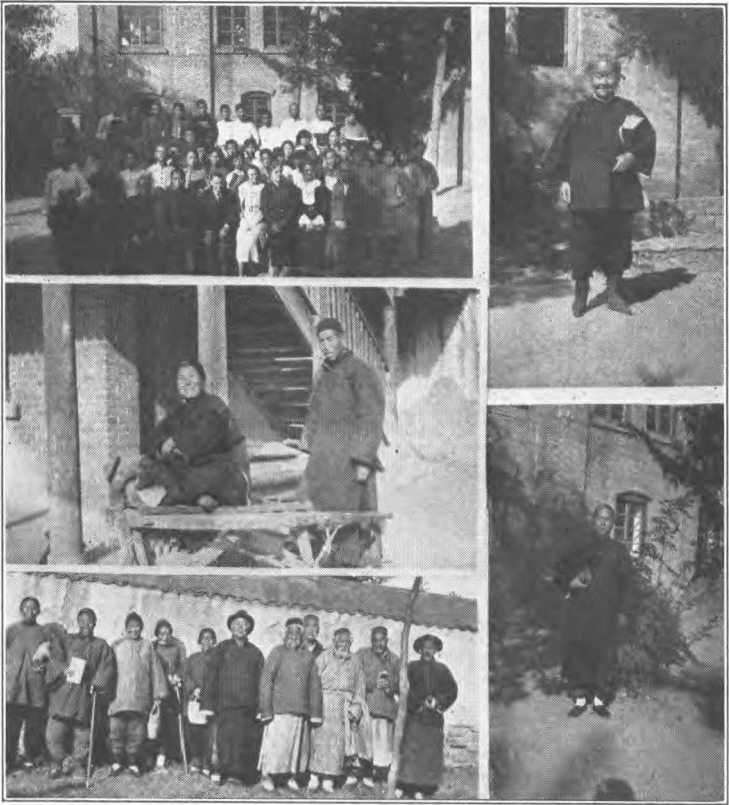
one to devote more time to the children's work. How important that they be well rooted and grounded in the faith for they will soon be the leaders in our churches.

Preceding the afternoon service a special welcome was given by the Chinese Church to the new missionaries. They were very happy to have these new recruits from America and felt that their prayers were being answered for more laborers who were sorely needed.

The afternoon service was held with the missionaries. There were a number of missionaries present from nearby missions and all were pleased to have them in the service. We called their attention to God's plan and provision for a lost world, and gave them Dr. Reynolds' message regarding a million souls and a world-wide revival, to which all hearts responded. A blessed season of prayer followed for a mighty outpouring of the Spirit upon the work in China.

There was a good congregation at the evening service in the tabernacle. Six boys from the Bible Training School brought a special song that they played on Chinese musical instruments. All hearts were blessed as they listened to the message. A number of seekers were at the altar, among whom was a woman possessed with a demon. There is no question that because of the awful darkness of heathendom there are many in China who are in the clutches of demons. We think of heathendom as a mere idol worship when in reality, behind the hideous idol lurks the archfiend to whom the worship is directed. But the light of the glorious gospel can penetrate this awful darkness and our Christ can set the captives free. How much we should pray for our missionaries as they combat these forces of darkness day after day.

Another good service was held Monday morning and again the whole congregation was upon their faces in prayer after the message on "Rivers of Living Water." There were over



1. Bible Training School, Tamingfu, China. 2. Mrs. Ma, one of our older Christians at Tamingfu. 3. Christians from Puchow. Mr. K— brought his wife in a wheelbarrow so she could attend the Bible school. A distance of fifty miles. 4. Elderly Christians at Chaocheng. 5. Rev. Hsu, Pastor at Tamingfu.

forty who joined the Prayer and Fasting League at this service.

In the afternoon we visited the Bible Training School and spoke briefly to the students. We were very happy to meet this group of bright, eager young men and women in their class room, who were diligently studying the Word of God. There is now an enrollment of fifty consecrated young men and women who will soon be ready to take over the work at some of our needy outstations. The school building is far too small. The class room was so small that some of the students had to sit in the hallway entrance. The boys' dormitory needs enlargement. Four or five boys occupy one small unheated room, sleeping on the hard brick beds. The new girls' dormitory was nearing completion. We were thankful that this pressing need is being cared for. As in Japan, so also in China, the Bible Training School is one of our greatest needs, for our young people must be trained and prepared for efficient service among their own people. Young people saved, sanctified and trained are our greatest asset in advancing the work. Our vast territory in China with its thousands of villages can be reached only through efficiently trained native preachers and Bible women. Realizing this great need, let us keep our Bible Training Schools upon our hearts and pray much for these God-called young people in their preparation for an enlarged sphere of service in their own country.

We also visited our little school for the missionaries' children. Miss Rhoda Schurman who was among the group of new missionaries, is the teacher in charge. There is an enrollment of nine precious boys and girls. If it were not for this school, our missionaries would be obliged to send their children away to a boarding school and away from any home influence, and at extra cost to the Board.

The evening service at the tabernacle was again signally blessed of the Lord as a message was brought on "The Jesus

Way." Our hearts were melted as we saw how they responded to the truths of the gospel. They were all eager to know more about this wonderful plan of salvation and were reluctant to leave at the close of the service.

A missionary trip would not be complete without some exciting scenes. We always expect our missionaries to tell some of the "exciting things" that happen in the course of their



SCHOOL FOR THE MISSIONARIES' CHILDREN, MISS RHODA SCHURMAN, TEACHER

missionary life, such as coming in contact with wild animals, poisonous reptiles, etc. Such an experience was not to be denied us, for that evening after returning home we waged a battle with a real live centipede in the home of Dr. Hayne. This "reptile" had insisted on crawling up the water pipe into the wash basin in the bath room and would not be content to be washed down the drain pipe as we turned on the water. But our good resourceful doctor, who always has some instrument of warfare near at hand, grabbed some operating forceps

and while Mr. Centipede, squirming and wiggling, was held firmly within their clutches by the General W. F. M. S. Treasurer, the doctor cremated him by the aid of our candle which was the only light in the room, while the General President supervised the operation. We will leave it to the readers to decide for themselves whether quietness prevailed while the centipede met his doom.

