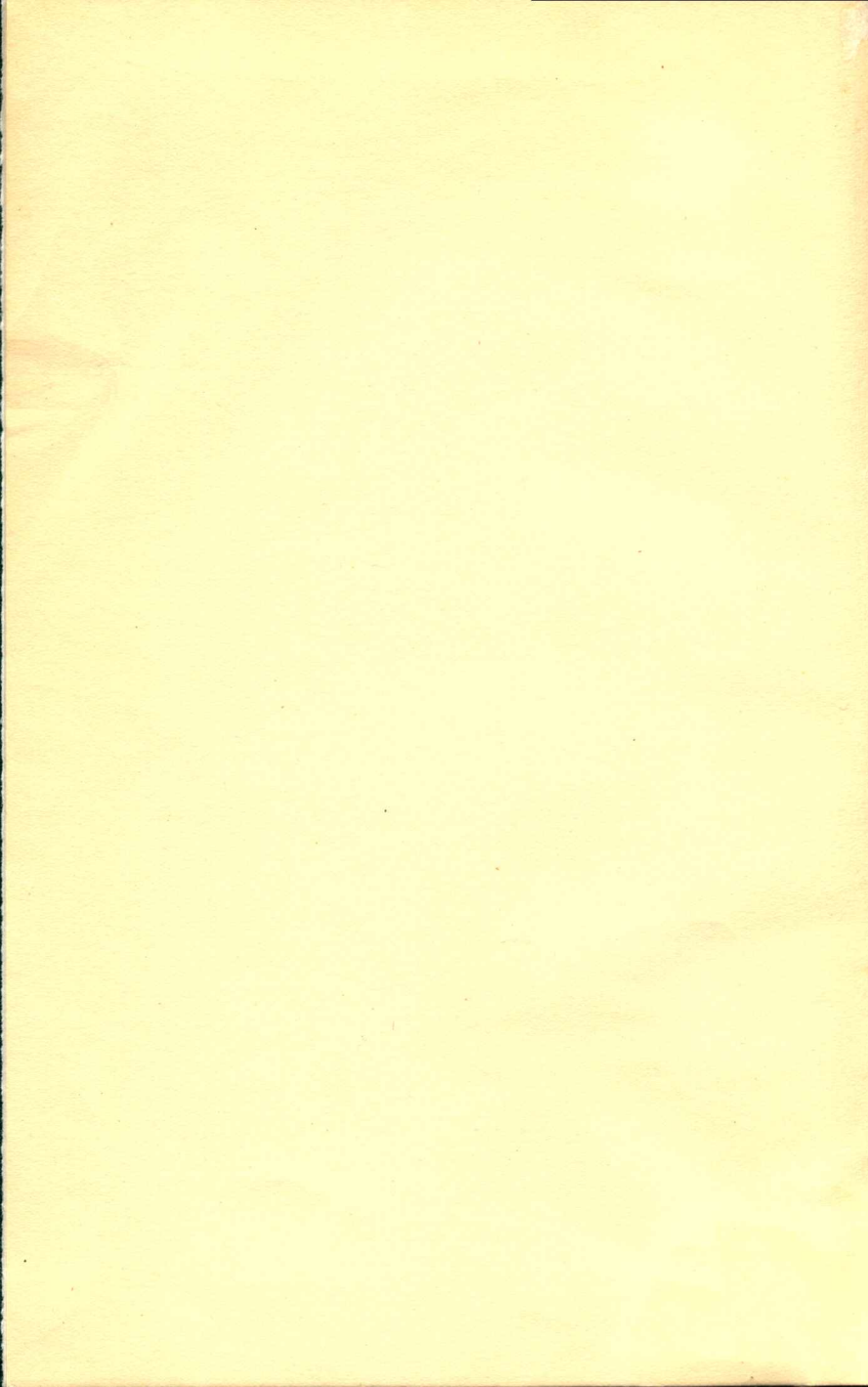


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*Esther Carson
and her
mother.*

*The girl
graduate.*



— The —
Trail of the Aguaruna
(A Life Story of Esther Carson
Winans)

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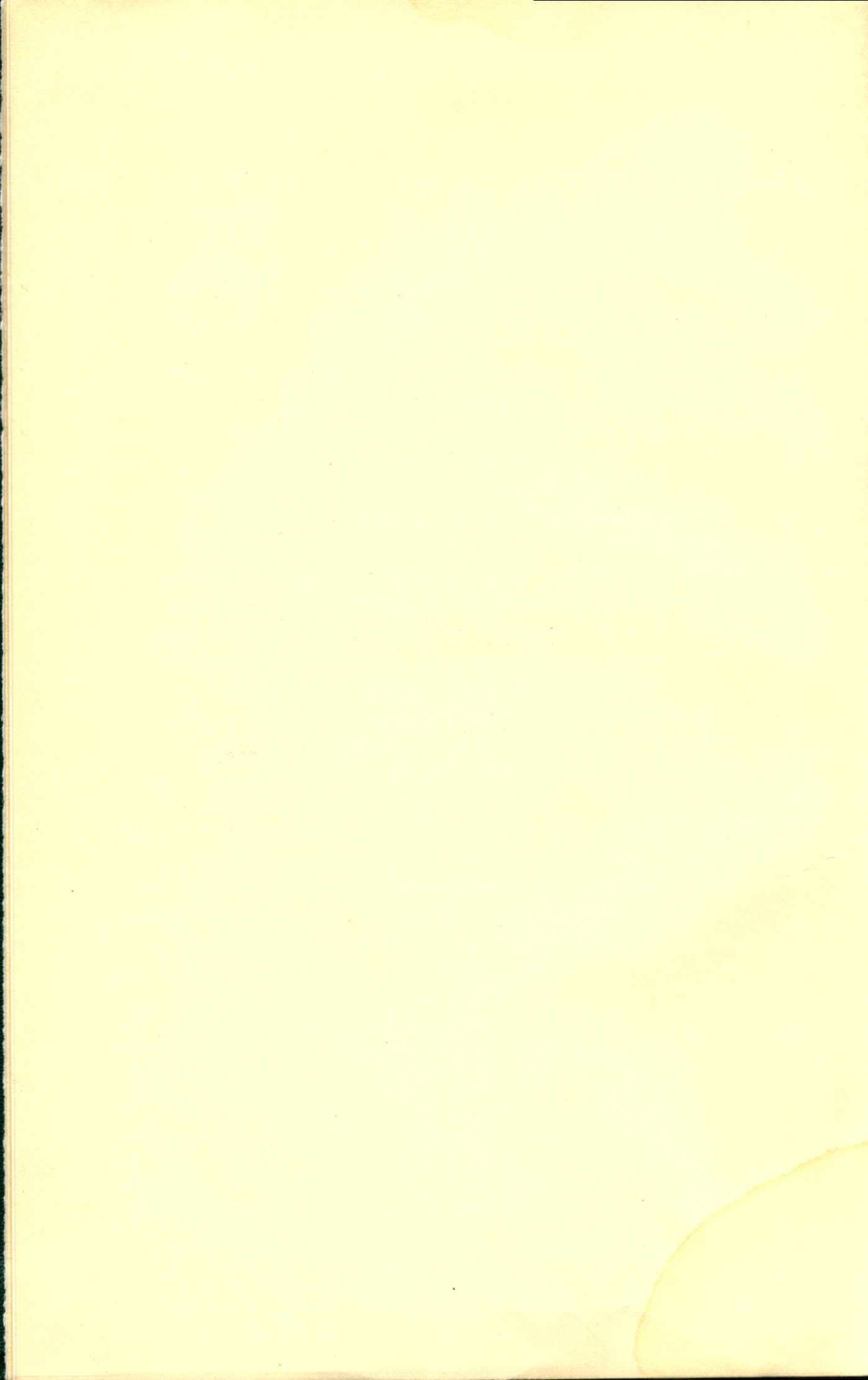
By
Amy N. Hinshaw

NAZARENE PUBLISHING HOUSE
2923 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

6068



This true Life Story is affectionately dedicated
to
Esther's Wonderful Mother
FAIR HAIR O' THE SETTING SUN
(Mrs. F. W. Carson)
and to
Her Noble Father
(F. W. Carson)
THE AUTHOR.

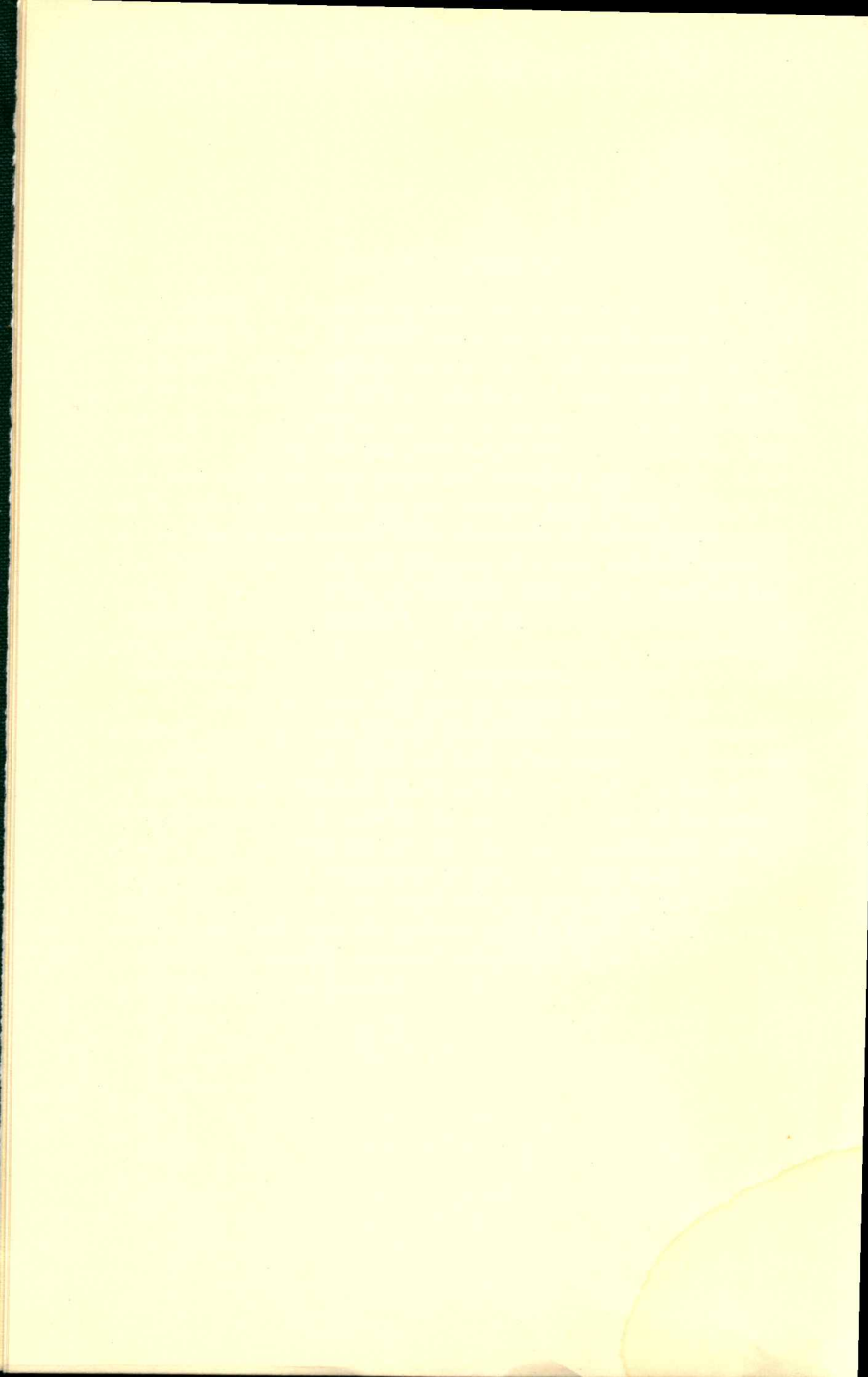


INTRODUCTION

A well told story of any life is interesting. When, however, the tale is that of far-away heroism, narrow escape and sacrifice among a wild and almost savage people, then it becomes thrilling. Add to that the miracle working power of the gospel of grace operating on savage hearts, carried to these wild folk by the heroine of the tale, and the thrill is intensified many fold. Then to have that story told in a sympathetic, dramatic manner, that carries one on the swelling tide of its captivating interest to the tragic denouement which calls for the supreme sacrifice, and you have all the elements that will grip and fascinate to the end. Chiefest of all to have as the character of the story a woman who is a scholar, a saint, a mother, a missionary, a pioneer, and at last, virtually a martyr, and there you have the features of a tale that cannot be exceeded.

In the following pages is the life story of Esther Carson Winans, a Nazarene missionary among the Aguaruna Indians in Peru. It is graphically told by Mrs. Amy N. Hinshaw, a gifted writer. We are sure that every one who reads it will be stirred by its simple heroism, its miraculous providences, and finally tremendously aroused by its martyrdom. We believe that this book will be found in the hands of old and young, and eternity alone can tell the heart soil made fruitful by the streams of the Water of Life pouring through this little volume.

J. G. MORRISON, *Foreign Missions Secretary*,
Church of the Nazarene.



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The Trail Of The Aguaruna

By Amy N. Hinshaw



CHAPTER ONE

"FAIR HAIR O' THE SETTING SUN"

Seated in her low rocker on the veranda, she was enjoying the beauties of the Florida sunset and watching her little child at play. Her auburn tresses framed her face with a soft halo, brightened by the declining rays of the evening sun which was penciling the western sky with lovely hues of rose and violet and amber. A piece of needlework lay unheeded on the young mother's lap, for her thoughts were busy with tender memories, and with misty visions of the future. She was thinking of her own childhood when she had cherished a dream of some day carrying the message of God's love to darkened regions across the sea. She believed that God had called her to the mission field, but circumstances over which she had no control interfered with her plans. Instead of sending her across the sea, the Lord brought into her life a godly young man and joined her heart to his. When they were united in holy wedlock they devoutly dedicated to the Lord the first child that God should give them to be used by Him on the foreign mission field, if such should be His blessed will.

After a time the child came—a treasure direct from heaven, lent to gladden the hearts of the parents for a little season. Like a gay butterfly she is flitting about amidst the shrubbery in the glad abandon of childish glee. Such a tiny creature—this two-year-old—a dainty, elfin sprite, with silken ringlets framing the baby face, and bright blue eyes which regard the stranger with grave intelligence.

The love light deepens in the mother's eyes while she listens to the baby's prattle, and notes the little one's tireless energy in her play. Was ever a child so dear as this child? Was ever a babe so rare, so precious, so beloved as this, her wonder child? Asked of God, like Samuel, and like Samuel, surrendered back to God before her birth. What marvelous possibilities are stored up in the little life just opening upon the world! What will the future years bring to her of joy and of sorrow, of pain and of blessing? What path of destiny must her baby feet travel before God's plan shall be accomplished in this budding life?

The sun sinking lower upon the horizon floods the western sky with a rosy radiance which is reflected in still brighter glory in the red gold meshes of the mother's hair. But the fair lady is engrossed in her reverie, unaware that she is not alone, and that she is not the only person who is interested in her child at play. With the shock of a sudden surprise she discovers the old Indian chief of whom she frequently buys venison, standing at a respectful distance, a tall and massive figure, rugged and statuesque. Although he stands quietly, speaking no word, the natural stolidity of his features is illumined by a peculiar intensity of gaze which follows every movement of the baby with an interest which to the anxious mother seems almost uncanny. A vague alarm stirs her maternal breast. What does the old chief see in the little one to so attract his attention? Why should he be interested in her at all? Can he be cherishing some evil design? Why should he act so strangely?

As if in answer to her unspoken question, the husky brave approaches nearer, still keeping his eyes fixed upon the child, who is now close to her mother's side.

"Fair Hair o' the Setting Sun's papoose?" he inquires in deep, guttural tones.

"Yes," replies the mother, a nameless fear still clutching at her heart.

Solemnly, reverently, tenderly, the big Indian places his great, bronzed hands on the curly head of the little one, pronouncing in impressive accents the benediction:

"Great Spirit, bless!"

Before the astonished mother could recover herself sufficiently to speak he was gone, vanishing in the shades of evening as silently as he had come. Thrilled and awed, "Fair Hair o' the Setting Sun" pondered much over the cryptic utterance, but after many years she has not discovered the solution of the mystery. Was the old Indian's unwonted tenderness prompted merely by admiration of the little girl, or did the "Great Spirit" honor the simplicity of faith by granting to His humble servant a measure of prophetic ken by which he discerned through the mists of coming years the mountain home of his forest kindred in a far distant land, and a lonely grave on the banks of the turbulent Maranon? The secret is revealed only to the Lord, who can read the secret thoughts of men.

CHAPTER TWO

THE CHILD—HER CALL

She first opened her blue eyes September 11, 1891, in the little parsonage home of her maternal grandfather, Rev. Hiram Ackers, who was one of the pioneer holiness preachers of the Wesleyan Methodist church. The blood of many races was mingled in her veins, English, Scotch and Irish, with traces of German, Dutch and Welsh, and all combined to make the little lady a true blue American. Of names she had not a few. So many beautiful names for the baby were suggested that it was difficult to make a choice. So "Fair Hair o' the Setting Sun" decided that three of the prettiest were not too many for her darling, who, she fondly believed, was sent from the Lord to fulfill some definite mission for Him. Esther Hazeltine Evangeline—surely no combination could be more charming! Under it the baby grew in stature and in the favor of all who knew her. When she attained to the dignity of little girlhood the pet names Essie and Voy were added to her list, and she was called by each and all of her names interchangeably.

Her earliest recollections are associated with Florida, where the family visited relatives. Essie loved to play in the sand by the Indian River, and she was twice rescued from drowning in its alluring but treacherous depths. It was here that the Indian chief pronounced his mysterious benediction over her head.

But the family soon returned to the parsonage home in Big Prairie, Ohio, whose dooryard was gay with the blossoms of an old-fashioned flower garden, where the child believed that the Lord God came sometimes to walk "in the cool of the day." A certain room in the house was called the "blue room," where "Fair Hair o' the Setting Sun" retired each day for her "quiet hour." The same room was converted into a "prophet's cham-

ber" whenever visiting preachers or evangelists came that way. Another room of distinction was Grandpa's study. Its door was usually closed, and its lower panels bore the marks of many—but that is another story which requires some explanation.

Little Miss Esther Hazeltine Evangeline was as engaging and lovable as a child could be. She loved her Mamma and her "dee Daddy Pank" (her baby name for her father) with all the ardor of her impetuous little soul, and she went with them every Sunday to the little red church across the road, attending both Sunday school and church services. The child was mentally precocious and her soul responded instinctively to spiritual truth. Hence she recognized Jesus as a real presence in her life at a very early age. At the same time the little lady was possessed of a positive personality, a strong will of her own, and a superabundance of nervous energy which often found vent in small tempests of wrath. When the door of Grandpa's study refused to open at her touch, too often it was bombarded fiercely with little fists, and kicked vigorously by small feet which left their telltale marks on the lower panels. At other times she was dragged home by the hand, the rest of her small anatomy protesting in a most violent and unseemly manner.

But one day, after one of these tantrums, the climax was reached. "Fair Hair o' the Setting Sun" was discouraged. "What, oh! what shall I do with Hazeltine?" she groaned. "These tantrums will be her ruin." The child was so spent with the violence of her struggles that she was unable to speak for a time. But at last, summoning up her lagging energies, she ventured valiantly:

"Mamma!"

"Well."

"Aren't you going to whip Hazeltine?"

"No. Why should I when it does no good? She is just as bad as always. If she grows up this way, she will break her own heart, and no one can be happy who lives with her. It

will end with hell—the place God made for Satan, not for us at all. But if we will have our own way, and not God's way, there is only Satan's way left for us to go."

"But Hazeltine *wants her own way*. Not God's way. Not Mamma's way. Her own way!"

"That can't be. It must be God's way or Satan's way. If Hazeltine will listen to Mamma, ask Jesus to give her a new heart, and make her *a new creature*, she will find the glad way of joy."

"Hazeltine wants her own way," stubbornly persisted the little tot, although her head was swaying with drowsiness, the reaction from her violent struggles. Soon she was fast asleep on her mother's knee. But the mother's heart was heavy with grief as she gazed on the little face, so innocent in childish slumber, and pictured to herself the changes that might be wrought in it by a life without Christ. She placed the child on a sofa and retired to her room to wrestle in prayer for the little rebel. After a time assurance of victory came. With a lightened heart she returned to her child. The little one was just waking from her short slumber. Regarding her mother gravely, she announced:

"Mamma, Hazeltine dreamed! A bright angel came and said, 'Hazeltine, all your Mamma said is true. You will break your heart and other hearts too if you don't give your heart to Jesus, and ask Him to make you a new creature.'"

"You'll do it, darling, won't you?" eagerly exclaimed Fair Hair o' the Setting Sun.

"Hazeltine must think some more," was the sober reply.

And think she did, for several days. No one knew the process of reasoning going on in the little brain, for she kept her own counsel. At that tender age, four and a half years, her ideas of God were a bit vague. She knew that He is always present everywhere, and that He is always displeased with sin in people, even in little girls who want their own way. But she was confident that *Jesus* was always at Sunday school, be-

cause He loves little children. She determined to wait until the Sunday school hour, when she would ask Jesus to give her a new heart, then perhaps she could approach God later!

So while the superintendent was praying, little Esther Hazeltine kneeling by her father's side, offered up the simple petition which never fails to reach the throne:

"Dear God! please forgive my sins, and make me a new creature, for Jesus' sake. Amen!"

The child never dreamed of the possibility that the Lord might not grant the petition as soon as offered, but she was not prepared for the flood of ecstatic joy which instantly welled up within her. She had not thought of that.

"Daddy!" she whispered to her father, kneeling at her side. "Daddy, Jesus made Hazeltine a new creature! Let me tell Mamma!"

"No, no; wait till the prayer is ended."

Hazeltine waited, but never was prayer so long! At last the "amen" was uttered, and the happy child sprang to her mother's side (she was the organist) and announced in a breathless whisper the joyful news!

Happy days followed in the little home. Every member of the family was convinced that the little girl had been made a "new creature." The miniature temperamental tempests ceased. Hazeltine came home when called, without being dragged by the hand, and the door of Grandpa's study received no more scratches. Esther Hazeltine Evangeline had become a true child of God.

Two weeks later, while the little one was on the floor playing with her blocks, suddenly the Lord spoke to her heart—the little new heart that He had given her! He spoke even as He did to Samuel of old; "Esther! Esther!" The words were not audible to the outer ear, but the message was as distinct and as definite as the one given to the boy in the temple. Quickly she sought her mother.

"Mamma, God wants Essie to go across the seas and tell the people about Jesus!"

The expected had happened! Fair Hair o' the Setting Sun's offering was accepted of God, and the mother's heart breathed a fervent "Thank God!" But her powers of persuasion were taxed for a time in dissuading the little prospective missionary from packing up to start immediately on her mission! But finally she was made to understand that she must learn to read God's Book, and that she must become familiar with many things about God and people before she would be ready to tell the poor heathen about Jesus.

From that day this objective was Esther Carson's strongest incentive to study.

CHAPTER THREE

THE CHILD IN SCHOOL

Little Esther's definite conversion at four and one-half years of age was followed by rapid development of mental activity. From infancy she was original in her thinking and prompt in action; a spirited, impulsive little creature who was always springing surprises; interested in birds and flowers and trees and bugs; a little dynamo of nervous energy; lavishing the wealth of her affection upon her "dee Daddy Pank" and her Mamma "Fair Hair o' the Setting Sun" and her foster sister Ilo, a cousin who came to live with them to be Essie's "really own sister." Sometimes Ilo was called "Dargin" while Essie was "Voy." Dargin was three or four years older than Voy. She adored her little sister, although she found her rather "terrible" at times, always doing something shocking, such as making a playhouse of the coal bin and emerging therefrom with dainty starched dress all black and full of holes; or perching like a little squirrel on a wide branch of the cherry tree with Dargin's best doll in her arms; or, worst of all, bringing into the house a box of nice, fat caterpillars to play with!

One day some heavy object fell upon a pet kitten, breaking its leg. Mother and little girls were all in tears, not knowing what to do. Suddenly Voy exclaimed, "I'm going—to tell—Jesus!" Quickly she ran into the hall, and kneeling by the stairway, she prayed fervently:

"Jesus, Topsy's hurt. Topsy—has broked—her leg, and she cries—dreadful. Can't you hear her? Please make Topsy well, and do it quick! Amen."

Running back to Dargin, she exclaimed earnestly:

"Don't cry! I told Jesus, and He will make Topsy all right again."

At that moment a neighbor who was passing appeared at the door. Immediately he set the broken leg, while Voy danced about and clapped her hands with glee. Many times in later life she tested the same Jesus in greater troubles, and found Him the Friend who never fails.

At one time little Voy attempted to write a letter to her Grandfather X—. Her mamma persuaded the little one to read the baby hieroglyphics aloud while she jotted the words on paper. The result was as follows:

"Dear Grandpa X—

"I want to see Grandma X—, Bessie and the ocean. I want to muddle with Bessie and ride in boat with Uncle George.

"I have a little Bible, and I read it this way. He that does right comes to the light; he that does not right cometh not to the light. Light brings peace in soul. My own way is not much right. God's way, and the good Papa's and Mamma's way is always right. It is right to mind and not say, 'Why?'

"Come to see me tomorrow, Grandpa. Is it possible you will go to heaven before you come to Big Prairie, Ohio? Oh! I hope not! Don't do it, Grandpa. Come to see me first.

"C—C—'s little brother went to heaven the other day. The papa of it was no good.

"Now, Grandpa, don't you go and do that what I represented in my letter! Don't you do that—go to heaven before you come to Big Prairie, Ohio.

"Your loving Voy."

After a time the Carson family moved to Shelby, Ohio, where Esther entered school. Here she finished the grades and three years of high school. During her grade school years her grades were uniformly high, and she won the admiration and high esteem of her teachers. Years later, after her translation, one of her teachers wrote of her: "Esther's was a wonderful life, and the using of all her capabilities in the Master's work is what made it so. How I enjoyed her in school! And how

happy it has made me in the years since to hear of her usefulness."

Esther's favorite study at this period was natural history. She loved to study insect and bird life at first hand, and was interested in all of God's living creatures. She also manifested an ability to express herself in verse at a very early age. When twelve years old she composed three poems.

On a bright summer day in August, the Mayor of Lancaster, Ohio, received the following missive written in a round, childish hand:

Shelby, Ohio, August 24, 1903

"To the Mayor of Lancaster, Fairfield Co., Ohio:

"Honorable sir, kind Mayor man

I'd like to hear from you as soon as I can:

While visiting down near your Lancaster town

We went to Caroll to see Dr. Brown;

I told him my mind about rocks and hills,

The tender birch, moss, ferns, springs and rills,

And wanted to read that romance of Rose

That they mention when nearing Mt. Pleasant's repose.

The good doctor said if I'd write I would find

The Lancaster mayor so nice and so kind

He would send me the story of fair Forest Rose,

And I could read it as far as it goes.

I'm a little girl near twelve years old,

Vacation is over in two weeks, I'm told;

So please let me hear from you soon if I can,

And I'm much obliged to you, kind Mayor man."

"Esther Hazeltine Carson,

"47 E. Smiley Ave., Shelby, Ohio."

By return mail the reply was posted, written under the Mayor's letterhead.

"Lancaster, Ohio, August 25, 1903

"Miss Esther Hazeltine Carson,

"Shelby, Ohio.

"My Dear Little Darling:

"I received your kind letter this morning, and as soon as I read it I went out to find what you wanted, and I succeeded. I mail it to you under another cover. I hope you will enjoy it. If Mr. and Mrs. R—— are still living in your city, please give them my kindest regards. I am well acquainted with them.

"Yours with the kindest of regard. Let me hear from you whenever I can be of any service to you.

"Respectfully,

"S. W. Rainey, Mayor."

The Mayor's attention had previously been called to Esther when she gave her testimony in a children's meeting at the Lancaster campmeeting. He made inquiries and learned of her purpose to become a missionary, also of her great interest in natural history.

During her grade school years Esther Carson's religious development kept pace with her intellectual progress. She was sanctified when eight years of age and enjoyed sweet fellowship with her Savior through those years. She enjoyed all religious services. The rapt expression of her spiritual countenance never failed to be an inspiration to the speaker. On one occasion the Evangelist Vandeventer made a drawing of her face on the reverse side of the blackboard which he had been using in a chalk talk. After service he called the attention of Esther's mother to the striking resemblance of the sketch to the Hoffman picture of the boy Jesus. Other people had noticed the resemblance and remarked about it.

— In 1902, when Esther was eleven years of age, she undertook the support of a little famine boy in the Vanguard Faith Orphanage in San Jan, Thana District, India. The missionaries named the little waif Daniel Carson, and Esther worked faith-

fully wiring wicks for the stove factory in the early morning hours before school, and also after study hours in the evening, to earn the money for his support. She also made plaster of paris pictures and sold them, and during the summer months she picked and sold strawberries. During all her lifetime Esther Carson was passionately fond of little children. Daniel was the first one of these upon whom she concentrated her maternal affection, and the wealth of love she lavished upon the little waif would seem unbelievable to a temperament of less intensity. She was planning to educate the boy so that he might become a missionary to his own people. But Daniel was very frail, and after a few months he died. The news of his passing was a great shock to his little foster-mother. She received the letter just as she was starting to school. Turning deathly pale, she rushed to her room where she remained for several hours, struggling with her grief. When she at last returned downstairs the traces of tears were still on her face, but with an expression of sweet submission and heavenly victory. She cherished the memory of Daniel to the end of her life, and in later years classed him with other dear ones who preceded her to heaven.

The golden days of childhood passed all to swiftly. After she graduated from college she wrote in her diary, "I have passed through three gateways to 'Grown-up-dom.' Each time I have thought, 'Now, am I grown?' But now I am wondering, are there more gateways still to pass? Can it be true that the Eternal Child dwells in Man?"

Little Essie's first gateway was reached when she graduated from the Shelby Grammar School at twelve years of age. Her graduating essay was a literary production of unusual merit, which evidenced a maturity of thought and a facility of expression most remarkable in one so young, as the following extracts will show. Her theme was "More Beyond."

"When the Creator laid His matchless plans for this beautiful world, and caused His Spirit to move upon the face of

the waters, He wrote across every undulating wave, *More Beyond!* Every violent upheaval of the earth's surface, every period in the development of the world, brought out possibility upon possibility of further achievement.

"The mind of man finds its correspondence and follows out the command given by the Creator to replenish and subdue the earth with a vigor that was never more apparent than in these later centuries. And in the freshness of this twentieth century we stand facing the future with this exhilarating inspiration—*There Is More Beyond!* . . . One day we will enter the more earnest part of life. Now is the time for thorough application, that we may not be found wanting when it is time for each one of us to step out upon the great arena of our special life work, where tact, skill, and the resources of a well-trained mind are needed to master the complicated problems of real life.

"The rich purple of the distant hills of the Eternal Beyond beckon us on through the heights and shadows of this present day, and we say with Upham:

" 'Whate'er our thoughts or purpose be,
They cannot meet their destined end,
Unless, O God! they go with Thee,
And with Thy thought and purpose blend.

