

A photograph of a paved road winding through a forest during autumn. The trees are covered in bright yellow leaves, and the ground is covered in fallen yellow and orange leaves. The road curves from the foreground towards the background, disappearing into the trees.

GRACE G. HENRY

# HIGHWAYS & HEDGES

THE LIFE OF E. FAITH STEWART



# **HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES or THE LIFE OF E. FAITH STEWART**

**By  
Grace G. Henry**

*“Go ye out into the highways and hedges and  
compel them to come in.”*

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*Grace G. Henry - Author*



*E. Faith Stewart*

*This book is dedicated to my two sons, Paul and Eldon Henry and their wives, Teresa and Louise, who have long known and deeply appreciated this outstanding saint of God and to Phyllis Martin, whose admiration for this life and whose love for God, has led her to lay down her own life to serve with Faith Stewart in these late years of her ministry.*



## Foreword

It was somewhere about the year 1940 that a young minister called at the parsonage in company with a silver haired elderly woman whom he introduced as E. Faith Stewart, a missionary, serving God in Cuba. Hers was no ordinary service, since she was absolutely depending on God for means to carry on her mission work from day to day.

As I looked in her face, I knew at once that I was in the presence of an outstanding personality, and in the course of time, I found this to be true. The years went by and we learned more and more of the life and work of this faithful servant of God. Upon being asked that we might present her story to the public in book form, she shrank from the suggestion from innate modesty and the desire to keep her own part of the story in the background. So quite a period of time passed over and only recently, after a serious illness at the age of seventy-eight years, she at last sent for me to come to her for the purpose of doing this work.

So it was with pleasure that we came to Cuba to write the story of a warrior of the cross, in a day when true and valiant warriors are scarce, and strong active faith in God for victorious living is apparently at its lowest ebb in the history of the Church.

No one, gathering material from time to time in the study of the life of E Faith Stewart, could fail to notice a peculiar thing

about it—namely that there has been all through her life history two distinct phases of service to God, if the one phase can be called so. As we began to obtain the necessary information we noticed that at the very first in her early years, she entered into her life work through an experience brought about by physical suffering and an outstanding victory through the healing of her body.

Always frail from her youth, there weaves in and out of the picture deep and serious affliction and ultimate victory through faith in God even in the midst of her most ardent labors on the field. Such dreaded diseases as tuberculosis, blindness, paralysis, and others as serious have come upon her. And even as we write she, after a marvelous deliverance from a stroke, is already looking to her Great Physician to heal her of a severe attack of kidney stones.

We, who were bearing the load with her and praying for her deliverance asked: “Why have you taken this affliction when you have just been restored of your recent illness?”

In the long and hard hours of the night, God spoke to her and answered our question in His own way, saying to her quite plainly: “I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.”

And she made answer: “Here I am Lord, for sacrifice or service.”

But in spite of these sufferings, Faith Stewart has, with the help of God, labored and built up, battling on in faith and a zeal for souls either raising up a new work, pioneering on almost virgin soil, or entering a burnt-over field, tarrying until strength and health returned to the few that remained and it became alive once more. She labored in Los Angeles, California; Muncie, Indiana;

Houston, Texas; Chicago, Illinois and Indianapolis, Indiana. She pastored also at Anderson, Indiana as its first regular pastor.

In Cuttack, India, she established a rescue home for little temple girls and pastored a congregation there also. And when over fifty years of age, she went out once more to a new field, learning the language, raising up over thirty congregations, and again establishing a home for destitute boys and girls of Cuba. She was, in this one field, instrumental in bringing over three thousand souls to Christ. During these years she was under no mission Board, received no salary, and trusted God from day to day for food, shelter, and all requirements for herself and every worker in the fields.

Humbly and with a sense of unworthiness, we venture out in this biography, hoping to reveal that when God finds a truly empty channel, He works as miraculously and faithfully as in the New Testament Church. And if the reading of this book should help in the least to broaden the vision of the reader or to strengthen the little faith that still remains in the Church, we shall feel that truly the work has not been in vain.

—Grace G. Henry



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## Chapter I

### Sunrise on the Highway

*“Not any good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.”*

It was on a Valentine's Day in February of the year 1878 that there came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Stewart, a blue-eyed, auburn-haired little baby girl. How strange and wonderful is this life of ours! Who, looking on this tiny bit of human flesh and blood so lately arrived, would have dreamed of ships and planes, of continents and peoples, or of souls in dark lands brought to a saving knowledge of Christ? How great is our Lord, and His ways are past finding out! These good Scotch parents lived in the small town of Linton, Des Moines County, Iowa. Faithful to the teaching of their accepted belief, they still adhered to the Presbyterian doctrine of their childhood, and so laid the foundation for a nominal Christian life, teaching the same to their children. Up to the age of twelve years, Etta Faith Stewart, the little girl mentioned above, accepted these teachings. About that time the family moved from their location, and in so doing found themselves no longer near their old place of worship. So Faith began to attend services at the Methodist church in the community. Those were the days of protracted meetings among the Methodists. In the course of time, a series of special revival services began. Listening night after night

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to the old-time messages of conviction and repentance for sin that went forth, she knew in her heart that she did not have this experience. With all her heart, she responded to the call for repentance and the pleading of the Holy Spirit and was saved by the power of God.

Because of the physical condition of her mother, early in life, at the tender age of eight years, she began to do a part of the work at home. The mother, being for many years a semi-invalid and unable to be about, was compelled to lay the burden of the housework upon the shoulders of her daughter when only twelve years of age. She took practically the oversight of the entire house. Washing, ironing, and cooking were laid upon the frail shoulders of this very young girl.

One day her mother called her to her bedside. "Faith," she said, "I want you to go out into the kitchen, take all the dishes out of the cupboard, take out the papers, wipe the shelf with a damp cloth wrung out of clear water, put in clean papers, and then put back the dishes."

She went obediently into the kitchen and took out all the dishes, but when they were set out, the paper underneath looked so clean that she merely dusted off the paper and put them back. In doing this she was through much earlier. Her mother awoke from the sleep she had fallen into and called her to the room, saying:

"Faith, have you finished the cupboard?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Did you wipe off the shelves with a damp doth?"

"No, Mother."

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“Then go back into the kitchen, remove all the dishes, and take a damp cloth and wipe all the shelves as you were told to do in the first place.” She went back to do the work as she was bidden, and never again did she try to shirk when the patient mother bade her do it right. She learned this lesson early in life.

Her great passion for the welfare of the children that came later in life was briefly shown in her childish thought at about this age when in school.

One day the teacher, in connection with some discussion in class, asked each child what they intended to be when grown up. Finally she turned to the little girl sitting so quietly in her seat.

“Faith,” she asked, “what do you intend to be when you grow up?”