Tuesday morning there was another beautiful service marked by the presence of the Lord. The afternoon meeting was with the W. F. M. S. We were delighted indeed to meet the dear women in this special service and plan with them for the work of the W. F. M. S. The women are doing a great work and through their sacrifices new outstations are being opened, thus giving the women a definite part in the salvation of their own people. If our church could only see and understand the degraded condition of the women in China, that would be sufficient reason why we should do our best to send out more workers to give to these neglected ones the gospel. We do not realize and appreciate as we should the great blessings that we enjoy because of our knowledge of Jesus.

The Tuesday evening meeting was in charge of the Chinese pastor. The Rev. Smith brought a fine message. We had asked to be excused as we were quite exhausted and must pack up the next day for our return trip.

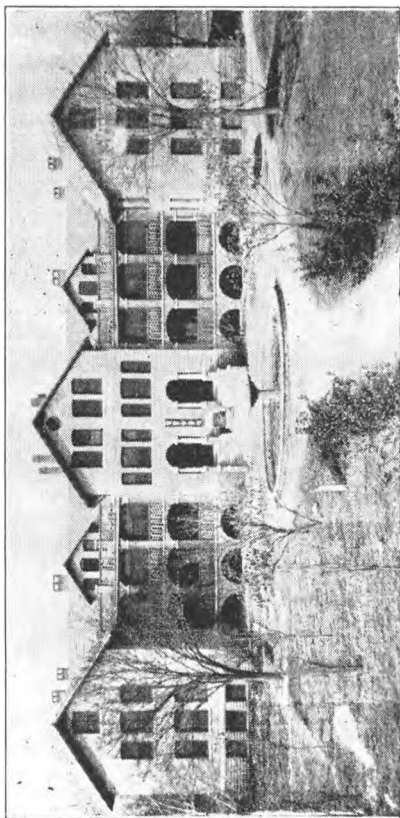
Wednesday was a day long to be remembered. It was the last day spent on our great China field with its one and one-half million perishing souls waiting for the Nazarenes to bring them the glad tidings of the gospel. A meeting was held in the morning in the tabernacle with the young women and plans were made for the organization of a Y. W. M. S.. The work among the young women is very important. We have some beautiful young Christians on this compound and we believe that the Lord will bless in the special organization for them.

Wednesday afternoon the missionaries and visitors were invited to the Bresee Memorial Hospital. A delightful treat had been provided by the hospital staff. We were served with tea and several kinds of delicious Chinese cakes, tasty native



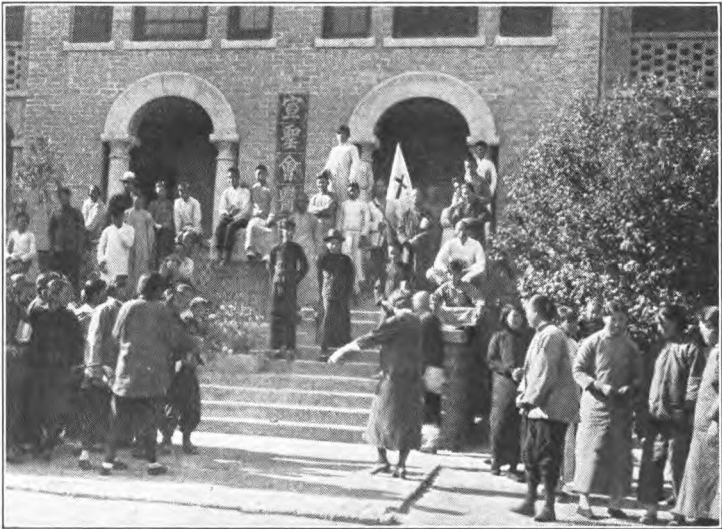
Y. W. F. M. S. ORGANIZED AT TAMINGFU

nuts and dried watermelon seeds. The Chinese doctors and nurses were present and enjoyed this treat with us. We were then taken through the hospital. We had long looked forward to seeing our beautiful Bresee Memorial Hospital and to know that it was now a reality thrilled our hearts. Here surrounded by the attractive trees and flower gardens it stood, a haven of refuge to thousands in this section of China who are in need of medical care. Our eyes filled with tears as we looked on



FRESEE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, TAMINGFU

this splendid building and thought of our dear Brother Kinne who had labored so untiringly in planning and erecting this hospital in the interior of China. We realized a little of the vision he had and the great possibilities for medical work in this part of China. The need is tremendous and we wonder if we are



DOCTORS, NURSES AND STUDENTS, BRESEE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

measuring up to the vision that the Lord gave to him as he undertook this great task of providing a place where the sick could come and be tenderly cared for both body and soul. The hospital is of one hundred bed capacity. The number of patients is rapidly increasing. The rooms are large and well ventilated. The hospital was formerly under the management of Dr. R. G. Fitz, who is now home on furlough. It is now in

charge of Dr. H. C. Wesche, with Dr. Hester Hayne in charge of the women's work. The Lord is graciously blessing them in their labors of love and sacrifice as they minister to the physical as well as spiritual needs of those who come. We also have two American nurses, Miss Mary Pannell, who is Superintendent of Nurses, and Mrs. Mabel Wesche, the Assistant Superintendent of Nurses. God is using them as they teach and train the native nurses. We were pleased to meet the Chinese physician and surgeon, Dr. Feng, and his native assistants and trained native nurses. Dr. Feng is a very able physician and a wonderful Christian. We were told that most of his spare time was spent with the patients, telling them of Christ and praying with them. He took a keen delight in showing us through the hospital and telling us about different patients.

