

MISSIONS QUARTERLY

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Topic: The Inca Union Mission

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The Official Notice

May 1, 1918.

Secretary Sabbath School Department,
Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sister Plummer :

The urgent plea brought by South American delegates at the recent General Conference for further enlargement of the work in the Inca Union Mission comprising Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador, touched many hearts, and the Mission Board took action recommending to the Sabbath School Department that this field be made the recipient of the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering given September 28th, and that we aim to reach a gift of \$52,284.71 on that day.

This is a large amount to call for from our Sabbath schools, but past successes and present necessities give us courage to do so.

The original appropriation to this Mission as voted at the Autumn Council in 1917 was \$49,952.17, but since then the appeals coming from this very fruitful field have been so urgent, and the situation as described so pitiful, that the Committee has felt they could not wholly withstand them, and have added \$3,328 to the original appropriation, bringing the total to \$52,284.71.

There is little or no hope that an overflow above the amount called for can be created, but if the schools will raise this sum it will make it possible for us to open a number of additional stations among this people who

have shown themselves so eager to hear and receive the truth of God. It is in their behalf we make this appeal for such an unusually large amount. We believe their needs will call forth the most liberal Thirteenth Sabbath Offering yet received from the schools. W. T. KNOX, *Treas. Gen. Conf.*

The Inca Union

E. L. MAXWELL

THIS union is now organized and well started on the way to successful operation. There are superintendents in each of its four fields—Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru, and Lake Titicaca.

We are very proud of the fact that we have some forty native Indian brethren who are teachers and evangelists.

Considerable canvassing has been done in Ecuador, Bolivia and Peru, and some in the Indian Mission. We are just establishing a school in Lima, the capital of Peru, and the center of our union work.

In the Indian Mission we have nineteen schools and 2200 children enrolled in them. Bro. J. M. Howell has been able to secure a license which gives him power to name teachers for any point throughout the whole territory of the Puno department.

Money is needed to supply homes for the workers. It is too bad that those who come to this field must break down because of having to live in such unhygienic houses as are those that are within our reach. The Lima school must be given a good start. We

lose much by not caring for our youth. A Christian education in our own school is our only hope for the young people of the Inca Union.

When Mrs. Maxwell and I went to the field in 1913 we found that there were at the first of that year one hundred forty-seven members in the whole union field. We studied and prayed for light, and finally set our goal at one thousand souls by the time of the General Conference in 1918. That the Lord has heard our prayers and has done even more than we had dared to expect, is seen in that we now have not only one thousand, but one thousand two hundred ninety-three.

On account of the unsanitary house in which we were obliged to live the first three years we were in the field, Mrs. Maxwell contracted tuberculosis and we are obliged to come to the States to try to find restoration for her. We all felt very deeply over having to leave the field, and I think she felt it most deeply. When I made known to her the physician's diagnosis, her first words were, "Oh, I cannot leave this field now, I want to stay here until Jesus comes." But when another doctor also strongly advised her return to the States she yielded but said, "We must support some one in this field until the children can go back to Peru in our place."

Brethren, the work in this great field needs your prayer. It needs your children, it needs your money. I shall never forget the sad, sad appeal of a Quechua Indian who with his wife came to Junin to see me when I

visited that place three years ago. They threw themselves at my feet and siezed my hands and kissed them and then with tears and sobs cried, "Oh, when are you coming to teach this wonderful truth to us and to our fellow-countrymen?" There are five millions of Quechuas in the Inca Union. When shall we answer that cry of a heathen heart?

Interesting Experiences

REID S. SHEPHERD

Quarterly Meeting at Plateria

ONE of the most interesting services that I have ever attended was the celebration of the ordinances of the Lord's house at Plateria. After the usual sermon the men left the church to observe the ordinance of humility. As they took part in this solemn service they either sat upon stones or on a small terrace that surrounds the church yard wall. As far as I could tell all of the church members took part. After this ceremony each greeted the one he had waited upon in the usual way. Then I noticed that the whole company were greeting each other in the familiar Indian way. One throws an arm over the other's shoulder, and with his head on the opposite shoulder of the brother, pats him affectionately on the back. Often this is repeated by throwing the other arm over the other shoulder and again patting each other on the back. This is not done in a formal way, but real affection is very manifest. The whole company greeted one another in

this manner. I never saw so much evidence of love and good feeling manifested among brethren. My wife said that the sisters who had remained in the church for the service had followed the same practice. Surely it was good to be there.