“I intend to be the mother of twenty children,” she said solemnly.

Faith Stewart eventually became the mother of two hundred children in India and about that many in Cuba.

Two years later there was a special series of meetings held at the Chapel, and the evangelist explained how, after we are saved from sin by the forgiveness of God and repentance, accepting Christ as our Saviour, then and then only we have something to give to God. In Romans 12:1, 2, Paul wrote to the Christians, “I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewal of your minds, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.”

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The evangelist went on to say that after being cleansed of sin, we then owe it to God to present ourselves to Him, to be filled with the Holy Spirit, and to be set apart to live lives of power and separate from the world. God would give the gracious experience to all who would surrender their lives to Him. Two years before that, Faith Stewart had really been saved by the precious blood of the Lamb, and when she heard that message, all the love in her young heart responded to the call. She desired a closer walk with God. There was no doubt in her young mind that this was the very message she needed, and a deep desire came over her.

The sermon ended and was followed by an exhortation and a hymn of old-time invitation. She arose from her seat and walked up the aisle to the altar and knelt humbly there with others of like burden and desire. Outside the chapel were many who either had no desire to go in or had come too late and found no room inside. They stood quietly on the outside looking in at the many seekers lining the altar. Among these stood Faith Stewart's father. As he stood there among the other men, he saw his own daughter walk up the aisle and kneel at the altar. Resentment rose up in his heart. The Presbyterian Church had no such teaching as this. The ministers of that church did not urge people who professed to be saved to come up to an altar of prayer after conversion. This was fanatical and dangerous, and he would not permit his daughter to become enmeshed in this fanaticism.

He suddenly left the group standing outside the window and going to the open door, strode up the aisle in front of all the congregation, laid his hand on his daughter's shoulder and bade her arise and go straight home. She arose at once and obediently followed him home. But the longing was not satisfied, and the desire grew deeper within as she prayed secretly in her room for

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what she could not seek publicly. She prayed earnestly and with faith in her heart until God answered and sent definite peace to her heart. And though she was young in years, God set His seal upon her life.

Sometime later her brother, perhaps critical of her profession of a sanctified life, sought to break down her determination to live holy and Christ-like. He decided that if he could just annoy her until she became angry, he could not only satisfy himself that he was right but would be able to convince her that she could not live without sin. Not long after this decision on his part, the opportunity came to give the test. She was home, and there was an engagement to be kept where she must take an early train. It was midwinter and the weather was bitterly cold. This time he decided to put the full test to the case. They arose early in plenty of time to take the train, but he loitered and would not hurry. She reminded him that they would be late if they did not hurry, but he lagged behind and wasted time until the last moment.

The heated bricks were placed in the sleigh, the blankets brought out, and at last they started to the railway station. As they came in sight, they saw the train starting on its way. Too late. Now she would promptly tell him what she thought about the whole thing. He waited. She turned to him and said, "I really feel sorry for you. For it will be necessary for you to get up early tomorrow morning so we can get to the train in time."

They turned and drove back through the biting cold, and when they reached home, her limbs had become so stiff with the cold that she had to be assisted into the house. The next day she was ill, went down with pneumonia, and was very sick from the exposure. That was the last time her brother ever attempted to meddle with her profession of sanctification.

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At the age of sixteen years the burden of a call for missionary work first came, and often she would speak of this to her parents. The frail mother, lying most of the time on a bed of affliction, would say, "Faith, if you are going to be a missionary, you must learn not only to sweep about that rug but to lift it from the floor and to shake it as well. Missionaries need to be thorough, in their work for God."

These lessons were never forgotten by the girl who honored and respected her mother whose sickness kept her confined to her bed most of the years of her daughter's childhood. During those years there were a few times that she had been removed to the porch for the fresh air. The rest of the time she taught from her bedside and trained her in the solid principles that most surely prepared her daughter for her life work for God.

In this little country town of few interests and not many people, there was time after all the many tasks to read her Bible faithfully, and as new light fell on her soul, she stepped out and took a firmer stand. Slowly, as she read its pages (especially as she read of the baptism of Christ) she was convinced that this was the only true mode according to the Bible. She also began to realize a true standard for daily life. In order to fulfill her own desires and to obey her own convictions, she sought membership in the Baptist Church of that place.

About this time a young man from Cornell College, Iowa, came to the town of Morning Sun, where the Stewart family resided, seeking young people interested in becoming students in that college. He was directed to the Stewart home. The older brother of Faith had graduated from the high school of that village. The stranger was a Christian, and he was also seeking a place to room while in the town. He found lodging in the Stewart home,

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and as he remained, he began to notice the young girl in her faithful round of home duties and her loyalty to the church services.

On the last eve of his stay in the Stewart home, he asked the privilege of talking alone with the young daughter and his request was granted. Sitting across the room from him by the fireplace, she timidly listened to his conversation. As a young man out in the world and brushing shoulders with his fellow men, he could easily see that the girl was pure and very shy. He looked at her kindly once that evening as he said, "You do not need to be afraid of me, Faith." The evening at last came to a close, and he bade her farewell. On the morrow he departed for the city of Cornell and to his studies for the winter.

Not long after that, the Stewart family moved to the city of Cornell, Iowa in order that the son might have the privilege of attending the University there. In this city, love and happiness came to the quiet and timid girl. The brief acquaintance with the young student who had visited the home had ripened into something fine and lasting between them, and in due course of time, they became engaged to be married. He was a gentleman and worthy of the girl he so admired, and she, modest and trusting, was finally persuaded to accept the place of all places in his heart and life sometime in the future.

He had not chosen without due consideration for he had witnessed the daily ministering to a sick mother, the care of the home on her young shoulders, the many duties faithfully performed each day, and realized that life could mean much to a young man with such a companion by his side. And Faith Stewart returned his love from the very depths of her young heart. She was content to labor in her home and wait through the years while he

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studied to obtain an education sufficient for the life work he hoped to do some day. Somehow the fact that he was of the Methodist persuasion and she a little Baptist girl brought no barrier between them. They were both Christians, they loved one another, and life held many fine things ahead for them. Never did things go better nor the future seem brighter.

The sixteenth year was indeed a memorable year for Faith. So many big things happened at that particular time. The dear mother who had been confined to her bed so long had always been a comfort and stay to her young daughter, but now was called to her final reward, leaving the full responsibility on the young girl. It was about this time that she began to teach in the Bible School and to take part in the mid-week prayer services and other activities of the church. Here she remained until her twenty-first year. She met the only man she was ever to love as well as receiving a definite call to the mission field.