There was one unusual case at the hospital while we were there. A beautiful young woman about twenty-eight years old was afflicted with an abdominal tumor. We saw the poor woman before she was operated upon. She was so uncomfortable that she could not remain long in one position without acute discomfort. When admitted to the ward she steadfastly refused to take any active interest in the possibility of having the tumor removed. Life held little meaning for her. She had been little more than a slave in the home of her mother-in-law. Now she was so sorely afflicted she was made to feel that she was a complete economic liability to the family. She said that whether she lived or died it would make no difference, since *no one* loved her. Her husband signed the permit for the operation, saying as he did so that she might as well be operated on because she wasn't really alive and she would not die. Dr. Feng and Dr. Hayne performed the operation, which was one of the most spectacular in modern surgery. The tumor when removed weighed eighty-two pounds and the weight of the patient minus the tumor was the same. We have been informed since leaving China that the transformation of the

woman following the operation was more spectacular than the operation had been. When she began to recover she realized that there was love even for her in the new environment into which she had come. And that a hitherto unheard of love had prompted Christian people from far-away lands to provide a place where such as she could find help in time of suffering. And not only health but spiritual transformation—healing for a sin-sick soul. There was an eager acquiescence to the message of redeeming love and we trust that God will quicken into a flame of pure love the knowledge of His love for her. There were many other interesting cases in the hospital.

A daily clinic is held every afternoon for those coming from the surrounding villages needing medical care. Some days there are fifty or more treated. While they wait their turn the hospital evangelist preaches the gospel to them in the little chapel provided for that purpose. Many are thus brought in contact with the gospel who otherwise would not hear the glad news and go back to their home in the villages with this new found joy in their hearts. The medical work is and always will be a drawing factor in our missionary work, for as people come to be healed of their physical ills they also learn of the great Physician who can heal their sin-sick souls.

We realized that the time spent on our China field was far too short. There had been twenty-six services held in eight and one-half days and over two hundred earnest seekers had been at the altars. We had visited the five main mission stations and a number of the outstations. The weather was ideal all the time, otherwise we would have been unable to get over the field at all. We felt that the Lord had smiled upon us in permitting us to see so much of our great China field during our brief stay.

As we visited our various stations we were truly astonished at the progress that had been made in spite of the small staff of missionaries and other handicaps. But God had been bless-

ing and stirring the hearts of His children. Little groups of native Christians are faithfully holding up the banner of the cross in fifty or more villages. Evangelistic bands freely giving their time and strength are reaching out to other villages. And now with more missionaries to guide them and help them



MRS. FITKIN AND MISS WORD IN
CHINESE DRESS

to evangelize and in the reopening of the schools, especially the Bible Training School, all hearts were greatly encouraged. With united faith and consecrated efforts all were determined to go forward in His name to win their part of a "million souls" in the Orient, for they believe now is the time to "thrust in the sickle and reap, for the harvest of the earth [China] is ripe."

These had been such wonderful days that our hearts were sad at the thought of leaving. But there were still other surprises awaiting us. For some days past a sewing circle had been in progress and now the missionaries presented us with beautiful Chinese dresses actually made by our dear Chinese sisters, and other lovely gifts. The women of the W. F. M. S. had also been busy and came bringing lovely red satin banners covered with miniature padded figures of noted Chinese people and Scripture mottoes in Chinese. How we did appreciate all these things and we

could not keep back the tears as we tried to thank them for these expressions of love. They are all so dear and we had grown to love them during our short stay among them.

TAMINGFU

We had been so busy during the convention that we had not had an opportunity to really see the city of Tamingfu or to visit in the homes of any of our Christians. This was made possible Thursday morning by Brother and Sister Kiehn, who took us to the city before we began our homeward journey that day. Tamingfu is a city of about seventy thousand population enclosed by a high brick wall. It is one of the strongest military centers in North China and large detachments of soldiers are there in training constantly. But here in the interior, even in a city of that size, they do not have electric lights nor wide paved streets nor other modern conveniences. It has only been within the last few years that the jinrikishas were introduced there. Many of the houses are built of brick facing the narrow dusty streets that are also the only playground for the children. The stores and shops are on the main thoroughfares and are all open and sometimes the wares extending into the street. We saw the little chapel where Brother and Sister Kiehn first started the Nazarene work in China about twenty-five years ago. We visited in the homes of two of our Christians. They were delighted to have us come to visit them. The Chinese homes are practically destitute of furniture. A long narrow table or shelf sometimes stands in the rear of the room where books and a few teacups and rice bowls are kept. In front of this is a small square table where they eat and some may have a couple of chairs. The brick beds are built across one end of the room about two feet from the floor, and in front of the bed is the tiny brick stove. The stove does not need a chimney for the smoke and some

heat go up under the bed and thus the bed is kept warm. This is the only heat in the house. The people keep adding more clothing as the weather gets colder and even then many of them suffer.

We have a fine property on the main street of the city with a large brick church and parsonage. The caretaker, one of our splendid Christians, took us through the building. There is no resident pastor but the missionaries and workers from the mission station just outside the walls plan for services two or three times a week. As soon as we get sufficient workers out, this lovely church in the heart of this great needy city should become one of our strong evangelistic centers having a resident pastor. No evening service can now be held because the gates of the city are closed as soon as it gets dark.