" 'Keep time with God, and then the power
Which in His mighty arm doth lie,
Shall crown the designated hour
With wisdom, strength, and victory.' "

CHAPTER FOUR

HIGH SCHOOL—THE DARK AGES

Her first "gateway" passed, little Esther emerged into the nebulous period of adolescence. She entered high school at Shelby, Ohio, endowed with a precocious mentality and with a vivid little personality which was still fresh with the dews of life's morning and vibrant with a superabundance of vital energy. From her earliest childhood until the close of her life the outstanding feature of Esther Carson's personality was her radiant intensity. It permeated all of her activities, both physical and mental, but it was especially conspicuous in the fervor of her affections and in the depths of her religious life. Her spiritual nature was keenly sensitive, like a stringed instrument attuned to the will of her Lord, who had separated her unto Himself when she was only four and a half years old. During her childhood her emotional nature found its natural expression in ardent attachment to parents, grandparents and foster sister, Ilo, while her religious life was sustained by an implicit confidence in Jesus her Savior, and in the happy consciousness of His presence with her day by day. All was harmonious within; the child's spiritual sky was clear as a summer's morning.

But the clouds began to gather early in her high school career. Years later she wrote in reference to this period:

"Without doubt, the 'Dark Ages' of my history began with my freshman year in high school. My mother kept me as far as possible from association with my schoolmates. She dreaded for me the foolishness that is almost universally attached to the years between twelve and eighteen. Whatever I escaped of this was due to her restraint."

For the first time the youthful spirit began to chafe under the wholesome restraints imposed upon her. With a new out-

look upon life came new emotions which struggled for expression. Being denied the stimulus of parties and young company, the child's restless spirit found vent in increased activity, both physical and mental. Physically, she describes herself as "a tomboy and amateur naturalist." Mentally, she assumed a new attitude by deliberately setting to work, first of all to win the highest possible grades, and then to have as much fun during school hours as her wit could devise without bringing disgrace upon her family. She easily captured the coveted grades, while her brilliant imagination reveled in the production of verses and romantic prose, all more or less of a sentimental or frivolous nature.

During this hectic period little Esther clung to the outward forms of her religious life, especially attendance upon the means of grace. In the depths of her heart she still heard the whisperings of her "call" to special service for God. But her worship became perfunctory, while the joy of her salvation slipped away from her because Satan, the arch deceiver, had woven a subtle snare about the young disciple, for the purpose of diverting into another channel her heart's loyalty hitherto so sweetly centered in her Lord.

During her sophomore year Esther conceived a violent attachment for a young woman who was eight years her senior. Such sentimental friendships are not uncommon among girls of early teen age, especially those possessed of ardent affectional natures. Girls of the intellectual type, like Esther Carson, are more susceptible than others to the peculiar form of obsession, because of their intense love for the romantic in every form.

Esther's active imagination soon clothed her "dream-friend" with the graces and perfections of all the heroines of song and story, while she lavished upon her ideal a wealth of devotion which bordered upon idolatry. This hectic friendship was dangerously exclusive as well as abnormal, but on Esther's part it was entirely sincere. It was a volcanic eruption of the

little lover's undisciplined affections at the most romantic period of her existence.

As might be expected, this emotional experience furnished the inspiration for the major portion of Esther's literary effusions during those months. In passionate numbers the young author's muse soared to the loftiest heights of eloquence sounding the praises of her beloved, and singing in musical cadence of the undying devotion of kindred spirits and of the pangs of unrequited love. Some of these early productions bore the marks of real genius couched in faultless diction, but all, with the exception of a few fragments were eventually consigned to the flames.

From the viewpoint of maturity these romantic episodes of adolescence are seen to be chiefly the creations of the imagination. Nevertheless, to the adolescent at the time, they were extremely real, and often they lead to serious consequences. But when successfully weathered, they frequently serve as schools of discipline from which the victor emerges sadder but wiser, stronger to meet the real testings of life. A nature like Esther Carson's which loves fervently is keenly susceptible to the extremes of both joy and sorrow. The disappointments incident to a friendship ardent on one side, and but feebly responsive on the other, together with the final throes of disillusionment, caused Little Esther mental anguish as keen as her young spirit was able to bear, but she was learning some valuable lessons which were necessary to success in the work to which God had called her.

Her mind matured rapidly, and she began to vision greater possibilities in life than she had yet known. She discovered a profound truth which found expression in the following lines.

"In the eastern sky I see
Streakings of the dawn appear;
Gladsome thoughts they bring to me,
Fill me with new hope and cheer.

"There's a flash of morning dew,
Dawnings of another day,
Life more real and love more true,
Joy that will not fade away.

"Lost to me the child's delight
And its ceaseless gayety;
But life's joys now are far more bright
Its pain of more intensity.

"I have loved the morning glow,
Early joys and friendships fond;
These were great; but now I know
There were greater just beyond.

"But among these gleams of light
Brighter than the midday's shine
Are intenser shades of night
Than have ever yet been mine.

"Not for me the joys alone;
Not all sweet, the cup I drain;
Side by side they will be known.
Wealth of love and depth of pain.

"Tiny brooks to rivers grow,
These flow on to meet the sea;
This the brook that now I know,
Ocean lies ahead of me."

How true that "wealth of love" and "depth of pain" are always closely associated.

The strange friendship continued unbroken for almost two years. Then Esther's father moved his family to the state of

Washington, where they settled on a ranch in the mountains near the village of White Salmon. Esther was in her junior year in high school when they left Shelby, Ohio. She left as a legacy to her class the Class Song for Junior Day. But the separation from her idolized friend was the keenest sorrow she had ever experienced.

The change to life on a ranch was beneficial to Esther in many ways. Instead of attending school she became her "father's boy." For almost two years this little slip of a girl, who weighed a scant ninety pounds, worked by her "daddy's" side, helping to clear and cultivate the land. Quoting from one of her letters, she says:

"Together we plied mattock and ax, cross-cut saw and hand-spike and blasting fuse, the plow and harrow, and hoe and spray-pump and pruning shears, hayrake and pitchfork, for there were apple orchards to plant and care for, crops to harvest from the old trees, alfalfa to cut for the horses and cows, and new land to clear and 'grub' till the last trace of timber and brush was gone from the new field."

This was all a part of God's plan to bring His little "chosen one" back to Himself, and to train her for the pioneer mission field in riper years. Esther never failed to respond to the call of Nature. Her soul exulted in the glories of the sunset, and in the natural beauties of wood and vale and stream. Singing birds and dainty flowerets, fleecy cloud and majestic mountain peak all seemed to whisper to her of God. Suddenly she became aware that she had lost His loved presence out of her life. This experience can best be described in her own words:

"In the virgin wilds of Washington, away from the unchristian whirl of public school life, away from the fascinating contact with a strange, intense friendship, God found His opportunity to bring me back to Himself. Nothing gave me more pleasure than to explore the forested mountains and canyons, and there I was much alone. There suddenly came to me a sense of guilt and separation from God, with a shock of aston-

ishment and acute distress. I had not dreamed that my Christian profession was false; but now the consciousness of sins utterly inconsistent with it overwhelmed me. These convictions came apparently unoccasioned by word or look from anyone. It was the direct work of the Holy Spirit. For an hour I battled, and suffered most intensely. The moral necessity that confronted me was all but irresistible, and I yielded. With convulsive weeping I prayed for forgiveness, and hastened to my mother to make confession of my past disobedience. In my Bible I wrote the date, August 24, 1907, with the reference Isaiah 54:4-8."

But the young penitent's consecration was still incomplete. The cherished friendship was kept alive through correspondence, and still continued to be an idealized force in Esther's life. Then, in less than a year, the friend herself returned upon the scene and became a member of the family circle. The old intimacy was resumed with even greater intensity than before, until it became an abnormal infatuation, a species of slavery which Esther herself described as "a crime against that sacred thing called personality." This situation was naturally the cause of bitter grief and anxiety to Esther's parents. The mother especially suffered during this period because of the wall of separation between herself and her only child. Her health was seriously affected.

But at this crisis the Lord interposed. Awakening came with a shock, then disillusionment with its attendant agony of spirit. But the shackles were broken at last. Esther Carson was free to serve the Lord with an undivided heart, and "Fair Hair o' the Setting Sun's" baby was her own again. The break was complete and final. A "friendship funeral" was conducted when the voluminous correspondence of three years was consigned to the flames, together with the sentimental verses and literary effusions addressed to her one-time divinity.

Her dream surrendered, Esther made a happy discovery to which her eyes had been blinded during the period of her

infatuation. The Lord had already given her the perfect human friend that her heart craved—the friend who could respond in fullest measure to the ardor of her devotion, the friend who would understand and sympathize and be tender always, the friend whose love would never fail. What other friend could be so faithful and so true as the wonderful mother who bore her—"Fair Hair o' the Setting Sun"? From that time until life's journey was ended the beautiful comradeship between this mother and daughter deepened and strengthened with the years, and never again was the harmony of their fellowship disturbed by any outside element.

During Esther's high school years her facile pen produced some excellent work that was not of a sentimental nature. At one time during her sophomore year, when she was fourteen years of age, the good people of Shelby, Ohio, put up a vigorous campaign to make the town dry, but they were defeated at the polls. Esther was as deeply interested as her elders. She composed in verse a graphic description of the scene at the polls, and the disappointment of the campaigners when the town voted wet. Her poem was printed in the daily paper.

CHAPTER FIVE

COLLEGE YEARS—PASADENA

During their residence in Washington, while Esther was her "father's boy" on the ranch, she did not attend school, but she studied in the evenings, and once each week she walked, often through mud and rain, to the house of a young German lady who tutored her in the German language.

But the Carsons did not remain long in Washington—not more than two years. Through a succession of providences they were led to locate for a time in Lompoc, California, where they were privileged to become charter members of the Church of the Nazarene which was organized there by Dr. Bresee and Dr. Goodwin. In this place Esther finished her high school course and took up the broken threads of her religious life with renewed purpose and devotion. She sought the presence of her Lord and enjoyed more intimate fellowship with Him than ever before. The frivolities of the students' social life had no longer any attraction for her. She kept aloof from them of her own accord. Of this experience she writes, "Books, Nature, home, church and God were the sum of my life; fields wide enough to make me forget what was past and rejoice in a freedom I had long missed."

Thus through a painful experience the young disciple was learning to walk alone with God, and to keep herself separate from the world. But she was carrying her aloofness too far. She was cultivating an asceticism which was not in keeping with the life work that God had planned for her. But one day the good principal of the high school after very kindly commending her work, invited the young student into his office, where he talked with her long and earnestly about her attitude toward life. His words made a deep impression upon her. She perceived that she had discovered only one side of the truth. It

is not enough to walk apart from the world with God. She must also share His love with all the world! She left the principal's office with a new purpose burning in her soul. "I will no longer be a hermit soul, I will not 'dwell apart in the peace of my self-content.' I will not live in a 'fellowless firmament.' Henceforth I will live in 'my house by the side of the road,' and be a friend to man!" The little missionary's later career was a literal fulfillment of this resolve.

Her thesis when she graduated from high school was a fanciful reverie called "The Voice of Sunset." With her diploma in her hand, the young girl passed her second gateway to "Grown-updom" in June, 1909.

During the vacation period following Esther's graduation from high school the little Church of the Nazarene at Lompoc was pastored by Rev. Fred Shields, who was then a student in Pasadena College. His reports of the institution stirred Esther's ambition to continue her own education at the college, with a view of intensive preparation for her life calling, but for financial reasons it seemed impossible at that time. So she re-entered the high school, determined to take every study in the curriculum which she had not already covered in the classical course. But a letter from Dr. Bresee came to her, one of the great surprises of her life. As a result, in less than a week the necessary arrangements were completed and Esther was on her way to Pasadena!

Her fond parents put her on the train "with a grip and a trunk check, a lunch and an iron-weed flower, a tablet and a pencil," plus their parental blessing. They waved a cheerful goodbye, but their eyes were dimmed with tears, for they well knew that their home could never be the same without the bright presence of their little "Voy."

The conflicting emotions of the young traveler on this eventful journey, which was taking her away from home for the first time, is best expressed in her own words:

"I look at Lompoc through the mists
That lie on hill and plain,
And wonder if it will be long
Till I return again.

"The Quaker sky bends over me
And hides the sunlight rays,
Yet I can hear a grateful bird
That sings a song of praise.

"A spray of purple-petaled flowers,
Dear with your love, I hold,
But see! the centers of the flowers
Are all of glory—gold!"

She realized but dimly that the old home life would never be resumed as before; that henceforth her feet would travel in distant paths, returning only at ever lengthening intervals to the beloved home of childhood. Little Esther was growing up; her "call" was beckoning her onward, and ever onward.

Dr. Wiley, who was then dean of the college, welcomed her at the little Star Cash Grocery which was familiar to all Pasadena students. She was soon initiated into the routine of college life, which opened a new epoch in her career. The Pasadena school was then in a transition period, with some of its housing both temporary and primitive. With charming, yet pathetic winsomeness, Esther describes her first night in her new surroundings:

"When I arrived, the girls' dormitory was not yet completed. The girls were living temporarily in two large tabernacles, within which small apartments were curtained off for them. One was assigned to me. The novelty charmed me, but the first night was a wakeful one for many of the younger newcomers. I wrote to my mother by moonlight:

"Of course I'm not homesick!
I'm sure I couldn't cry,
Though I should make my eyes go shut
And give them leave to try.

"How cool and self-possessed I feel!
I do believe, I do,
That I could really get along
Without once seeing you.

"Of course, if I should see you—
But that's a different thing—
Or, something in my heart might snap,
If I should hear you sing!

"I see about me shadows tall—
A tall and grim tent pole—
It pokes its head 'way up, clear through
A sort of big bunghole.

"A good-for-nothing little star
Is up there, peeking through
Go 'way! go 'way! go right away!
Don't want to look at you.

"Something's the matter with my eyes,
There's nothing wrong with me.
But say, am I nineteen years old,
Or am I only three?

"No! I'm not homesick; why, I'm glad
To find me really here!
It's only that I kind of feel
Just wide awake and queer!"

The ambitious student entered into her college activities with all the enthusiasm of her fervent nature. The charm of her piquant personality attended her wherever she went. Whether she appeared in classroom or literary society, in chapel or on the campus, at Sunday school or in the choir, or with an informal group of friends, Esther attracted attention. She was a slender little person, weighing less than a hundred pounds, but her small body was vibrant with tireless energy and superabounding life, while the steady gaze of her clear blue eyes revealed a keen mentality dominated by a high and holy purpose. Her young life was entirely surrendered to God, while every faculty of her being was concentrated upon the task of following her "call." All of her activities, as well as her studies, were disposed with reference to it.

Esther was always a brilliant student. She loved books, and she loved God's world of Nature even better. Consequently she delighted in Natural History and Science, but she was also especially proficient in languages. At Pasadena she studied Latin and Greek, also German, and she completed a very thorough course in Spanish. She began to dream of translating the Bible into some primitive tongue, for some tribe or people who had never heard the glad news of salvation. The dream crystallized into a conviction, which became a definite goal of ambition. To this end she commenced the study of Hebrew while at Pasadena.

Esther was also prominent in the literary societies of the college. She was the first editor of the college paper which she named *La Sierra*. The pages of this little periodical were enlivened by brilliant editorials and charming verses, which flowed from her facile pen as easily as a mountain brook flows over its pebbly bed. The following exquisite lines fitly express her attitude toward God's plan in her own life:

“God shapes the crystal of the snow,
Guiding its growing as He will;
No other one but He could show
Each sparkling fragment where to go,
Its given place to fill.

“I would not mar His choice design;
His artist hand can work no ill;
His purposes are all divine;
Not knowing this, I make them mine,
His perfect plan, His will.

“I only need my Father’s voice
My every questioning to still.
What is His pleasure is my choice;
I can do nothing but rejoice
My given space to fill.”

Esther was a prolific writer in her college days. Her pen treated of an endless variety of subjects, for her genius was most versatile. No incident was too trivial to excite her muse, no subject too profound to tempt her genius. Consequently her literary productions range from simple jingles in a serio-comic vein to theses on Science and Philosophy and carefully prepared sermon outlines and exegetical treatises.

At one time she wrote an amusing account of Pasadena College under the caption, “History of the Lindsay Ranch,” in which she traces the history of the site back to the beginning when “the earth was without form and void,” and projects it into the future when “the new heaven and the new earth” shall appear! At another time she produced a thoughtful treatise on “The Chemistry of Human Life,” in which she cleverly draws an analogy between the laws of chemistry and some outstanding spiritual verities.

But musical verse was the natural expression of Esther Carson's soul. Through it she voiced her deepest emotions; on its wings she loved to soar into the realms of sentiment and fancy. Three elements were prominent in all that she wrote, because they were so deeply imbedded in her own nature—devotion to God, a keen delight in Nature, and her intense affection for her loved ones. Out of the wealth of material only a few fragments can be selected as samples of her genius which reflect the tenor of her mind and thought. The beauties of the sunset, the glorious symbolism of the rainbow, and the wonder of the star-lit sky were all favorite themes. The following verses are sweetly characteristic:

SUNSET THOUGHTS

Dear God, thy little child has come again
Out to Thy house here, heavy and depressed
After a day with books, and things, and men,
Long thoughts, hard problems—oh! I want to rest!

Dear Father God! I'm glad the day is done—
Turn low the red flame of Thy setting sun,
And light Thy birthday candles in the sky.
Thou hast so many! Very few have I!
Ancient of Days, they call Thee. It is true;
I've seen it in the measureless depths of blue,
I've heard it in the mighty ocean's roar,

“Forever—and forever—evermore!
Forever—and forever—evermore!”

And every wavelet held a taper bright;
These are Thy birthday candles yet to light;
Thy biggest candle is that wee bit moon;
Its curly flame shone pale this afternoon,
A little while, and it will grow more bright,
When all thy candles are at last alight.

Close the cloud curtains in Thy wide west door,
And let Thy shadows gather here once more.
They troop across Thy loved meadow floor;
They're coming from the hillsides and the vales;
They slip down by the winding mountain trails;
Down from the trees they swing, from bough to bough.

Thy gentle shadows have been friends to me,
I love to have them near me, but for now
Let them not press too closely: I want Thee.
Now let me cuddle down by this tall tree,
Just as my spirit nestles close in Thee.
Breathe on my soul as this caressing air
Is touching now my hand, my cheek, my hair.
Let me be utterly absorbed in Thee,
Be seeing, hearing, feeling only Thee—
No other being—I want only Thee!

Good-night! Yet not good-night; I go to rest,
Just as the clouds I'm watching in the west;
After their daytime race across the sky
They felt a touch from Thee, and there they lie
As quiet as the birdlings in their nest.
Thou art my resting place!—and so shall I
Go to my slumbers, there to dream of Thee.

Trees were always Esther's personal friends. To her they were living things, with a language all their own. One stately giant on the campus was her special confidant. She named him El Arbol Mio, and made a seat for herself in his branches. Often when weary or depressed she sought refuge under his leafy boughs after the shadows of night had fallen, and from his whispered messages she derived strength and help. Of her leafy friend she wrote:

"El Arbol Mio stands a king
Serene, majestic, tall;
Among his leaves the wild birds sing,
And strange, weird voices call."

CHAPTER SIX

COUNTING THE COST

After four years of diligent study and active participation in the social life of the institution, Esther Carson graduated from Pasadena College in June, 1913. With her diploma she also received a minister's license. This closed a period of fine achievement in scholarship, and of splendid development in the young student's religious life. Esther had passed the hectic period of adolescence with its "storm and stress" of violent emotions. Like the psalmist, she could now truly sing, "My heart is fixed, O God!" With her Lord as Pilot, her bark was speeding to her eternal destiny along the course marked out by Him. Her life was governed by a single purpose, to follow the call of God whispered to her childish consciousness when she was only four years old. To this purpose all the ardent impulses of her affectional nature were held in strict subjection. She communed much with God. As her social contacts multiplied, her spiritual horizon widened, her religious life deepened and strengthened.

Little Esther had passed her third gateway to "Grown-updom." She was no longer a child, but a young woman standing upon the threshold of her life's mission, with fragrant memories of life's springtime behind her, the misty future veiled before her, but like Paul, with eager, upturned gaze, and every faculty alert, "pressing toward the mark!" But her attitude of complete surrender was not maintained through those college years without soul conflicts of keenest intensity, struggles in which human desire, aided by the artful wiles of the adversary, combined to break down her high resolve, and her allegiance to her Lord.

Since by nature Esther Carson was dominated by her affections, it followed "as the night, the day" that her severest

tests must be associated with the objects of her purest and holiest earthly loves. Esther was endowed with brilliant gifts. The teaching profession offered her opportunities for a comfortable living, a congenial occupation, with possibly distinction. She dearly loved teaching, but when viewed in contrast with her high calling, the lure it offered could scarcely be called a temptation.

But *her home*—that holy place where love had made its dwelling place, that little sanctuary where first her infant lips had learned to lisp the name of Jesus! How unspeakably precious it was! Sometimes in the night watches the young student's pillow was wet with tears when the thought was pressed in upon her that her home must be left behind—"it may be for years and it may be forever." Nevertheless, they were not bitter tears of repining, only the overflow of deep emotion, and quickly they were wiped away.

The thought of final separation from her parents brought the keenest pang of all. Few children are blessed with such a father and such a mother as hers. And few daughters can find in their mothers comradeship so responsive and fellowship so satisfying as Esther Carson found in "Fair Hair o' the Setting Sun." The two were truly kindred spirits, with the same brilliant gifts, the same sprightly wit, the same intensity of nature, the same dynamic energy, the same religious fervor, and the same high, holy purpose. Esther was the incarnation of her mother's spiritual ideals and of her missionary aspirations. In her child the mother was seeing the realization of her own dreams. So it is little wonder that the attachment between these two was surpassingly sacred and tender. Their voluminous correspondence was continued without interruption through all the years of separation. It covered even the smallest details of their daily lives. In their letters they shared their inmost thoughts, and thus kept in close spiritual touch, even when sundered far. In her letters Esther lavished upon her adored parents numberless terms of endearment. Collectively they

were "the dearest folks in all the world." Her mother was "Fair Hair o' the Setting Sun" or "Dearest Mother o' Mine." Sometimes she was "Joyanna," "Carissima," and more frequently "Anna" or the Spanish "Ana."

No less cherished was her noble father who, to the child of his heart, filled the place of comrade and big brother and trusted adviser, as well as father. To his little "Voy" he was always "Pank" or "Dee Daddy Pank," or just "Dee Daddy." And so he remained until the end of her earthly pilgrimage. The following picture of him was penned during Esther's college days:

PANK

*Black curly hair and clear, gray eyes,
He won the heart of Anna!
His soul is honest as the skies—
He won the heart of Anna!*

*No other tamed this maiden rare,
She of Nature's pure, free air,
She of the ruddy sunset hair—
My Pank won my Anna!*

"A man of deeds, not of words, is my father, Frank, who has been 'Pank' to me since my baby days. Love of nature, sagacity, strength, tenderness, truth—these are keynotes of his character. I cannot give you his deeds, which always seemed wonderful to me."

The following lovely lines need no comment:

THE FATHER AND MOTHER OF ME
*My father's a live oak, strong and true,
My mother's a pepper tree;
Together they've made a sheltering shade,
And this they have given me.*

*My mother's a light-hearted humming bird,
My father's a busy bee;
Together, their hours among the flowers
Have ended with sweets for me.*

*My father's a deep, calm, quiet lake,
My mother's a restless sea;
Together they've borne from shore to shore
The ships that have carried me.*

*My mother's a rainbow, my father's a sun,
His rays are steady and free;
Together they shine till a light divine
Has flooded the soul of me.*

*My mother's a lighthouse, wise and brave,
My father a life-boat he;
Together they spend their lives to lend
All possible life to me.*

*My father's a Horeb of desert strength,
My mother—a Hermon she;
Together they raise their heads in praise
To God, who is lifting me.*

*My mother's incarnate truth and grace,
My father's pure honesty;
Do you wonder I weep when I go to sleep
To think what they are to me?*

To think of parting from loved ones such as these, perhaps never to see them more, was certainly a crucial test to the devoted daughter, but to such sacrifice her "call" was surely leading her. She sets the conflict to music thus:

CONFLICT

*There's a Throbbing Thing that is strong and deep
As the deep strong tide of the restless sea;
And it says, "Today
I must go away
From the father and mother of me."*

*There's a Pleading Thing that is tender and small
As the vine that clings to the tall oak tree;
And it answers "Nay!
I will always stay
With the father and mother of me!"*

*There's a Quiet Thing that is steady and strong
As the merchant craft that sails the sea;
And it says, "I know
I must rise and go
For only so
Can I live and grow
For the father and mother of me!"*

One other sweet poem must be given here because it so graphically pictures the missionary's conflict with its glorious victory. When Esther was away from home, she and her mother always kept tryst at the sunset hour.

ANNA, SWEET FRIEND, GOOD NIGHT

*The fire still burns among the clouds,
The voices still are calling me;
An awful stillness still enshrouds,
A throng of fearful shadows crowds
Between my heart and thee.*

*They say, "We are the miles that lie
Between thy heart and thy heart's friend,*

*To wring from thy white lips a cry,
And make thy spirit's courage die,
Thy will and purpose bend."*

*And others whisper, tense and low,
"We are the years awaiting thee
If thou shalt leave thy friend and go,
Where India's death-fraught breezes blow
Across the boundless sea."*

*Rage on, thou tempest! I am free,
My anchor holds within the veil!
And in the sunset I can see
The blood-stained cross of Calvary!
Christ's courage did not fail!*

*My mother—Anna! With me yet!
Now let the tears unheeded flow;
Our tryst, the dear hour of sunset,
Thy heart and mine cannot forget,
And with a smile, I go.*

*Upon the Christ I turn my eye,
Upon His promise resting still,
The red has faded from the sky,
And quiet purple shadows lie
On every plain and hill.*

*Pale crescent moon, Auf Wiedersehen;
Farewell, my fading sunset light;
The miles, the years, strive all in vain,
Unchanged my purposes remain;
Anna, sweet friend, good night!*

Thus the devoted missionary counted the cost, and she determined to pay the price. And this was not all. Although Esther had outgrown the hectic dreams of high school days, she was still young, and by no means proof against the subtle allure of romance. Through her unfortunate adolescent experience she had learned both prudence and caution in the matter of guarding her affections. While she cultivated an ever-widening circle of associates, she carefully avoided the snare of concentrating unduly upon any individual. But in spite of her caution, the inevitable came to her during those college years. She found herself dreaming, tender, roseate dreams, dreams of a happy home of her own, where love should reign supreme as in the home of her childhood—a home with its cheerful fire-side, its protecting walls and the faces of little children. Esther's dreams always included at least one "dream-child." To her dismay, she discovered that these entrancing visions were circling about a certain ruddy-haired youth whom she named "Auriferous." But Esther was not free to listen to the siren voice of a dream. Was she not chosen of God, "called" and set apart for special service? The vision was put away quickly while it was still only a remote suggestion. Her renunciation was complete and sincere, but it was not accomplished without struggle and pain. Indeed the agony of her wound lingered for months, and even years; for Esther had discovered that she was indeed a *woman*, with all the needs of a true woman's nature, which could never be fully satisfied save in the domestic joys of home and the sacred ties of family life. But this fair vision must be surrendered—so she thought. This dream must be put away with other temptations, for it also was a part of the price.

CHAPTER SEVEN

DEEP SHADOWS

While Esther was a student at Pasadena she enjoyed the privilege of attending a number of classes under Dr. and Mrs. Ellyson. They were her favorite teachers, and they, in turn, were deeply interested in their gifted little pupil. Several months before Esther's graduation the Ellysons were called to Olivet, Illinois, to serve upon the administrative board and faculty of the Illinois Holiness University, now called Olivet College. The next year, upon their invitation, Esther joined them, to fill the place of a student teacher. She earned her expenses by teaching classes in Spanish, while she devoted her remaining time to the study of Hebrew and other branches of post-graduate work. She delighted in teaching, and, as always, pursued her studies with zeal and thoroughness. Like the polar star, her missionary "call" still beckoned her onward from afar. But her prospects were nebulous, for no definite plans had been made for her missionary career. She did not even know the field that she should serve. Her heart rather inclined to India, for Myrtlebell Walter had been her roommate at Pasadena, but her proficiency in Spanish seemed to point toward the Latin-American field. In company with Eugenia Phillips she had made regular home missionary visits to the Mexican camps. But the Missionary Board had a long line of applicants waiting for appointments. Esther deferred her application, waiting for divine guidance. Only two things were definitely settled in her mind, her intense desire for the privilege of translating the Holy Scriptures into some primitive tongue, and her determination to let God's will be perfected in her life.

But the uncertainty and suspense were hard to bear, and the nervous strain became more intense with the passing of

weeks and months. A strange feeling of depression weighed upon her spirit. Her burdens seemed heavier, her problems more difficult, her testings more severe, while her spiritual conflicts were so intense that she was sometimes tempted to doubt the reality of her consecration, forgetting that a test which brings no suffering is no test at all. After one of her fiercest battles she wrote the following beautiful lines which feelingly express the emotions of a soul which is hedged in by seemingly unsurmountable obstacles.

DAWN (From the Sunset Side)

*I stand in the corner of two brick walls,
And oh, they are dark and high!
So terribly dark and high!
They cover from me where their shadow falls
Three-fourths of the star-lit sky.*

*I hear in my dool-tree a whisper low;
Its branches all heave and sigh—
All deeply, despondingly sigh—
But I life my eyes where I may not go,
Watching the worlds march by.*

*Oh, what do I see as I look to heaven
And watch my fourth of the sky?
And search my fourth of the sky?
Why, that much of earth life to me is given,
Just one-fourth of life have I.*

*I'm seeing the sweetheart I might have been
In death and in ashes lie—
Eternally buried lie—
I'm seeing my wifehood rejected as sin;
I'm watching my dream-child die.*

*I gave up my all to the world's great God,
His strong claim to satisfy—
His just claim to satisfy—
To follow the path that His own Son trod,
Nor hesitate though I die.*

*I cannot rebel, for my God is great,
And oh, very small am I!
And so very weak am I!
To turn from His will is to seal my fate,
And—those I can save may die!*

*And so, broken-hearted, I bow my head,
But bravely to live I'll try—
And nobly to live I'll try—
Afar to my dool-tree command has sped
To smother its coward sigh.*

*Then God for my weariness sends His rest;
He whispers, "On me rely!
Give all, and on me rely!
Beyond what thou seest from east to west
There waiteth another sky!"*

*Ah, faithful and true has His promise been,
Himself He will not deny—
Himself He cannot deny—
And I can suffer; I cannot sin;
God's battle! I cannot fly!*

*My spirit takes fire with the sacrifice,
Supremest that I can give—
The holiest I can give—
Rejoicing intensely, for Jesus Christ
My fourth of a life to live!*

*And over my spirit a glad peace falls!
 He whispers, "And who am I?
 Omnipotent Love am I!
 'Tis I that am holding thee, not brick walls,
 And I will be all thy sky."*

The plaintive beauty of these verses is most unique. The following winsome lines are too good to be omitted:

ESSIE'S CRY

*Essie comin', Ana
 Essie comin', yea!
 You mustn't leave your Essie
 You mustn't go away.*

*But Essie find you, Ana,
 Ah-ah, ah-ah, ah-ah!
 And Essie love you, Ana,
 Ana, Ana, Ana!*

*Keep Essie with you always
 No matter where you go,
 For Essie lonesome, Ana,
 And Essie want you so!
 Why, where you goin', Ana?
 Essie comin' too!
 For Essie need you, Ana
 Can't live away from you!*

Under her load of mental depression and physical weariness Esther pursued her studies with her customary diligence, while she met her classes with a smiling face. She also took a personal interest in her pupils, and edited the college annual which was called "The Aurora." This was a heavy task which involved late hours, and no doubt it imposed too serious a drain upon her vitality. In addition to all this, in the spring of 1915

she engaged in some evangelistic work. She was invited to return to Olivet for the next year, but a serious break in health necessitated a change of plans. It was discovered that Esther was the victim of an insidious disease which had been largely responsible for the physical and mental depression of the preceding months. The doctors' verdict was that she had but a short time to live, but they prescribed life in the open air, with a complete separation from books, study, city, town or village! Such an arrangement, they suggested, might prolong her life for a little time.