The year that she was twenty-one, she became very ill. She had never been a very strong girl. Pneumonia soon developed and then settled in her lungs, and tuberculosis seized her frame. Her condition grew rapidly worse until her loved ones were compelled to plan now to save her life. In view of her physical condition, the only thing that now could be done was to put off the marriage indefinitely until in better health. A companion, a middle-aged woman, was employed by the family to attend her and live with her. They went to Denver, Colorado, hoping against hope that the pure air might yet benefit her and save her life.

In spite of the faithful daily trips to the city parks and sitting or half-reclining in the canvas chair in the sunshine, she grew rapidly worse until a council of physicians came to the decision that there was no hope. She then expressed a desire to go home. She was

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informed that she was too far away and too weak to make the journey across the Rocky Mountains to her native state and loved ones. The only thing left to do now was to wait as patiently as she could for the end. At this time her right lung was but a shell, and there were three cavities in the left one. As she was given but a short time to live, she and her companion would each day prepare a lunch, take the city car carrying a pillow and a canvas chair, and lie in the sunshine most of the day in the park.

As they made their daily trips, they had often noticed a small mission building as they rode past it on their way to the park. One day as they stood in front waiting to take a car homeward, they saw a group of people out in front of the building holding a street service before going inside for the regular meeting. There were special revival services going on, and a young Christian woman came and urged them to come inside and enjoy the singing. After a slight hesitation, they accepted her invitation and went in to hear the whole-hearted singing of hymns. Never had Faith heard such hearty singing. It seemed to spring from the heart and bubble over in confidence of God.

How strangely God seems to work at times. Often the very thing that brings the blessing to us is the most inconvenient at the time of its happening. Sitting there in the rear of the building, she was stricken with a hemorrhage. Some of the men went out of the service and brought in bedding; others placed two pews together, adding pads and pillows. And she lay there too weak and sick to be moved. May Addams, pastor of the little flock, prayed earnestly, asking God to strengthen her and make it possible for her to stay on through the evening service. God answered, and she stayed on through the rest of the day. In the evening she was able to get

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home through the kind assistance of the Christians who procured a rig and saw her safely home.

While she lay there the ministers came to the side of her improvised bed and talked with her about the plan of God for the healing of her body. This angered her companion who did not agree with the teaching of divine healing. But between services, members of the group would come and sit beside her and read the promises of God concerning His power and willingness to heal the sick. Then they asked her:

“Do you want to obey God’s word and be healed?”

Away from home, lonely, sick unto death, no hope held out by man, given but a short time to live, knowing oh, so little about this great adventure of faith, yet honestly believing the Word of God, she gave the only answer that was reasonable.

“I am willing,” said she.

They gathered about her in loving concern, strangers, people of a faith hitherto unknown to her, but filled with the love of God and the compassion of the heavenly Father for a fellow sufferer. Alas! How far we have drifted in the Church of the Living God from that faith that these pioneers of this blessed truth exercised. Is He not able, who at the first created the human body, to heal or mend a part of that marvelous piece of fleshly mechanism? She was anointed, and the prayer of faith was prayed as these humble followers of Christ laid on hands and believed.

Though she knew so little at that time about trusting God for her health, she sensed that God had definitely laid His hand upon her. They pressed her to stay for the evening service when she became able to sit upon her bed. Her companion became very angry at this and said:

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“If you are going to worship with these people, I shall not stay with you or be responsible for you.”

At this she made good her word and returned home to her room in the city. After the services Faith went home with one of the Christian women and remained there during the series of meetings.

Each day new strength came, and she found herself improving steadily. By the time that the special services were closing at the little mission, she knew that not only had God healed her but that this humble group of people who had left the world to follow Jesus had brought truth and light to her soul that she had never heard in her life. It was thus she made contact with the teaching of the Church of God and began a new life of service in their midst. The companion who had come with her had at once returned home leaving her among people, who, though strangers, seemed as old friends in their loving kindness toward her.



## Chapter II

### Losses and Gains

*“When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.”*

How strangely things work out in life. The companion who had stood by in the dark hours of the past weeks was compelled to be a witness of the healing power of God in the life of the young girl she had so faithfully cared for. But she would not be fair with God and turned her back on God’s truth. Her life no doubt would have been wonderfully blessed, but she would not receive it. Instead of rejoicing and accepting this great experience and giving the honor to God, prejudice and an opposing spirit entered her heart, and she reasoned that, although it was all right to receive healing, it was quite another thing to remain on for a season. There was, however, one thing she could do, and that she did—return to her home.

The leader of the small group, seeing the situation, and realizing the circumstances, wrote to her uncle in Woodburn, Oregon. J. L. Green was a pioneer minister of the Church of God and the first to bear the message of this truth in its simplicity to that region. In that day the lot of those who stood out for the high ideals presented were not only ostracized, but were persecuted by professing

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Christians because they taught that when we are born into the kingdom of God, then and then only are we converted. Also we need not join any man-made organization but live true to God and our fellow men.

This very simple Bible truth was so different from the rules set up by men in the various sects and denominations that it brought much persecution in those early days. Realizing this, the kind uncle mailed two tickets with an invitation for the two girls to come at once. Living in this Christian home, surrounded by loving Christian friends, and receiving encouragement and knowledge day by day, she grew stronger in body and established in the great Bible truths so new and vital to her soul. Perhaps the miraculous change in her body was no greater than that wrought in her new outlook on life.

Day by day the Bible was opened and the truths it contained set before her, breaking in upon her soul and bringing joy and peace never known before. Here in this haven she learned anew that God not only forgives sin and makes the repentant soul a member of the great Body, the Church, but that when we humble ourselves and present our bodies on an altar of consecration, He sets them apart as a holy gift. He sends down the loving Holy Spirit, cleansing the heart of inbred sin, planting His image on our soul, and filling us with the Holy Spirit and the love of God that we may live a clean holy life in this present world.

With real joy she received what was set before her, steadily increasing physically until in normal health again. But the time came when she felt it her duty to return home. Leaving these new friends now was like parting with her own loved ones. The day came when the last good-bye was said, and she set her face homeward, traveling from the state of Oregon to Iowa. She had

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been absent from her own home for two full years. With gladness and thankfulness, her father received her back in the midst again. God alone had done this, and he was duly thankful. But as time wore, very soon there came problems.

“Father”, said Faith one day, “I cannot join one of the denominational churches as I once did. I know now that according to the Bible we are spiritually born into the Church, the body of Christ, and there is no salvation for the soul in the mere act of joining. Nowhere in the Bible are we instructed to do so. This is a plan made by men to take men into the church. I would have to act against my honest convictions of what is the will of God to do this.”

“What has come over you, Faith? Is not the church of your parents good enough for you? This group of fanatical Christians have led you away from your own childhood teaching and so separated you from your parents.”