We had an opportunity of seeing a wedding procession on a former hurried trip to the city. We were told that it was a very unusual one. Leading the procession were the musicians all riding on a wagon drawn by oxen. Following these, riding in jinrikishas were the groom's attendants. These all wore large red bows on the front of their long dark coats. Then came the groom riding in a special open sedan chair carried on the shoulders of four coolies. He was a boy of perhaps sixteen and looked very intelligent. He also wore a large red bow on his coat. He looked very serious and kept his eyes looking straight ahead. Behind his chariot was the bride's chair, carried by four coolies. It was profusely decorated with red and gold and bright colored streamers. We were not privileged to see the bride, for her chair was entirely enclosed and not even the groom himself was allowed to see her until she had been brought to her future home, which was the home of her mother-in-law.

Brother and Sister Kiehn, who had come down to the convention, kindly offered to take us back with them to their home at Cheng An and then on to Hantan where we were to

board our train for Peiping. Dr. Hester Hayne was to accompany us. As we were getting ready to leave, the missionaries and Christians gathered in the yard to bid us goodbye. Soon the students from the Bible Training School came marching in standing opposite the others. As we saw all of these precious workers and those who had been redeemed, some way there



LEAVING TAMINGFU

was a strange tug at our heartstrings. Our eyes were overflowing with tears as they sang from the depths of their hearts "Where He Leads Me" and "In the Sweet Bye and Bye," for we had come to realize that even though it had meant persecution and hardship for many of them to accept Christ, yet they were determined to follow Him regardless of the cost. After a prayer by our Chinese pastor in Chinese, and one in English by Brother Wiese, and hurried goodbyes we were on

our way. It is true that we were leaving this great China field teeming with its millions, together with our missionaries and Christians, yet we felt that as we left, China would have a greater place in our hearts than ever before. Even though our visit was short, yet we knew that the Lord had blessed. We felt sure that He would help us to bring to our church at home something of the vision we had received of the millions still unreached by the gospel message and the great opportunity we have to give this glorious message of light and life to those darkened hearts. Let us pray for our missionaries shut away in the darkness of heathendom in that great land and for all our workers and Christians who are holding up the blood-stained banner of the cross out on the plains of China.

CHAPTER VII

HOMEWARD BOUND

Through the kindness of Brother and Sister Kiehn we were soon on our train. We arrived in Peiping at nine the next morning and went immediately to the Missionary Rest Home. We took our baggage with us, as Dr. Hayne did not think it very safe to check it at the station. We might say that in China our methods of transportation were often from the sublime to the ridiculous, for the only cars that we could get to take us to the Home were ramshackle Model T Fords. Dr. Hayne rode in one with the baggage to make sure that it did not disappear. What a contrast to the beautiful twin-motor Douglas plane that had brought us to this city only a couple of weeks before.

We spent a delightful day with Dr. Hayne, who took all the responsibility for our travel arrangements which was greatly appreciated, for we wondered again and again what we would ever have done without her. We had dinner with our new missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Pattee, who were here attending language school. After prayer, goodbyes were said and we hurried away to our train which was to take us to Mukden, Manchuria. The last familiar face that we saw as the train pulled out was that of our dear Dr. Hayne and none of us could see very clearly because of blinding tears.

The next morning found us looking out upon a country similar to the hill country of China; we had left the plains of China far behind. Here and there in the fields could be seen the shepherds herding pigs instead of sheep. The thatched-roofed, square walled, mud houses were clustered together in

villages similar to those in China. The houses in many of the larger villages, however, were made of brick and were larger. A large per cent of the population of Manchuria are Chinese.

Mukden is a large and interesting city. We arrived late in the afternoon and had seven hours to wait for the train that was to take us to Seoul, Korea. It was very cold and there was snow on the ground. We were grateful to the Japan Tourist Bureau, who sent one of their representatives to the train to meet us. He was very kind, looked after our baggage and came later to see us safely on our train at eleven p. m. Miss Katherine Hodgkiss, a friend of Dr. Hayne, who is Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. came during the evening and spent a couple of hours with us. We were glad for this opportunity to learn something about the work that is being carried on in this difficult field. While to some the long wait might have been monotonous, we found it very interesting as we watched the Japanese, Chinese and Russian travelers going in and out of the small waiting room. The children were warmly clad and the babies strapped securely on their mothers' backs were very cunning.

Another day dawned and we were soon looking out over a beautiful country. The Korea of yesterday is the Chosen of today. It might almost have been Japan, for there were lovely mountains covered with trees, many of them in beautiful autumn colors. The hillsides were terraced with rice fields and there were many large apple orchards loaded with luscious red fruit. Korea has such a wonderful climate that it is fast becoming a popular health resort and because of its bright, beautiful, strangely calm and perfect mornings it is known as the "Land of the Morning Calm." Its strange and interesting human types make it today one of the most picturesque countries in the Far East. As our train sped along we caught glimpses of some of these very interesting people out in the fields harvesting the crops. Very primitive methods are still

used but since this country is now under Japanese rule more modern methods are being introduced.

The women dressed in white, with very long full skirts and short tight waists could be seen carrying heavy loads of firewood or grain, or it might be a large earthen pot on their heads. The men wore loose, baggy white trousers tied closely about their ankles, a long white coat and a funny little tall black hat, known as the "honorable horsehair hat," tied with strings under the chin, and they usually had long pipes in their mouths.

SEOUL (KEIJO)

We arrived in Seoul the ancient capital of Korea or Chosen about two-thirty Sunday afternoon. We were expecting Rev. W. A. Eckel to meet us here and after diligently searching for him in the great crowd that thronged the station and being unable to find him, we were fortunate to find a hotel man who meets all the trains and were soon on our way to the Chosen Hotel, the only American hotel in the city. We felt very much alone in a foreign land and among a strange people.

The special harvest festival was in progress when we arrived, and the streets were crowded with people. The Korean women in white and the children in their colorful costumes with their braided hair tied with bright colored ribbons, and the throngs of Japanese women and children all dressed in their very gayest kimonos presented a striking picture. We were glad that we had an opportunity to see this crowd all dressed in their very best. Scattered through the crowds were many Japanese boys dressed in special costumes, some carrying large floats and others carrying a huge imitation dragon.