A Delegation from Ilave Pampa

In Ilave Pampa we have about seventy-five baptized members and a Sabbath attendance of about two hundred. The people had been promised that when Brother and Sister Orley Ford arrived they should have him for their pastor. Because of the sickness of one of our other workers, it was necessary for us to change our plans. When the brethren at Ilave heard of this they sent a delegation to visit us and presented the following petition :—

“ Mr. Superintendent of the Mission of Plateria :

“ We present to you a memorial with respect. We brethren, of this same place, Pellcouyo Machaca Marca, by the grace of God, one hundred and fifty persons, have accepted the Word of Jesus Christ. There are also other brethren who love the truth of the Lord, and also now some of us brethren are prepared for the next baptism. We ask for a minister, Orley Ford, and his wife, Lillian Ford. We presented a request for a minister to Brother Stahl last August. He offered his promise that a minister should come to us, and named Orley Ford. Now we will give a house thatched with straw until we can build a new house. Now also we will give more signatures in favor of Orley Ford as a vote.”

[This was signed by thirty-eight names of Indians]

While we tried our best to explain the situation they were nearly heart broken. Although they could talk very little Spanish they would ask over and over again, “ When

will you send us a pastor?" I can hear it ringing in my ears, "O! When will you send us our pastor?" What a pity to have a congregation of two hundred people meeting from Sabbath to Sabbath with no one to guide them in the way of truth!

This company of Indians live in one of the largest and most thickly populated pampas that I have seen. When our work is once established in this locality, I think that we



Brother Reid Shepherd Ready to Start on a Trip

shall see results that will astonish us. At present we have an Indian teacher in this place but he neither has sufficient knowledge of the truth, nor the time to develop the work.

Who will volunteer to give himself or his

means to make it possible for us to answer their pitiful plea from Ilave Pampa, "O! When will you send us our pastor?"

Does God Work in Behalf of the Missionary?

The father of the governor of Accora, a ear-by town, was suddenly taken ill. Then people of this town have never been very friendly to the Evangelist and his work. Sickness, however, causes one to forget some things, and the Evangelist was quickly called to treat the sick man. Apparently there was nothing that could be done, for it seemed that the man must die. However, we did what we could and left him. Later we were again summoned by the message that the man was dying. We went to see if there was any little thing that we could do. We have to be careful in such cases for we do not want to be accused of causing the man's death. Again we administered a few simple remedies, but felt sure that the man could not live.

The same day brought a message from one of our outlying mission stations, that the brethren had been very badly misused and that their lives were threatened because they were teaching against the government and breaking images. This mission station was located in the territory of the governor whose father was so ill.

We wrote a letter to the governor and asked him to look into the matter, but the next day we again received word that the people were afraid for their lives. We also learned that they were taking up the matter with the

governor. We hastened away to be at the hearing. The governor was more than pleased to see us, and informed us that his father was getting along nicely, and his recovery was all due to our treatment for him. The governor wrote an order that our people were not to be threatened. If the mistreatment was continued he said he would cause the arrest of all the people taking part in it.

So the Lord works for us. Our difficulties are many, but God is planning a way of escape often before we know of them. Our enemies are always ready to accuse us of teaching against the government whenever they think the governor will hear their story. The governor is usually ready to help them on in their work, but what can a governor do against us when the God of heaven is on our side?

What Shall We Do?

Gregoria Pacumpia, Carmen Mamani, Mariano Mimani. Who are these men? They are the leaders of a delegation from the Amanting Island. And what do they want? A school. It is the same old story. "Will the Evangelists open a school among our people this year? You promised us one when we visited you last year. You will come, won't you? We have our school house all built. When will the Evangelist come?"