“Father, let me explain, please. When we are born into a family here on earth, do we not automatically belong to that family? Do we have to join it after we are born into it? Are we voted in a membership in any certain family? Or does the fact of our physical birth make us a member? As it is in the physical, so it is in the spiritual family of God.”

“You have become a fanatic in this new teaching you have accepted,” said her father, bitterly.

It was but a short time after that an epidemic of quinsy sore throat broke out in the community and many children and adults went down with it. Among these was Faith herself. Her father insisted that she call the family doctor. This was a hard test, for she had resolved in her heart that if God could heal when four

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physicians had given her up to die, He could also heal minor cases and lighter afflictions. Here again was conflict. It seemed that at every step of the way new trials and tests arose that required a definite stand for God right here in the home that for years had been a family of church going people.

So, in the very best way she knew, she explained that when Christ was on earth, He went about healing all the sick that were brought to him. Also the Bible states that “He is the same yesterday, today, and forever,” that He has faithfully promised to supply all our needs, and is the great physician to all who will believe.

“That,” said her father, “was back in the early history when science had not been able to help men so much, and they had not the knowledge sufficient to take care of the ills of mankind. But now,” said he, “God in His mercy has provided other means and expects us to use them.”

“I too believe that God has provided, through His mercy, science for those who do not know His word and even for those who are weak in the faith, but I also believe that He expects His true children to believe and trust Him. Do we not read in the Psalms, ‘Who forgiveth all thy sins, who healeth all thy diseases’? Father, I must trust God for my healing and leave the case in His hands. If He can heal tuberculosis when four physicians have given up, can He not heal this lighter affliction?”

“There is but one answer,” said her father, “and this choice must be made as soon as possible. If you will not consent to call in a doctor when you need one as other people do in this community, if you will not be willing also to dress in more fashionable clothing instead of the plain and unattractive garments you have been wearing, and if you will not give up the fanatical teachings you

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have learned and accepted from those peculiar people, you must go from the shelter of your home. If you fail to comply in this, you are no more welcome under this roof.”

Stunned by the harsh demand made upon her, her mind reverted back through the years of childhood to the good mother lying day by day on her bed of suffering, but teaching, counseling, helping, and encouraging. But now she was no longer in the land of the living to plead mercy in this case. She looked at the familiar scenes of the home; every article of furniture was a very part of childhood days, like an old friend. Now under the awful ultimatum, each seemed to bind her heart to this dear place and to cry out to stay. And now she was being compelled to choose, not for a day, not for a season, but for a long, long time between love, shelter, and all that home could mean, and her wonderful experience with the Lord. To stay meant literally to give up the very profession of the things she now believed. She was far away from all the dear friends who might have spoken the word of comfort and strength. Now she had been asked to sacrifice the very truths that brought her back as it were, from the grave, set her feet on a brighter trail for Heaven, and given her new light on the grand truths that after two years of faithful study and service in Oregon had become a very part of her life.

“What shall I do? What would Jesus do?”

Down through the years, these questions have been wrung from the lips of many pilgrims on that narrow road to Heaven.

Summoning inner strength that would help her surmount the aching void in her heart and put down the longing to hold on to the dear things of home, she made her choice. She did not dare forsake the truth so vital to the very soul. Sick in body, but with confidence in the love of God, and sick in heart, she arose and began to gather

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her clothing and the very few possessions she would be able to take with her. Truth has ever been high priced, and she realized this as she sadly departed from her home. She knew not where to go.

She managed to get to the railway station in Cornell, carrying her suitcase. Sitting there alone in the station she spread out a newspaper before her and read the local advertisements for help. She must trust God to heal at once for there was no alternative now. At last she read the advertisement for help in the kitchen of a local hotel. There was no place to worship in Cornell where she could hear the full gospel, and there were no longer evenings to be spent in the company of loved ones.

As soon as possible, she saved enough money to travel to Denver, Colorado where God had so graciously healed her. This, however, was not the first but the second blow she had received because of her stand for truth. The young man who had waited faithfully for her recovery had finished his education and become Professor of Mathematics and Oratory. He was ready to start a home and claim the companion of affection. For his sake, she had carried on an extended correspondence telling him of the wonderful things that had come into her life with the experience of the healing of her body. After all, this was the same Bible they both loved and believed, with the same message of truth hidden under the ritual of manmade organization.

He was a young man of high principles and quite ambitious to make good in life, and one that any young girl might well be proud to have walk by her side as she journeyed through life. There had been no discord between them when she was a member of the local Baptist Church, and he a Methodist. But this strange new teaching said that one must leave the bondage of sectism and the form and

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ritual of the nominal church of today and come out clear and stand alone on the experience of salvation and the new birth in the kingdom of God. Neither should one join any manmade organization.

This he firmly stated he was not willing to do, neither at this time, nor ever in his life in the future. No, not even for the love of the only girl he had hoped to one day make his wife. How dark some days can be! And how deep are the waters we must pass through on our way to the Heavenly home. How heavy the heart, how slow the step some days. God help us count the cost. Are you, dear reader, willing to pay the price? Standing alone with every loved tie in her life ruthlessly rent, one by one, while still in her twenties, with nothing ahead, and home, loved ones, sweetheart turning their backs on her, she had made her decision. A decision that shut out of her life forever the only man she ever loved.

Someone has said, "Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all." And as she and I sat together talking over the sad days of the past, she said, with a gentle smile, "Yes, many people have asked me if I never had a sweetheart, and if I ever saw anyone I could have loved. I can truly say that my life has been fuller and richer for the love that came into it in my earlier years. Also, I feel it has enabled me to sympathize with those about me in my work through the many years as I could not have done had I not gone through the sorrow and loss that came in my girlhood through love of a good man."

So with door shut to love and the door to that haven of all hearts, home, closed firmly against her, she turned her face westward once more, working in the mission in Denver, Colorado for four years. Here she labored and waited for another door to open, the magic door that must open before she could enter the

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mission field. Many tests and trials awaited her as she labored for God in this new field, working with those who had led her into this great experience. It was the day of bicycle riding, and she often rode out along the country roads. One day while out riding, she accidentally fell and bruised her ankle bone, but paid no attention to this minor accident.

Soon the place that had been bruised became dark, and the limb was swollen beyond all proportion, growing rapidly worse and extremely painful so that she was confined to her bed for some weeks. Her friends urged her to have an examination at once to find out the trouble, and she at last consented. After the examination, one doctor said that the bone would have to be scraped, but two other physicians insisted that the leg must be amputated as tuberculosis had set in. This she would not consent to.

Time and again ministers and laymen came to anoint and pray for her, but through it all she grew steadily worse until they despaired for her life. Then groups of friends would take turns sitting by her bedside, knowing not what else to do but to cheer her last days. Gangrene set in, and the time seemed short. There came a night when they thought the end would come. The watchers in love and pity did what they could and waited. Finally one of them leaned over compassionately and asked, "Is there anything we can do for you, Faith?"