Soon after our arrival at the hotel we were very much relieved when Brother Eckel and Brother Isayama came. After dinner we went to the Oriental Missionary Society Compound located on a hill overlooking the city. It was a real surprise

to meet here our dear Brother and Sister Thiele who were formerly pastors on our Northwest District. They had recently come out to labor with this mission in an emergency. We were glad for the privilege of attending the Korean service in their



STREET FESTIVAL, SEOUL, KOREA

church and spoke briefly to them. We were reminded of the Japanese services, for they were all sitting on the matting floor. We were told that the Koreans are more receptive to the gospel than either the Japanese or Chinese. God is doing a wonderful work among them.

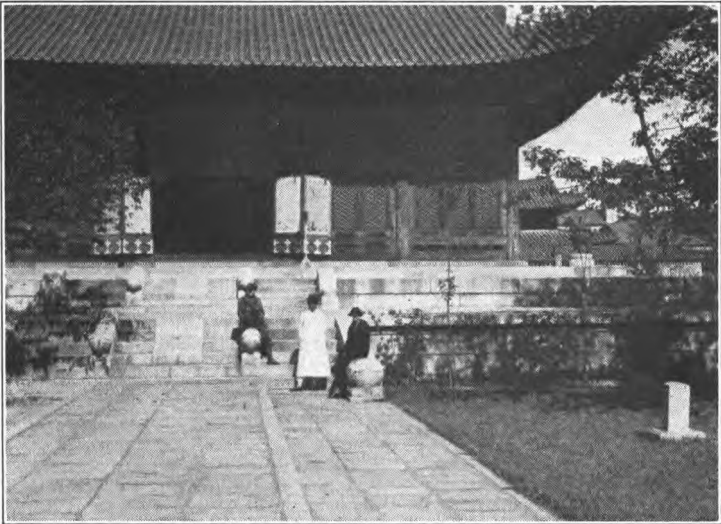
The following day accompanied by a guide, we made a little trip through this very interesting city. There is a saying that the gods chose the locations of their cities for the Koreans. Certain it is that most of them are beautifully situated and

that Seoul is no exception. The city lies pocketed in a valley amid a circle of sharply rising hills. It was one time a walled city, the walls of which were copied from the great wall of China and were from twenty-five to forty feet high. Even then the tigers and leopards leaped over it and killed many of the people. The walls are now crumbling and the gates, which are huge and cumbersome, still remain and are more ornamental than useful. The population of the city is over three hundred thousand, of which eighty-five thousand are Japanese, six thousand are Chinese and about three hundred foreign residents.

We visited the North Palace or Kiefuku, the capital's chief show place. It is now under the protection of the state as a "National Treasure" and is sometimes called the "Old Palace." We saw there many interesting buildings of the ancient government, for now that Korea is under Japanese rule the palace



ANCIENT PALACE, SEOUL, KOREA



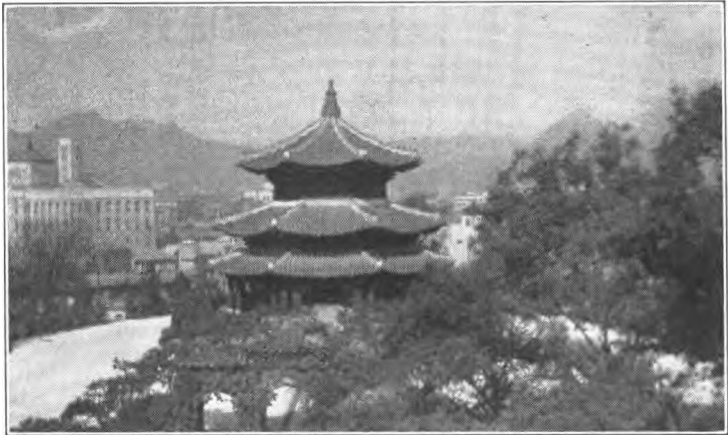
ANCIENT EMPEROR'S PALACE, SEOUL, KOREA

grounds have been opened to the public. The buildings were similar in structure to the Japanese palaces. In the rooms were many beautiful carved chests, some inlaid with pearl that glistened in the sunshine and many beautifully decorated screens and antique furniture. The Hall of Audience where the state functions were held and the foreign diplomats were received was very magnificent.

Another very beautiful building was the great banqueting hall, standing on an island in a lotus covered pond. It is recorded that this building alone cost eight million yen or about three and one-half million dollars. If this was true, what was the cost of the entire palace group? The grounds surrounding the building were a beautiful park and we saw

little groups of Japanese mothers with their children enjoying a picnic lunch.

We learned that the emperors discouraged the building of shrines within the city. There was of course the Temple of Heaven, where the emperors offered sacrifices to their ancestors, but we did not need the guide to find this temple,



TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, SEOUL, KOREA

we had only to step out into the garden of our hotel to see this picturesque, vine-covered pagoda. It is now doing duty as a pleasure pavilion for foreign barbarians.

We were then taken up one of the hills to Nanzan Park and from its summit got a splendid view of the city surrounded by the beautiful mountains. A Buddhist shrine was on the hilltop and again our hearts were saddened, as we realized that in this beautiful country there were thousands who were still bowing down to idols.