I pass this question on to you, What shall the Evangelist do? He has already more teachers than he can pay on the present appropriation, but here is still another opening where the people are ready and waiting for

the gospel. My friends, it would make your heart sick if you could hear such an appeal. If you could only look into the earnest faces of these pleading Indians, you could not keep the tears back. What shall we do? We know God is calling us to enter this new place. Why do we not go? Because we have no money. How much will it take? Only sixty dollars. But we are already over-drawn with our Union Treasurer, and we must not go into debt. O! what shall we do?

“Please, Visit Us Again”

Thus reads a letter recently received from a settlement of Indians, who live on the other side of Lake Titicaca. “After you left us the other time fifty of our people were put into prison because they kept the Evangelist in their houses, but won’t you come again?”

Even prison does not change the mind of these people. Double our present appropriation, double our present corps of workers, and we still could not fill all the calls of these sincere Indians.

Lake Titicaca Indian Mission.

Luciano Chambi

F. A. STAHL

THIS is the name of the most valuable Indian worker this Lake Titicaca Mission possesses. Seven years ago he came to our house, and asked to be taken in that he might learn to be a worker for the Lord. He was in our home for over five years, and then the urgency of the work required that he be sent to a station.

Two years ago his father came to him and told him that if he did not give up working for the Mission that he would lose all his inheritance. He told his father then and there that he could not give up the Lord's work, that his people were in dire need of the Saviour, and he was willing to lose his share of the land. He gladly gave up all for Jesus. "I want to work for Jesus always," he said.

The wonderful help that this young man has been to this Indian work God only knows. He has been tireless in teaching his people, and now he is in charge of the "Broken Stone Mission" at the Port of Moho. He has reported that many there are ready for baptism. He is the first among the Indians to be ordained as Elder and one of the first to receive Missionary license. It is a great encouragement to us here at this Mission to see how God is touching these Indian brethren and calling them into service.

Luciano asks an interest in your prayers.

Lake Titicaca Mission.

[The following is a letter from Luciano Chambi to Elder Stahl. He did not know that the letter was to be translated and published.]

Muelle Moho,

Mr. F. A. Stahl,

My very dear Father in Jesus Christ : I desire that the blessing of the Lord shall be with you, father in Israel. I am well by the blessing of God and the work is going forward with the help of the Most High.

Now I am impressed with the great responsibility that I have in this vineyard. I want to consecrate myself fully to the Lord continuing in this work. I am encouraged in my



Luciano Chambi and Wife

plans for the future to be a missionary, active in my work, and my purpose is to be a missionary with truly the spirit of Christ.

I am going to do all possible to make good use of the time. If it is the will of God I am

going to hold meetings in the different districts as the way has already opened. I shall take good care of the work that is in my hands, and I shall try to evangelize in a way that is the will of the Father, inculcating the present truth in each soul that wishes to be a Christian. I shall do all possible to work because I know I have but a short time to do that which the Lord has confided to my hands.

I pray that my efforts will not be in vain. I do desire that I will be able to lay souls at the feet of the Great King. I expect to work in harmony with Christ in all I do.

Do me the favor to take care of the things I left. If you can secure a horse for me I wish you would. I need one very much, for I ought to visit all the brethren, and I have destroyed my shoes on these stones.

Please greet all the brethren there in my name.

Luciano Chambi.

The Double Phase of Our Work

REID S. SHEPHERD

AMONG the Indians within the basin of Lake Titicaca, we are conducting schools and teaching the truths held dear by Seventh-day Adventists. Besides doing our work as evangelists we are educating these people in the common branches. If it were not for this I do not think that we would be allowed to stay in this part of the country. We are not only teaching the people the freedom of the gospel, but we are giving them an instruction that will make them better citizens.

One of the liberals in town said the other day, "I like what you are doing for the Indians. When your boys come to town I notice that they do not talk Aimara but Spanish. That is fine. That will make of them people that we can be proud of. Soon they will not be walking about with their ragged clothes and dirty ponchos, they will be living as they should. Education is all that they need, and I think you are giving them the right kind. Teach them to work and respect themselves, and we will be proud of them."

The following is the conversation of a normal graduate from Lima with one of our representatives, and shows how he regards our school work among the Indians.

"You are an evangelist are you not?"

"Yes."