Truly the missionary goal of Esther's ambition seemed farther away than when she was four years old! She returned to her father's home at Lakeside, California, near San Diego. The family had purchased a ranch there soon after Esther went to Pasadena. For the benefit of her health they were planning to dispose of this place and return to Washington, where Esther had been her "father's boy" a few years before. The invalid expressed her reaction to the situation in the following amusing rhymes:

*I wish I were in the land of snow
Where good, stiff winds know how to blow,
Blow away, blow away, blow away—to Husom.
Where the white-capped mountains are in the sky,
And big, dark fir trees grow so high;
We know a way, know a way, know a way to use 'em.*

*I wish I were in the land of mountains;
Canyons deep where springs and fountains
Dash away, dash away, dash away down the mountains
And the cowbells tinkle where they can't be seen
Amid the brush and the evergreen,
Far away, far away, far away on the mountains.*

*I wish I were in the land of joy
Where I could be my father's boy
And chop away, chop away, chop away in the clearing.
I am ready any minute, pack our stuff,
I think we've lived here long enough,
So move away, move away, move away, never fearing.*

Esther's invincible spirit was determined to find the bright side of a very serious situation. At the same time, in lieu of her long cherished hope of serving on the mission field, she was planning to select two children from an orphanage to take with her to Washington, there to train them for God, and for missions, if God should so call them.

But the Lord had His own mysterious plan for His chosen one. Before any arrangements were effected, He touched her little body with His healing hand, and made her "every whit whole." The family never moved back to Washington. Instead of "flying away to the mountains" Esther packed her grips, and on January 10, 1917, she set sail on the Pacific S. S. *Governor* for the State University at Berkeley, California, to enroll for the two years' course of post-graduate study which would win for her the degree of Master of Arts. This would make her eligible for a position as teacher in high schools and colleges in any state in the land, in case the missionary appointment should be indefinitely delayed by unsettled war conditions. She believed also that the extra and intensive drill in languages would be of value when the way should open for the translation of the Scriptures, which she still cherished as her goal of aspiration.

CHAPTER EIGHT

AT BERKELEY

Her advent at the State University, Berkeley, California, marked a new epoch in the life of Esther Carson. Here she purposed to finish her academic preparation for her life work. Here she was introduced to a strange, new environment which was charged with subtle temptations calculated to undermine the faith of young Christians, and to lead them away from God. But Esther's faith, so firmly anchored on the Rock of Ages, had already been tested, and it had come forth pure gold. Her religious life had matured through experience. She was equipped with the "establishing grace" which enabled her to resist temptation, while her mental perceptions, keen and alert, easily detected the sophistries of the modernistic philosophy taught in many of her classes. The worldly associations of the great university held no lure which could tempt the devout disciple from the sheltered vales of Canaan. So the ambitious student pursued her post-graduate course with a singleness of purpose which knew no "shadow of turning."

Esther was one of a group of young women who shared a house together on the co-operative plan, each contributing to the housework, and each boarding herself. Thus they were enabled to reduce their expenses to a minimum. One of these girls was Lillian Pool, on furlough from Japan. Another was Mary Pannell, who was later sent by the General Board of Foreign Missions of the Church of the Nazarene to China. All were devout Christians, active in Christian work. The girls enjoyed sweet fellowship together, which was enlivened by wholesome fun-making and happy times to be treasured in their memories through the years.

To help with her expenses while at Berkeley, Esther also

typed manuscripts for students, and tutored a Japanese family, teaching them Latin and English.

She found Christian fellowship in the Church of the Nazarene, of which her good friend and former college president, Rev. H. Orton Wiley, was then the pastor.

Her studies were heavy, but her active mind reveled in them. They included Ethics, Religion, Social Psychology and the Theory of Poetry, but she specialized on languages. She was permitted to continue the study of Hebrew during a part of the course, but was greatly surprised when she was required to take an advanced course in Spanish, in order to save her credits from the Pasadena College. She had supposed that she was through with Spanish, but the Lord overruled in the matter, in order to fit her more perfectly for her work in Latin America. She also added French to her list, a language that had not been available at Pasadena. Surely the little missionary student's time was fully occupied with her study hours and her recreations, tutoring and housework, beside a number of church activities. Only a keen and brilliant intellect could accomplish so much, but in Esther's case it was supplemented by divine grace and favor.

At first she experienced difficulty in finding her way through the myriad recitation rooms in the immense buildings, but she soon learned to revel in the treasures of the great library, while the natural beauties of the wonderful campus afforded her unending delight. Every morning she walked to school under the wide-spreading branches of California's giant trees, through a maze of sylvan loveliness whose natural features of shrub and tree and flowering plant had been enhanced by careful cultivation. Only three minutes' walk from the university Esther soon discovered Strawberry Creek, a lovely canyon with its rivulet rippling over a pebbly bed, and soft breezes sighing through the foliage. In the "splendid wilderness" of this retreat, the dreamy student could "drop out of sight of the civilized world," which sometimes oppressed her with its clangor

and restlessness. As at Pasadena, she adopted one of the great trees, and under its friendly shade, on the bank of the rivulet, she frequently enjoyed communion with God.

Sometimes she ate her lunch in her shady dell, and wrote letters to her loved home folks—letters brimming over with victory and joy in anticipated service. So complete was her surrender that, for the first time in her life, Esther Carson experienced satisfaction even in *waiting!*

Although fair romance was a second time hovering over her pathway, at times making a near approach to a *possibility*, its lure was not strong enough to unsettle her purpose or to break up the depths of her soul, which was fixed upon God. Although interested, and at times deeply stirred, she preserved her equilibrium, and managed to reduce the affair to the plane of a beautiful friendship.

But her ardent affection for her parents continued to burn with a steady flame—increasing in intensity with the years. One day while seated on the mossy bank of Strawberry Creek, under her tree, the following lines to her mother came to her spontaneously, as fast as she could form the words with her pencil:

*"Sunset hour it is,
Fair Hair o' the Setting Sun;
The sky is bright
With a joyful light,
And Eternity's begun.*

*"Sunset hour it is,
And my thoughts full swiftly fly
To the heart that's mine,
While the heart that's thine
Is over you like the sky!*

*"Sunset hour it is,
And my soul is afire with this;
Your love for me—
And mine for thee
Eternity's sweet kiss!"*

At about the same time she wrote to her father the following:

A LETTER FROM HOME

*"A letter from home, every line of it brimming
With tenderness for the lone child far away,
At each bit of home news my glad eyes dimming.
A letter from home at the close of the day.*

*"We can bear disappointment and drudgery gayly
If we know that on mounting the boarding house stairs
A little home letter will meet us there daily;
Begun with a kiss, and sealed tight with a prayer.*

*"And in all the city's mad crushing and grinding,
No heart, I am certain, can go far astray,
That after the struggle is certain of finding
A letter from home at the close of the day."*

On April 17 Dr. Wiley notified Esther of the pressing need for missionary reinforcement at the infant Nazarene mission in Pacasmayo, Peru. He placed application blanks in her hands, and assured her that the Board would send her to the field on May 17 if the blanks were mailed in time! This offer came to her with the shock of surprise, for Esther felt that she was not yet fully equipped for her mission. All night she wrestled in prayer over the matter, and she kept it before the Lord all through the school duties of the following day, but through it all she was sustained by the sweet assurance, "Thou wilt

keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." A few days later she conferred with Dr. Wiley again. He also had been praying over her problem, and had arrived at the conclusion that it would be better for her to complete her post-graduate course at Berkeley first, and then take the step that would mean so much.

Accordingly Esther continued her studies at Berkeley until the end of her first semester, January to May, 1917. She then spent a happy summer with her beloved home folks at Lakeside, but returned to the university in August, hoping to complete her course, and receive her Master's degree at the end of the school year, in June, 1918.

She resumed her studies with, if possible, even greater enthusiasm than before. The element of uncertainty had vanished. Her efforts were no longer scattered. Everything was concentrated upon the definite objective, the open door in far-away Peru. Thither her pathway led, marked out by the unerring hand of the Lord Jehovah, and thither her willing spirit longed to wing its flight. She missed her good friend, Dr. Wiley, who had been called to Nampa, Idaho, to take the presidency of the New Nazarene college there. But she was soon settled in living quarters where she shared co-operative housekeeping as before with six devoted young women, most of them missionaries, prospective or furloughed.

Her *sanctum sanctorum* in the little canyon by Strawberry Creek was unchanged. Its whispering breezes and rippling waters all chanted of God and heaven and home, with an added plaintive refrain of "Peru, Peru, Peru!" woven into its melody. Her studies also were soon arranged on a schedule which would enable her to complete her course by the end of the year, about June 1. Her Japanese students were ready for lessons. So the school routine moved steadily on.

Meanwhile the infant Nazarene mission in Pacasmayo, Peru, opened by Roger Winans and his young wife the previous April, was making a brave struggle for existence, albeit in

desperate need of equipment and missionary teachers. The Missionary Board opened correspondence with their missionary elect relative to plans for her departure to that field. Esther had been reading everything the library could furnish her about Peru—its lands, its people, its customs, the squalor and poverty of its masses, ground into the dust under the brutal heel of papal Rome. She also read the fascinating tale of the forest Indians who still roam in the mountain jungles of the interior in their native wilderness, untouched by civilization, without God, without hope, without the blessed Bible! She began to dream of their dusky forms flitting about under the shadows of the forest primeval. At times, in the sacred seclusion of her *sanctum sanctorum* in the canyon of Strawberry Creek, the strange, wierd, plaintive cry of those mountain folk was borne to her listening ear on the wings of the whispering breezes. At such times the majestic shadow of the Indian chief of her childhood seemed once more to lay his hand upon her with the solemn benediction, "Great Spirit, bless!"

In order to fill out the medical blank required by the Board, Esther submitted to a thorough physical examination. To her great joy it revealed not a trace of the disease that once caused her so much trouble. In a letter to the Board, dated November 1, 1917, she says:

"Praise the Lord! In accordance with your request, I am mailing to you the medical blank filled out by Dr. Mitchell, a physician recommended to me as one of the best in Berkeley. . . . One of the things I am rejoicing over exceedingly is the physical basis that, under God, I can offer to you for His service and yours. I feel the full joy of strong life clear through me as I walk to and from the university here, I love to spread my lungs to the air and my soul to God. . . . Yes sir, I have read and studied a few books on Peru (just lately) which described as well as they dared the dark aspects and the difficulties of all missionary work in that country, as well as the

hopeful and bright side; and I cannot expect that our own mission station has less difficulties and hardships than others. I am sure you would tell me that all that is simply to be faced in the strength of the Lord, with constant prayer and persistent, unconquerable faith in the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

x The 11th chapter of Hebrews has been a special source of encouragement to me."

The first semester of this, Esther Carson's last college year, slipped quickly by. Its weeks were crowded with activities of various kinds, in school and church, and Student Volunteer work in which she was deeply interested. She also gave studious attention to the world situation, then in the throes of the great war. Her circle of acquaintances at Berkeley was widening, while her ready sympathies embraced all of every race or station who are in need of the saving grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. But in and through and underneath all of this was the thought of *Peru*. It was her appointed field, and the time of her departure was drawing near! The soul of the little missionary was vibrant in response. The items of transportation and support were as yet unprovided for, but her faith did not waver for a moment at this point. So confident was she that the Lord would provide the necessary funds that she crossed the bay one day to make inquiry in regard to a passport. War conditions made the securing of a passport a very difficult matter, attended with complicated "red tape" and many delays. Her faith was fully justified, for the Lord did speedily make provision for His missionary's needs in a way entirely unexpected.

After a happy Christmas vacation with her loved ones at home, Esther returned to the university for her last semester of college life. She arranged her schedule, and set to work with her usual enthusiasm. But scarcely was the program under way when she received the following telegram from Dr. Wiley, who was then the new president of Northwest Nazarene College at Nampa, Idaho:

"Feb. 6, 1918. Can you come immediately, teach Spanish and German? Wire our expense.—H. Orton Wiley."

The call was urgent, the issues involved of supreme importance. Esther had never before made so important a decision on her own initiative, without consulting her parents. But on this occasion there was no time for the exchange of letters. The decision must be made at once. Lifting her heart to God for direction, she sent the return message. "Yes. Waiting car-fare only. Num. 9:22."

The reference from Numbers came to her as a direct message from the Lord. "Or whether it were two days, or a month, or a year, that the cloud tarried upon the tabernacle, remaining thereon, the children of Israel abode in their tents and journeyed not; *but when it was taken up, they journeyed.*"

The pillar of cloud had lifted. The little missionary must pull up her stakes and follow at once lest she be left behind in the wilderness. She took out a leave of absence from the university, prepared her lessons for the next day, and packed her trunks that night. The money for her railroad fare was telegraphed the next day, and in a few hours Esther was on her way to Nampa!

CHAPTER NINE

AT NAMPA

She thoroughly enjoyed the trip, reveling in the magnificent mountain scenery, meanwhile "talking religion" to a traveling man and a farmer who took turns sitting opposite her. The traveling man was a "Theosophist" and the farmer a back-slidden Lutheran. She made one stop-over on the long journey. When she reached the little town of White Salmon in Washington, she hired a pony to carry her along the familiar forest trails, and over the mountains, visiting the scenes that were dear to her during those two years in her early teens when she helped her father clear the land and cultivate their crops. The solitary ride over the wooded mountain slopes was a season of blessed communion with God, made fragrant by memories of other days when the Lord led her away from her books to these solitudes to win her allegiance back to Himself. In a letter she says, "That ride was like a little pausing time with God just before an end that should be a new beginning." She called upon many of her old friends and neighbors, who greeted her joyously and entertained her royally. Everywhere she was a bright evangel, making the mountain echoes ring with God's praises while riding alone through their forest solitudes, conversing with her friends about the things of the Spirit, and praying with each family before saying farewell. She promised to visit the community again on her return trip to give them a missionary service.

She arrived at Nampa on February 11 in time to register for the second semester of the college year. Her schedule was speedily arranged and she immediately plunged into a new round of strenuous activity. She taught Academy German, first and second years, and two classes of College Spanish, first year. She continued her study of Hebrew, and took a course

in Modern Philosophy under Dr. Wiley. These studies gave her four of the nine credits which she needed to complete her post-graduate course and earn her Master's degree. She was planning to complete the other five credits at summer school at Berkeley just before sailing for Peru, but in this she was disappointed.

Esther found a number of old friends at Nampa, Rev. Fred Shields, Dr. and Mrs. Wiley, Marion Benton, Mr. Emerson, and her old-time Pasadena room-mate, Myrtlebell Walter and her mother.

From her first introduction Esther was delighted with the situation at Nampa. She found in both college and church a Spirit-filled people who were dwelling together in Christian harmony, exemplifying the beauty of holiness. The revival spirit was always manifest in their gatherings, while an atmosphere of sanctity pervaded both school and church. The new missionary was appreciated from the first, and she enjoyed the most delightful fellowship with these good people that she had ever known. In her home letters she described in glowing terms the fine qualities of these "highest type holiness people" of the great Northwest.

Upon her arrival at Nampa Esther learned that both the Idaho-Oregon and the Northwestern Districts wished to adopt her for their missionary to Peru. She was slated to speak at a missionary convention in Boise, Idaho, in March. Upon that joyful occasion, with great enthusiasm, the two districts pledged Esther Carson's support on the field, also her equipment and her transportation. Thus the financial problem was happily solved, the directing hand of an omniscient God being plainly manifest in each detail of the arrangement.

Esther was supremely happy during her few months at Nampa, crowded with activities; teaching, studying, conducting a Sunday school class and participating in missionary conventions, everywhere radiating the sunshine of her optimistic, Spirit-filled personality, she had no idle moments. While the

weeks sped swiftly by, Esther Carson's soul was on the wing, strong in faith, victorious in conflict, happy in anticipation, and vibrant with eagerness to carry her living Christ to the lost sheep of that dark land whither the Lord had called her.

In the full bloom of early maturity Esther Carson now faced her life work with a physical vigor which was God-given, with brilliant mental faculties thoroughly trained and equipped, with her ardent affectional nature fitly chastened and centered upon her adorable Lord, with her own will completely lost in His, and her entire being flooded to overflowing with a heavenly love for the suffering souls who awaited her ministry. Few missionaries have ever been sent to the foreign field better equipped for service than was Esther Carson when she finished her school work at Nampa. The course of preparation had been a long one, but June came at length. Her last class was dismissed, Commencement was enjoyed, and farewells were spoken!

Then followed the District Assembly in June, 1918, where Esther Carson took her ordination vows and became an elder in the Church of the Nazarene. From the assembly she hastened to her father's home at the Lakeside farm. She was forced to relinquish her plan of finishing her post-graduate course at Berkeley summer school, for there was no time to spare. But she still cherished a faint hope of winning her M.A. degree later at the Lima University in Peru.

LAST VISIT HOME—FAREWELL

In a letter to relatives Mrs. Carson, "Fair Hair o' the Setting Sun," feelingly describes Esther's last visit in the home and her interesting trip to the pier in San Francisco, in company with her parents. The following extracts from her letter tell the story:

"Esther came home the 10th of June. The days flew as if on ten thousand wings. They were happy days. Not even the accident of a misplaced bone in the ankle, with all the ligaments

cruelly torn, could dampen our spirits, or cause our joy to ebb. True, there was one night of pain, but she would not allow anyone to sit up with her.

"The doctor whom we called for Esther was the one who treated her when she returned from Illinois more dead than alive, and he calls her 'his missionary.' He believes in prayer and that God is ever present to heal. He told us that he never knew a case to heal with the rapidity that just three days evidenced in Esther's case. At first he thought that she would be laid up for three months. But by bandages, adhesive holdings, high shoes, and one crutch, she was off for San Francisco on June 29, her daddy and I with her."

The trio left Lakeside very early in the morning, June 29. They visited friends in San Francisco, Alameda, Berkeley, Stockton and other places, bidding farewell to relatives and friends, and attending a number of missionary services where Esther was introduced and asked to speak. In this connection, Mrs. Carson continues her letter:

"We were amazed to see how the people of so many churches just take Esther to their hearts. When we were in Ohio it seemed that she would never be a real missionary; people did not like her, and she did not like people. But *Jesus* has changed all that. The years have wrought their discipline. . . . It would be impossible to tell how much, how very much I love Esther. My very life seems wrapped up in hers. I was feeling the sacred joy of freely giving her to Jesus *forever* to carry God's message to others. But at the same time, like the deep, invisible undertow of a river persisted the certainty that in three more short days I would see Esther waving me from the deck of the ship that would carry her from my physical vision for years—for years, to face not only the perils of a missionary's life, but even *death*. Yet we were glad, for the will of God is all we want in life or in death. . . . Shall I tell you a strange, sweet experience that meant much to Esther and to me that day?

"When we left the stage we were hungry, for we had eaten little before starting on this part of our journey. But there were so many things to be done, we were about to attend to some preliminaries first, but suddenly we both stood still on the street as if arrested by some invisible chaperon. We turned to each other and exclaimed, 'We must eat first!' Later Esther told me that an inward voice whispered to her the same words that came to me, 'Come and dine!'

"We went into a restaurant near by, and there was already *fish baked*, not 'on the coals' but in an oven. And Jesus, the omnipresent Jesus, though invisible, sat at the table with us. We both *knew it*, we both *felt the hush* of that Holy Presence. I cannot describe that half-hour as we lingered there—the blessing, the comfort, the sanctifying triumph of those precious moments. It has left an imprint and stamp upon my soul that shall remain with me forever. . . .

"At Oakland we met, for the first time, Miss Mabel Park who, as her colleague, is to be so closely associated with Esther in school and missionary work in Peru. She is sweet, dear and very congenial to Esther, as evidently Esther was to her. As surely as the Lord separated unto the work of the ministry the early disciples, so has He separated these two young women for South America! I was with them during the closing days. With methodical precision they slept not until their accounts were well balanced; their correspondence ready for mailing; and the plan and order for the next day carefully mapped out. I had the pleasure of singing in Spanish with them at the hotel on Market Street, San Francisco, where we stopped two nights.

"At San Francisco the three outgoing missionaries, Myrtle-belle Walter, Mabel Park and Esther Carson, held their farewell service in the church on 19th Street. Myrtle-belle, who sailed for India July 11, played her harp while she and Esther sang together for the last time, 'Every Bridge Is Burned Behind Me.' The pastor of the church invited me to speak to the congregation also. Although weary, I did my best. In response

to the altar call, three sailor boys knelt at the altar and were gloriously saved.

"The next morning Frank and I went with Esther and Mabel to the pier from which they were to sail. The *San Jose* was there—out at the far side. We were not allowed to go near. All their baggage and boxes were roped and taken inside, after inspection. Hours passed. We stood—Frank and I alone, unwearied, just waiting. We could not go beyond the rope. The boat was starting sooner than announced on account of the nations at war. Others came to the pier to bid Esther goodby, but they could not go in, and she could not come out—not even in speaking or seeing distance. Yet we did see her at last—on the deck of the ship, waving to us, but we could hear no word. . . . Then we sat on the wharf in sight of the ship, and watched the figures on board . . . Myrtlebellé tuned her harp. The wind was favorable and carried its strains over the water to Esther and Mabel on the deck. As soon as we realized that they heard, by Esther's vigorous waving, we sang. Oh! how we sang! All the old sacred songs, and many of the new ones. Myrtlebellé dropped the pick of her harp, but Frank fished it from the water. Then we sang again. The anchor lifted. The gang-plank and ropes were taken up. And majestically Esther glided far out to sea! He who was sailing with her was her daddy's strength and mine. And *we had paid our vow to God*, the one that we made in Shreve long years ago, when I was seventeen and Frank was nineteen years of age!"

CHAPTER TEN

THE MIGHTY DEEP—FIRST WEEK IN PACASMAYO

Meanwhile the little missionary on the deck of the great ship feasted her eyes on that precious group on the wharf. Long she watched them until the loved outlines faded away in the dim distance. When the missionaries caught the strains of gospel song wafted across the waves they eagerly added their voices to those of the group on the wharf, although they knew that the same breezes which carried the sweet strains to them were carrying their own voices away from the watchers on the shore. When they saw Mr. Carson fishing for something in the water, they wondered much what it could be, and watched with breathless interest until the lost article was found (the pick to Myrtle Belle's harp). But Esther knew all the while that he would succeed—her wonderful "Daddy Pank" always succeeded!

The great steamer ploughed on and on, the strains of the harp became fainter and fainter, until at last it was only a plaintive, sweet echo lingering in the halls of memory. Separated now from all that was dear and familiar, Esther Carson turned to face a future which was shrouded in mystery, yet lighted by a triumphant faith. At last the day long anticipated, the hour for which she had planned, and studied, and toiled through the years had come! In the full flower of her early womanhood, Essie was going "across the sea to tell the people about Jesus!"

Wasting no time in needless repining over lost treasures, she set to work at once, busying herself with missionary work on board the steamer. In her intercourse with the passengers she found many opportunities to testify of Jesus' power to save, although she avoided as much as possible any approach to religious controversy. Her radiant, Spirit-filled personality

left its impression, especially upon three Catholic women who conceived a great admiration for the little missionary which bordered upon veneration. But greatly to Esther's sorrow, she was not able to convince them that the quality which they admired in her was the result of the Spirit's indwelling which could be theirs if only they would accept Jesus and allow Him to rule in their lives. One of this group was a French-Serbian lady who was traveling with her two little children. She improved her time by taking English lessons from Esther. The lessons were conducted in Spanish, which both teacher and pupil understood. Esther greatly enjoyed this experience, while the recitations afforded the observing passengers much amusement. Her Serbian pupil also responded to Esther's message before the voyage was ended, and gave her heart to God. Miss Carson and Miss Park conducted a miniature Sunday school for the instruction of two bright, little girls whose mother was an unbeliever. Their alert, responsive minds received the truth eagerly, and let it be hoped that the seeds did not fall upon stony ground.

The long five weeks' voyage afforded the missionaries abundant opportunity for practice in Spanish conversation, since the majority of the passengers were Spanish-speaking people. Esther made good use of every opening. In a letter to her home folks written on ship board she says, "I can 'jabber' Spanish quite rapidly now, with *anybody*, and I keep on picking up new words every day, and getting more practice on the old ones. It's simply coming to me like magic since I am hearing as much Spanish as English spoken. You see Jesus is surely hearing prayer, and helping me."

On July 13 the ship anchored at the entrance of the harbor at Mazatlan, Mexico, where many of the passengers went ashore to explore the town. The missionaries, in company with another lady passenger, visited a Catholic church in that place. On the next day they anchored at San Blas, where they watched the loading of a thousand sacks of corn, and they saw them

unloaded again two days later at Manzanilla. At La Union the ship docked and remained in port a day or two. The passengers improved the time by exploring the town, while the missionaries enjoyed an extensive stroll on the beach. In the evening an electric storm swept that region. Standing in the bow of the boat, the intrepid little missionary watched its progress with keen delight. She wrote a vivid description of the electric display which illuminated the heavens with blinding sheets and flashes of fire. The missionary was reminded of the all-seeing Eye of God which seemed to radiate in turn every emotion that is mirrored in the human eye, and she was deeply impressed with the insignificance of all earthly things in the presence of the mighty Creator of the universe.

But the storm passed, and under the protection of the all-seeing eye of God the good ship sailed on and on. An important stop of four days was made at Colon, Panama, where the missionaries were entertained by the Bible Society at the Bible House. On Sunday morning, August 4, Esther Carson preached with great liberty of the Spirit at the Union church in Colon.

After sailing through the canal, the passengers bound for Peru were transferred from the S. S. *San Jose* to a Chilean vessel, the *Palena*. This returned through the canal and speeded southward toward Peru. The equator was crossed early in the morning of August 9, and at 3:30 p.m. of the following day, August 10, the outlines of Pacasmayo were glimpsed! The landing was made after sunset, the passengers being lowered into row boats, since the steamer could not come to the pier.

The long, long journey was ended! At last the new missionaries were on the foreign field, ready to reinforce the struggling Nazarene mission in Pacasmayo, Peru! They were welcomed by Rev. Winans, missionary in charge, and immediately conducted to his home and introduced to Mrs. Winans and the two little boys, Joel and John, five and three years of age.

After laboring three years in Peru, as an independent missionary and colporteur for the Bible Society, Roger Winans opened the first Peruvian Nazarene mission under the auspices of the Board of Foreign Missions, in Pacasmayo, on March 11, 1917. Through heroic efforts and great self-denial, the good missionary and his wife had succeeded in gathering about them a little company of believers. They were conducting services in a rented room, also a small day school during a part of the year. Rev. Winans had evangelized quite extensively in various towns, and under his direction some of his native helpers were carrying the Scriptures even into the mountain regions.

But Mrs. Winans had suffered much from the privations of pioneer life and from the dust-laden atmosphere of Pacasmayo. The new missionaries found her in a very delicate state of health. They at once discovered that they had arrived at a very critical time, when help was sorely needed.

Esther Carson's emotions when first she threaded the narrow, dirty streets of Pacasmayo, lined on either side with long, monotonous adobe walls which passed for houses, may be conjectured; but her feelings when she gazed with wondering eyes upon the bleak, dusty landscape which has been described as a "study in brown," will never be known, for in all her voluminous letter writing she failed to record them. Doubtless the sharp contrast between this desolate landscape and the verdant loveliness of her California home was keenly appreciated by the little nature lover from Strawberry Creek.

Be that as it may, the new missionaries found little time to meditate upon the beauties of Nature, or the lack of them. From the very beginning they found their time fully occupied with duties many and various, some of them of a nature that they had not anticipated in connection with their missionary labors. Before the newcomers had time to unpack their goods Rev. Winans was offered an excellent opportunity to visit certain towns in the interior. So much depended upon the trip that the heroic missionaries urged him to go, trusting the Lord

to help them during his absence. The week that followed was exceedingly strenuous, crowded with labors and problems without end.

The responsibility of the meetings at the mission was formidable indeed, since the services must be conducted in the Spanish language. Because of Mrs. Winans' frail health the housework and the care of the children were added to their burden, and their services were soon required in the sick-room when Mrs. Winans and both little boys were stricken with malaria. In a letter to friends in the homeland, under date of August 20, 1918, Miss Carson relates the story of this initial week in her own sprightly manner:

"Praise the Lord, we are here, passport and all! It's a real missionary life, too. Already I've had to conduct meetings in Spanish in Brother Winans' absence, Miss Park and I all alone, the room half full of children who hadn't been trained to observe heaven's first law (or any other), and the other half full of many men and a few women. Doors and windows thronged with dark, earnest faces, and the dirty, narrow street outside packed halfway across with unseen listeners. But the expression on the faces that are visible stirs one's soul tremendously. It's easy to preach, even in the foreign language, because the opportunity is so terribly intense in meaning, and the folks at home are praying, and God is there, and here.

"Besides there is such a *variety*—perhaps just a little *too much*. One has to take refuge in the will of God moment by moment, and keep on working and rejoicing. There's been from one to four malaria patients to dose with quinine and keep soothed and at peace with the world.

"There's been marketing to do, in the course of which one has to learn the worth of funny money, the names of funny fruits and vegetables, also the funny bargain tricks of funny folks. There's been a horse to water and feed, and play the veterinary with when she gets a sore back that needs sheep dip, and water (which has to be boiled! safety first!) to *carry from*

a ditch in this otherwise dry and thirsty land where no water is; and a too tame parrot to keep off the table; and fleas to kill; and correspondence, and accounts, and housekeeping, and teaching, and curious visitors; and telegrams to answer to get guaranties of protection for our native worker from the threats and rage of wicked priests and their deluded mobs. In the meantime one watches for chances to unpack boxes, and to arrange the beloved books and all the precious things that speak of faces and names that are dearer than life, and one forgets that it is a whitewashed mud house which is to be called *home* now, while somewhere out of God's heaven comes the courage to take glimpses of the sunset without homesickness, but instead with gratefulness to be in His will completely. . . . Can it be possible that I have been with these people only one week and one day? If ever I've prayed without ceasing, it has been this week."

Surely a strenuous initiation into active service on the foreign field! But more to follow. Two weeks more slipped by, during which time the American *senoritas* became well known to every little street Arab who attended the meetings. Then on September 1, only three weeks after the missionaries first set foot on Peruvian soil, Mrs. Winans gave birth to her fourth child. (A baby girl had slipped away from them to heaven the year before.) Although medical instruction and nurse's training had not been included in her educational course, Esther Carson was elected to fill the place of nurse at this time. She rose to the occasion nobly, caring for both mother and child, while Miss Park took care of the little boys and attended to the housework.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

PABLITO

The tiny infant which Esther Carson helped to usher into the world instantly appealed to the mother instinct which was so deeply imbedded in her soul. From the first she called him her "borrowed baby," little dreaming that she was to be his foster mother during all of his brief life. For a few days all went well. Then serious complications set in, pneumonia and brain fever, which the mother's constitution, weakened by repeated attacks of malaria, was not able to resist. In the early morning of September 14, she quietly fell asleep in Jesus. Esther prepared the body for burial, and in the afternoon of the same day that the missionary's spirit took its flight, her funeral service was conducted in the home. The rooms were filled with Peruvian friends who had learned to love Missionary Winans and his gentle wife. All were in tears, yet they gazed with wondering eyes upon a scene that was new to them—a funeral with flowers, but *no candles!* Again it was Esther who came to the front. She preached the funeral sermon, and committed the frail tenement to its earthly resting place to await the resurrection morning. Thus the first ordinance which Miss Carson administered in her capacity as an ordained elder was the funeral service of her sister missionary. Later she administered the rite of baptism to the baby, Paul Isaac Winans.