Our guide then took us to the Korean quarter, a low squalid section of the city and stopped before the home of one of the better class. The low one-story house stood facing what we would call an alley, that was narrow and muddy, but we were assured that it was one of the best streets in this section of the city. This particular street was designated as "Millionaire Row." As the heavy carved door was opened we entered a little hall that led to an open courtyard. Built around this courtyard was the "mansion" similar to the Japanese houses. There were servants in the courtyard who were shelling and cleaning red peppers. We were told that the Koreans use a great deal of red pepper in their food, as it helps to ward off sickness and disease but if taken in too large quantities it affects their head. We passed through the narrow kitchen and saw there the large earthen pots built into the brick stove where the rice and soup were cooked and a smaller one where the water for the tea was heated. There were shelves on the wall where the rice bowls and other dishes were kept. Everything was very neat and clean. At the back of the house we saw the large jars in the yard that were used for storing rice and vegetables.

The other rooms were furnished much like the Japanese homes, each connected by sliding doors covered with artistically designed paper. However, instead of the straw matting on the floor, it was covered with a linoleum made of cork highly polished. The floors were heated from beneath, which provided heat for the house and insured a warm place on which to sleep. There were several beautiful hand carved chests in the rooms where the clothing for the family was kept.

We were told by our guide that the master of the house was perhaps worth a half million. We were glad for this opportunity to see this house and get an idea how the wealthy Koreans live. We learned that in the poorer class homes every-

thing was very untidy and they hardly knew what cleanliness and sanitation meant.

After a lovely dinner at the home of Brother and Sister Thiele we were again on the train speeding toward Japan. We had a beautiful trip all the way through Korea and were very happy to meet Rev. and Mrs. Robert Chung, Christian Koreans, on the train. Brother Chung had just arrived from America and was to have met us in Seoul but was delayed. He is one of the outstanding Christian evangelists in Korea and is very anxious to help in establishing Nazarene work in this great land.

Korea is now in a transitory state and is open to the gospel as never before. The Japanese who are now in control, are introducing new and better modes of living. They are also bringing with them their religion. Right at this period is the opportune time for the gospel of full salvation to be introduced and planted in the hearts of the Korean people. We were indeed glad for the opportunity to become acquainted with Rev. Chung and to learn something of his plans for spreading scriptural holiness throughout the land.

Our train arrived at Fusan about eleven p. m. and after saying goodby to our new Korean friends, we went immediately on board the small steamer that was to take us across the channel to Japan. The channel was quite rough that night and our boat being small we were soon "rocked to sleep in the cradle of the deep." We learned later that we had just missed another typhoon. Surely the Lord careth for His children.

We arrived at Shimonoseki, in southern Japan, early the next morning. Here we were again in the beautiful Land of the Rising Sun. This would be our last trip through the lovely mountain country of Japan. It seemed that the scenery could not have been more beautiful, with the green mountains and the golden fields of rice now ready to be harvested.

We arrived in Kobe about seven-thirty p. m., and were met at the station by Mrs. Staples, Misses Pearl Wiley, Bertie Karns, Alice Smith and Brother Funogoshi. Since our boat did not leave until 4 p. m. the next day we were glad to have another visit with our missionaries on the Kwansai District and tell them something of our wonderful trip to China and of



EMPRESS OF JAPAN, REV. AND MRS. W. A. ECKEL AND OTHER WORKERS FROM TOKYO

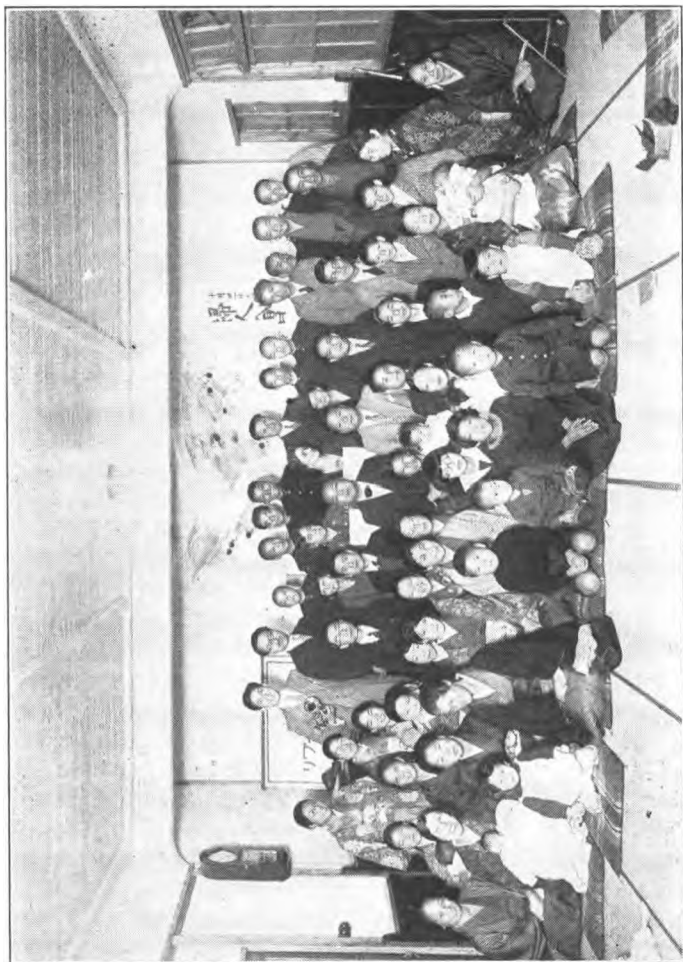
the Lord's blessings in that part of our world-wide mission field.

It was not easy to say goodbye to our precious friends and with tearful eyes we boarded our beautiful ship *The Empress of Japan* with America and home as our goal. Our boat stopped over one day in Yokohama, so we had the privilege of meeting again our missionaries and workers in Tokyo and learning how the Lord had been so marvelously blessing and opening up new churches in that great city. We spent a very delightful day with our workers, seeing more of the great city of

Tokyo as we visited the new places of worship that had been opened since we were there. Truly the Lord is working in a wonderful way. Three new churches had been opened in strategic points of the city. An independent church pastored by a splendid young pastor, Rev. Tomiki, who attended our college in Pasadena for four years, joined ranks with the Nazarenes to help push the battle for God and holiness in the great city of Tokyo. He has a beautiful wife and three bright Christian boys, Mark, Luke and John, and two girls named Ruth and Mary.