"Yes," came the weak response, "anoint me and pray for me."

In the long course of that illness, she had been anointed and prayed for twenty-seven times. But who had the heart to deny the request of a loved friend? Once more they anointed her and prayed, perhaps with less faith than at any previous time. But amid this awful suffering, Faith Stewart had never given up and as they

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prayed once more, she felt the power of God, the healing power, touch her body, and she quietly said: "I am healed. Let everyone go to bed, and I will sleep and rest."

They were very reluctant to go, but finally all retired save one friend who insisted on lying down in the sick room until morning. That night sound healing sleep came, and she rested all night. When she wakened, she looked and felt perfectly normal. She arose and dressed and went into the kitchen where the hostess was preparing breakfast. She had just lifted a skillet of fried meat from the stove when she looked up and saw Faith Stewart standing in the door. She dropped the skillet in her surprise and the meat fell to the floor. For three days all went well, and there was rejoicing over the goodness of God in that home.

Then suddenly, Satan, who is more real than most people realize, and who sends a test to those whom God blesses to rob them of the victory, tested her faith severely. The foot swelled again, and the awful pain came back. When friends came to go to the services at the church, it was almost an impossibility for her to go.

Claiming the healing which God had surely done, she went, but suffered all that evening. She went to her room to retire for the night in terrible suffering. Then came the suggestion: "Take off your hose and look at the place on your ankle and see if it is not as bad as it ever was." But she had been healed before and knew how Satan always tries to snatch away the victory by suggesting doubts of God's healing power, and also that he has the power to send the symptoms of the sickness back on one. But she also knew that he does not have the power to send the actual sickness on anyone God has touched for healing unless they themselves weaken and listen to him, accept the doubts, and yield to his suggestions. This grieves

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God, and He cannot honor faith that wavers between Him and the power of the Enemy. Then and then only, the healing is lost.

So when she retired that night, she just slipped into bed under the cover, pushing off her hose under the quilt, and never even glancing at the painful foot.

“I know in spite of this that God has healed me, so I will not yield to the suggestion of Satan. I will take my stand on the promises of God. I know that he that ‘trusteth in Him shall not be confounded.’”

She fell asleep, and from that day that ankle was perfectly normal.

## Chapter III

### Highways of America

*“In Jerusalem, and in Judea, and in Samaria.”*

It was yet in her late twenties that she went to Los Angeles and labored faithfully until she was able to raise up a growing and prosperous work for the Lord and was pastoring that work when an evangelist came along and after holding a special meeting voiced his desire to pastor there. She turned the work over to him and went on to Long Beach. She was a music teacher and could have in time, no doubt found a number of children who desired to take lessons but there was a scarcity of work just then and people were slow to spend time and money for that which could wait. Then too it would have been hard to arrange time for her calling and spiritual work in the city.

She went to a place and secured a position as sales lady and shared a home with an older couple. In this way she was able to buy the seats necessary to seat the front of the house for worship. Then she began to feel that she did not have enough time for spiritual labor as she deemed necessary. She began to watch the ads in the newspaper and one day found an ad for a laundress for two days a week. The place was in a very aristocratic section of the city where only the very rich people lived.

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When she arrived at the lovely home she went around to the side entrance for servants. The lady of the house came in, dressed in her finery and talked to her. She said to the woman:

“I saw your advertisement for a worker and I have come to inquire about it.”

“But I want a laundress and you are not a laundress.”

“Just try me for a week and if you are not satisfied you need not pay me.”

Of course nothing could be fairer and so she was hired. So it was that Faith Stewart, music teacher and minister of the Gospel and of the Church of God for the Gospel’s sake settled down in the laundry room of the home of a millionaire. At the end of the first day the lady of the home came in and looked at the ironed clothing and said nothing. The days spent under the strict supervision of her invalid mother had not been in vain and her work proved satisfactory. She received two dollars a day and her carfare.

In her spare time she called in the homes and worked faithfully in the interest of raising up a new congregation for the truth. The work was indeed blessed of God and it began to grow. And also problems began to show up. One day she spoke to one of the servants of a suffering family and of their deep need. The lady of the house overheard and stopped to inquire about the case.

“Are they very poor?” she asked.

“They are destitute and have no way to help themselves,” replied Faith Stewart.

“Here is a check for fifty dollars, take this and buy what is really necessary for them.”

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So she accepted the check and used it gladly for the needy people. From that time on her employer would often give her a check for ten dollars to help in the work. One day when she was down in the laundry the woman and her daughter sent for her to come to the dining room at noon. They were eating in the lovely dining room and she was pressed into eating with them. From that day she was always sent to the dining room for the noon day meal. Time went on and one day the lady of the house came to her saying:

“I have found out that you are a laundress and more than a laundress. Here is one hundred dollars for you. You should be free to do the work that you are fitted for. When you have need come to me for more.” But that was something that Faith Stewart could not do. She did not come for more but the little group grew and prospered spiritually. She decided once while there that she would visit a certain congregation that had a sign over the door, “Church of God.” But she did not feel at home in the services and only stayed on in courtesy. Then two people began to speak in a strange language, after which the leader said:

“What a pity we have no interpreter, we have been praying for a long time that these brethren might have this gift and now we have no one to interpret. Is there anyone here that can interpret for us?”

A young Chinese man arose and said:

“I am Chinese and I am not a Christian. I know what these people are saying. I can and I cannot interpret, for they are speaking in pure Chinese.”

“You say that you can and cannot. That is strange, what do you mean?”

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“I can because I understand the language in which they speak. I cannot because although I am not a Christian I was reared in a good upright home and I do not want to repeat what these men have said. Satan has deceived these men and they are blaspheming God and do not know it.”

He sat down and a silence fell over the audience because of the awful disclosure made by the visitor. Faith Stewart returned home glad that God had revealed the truth in this meeting to each honest heart.

The hardest kind of work in the ministry is to go out in a new field and pioneer, planting the new field with the precious seed. After the four years of labor in Colorado she undertook and raised up a work both in Los Angeles and in Long Beach. It was in California that God answered in a definite way as to what he wanted her to do. (After this manuscript was ready for the publisher we found several sheets of notes which no doubt were a part of the manuscript of the book she once wrote of her wonderful experiences in India. This book was never printed. What a pity that the miracles and answers to prayer should be lost. We insert the portion here in this part of the book before going further with the story as she told it more fully to me.)