The new missionary girls were left in a perplexing situation, with three motherless baby boys to care for. The problems confronting them were complicated enough to bring dismay to less valiant souls. They were strangers in a foreign land. They had no previous experience to guide them, and they had not been long enough on the field to become adjusted to the work, which was in its pioneer stage. A systematic working plan must be devised before much could be accomplished. The shadow

of death lay heavily upon the little household, making all difficulties appear doubly formidable.

But missionaries are made of heroic stuff. Resolutely they set to work to perform the duties nearest to them, trusting the Lord to direct them in the way they should go. Instinctively Esther Carson clung to her "borrowed baby," hovering over him with a tender solicitude, and showering upon him a boundless wealth of affection. He was a tiny mite of humanity, very weak and frail. When one month old he measured 23 inches in length and weighed five pounds three ounces. From the first it was evident to all that his hold upon life was but a slender thread. Rev. Winans offered to relieve the missionary of the care of his baby by hiring some Peruvian woman to nurse him. But Esther refused to consider the proposition. The Peruvian women available were all too ignorant and unreliable to be trusted with the care of a delicate infant. Besides, she firmly believed that the Lord had lent the little one to her for a season, and she accepted the charge as a special form of service for the Master. So she concentrated her best efforts upon the task of keeping her treasure alive, cherishing the hope that, with God's help, she might be able to rear him for the Lord's service. He was christened Paul Isaac, but Esther called him "Ben-Eli" (Son of my God). Tenderly she fed him, and bathed him, and washed his little clothes; lovingly she crooned to him in baby language, and soothed him to sleep with sacred lullabies. She had his swinging cradle suspended from a hook in the ceiling of her room, so that she could reach from her cot to swing him when he wakened in the night. She wrote letters with Pablito (Spanish for "little Paul") across her knee, or reclining in his go-cart which she could push with her foot. Faithfully she nursed the little one through his numerous illnesses, at times literally pulling him back from the mists of the silent river. During one of those experiences she solemnly vowed that *never would she consent to marry* unless the Lord should plainly indicate it to be His will!

Naturally during the first few months of Esther Carson's missionary career Pablito figured largely in the numerous letters which traveled from Pascamayo to the home folks on the Lakeside farm. In those hastily written pages is recorded the story of the baby's brief career, with the pathetic details of the little foster-mother's desperate struggle to preserve her darling's life, for she loved her "borrowed baby" with an intensity of affection which threatened to rival even her devotion to God. She was obliged to pray constantly over the matter.

Although burdened with these family cares, the resourceful missionary never allowed them to handicap her to any great extent in her evangelistic labors. When Pablito was only two weeks old he was carefully wrapped and carried to the mission hall, where he slumbered peacefully through the service in the arms of Clara (the twelve-year-old Peruvian girl who was a member of the Winans family), while his foster-mother preached. It soon became customary for Esther to conduct the preliminaries of her services with the baby across her knee. When she rose to preach she surrendered him to other arms, or often he slept peacefully in an adjoining room.

The little one also accompanied the two missionaries on their daily visits to the homes of the people and the neighboring haciendas. In all pioneer mission fields the fruit must be chiefly handpicked, usually the result of intensive and persistent visitation. The tiny "gringito" in the missionary's arms opened many doors which otherwise would have been closed, while the baby's infantile helplessness never failed to appeal to the feminine heart, making the approach to conversation easy. Thus little Pablito filled his own place in the missionary program.

The little boys, Joel age five, and John (Juancito in Spanish) age three, also turned naturally to Miss Carson and Miss Park for love and sympathy, and they claimed a large share of the missionaries' attention. But early in December Rev. Winans moved to Monsefu where the Missionary Board had

purchased a fine property from some good missionaries who were obliged to leave the field. He took the boys with him. This relieved the lady missionaries of much domestic care, but it left them with the entire responsibility of the mission work at Pacasmayo—and of *Pablito*. In addition to the evangelistic services and pastoral work, they conducted some private classes in English, and they were planning to open a school in January. They also had the little Peruvian girl, Clara, who was of great assistance in the home. She had been brightly converted, and was passionately fond of Miss Carson, whom she called “mother.” Esther, in turn, became greatly attached to the child, whom she classed with Pablito as one of her “children.”

That first winter’s evangelistic labors yielded some gratifying results to encourage the hearts of the new missionaries. Progress in new fields, especially Roman Catholic fields, is necessarily very slow, but the faithful workers detected evidences of deepening conviction upon their people, many hearts being visibly moved, and a number making profession of saving grace. The English classes increased in attendance and in interest, while the children were eagerly waiting the opening of the school.

But meanwhile the home life of the missionaries suffered many vicissitudes. Despite his foster-mother’s tender care, baby Pablito did not thrive. After an attack of the prevailing influenza, his little stomach refused to digest anything. It was decided that only mother’s milk would save him. Accordingly Esther took her charge to Monsefu and to Talambo in search of a nurse. No reliable woman could be found who would consent to take the sole charge of the baby, but a girl from a Christian family at Talambo consented to return with the missionary to Pacasmayo to nurse him. Under this arrangement, to Miss Carson’s great joy, the little fellow began to improve. He gained in strength and in weight, his little cheeks filled out, and he became plumper and happier than he had ever been.

Hopes were entertained that he might yet survive the trying months of infancy.

The school was opened, as planned, in January, with a bright Peruvian girl, Estella, as assistant teacher for the primary children. The enrollment was encouraging and the children enthusiastic. The heart of the little "house-mother" was filled with rejoicing. But a time of very severe testing was in store for her.

First the woman who had taken care of Clara from the age of four to ten years, and who insisted that she had a legal right to the child, came to the mission and demanded the "loan" of the girl for a few days. Since there was no reasonable excuse to offer, the missionaries reluctantly consented, and the girl as reluctantly departed with her relative, who was a wicked, unprincipled woman with strong Catholic prejudices. Clara had become thoroughly converted to Protestantism, and sincerely loved her Savior and the "evangelicos," especially Miss Carson. Clara was not allowed to return at the time agreed upon, and her relative openly defied the missionaries in their efforts to recover the child. Some of the mission workers laid the case before the prefect of the county, but he refused to interfere. Clara escaped once, but was soon recaptured, after which she was kept under strict guard and not allowed to communicate with the missionaries. This was a cruel blow to Miss Carson, who never ceased to grieve over the loss of her little Peruvian girl and her subsequent defection from the faith.

But a still greater sorrow followed swiftly upon the heels of the other. Little Pablito continued to thrive until his nurse's milk supply failed and she returned home in Monsefu on March 4. Miss Park accompanied the girl because she was too timid to travel alone. This left Esther alone with her baby, who was growing dearer to her every day. A water-throwing carnival was in progress on the streets of Pacasmayo that day—an occasion when the towns-people amuse themselves by throwing

water on one another. The only way to escape a ducking was to remain indoors. This afforded Esther her first opportunity to enjoy a season of quiet and seclusion since her arrival in Peru. Needless to say, she welcomed it with eagerness, for the entire lack of privacy which prevails in a Peruvian town was keenly distressing to the studious girl whose custom it had been to steal away into the depths of some leafy solitude to enjoy communion with God under the spreading branches of some El Arbol Mio!

There was no El Arbol Mio in Pacasmayo, but the missionary did enjoy her day of seclusion in the shelter of her room, with God and her "borrowed baby." She had no fear for Pablito. He was seven months old and apparently so much stronger than ever before, and in case the milk she was feeding him should prove injurious, another wet nurse could be secured at Talambo. But, to her surprise, in a day or two the little one was taken violently ill. With all possible speed, she hastened with him to Talambo. But the change in diet failed to bring the expected relief. The child grew rapidly worse until, three days after reaching Talambo, March 12, 1919, "God took His baby home," to join his mother in that fair land where there is no more pain, neither sorrow nor crying.

The shock was the severest that Esther Carson had ever sustained. At first her strength almost failed her, but she rallied, and resolutely putting away all thought of herself, she turned to the work with renewed diligence, determined to enter every open door as God should give her strength. In her circular letter to friends in America, she wrote:

"There is so much one would like to write and yet cannot. Since March 12 I have been renewedly your missionary and God's more than ever, more than I could possibly have become without the very experiences that God has sent into my life these seven months just past."

CHAPTER TWELVE

OPENING A MISSION AT CHEPEN—ROGERIO

The passing of Pablito left an aching void in Esther Carson's heart and her arms felt strangely empty, but her brain and hands were actively and constantly employed. Relieved of their heaviest domestic cares, the two missionaries began to evangelize more extensively in various towns. They visited Chepen, Talambo, Guadalupe, San Pedro, Jeauetepeque and Facla Grande, everywhere singing and preaching the gospel and selling Bibles and Testaments. After conducting Sunday services for a few weeks at Chepen, they rented two large rooms favorably located in a public square. The front room they fitted up for services with tables, folding chairs and blue-painted benches, while in the other room they disposed a few household furnishings for two. They then arranged their Bibles and Testaments for sale, and proceeded to formally open a mission station at Chepen, similar to the one at Pacasmayo. Senor Razuri, one of the faithful native preachers, moved his family to Pacasmayo to pastor the little flock there while the lady missionaries took charge of the new station. They kept in constant touch, however, with the workers at headquarters by teaching English classes in Pacasmayo on Mondays and Tuesdays, and by holding preaching services there from time to time. They started English classes in Chepen also, with preaching Sunday and Friday nights and Sunday school on Sunday afternoons. Every day at the close of school the missionaries spent a half-hour with the children, playing and singing for the boys who crowded into the mission hall, and telling them Bible stories. This was always followed up by personal visitation.

Curiosity drew the crowds to see the American señoritas, to hear them sing and play, and to discover what they had to say. It was often distinctly amusing to hear the boys outside the door calling to a passing priest, "Cura! Cura! Come here and learn English!"

This program was varied by frequent evangelistic trips to other preaching places. Thus the lady missionaries became "pilgrims and strangers," with "no continuing city." In the strength of the Spirit they went forth, bearing precious seed, some of which did not fail to fall upon good ground. In one of her circular letters Miss Carson writes of this situation:

"Once in a while the thought occurs to me, 'Just think of you two girls alone, pitted against this wicked city!' But the swift, warning answer comes, 'You keep your eyes on Jesus, and preach Him! The rest is His business. Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world.' So it is that we go on, visiting, singing, testifying, selling Bibles, praying with folks and for folks, and preaching the Word."

Single lady missionaries in Peru must contend with a peculiar problem which is little understood by the friends in the homeland. The standard of morals which prevails in that dark land is very low, while the Peruvian youth are exceedingly amorous. As a consequence, both missionaries were constantly annoyed by midnight serenades and other attentions of a sentimental nature which were not only unwelcome, but disgusting and, at times even alarming. But the Lord's protecting care was about His messengers both night and day, allowing no evil to come near them. Miss Carson, despite her small stature, was always eminently successful in handling these situations with becoming dignity and firmness, yet without driving the offenders beyond the reach of the gospel message.

Crowded with abundant labors the weeks and months passed rapidly, while the Lord continued to shield His ministering servants from every hidden snare. On one Sunday morning in June the train in which the missionaries were riding to their preaching appointment at Pacasmayo was suddenly derailed. Two of the coaches were reduced to kindling wood, but only one passenger was injured. It was a narrow escape from instant death. The missionaries gave thanks to God, and wondered who were praying for them on that day.

On July 6, 1919, the first Assembly of the Church of the Nazarene in Peru was opened at Monsefu. This was a notable occasion for the *evangelicos*, for all felt that "history of eternal interest was in the making." Ten sturdy Indians from the Sierras (mountains) were in attendance at this assembly, some of whom had traveled on foot a distance of seventy miles. The usual business was transacted, but the sessions were more like those of a grand campmeeting than of a business gathering, for the deliberations were mingled with songs and testimonies and the preaching of the Word. Several souls were saved, a number were baptized, and thirty-seven native Christians knelt with the missionaries at the communion table. It was a season of great rejoicing and victory.

Throughout the strenuous experiences of her missionary career Esther was cheered and sustained by the love messages from her dear ones at the Lakeside farm, which never ceased to wing their way in rapid succession across the briny deep. Her beloved Daddy Pank and "Fair Hair o' the Setting Sun," next to the abiding Comforter and the Holy Word, their beautiful letters were the missionary's inspiration and her tower of strength upon which she leaned in times of stress and trial. Such ardent love; such implicit trust; such tender sympathy; such instinctive response of spirit to spirit, leaping over barriers of time and space are rarely experienced in human intercourse.

But that was not all! Almost every letter whispered of a dream these home folks were cherishing—a dream of some day joining their daughter in dark Peru! Mr. Carson was not satisfied with his location at Lakeside where irrigation conditions were not altogether satisfactory. A change of some kind was desirable. Why not to Peru? As to "Fair Hair o' the Setting Sun," the echo of her childish "call" to South America was sounding in her soul. She was diligently studying the Spanish language, with Peru in mind—and Esther. To those devoted souls the accomplished, resourceful missionary to whom everyone was looking for leadership and counsel and help and in-

struction, was still the treasure of their hearts, their "Essie baby" in need of their parental care!

For good and sufficient reasons, Rev. Winans gravely discouraged the plan of bringing these good people to Peru, chiefly because the life in that dark land is so *un-American*. He held that youthful vigor and a strong constitution, in addition to a stout heart, are required to cope with the rigors of pioneer life in the sin-laden atmosphere of a Christless land, so destitute of the refining influences and the many conveniences which are necessary to the comfort of the humblest American citizen. He could not believe that people who were advancing in years could happily adapt themselves to so sharp a contrast of environment. Esther admitted the force of his arguments, but assured him that he *did not know her people*. Moreover, she was sure—very sure indeed—that both Daddy Pank and her Ana Carissima would discover ways to become very useful on the mission field.

So the dream fluctuated, sometimes burning with a steady glow, at other times flickering with a dimmer light, but never once dying out through all the years.

ROGERIO

In his capacity as Superintendent of the Nazarene work in Peru, Rev. Roger S. Winans (Spanish *Rogerio*) was a frequent visitor at both Pacasmayo and Chepen. Needless to say his visits were greatly enjoyed by the missionaries. It was the Superintendent's custom to sit at Miss Carson's table to read or to write, and to discuss with her and Miss Park the various problems of the work and its many needs. Often their conversations were enlivened by spirited discussions on theological themes. Together they planned a native preacher's study course for which Rev. Winans undertook a translation of "God's Method With Man," but he submitted to Miss Carson, Bounds' "Preacher and Prayer," because its literary style is very difficult to render into Spanish.

Esther admired Rev. Winans from her first acquaintance with him. The rugged strength and the naive simplicity of the pioneer missionary, his deep piety and unselfish heroism all commanded her respect, while his Christian fortitude under severe affliction appealed to her sympathies. Moreover, their many vigils over the cradle of little Pablito when, time after time, they battled together to preserve the little life which was so exceedingly dear to both, and their mutual grief over the loss of their treasure, brought these two very close together in spirit. Under such circumstances the development of an attachment stronger and more intimate than that of ordinary friendship was inevitable.

Yet, even after this fact was recognized by both, the missionaries were determined not to be ruled by their desires until fully persuaded that their union would be in the will of God, and for the furtherance of His kingdom in Peru. Long and earnestly they waited upon the Lord in prayer.

But when Esther heard the story of the pioneer's early struggles and especially of his call to the Indians of the interior; and while she listened to the accounts of his evangelistic visits in the Sierra regions, her heart was strangely stirred. Beyond those mountain heights, in the forest jungles of the distant Andes, primitive tribes were wandering who had never been touched by civilization—tribes who had no written language! It was the call of these mountain people that Roger Winans had been following through the years, battling against fearful odds, working his way little by little, toiling, striving, praying for the privilege of carrying to these lost sheep the message of salvation! The little missionary by Roger Winans' side listened with bated breath. Lifting up her eyes to the hills, she recognized far away on the eastern horizon the towering peaks of her own mountains of vision. Hidden away amid the leafy solitudes of those distant hills were the people of whom she had dreamed, the tribes whose language she was to reduce to writing so that she might give them the Word of God!

In the silent night watches their plaintive call was borne to her listening ear, the same call that Roger Winans had been following for so many years! While she gazed upon those eastern heights bathed in the glory of the dawn, the stalwart form of the old Indian chief who had once laid his hand upon her infant head in blessing seemed to loom amid the forest shades, while his voice was blended with the plaintive calls of his forest kindred, "Come! come! come!"

The Lord had hearkened unto the prayer of His servants and marked out plainly the way they should take. The two missionaries must follow the mountain trail, hand in hand! Reverently and gladly they plighted their troth, to follow their "call" and the vision as God should lead them.

That the road marked out for them would not be an easy one the missionaries well knew, but the true missionary always chooses "the way of the cross," and it never fails to "lead home."

This important decision was made at assembly time (July) but several months elapsed before further steps were taken. Rev. Winans returned to his work at Monsefu and the supervision of the district, while Miss Carson and Miss Park resumed their labors at Chepen and Pacasmayo. Early in August Miss Park was stricken with a severe attack of gastric fever. During the long, weary weeks of her illness at Chepen Miss Carson faithfully nursed her beloved sister missionary, scarcely leaving her side night or day. During this time of affliction they were deeply touched by the kindness of the Peruvian doctor, who refused any remuneration for his services. The dear people who lived upstairs, over the mission, although Catholics, were also untiring in their ministrations of affection. This illness was a severe trial, and when the dear missionary finally rose from her couch she was greatly reduced in weight, and years passed before she recovered her former comely proportions.



*The bride
and groom.*

*R. S. Winans,
Esther Carson Win-
ans,
Roger Joseph Winans,
Frankie George Win-
ans.*



CHAPTER THIRTEEN

WEDDING BELLS—MONSEFU

Late in October, two little boys, six and four years of age, came from Monsefu to Chepen, to become acquainted with the lady who was to be their new mother, "Mamma Esther," while their father, "Rogerio," was absent on an evangelistic trip. This time he penetrated the interior as far as Jaen, the frontier town which was to become their headquarters in later years. The little boys were Joel and John, or in Spanish, Hoayle and Juancito. They quickly responded to "Mamma Esther's" loving ministrations, yielding to her their implicit confidence, and lavishing upon her their ardent affection, while they, in turn, soon became as dear to their new mother as Pablito had been.

After an extended trip in the mountains, Roger Winans walked into the mission rooms in Chepen on December 14, in time to help with the arrangements for the supreme occasion which was to unite his life with that of the brilliant little missionary, Esther Carson. Immediately the missionary party, with the two children, left Chepen for Pacasmayo where the ceremony was to be performed. In order to comply with the complicated legal proceedings which are required to make a marriage legal in Peru, a trip to San Pedro was also necessary.

On the morning of the eventful day, December 19, 1919, willow and palm branches were brought in to decorate the mission room. These emblems of *sorrow* and *victory* were peculiarly appropriate to the occasion, seemingly prophetic of the checkered experiences which were in store for the pioneer apostles to the Aguarunas. On the morning of her wedding day the little bride wrote:

"Willows and palms—Sorrow and Victory. So is life *here* with Jesus. We do not *want* absolute happiness, nor our day of complete glory until we have it with Him!"

So the green branches were arranged in the chapel with beautiful decorative effect. The long palm branches reached to the high ceiling, while the willows were arranged about the walls like a wainscoting. The wide middle door was draped with a large American flag, and two graceful palms were arched overhead. The bride was angelic, arrayed all in white, with a shimmering tulle bridal veil, and crowned with a wreath of fragrant cape jasmine, with a single rose. The veil was the gift of Mabel Park, and fashioned by her own skilful hands, while the wreath was made by one of the Peruvian girls. Since the contracting parties were the only ordained Protestant ministers in the district, the solemn vows were spoken according to the Quaker custom. Brother Razuri read parts of the Nazarene ritual, also the legal document procured at San Pedro, and explained to the assembled crowd of more than two hundred the sacredness of the Protestant marriage service. Then with prayer and singing of gospel hymns the ceremonies were concluded. Miss Esther Hazeltine Evangeline Carson had become Senorita Esther Evangelina C. de Winans, more familiarly known to the Nazarene public as Mrs. Esther Carson Winans.

In view of the serious nature of the God-appointed task before them, the bride penned the following lines:

"O God,

Prepare me for Thyself at any cost!

Be it by sunshine, tempest, cloud or rain;

By path of peace, or punishment, or pain,

Through persecution or perplexity,

Prepare me for Thyself at any cost!

So shall I count as refuse what I lost,

That I may gain Christ for Eternity.

*"So shalt thou ripen me by sun and frost;
 So shall I, though afflicted, tempest-tossed,
 Find all my stones in purest colors laid;
 Unto Thine image shall I be conformed,
 From glory unto glory so transformed
 And this unworthy me divinely made
 Like to Thyself (by gazing on Thy face)
 Unto the praise of the glory of Thy grace."*

(Dec. 17, 1919).

Thus these consecrated messengers of the cross took upon themselves the solemn vows with undimmed vision, and with a faith sublime they turned their faces resolutely toward the mountains to follow, hand in hand, the trail of destiny which was to lead them to the regions beyond the distant Andes.

At the time of the wedding the missionaries were expecting reinforcement in the person of Miss Augie Holland, who was due to arrive on the next steamer. They planned for the new missionary to assist Miss Park at Pacasmayo and Chepen, thus leaving the Winans family free to push the work at Monsefu, but the bride was to remain with Miss Park until Miss Holland's arrival. The steamer came to port sooner than expected. While the newly weds were at Chepen busily packing Mrs. Winan's goods for Monsefu, a message from Miss Park at Pacasmayo conveyed the joyful news that Miss Holland had already landed, and with her two other missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. Frank Ferguson, who were passing through Peru, but who *might* be persuaded to remain with them permanently.

Naturally this message created no small stir in the minds of the bridal couple. Immediately bright hopes for the speedy fulfillment of hopes long deferred, dreams of a long, long journey over the mountains into the interior danced before their excited mental vision. For if the Fergusons could be induced to take charge at Monsefu, with Miss Park and Miss Holland at Pacasmayo, assisted by the colporteur and native workers,

surely they, Roger and Esther Winans, would be free to follow the call that each had cherished for so many long years! With conflicting emotions of hope and suspense they boarded the first train for Pacasmayo to meet the new missionaries. While en route Esther Winans wrote to her mother:

"There is a breathless awe in my soul at the nearness of the beginning of the actual fulfilment of the great goal of my life—the goal to which my soul has pressed toward without a break since I was four years old. We are eager enough to follow, but feel awed at every turn that brings us to be so keenly conscious that *God* has planned every move in our lives."

Thus tensely were the souls of these devoted missionaries attuned to the call of the interior Indians. But their dreams were not to be realized so soon as they were daring to hope. The Fergusons did not remain in Peru. So it was necessary for the Winans to continue at Monsefu for at least another year.

Mrs. Winans found the situation at Monsefu more pleasant in many respects than at Pacasmayo. The property purchased by the Missionary Board comprised a few buildings surrounded by an adobe wall, Rev. Winans, with the assistance of one of the native helpers, was building a small adobe house for the school teacher who was expected to come from Chiclayo to open a mission school in Monsefu. The surrounding scenery is not so monotonous as that of Pacasmayo. To her delight Esther discovered a certain hill which resembled the Lakeside hills, glorified at the sunset hour by "lovely tints of rose, or violet, or blue, or soft pink gray." A rose garden adjoined the missionaries' house, flaunting a gay riot of color to gladden the eyes recently accustomed to the bleak drabness of Pacasmayo. Best of all, near by was a well and pump which supplied plenty of fresh, clear water for every need! This was a luxury greatly appreciated, because at Pacasmayo all water is brought by carriers to the houses, from the *Sequia*, a ditch which also served as the public bathtub for the the populace, including the

dogs and pigs and other living creatures, ad libitum. Needless to say, the missionaries boiled the water before using it, and survived!

The missionary bride was warmly welcomed by the little church at Monsefu. Many of the faces in the congregation were familiar to Esther, friends whom she had met at the assembly. At Monsefu, as at Pacasmayo, Mrs. Winans spent much time in pastoral visitation and personal work. She also had a Sunday school class of young girls and substituted for her husband in all religious services when he was absent on district evangelistic trips, but she seldom accompanied him on those trips because of her heavy domestic cares. She had her husband to care for, also two bright, active little boys who were devotedly attached to their "Mamma Esther," while they managed to consume much of her time and attention. The missionary's home was always open to a constant stream of callers and visitors who must be attended to. In addition to other strenuous labors, the missionaries diligently pursued the study of Kechua, or Quichua, an Indian language which is closely related to the dialects of the interior. It is the language of the old Incas. The four Gospels had been translated into this ancient tongue, but nothing more.

In response to a letter of inquiry regarding the difficulties encountered on their field, Mrs. Winans replied:

"You ask about our problems and perplexities. Well they are remarkably like those in the States. There are always some who want to borrow money, and some who make professions and don't live up to them, and others who backslide. Then there are those whose minds are so darkened that they are slow to grasp the commonest truths of Christian experience, and neighbors and relatives who get into little difficulties with each other; and sometimes sorrows like sickness or death make one or another of the church family an object of especial concern and prayers. Sometimes things happen thick and fast, one after another; and again one has a period of calm as at

present when one's earthly happiness seems well-nigh complete."

This summary of missionary activities may be accepted as representative of life on the field under ordinary conditions. The interesting details cannot be related in this brief life story, but they are duly recorded in the books which shall be opened on the last great day.

In course of time Esther Winans welcomed a new, sweet hope. From early childhood she had cherished, side by side with her missionary aspirations the vision of a "dream-child." Her love for children was remarkable. When only a child herself, she was stricken at the loss of little Daniel, the orphan lad in India whom she had adopted. When Pablito died her grief was the keenest she had ever experienced. But the new hope which filled her soul surpassed in sacred charm anything that she had ever known. A heavenly glow upon the missionary's face, mysterious bits of dainty needlework in her fingers every spare minute, and the following exquisite lines tell the story. Surely the mother's hope was never voiced in sweeter numbers.

THE DREAM BABY

*In the garden are roses in glorious array,
Their breath and their hue like the dawn of the day.
But when the pink velvet of roses I seek,
The marvel I find is my dream baby's cheek.*

*In the garden are breezes that love me and play
With my face and my hair till I hie me away
However the wind so caressingly lingers,
I feel but the touch of the dream baby's fingers.*

*Sometimes there are showers that are gentle as dew,
That dance on the leaves and drop glittering through;
But never fall raindrops so softly and sweet
As the patter I hear of the dream baby's feet.*

*The garden's athrob with a manifold life,
The katydid's drum—the chalala's fife—
Whatever I feel of the rhythmical art
Is all in the beat of the dream baby's heart.*

*The birds there are singing to God and to me,
While the winds play the tree-harps with riotous glee.
Whenever I listen to songs that rejoice,
I hear but the music of my baby's voice.*

*Up over the garden gleam millions of lights,
That twinkle and glow through the long summer nights.
Whenever I look at the star-sprinkled sky
I see but the shine of my dream baby's eye.*

*God walks in the garden in the cool of the day,
Where His heart meets mine, where I sing, read and pray;
Whatever I find of His beauty and grace
Weaves into a soul for the dream baby's face.*

*The dream baby's father is noble and strong;
His heart is a garden, and there we belong,
For we are both his, the dream baby and me,
And we all, heavenly Father, belong unto Thee.*

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

NEDRA ANN JEDONNE

The Second Annual Assembly of the Peru District convened at Monsefu in July, 1920. It was a time of spiritual refreshing even more notable than that of the preceding year. The attendance increased to eighty, including representatives from Chepen and other new stations, and a number from the Sierra region; also four new missionaries instead of three, and all looking forward with rejoicing to the soon coming of Brother and Sister Rademacher. Souls were saved, several sanctified, and a few reclaimed. Five persons were baptized, nine probationers received and three in full membership. The spirit of devotion prevailed through all the sessions, while the testimonies and the songs, as well as the preached Word and the Bible study, were accompanied by the demonstrations of the Spirit in prayer and song and shouts of rejoicing which were sometimes prolonged until long after the midnight hour. Rev. and Mrs. Winans arranged for the entertainment of the large crowd.

At the close of this assembly the new Bible Training School was opened for native preachers. The students attended classes in the forenoons, and worked in the afternoons. On Sundays, and often during the week, they went with the missionaries, or with the native preacher, Senor Lucas, to neighboring villages to preach and sing and testify. Rev. Winans and his native helpers were busily working on the erection of a new chapel building.

The weeks immediately following the assembly were crowded to overflowing with activities in the Lord's service until, on November 4, 1920, she came—the dream baby, Nedra Ann Jedonne! “Jedonne” is a French name which means “a

giver." She was born in Monsefu on the very day that the new missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. Rademacher, arrived in Pacasmayo.

The baby was received with songs of praise and great rejoicing. Mrs. Vasquez, a friendly English missionary from Chiclayo, Mabel Park and the fond father were in attendance. From the first she was a winsome baby—Jedonne—plump and vigorous, fair of face, with wee dimpled fingers, and deep blue eyes which very soon responded to new faces with remarkable intelligence. She was a happy little creature, a veritable sunbeam, always smiling, full of glee. She commenced her missionary career when only a few weeks old, and soon became a conspicuous figure wherever the evangelicos were assembled. Sometimes from the safe shelter of somebody's friendly arms she watched her father hard at work on the new chapel building at Monsefu; on the next day she smiled at him roguishly when she spied him in the pulpit, arrayed in his Sunday best, expounding the Word of God. Sometimes she visited the Bible School and frequently was in attendance upon her mother's classes in Chiclayo, where a new station had been opened. Her mother wrote of her to *The Other Sheep*:

"When she went to sleep she never knew where she would wake up. It might be in the classroom where her mother was teaching; or in the church where song, prayer, preaching and testimony were being given. It might be in the back room of some home whose doors had been opened to us for services; or in the street in someone's arms; or on the train between Chiclayo and Monsefu; or in a box-cradle by the organ or guitar, in front of a small sea of faces!

"Strange faces never frightened her. Strange arms were never rejected. She smiled at everyone. She loved them all. She fairly leaped in her mother's arms for joy when she found herself amid a crowd of people on the street."

Little wonder that Jedonne was noticed and loved and admired. She became the pet and darling of the community. Everyone wanted to hold the bright-eyed *bebe*—many wanted to keep her. But it was in the homes of the native people that the wee missionary's ministrations were most effective. No one could resist the sweet, smiling *gringita*. As her mother again wrote, "Doors that were almost closed in our faces used to open at the sight of a laughing baby in the American's arms, and tracts would be accepted where, if we went without the little *gringita* they were refused. She made visiting easy even in the most fanatical homes. Her ready response to friendship and affection delighted and surprised the people."

In her own home Nedra Ann Jedonne was a little well-spring of merriment, seldom crying, giving little trouble, but continually bubbling over with innocent glee.

Miss Jedonne enjoyed with her elders the sessions of the Third Annual Assembly at Monsefu in July, 1921. This was a season of great spiritual refreshing, when the fruitage of the missionary's strenuous labors, and those of his faithful native helpers, became manifest. The native Christians came from the Sierras and many other localities where the tireless pioneer, Roger Winans, had been faithfully evangelizing for months, and even years. The number in attendance was greater than ever before, between forty and fifty new seekers for salvation or purity knelt at the altar. Fourteen were baptized, while holy enthusiasm reached an even higher tide than in the two preceding assemblies. The dedication of the beautiful new white chapel, upon which Rev. Winans and his helpers had labored so long and so successfully, added much to the interest of the occasion. (This is the same chapel that was destroyed by the earthquake of May, 1928).