Our last meeting in Japan was held in this new church. How our hearts rejoiced when we entered the neat little chapel and saw the crowd all seated on the floor. The rousing song service was led by our Brother Kuboki who certainly knows how to sing and get the people blessed as they sing the songs of Zion. The pastor and fifty-two members were formally taken into the Church of the Nazarene and how all hearts were blessed as this splendid group of blood-washed Japanese with their consecrated leader became one of us.

The whole congregation responded beautifully to the message and when the Prayer and Fasting League was presented the entire congregation expressed their desire to join. A very precious season of prayer followed the close of the message and all hearts were drawn closer to the Lord. We had again to say goodbye to those dear ones as they crowded around the car that was to take us to our boat that left Yokohama at 1 a. m. Brother and Sister Eckel and Brother Isayama insisted on accompanying us to the boat and stayed with us until the ship was about ready to sail. After a very earnest prayer by Brother Eckel for God's protecting care and blessing over us, goodbyes were again said and we turned our faces homeward with hearts overflowing with praise and thanksgiving for the great privilege that had been ours of visiting our missionary work in these wonderful fields. With an enlarged



NEW CHURCH AT TOKYO, JAPAN, REV. TOMIKI, PASTOR, IN CENTER

vision and a greater heart burden for our missionary work, we were again on our way to the homeland, determined to work just a little harder and to get our church aroused as never before to the great work of spreading the news of full salvation to earth's perishing millions.

Our big white ship *The Empress of Japan*, the largest boat on the Pacific, was indeed a floating palace. We enjoyed the six days at sea, resting after our strenuous campaigns in Japan and China, although the sea was a little choppy for a few days. The memory of the trip and how God had blessed and inspired our hearts again and again.

HONOLULU

We arrived in Honolulu October 29th, where we were to change boats for one going to San Francisco, since *The Empress of Japan* went to Vancouver. The day after our arrival we were greatly surprised and shocked when the news reached us about the maritime strike on the Pacific Coast, which also affected our ship, *The Lurline* already in dock here, as her crew had joined the strikers.

We were assured day after day that the boats would be released, but the days passed into weeks while we waited. The reservations on all *Clippers* on the airship line were quickly booked until after Christmas, so we could not fly across to the mainland. It was hard to understand this strange providence and had we not felt so definitely led of the Lord to make this trip, we might have been tempted to believe that we had been out of divine order. But the Lord had placed His seal upon the trip so we felt that some way this delay would be worked out for His glory.

To be stranded on these beautiful islands called the Paradise of the Pacific, in the month of November should not be considered such a catastrophe. Here we have perpetual summer, for these islands are warmed by a tropical sun and

fanned by the gentle ocean breezes. They are covered with a profusion of bright colored flowers, gorgeous flowering trees and stately royal palms, a paradise of nature indeed.

But what of the great city in which we were forced to tarry for a season? We endeavored to learn more about it and especially about her people.

Honolulu is located on the mountainous island of Oahu, one of the larger islands of the Hawaiian group. Oahu means "gathering place." The name is very fitting, for here we found people of nearly every race and nation. In one of the daily papers there appeared an article regarding the various races represented in the schools of Hawaii. The children in the picture accompanying the article were Siamese, Portuguese, Chinese, Korean, Caucasian, Hawaiian, Japanese and Filipino. It is said that race prejudice does not exist on the islands. Honolulu is the principal port and largest city of the islands. It is also the capital of the territorial government, and has long been known as the "Crossroads of the Pacific." The population of the island of Oahu is over two hundred thousand, of which over one hundred sixty-five thousand live in Honolulu. About fifty per cent are said to be Japanese. Here we found seventy heathen temples and multitudes of people bowing down to idols of wood and stone. There were several Protestant churches, but most of them are formal and modernistic. We looked in vain for a Church of the Nazarene.

We were deeply impressed with the great need of real salvation work among the people. A great burden came upon us for these precious souls for whom Christ had died. We began to pray definitely that the Lord would open up the way for a real Nazarene work to be established here in these islands. They are a part of our home mission field and as a church are we not as responsible to plant holiness here as in any other needy place in the United States?

The first Sunday we were here we attended the Kawaiaho Hawaiian church. We had searched the papers diligently the evening before, thinking we might find some little holiness mission that we could attend. Finding none we selected the Hawaiian church as the pastor was announced to preach on "The Religion of Power." It was a scholarly discourse but he failed to emphasize what or who it was that made the religion of Jesus Christ powerful. The church was a large, commodious building seating perhaps fifteen hundred, but there were less than one hundred at the morning service.

Another Sunday came and we were still in Honolulu. Again we searched the church ads and found that at one of the community churches the pastor's subject was "Revivals Repeated." We decided to go and were surprised and delighted to listen to a splendid definite sermon on salvation. Later we learned that the pastor and his wife were from California, but had been here for several years and had established this little independent work. Through the kindness of the pastor we gave a message at the woman's prayermeeting the following Tuesday and the Lord was present and blessed all hearts. The following Thursday evening we attended the Gospel Association meeting and brought the message on "The Need of Revivals." The congregation responded beautifully to the message and hearts were stirred. A number of the churches here in the city co-operate in this Association and regular meetings are held every Thursday night in the Chinese Church of Christ. Plans are being made to have Gipsy Smith for a campaign here in the city early in January.

The following Sunday morning we were invited to speak again at the little Independent Church and what a blessed service we had. We almost felt that we were on the mainland in one of our own Nazarene churches. The Holy Spirit sealed the message home to hearts and when an altar call was given sixteen men and women eagerly pressed forward and wept

and prayed their way through to God. How we rejoiced, for somehow we felt that God was answering prayer and in some way our stay here and the little service we had rendered would help in planting Churches of the Nazarene on these needy islands.