### **My Call to Foreign Work**

“From my childhood I clearly felt that God had his hand on me for some special work, but during those early years I had no clear leadings as to just where he would have me go nor in what line of work he wanted me to engage. But feeling the call of God on my heart as I did, caused me at an early age to consecrate myself wholly to his service. Having done that, I left my future entirely in his hands. This deep consciousness, however, that there

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was some special work for me to do, caused me often to pray that the dear Lord in some way would hinder me from making any plans for my life that could in the least interfere with his own plan for me; but that he would lead me with an unerring hand so that I would be unhindered when the time should come that I would know where He wanted me. And this prayer was certainly answered in a very clear way.

“In the year of 1903 it was made clear to me by the Spirit of God that my work lay in a foreign field; and for some months following that revelation I was very happy in the thought of some day helping to carry the gospel message to a people who were without any knowledge of Christ and his power to save the souls of men from sin.

“However, as I received but little encouragement from God’s children, I began to doubt my call; and as a result of this, the sweet rest that had filled my soul was somewhat disturbed. Following this was a short season in which I felt myself shrinking and drawing back. I truly had a deep longing in my heart to fill perfectly my place in the body of Christ, and to let God’s full purpose for me be worked out in my life; but I felt the weight of the responsibility that would be mine if I took up a work in a foreign land, and felt entirely unable for it. This, so keenly feeling my lack of ability, together with the fact that others gave almost no encouragement, made it indeed hard.

“Nevertheless, feeling sure the hand of God was upon me, I felt I must get the matter so definitely settled that I would not be moved from my call, or purpose to fill my place in life, by any opposition or discouragements that might come my way. I therefore decided to make this matter a subject of special prayer. Having made this decision, I purposed to spend the following

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Sunday in fasting and waiting on the Lord, thus seeking definitely for a clearer understanding of his will concerning me, and also for the needed grace to carry out fully his plans. During that day the dear Lord was very near and seemed to hourly deepen the conviction in my soul that I had not been mistaken in this matter but that the divine call of God to foreign missionary work was on my heart, and that I must obey if I expected to keep his sweet approval on my life. As this conviction deepened, the struggle within my bosom became harder.

“At last I left the room where I had been in prayer, and started walking to the seaside, a distance of about half a mile from there. I thought I might, by getting out with nature, be able to shake off some of my feelings. But I was soon aware of the fact that this could not easily be done. Although a struggle was going on within, my deepest desire truly was to know the mind of Christ in this matter. So as I sat alone at the water’s edge, I cried out from the deep of my soul that God would come to my aid and help me once for all to settle the great question of my life’s work.

“Up to that time I had not had the slightest idea as to which field the Lord was calling me, nor was my mind settled as to the exact line of work I should take up. By the time I reached the seaside, darkness had closed in, shutting out the day; and as I sat thus in the darkness and quietness of late evening, my heart cried out that all confusion would be cleared away, and that I might have such a clear revelation of my future responsibilities and of God’s will for me, that I would have something to stand on the future. As I sat thus in earnest prayer, suddenly out over the waters, and directly in front of me, appeared a great mass of little brown faces—faces that clearly spoke of deepest sorrow and suffering; and from beneath each little face were two little arms stretched out

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to me. I threw up my hands and covered my face to shut out this picture, but that was not possible, as what stood before me was a clear vision from God, and human power could not shut it out; but rather as I gazed upon the scene before me, it was burned indelibly into my very soul.

“The pleading look in each pair of eyes, the sorrow portrayed in each little face, and the little brown arms so piteously outstretched towards me, spoke volumes to my heart. I knew that somewhere in God’s great harvest field was a mass of helpless little ones pleading for someone to save them. And in that solemn hour God by his Spirit made me to know that he was calling me to go forth to rescue them, and bring them into the fold of Christ that He might be their loving Shepherd too.

“Sitting thus, gazing at the God-given vision before me, and wondering where the call came from, I cried out from the deep of my soul, ‘Oh God, where are these little ones?’ Then just above the little faces, in clear blazing letters, appeared these words: ‘India’s helpless little ones are calling you.’ This swept away every doubt as to the certainty of my call, and also the line of work God had especially called me for. It was then that I cried out from a melted heart, ‘Amen, Lord, here am I; send me.’ I returned to my room that night with a heavily burdened but peaceful heart, and a clear consciousness that God had put this special work on my heart. I knew I was called to rescue and care for some of India’s depressed little daughters.

“Accordingly I offered myself to the Church for that field. Again I met with nothing but discouragement. The only children’s work we had in India was an orphanage located at Lahore, in the northern part of India. Knowing my call was to children’s work, I fully expected to be sent there to help in that work. However, to

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my great disappointment, that institution closed down very soon after this. Then the brethren to whom I had spoken of my call, said, 'Can't you now see that you are mistaken, as the only children's work we had in India to which you could have gone, is now closed?' They were sincere in this, but my work had been made so clear to me, that I could not doubt. Thank God, it is our privilege to understand the Saviour's voice; and the call he had put upon my heart was now deep enough, and clear enough, that such things did not move me.

"From that time on I simply kept myself in readiness to go to India for any kind of work, believing that if I got there, God could and would in his own time work out his own plan for me, and lead me out into my life's work after I reached there.

"At times I wondered if I ever would get to go, as so many things came in the way to hinder me; nevertheless I felt very satisfied and happy in my call. Year after year I was kept from going forth by the many obstacles that came in my way, and at times my heart grew restless under the burden. Sometimes I felt I could wait no longer. At one time the Missionary Board decided to let me go to India and work with Mr. and Mrs. Tasker and Miss Josephine McCrie, who were at that time working in Lahore in general missionary work. Had I gone there my work would have been among the women in their homes; but having waited so long, I was truly glad for the prospects of getting to my chosen field, although I knew very well that I would not be fully satisfied unless I had the privilege of working in a definite way among children. I therefore kept holding the matter before the Lord asking him in some way to open a door before me so I could go forth into the very work for which He had chosen me.

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“During this time of waiting, God was working in India. He had brought to some of our Indian brethren the knowledge of the terrible traffic in young girls that was being carried on. When they learned of the hundreds of innocent little ones who were being sold into dens of vice for a life of the most dreadful immoral slavery, and also of the precious little ones who were being dedicated into the Hindu Temples, to be victims of the most awful life of sin—slaves to the vile passions of the heathen priests, and the holy(?) men who visited the shrines, their hearts were deeply stirred, and they felt that something must be done.

“Accordingly, after consulting with some of the officials they wrote to the Missionary Board and asked them if it would not be possible for them to send someone out to open up that special line of work. Their letters reached the Board shortly before I was to have sailed. Those on the Board at that time knew nothing of the burden I had carried so long for the children of India, as I had long since quit mentioning that part of my call to anyone but the Lord. But knowing I was the only one ready at that time to go to that field, they wrote to me, laying the great need before me, and asking if I would consider going there to take up that special line of work. Being fully persuaded in my own mind that this thing was of God, with joy I accepted the offer.