The entire assembly marched two abreast, around a city block, through the new front gate in the mission compound wall, so that they might "enter into the courts of the Lord with praise." The missionaries led the procession, Rev. and

Mrs. Winans first, with baby Jedonne on her mother's arm, then Rev. and Mrs. Rademacher, then Miss Park and Miss Holland. The missionaries filed onto the platform, while their followers knelt at the benches. After prayer all joined in singing, "Holy, holy, holy!" To her great delight, little Jedonne was placed for a few moments on the pulpit, where she could smile into the faces of the enthusiastic crowd. She waved her little arms and did her best, in baby fashion, to sing and take part in the general rejoicing.

The little one always seemed so well and strong that her mother never entertained any fears about taking her into the homes, even when sickness was present, although tuberculosis had become a veritable scourge in Monsefu, and many other diseases abounded, including some cases of yellow fever. Sometimes Mrs. Vasquez gently cautioned Mrs. Winans about the danger of thus exposing the dear baby, but the missionary always contended that the atmosphere of the town was so thoroughly infected that it made little difference where they might go; and Jedonne, she thought was vigorous enough to throw off the disease germs.

So the wee *gringita* continued her missionary visits, dispensing the sunshine of her smiles in many a darkened home. Day by day she became more winsome and more charming. Her fond mother wrote of her:

*"Oh, none but God knows how I love
Our Nedra Ann Jedonne!
She is a treasure from above,
A joy to look upon!"*

*"Sometimes I wonder, can there be
Another babe so fair?
So glad, so dear, so sweet as she,
So beautiful, so rare?"*

All went well until the little one, soon after assembly, contracted a severe cold which refused to yield to the usual remedies. After two months alarming symptoms began to develop rapidly. With a dreadful fear, and an ache in her heart that no words can describe, Esther Winans watched the roses fade from her darling's cheeks, while the little features grew pale and pinched; she saw the light in those once laughing eyes grow dim, and the bewitching smiles gave place to a look of pain, while the precious little body grew lighter in her arms each day.

She took the child to the home of Encarnacion, an invalid saint who lived in Chiclayo. There she consulted a doctor. He gave her no hope. So they stayed with Encarnacion until the end. For on September 16, 1921, at 10:45 a.m., the once radiant little spirit took its flight and was borne on snowy wings through heaven's portals to be forever with the Lord.

The stricken mother was alone with her treasure when the end came, so gently that she did not know the exact moment. Once more she crooned to her dream-baby the Spanish song the little one loved best. Then she tenderly arrayed the little earthly tenement in dainty, white garments, and lay down beside it with the open Bible until others came in to offer assistance. And truly in this darkest hour, the Lord did not forsake His stricken one, for He drew very close to her and gave her greater victory than ever before. The agony of her grief was so great that she shrank from the touch of human sympathy, save that of her husband, but she found solace in the precious words of Holy Writ.

Alas! these tiny graves in foreign lands are a part of the price which many of our missionaries must pay when they follow their call to the regions beyond. Nevertheless there is compensation. Little Jedonne's missionary career was a brief one—only ten short months—but its memory was like the fragrance of the rose garden lingering long in the hearts of all

who knew her. For months the missionary was greeted daily by anxious inquiries, "Where, O where is the lovely, smiling *gringita?*" And who can tell in how many poor souls the first impulses toward a better life were kindled by the dream-baby's radiant smile? Be that as it may, it is certain that when the Lord comes to make up His jewels, little Jedonne will find her place among the redeemed who are the "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE SIERRAS—SAN MIGUEL

The busy missionary, no matter how sorely bereaved, cannot lay aside her burdens for a season to seek consolation in solitude. The daily routine must be continued, and needy souls must be ministered to as before. So Esther Winans bravely covered the wound in her breaking heart to face the problem of life *without Jedonne*. As in a dream she instructed her pupils, conducted services, performed her household tasks and visited the sick, leaning heavily upon the Everlasting Arm, and finding her consolation in the Eternal Word. Its precious promises sustained her fainting spirit while the divine Presence was never more blessedly near. So when she was called to pray with a dying man who was afraid to cross the silent river, she was ready to minister. The man was saved and his fear dispelled, while a holy joy in the missionary's heart mitigated the pain that was buried there. Her fellowship with the Man of Sorrows, who has triumphed over death and robbed it of its terrors, became more intimate and tender than ever before.

The strenuous life of the missionary permits little time for meditation and none for repining. Important changes in the mission program demanded concentrated attention and increased activity. In October the missionaries were greatly encouraged by the arrival of reinforcements in the persons of Rev. David Walworth and his good wife. This increased the missionary staff to eight, and opened the way for Roger Winans' release from the heavy burden of the Monsefu work, with the responsibility of the Bible school. The good missionary felt that his mission was distinctively evangelistic, rather than educational, while the call of the interior Indians had never ceased to sound in his soul. Moreover, seven years of ceaseless labor in the malarial coast region had sadly undermined his health.

He suffered constantly from the low fever peculiar to that disease. This heavy drain upon his vitality in addition to the perplexing problems associated with the superintendency of the district had reduced the pioneer missionary to the verge of a nervous breakdown. A change of some kind was imperative, but, although a furlough was due, he feared to avail himself of it because of the extreme uncertainty of being permitted to return to the field at an early date. After consultation with Brother Rademacher, he decided that a transfer to the mountains would be preferable to a furlough to the States.

This matter was taken up at the first Nazarene Missionary District Assembly and favorably acted upon. This District Assembly was the first of its kind held in Peru. It was entirely distinct from the Annual Assembly at Monsefu in July, which resembled a holiness campmeeting or convention. This assembly was a business session, and it was composed of the eight missionaries only. They met together to discuss the many important problems, financial and otherwise, connected with the progress of the mission. The serious nature of these problems is indicated by the fact that their discussions occupied five hours each day for five consecutive days. In her report of the proceedings, Mrs. Winans says:

"It was the only assembly I ever attended where potato and apple peeling sometimes took place very quietly, while no one so much as lifted an eyebrow. . . . Appointments, elections, reports, discussions, resolutions, committee work, and assignments of duties were all disposed of as formally and earnestly, prayerfully and efficiently as if there were no such domestic parentheses—and in all conformity with 'Roberts' Rules of Order.' "

This assembly assigned to Rev. and Mrs. Winans the task of opening a new mission station at San Miguel for the benefit of the many converts in the Sierra region who had been won through the faithful ministry of the pioneer missionary and his native preachers. Rev. and Mrs. Rademacher and Miss Park

were appointed to take charge at Monsefu, while the new missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. Walworth, with Miss Holland, were stationed at Pacasmayo.

After the close of the assembly Mrs. Winans with Joel and John, remained for a time at Pacasmayo while her husband returned to Monsefu to help the Rademachers in getting settled, and to close up some business of his own. After attending to these duties he planned to rejoin his family at Pacasmayo, and from there to proceed to San Miguel.

This was the only rest period which Esther Winans enjoyed during her missionary career in Peru. Released from the nervous tension under which she had been laboring for months, she suddenly realized her utter weariness. She wrote to her mother that she might even have dropped the "Sword" from her nerveless grasp had it not "cleaved to her hand." But she took the children to the beach where she could watch them while resting, and wrote letters, and crocheted, and held sweet communion with God. She also visited some old friends in Pacasmayo and Chepen whom she had not seen for two years. One day she met Clara on the beach! The child had been leading a slave's life in her stern relative's home, but she had kept her faith in the true God and Jesus her Savior. Happily, at this time, Mrs. Winans succeeded in securing legal papers which gave her authority of guardian over the girl. Although she was not privileged to take Clara to her home, the child escaped to the home of her uncle where she was kindly treated, and she never returned to the cruel relative again. Although later developments in this case were distinctly disappointing, this incident cheered the missionary's heart at the time, and helped to renew her courage, so that after a rest of three weeks her strength returned in a measure, and with it her ambition. She began to look forward eagerly to the work at San Miguel, and beyond that to the translation; for in the thought of both missionaries, San Miguel was to serve as a stepping stone to the interior.

On December 5 Roger Winans returned to Pacasmayo. The household goods had been shipped to Chilote, a little town which served as a "port" to the Sierra region. From this place everything must be transported over the mountain trails on horseback. On December 6 the missionaries bade farewell to the friends in Pacasmayo and boarded a train for Chilote, a four hours' ride. They ate their supper in that place and were delayed there many hours by the muleteers who were determined to wait until the next day. As a consequence, the start was not made until nearly dark, but they finally reached San Pablo about eleven o'clock, weary and travel-worn. They found a Christian family waiting to entertain them. After a short rest with these friends, the little party set out again on Friday, December 9. Their long cavalcade of fourteen horses and mules slowly climbed the narrow, picturesque trails which trace their sinuous way along the steep mountain slopes of the mighty Andes. Esther Winans feasted her eyes upon the glorious beauties of the mountains which reminded her of the Rockies in her native land. So inspiring was the sight and so invigorating the mountain air that the missionary declared she "couldn't have felt happier on earth. It was like a resurrection day. The past seemed utterly left behind and below forever; we were on our way to open a new station for Jesus; life was to begin all over again."

The mountains in the vicinity of San Miguel are more thickly populated than would seem possible. The Indians rent their little fields, or *chacras*, from rich ranchers. Many of these seem to be almost perpendicular on the mountain side. The missionaries saw corn flourishing on slopes steeper than a shingled roof. They counted a hundred houses along a stretch of mountain side which American farmers would consider too straitened for ten! The vegetation is abundant and varied. Mrs. Winans thus describes it:

"How I did enjoy that ride! Flowers! red, pink, orange, yellow, blue, lavender and purple. Trees and bushes of a hun-

dred kinds—willow, poplar, elder, eucalyptus, palm, banana, pine, papaya, mango, tumbo, orange, plum, apple, chidimoya, some resembling locust and chaparral and birch, and I don't know how many more. Bright little mountain torrents, deep, craggy gorges, towering rocks—and Indians working in the field!"

At four in the afternoon the missionary party reached San Miguel. Rev. Winans lost no time in locating a house to rent and in unloading their goods into it. According to American ideas, it was a very peculiar house. It boasted two stories and an uneven brick floor, with an open court inside surrounded by a balcony porch. Mrs. Winans despaired of ever getting the floor clean, but she was pleased with the open court. The missionaries occupied the second story, while the front room below was converted into a meeting hall.

In San Miguel the missionaries found a hostile atmosphere and opposition more pronounced than any they had encountered elsewhere. Although groups of faithful converts resided in the neighboring villages of Llapa and Calquis, and many were scattered over the mountainside, they found only one Christian believer in San Miguel beside Rosario Gonzales, a converted tailor and devout Christian worker who, with his wife and little girl, moved into the lower part of the mission house. The Indians of this region, although naturally more open-hearted than in other places, are at the same time, very poor, pitifully ignorant and exceedingly superstitious. They are the dupes of the fanatical Catholic clergy who did not scruple to poison the minds of the Indians against the missionaries and their religion. Trained in Romish superstition, the simple people were taught to fear the missionaries and to avoid and shun them as they would the plague.

Consequently Esther Winans' pastoral visitation at San Miguel was neither so extensive nor so successful as it had been on the coast. Besides, there was no smiling, bright-eyed Jedonne to open unwilling doors and to touch unresponsive hearts. The

mother heart of the missionary yearned inexpressibly for another little one to fill the void, and she welcomed rapturously the first promise of such a probability. Whenever a doubt was expressed as to the right of a missionary to bring children into the world to suffer the perils and privations of a pioneer mission field, she always contended first, that God had planted in her nature an excessive love for children; second, that it seemed to her better to have children in heaven than not to have them at all; third, that even though they may suffer here, they will have the glorious privilege of becoming "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ."

So, while her husband evangelized over the mountainside, our missionary labored and lived for Jesus, preaching, singing and praying wherever opportunity allowed, studying Kechua, as well as Greek and Hebrew; directing Joel and John in their studies, and communing with God under the shadow of His mountains, always with her eyes fixed on those distant slopes far in the interior where roamed the Aguaruna Indians, speaking a dialect which had never been reduced to writing.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

IN SAN MIGUEL

Roger Winans discovered the Aguarunas in 1918 when he visited Jaen on an extensive mountain trip, just before his marriage to Esther Carson. While there he thoroughly investigated the situation of the forest tribe, and from that time both the missionary and his gifted wife were convinced that the Aguarunas were the people whose plaintive voices had been calling them across the rolling tide, and whose dusky hands had been beckoning to them from across the "great divide" for so many, many years. Theirs was the unwritten language into which Esther Carson Winans was to translate the message of salvation. The evangelization of this primitive people was the grand goal which had been the guiding star of both their lives. For this Roger Winans had toiled and suffered, and hoped and prayed and believed against overwhelming odds through the long years. For this Esther Carson had studied, diligently storing her brilliant mind during her long college course with treasures both new and old; for this she had said goodbye to her best beloved to labor, and pray, and suffer, and hope and believe, in a sin-cursed, heathen land; for this the Lord had joined her to the brave pioneer who was traveling toward the same goal. Now at San Miguel they felt that the goal was in sight. The necessary base was already well established among the Spanish-speaking people of the coast. The other six missionaries on the field would be able to take care of coast work until further reinforcements should reach them.

The matter of finance was the chief obstacle to be overcome. To meet this difficulty, soon after reaching San Miguel the missionaries drew up a pledge, copies of which they sent to their many personal friends, a goodly number of whom were not members of the Church of the Nazarene. The pledge obli-

gated the signer to pay a definite stated sum each month for a period of three years (beginning in 1922) "for the opening and maintenance of a mission station on the upper Amazon or Marañon River in northern Peru, for the tribe of Indians known as Aguarunas." The missionaries' design in distributing this pledge was to raise the extra amount necessary for the Indian work without diverting a single penny from the other missionary enterprises of the church, at the same time keeping the mission under the jurisdiction of the Church of the Nazarene. Rev. Winans duly communicated with the Board about the matter and Esther wrote to her friends in Lakeside and San Diego and elsewhere.

Having made this effort to assist the Board in launching the Indian project, the missionaries devoted themselves to the work in San Miguel and vicinity. During the rainy season they conducted English meetings and visited among the people who would receive them. Some were interested and attended the meetings, and, even in the face of priestly opposition, a few people were saved. For the first time Esther Winans experienced the sensation of being *hated* for Jesus' sake, for the priests in the town were very bitter against the missionaries, continually stirring up the people against them. The young boys were encouraged to pelt the *evangelicos* with stones, destroy their property, and perpetrate many other annoyances. The missionaries suffered in a dignified and Christlike manner. On the other hand, the native brethren in Llapa, Calquis, etc., were always exceptionally considerate, endeavoring to atone in some measure for the insults of others by their kind attentions.

When the weather permitted Rev. Winans evangelized on the district. Under the bracing influence of the mountain atmosphere his health was greatly improved. Early in March he commenced his round of visits on the district in his capacity of District Superintendent. He visited first Pacasmayo, Chepen and other stations in Pacasmayo Province; then he proceeded to Chiclayo and Monsefu, planning after his return home to

take his wife and boys with him on his tour of the mountain district, beginning in the early part of June.

Esther Winans always battled against excessive loneliness and depression of spirit when her husband was absent on these long trips. But she bravely kept her mind and hands busily employed, conducting the services, visiting in the homes which were open to her, teaching Joel and John, studying Kechua, reviewing her Hebrew and Greek, reveling in the beauties of Nature by the side of the mountain brook, and communing with Nature's God amid the purple shadows of His mountains, waiting for the return of her loved one, and encouraged by the hope of sharing his next itinerary over the mountain district.

Rev. Winans reached home early in May, accompanied by Miss Holland, who tarried for a week's visit with her sister missionary. Together they held a little meeting in Calquis and visited some of the native Christian families, a privilege greatly enjoyed by both. Miss Holland returned to Pacasmayo at the end of that happy week, and on the next day Mrs. Winans was prostrated by a severe attack of la grippe, which was epidemic in the region. Many of the mountaineers died of the scourge, but Mrs. Winans rallied after a few days, and although scarcely able to travel, on May 22 she resolutely set forth with her husband and the two little boys on the long anticipated mountain trip.

Notwithstanding her weakened condition, the stout-hearted little missionary thoroughly enjoyed the experience, riding over the picturesque mountain trails, breathing the bracing ozone of the highlands, counting the wild-flowers which lifted their lovely faces to the sunshine. During the month of May, 1922, Mrs. Winans counted one hundred different varieties of wild-flowers between San Miguel and Pan de Azucar. About two-thirds of them were varieties that she had never seen outside of Peru.

Gradually the missionary's strength came back to her while they visited in many homes and conducted meetings, in every

place finding hungry hearts open to the gospel. At one place thirty-six people were crowded into the small room where the meeting was held, and the Spirit's presence was so manifest that the little missionary could not restrain her tears of joy. One man was under deep conviction, and expressed his desire to be converted "at the next meeting sure." A new work was opened at Potrero.

But the activities of the *evangelicos* did not escape the observation of the priests. Their hatred and jealousy were greatly excited, just as the chief priests in Jerusalem were stirred when they saw the people turning to the lowly Nazarene. Like them, these Peruvian priests were secretly plotting the destruction of the troublesome teachers of a new doctrine. The rural mountain district where the missionaries were evangelizing formed a convenient stage for the execution of the plotters' vile schemes. The region between Santa Cruz and Chota is infested with hundreds of armed bandits, ruthless, bold and daring, ready to sell themselves for any deed of violence or crime. The native Nazarene evangelists had repeatedly suffered at their hands. Brother Castenada had barely escaped with his life. If the American *evangelicos* could be disposed of the heresy could easily be stamped out. So reasoned the powerful and fanatical Roman authorities.

The missionaries were planning to first cover their mountain territory, then continue their journey to Monsefu to attend the July Annual Assembly. But when they bravely set forth on that long mountain trip they were not ignorant of the danger they were facing.

Upon his return to San Miguel after his visit to the coast missions Roger Winans discovered that things had been happening during his absence. On the one hand, a man had been converted in one of the regular services. But the atmosphere was charged with alarming reports and mysterious threats of violence. It was said that the meetings at Cajamarca had been closed and that a petition had been widely circulated to expel

the Mackays (Presbyterian missionaries) from that place, and the Winans from San Miguel. A decree had been published by the marshal of Llapa forbidding the distribution of evangelical literature, and banning propaganda of any kind. The Nazarene native brethren were gravely apprehensive of a violent attack instigated by the fanatical authorities. Nevertheless the heroic missionaries held their meeting at Llapa in the open house of Brother Castendada, near the public square. Without mentioning the marshal's decree, Rev. Winans assured the large crowd which assembled that he was ready to suffer or die, if need be, for the love of Jesus and the truth, but that "as long as I have breath in my lungs and strength in my body, I shall continue to preach the Word."

This solemn declaration apparently left its impression on many, for no word of protest was raised. Within a few hours the missionaries returned to San Miguel to complete their preparations for their mountain trip. As already related, their itinerary was at first attended by gracious manifestations of God's favor. But a storm was brewing which threatened a speedy end to the missionaries' career.

It broke suddenly on a sunny morning in June when the sweet bird calls of the forest were blending with the music of the mountain stream in an anthem of praise to the Creator of all good things.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

BEATEN WITH STRIPES

Roger and Esther Winans had spent the night with a native Christian family in a little hamlet about ten miles north of Santa Cruz. The good missionary, seated near a sunny corner of the house, was diligently studying his Bible, while his little wife was sprinkling a few clothes which she wished to iron before starting for Pan de Azucar. The *alforjas* were already packed, so, while waiting for the charcoal iron to heat, Mrs. Winans helped the little boys to dress. Suddenly the report of a revolver rang out on the startled air, followed by a volley of oaths and curses. Without ceremony a half dozen rough men bolted into the room, brandishing fire-arms in a threatening manner, and dealing destruction right and left. After looting the *alforjas* they proceeded to collect all the precious study books which the missionaries carried with them, and they appropriated everything that struck their fancy, including Rev. Winans' razor and Mrs. Winans' valuable guitar—a gift from her father—all the while keeping up a rapid fire of vile curses and terrifying threats.

Esther, with the little boys, ran outside to her husband as soon as she could make her way through the crowd. One of the ruffians had snatched the Bible from the missionary's hand and tossed it on the ground, while the leaders of the gang, who proved to be the sheriff (or *teniente*) and his deputy, insolently displayed a warrant for the arrest of the missionaries, duly signed and sealed by the governor of Santa Cruz. The document was a lengthy one, but the officers permitted the missionary to see only a few lines of it. Their purport seemed to be that the missionaries must leave the neighborhood at

once, and that they must be conducted to Santa Cruz by the officers. Since the arrest seemed to be authorized, Rev. Winans insisted upon being conducted to Santa Cruz at once.

The officers objected, claiming that bandits (not his own) would surely kill them on the way. The missionary called their attention to the fact that as officers of the law they would be held responsible for the lives and property of their prisoners, and that they would be required to account for every article purloined or destroyed, *reclames* would be made for everything. Since his words only called forth a torrent of abusive language, the missionary summoned his heroic little wife to make ready quickly for their enforced journey.

Snatching up a few little articles which they could carry in their pockets, consoling the terrified children, and promising to be back by nightfall, they started on their strange adventure with unflinching courage, sustained by unfaltering faith in the God who had called them, ready to add a new chapter to the Acts of the world's great missionary heroes! They were rushed off unceremoniously. Mrs. Winans was not even allowed time to remove the blue apron which protected her white waist. Hurriedly drawing on her sweater, and snatching up a large sun hat, she rapidly followed the trail with the men, through the thick underbrush, under the swaying branches of protecting trees, over a path carpeted with thick mosses and sprinkled gayly with wild-flowers. Nature presented a smiling face, but many of the graceful ferns were crushed, and many bright-faced flowerets were broken and left bleeding by the wayside, trampled under ruthless and unholy feet. All the sweet forest sounds were drowned in the din of boisterous execrations and abusive threats.

All the way Roger Winans labored faithfully to impress upon those untutored minds the folly and danger of molesting American citizens who have committed no crime, and of purloining or destroying their property. Apparently little impres-

sion was produced by the missionary's clear exposition of the functions of American Consulates, and of the requirements of their own Peruvian law, as well as the personal danger incurred by proceeding illegally in defiance of their orders. His best efforts elicited only insolent and threatening replies. The bandits were becoming more violent and dangerous with each step of the way, for they were passing a bottle around and imbibing freely.

After following the trail for about a mile, they suddenly halted, and ordered Esther to play for them on her guitar, which one of them was carrying. She refused to do so, while her husband again insisted upon being conducted immediately to Santa Cruz. The captives were well aware that their danger increased with delay, and that their only human hope depended upon their safe conduct to the town authorities, and deliverance from the notorious gang of bandit murderers. Esther understood that the bandits purposed to kill their captives before reaching Santa Cruz, but the torrent of abusive language which polluted the atmosphere was punctuated with so many words not found in the dictionaries that she missed the vile significance of some of the threats against her person. But when the most drunken and insolent fellow of the group (Leoncio, the sub-teniente) violently pushed Esther toward her guitar with an insulting remark which no true man will brook against his wife, Roger Winans quickly landed a blow in the villain's face which knocked him over. Instantly pandemonium reigned! Leoncio struggled to his feet and fired a shot close to the heads of the missionaries, who were standing side by side. The deputy yelled the order *to kill them at once*, whereupon the whole crowd set upon the defenseless victims, beating them with canes and clubs. Swiftly the cruel blows descended upon heads, arms and backs of the innocent captives, interspersed with kicks and fist-blows, yells and curses and threats!

The blows were directed at the husband chiefly, rather than upon the little wife, but she repeatedly managed to get between

him and the ruffians, in spite of the missionary's determined efforts to shield her—so she received a goodly number of the cruel blows. Blood flowed freely from numerous wounds on their heads and backs. Their appeals to the sheriff were at first unheeded, but after a long time he ordered the blows to cease, promising the crowd that they might make the missionaries play the guitar later on.

When Roger and Esther Winans stood close together in the midst of that vile crowd, drenched in each other's blood, they were not dismayed. On the contrary, their hearts were bounding with a holy, exultant joy, because at last they were permitted to share in their Lord's sufferings, to give of their life blood for the Savior who had shed His precious blood on Calvary! Three thoughts were uppermost in Esther's mind. First, they were suffering this for *Jesus'* sake; second, in a short time they might be in glory, she with *two* sweet babes in her arms; third, in it all she and Roger were *together*. She thought of other things also, of the little boys, Joel and John, and of her dear ones in California, but with the assurance that the Lord would care for them and sustain them. She thought also of the possible effect of this tragedy upon the gospel in northern Peru, hoping that it might result in better protection for the native *evangelicos* in all that district.

When the sheriff ordered the company to proceed, Esther hastily secured her hair with hairpins, put on her hat, which had been trampled in the dirt and punctured with a large hole, and marched on bravely with the others, although both missionaries were greatly weakened by the loss of blood. After a time they reached a by-path which turned off to the left of the main trail. The leaders proposed to follow this path, but the veteran missionary firmly refused to leave the main trail.

"That path does not lead to Santa Cruz," he declared. "You are under obligation to take us directly to the authorities who issued the warrant."

A heated discussion followed, for all knew full well that the by-path led to "one of the wildest, loneliest, most secluded spots in the neighborhood, down by the river, which the trail had left long before." The sheriff finally declared that he was *not* under orders to conduct his prisoners to the authorities, but *was instructed to get rid of them before reaching town!*

At this desperate point in the situation, the Lord came to the rescue of His chosen ones. Exactly at the psychological moment, Roger Winans lifted up his eyes to the mountain side, and lo! in a nearby *chacra* he discovered a friend of his, busily at work! Immediately the thought occurred to him that since this man was acquainted with the officers, he could serve as a witness.

"Villareal! Villareal!"

Loud and clear the cry sounded along the mountainside. Startled, the man came, running to the aid of his friend. He added his entreaties to those of the missionaries. Since the situation was now complicated by the presence of a witness, the sheriff and his deputy were forced to change their attitudes and abandon their villainous plan. They were seized with a wholesome fear of the American consulate. The sheriff offered to let them go if they would pay the commission. But the valiant missionary stoutly refused to sell himself in that manner, and again demanded immediate and safe conduct to the proper authorities. This the officer flatly refused, claiming that other bandits would attack them on the way, and insisting that even should the missionaries succeed in reaching Santa Cruz, the whole populace would burn them to death in the plaza. Santa Cruz is the town where a mob had nearly strangled one of the colporteurs and attempted to take the life of Brother Castenada. The little missionary in the torn hat and the blood-stained garments bravely assured her tormentors, "I want to do what is right and honorable with God. It matters not to me if they burn me." Immediately she felt the invisible presence

of innumerable angels, with the assurance that the ruffians could do *nothing* without God's permission.

Meanwhile her husband and the sheriff had effected a compromise. The missionaries were permitted to return to the house where they had left the boys, on condition that they pack up and leave the neighborhood immediately. After much argument the officers consented to accompany them back over the trail, leaving the bandits behind. But the sheriff, after a short distance, disappeared, leaving only the deputy to attend the missionaries. Esther begged him to save for her the books and the guitar.

The trail led up a steep mountainside, exceedingly difficult for the weary missionaries who were becoming faint from loss of blood, but finally they reached the house. They found a dozen of the brethren assembled there anxiously waiting. As soon as the deputy left, they came down the slope to meet the blood-soaked missionaries. With tears and loud laments, they embraced their beloved *evangelicos* and kissed them. Esther tried to reassure them. "This is no time to weep," she urged. "It is a time to rejoice, first for the privilege of suffering for Jesus' sake, and then for the great deliverance in escaping with our lives." But the faithful Christians refused to be comforted, and continued their lament.

After washing their wounds in the brook nearby, and indulging in a season of holy rapture together, the missionaries quickly repacked their *alforjas* (grips) and, with the little boys, hastily took their departure, for the bandits had threatened speedy violence in case they should tarry in the neighborhood. Since no horses were available, they borrowed some native clothes for a disguise, and climbed the mountain on foot to the house of Cornelio, a school-master in Tosten. In addition to their weakness from loss of blood, the fugitives were drenched with rain when they arrived at the temporary haven of refuge. They were received with open arms and fed bountifully, but

they spent the night on the damp, cold floor, the only sleeping accommodation the little cabin afforded. They rose early in the morning and, leaving the boys with their kind friends, they proceeded on their way to Hualgayoc to lay their case before the sub-prefect, in behalf of religious freedom for our *evangelicos* in northern Peru. At the same time a similar battle was being waged in Cajamarca by the Presbyterian missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. McKay. They had appealed to the British minister as Rev. Winans now telegraphed to the American consul.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

BEFORE MAGISTRATES—ROGER JOSEPH—FAREWELLS

It was a long, difficult journey from San Juan de Dios to Hualgayoc over forest trails where passage was often difficult. They were obliged to proceed with extreme caution, hiding, like fugitives, in the dense underbrush whenever they perceived that someone was approaching; for the bandits had threatened renewed violence, and they surmised that secret emissaries were on their trail. The guitar, razor and some of the books had been returned, but not being able to carry them on their long journey, the missionaries were obliged to leave them with their other goods. True to promise, the bandits came back to the place, and not finding the missionaries, they took the guitar, which was never recovered.

After many vicissitudes and two nights with hospitable natives, sleeping on the floor, they were joined by Brother Terrones who had come to their assistance with two horses. Mrs. Winans was very grateful for the privilege of riding the rest of the journey, for she was spent and weary, and had contracted a severe toothache from exposure to cold and rain. After a few hours' ride and another night's rest on a bed of sheep-skins and ponchos in a room which served as a combination potato cellar, storeroom and idol shrine, they crossed the continental divide and reached Hualgayoc a little after noon. Here they found Brother Castenada waiting for them.

They lost no time in stating their case to the proper authorities, and since legal matters always move with proverbial slowness, they rented a room and settled down to wait for developments. The men insisted upon employing an Indian woman to cook for the party so that Mrs. Winans might enjoy a much needed rest. She washed the blood from her sweater collar, made up the beds, and visited some of the points of

interest in the neighborhood with the three men, rested, and studied her Bible.

The mayor and other public men were kind and favorable, and the sub-prefect immediately started criminal prosecution against the attacking parties. But the priestly crowd were on the war path, intent on stirring up trouble. They incited the small boys of the street to petty persecutions, such as stone throwing and insulting language and petty thefts. But the missionaries endured these annoyances with Christly patience, and the tide of public sentiment began to turn in their favor. The local authorities punished a few of the worst juvenile offenders, and, strange to say, the majority of the boys were completely won over to the side of the missionaries. They crowded into the missionaries' room at all hours, eager to learn English and the *evangelicos'* Spanish songs. Esther usually added a Bible story after the English lesson, which was always greatly appreciated. The tide of interest rose high, but the priests, by drastic measures, succeeded in reducing the number of the missionaries' crowd to a few ardent admirers. Nevertheless, every opportunity to sow the gospel seed was improved to the utmost.

All hope of attending the assembly at Monsefu had, of course, been abandoned, but unexpectedly the legal proceedings were speeded up by the arrival of the judge, who took the testimony, issued the warrants, had the missionaries' wounds examined, and assured them that there was nothing more for them to do but to wait for results. They secured some necessary clothing and at once began preparation for departure. In company with Brother Terrones, they started out on Saturday morning, with one horse carrying their baggage, for a long walk to Pan de Azucar where the little boys were, and where a meeting had been announced for Sunday. Here they repacked their baggage for their trip to the coast.