"I am just on my way to Lima, and I am going to tell the congressmen there about the persecution of the Indians up here, and tell them about your schools. I am tired of the way they treat the Indians, and I shall do what I can to put a stop to it. I was sent by the authorities to visit one of your schools and to report to them. I visited it and my report didn't exactly suit them."

"What did you think of the school?"

"I told them that the evangelists were all right, and that their schools were like babies yet. That they were just beginning to learn to crawl, but that they were doing a good job at it; and that unless we look out they will soon be able to walk better than we can."

At present, we are the only society working

in this locality for the betterment of the Indians. The better class of people respect us for the work that we are doing, although they may have no sympathy with our protestant views.

As in other parts of the world our educational work goes hand in hand with the preaching of the gospel. First, the people will ask for a school, then in a short time they want an evangelist, and before we are ready they want a church and a pastor.

Lake Titicaca Indian Mission.

Matriculation Day at the Plateria School

J. M. HOWELL

DING, ding, sounds the gong. In rush a line of boys and girls with the water dripping from their hands and faces, for they do not wash at home but at the spring just outside of the school building. After the hand-shaking is over, for we must shake hands with each one, and order is restored, the matriculation begins. We take them one by one. First we ask them their name, "*Cunas sutimaja.*" If they have ever been in school before, the answer is very easily understood, but if it is their first day they are too scared and say the name so quickly and indistinctly that it is almost impossible to catch it the first time, and we have to ask them to repeat it. They add many syllables to their names that are not at

all a part of the name. If their name is Tomas they say Tomasitawau, thus making it very hard to get the real name.

When asked their age they invariably answer, "*Haniu yatcti*," I don't know. Then we have to look them over and make a guess at it. Whatever we guess, that is their age from then on. Sometimes they ask us to



On Their Way to School

write it on a piece of paper so that they will not forget. The name of the father is as hard to understand as was their own. When asked the name of the place from which they come they not infrequently answer "From home" in a tone of voice that seems to say, "You ought to have known that." When that answer is not accepted and someone explains to

them exactly what is wanted, they give the name of the little district in which they live, such as Quimsapujo, Utavalaya, Viscochero, Ccalala, etc.

After they have all been registered and assigned to their respective classes, they present the teacher with a bundle containing three or four eggs, a few potatoes, a quart of barley, a few okas, or perhaps a cheese or two. This they do to induce the teacher to do his best for them during the year. The gifts that come in in this way amount to quite a little. As many as 150 eggs have been received on Matriculation day. The teacher turns these over to the Mission to be sold and the proceeds put in the collection.

Then the class work begins. Each class contains from twenty to thirty pupils. We teach them in the Spanish language. [They speak the Aimara language] Having to study in a language that they do not understand, makes it doubly hard for them to learn. They invariably say b for v, d for r, and f is an absolute impossibility. They simply must pronounce it p at first. They pronounce *facil*, *pacil*.

The Bible work is carried on under the title of Moral Education as the law permits that. In the first year we teach them little stories and memory verses. In the second year they take up the study of Old Testament History, of course very simple lessons are given. In the third year the Life of Christ is studied, and in the fourth, Bible Doctrines. They are all very much interested in the Bible lessons.

As soon as they learn to read they buy a Bible.

This is only one school. We have twenty like it, if we had the teachers and the money we could easily have forty. Truly there is a hungering and thirsting for the word of God. "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach, except they be sent?" "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

Puna, Peru. S. A.

A Glimpse into an Indian Home

ANA C. de STAHL

IF I should take you to an Indian home this is what you would find. It would not be a beautiful home such as you have, with a parlor, dining-room, bedroom, and kitchen with comforts and conveniences, but only a small hut of one room without windows. The mother and children are sitting on the mud floor, because in these homes there are no chairs.

Often we will find one or two of the family sick. They are not lying on a comfortable bed, but on this mud floor, and such a thing as a pillow is not known to them.

Notice how dirty their hands, faces and clothes are. Soon the mother begins to prepare the dinner. If you look carefully you will see in one corner of the room a small earthen stove. In a few minutes the room is filled with smoke. There she cooks potatoes, or a soup made of dried meat and *chumiōs* (frozen potatoes). When the dinner is ready she serves it in small earthen bowls. The natives first take the solid food out with their fingers, then drink the liquid.