In the afternoon the pastor took us over to the jail in the outskirts of the city where they hold a service every Sunday afternoon. This is the large territorial prison and has over five hundred inmates. There were over one hundred in the service and thirty-five or more raised their hands to testify that they were Christians, and how they did love to sing! They were all dressed in prison garb but very neat and clean. There was an official choir of about fifteen fine looking men. They were allowed to wear clean white shirts instead of the regular prison jackets. They brought two special sacred songs that blessed our hearts. They had wonderful voices that blended beautifully. An impromptu Hawaiian choir and quartet brought other special songs that were also appreciated. Then the whole congregation joined in singing the noted Island song, "Aloha" or Farewell to Thee. The Hawaiians have beautiful voices and they love to sing.

We gave them a little message on "Christ the Good Shepherd." We could not have wanted a more attentive audience for they all listened eagerly and were very quiet and orderly. We were glad for this another opportunity to give out the Word to needy hearts and trust that the seed sown will bring forth much fruit. A number have been saved through these meetings. Some of the most notorious criminals have been converted and their lives so changed that the prison officials have wondered what had happened. Of course, a number of the men are in for life but once they are saved they faithfully bear testimony to the other inmates of the saving grace of Jesus Christ. Others who are in for a short time go back to their homes entirely different to live clean, upright Christian lives.

So we feel that any service rendered to those shut away behind prison walls that brings them to a knowledge of salvation is well worth while.

During our stay here we became acquainted with two precious missionaries from India. They are members of the Church of God and know several of our Japanese Christians and missionaries. They enjoy the blessing of holiness and have taken the *Herald of Holiness* for several years. We had precious fellowship in the church with them and felt they would stand by when holiness is planted on the islands. We made a special visit out to their humble home and while there eagerly devoured the *Herald of Holiness* that we had so greatly missed during the past three months.

After three long weeks we were so thankful and happy when we learned that the Matson Steamship Company was devising a plan to get the five hundred stranded tourists out of Honolulu. Their ship, *The Monterey*, a sister ship to *The Lurline*, was due in Honolulu November 23, coming from Australia. It was a certain fact that should she dock the crew would join the strikers, thus tying up another boat in Honolulu and adding to the number of stranded tourists there. After consulting with the captain of the ship, plans were made to hold the *Monterey* off port at Honolulu outside the three mile limit and to transfer the passengers out to it by a large pineapple barge. This was a great and venturesome undertaking and the first time in maritime history that anything like that had been done. Plans were perfected, hoping against hope that the strikers would not do anything to thwart them.

We had made definite reservations on the Canadian Pacific ship, *The Niagara*, which was to leave Honolulu November 20 for Vancouver. This was a small boat and we hesitated about taking it because of the heavy storms in the north.

The day before sailing we felt definitely led to cancel that reservation and accept reservations on the *Monterey* for the

23rd and again another promise from the Word was whispered to our hearts, "He knoweth the way that I [we] take." We knew that the Lord would care for us if it were His will for us to go on this ship.

However, our courage almost failed us when we were awakened early the morning of the 23rd by a terrific gale and rain-storm, the worst we had seen during our three weeks' stay in Honolulu. Great waves were rolling into our peaceful bay and the sea beyond was being lashed into foamy billows. We knew that it would be impossible to transfer the passengers to the boat in this raging tempest. We could see in the distance the *Monterey* being tossed about by the waves.

Our special morning Bible verse, "Fear ye not," etc., was very appropriate and our hearts were comforted as we prayed that our God would speak peace to the troubled waters.

The barge was scheduled to leave the dock at 10 a. m. By 9:30 the sun was shining but the sea was still rough. Small tugs had gone out with the customs and immigration officers, but were forced to return as the sea was so heavy that it was impossible to get near the boat.

Early in the afternoon the sea became more calm and the big barge set out heavily loaded with the baggage. They were able to tie it up to the *Monterey* but the strong wind kept them drifting and it was very difficult to unload the baggage.

The stranded passengers waited all day at the pier and while waiting were entertained by the Royal Hawaiian Band and a group of Hula girl singers. The music helped to dispel the gloom while we patiently waited for the sea to calm.

About 6 p. m. word came to the dock that the barge would be back about seven, bringing the passengers, mail and baggage from the boat for Honolulu. We praised the Lord when we finally saw the barge in sight and were assured that we would soon be on our way. It was a tired but happy crowd

that boarded the barge to be transferred out over the dark waters to the waiting *Monterey*.

It took about one hour to make the trip, a distance of about five miles. Beside the tug that towed us out we were accompanied by coast guard cutters on either side and a detachment of police was on board. It was remarkable how the sea had become so quiet and it was not long until we were tied up to the *Monterey*, the gang plank set and the five hundred passengers were safely transferred without a single accident.

We had a comparatively calm sea all the way to San Francisco. The Lord had answered prayer and given us a safe voyage home.

Our journey of nearly 20,000 miles was completed. In all our travels by land, sea and air the Lord had graciously watched over and protected us. He had kept us from seasickness and given us strength for the strenuous days of travel, for which we praise Him. The promises of God had been verified over and over again in this three month tour.

We had been privileged to see hundreds in Japan and China who have been saved from their heathen idol worship and superstition and made white in the blood of the Lamb. About 150 had joined the Prayer and Fasting League, and we had seen nearly three hundred bow at the altars during our brief stay on these two fields. We give God all the glory. But what of the teeming throngs who do not know our God and still wait for us to bring them the gospel light? Are we as a church measuring up to our responsibility in giving to them the "Gospel in the same measure as we have received it"?