The problem of transportation was happily solved by the arrival of Brother Gavidia with horses and a little pack mule. Two days and a half of hard traveling brought the party to

Chongoyape. By this time they were thoroughly exhausted, but were privileged to travel the remaining distance in an automobile, and finally they arrived at Monsefu in time for the opening of the assembly!

After walking over a hundred miles and suffering all these harrowing experiences, the great-souled missionary exclaimed, "I would rather be a missionary in the mountains of Peru than a bank president, or a railroad magnate. It pays to serve Jesus. I speak from the heart."

Such is the spirit of our Nazarene pioneer missionaries, true successors of the heroes of Hebrews 11, "of whom the world is not worthy!"

Catholic spies intercepted Rev. Winans' telegram to the American consul, but Rev. Walworth sent one from the coast which reached its destination. The consul placed it in the hands of the American Legation, and they took up the matter, with the assurance that "Mr. Winans will not be molested in the future." The troublesome leaders were reasoned with, and a semblance of tranquillity was established for a season.

After a glorious time of refreshing at the Monsefu assembly, where the missionaries were cheered by fellowship with friends and encouraged by many indications of increasing spiritual life among the Nazarene people in all the churches and districts, Roger and Esther Winans reached their home in San Miguel at one o'clock on July 20, just two months to the hour from the time they started on their eventful mountain journey! The return trip, which was accomplished by steamer, and rail, and horseback, was a very hard one for Mrs. Winans. Following so closely upon the harrowing experience with the bandits, it narrowly escaped serious consequences, but the Lord miraculously sustained His loyal handmaiden through every vicissitude. She even entertained an assembly for the San Miguel district, August 17-22. Her family at that time numbered more than thirty people, including Rev. and Mrs. Walworth and Rev. McKay, Presbyterian missionary of the Free Church of Scot-

land. Five days after the close of that meeting, Jedonne's swinging basket cradle received a new occupant, *Roger Joseph Winans*—born and rapturously greeted August 27, 1922. Mrs. Winans was attended by a trained nurse kindly sent by Rev. McKay from the Free Church of Scotland. She was assisted by Rev. and Mrs. Walworth.

The new baby was a tiny creature with bright blue eyes and an active, nervous temperament. He was not plump and vigorous as Jedonne had been, but frail and delicate from the beginning. His baby existence was precarious, requiring constant watchfulness and care, as in the case of Pablito. But strange to say, the little fellow manifested a remarkably tenacious hold on life, and managed to survive the countless vicissitudes which attended the family career after his entrance into the world. The following is the lullaby song which Little Roger Joseph's mother composed for him, the one which lulled him to sleep most readily:

ROGER'S GLAD, GOOD SLEEP SONG

*"Glad we are that God is love,
We're glad He lives and reigns above;
We're glad to trust Him and obey.
So glad, we sing and pray.*

*"Good it is to breathe and live;
So good to love, rejoice and give!
'Tis good to stay, 'tis good to go,
'Tis good our God to know.*

*"Glad you are to laugh and crow,
So glad to sleep and eat and grow,
You're glad to smile and cuddled be,
So glad, with God and me.*

*"Good it is for you and me,
So good to wait, and learn to see
How good God is, for we are His,
In whom no darkness is.*

*"Glad we are that Jesus came,
We're glad to suffer in His name,
We're glad to worship and adore Him,
Glad forevermore."*

In November, 1922, the Winans' family attended the second annual business meeting of the foreign missionaries. To their great satisfaction, at the very first session it was voted to continue Rev. and Mrs. Winans at San Miguel *until* it should be connected with Pacasmayo. It was planned to effect this arrangement in the spring, thus leaving the Winans family free to push on into the interior, following their long cherished call to the Aguaruna Indians. With light hearts they immediately began to formulate their plans with this end in view.

A serious problem presented itself in regard to the little boys, Joel and John. They were, at that time, nine and seven years of age. Moral and social conditions in Peru are such as to make it unsafe to rear boys in its atmosphere. It was impractical to take the children to the interior, for reasons physical as well as moral. The matter of their education, also could be no longer neglected. Much correspondence on this subject had passed between the missionaries and Mr. and Mrs. Carson of Lakeside, California. The Carsons' hope of joining their daughter in Peru was, because of sickness and other vicissitudes, at its lowest ebb. As the next alternative, they offered to take "Esther's boys" and care for them for a season, as long as the Lord should direct. This generous offer was gratefully accepted, and it made the separation much easier to bear. The boys had been taught to love their "Grandma" and "Grandpa Carson," and were eager to go to them as soon as proper arrangements

could be made for their safe transportation. A deposit of \$520 had already been made with the Board of Foreign Missions, and Rev. Winans promised to send additional sums to be applied to the children's schooling from time to time.

From the meeting at Monsefu Mrs. Winans went to Pacasmayo for a short visit with the Walworths. Then she returned home to San Miguel, taking Mabel Park with her for a visit over the holidays. They spent a delightful, joyous Christmas together, with stockings filled and gifts for everyone. It was the little boys' last Christmas with their parents in Peru.

On February 21, 1934, their father took Joel and Juancita to the seaport near Trujillo, and entrusted them to the care of Mr. Brackenridge, agent for the Bible House, who was boarding the steamer *Ostega* for Panama. There the Bible House people, personal friends of the missionary, took charge of the little travelers, and put them on board another vessel bound for New Orleans, where they were met by a representative of the Missionary Board. After spending several months with their father's relatives, the boys reached the Lakeside home of their "Mamma Esther's" parents, where they received a warm and loving welcome.

This separation was a severe trial to Esther Winans, for she had learned to love the motherless little ones with a true mother's affection. Their absence left a vacant place in the home that was never filled, but the devoted parents accepted this painful experience with Christian fortitude because it was a part of the price which must be paid for the redemption of the forest Indians of the interior.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

ON THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL TO JAEN

While the little boys were journeying to the homeland, the missionaries turned their attention to preparations for their own long, perilous trip to Jaen. Because modern methods of transportation were impractical in the mountains, two stout mules were purchased first of all. These new additions to the Winans outfit were duly christened "Ford" and "Maud." To make an even quartet, a baby mare and a small black horse were purchased at the last moment. According to the missionary's plan, the good mule, Ford, was to carry Mrs. Winans and baby Roger, with some light baggage. The other three animals were to be loaded with the freight, while the stouthearted pioneer himself proposed to lead the way on foot.

With only three pack animals, it was necessary to reduce the amount of baggage to the minimum. This involved the sacrifice of most of their furniture and many other conveniences. Early in April Mrs. Winans began to send photographs and other small articles through the mail to her mother—things that she valued, but could not care for in the primitive regions of the interior. Furniture and other valuables were packed for storage to be transported at some future time.

The most serious problem was the books. Both missionaries were diligent students and devoted book lovers. Their combined collections formed a good-sized library, which they prized as the most valuable of their earthly possessions, especially their numerous dictionaries and lexicons and grammars, and other aids in language study. It was Mrs. Winans' habit to read each day chapters from the Bible in English, Spanish, French and sometimes German, beside passages in her Greek New Testament and the Hebrew Old Testament. She also translated Scripture portions into Kechua from time to time.

Early in May they began to pack the gracious volumes in bundles or boxes to be mailed to Jaen by installments. They found it to be both safer and cheaper to transport them in that manner than by donkey back over the treacherous mountain trails.

These disposed of, there still remained the bedding and clothing and the necessary provisions, which were packed in *alforjas* and boxes, beside a sewing machine, a typewriter, a guitar and a few miscellaneous articles. All of these were loaded on the three little pack animals, or, quoting from Mrs. Winans, "laid on, stuck on, or tied on, as the case might be." The undertaking was a formidable one, the more so because Rev. Winans had never loaded a pack animal before. However, with the help of some native brethren, the feat was accomplished, although some prized articles were, perforce, left behind. "Maud" cleverly threw her cargo before it was fairly loaded, but the men reloaded; farewells were spoken, and the little missionary party bravely set forth on their great adventure, June 25, 1923. Brother Quispe and the Cueva boys accompanied them for a little distance along the mountain trail. But before a mile had been covered, "Jim" the little black horse, suddenly sprang a series of gymnastic stunts which brought his ears to the ground, with his heels in the air, and presto! his carefully packed cargo went rolling down the mountain side; one of the *alforjas* was broken, and its contents scattered right and left. Patiently the men returned to Quispe's house for gunny sacks. Some of the broken things were given away and others left behind.

The lightened load readjusted, the small caravan once more picked up the trail. But soon "Maud," to make good her name and not to be outdone by the little black horse, bucked and threw her cargo, and by a clever manipulation of the ropes managed to get herself tangled up therein, openly declaring her unwillingness to co-operate, and her hostility to the whole traveling outfit! Fortunately a native brother consented to

trade his own big, gentle mule for her, just for the mountain trip.

Adjusting the load once more, the pilgrims proceeded on their way. On the morning of the second day they were joined by their native helper, Toribio Suarez, with his wife and baby, and four pack animals with their furnishings and baggage which, fortunately, did not weigh so heavily as the Winans' outfit. Thus re-enforced, the little caravan pressed forward over the high tableland, and down the steep, rugged mountain slopes to Chota. They reached this town on the fourth day of the trip, about nightfall. Rumors were afloat of a revolution brewing. The subprefect required the missionaries to give an account of themselves. Upon hearing that the Winans' family were lodging with Gavidia Romero, a brother of the marshal, the officer permitted the missionaries to hold a public service. It was well attended, although not without open opposition on the part of the priest. Wherever the caravan halted on the long journey, whether in the mountain towns or in isolated rural districts, they always found some attentive listeners to whom they sang and preached the gospel of salvation.

Leaving Chota, the trail led northward to Jaen, but by a winding, serpentine course along the steep mountainsides, over their peaks, and down into the deep valleys. Mrs. Winans has graphically described it:

THE TRAIL

*"Up the steep mountain, and down the steep vale,
Up again, down again, over the trail!"*

*Winding through forests all covered with moss,
Down again, up again, on and across!
O'er the great jalcas we hasten to go,
Too high for trees or for bushes to grow;*

*Cold they are, vast they are, covered with grasses,
Threaded with trails where the Indian passes,
As treading the top of the globe, whence he sees
Below him a wide world of awful Andes."*

Over this wild, primitive, difficult and perilous trail, our travelers journeyed day after day,

*"Up the steep mountain, and down the steep vale,
Up again, down again, over the trail."*

All the way they were kept busy recovering their property which the fractious animals insisted upon scattering over the mountain slopes, repacking *alforjas*, and drying clothes drenched with rain. They were exposed to heat and to cold, to wind and sun and storm. They braved dangers of every description—perils from the elements; perils of precipice and mountain torrent; perils from the deadly sting of poisonous insects, perils from the stealthy approach of forest prowlers. The weary pilgrims cooked their food over a campfire, while at night they spread their cots on the hard ground under the stars. The conflicts with swarms of mosquitoes and other myriads of creeping, stinging, buzzing creatures that infest the primitive forest were ceaseless. Frequently storm clouds gathered in a threatening sky, drenching the campers with a generous downpour. Yet the heroic band rode on, and on, and on,

*"Up the steep mountain, and down the steep vale,
Up again, down again, over the trail!"*

And all the while, the intrepid little missionary who never weighed a hundred pounds, trudged along with the others, or rode on the faithful "Ford."

At last on July 12, after nightfall, through a driving rain, the weary cavalcade approached the village of Jaen. So dense was the darkness that nothing could be seen but "the outlines of the eight animals, the whitish streak of road, the trees and bushes standing ghostlike on either side." After crossing several irrigation ditches, the rain ceased, and the travelers could hear the sound of rushing waters ahead, indicating that a river must be forded. Mrs. Winans, on her trusty "Ford," took the lead, because this animal was the only one of the group which would go ahead, river or no river, while the others had to be driven into the water. Steadily the good animal plowed through the waters which were so deep that Esther's ankles were wet in the stirrups.

Safely across, they waited in the dark a long, long time for the rest of the caravan. Fording in the dark with heavily loaded animals is no easy task. But at last through the blackness came the welcome sound of a familiar voice:

"All right, Esther?"

"Yes, Roger—just waiting. Whatever kept you so long?"

"I had to go around by the bridge, a long way from the ford."

Reunited, the missionaries proceeded to the town. In her own animated style, Mrs. Winans wrote to her mother:

"After nearly three weeks of journey over mountain and canyon; and forest, and bleak, cold highland; and hot desert patches; by river and brook and canebrakes; past villages, towns and uninhabited wilderness; over a continental divide; over roads all but impassable by reason of precipices, rocks, mud or narrowness, or steepness; across one river by raft, the animals swimming; passing nights in the open, frequently drenched with rain, we and our bedding and our clothes—suffering hunger, thirst, cold, fatigue, 'mountain sickness' (due to altitude) or wetness; or from abominable insects; occasionally losing our way, but *never once* discouraged, discontented or unhappy!

"Rain-soaked, flea-bitten, fly-bitten, gnat-bitten, skeeter-bitten, wood-tick sucked, hungry, thirsty, sleepy, tired, nervous, happy," they finally reached their destination.

To the worldling this will never cease to be a mystery. Why should this cherished daughter of a beautiful home, with her keen intellect and her brilliant gifts, rejoice in the unspeakably sordid hardships of such a mountain trip? Why should she choose to bury herself in those far distant mountain solitudes which could offer her nothing but suffering and privation and loneliness and possible death? Surely there was no rainbow with its pot of gold luring her on to her destination!

No, the great-souled little missionary was not following the lure of earthly gain. But she was ruled and motivated by an "other worldly" Spirit, even the Spirit of the Good Shepherd who climbed "the mountains wild and steep" in His search for the sheep that was lost. Just as He climbed the rugged slope of Calvary, so His messenger climbed the narrow mountain trail over the steep Andes, bearing His message of love to the forest Indians of Aguarunaland.

And besides, she was in very truth guided by a rainbow—the rainbow of God's promise, and the *pot of gold* was the redemption of the Aguarunas in the dense, green jungles of the mighty Andes. The dusky hands so long outstretched for aid were now almost within reach! The old Indian chief smiled his approval through the mist of years. Best of all, the Lord who had called her, was leading the way. Why should she not be happy in the center of His will?

But this will ever remain a mystery to all who are strangers to the quickening indwelling of God's Spirit, and to those who have never experienced the urge of a *divine call* to the regions beyond.

CHAPTER TWENTY

THE LAST OUTPOST OF CIVILIZATION—JAEN

The little town into which the missionary pioneers rode on that dark night in July, 1923, offered no attractions to one seeking a pleasant place to live. It is a sleepy little hamlet consisting of a few mud-and-stick houses thatched with wild cane leaves. It is tucked away amid the foothills of the Andes in northern Peru, much lower in altitude than San Miguel, from which the missionaries had come. Its atmosphere is always heavy with malaria. The population, a few hundred in number—is a motley crowd, mostly of Spanish-speaking people. A few have been attracted thither by the hope of gain, but, weakened by malaria, the populace is sadly lacking in ambition. The dilapidated appearance of the town proclaims a general lack of public spirit. Jaen's chief claim to distinction is the fact that it marks the farthest outpost of civilization in that part of the world, the last post office and the last telegraph station being located within its borders. Beyond the confines of this little village the wild Indians of the forest roam at will amid the shades of the forest primeval.

Although it was not an ideal location, the missionaries deemed it necessary to tarry for a season in Jaen in order to study the Indian situation, and to establish a base of operations for work among the Aguarunas where they could keep in touch with the coast missions, and with the outside world, through the mails and the telegraph.

The party was kindly received by the mayor of the city who allowed them the use of a house to live in until more permanent quarters could be provided. The mud structure of one room (14x14 feet) with thatched roof, a dirt floor and two benches of sticks, one on each side of the room for beds, could

scarcely be called a *shelter*, much less a *house*. Nevertheless, the two families took up their quarters in it together, cooking their meals in a little outbuilding in the rear. At the earliest opportunity both Roger Winans and Toribio Suarez pre-empted some government land at Loma Santa on a small mountain just above Jaen. On this elevation they hoped to escape the malarial fever which is so frightfully prevalent in the river bottom lands on the lower level of Jaen. The Winans' claim contained twelve or thirteen acres, while Toribio's was somewhat larger. A few months later Toribio's father and brother, Castenada, visited the missionaries and filed similar claims, thus forming the nucleus for a Christian colony which they hoped to build.

The new location was more favorable for health than in the town, and it commanded a view of mountains and valleys, of gleaming rivers and leaping waterfalls, of canyons and gorges and desert wastes, grand and beautiful beyond description. Mosquitos were not so troublesome as in Jaen, but a myriad of other forms of insect life caused much suffering both day and night. The Monta Blanca is especially venomous.

But the most formidable problem was that of subsistence. The pasture was poor and food scarce. Owing to very poor banking facilities, the missionaries were forced to sell their checks to unscrupulous local merchants, half in merchandise and half in cash, always to the missionary's great disadvantage. Milk and eggs could not be purchased at any price. So, for the baby's sake, a cow was purchased. One friendly native presented Mrs. Winans with a hen, another gave her a young rooster, still another offered her four eggs. From this small beginning Esther developed a little flock of chickens. Ducks, cuys (Spanish for guinea pigs) and a little dog for protection were soon added to the Winans' stock. Esther's old-time love for pets revived in full force. Each chicken and cuy received a name

and individual attention. She was often reminded of the home in Washington when working with her pets, especially when she constructed with her own hands pens to prevent her live stock from sharing the house with the family too freely.

The said "house" was at first a rented one built of "sticks and upright poles tied together with wild vines, with a grass straw roof overhead." On the dirt floor of this primitive abode the two families lived together while the men were busy constructing two similar "houses," one for each family. They cooked on a fire on the floor, set their pots on big stones, and served their meals on a table made of sticks. They carried water in big piemelon shells, boiled clothes in kerosene tin cans, ground salt between two stones, sat on a burnt stump instead of chair or stool, and the baby slept in a half-log hollowed for chocolate bean grinding.

This kind of housekeeping was a severe trial to Mrs. Winans, since it is exceedingly difficult for a foreign and a native family to adapt themselves to each other in housekeeping. Nevertheless the building operations were interrupted before either house was completed. Roger Winans received an urgent invitation to visit the Aguaruna village of Pomera without delay, in company with a friendly American mining engineer. Urged by his enthusiastic wife, the missionary saddled his mule and set forth on the three days' journey to Aguaruna land. After a three weeks' investigation, he returned with an encouraging report and a vocabulary of about one hundred words! The Indians expressed an earnest desire for the missionary to come to live with them and teach them.

Although, as in all pioneer fields, material cares consumed much valuable time and energy, the missionaries did not neglect the work of the Lord. From the first Mrs. Winans cultivated every opportunity for the kind of personal work which must always be the foundation in a new field. She visited in the homes and won many friends, never forgetting to tell of Jesus

and His power to save from sin. Her husband evangelized among the Spanish speaking population in the Province of Jaen, also in Bagua Chica in Amazonas. The work thus started by the Winans' family in 1923 and 1924 bore fruit in later years. When the missionaries moved to Pomera, the Jaen work was carried on by native Peruvian workers from the coast, who also circulated literature extensively through the province, and in Amazonas, Huancabanca and Cutervo. Persecution was aroused, but the work more than doubled in 1928, when the adherents numbered about fifty.

The short residence of the missionaries in Jaen was enlivened by civil dissensions and political brawls, which were in reality only petty quarrels between opposing factions who were seeking to advance personal and selfish interests. Since Jaen is so isolated from the world, the spirit of lawlessness prevailed and murders were all too frequent. The mayor had made so many bitter enemies that it was no longer safe for him to remain in the town. His predecessor had been murdered not many moons before. He offered the Winans' family the use of his furnished house in return for the proper care of it. The missionaries accepted the offer because their horses were suffering for better pasture, and the mayor's house was furnished with many of the comforts and conveniences which they had sadly missed in Loma Santa. They moved back to Jaen early in December, but Toribio and family remained on the mountain. The move proved unfortunate, for the deadly malaria, which is no respecter of persons, soon attacked them in their new quarters. Mrs. Winans was stricken with a severe attack of the malignant type, while both her husband and little Roger Joseph suffered repeated attacks of the milder type. Mrs. Winans was so seriously ill that it seemed for a time that, like Moses, she would never be permitted to enter her "land of promise," the mountain home of her Aguarunas. But after a long siege she rallied, and took up once more her household

duties and the care of Roger Joseph, then a bright, interesting little fellow sixteen or seventeen months old, but very tiny and thin and weakened from malaria and teething.

The long hot season—December, January and February—freighted with so much serious illness, dragged slowly by. The missionaries' distress was greatly enhanced by reports from the homeland that the missions in Peru were about to be closed by the Board. For many long months they were kept in suspense over the matter in the midst of their valiant struggle with malaria and deadly insects. Nevertheless they faltered not in their determination to follow God at any cost. With a sublime faith they continued to plan for the opening of a mission among the Aguarunas. In all their afflictions these heroic messengers of the cross leaned heavily upon the Everlasting Arm, and the Lord, their strong Defense, did not fail His elect. The prayers of God's people prevailed and the Nazarene work in Peru was not closed.

Roger Winans had already established friendly relations with a number of the Indians at Pomera, and at each visit he had picked up new words and phrases for their Aguaruna vocabulary. Early in April Esther discovered two brown-skinned Indians standing in the doorway of a little shop. Her heart bounded with excitement. Her Aguarunas! loin-cloth skirt, long hair, bangs and all—genuine Aguarunas in the flesh! She sent her husband to bring them to the house, where they engaged in an animated conversation, chiefly through the medium of signs and smiles and laughter. Nevertheless the missionaries fairly "worked" their visitors for words and phrases, which Mrs. Winans noted on paper in phonetic symbol, adding them to the vocabulary already assembled by her husband. The two Indians were Panquit and Etsambi, trusted servants of Kosio, an interpreter, who was a native of the coast. They reported that the chief wanted the missionaries to come to his town—the medicine man was dead. The medical skill of the pioneer missionary is always his most effective card of introduc-

tion to a new people. Roger Winans sent a note of friendship to Kosio. The tide of desire in the missionaries' hearts rose higher than ever. They studied diligently their Aguaruna words and phrase lists, and hoped and prayed. A few weeks after Mr. Winans returned from his former trip, they visited Pomera together, in company with Toribio Suarez, endeavoring to learn a little more of the Indian customs and language.

Upon their return they moved back to Loma Santa because they found the house in Jaen occupied by an American who claimed that he had bought it. Later in the summer Mr. Watkins, an English scientist who was collecting birds for the American Museum of Natural History, came to Jaen. He contemplated a trip to Pomera to complete his collection and wished to take his wife with him, if possible. He proposed to take the Winans' family with them for company for Mrs. Watkins. Since he offered to pay all expenses, the missionaries gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to visit once more the site of their prospective labors. On that trip they spent six weeks with the Aguarunas and became thoroughly acquainted with the situation.

Soon after their return to Loma Santa they set out on the long trip to the coast to attend the Annual Business Meeting in Monsefu. Once again they journeyed,

“Up the steep mountain, and down the steep vale,
Up again, down again, over the trail.”

After ten days they reached Ferranafe where they boarded the train for Monsefu. They found the Missionary Superintendent, Rev. J. D. Scott, in attendance. His presence was a great blessing and inspiration to the missionaries. Plans were made for the future of the mission, and Rev. and Mrs. Winans were definitely appointed to the Indian work.

Two Peruvian young men accompanied them on their return. They carried with them a folding organ, and they dis-

patched five mule loads of supplies over a different road. After waiting several weeks at Jaen for their goods, the missionaries with thankful hearts, proceeded on their way across the Chinchipe River to make their home at Pomera among the Aguaruna Indians.

At last the cherished goal was at hand! The Great Spirit had guided little Esther to the mountain home of her Indian chief's distant kindred in the mountain jungles of the majestic Andes!

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

AT HOME IN POMERA

No record was kept of Esther Winans' sensations when she entered Pomera on that eventful October day in 1924, and viewed with appraising eyes the place which was to be her home for the remainder of her earthly pilgrimage. It is safe to assume that humble, reverent praise to God welled up in her heart in overflowing measure. For this was the place of which she had dreamed through the years, while she listened to the wail of its forest people calling her from afar. At last her feet were treading upon sacred ground which she had long ago consecrated to God, a territory to be won for Him. In majestic grandeur the mountains tower on every side. She named them "God's sanctuaries" formed by the mighty hand of the Creator to be "witnesses for Him."

A scene awe-inspiring in its primitive simplicity, unspoiled by the hand of man! Clinging to the mountain steeps the verdure of the primeval forest whose leafy solitudes are vocal with the wild bird's call and the sighing of the woodland zephyrs, all blending in delightful harmony with the roar of the Maranon River which rushes over its pebbly bed near by, tumbling in sparkling cascades on its way to the mighty Amazon. Under the trees a dense tangle of underbrush which affords scanty room for the little cluster of native dwellings which form the Aguaruna village of Pomera.

A rugged prospect indeed, without even a hint of civilization. But the missionary's clear eyes survey the scene without trepidation. She loves the mountains. They speak to her of God. She loves the trees. Always they have been her friends to whom she has confided her heart's inmost secrets. She loves the bright-hued flowers which lift their starry eyes toward heaven in the sheltered forest, because they speak of the heav-



*Grandpa and Grandma, F. W.
and Josephine Carson with
Roger and Esther Winans
and little Frankie
George Winans.*

only Father's care over the weakest of His creatures. Esther is at home in the mountain forest. Eagerly she turns her attention to the swarthy Indians crowding around her.

Tall, broad-shouldered, muscular, with long black hair hanging loosely about their shoulders, arrayed in the scantiest of attire, they tower above the tiny white missionary in formidable contrast. Certainly any one of them could easily crush her like an eggshell were they so disposed. But they are already acquainted with the missionaries who have visited them several times before. They greet the newcomers with smiles of welcome, displaying flashes of white teeth which need no probing of the dentist's scalpel.

Yes, they are friendly to the missionaries, these Aguarunas; glad to have the white man live among them to teach their children the white man's ways, and to practice among them the white man's healing art. Nevertheless, Esther knows full well that, back of the laughter and the smiles, back of the gleam of pearly teeth is hidden the savage, untutored nature of the wild man of the forest. For generations the Aguarunas have built their rude homes in the dense jungles, exploring the mysterious depths of the tropical forest in their primitive state, almost naked, hunting and fishing and plundering neighboring tribes; enslaving their women; finding their recreation in drunken revels and savage dances; and almost continually engaged in tribal warfare.

From earliest times the Aguarunas have gloried in their independence. Through the centuries they have never once been subdued by any foreign power. Always they have borne the reputation of being the most savage tribe in the forest regions. The ancient Incas once attempted to tame them, but without success. Later the Roman Catholics sent their priests into the mountain forests, but their efforts ended in dismal failure. Their emissaries were promptly decapitated, and by a secret process known only by the Aguarunas their skulls were reduced to a very small size. This peculiar process of shrinking

the skulls of slain enemies has been practiced by the Aguarunas since a very early period which antedates their unwritten history, and it has earned for them the distinctive name, the "head hunters of the Amazon."

Their ghastly trophies are displayed with great pride, just as the North American Indian once exhibited his string of scalps. In recent years they have commercialized this practice to some extent by exchanging their trophies for rifles and ammunition when they come in contact with Indians from the coast. But they guard the secret of the process with jealous care. White men who have undertaken to investigate it have done so at the expense of their lives.

These were the people to whom Esther Winans had come with the message of salvation—crude, primitive, untutored, ignorant of the first principles of civilization, governed by their fleshly lusts, even as the beasts of the jungle. They are bound by superstition, ignorance, and witchcraft, which is their only religion. Although their unwritten language is rich in terms of natural history, such as names for birds, animals and plants, it yields no name for God, no words which correspond to peace, joy, love, forgiveness, or even eternity. The evangelization of such a people is a stupendous task from a human viewpoint, impossible. But to the missionary of vision who is impelled by a "divine call" nothing is impossible. Neither Esther Winans nor her great-hearted husband were dismayed by the formidable nature of the undertaking. Nay, rather their hearts were flooded with an overflowing measure of divine love for the people committed to their care. To Esther Winans the Aguaruna, with all his uncouthness, was her long lost brother for whom Christ died. Closer contact only increased her enthusiasm and intensified her devotion, tinting her vision with more glowing colors, until she beheld with prophetic eye the entire race of Aguarunas transformed by the Spirit, serving the Lord in the beauty of holiness under the shelter of their mountain forests. At the same time the wild men did not fail to recognize

in the new missionaries a quality which made them *different* from the coast traders; a nameless "something" which inspired confidence and stirred within their savage breasts a new desire for better things. The "something" which was nameless to them was Love—the Love which flowed from Calvary planted in the hearts of these Spirit-filled messengers of the cross.

Zamarin, the Curaca—a tribal king or chief—was from the first an ardent admirer of the missionaries. The white man's touch had healing power, and he was possessed of much wisdom. The tribal medicine man was dead, hence it was the Curaca's earnest desire to have the missionaries to dwell among his people to minister to the sick and to teach his youth the white man's useful arts.

So under the guidance of the Spirit, and strengthened by His mighty power, the missionaries set to work to build a foundation for the Aguaruna mission at Sunsuntsa station, Pomera. Pioneer work with an uncivilized people is a tedious process, requiring long-suffering patience and fortitude, combined with the optimism of true heroism. Since the Indians had all to learn, quick results could not be expected. It must be line upon line, precept upon precept.

The first stone in the foundation must, of necessity, be the establishment of a Christian home in the sight of all the people. No witness for Christ is more convincing to the pagan mind than the missionary *home* where unselfish love rules and where the high standards of the gospel are demonstrated in the daily lives of Spirit-filled Christians.

On a previous visit Rev. Winans had bartered for the use of a native house in Pomera, but before they reached the village, while waiting for their goods at the crossing of the Chinchi River, the missionaries received a message from the sub-prefect of Jaen to the effect that a Spanish priest had preceded them to Pomera, hence it might be dangerous for the Winans party to enter the town. Nevertheless, since they were already on their way, the missionaries were not swerved from their

purpose by the prospect of meeting a Spanish priest! They calmly continued their journey. When they reached Pomera, they found the priest actually in possession of their house; but instead of being hostile, he introduced himself as a Belgian, and gracefully surrendered the place, explaining that he had not been informed of their previous claim upon it. He also affirmed that he was not in full sympathy with the methods employed by the Catholic prelates on the coast, and that he could not see why he and the missionaries could not dwell side by side in perfect harmony. He remained for some time in Pomera, always on the best of terms with the Winans family, even giving Mrs. Winans Bible lessons in French! But one day he mysteriously disappeared. It was rumored that he had been carried away by Indians from Tutumberos.

Meanwhile the missionary family established their home in the primitive dwelling which they had purchased. It was a typical Aguaruna "house," larger than the huts found in many other primitive regions, but built of upright sticks, with thatched roof, and the inevitable "ground floor." It seemed but a frail shelter from wind and storm, and it was always open to the public. In a letter to her mother, Esther describes this interesting feature of her situation:

"I usually keep a pot of beans and cooked yuca on hand, because our house is between the houses of the native people and their fields where they go for yuca and bananas, and the path comes in at one door of our house, and goes out at the other. I live in a house *on both sides of the road!* And often they stop to eat here."