But saddest of all we do not see in this home the Bible nor any books. The children do not have the *Instructor* nor the *Little Friend*, because they do not know how to read, and consequently they have no knowledge of the true God. Instead of the Bible, in a niche in the wall there is an image to which they pray. They often make a feast to this image, drinking and dancing for days, sometimes causing the death of the father or mother.

You would hardly believe that there are people living such a life in this beautiful world, but these poor Indians have never had an opportunity to learn anything better. However, in these homes Jesus has precious jewels for whom he gave his life. I wish to tell you about one of these jewels.

When we first opened our mission among them Maria Santoso Mamani, a girl about eleven years old, came to us and through an interpreter told me that she wanted to be taught how to read so that she could learn about the true God. I asked her to come to our Sab-

bath school which she did very faithfully, never missing one Sabbath. She would listen very carefully to the lesson and would stay to learn the memory verse for the following Sabbath. During the week she would visit other girls to teach them and then bring them to Sabbath school with her. In her home she would explain the word of God, and through her influence her father, mother, four sisters, grandmother, and two aunts have been baptized.

Three years ago we took her into our home to educate. One day she began to repeat the memory verses which she had been taught. I asked her how she remembered all of them and she brought me some old papers upon which she had copied them, saying that while she had been watching the sheep she would repeat them over and over again so that she would not forget them.

Maria is now a Sabbath school teacher, and the first woman teacher in our day school. She had a class of thirty-six girls last year.

I relate this so you will know what one of these Indian youth can do if he only has the opportunity of preparing himself. There are many boys and girls here who are ready to devote their lives to giving the gospel to their poor down-trodden race, but they must be educated, and we cannot take them all into our own home as we did Maria. Nearly every day one comes to the mission pleading for some one to go and teach them. It makes us feel very sad when we have to tell them that we have no one to send.

We pray that this Thirteenth Sabbath Offering will help to train many of these girls and boys so that they can go out in response to these calls and give the last gospel message. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Casilla, 28, Puno, Peru, S. A.

The Altars of the Indians of the High Andes

F. A. STAHL

ON many of the highest mountain peaks one can see crude altars built of rough stones. Some are built with roofs, and it has required a great deal of time to erect them.

It is easy to imagine you see written on them "To the unknown god" for the poor Indians that worship around them do not know the true God. When they pass these altars they stop a moment and raise their hats, and some kneel. Still others take the trouble to climb up to the altar and adorn it with flowers, then they kiss the earth around it. At times they gather around these altars in great numbers, build fires upon them and pour alcohol upon them, in the meanwhile drinking a great deal of the alcohol. This makes them drunk and they dance and fight. At times they join hands in a great circle and dance around the altar until completely exhausted.

Sometimes they keep this up for two or three days and nights. When this Mission was first opened we could see their fires and hear their terrible yells echoing from a nearby

mountain peak. Now all is changed near here. The Indians have been taught about the loving Jesus, and as a result these altars are falling down for lack of repairs. Some



An Indian Altar

have been shattered by the lightning of the true God, a fit ending for them, indeed. Thousands of Indians need to be taught the

right way, as in the more distant provinces the Indians are still gathering around the stone altars. Brethren remember this Indian work in your prayers and offerings.

Our Little South American Indian Friends

MARIAN BROOKE

A LITTLE American boy who has lived in South America all his life has told us a few things about his Indian playmates. He likes to tell the boys and girls here about them, so we pass it on.

Their homes consist of a hut built of odd shaped bricks made of mud. The roof is made of something like broom-straw or sea-weed. There is only one room, no floor, no windows (sometimes they punch a hole through the wall), and there is just a low hole for a door.

How do you suppose their mothers cook the food? Well, they have a dried mud stove with a hole at the bottom for the fire, and other holes above it to put things in to cook. Instead of having nice pine wood or coal they have to burn dried cow or llama manure. Just think, there is no chimney to the stove, and all of the smoke goes into the room! We wonder what they can cook on such a stove. It is true they do not know what good things to eat are, as we do, but they kill a sheep sometimes and roast it. Then they have a root called "okas" that they like very much. It is very sweet if left out in the sun to dry, or sun-burn, for several days before cooking. They

roast barley something like we pop corn. The taste of bread is scarcely known. Ears of corn are strung around the roof of the house, and when they want bread they put one of these ears in the fire to roast. The table is a skin placed on the floor and they all gather round it. The fingers are generally used for the solid part of the food, and they drink the rest.