“So as last, after nine years of waiting, and testing, all of which was good for my soul, I sailed for India in October of 1913.

“On the evening of my departure from the shores of America, and shortly before leaving the Missionary Home In New York City for the steamer, a sister minister said to me, ‘Sister Stewart, I am truly glad someone is going to take up that needy work, but I am certainly glad it is not me; for I would not want to be the one to go

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out there alone as you are, to pass through the things you must certainly pass through to open up a work like that.’

“This, coming from whom it did, struck deeply into my heart, and for a few moments I wondered if I really was undertaking too much. My heart became greatly troubled. The enemy stood nearby at that time, trying to fill me with fears. He told me that I was taking a leap into the dark and that never would I be able for what was before me. I did not like this burden just as I was to start, so I quietly slipped out of the room and entered a large closet just off the bedroom, thinking I must have a few moments of prayer alone before going. Just as I fell on my knees in that closet, before I could frame one sentence of prayer, the dear Lord spoke to my troubled heart and said, ‘Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee; yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.’ Oh, bless the dear Lord! I was not going alone, neither would I have to labor alone. For he was going with me and was truly going to be laborer with me. He had promised to strengthen me. He had promised to uphold me. He would guide me by his own dear hand! Why need I fear? And, praise the blessed Lord! Just as he thus spoke to me, all fears were swept away and a deep calm filled my soul. I knew that I was going at his command, and now in a very definite way he had assured me of his presence going with me. The power and glory of the Divine Being filled me as I said the last farewells and left the shores of the homeland.

“Although the years of service in dark India were well filled with times of testing—many heavy burdens having to be borne and many perplexing problems solved, yet I was always made conscious that I was not alone. Christ Jesus was my constant companion and full portion. He never failed me, neither was his

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arm ever too short to reach our need; but daily, throughout the years, he was to me, as well as to the others who joined in with me in that great work, a very present help in every time of need. He truly proved himself to be a Father to the orphans; and as a Father, he supplied our every need spiritually, physically and temporally. For this reason I feel I owe it to Him to tell of some of his marvelous dealings with us and of the tender care he bestowed upon all those whom he entrusted to our care there. Truly my soul doth magnify his name for all His wonderful works toward us! Praise His dear Name.”

Now, to pick up the thread of the story as she gave it to me, I shall have to repeat a few things. We continue: Sowing, reaping, moving on to newer, harder fields, she labored on. But all this time there burned in her heart a longing to go to the mission field, a longing and burden so keen that no amount of labor and sacrifice seemed to satisfy. One night quite late, with the weight of the burden on her soul for missions, and desiring to know and have a definite leading from God, she walked down alone to the beach. Here the restless waves beat upon the shore. No one shared the beauty of the night with her, and all about was quiet save the sound of the lapping of the restless waves as they rippled and flowed and the deadened sounds of darkness. She sat alone on the sandy beach looking out over the vast expanse of the waters and communing with God. In that hour she cried out to God in the deep of her heart to make His will definitely known to her. She felt that the place whereon she sat was holy ground and sacred, that surely this night she was alone with God. She looked at the moving waters in the darkness and the vaulted dome of the heavens, and God seemed very near.

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That night was always outstanding to her. She remembered it as clearly as in the first years. As she sat gazing intently into the dark heavens above her, slowly out of the blanket of night far above the tossing waves and pictured on the skies above, many, many little faces with arms outstretched were reaching out to her. Her whole soul was stirred within her, for she knew that God was speaking to her through this vision in the heavens, and she cried out:

“Oh God, where are they?”

Slowly a change came over the scene. There appeared on the darkened sheet of the evening sky, letters in blazing light, as plain, as the handwriting on the wall in the house of Nebuchadnezzar. They appeared just above the group of little faces. The message slowly spelled out, “India’s helpless little ones are calling you.”

It was enough. Her call from that hour was a definitely settled thing, a very part of her life. But from that night alone with God at the ocean side, nine long years passed, praying, seeking, serving, waiting. And ever in heart and mind, her face was set toward the little faces and outstretched hands over the sea. Anything that could help to hasten the hour of departure for the chosen land, she sought to do. She left Long Beach, California and went to Anderson, Indiana where the publishing house of the Church was located. It was in the early days of the pioneering ministers. They had been holding services in the Main Home. Finally, feeling the need of a separate place of worship and also the leadership of a resident pastor over the flock, they began to look into the matter.

Up to this time different ministers, serving in one capacity or another, had cheerfully served as best they could. At this time, however, the general sentiment was to select a pastor to be the shepherd of the flock in full capacity. Faith Stewart was called in

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and asked to take over this responsibility, which she did, pastoring that congregation for some time.

It was while pastoring in Anderson, Indiana that she became very ill and steadily grew worse. Pneumonia works fast, and soon all hope for her life was again given up. Dear friends watched by her bedside faithfully, and did what they could to relieve her. Finally they told her she was sick unto death, but she held on to God in her suffering. He gave her the last three verses of the ninety-first Psalm. The kind friend sitting at the bedside turned to the Psalms, reading these precious and meaningful words. Psalms 91:15 “He shall call upon me and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him. 16. With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation.”

“That is God’s promise to me,” she said, “and He will heal me and raise me up again.” In a short time, she returned to normal health.

It was not long after this that a plea came from Houston, Texas, for someone to be sent from Anderson to plant this truth in that city. Once more she went forth to take charge of a work in the homeland. By this time, a group of the ministers had organized in a Mission Board and made themselves responsible for getting men and women to the fields. She wrote them at different times when the burden to go forth to the foreign lands seemed too heavy to bear that she could wait no longer, and telling them she was most clearly called to India.

Throughout this weary time, not a word of encouragement came, and frequently letters came to her presenting the fact that, in their opinion, she was unprepared for such a task. Also they mentioned that her frail health would most certainly not permit her to go as a missionary to the foreign fields. Besides this, there were

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no funds to finance the opening of such an institution, or to support it. So the call, as far as they were concerned, could not be of God.

We cannot imagine the heaviness of heart, the waiting day after day, month after month, year after year. A weight that grew heavier with each delay, the call to the field being clearer and clearer with time. Would the door to the beloved work never open? Time was passing, and little arms reached ever toward her from waiting India. At one time when a group of workers were going out to India, great hope filled her heart, and she began to get ready to go along as they went. She felt that God was surely working this time. Then an affliction appeared in her eyes and caused her hopes to be doomed to disappointment. Again she was left at home in the homeland.