Notwithstanding the crudity of its architecture and its lack of modern conveniences, Esther christened her domicile the "Winans manse." One-fourth of the interior was partitioned off for a bedroom, and the entire establishment was soon fitted up with home-made articles which the vivacious missionary called "massive, antique furniture out of the primeval jungle"; Esther had her sewing machine and her treasured books, with

a few other articles which they had brought with them from Jaen, and a little folding organ which Brother Winans had carried from the coast. As for the rest, the furnishings were chiefly of the "antique" variety.

The Indians constructed a table top for Esther by hewing a triangular board from the buttresses of the ceiba tree. This was placed on three small posts which were "planted" firmly in the "ground floor." Small benches or stools were made to match. Shelves for the books were fashioned from the same material. The beds were made of one piece of wood "planted" on four legs. Esther's stove was built of stones and mud, with an iron top and a "jacket" oven around the chimney.

Surely these pioneer missionaries were not being carried to heaven on flowery beds of ease! No over-stuffed upholstery, no easy chairs, no comfortable, springy beds upon which to rest their weary limbs! The first house was an old one, surrounded by a tangled growth of weeds and underbrush which made the land very hard to cultivate. In the summer of 1925 Rev. Winans, with native help, erected a better house on a piece of government land a short distance down the river.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

ESTHER'S FIRST YEAR WITH HER AGUARUNAS

The first year in Pomera was marked with suffering and hardships which only the most heroic spirits could endure. The insect pests, although not more numerous than at Loma Santa, were a continual menace, for many of them were armed with venomous and deadly stings. Mrs. Winans has pictured these barbed terrors of the tropical forest in the amusing lines entitled:

THE PESTS OF PERU

*The tigers steal your chickens; the vampires suck your blood;
The ants eat up your plants and trees and nip them in the bud;
The dust breeds lice, the roofs house mice, and bugs swarm in
the mud.*

*The chiggers and the centipedes—the pee kays and the gnats,
The bookworms and the hookworms and the screw-worms and
the bats,
The scorpions—they all invade your coats and shoes and hats.*

*The poison snakes and lizards, the boaconstrictors too,
The poison worms and vipers all lie in wait for you;
The sweat flies carry microbes—each day brings something
new.*

Early in the winter (which is the *hot season* in South America) an epidemic of malarial influenza broke out in the community. Scarcely a person in Pomera escaped. The missionary's house was besieged early and late by a throng of sick Indians seeking treatment. Many came from other settlements farther down the river. Sometimes twenty-five applied in a

single day. Although inexperienced in the healing art, Roger Winans, with divine help, was remarkably successful in treating these cases, an achievement which added greatly to his prestige and favor in the community.

But the missionary's family was not exempted from the prevailing scourge. Esther, already weakened by repeated sieges of malarial fever at Jaen, suffered a fresh attack which was aggravated by the bite of a poison worm, exceedingly painful and dangerous. Her recovery was slow, and her physical weakness was very depressing. She was even tempted to wish that she might gather her dear ones in her arms and fly away with them to heaven. But no passing cloud could long obscure the buoyancy of Esther's brave spirit. In the secret place of holy communion she was girded with a supernatural strength for burden-bearing. The promise, "as thy day, so shall thy strength be" was fully verified in her experience.

The problem of food supply was a serious one which taxed the ingenuity and strength of both missionaries, and consumed much of their valuable time. On their annual visits to the coast, when they attended the assembly and campmeeting at Monsefu, they purchased their year's supply of staples, which were transported by "mule train" over the mountains to Pomera. Such things as corn and raw sugar were secured at the Vunga or Santa Rosa, about one day's journey from Pomera. Chickens and a garden supplied meat and vegetables. Later the garden was supplemented by a pineapple patch and some banana plants. Gardening was very difficult because of the noxious weeds which persisted in crowding the growing plants, despite laborious weeding, while the chicken industry suffered repeatedly from the depredations of forest prowlers which love to prey upon the little nestlings. Esther's early training on the mountain farm in Washington again demonstrated its practical value, for Esther was often obliged to construct pens for her livestock and shelters for her brooding hens, although some

of the latter were allowed to nest in the house, in the interest of "safety first."

school
The little school which the missionaries opened in their house soon after their arrival in Pomera was presided over by Juan Salazar, a Peruvian Christian who came with the Winans family from the coast. Gathering twelve or fifteen little Aguaruna boys around him, he proceeded to teach them the Spanish language. Mrs. Winans assisted him at times when the heavy cares of her household and her livestock permitted. The children were fond of Juan and they loved to linger about the house as long as allowed. In this way they received instruction in Christian customs and Christian standards, and they learned from observation and daily contact something of the meaning of Christian love.

Naturally the missionaries were anxious to acquire the Aguaruna language and to push the work of translation as rapidly as possible. But they found the task more formidable than they had expected. They had no text books and no teacher. They received a little assistance from Andoash, an Aguaruna boy who was an inmate of the missionaries' home, and one of their most devoted friends. He could understand a little Spanish, while Don Kosio, a Peruvian from the coast who had been a resident of Pomera for twelve years, acted as interpreter for the missionaries. Since his pronunciation was defective, his teaching was not very reliable. Notwithstanding these limitations the missionaries persisted in their original plan of catching new words and phrases as they dropped from the lips of the Indians, Mrs. Winans always carefully recording the corresponding phonetic symbols in her note book. Naturally progress was slow. Nevertheless, in the course of a few months a vocabulary of perhaps a thousand words was assembled, and the foundation for an Aguaruna grammar was gradually forming under Esther Winans' patient hand. Even so, the work of translation was rendered extremely difficult because in all her list Esther could find no words or phrases which adequately

convey spiritual or religious conceptions. The mountain Indians have wandered so far from God that their darkened minds no longer retain His memory, while their knowledge of the spiritual world is confined to the evil spirits which bring them sickness and disaster.

The physical condition of the missionaries also added to their difficulty. The lowered vitality caused by their long struggle with malarial fever made mental concentration more difficult than in former years. Suddenly they began to feel prematurely old, and at times they were sadly tempted to discouragement when facing the coveted task of translation, which demanded the keen edge of their intellectual powers. At this period Mrs. Winans' letters to her home folks reveal a daily routine of struggle for the necessities of life which, were it not sanctified and glorified by a holy purpose, would seem almost sordid.

Added to other afflictions, the pathetic contest with the insidious malaria, with its days and nights of fever, and the continual recourse to quinine, would seem more than flesh and blood could endure. The question arises in the minds of many, "Is it right? Does it pay? Does the Lord require such sacrifice?" There is no question in the mind of the missionary who is following a divine "call." When she remembers her Savior carrying His cross up the steep side of Calvary, she is reminded that His messengers are called "not to save their lives, but *to lose them for His sake.*" To her mother she writes:

"Here in this life He asks of us the very last inch of sacrifice, and it is right. The fact is it is more of a gift on His part to *let us suffer* for Him, and so be worthy *and capable* to reign with Him, sharing His glory. Able to drink of His cup? Only so are we able to sit with Him on His throne." The devoted missionary was even then qualifying for that exalted position by literally giving of her life's blood for her Aguarunas. Nor was she giving it in vain.

With all her domestic cares, and her study, and her struggle with malaria and insect pests, she still had time to visit with her people, to pray and sing and tell the story, and to mingle her smiles and her tears with theirs. When the little daughter of Kosio and Sisingu slipped away from them, Esther lived over again her own sorrow in the loss of Jedonne. Sisingu became to her a sister beloved, while the bereaved young mother began to turn her face toward Jesus.

All the while a miracle was being performed, silently but surely, through the very ministry of suffering which, to some, may seem a wanton waste of intellectual gifts and of vital energy. The Aguaruna boys who attended the school in the missionaries' home, and the villagers who daily passed through its portals and lingered about its threshold, watching the missionaries at work were receiving impressions of spiritual verities never glimpsed before. A new conception of the value and dignity of labor began to dawn upon their awakening intelligences. The white man works diligently—therefore the white man has clothes, he fashions many wonderful things with his hands, he has bread and meat upon his table! A desire for emulation began to stir in savage breasts. Moreover, the new standards of life on demonstration in the missionaries' home were making their strong appeal. Their primitive language yielded no terms which could define the Evangelico's compassionate love, or his patience in tribulation, or his triumphant faith, or his communion with an invisible God—yet the Aguarunas were reading all these mysteries, as in an open book, in the Evangelico's daily walk.

The missionaries had already won the affections of their people, and through their ministry of suffering seeds of spiritual desire were sown securely in the heart of the wild man of the forest which, with a little more cultivation, a little more watering with tears, is destined to spring up in a bountiful harvest.

Near the end of this first hard year in Pomera a notable event occurred which brought great encouragement to the

hearts of the faithful missionaries and helped to sustain them under their trying ordeals. Notwithstanding her handicaps, Esther never neglected her language study and the difficult work of translation. After assembling her vocabulary and constructing an alphabet, she compiled a little primer and reader, and translated into the hitherto unwritten language a few hymns and Scripture portions.

Then, one bright day, she called a meeting of the chiefs and nobles of the tribe. Headed by Zamarin, who was clad in his royal regalia with crown, drum and bamboo harp, the assembly convened and waited in solemn silence for the little missionary's message. She stood before them with her new translation in her hand. With simple eloquence she told them of the Great Spirit and His love for them; she recited the story of the Cross and read from her manuscript the beautiful words of the Savior recorded in John 14. Then she told them that she and her husband had come to them to tell them the story of salvation and to teach their children the way of life so that the Aguarunas might become a great and a wise nation, able to take an honorable place among the other nations of earth.

The missionary's words produced a profound impression, especially upon the old chief, Zamarin. Had not the missionaries healed many sick among his people and snatched many dying infants even from the mouth of the grave? And the boys in the missionary's school—were they not already learning marvelous things? The Curaca's heart swelled with gratitude while he meditated upon these things. But his admiration reached its climax when Mrs. Winans read those wondrous words from her manuscript!

"What manner of woman is this," he mused, "who can *make the paper talk* in words that my people can understand!"

Overcome with emotion, the Chief rose slowly to his feet, *removed his crown from his head, and placed it in Esther's hands*, together with the little drum and harp which completed his royal outfit!

By this act of homage Zamarin invested the missionary with royal authority to deal with his people as she wished, and he practically *laid at her feet the youth of the Aguaruna tribe* to be won for God and trained in the "Jesus way"! At the same time the Curaca promised to Roger Winans the lovely hill near the Sunsuntsa Creek for a school, church and dispensary, also fields for pasture, yuca, corn, pineapple and bananas! Was ever opportunity more golden offered for missionary enterprise? Esther Carson Winans was the acknowledged white queen of the Aguarunas! The untamed forest Indian who had proudly repelled the illustrious Incas, and who had refused allegiance to the emissaries of Rome, was captured at last by the tiny missionary who came to them under the anointing of the Spirit, armed only with the Word of God!

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

PROGRESS AT SUNSUN TSA MISSION—POMERA

A Babe in the Woods

The boy Andoash was the first of the Aguarunas to manifest an intelligent interest in the Evangelico's religion. As an outward confession of his new faith, he insisted upon having his hair cut, and he donned eetepuk (substitute for pants), shirt and hat with great satisfaction. Other boys were eager to follow his example whenever they could secure a piece of cloth large enough to make an eetepuk. Once a little six-year-old was brought to the house by one of the school boys. He was suffering with a terrible festering sore on his foot. Since it was necessary for the child to remain with the missionaries several weeks for medical treatment, they provided him with an eetepuk. Regarding his treasure with great admiration, he carefully folded it and put it away for safe keeping. But when his companion explained that the eetepuk must be worn, because the missionary could not tolerate a naked boy about the house, he readily adapted himself to the novelty. Little Aguaruna girls wear a covering of some kind from babyhood, but the little boys disport themselves in nature's first suit, unadorned.

Andoash was devoted to the missionaries. He wished to be baptized and to become a Christian. But the evidences of true regeneration in his case were not clear enough to justify the sacred rite. His untrained mind was accepting the truth as it was revealed to him, but it was still mixed with much of pagan superstition. The same was true of other young Aguarunas. Their minds were sluggish, slow to learn, too indolent to study. Nevertheless, continued contact with the missionaries kindled a tiny flame of desire here and there. Salazar's pupils made some progress in Spanish; they learned that two plus two are

four; they became familiar with a number of Bible stories and a few gospel songs, which they rendered with a heroic attempt at melody.

The period of seed-sowing is the pioneer missionary's supreme testing time. Visible results seem so pitifully meager; while only the eye of faith can discern the hidden process whereby the Spirit is breaking up the fallow ground in hearts hardened by age-old superstitions and paganism. Esther and Roger Winans did not fail under the test. Slowly the days, and the weeks, and the months of their first year in Pomera were measured off, while they toiled and ministered and lived for Jesus, "going forth and weeping, bearing precious seed," never doubting that in God's good time they would "come again with rejoicing, bearing their sheaves with them."

While laying the foundation for the Indian work at Pomera, Roger Winans continued to superintend the Nazarene missions in Jaen and vicinity. They were making fair progress under the pastoral care of Peruvian workers from the coast, even though subjected to frequent outbursts of opposition from the Romish authorities. The missionary usually met with the brethren when he went each month to Jaen for supplies and mail. He also made occasional trips of exploration in the interest of the Aguaruna work which led him to other Indian settlements farther down the Maranon River.

Esther always suffered much from loneliness during her husband's absence from home. Time dragged by on leaden wings, while she eagerly counted the hours until his return. At such times little Roger Joseph was his mother's constant companion and unfailing delight. He was in his third year, a bright and winsome child, original and interesting, even though delicate from birth and a chronic sufferer from malaria. Mrs. Winans' letters of this period abound in accounts of little Rogie's bright sayings and mischievous pranks. The intensity of Esther's mother love is breathed into every line when she

writes of her little son. Especially during the long summer weeks in June and July, 1925, when Brother Winans was absent on his annual trip to the coast, little Rogie and his mamma formed a mutual consolation society which helped to tide Esther through a most trying ordeal.

Andoash and his sister Maatina were in the house with her, helping with the chores and, incidentally, assisting with the language study. Her Aguaruna neighbors, in spite of their frequent drunken revelings, were loyal in their friendship with the little missionary, promising to do all in their power for her. But she was three days' journey removed from white civilization of the rudest kind, and hundreds of miles from expert medical aid. But God was near, overshadowing all, and in Him Esther put her trust, while she longed and waited for her husband's safe return. He came—just in time to receive into the world their second baby son, born August 16, 1925.

He was a plump, pretty baby, physically perfect in every respect. He was promptly christened "Frank" for Esther's adored father. With the later addition of "George," the little fellow became known as "Frankie George." No other white faces greeted this little stranger into the world save those of his father and mother and brother Rogie. But the delight of the family was unbounded. His swinging cradle by Esther's bed was the center of interest. On the day following the baby's arrival, the fond mother composed the following lines in his honor:

ANNOUNCEMENT

*"Che! Dikaska! Eta!
Papa's white 'carreta'—
Worth a whole 'peseta,'
Has bought a soft little monkey's skin
To wrap his own little monkey in!*

*"Across a corner of my bed
There is a hammock swinging;
And Roger stands beside my head,
His shining face with joy o'erspread,
While all our hearts are singing.*

*"He mounts a box to peep within
Where lies his baby brother;
Upon a furry monkey skin,
As snug and warm as he has been
When cuddled by his mother.*

*"His father smiles to hear the glee
Of little Roger's laughter;
To see him dance in ecstasy,
And kiss the babe so lovingly,
With such seraphic rapture.*

*"Across the sea are hearts that long
To know and share our gladness,
They'll praise the Lord, in prayer and song,
(To Whom all love and praise belong)
With not a note of sadness.*

*"How good God is! Our many joys
Are all of His own giving!
Frank, Roger, John and Joel! Four boys!
(Make unto God a joyful noise)
Ah, life is worth the living!"*

With two babies to care for and to add interest to life, Esther Winans soon took up her routine again, if indeed she ever laid it down. Teaching, visiting, telling the story, dispensing medicines, disinfecting sores, tending her chickens,

caring for her babies, raising and cooking her food, studying, and ministering in a thousand ways, with never an idle moment, while the months sped by. A little Aguaruna Primer was at last prepared, ready to send to the Publishing House for publication.

In February, 1926, the family moved into the new house which Brother Winans and the Indian boys had been building. The new location was near the intersection of the Sunsuntsa Creek with the Marañon river. The house was erected on an elevation which commanded a magnificent view of the rushing Marañon. A detached kitchen and a chicken-house completed the establishment. With the help of paid Indian labor, Brother Winans planted pasture, bananas, pineapples, corn and yuca. They also sowed orange and lemon seeds. Mrs. Winans' flock of chickens increased, supplemented by a number of turkeys, and a few ducks. All of this required constant vigilance and much hard labor, but the ceaseless industry of the Evangelicos, with its attendant results in rice and meat and clothes, continued to impress the minds of the young Aguarunas.

At the same time the seeds of spiritual desire in darkened hearts began to put forth buds of promise. A number of the school boys, like Andoash, wished to be baptized and become Evangelicos. They had their hair cut, donned eetepuks and left off many of their evil habits. Yet the missionaries again advised caution. The problem of suitable employment for the Aguaruna converts which God should give them was causing the missionaries much concern, for the Indian in his unregenerate state lives chiefly upon war and plunder, while he employs his leisure in drunken revelry. The Lord was already preparing the solution of this perplexing problem.

After a few months of partial relief from malarial fever, Mrs. Winans was afflicted with a return of the malady when baby Frank was about three months old. Frequent attacks

during the winter (hot) months of 1926 severely taxed her strength and vitality. Little Roger Joseph also was still a chronic sufferer from the dread disease. The years of conflict with toil and sickness were leaving their marks upon Esther Winans' once vigorous constitution, stealing away her youthful bloom and the once rounded contour of cheek and limb which belonged to younger days. A furlough was sadly needed.

Meanwhile the little boys, Joel and John, were enjoying life on the Lakeside farm with Mr. and Mrs. Carson; but definite arrangements must be made for their education, which seemed to require the personal attention of at least one of the missionaries. Nevertheless, they hesitated long before applying for furlough. The demands of the Aguaruna work were so pressing that there seemed no time for rest, and since the finances of the Board were so precarious, they were fearful of not being able to return to the field. In a letter to her mother, Mrs. Winans wrote:

"If the question of the boys' schooling could be arranged without our return on furlough, and if your own spirits could tranquilly consent, I really wish Roger and I could be *spared* the furlough. As much as we do love you, . . . We are very keenly jealous of our years here; to finish our work and fulfil our ministry and our divine call. We feel our age badly when we try to overcome the difficulties of this Aguaruna language, with no teachers and no books! It is going to take all the time we can possibly get for this gigantic, life-time job!"

Since both missionaries could not be spared, Rev. Winans finally applied for a furlough for his wife, determining himself to remain on the field alone, to conserve the work already established. The application was mailed in November, 1925, but arrangements were not completed until the following summer, 1926.

But at last, with mingled emotions, Esther Winans took leave of her Aguarunas, climbed once more the long, long

trail to the coast. Here other tender farewells were spoken, after which Esther, with her two baby boys, boarded the out-bound steamer and turned her face toward the homeland, after an absence of eight years. Going home at last to see father and mother and other dear ones, to enjoy once more the comforts of civilization! Nevertheless, her heart was with her Aguarunas back in the shades of their forest home. Her burden for them was poured forth in the following beautiful lines:

MY AGUARUNAS

*My Aguaruna people, Lord,
I bring to Thee in prayer;
The heaviest burden of my heart
Which only Thou canst bear.*

*If I could give my life for them
As Christ on Calvary,
Do it I would, for surely they
Are worth far more to Thee.*

*But I am helpless to redeem,
So sinful have I been;
O save them then for Jesus' sake,
And cleanse them from all sin.*

*Of Jesus' love they have not known,
Of mercy, never heard,
Forgiveness is so new to them
Their tongue has not the word.*

*How can I ever half express
Thy glorious truth to these?
Only as Thou empowerest them
Who seek Thee on their knees.*

*Their darkness, ignorance and sin
Will sink me in despair,
Except as Thou for Jesus' sake
Shalt hear and answer prayer.*

*For Jesus' sake, O God! we plead
His blood shed on the tree!
No light, no love, no life we have
No hope, except in Thee."*

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

IN THE HOMELAND AND RETURN TO POMERA

Meanwhile the dear ones in the missionary's Lakeside home were eagerly waiting the return of the precious daughter whom they had sent forth on her holy mission, in the radiant glow of her youthful vigor, eight years before. The Lakeside farm was a beautiful place about twenty-three miles from San Diego. When the Carson family purchased it in 1910, it was covered with briers, thorns, greasewood and sage brush, without a single tree. The family lived in a tent two years while Mr. Carson cleared the land and planted it with oranges and olives, melons and garden stuff. Under careful cultivation the earth yielded her increase until the once desert place "blossomed as the rose." The house, which was erected chiefly by their own labor, soon became a neighborhood sanctuary where Sunday school and prayermeetings were held regularly. Since Mrs. Carson was an ordained elder, she officiated at these services, which were seasons of refreshing where many found the Lord, and all were built up in the faith. Although Esther's absence was always keenly felt, her foster sister, Ilo, ministered in the home with all the love and devotion of a fondly cherished daughter. In this peaceful retreat, Esther's boys, also, Joel and John, had been for a number of months enjoying the benefits of an ideal Christian home.

While Mrs. Winans was making ready for her furlough, an epidemic of influenza broke out in San Diego and vicinity. Both Mr. and Mrs. Carson were stricken. Mrs. Carson's case was so serious that she was taken to the hospital, where the attendants entertained little hope for her recovery. She became greatly emaciated, and the doctors all concurred in the opinion that she had but a few short months to live.

Strange to say, at this critical time, the patient herself experienced a definite conviction that God's time was now at hand for her to become the missionary He had called her to be when she was a child! Since the doctors at the hospital could not help her, she was taken home, where her sister-in-law, Mrs. Anna E. Cook, cared for her for a time.

Thus it happened that when Esther Winans reached her father's home, she found her precious mother, "Fair Hair o' the Setting Sun," in very frail health, a mere shadow of her vivacious self, but with the glow of her valiant spirit still undimmed. After the rapture of the first greetings, Esther took her mother's wasted hand in her own, and with a tender, joyful light in her eyes, she whispered, "I believe the Lord is going to send you back with me to Pomera in South America! It is surely time for you to answer your missionary 'call!'" The daughter was simply voicing the conviction already in the mother's heart. So close was the spiritual bond between the two that the Spirit often whispered the same message to both at the same time. Human judgment would condemn such a proposition as the height of folly. Nevertheless it was carried out to the letter.

While his wife was experiencing a renewal of her "call" to the mission field, Mr. Carson was also sensible of a divine "call" all his own! He was convinced that an industrial school where the Indians could be taught the proper use of tools, and an industrial plant where they could be instructed in the mysteries of machinery, would be a very valuable asset to the development of the infant mission. From their first introduction to the Aguarunas, both Roger and Esther Winans had been keenly sensible of the need of industrial training for their people. If their Indians were to be won from paganism and transformed into new creatures in Christ Jesus, they must be provided with honest employment so that they need not be driven back to their old habits of warfare and plunder in order to obtain food. Also they must be clothed, for it is impossible

to maintain a Christian life in a state of partial nudity. The price of cloth was almost prohibitive for the Aguarunas. Consequently an industry which would enable them to spin and weave cloth is the most imperative need for the mountain tribes. To meet this need Mr. Carson proposed to devote his splendid gifts. The Lord had endowed him with mechanical genius of a high order, and he is a veritable wizard with machinery.

During her long term in Peru Esther had pondered deeply over the question of allowing her parents to come to the mission field. At times it had seemed feasible and desirable, but more often it appeared impractical and impossible, especially in view of the isolation, the insect pests and the dreadful malaria. But in the final analysis she concluded that it is no worse for a *family* to lose its life for the gospel's sake than for an individual to do so, provided that its members all feel the *divine urge*. As the Carson family had always been united in life, so it was their God-given privilege to give and to lose their lives in united, holy endeavor. By comparing notes in family council, the important question was soon decided, and preparations for the great undertaking were started at once.

Needless to say, the few months of the missionary's furlough were not spent in idleness. Her only "rest" was found in a change of occupation. Much of her time was spent in convention work, delivering missionary addresses. Her itinerary covered a number of states, including New York, Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and California. Those who heard her will not soon forget her spirited messages on such themes as "Captured by Bandits," "With the Indians in Peru," "Over the Andes on Horseback," "Head Hunters," and "First White Missionaries to the Head Hunters of the Jungles."

While Esther was busy with her missionary conventions, her father succeeded in selling his Lakeside ranch. He purchased a lathe and a Pelton water wheel, also necessary tools and equipment for a small industrial school and plant. The work of dismantling and packing proceeded by slow, but sure

degrees. Contrary to experiences, Mrs. Carson's health improved as the work progressed.

While at Kansas City, Mrs. Winans arranged for the publication of her first Aguaruna Primer, for use in her day school, also for the Sunday School Tract Primer of the "Story of Jesus, His Life, Resurrection and Ascension." When these little books reached the field a few months later, they proved to be an inestimable blessing to the school boys.

The strenuous months of Esther's furlough sped swiftly by, months of sweet fellowship with old-time friends, months of active service for God and her Aguarunas. Satisfactory arrangements made in Pasadena for the care and education of her children, and other business affairs were attended to.

When the date for sailing arrived, June 7, 1927, Esther Winans stood once more on the pier in San Francisco from whence she had sailed nine years before. She was ready to board the vessel which was to bear her back to her mountain home in the Andes jungles of Aguarunaland. Again her father and mother stood by her side, but not to bid her a fond farewell, not to speed her on her way with gospel song. For this time they were fully equipped for the journey, ready to go with her *all the way*. Their baggage was already on board, in trunks and crates and boxes of every description, including the water wheel and the lathe, the tools and the equipment which practically represented the price of the Lakeside home—all devoted to the holy task of establishing an industrial plant at Pomera where the forest Indians may learn the practical arts of manufacturing and weaving. Mr. and Mrs. Carson had not only invested all their earthly store in this enterprise for God, but they purposed to devote the remnant of their lives to missionary work among the forest Indians. Bravely they took leave of their precious foster-daughter, Ilo, and the many dear friends of the homeland, not one of whom expected to see the travelers again in this world. Sustained by a holy joy, the noble souls set forth on their great adventure.

Esther also turned her face with eager anticipation toward her mountain home where her husband and her Aguarunas were counting the days until her return. Her heart was filled with gratitude to God for the privilege of having her parents with her, but her joy was shadowed by the keenest sorrow that she had yet experienced, that of separation from little Roger Joseph. Born two months after the brutal bandit attack, the child had always been delicate, a chronic sufferer from malaria. After coming to the States, medical examination revealed the fact that he could not long survive a return to the malaria-laden atmosphere of Peru. So little Roger, only four years old, was left with a dear friend, Mrs. Nicholson, in Pasadena. Joel is with the same family, while John resides with another family near by. The older boys attend school, while under Mrs. Nicholson's wise and faithful care, little Roger has gradually grown strong, and free from the deadly malaria. But no words can describe the anguish of Esther's mother heart when she surrendered her treasure—the dear baby boy who had been her constant companion at Pomera, enlivening so many lonely hours with his mischievous pranks and his bright sayings. Never could she forget the clinging of his little arms about her neck. This was a part of the price.

Moreover the missionary had discovered some things about her own physical condition which intensified her desire to concentrate upon her God-given task in Aguarunaland. Her long fight with malaria, aggravated by many hard experiences, had culminated in a serious malady which was already too far advanced to yield to medical treatment. Esther knew that her time on earth was short unless the Lord should miraculously heal her. Since the doctors assured her that intense activity would *prolong* her life rather than shorten it, she determined to make the best possible use of the remnant of her earthly pilgrimage. Even though she might never be able to complete the task to which her life had been devoted, she could at least

blaze the trail for other workers, and complete a good foundation upon which other missionaries might build.

So, bravely covering her pain, the heroic missionary turned her face steadfastly, hopefully, joyfully toward Peru. Little Frankie George, who was more robust than his brother, was allowed to return with his mother.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

RECEPTION AT POMERA

In due time, July 4, the missionaries reached Monsefu on the second day of the assembly. Rev. Winans, who had been toiling faithfully alone during the long months, was waiting to greet his loved ones. Brother and Sister Carson were introduced to the missionaries in session and speedily captured the hearts of all. They were promptly appointed associate missionaries with the Winans to Sunsuntsa Station at Pomera. After a season of glorious fellowship with the missionaries at Monsefu, preparations for the mountain trip were begun. The task of repacking all their goods for transportation by muleback over the mountains was a gigantic one; but, after a week's hard labor, it was accomplished. The securing of pack animals and muleteers was a still more difficult proposition, and a very expensive one. Rumors of a revolution in the mountain territory caused much uneasiness. But the dauntless missionaries pressed on, albeit with many delays, over the precipitous mountain trails so often traversed by Roger and Esther Winans, but new to Brother and Sister Carson. Strange to say, these precious people, who had been warned that they could never survive such a trip, apparently suffered no evil consequences. They plodded on like veterans, enduring hardness like good soldiers. In course of time they reached Jaen. Then after another delay, they proceeded to Bellavista, where some Indians met them with canoes. Again Mrs. Carson's courage and nerve were severely tested when compelled to trust herself to those frail, Aguaruna rafts which look like eggshells on the raging, roaring Chinchipe River, full of rocks and cascades and whirlpools. Although their canoes were three times driven on the rocks, this frail little woman, who was expected to die on the trip, rode serenely on, undismayed! Mrs. Carson writes of this ex-

perience, "The whole trip is a thrilling story of the goodness and care of God."

At last they reached Pomera. They were greeted by an almost deafening demonstration of welcome in which the whole town took part. The school teacher and Zamarin, the Curaca, were conspicuous in their attentions, together with the young "braves," who were resplendent in "dress parade," gay with bright feathers and painted bodies. The school horn blew long and loud, while many of the children made their air vocal with wild, weird bird calls. Many of the young mothers pressed close to the missionaries, holding out their little babies in token of glad welcome.

Thus the wild men of the forest, distant kindred of the old Florida Indian chief of Esther's childhood, welcomed home their own missionary, and thus they rendered homage to her noble father and her sweet mother, "Fair Hair o' the Setting Sun."

After exploring the mission premises and setting the living quarters in order, the missionaries immediately turned their attention to the work of the mission. Mrs. Winans found that her good husband had not been idle during her absence. He had spent much time visiting with the Indians in their homes, incidentally making progress with the language. During the latter part of 1926 he made a trip down the Marañon River, visiting other settlements where he came in contact with larger groups of Indians, making a careful survey of their customs and living conditions.

Moreover, by hard labor and infinite patience, he had succeeded in making a *sequia*, or ditch, from the Sunsuntsa Creek to the mission house. This was a heroic task involving a detour around a steep hillside, and the dynamiting of a set of boulders in the center of the ditch. In this way fresh water was brought to the missionary's door! When the ditch was finally completed on September 2, 1927, a few days after her arrival in Pomera, Esther Winans cried for joy!

With her "Daddy Pank" on the field, the missionary's house was soon furnished with a number of new conveniences. Shelves for her books, and a real writing desk *with pigeon holes* were luxuries which delighted her heart, while a substantial chicken house for her chickens and turkeys added to the success of her chicken industry, which was an important factor in their living problem. An incubator was another valuable asset. Mrs. Winans' flock at one time numbered 120, and each individual fowl boasted a name of high-sounding degree, such as Mother Bunch, Chihuahua, Oajaca, Hope, Aguascalientes, Speckles, Aimeras and Jalapa!