When night comes quilts and blankets are spread upon a raised earthen place across one end of the house, and they all—big and little—sleep in the one bed. There are no cribs or cradles for the babies, they sleep in the common family bed. For light they burn a piece of cloth sticking out of a dish of tallow.

What would you think if you had to spin the thread for your clothes? That is what these children do. They spin it and their father weaves it into pants and coats for them to wear. The children are taught to watch the sheep, and to spin thread when they are four or five years old. They carry the spinning top with them when they go to watch the sheep and work all the time. The spinning top looks something like a home-made top. The sharp point is about six inches from the top and the handle is about twelve inches long. These little boys and girls surely make them sing. They are busy little bodies, but they know nothing about playing games.

I mustn't forget to tell you about their shoes and hats. They wear no stockings, but the sandals are made of cow-hide. And they make their own hats by pounding wool over a

piece of iron shaped like a hat, until it is beaten into a hat.

Since it rains there so much we would think that they would need umbrellas. Perhaps they do need them, but instead they use a blanket with a hole cut in it for the head. This is called a "poncho."

All of these children whose parents are not Christians have to bow down to images, pray, and give money to them. Our little missionary friend tells us that when their parents hear of Jesus they tear down these images and worship the same God that we love and worship. He says the trouble is that there are not enough missionaries there to tell them about Jesus and thousands have to go on bowing down to these heathen images. With him, let us pray and work to send more missionaries and means to carry the love of Jesus to these dear children.

Washington, D. C.

Trying Experiences in the Mountains of Peru

Mrs. Pearl Waggoner Howard

AT five o'clock one morning Mr. Howard started to visit several of our newly started schools in the Moho district. During the forenoon I noticed some of our Indians suddenly acting nervous and frightened, and soon discovered that our enemies were coming. I locked the door of the house, and stood out-

side to await results. I did not have long to wait for the "soldados" on arriving knocked the tools from the hands of our workmen, and lined them up to drive them to the prison at Moho. The eyes of our poor Indians as they looked at me reminded me of some ill-treated dumb brutes I have seen, pleading for protection. I asked those who were attacking us to be a little more humane, but they motioned me away, thundering "Silencia." They were soon in possession of our grounds with practically all of our helpers roughly tied up. From what was said I knew that the arrest were being made simply because of religion, though later they made out that it was for theft; uprising against the government, etc. One of our best workmen made his escape just before the soldiers reached us. They spent much time hunting him, but in vain, much to my delight. Later I found out that he had hidden in a ditch nearby within hearing of all that was said. As they marched away they said they would like to kill us all, and might return that afternoon. You can imagine it was rather an anxious afternoon, especially as night wore on and Mr. Howard did not return. I did not know what might happen if they should hunt or meet him. In a place like this up here it seems that one has to be praying all the time, and in a way that is not often called for in the States. There are times when it is hard to settle to do anything else but pray—in fact there is nothing else to do.

A little after midnight Mr. Howard came.

We lay down for about three hours sleep, and in the morning sent an Indian to the nearest telegraph station [a day's journey], with a message for Brother Stahl. Then we started to Moho to visit our Indians who had been put in prison. Those we met on our way told us that they were going to take *all* the Evangelists. We bought food for the prisoners, and tried to encourage them. Then we found that the man we had sent with the telegram had been taken and was in prison with the others. We suddenly decided there at the prison to go on to Puno by horse, big as the task seemed, to do what we could for the Indians and if possible to get the law of religious liberty enforced, which is in existence, but not much in evidence.

The first night on our trip to Puno we stopped at the house of Indian believers, where one of our boys has a school. The father of this boy and another school teacher had been visiting in this district and we took him for our guide.