But the missionary's activities were not confined to chicken raising. Besides visiting and preaching and ministering in numberless ways, she spent much time in language study and translation. She was preparing a second Primer for use in the day school, revising her Aguaruna vocabulary, constructing the foundation for an Aguaruna grammar, and translating Scripture portions and the Gospel of John into the primitive language. When the tract book on the "Life of Jesus" came from the Publishing House the interest in the Sunday school was greatly stimulated. Previous to that time the attendance was confined chiefly to the school children, Juan Salazar and his wife, and the missionary family. But soon other children, also many adult Aguarunas, began to crowd about the door to hear the missionary read from the book in their own language the wonderful story of Jesus. Timidly, one by one, they began to slip into the room and they listened to the precious Word with manifestly increasing interest each time. Sometimes they lingered for hours, eager to hear more.

Brother Winans was kept busy making frequent trips to Jaen and Bellavista to arrange for the transportation of their freight which kept coming along in installments until, after a few months, all was assembled in Pomera. He found in Mrs. Carson a valuable assistant in the medical work. She accompanied him on his visits to the sick, often traveling over diffi-

cult and dangerous trails to reach them. The Indians soon learned to love "Fair Hair o' the Setting Sun." Many of them called her "Sister," while the children called her "Mamma." Her auburn hair of silky texture which curled of itself never lost its charm for them, while they never tired of seeing her remove her dental plates and put them back again! She was often called upon to display this accomplishment before admiring groups of visitors from settlements far down the Marañon.

Her admirers also loved to hear her sing and play on her zither harp. She still further endeared herself by keeping her sewing machine busy, making skirts for the boys and dresses for the babies. As a supreme token of appreciation and admiration, some of the Indians offered to secure for her one of their famous "reduced heads!" Poor Aguarunas! so steeped in pagan darkness! How sadly they need the light of the gospel!

Truly the Pomera mission was busy as a beehive those days, and one of the busiest workers was Father Carson. Early and late he toiled with his machinery or at the carpenter's bench. The big lathe that bores logs for wooden pipe was housed in the carpenter shop which Roger Winans had already built for the purpose. With the help of the Indians another structure which they called the "mill" was put up, and all hands assisted in setting up the Pelton water wheel which was to furnish the motive power for the industrial system. Logs were collected for the pipe-line, the ditch was repaired and necessary tools were made. In a few short months remarkable progress was made toward the establishment of a small sawmill which formed the first unit for an industrial plant which was planned to include eventually a spinning and weaving mill, a machine-shop and an electric light system. As the children are reached through the school, and the sick Indians through dispensary and medical work, so the missionaries hoped through the industrial department to reach the *well Indian* by teaching him to make useful articles and thus to enable him to earn a living,

and to make a place for the Aguarunas in the industrial world.

The value of Brother Carson's generous gift to the Aguaruna mission and of his unselfish labors in its behalf can scarcely be estimated by human computation, but it will be revealed in the day of final accounts.

When the first chiconia log, which was to be a "lathe bed" for the machine which bored the smaller logs, was hauled into the little carpenter shop, Esther Winans was seated by her mother's side on a big rock, watching the progress of the monster as it was pulled slowly up the narrow, winding trail to its destination. It was an inspiring sight, the swarthy Indians pulling and tugging, her father and Roger directing, and sometimes pulling with them! Esther's soul was on the wing! To her it was a harbinger of a bright hope, an earnest of better things ahead. By the eye of faith she beheld the realization of her fondest dreams; her Aguarunas clothed and in their right minds, cleansed from their idolatry, serving the Lord in the beauty of holiness, carrying the message of salvation to other tribes of the interior! With such a prospect in view, how happy to suffer with Christ for a little time! How blessed to die, if need be, for such a cause! Welcome sickness! Welcome pain, insect stings and malaria! Welcome hunger and thirst and weariness! Thrice blessed the tortures of torrid heat and the perils of the mountain trail! if only through these she can present her trophies faultless before the throne! With renewed inspiration the little missionary continued her ministry of service, living each day as she would if she knew that it would be her last.

On Thanksgiving day she sacrificed two of her best turkeys and a number of her chickens and treated her Aguarunas to a bountiful feast. Some Indians from Tutumberos passing through Pomera were invited to partake, which they did with every evidence of relish.

Christmas day in a South American jungle would naturally offer a cheerless prospect, but again the resourceful missionary

proved equal to the occasion. From the depths of trunk and hidden receptacles she drew forth mysterious packages, all tastefully wrapped and labeled. She purchased and collected them while in the States, and preserved them for this occasion. So on this, her last Christmas on earth, every member of the little mission received a happy surprise in the name of the Savior who was born on Christmas day. As her mother remarked, "Esther always had a faculty of doing surprising things."

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

EARTH TREMORS—GATHERING SHADOWS

Early in the year 1928 Don Juan Salazar, the Peruvian school teacher, left Pomera for the coast. This shifted the responsibility of the day school upon Mrs. Winans. Although the attendance dropped off the first two weeks, new methods and earnest effort turned the tide and resulted in increased attendance, some new pupils from across the river coming for the first time. In this school, which Esther called "the queer little school in the jungle," in spite of many irregularities resulting from the Aguarunas' ignorance of discipline, the pupils were taught both Spanish and Aguaruna, beside writing and the elements of arithmetic and geography. They were also instructed in the elements of music and taught to sing from their Spanish song books. This was the hardest part of the task, for the Aguarunas' conceptions of melody are extremely crude. The Aguaruna Primer was used in her school, also the "Story of Jesus" to which they always gave reverent attention, especially after the earthquakes.

For early in May northern Peru was visited by a series of earthquakes which wrought serious havoc in many places. The town of Jaen was almost destroyed. The disturbances in Pomera and vicinity were also severe. Mr. Carson has penned the most graphic account of it in a letter written to a niece, from which a few passages may be quoted:

"Our first quake occurred on the 7th of the month (May). Roger and I were going down to the power house; were half-way down when the stumps and logs began to take on considerable activity. We stood still until it was over, but thought no more about it until the 14th, at about 6:30 p.m. While we were at supper we were surprised by another quake. As it

progressed in its fury, we all made a break for the outside. The tall, heavy timbers on which the roof rests, tied there with strips of bark, were dancing a regular jig; our dishes were strewn over the clay floor; tools and boxes took on life and disposed themselves much after the order of moving day. The quake threw a stick across the doorway, over which your auntie (Mrs. Carson) tripped. Then Roger, with the baby, tripped over it and went sprawling, I brought up the rear. Esther sprang out shouting, 'Perhaps the Lord is coming!' Your auntie with a radiant face was looking toward the hills and sky. Your uncle, so gross and earthly, was looking at our water system (it crosses the road in a deep, hollowed out log) and the water was slopping out its entire length, and presently the banks of our reservoir began to go down, but the pipeline that cost us so many weeks of labor stood the ordeal. . . . Not a half day passes but we hear the crash of some giant of the forest, whose roots have been loosened by the relentless quakes, and huge boulders, poised on the mountain sides or summits for centuries, find a new resting place, and our eyes drink in the new beauty revealed through the anguish of nature. And so the days pass, while the earth is adjusting her equilibrium."

Several of the houses in Pomera, including that of the Curaca, were destroyed. The first quake was followed by others of greater or less severity, with intervals of a few days between, but scarcely a day passed during the summer of 1928 without several "tremors" which were distinctly felt. On July 17, Mr. Carson had a very narrow escape from death while repairing the damage to the ditch made by the former quake. An immense boulder and a giant tree were shaken from their moorings by a violent quake, and fell ten feet from Mr. Carson, and it was only by quick action and God's protecting care that he escaped being crushed to death under the combined weight of tree and boulder. The tree fell in the exact spot where Esther had been standing ten minutes before.

The Indians were so terrified that they scarcely dared to speak above a whisper for a week after the first tremors. To them the trembling of the earth was a supernatural phenomenon for which they could find no explanation. Wondering at the undisturbed serenity of the Evangelicos, who kept on working as if nothing had happened, instinctively the frightened creatures fled to the Evangelicos' God for refuge. The Winans' house overflowed with frightened Indians, some sleeping on the porch, some in the kitchen, still others in the carpenter's shop, and under the banana plants. After a long time they became somewhat accustomed to the "tremors" but hearts and minds were opened as never before to the gospel message.

Especially was this noticeable in the "queer little school in the jungle." The missionary teacher had not neglected to instruct her pupils about the second coming of Jesus and the great tribulation. Eagerly they crowded about her, begging her to tell them the wonderful story over and over again. No other theme so dominated their interest, and they uttered the petition "Thy kingdom come!" with a reverence seldom equaled among children in Christian lands.

Best of all, on August 26, 1928, one of the boys, Pijochon Andres, was *genuinely converted*. This boy is the son of the Curaca, who was greatly pleased at the transformation in his son. The chief expressed a desire for the lad to become a "pastor," like Missionary Winans! Indications of spiritual desire in other souls became increasingly evident.

The time of seed-sowing had been long and difficult, but at last the missionaries were cheered by the first sweet upspringing of a harvest. A real hunger for the things of the Spirit was stirring in the soul of the wild man of the mountains, while he began to feel after God, who had been lost to him so long! The Lord was smiling upon the Aguaruna mission, and the missionaries were eagerly planning for an extension of the mission to other points farther down the Maranon River.

The Sunsuntsa mission in Pomera continued to buzz like a beehive during all that busy year, 1928. The workers toiled happily day and night, each at his appointed tasks. To these devoted souls sacrifice was a privilege, and pain was pleasure if only thereby their mountain Indians might be won for God. Her strenuous labors allowed Esther Winans little leisure to brood over her weakened physical condition, even had she been so inclined. The valiant spirit that had braved so many perils in her Lord's service was not dismayed at the prospect of an early release from the bondage of the flesh. Naturally she longed to see the fruit of her labors, and the evidences of an awakening desire for the better things of the Spirit brought great joy to her heart. But her surrender to the divine will was so perfect, and her confidence in her Lord was so steadfast that no anxious cares for her own future disturbed the tranquillity of her soul. She lived always in expectation of the Lord's soon coming; and if He should tarry, she believed that He would sustain His obedient child so long as He wished her to remain on the field. The fact that her time might be very short incited the missionary to renewed and more intensive efforts in behalf of her Aguarunas. She must work while it was yet day to build a firm foundation for her Indian mission upon which her successors might erect a glorious superstructure. While she worked she dreamed, her vision always picturing *the whole tribe* safely folded under the tender Shepherd's care. While she dreamed she prayed—prayed for the Curaca, for individuals, for the boys in her school, but always her intercessions concluded with a plea for the whole tribe for Jesus.

Her mother recalls a certain day when she and Esther were looking over their long list of addresses. Thoughtfully Esther remarked:

"Mamma, God has given me so many dear friends among His people. If I knew I was going to die, how could I say all I want to say to each one of them? I surely would just have to say, 'I love you all! Just keep true to Jesus! Sing the song

dedicated to our Dr. Bresee. "The Eastern Gate," especially the third verse:

"Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning,
For the Bridegroom watch and wait;
He'll be with us at the meeting
Just inside the Eastern Gate.

'I will meet you, I will meet you,
Just inside the Eastern Gate, over there;
I will meet you, I will meet you,
I will meet you in the morning, over there.'

"Death has no terrors of mind or soul for me. I am not afraid to die. It would just be joy for me, but oh, Roger and the babies, you and Papa, and oh! my schoolboys and these poor Aguaruna Indians here and down the river and in the interior! I must keep busy working, praying, translating for them, *a chapel must be built*, and more missionaries must come! I cannot think of dying!"

Then Mrs. Carson adds, "I wish you could have seen the light of divine glory that lighted up her countenance and shone in her deep, blue eyes. I never can forget it!"

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

THE END OF THE TRAIL

So the tireless missionary continued to pray and labor and plan for the extension of the mission to other settlements farther down the Maranon. Her heavy cares were relieved by the interesting prattle of three-year-old Frankie George. He was an active little fellow, energetic and enterprising. Constant watchfulness was required to curb his mischievous tendencies, nevertheless his artless winsomeness was the delight of his mother's heart. From infancy he manifested a gift for music, and he loved to hear and to sing the gospel songs. Mrs. Carson relates the following incident:

"Frankie George is intensely fond of poetry. He repeats four lines at a time from memory, with impressive gestures, and with such earnestness that it makes a sob and a laugh come to one's throat at the same time. Last night he was standing by me, looking at the beautiful Maranon, and he began to gracefully wave his arms and sing:

'Maranon, Maranon,
Going, going,
Swiftly flowing,
On! On!
To the seas;
Singing, swinging;
Passing the mount of trees,
Swinging, singing,
Passing tree and me,
Maranon, Maranon,
Sing, sing to me!'"

At this time Mrs. Winans was expecting another little stranger who was planned to be her "Bible baby," upon whom the mother's mantle was to fall. The letter which Esther addressed to this child, yet unborn, is a remarkable specimen of maternal intercession, dedicating her expected treasure to God.

Meanwhile the weeks and the months were speeding by in swift succession. August faded into September, September gave place to October, and all the while angel messengers were hovering near on silent, invisible wings. Ah! that was a sad day, and yet a glad day when Esther Winans set her house in order for the last time, when her pen was laid aside, never more to be touched by her busy fingers! Her last act of loving ministration was accomplished. After long hours of agonizing pain, a beautiful baby girl was laid by Esther's side, vigorous and perfect in every respect. But the mother scarcely saw its little face. The deadly malady of which she had been warned was asserting itself, and her life was rapidly slipping away! Her stricken family ministered to the best of their ability, but out in the depths of the Andes jungle no skilled medical aid was available.

At 1:20 p.m. on November 6, 1928, the celestial chariot swung low, and Esther's radiant spirit was borne away by her angel convoy to the heavenly shore where there is "no more pain." The Eastern Gate opened wide, and Esther Carson Winans entered in to be "forever with the Lord," and to receive her glorious reward.

Back in the jungle home in Pomera, the loved ones gazed in stricken silence upon the still form of their dead. It seemed that the light of their lives had suddenly been extinguished, like a candle on a dark and stormy night. It did not seem possible that Esther was gone! Esther! only yesterday so vibrant with energy and overflowing life, brilliant, forceful, tender and sympathetic. She had filled so large a place in all their lives that the world would seem like an empty void without her. How fortunate that these devoted saints had been walking



*Dr. J. B. Chapman
and workers at the
grave of Esther
Carson Winans.*

with God through the years, and they knew how to find Him in the dark. True to His promise, the Holy Spirit did not forsake His chosen ones in the hour of their deepest affliction. The nearness of His Presence sustained them, while the whisper of His Spirit brought inward peace.

Since no Christian friends were near to offer their services, all arrangements for the burial were attended to by the several members of the family. The Indians, awe-stricken and sympathetic, crowded about outside the house, wondering much because the Evangelicos did not set up a frantic wailing for their dead after the Aguaruna fashion. They were now privileged to witness a demonstration of God's sustaining grace under deepest affliction.

The tiny baby's cry summoned Mrs. Carson to action. Poor little innocent, ushered into a cruel world while her mother lay so strangely still and cold, unresponsive even to her little one's plaint! Gently the grandmother's tears fell upon the wee face, so like her own baby Essie's when first laid in her waiting arms. A motherless babe in a foreign clime! Will her little life flicker out like a taper blown by the wind, or will she survive the perils of the pioneer jungle and become another Esther, following in her mother's footsteps, guided by a divine call? Time will tell.

Meanwhile Esther's noble father, her "Dee Daddy Pank," out in the little carpenter shop was busy, fashioning a rude casket from pieces of an old chest and a soap box. The good man's hands had constructed many valuable and beautiful pieces of furniture, but never before had he attempted a task so hard. His hands trembled and his eyes were dim, vainly trying to realize that this rude box that he was making was for his Esther, the darling of his heart, and the pride of his life, the once cheery comrade whose smiles and merry banter had so often lightened his toil when she worked by his side on the ranch, back in those happy days when Esther was her father's "boy." He had counted it a privilege to labor with her for the

redemption of her Aguarunas, but now he carefully pieces together the narrow bed which is to hold her slender body, and it is the last act of loving service which he can render. When it was finished, the frail form was dressed and laid therein. Two white flowers which little Frankie George had picked for Mamma were laid in their dewy freshness on the silent breast.

The casket was then placed in the schoolroom, which was soon filled with Aguarunas, old and young. A group of Indians from the interior came in to witness for the first time a Christian's funeral. The schoolboys looked once more upon the face of the beloved teacher who had instructed them so faithfully, and dealt with them so kindly, who read to them daily from her wonderful "Jesus book." In their simple way those Aguaruna boys instinctively realized that they had lost their best friend.

The Church of the Nazarene also lost one of her greatest missionaries when Esther Carson Winans passed into the more excellent glory. Her unselfish devotement of brilliant gifts to a holy purpose, her dauntless heroism and her sublime faith, easily place her in the front ranks of the world's great missionaries. But no ecclesiastical dignitaries attended her lowly bier; no soft music of organ and choir, no beautiful soloist offered tribute in sacred song. Only her Aguaruna boys tried to sing, in their crude fashion, the Spanish songs she had taught them. Outside the wild birds of the forest tuned their carols in a minor key to the plaintive accompaniment of the swiftly flowing Maranon.

Then, since no brother minister was near to officiate, the stricken husband himself spoke, through an interpreter, to his Aguaruna flock a few pathetic words of exhortation. He told them why he and his wife had come to them, and spoke of her love for them, and of her plans for the tribe. Then he related the story of the Lord's resurrection, whereby He opened for His followers the gates of eternal life. The missionary then testified to the consolation which the resurrection story brought

to his own heart, and concluded with an urgent exhortation for all to seek the blessed Savior so that they also may share in the same blessed hope.

The brief service ended, the sorrowing family looked for the last time upon the face of their beloved. Then they laid her frail body in its narrow bed under the tall grasses on a hill-top which overlooks the mighty river which was so dear to her in life.

Esther Winans had reached the end of her earthly trail. From the sunny days of childhood, through high school and college years, across the rolling sea, from Pacasmayo to Monsefu, thence by San Miguel onward, over the mighty Andes to Jaen, thence through trackless forests, over the Chinchipe River to Pomera. All the way, in obedience to the divine call, she had followed that trail in the footsteps of her Master, "up the steep mountains and down the steep vale," seeking the sheep that was lost. Like Him, she did not hesitate to give her life for the sheep! Her earthly trail ended in that lonely grave hidden away in the wild solitude of the Andes jungle, where her earthly tabernacle rests, waiting for the resurrection morning, but the buoyant spirit of the little white queen of the Aguarunas has winged its way far beyond the bounds of earth along the invisible trail which leads to the courts of heaven, where she will receive her immortal crown!

Esther Winans was not privileged to see the fulfillment of her dreams for her Aguarunas, but with her noble husband, she has blazed the way into those primeval forests, and laid the foundation for a work of limitless possibilities. Esther's father and mother remained at Pomera a full year after her translation, until the industrial enterprise was fairly established. Then with great reluctance they left the field where they had planned to labor until Jesus comes, to bring the two children, Frankie George and Jean Esther, to the United States, where they are tenderly cared for by one of Esther's devoted friends. The schoolboys whom the missionary taught in the "queer

little school in the jungle" are making progress in their studies and a number have accepted Christ. A recent word from Mrs. Carson reports, "A splendid letter, nicely written and composed in Spanish by one of our Aguaruna boys, Kaikot, also letters from two others, Elias and Hermana Rosa, letters full of interest, telling of the conversion of other Aguaruna boys."

Surely the sacrificial blood of Esther Carson Winans has not been shed in vain! Her lonely grave in the mountain wilds is a mute testimonial of her faith, an eloquent reminder of the radiant spirit who suffered and died for the forest Indians. She left the infant Aguaruna mission as her rich legacy to the church of her choice. With careful cultivation the younger generation may be won for Christ, and Esther's dream will soon find its realization in a tribe of Christian Aguarunas worshiping God in the beauty of holiness in their mountain homes, and carrying the gospel tidings to other tribes of the interior. Esther Winans has but dropped the torch into the hands of her successors in the race, who must complete the work so nobly begun, and eventually share with her the glories of an immortal crown.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE TRAIL OF THE AGUARUNA

SAMARIN THE CURACA

Earlier in life Samarin had enjoyed friendly relations with a group of rubber gatherers who were operating in the regions of the upper Marañon. Because of his successful raids against the Huambisas who were a constant menace to the settlers and traders along the river, the rubber gatherers conferred upon Samarin the title of "Chief of all the Aguarunas." They also paid him for services in commodities, such as cloth for the women and guns and ammunition for the men.

But after a time there was a sudden drop in the price of rubber, and the leader of the rubber gatherers, with most of his men, was slain by hostile Indians. After this event Samarin's prosperity waned. His authority was not respected as before, and he became poorer and poorer. For the first time in his life the Chief was convinced that tribal warfare and plunder do not always pave a royal road to prosperity. Moreover, his association with the rubber gatherers had opened his eyes to certain advantages which pertain to the "ways of the white man." A new desire was killed in the Curaca's pagan mind—a desire for his people to learn more of the white man's arts and practices, so that they might be lifted out of their degradation and poverty.

With a few of his followers, he moved to Pomera, a site on the Sunsuntsa creek near the edge of the forest, only three days journey from Jaen, the last Peruvian outpost. In this location Roger and Esther Winans found the old Chief with his heart and mind already prepared for the reception of the Gospel seed. But, although from their first entrance into his territory, Samarin was a staunch friend of the missionaries, nevertheless his pagan mind was sluggish in comprehension, hence slow in applying the Gospel message to his own soul.

But the Holy Spirit was performing His office work in His own best way. Gradually the Chief became aware that his "heart was bad—very bad" and a desire for a "new heart" was born in his soul. When Dr. Chapman visited the Aguaruna Mission in May, 1931, he preached to the Indians on Sunday morning. The Superintendent delivered his address in English, Missionary Walworth interpreting it into Spanish and a native boy in turn rendering it in Aguaruna. Despite the handicap of two interpreters, the Indians gave respectful attention while Samarin drank in the message eagerly. At the conclusion of his sermon the preacher gave the altar call much as he would in the homeland. Instantly the Curaca went forward and knelt in humble penitence. His young son helped him to pray. From the leafy depths of the Aguaruna forest that simple petition found its way to the throne of God. Soon Samarin rose to his feet with a shining face. Grasping Dr. Chapman's hand, he exclaimed joyously, "I came here today with a bad heart, but now God has given me a new, good heart!"

Thus the once haughty "Chief of all the Aguarunas" became a new creature in Christ Jesus, a humble disciple of the Nazarene. For a period of almost two years he set a worthy example before his tribesmen. The men of his tribe who once were glad to accompany him on his war raids did not respond so readily to his leadership when he started on the new trail—the strait and narrow way which leads to heavenly heights. He encountered opposition and some persecution, especially from his Huambisa wife. Nevertheless he was true to God and faithful in attendance at the mission services until September, 1933. At that time an epidemic of measles broke out in his settlement. Stricken with the dread disease, after a brief period of suffering, Samarin the Curaca went home to be with the Lord leaving a definite testimony to saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Samarin the Curaca is a notable star in Esther Winan's crown, won for Christ from densest paganism through her prevailing intercession.

PROGRESS OF THE AGUARUNA MISSION

The torch which Esther Winans laid down in November, 1928 fell into willing and capable hands. In the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles the Aguaruna Mission has made remarkable progress since the translation of its sainted missionary. At first it was supposed by many that the infant Mission could not survive the loss of its "little white Queen," but God had His plan. Several attempts were made to close the Indian enterprise, but each time the Lord has interposed, and the work goes on.

Brother and Sister Carson remained on the field one year after Esther's death, rendering valuable assistance to Missionary Winans and caring for the motherless babies, Frankie George and Jean Esther. But, for the sake of the little ones, they finally relinquished their cherished plan of spending the remaining years of their lives in service among the Aguarunas. They sailed for the homeland late in 1929, taking the children with them. Since that time these worthy saints have made their home in California. Needless to say, through these later years which have been marked by much of suffering and pain in addition to the weight of their bereavement, both "Fair Hair o' the Setting Sun" and "Daddy Pank" have never once failed to "brighten the corner where they are" with their radiant, though unobtrusive, ministry.

Under the guardianship of devoted friends, supplemented by the hallowed influence of their sainted grandparents, Esther's children—yes all of the Winans children—are developing Christian characters of rare promise, and all of them hope some day to be employed in active service among the Aguarunas.

In the meantime the Lord was not unmindful of His faithful servant in Aguarunaland, and He remembered with divine

compassion the needs of the orphaned Indian Mission. Before the Carsons left the field, Mabel Park heard the plaintive cry of the forest Indians calling her to service. Assured that the call was from God, she did not hesitate to cast in her lot with the seasoned pioneer missionary Winans, and she was glad to follow in the footsteps of her precious friend and sister missionary over the long, steep mountain trail to Pomera. Right nobly she has adapted herself to the new situation, concentrating her best effort upon the language work and fitting naturally into the school work and evangelism.

However, at the end of her first year with the Indians (1930) a furlough was imperative for both Mabel and wee baby Philip. Consequently, with much misgiving, Roger Winans left his field in the care of a trusted native Peruvian worker and, with his little family, returned to the homeland on the first (and only) furlough since he entered Peru early in 1914.

The missionaries found conditions in their native land far from favorable. The church was struggling with financial problems which threatened the Aguaruna project with extinction. "But God"—He took a hand in a marvelous way. The health of the invalids was speedily restored, and in September, 1932, the veterans were ready to return to the field with their passage money in hand. Their needs had been supplied without any public appeals for aid.

Back upon the field the missionaries first spent one month at Sunsuntsa (Pomera). Then after reverently placing a stone marker at Esther's grave, they set to work at once to push their long cherished plan for a new Indian station farther "down the river." From the very beginning of the Aguaruna work the pioneers had realized that Pomera (Sunsuntsa) was not to be the permanent center of the Indian Mission. Situated upon the extreme border of Aguaruna territory, it was more like a *port of entry* into the tribe which, on the wings of Esther's intercession, is to be won for Christ. The Indians in

much greater numbers are congregated in groups farther down the Maranon deeper into the interior.

Roger Winans had already made several extended trips into this region. Even before Esther's death, especially during her furlough in the homeland, the hardy pioneer had spent much time and effort in contacting the Indians and in preliminary preparations for establishing his headquarters permanently in a more central location. As always, he did not neglect to sow the gospel seed. Consequently the Indians were expectantly waiting for him to take up his residence among them.

Accordingly, very soon after their return to Pomera, in December, 1932, the doughty pioneer once more sailed forth on a trip "down river," this time with a view of making definite arrangements for opening the new station so long desired. He selected a site called *Temashnum*, located on the Maranon sixty miles "down" from Sunsuntsa. After spending a month with the Indians, "sleeping in their houses and eating their food," and not failing to conduct a little Sunday school on Sundays, Roger Winans returned to Sunsuntsa for his family and their belongings. Heavy rains detained them for several months, but at last in the late spring they went forth on their perilous adventure. The following quotation from a personal letter of Mabel Winans gives a faint idea of the risks involved in real missionary pioneering.

"It will be quite a move with five small trunks, one chest, six or eight boxes of books, bedding, clothing and tools, bed, cots, victrola, sewing-machine, Morris chair, stove, rolls of screen wire, boards to make tables, cupboards, shelves, etc., one cow and calf, school desks, chickens and kitchen ware—and ourselves. (In addition to little Philip the missionaries had with them two Aguaruna boys, Silas Kunach and Nantip, who had been attending school at Monsefu.)

"We expect to go on *two large rafts*. Can you imagine us shooting the rapids with all the goods?"

Does it require heroism to be a pioneer missionary?

Under the guiding hand of God the little expedition reached their destination safely on June 10, 1933. They found crowds of friendly Indians eager to help "El Pastor" in the task of setting up his new home. With the aid of many willing hands, a comfortable dwelling and a "bat and vermin-proof chicken house" were soon erected and some land cleared preparatory to planting crops. A little school was opened ten days after the missionaries arrived because the boys were too eager to wait longer. A few weeks later twelve of the school children were converted. Best of all, at a single testimony meeting *eleven adult* Aguarunas humbled themselves before God and were genuinely converted! The witness came after they cried to God for mercy and promised to stop fighting and drinking. In a personal letter dated October 31, 1933, Roger Winans reports as follows:

"We have been here now nearly five months, and the Lord has richly blessed our labors. About twenty-five Indians have professed conversion in that time, and a good proportion of them are standing true to the Lord. The little school has moved on with a good degree of success and we have made considerable progress in the translation work and language study. Building work and farm operations have moved forward rapidly. We are in a nice comfortable house with floor up off the ground and a large screened-in bed room. The land is just coming into production. We have an abundance of pasture for our milk cow, and have consumed a good quantity of roasting ears from our first planting of corn. Yesterday the boys brought in a basket of ripe heads of rice from the field. Our bananas are just beginning to bear, and we have been using yuca or mandioca from our own planting for about two months now."

Truly a most encouraging report—one to make the hearts of the missionaries to rejoice! But alas! at this interesting stage of its development, the enemy of souls made one last,

frantic attempt to wreck the entire Nazarene missionary enterprise in Peru. Imperative need in Monsefu made it necessary for Roger and Mabel Winans to leave their promising Indian work temporarily while they returned to the coast to superintend the district there until reinforcements could be sent to the field.

This was a keen disappointment, but again God undertook in behalf of both the coastal work and the Aguaruna mission, and His righteous cause prevailed. The Winans were permitted to return to the field of their choice early in August, 1935, after a little less than two years' absence. The work at Temashnum had been successfully tided over under the ministrations of a native Peruvian worker, while the districts surrounding both Sunsuntsa and Jaen had been faithfully and efficiently pastored by David and Edith Walworth since 1930.

The Temashnum Indians welcomed the return of their beloved "El Pastor" and his precious wife with extravagant demonstrations of delight. A letter from Mabel Winans dated August 15, 1935, tells the story:

"My heart is overflowing with praise to God for His marvelous workings here in Temashnum. Yes, we are really BACK HOME again! We arrived here just two weeks ago today and were most heartily welcomed by a big group of Aguarunas. The next night five of them were converted, ten on Sunday, on Wednesday two, on Friday two, on Saturday eleven, and Sunday twelve. Together with the group of carriers, nine in all, and the former school boy Silas, who humbly confessed his sin and prayed his way back to God, there is a total of *fifty-two*! How they did pray, promising God to quit fighting, drinking, etc. And how earnest were their testimonies! One old woman almost toothless said she was going back to her home to serve the Lord. A number of them said they are now determined to eat bananas instead of their usual drink. For them—many of them—their "nijamanch" is both meat and drink. For that reason it seems like taking away half of

their lives. This is certainly a busy place around here. Some men are clearing and planting a field, others are making a house for the boys, still others carrying poles and grass for the roof. Some are building a chicken house, while the boys take care of the cows and help with the work in the kitchen. We began school last Monday. We have one little girl—all the others are boys, seventeen in all, and more are coming. Emilio Ware is my helper in the school."

This latest news from Temashnum (August, 1935) is a radiant testimony to the Lord's protecting and fostering care over the Aguaruna Mission of the Church of the Nazarene. As Dr. Chapman has truly said in his book "30,000 Miles of Missionary Travel":

"Here is a field in which the Church of the Nazarene has a chance to be truly and strictly *apostolic* in that they are building on no man's foundation."

The future is bright with promise. Several of the Aguaruna boys, once members of Esther's "queer little school in the jungle," and later trained in the Bible School at Monsefu, are already acting as valuable helpers to the missionaries in school work and language study, and even in evangelism. They are also very useful as interpreters. With united prayer and co-operation on the part of the Nazarene constituency, Esther's dream of "the whole tribe for Jesus" will be fulfilled perhaps sooner than the missionary herself ever dared to hope. To God be all the glory!

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