We rode about sixty miles or more the second day, finally stopping in a little cove off from the beaten road, in the mountains. Dropping off our horses and settling on the ground, too tired to move again, we arranged that the Indian should keep watch of the horses for an hour then wake Mr. Howard to watch and by the time the moon was up we would resume our trip so as to get to Puno by morning. Bitterly cold as it was, we finally dropped asleep, but suddenly waking felt someone was near. Rising to care for

the horses, they suddenly started off in the mountains in such a wild stampede as I can never forget, Mr. Howard after them in the pitch darkness, I endeavoring to wake the Indian to follow. It sounded as though several hundred of the mountain dogs were roused, their barks echoing far, and then as time passed and quiet ensued, came suspense such as is by no means compatible with the advice to



Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Howard

live a quiet life in this altitude, Starting at such a rate would it ever be possible in those hundreds of miles of mountain after mountain to ever find the horses? Starting

off so excitedly would Mr. Howard and the Indian ever find their way back to this particular cove, reached and left in the dark? If daylight should come before they found the way back should I stay or try to hunt them, or walk to Puno, if I survived the altitude and dogs and human enemies?

At last, seemingly just in answer to prayer, Mr. Howard came up, tossing down his revolver in case I might need it and saying he was off again to hunt. I insisted on going along, and such a tramp as we had; at least nine miles, up and down, the longest we ever took at this altitude, yet facing the possibility of having to tramp to Puno, still forty miles away.

After having to give up our hunt, for very exhaustion, we still had to hunt long for water, finally finding a pool in one valley, tracing it by much marshy ground. I never knew before what *real thirst* was. David meant something when he said his soul "panted" after God as a hart for the water-brooks. The horses were not in sight, neither was our guide when we returned to our cove, but we lay down at two o'clock and shivered till the guide came at four o'clock. Then to keep from fully freezing we walked again till daylight. Many were the times we knelt down on those old mountains and prayed, beneath the cold stars that night, though not always able to find words to pray aloud.

The way in which we finally found the horses was interesting. I got a glimpse of the men leading three horses, and if anyone

ever offered a prayer of thanksgiving one went up then. If Mr. Howard had not gone to speak to a certain Indian who directed him to one who knew two or three words of Spanish, he would have never seen them outlined against a rock on a mountain seven peaks away from us. But God was good.

Though almost too exhausted to get to our horses, we started on our way rejoicing, and we reached Puno the middle of the afternoon. The next day was spent with Brother Stahl seeing the prefecto and other officials, and securing their co-operation. We obtained papers to present to the sub-prefecto which we hoped would protect us from our enemies. The judge was our friend, as we had successfully treated his grandchild at Moho.

With Brother Howell we started on our home trip the next day. Upon reaching Moho we stopped first to speak to the prisoners. We found the soldiers had taken and themselves eaten the food we had given the prisoners. We had told the storekeeper to furnish food to the prisoners and charge to our account—a loan to them.

The papers we carried were ignored, and another trip had to be taken to the sub-prefecto. We never saw such insubordinate officials to those higher in office.

Our men are now out of prison, but others are in for having refused to lead the dance on a feast day which came on Sabbath. Another feast is soon due and some of our people and pupils are ordered to lead in the dancing and treating, or be imprisoned. They are after

every one who is at all friendly to us. Leaving Moho to return to our home we had another terrible night, a fearful wind, snow and sleet blizzard being in progress, which blinded both us and the horses, turning them around, making descent down some of the steep rocks perilous, and which finally lost us completely. In the darkness, and blinding, stinging snow, we could not make out an outline of a single mountain. We were sometimes on a mountain, sometimes at the foot, down a steep ditch or dropping over a wall, stopping at places expecting to inquire the road, only frequently to find ruins. Chilled to the bone, cased in ice, and half sick we found our place, high upon the mountain, about an hour before midnight—again grateful to God for keeping and guiding us.

We are on Satan's own ground and he is not our friend. We have threats over our heads all the time, new and different ones as well as old, to kill us, or to thrash Mr. Howard, or oust us from the country in some way, and there is nothing Satan would like better. But our courage is good, and our only desire is to be kept strong and faithful and to be able to do something for the poor, down-trodden Indians, and meet many of them saved in the kingdom. It will be worth it all; and the way things are going we are sure the end cannot be far off. What is done must be done speedily or it will be too late, so we do not feel like giving up.

Lake Titicaca Indian Mission.