This time it was harder than ever before, for she had procured sheets, pillowcases, and other needed articles and packed them in a trunk. Then, after the ship had sailed, there was nothing to do but to take the trunk, packed and ready, and even labeled for India and place it in the attic of the Gospel Trumpet Home which is the present College building. There it remained for nearly two years when by the means of earnest prayer and the very power of God, it was taken out of storage.

Pastoring there in the city of Houston, Texas, as she prayed and waited, the days grew longer and hope more dim. One day a woman stood in front of her home waiting for a car to get to her destination. Her little girl, playing about while waiting, fell, and cut an artery in her wrist which bled profusely. The poor woman, holding the freely bleeding arm, hastened up the steps of the house where Faith lived. She knocked at the door, asking permission to enter and care for the child. As the injured arm continued to bleed

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freely, she became alarmed and asked how to secure the services of a doctor.

“I do not know the name of any doctor in this town, for I have not lived here long. But do you believe that God can heal this arm?” she asked.

The woman hesitated for a moment, and then answered: “I do believe that He can.”

Then they turned to God in earnest prayer, and the blood stopped flowing for it had been touched by the power of the great Physician. That was the beginning of the faithful attendance to the services held at the home. It was also the means of her salvation. Her husband had been away from home for several months, living in sin. Later, he returned home to find a Christian family, and he, himself, turned to God.

But again she became more and more restless. Something must be done; some effort must be made as she waited to obey the call. But what? What more than had already been done? She entered into fasting and prayer, with the decision not to break it until God answered by opening the door for her going forth. It was during this great fast that she received a letter from J. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Missionary Board at Anderson, Indiana. “There is,” he wrote, “something here very difficult for me to understand. The finances here are low, and we are in dire need of funds for other things. But a fund of one hundred dollars has been sent to the office with the request that it be used to get Faith Stewart to the mission field. The writer says that although he is not a believer in God, he believes in Faith Stewart. Also, he asked that his name is not to be disclosed, nor the fact that he has sent the money to a Christian cause. Do you know anything about this?”

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She wrote back, "This man is a neighbor, a very close one, living in the other half of the duplex where I reside in Texas. The reason he does not believe in God is because he does not know God. The reason he believes in me is that he does know me and has watched my life from day to day."

This was the answer to three days fasting and prayer, and she knew, at long last God had heard and was opening the magic door to India. With peace and joy, she could now await the next move.

One of the obstacles in the first year of the long nine in which she waited was the assertion that she was called to save the children of India. This, the Board insisted, was a department of mission work they had never considered. As she waited through the years, she had gradually dropped the plea of a special phase of work, asking only to go to India as a missionary.

One of the brethren who had been objecting to her going as a missionary was praying one night, and her case came before him. And he said; "Lord, we cannot send her. She would never stand the climate of India."

But God said: "Send her, and I will take care of her health when she is where I want her."

The minister then said: "From now on, I take off my hands and say no more."

As for the infidel neighbor who sent the gift for missions, God rewarded him by saving his soul. His family had been attending the services at the home of Miss Stewart, and as the duplex where she lived had a larger verandah, he made the excuse of having more space to sit and move about on. This man, who was caring for a grandchild during the services, sat where he could hear the message. He also watched the lives of the people who professed

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Christ and found indeed that Christ was being exalted by their daily living. As he watched, he became convicted of his own condition and came into the room where the people were assembled. In due time, he accepted Christ as his Saviour and became a Christian.

On the following Sunday, after the letter was received, a cable from Anderson came through asking Faith Stewart if she could be ready by the following Saturday to come through Anderson on her way enroute to India. Who could describe the lifting of the load on her heart? For so many years—just waiting, waiting. It seemed like a strong dream. But God answers prayer. Or who could imagine the great peace and joy that encompassed her soul, or the wonderful thought that kept sweeping through her mind? (At last, India.)

It was the time of the month for the weekend fellowship meeting in the mission, so she hastily announced the wonderful news to the faithful group who worshipped there. But she needed a typewriter and extra clothing to go as far in a faith work. In the morning, one of the members called for her to take her to the business section as an offering had already been taken by the members. Enough had come in to buy the ticket for the ship, but nothing for her food on the road or a typewriter. When she returned, she found laid out on the bed in her room, her outfit to take to India. In pairs of sixes, hose, handkerchiefs, night clothing, lingerie. How wonderful is our God, and truly His ways are past finding out. She lost no time in preparation for the departure and was on her way the very next evening. On her way to Anderson, she would pass through her beloved home town, and there would be one half hour stopover. She hastily notified her father and asked that she might come home just long enough to say goodbye. The

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answer came back, "NO." As the train pulled in the city of Cornell, she sat looking out over the familiar buildings until she could see the corner of the roof of the barn at home.

How mingled were her feelings that day! Joy and encouragement that her prayers at long last were answered and she was actually on her way to the land of her call. But also deep heart-shaking sorrow that she was cut off from a last glimpse of her dear father. So she sat quietly there on the train, her eyes fixed in the direction of the old home drawing from memory to picture the scene within.

When she arrived at Anderson, she was told that a letter had been received from A. D. Kahn, a native preacher in India, asking for a missionary to be sent out to rescue the little temple girls of that land. This then was God's way to reveal not only His will concerning the call to India, but the very specified work He wanted done. "What A Mighty God We Serve."

Even after they had given full consent to her going to the field, they looked at her frail frame and said to her;

"You only weigh ninety-eight pounds now and probably have just three months to last in a land like India."

And she answered: "I would rather live three months in the will of God in India than ten years in the homeland."

There was no special avenue for the support to come through in those days, or to supply funds after going. The leaders at home took what came in and conscientiously gave out equally to each one. As she stood by, the secretary pulled out a small drawer and poured out the money that lay in it, and with what she had in hand, there was enough just to buy her ticket to New York but nothing for her extra expenses.

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She reached New York and visited Grand Avenue Mission where everything was arranged for her sailing. The ship, Mauretania, was to sail at one a. m. the next morning. That evening there was a prayer meeting held upstairs. As she was coming down the stairs to go to the entrance, the young son of Mr. Blewitt who had just received his first pay for working one month, rushed in saying, I want to give you something.” He handed her a five dollar gold piece. This was the only money she had with her to go to a foreign land alone. But she was content.

Faith Stewart was no longer a young girl. The years since she first felt the call to serve across the seas had passed over, and she had reached her thirty-fourth year. However, in the joy of answered prayer, and feeling that her feet were at last set in the direction that her head and heart had been for so long, she rejoiced and her cup overflowed.



## Chapter IV

### Highways of India

*“Ask of Me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.”*

From the city of New York she sailed to Liverpool, England, and the journey in those days required about a week. The trip was uneventful and the weather fair as they sailed, and she soon reached her destination in England. Stopping over to visit the mission there, she was greatly burdened when she saw how needy this new work was. True she had set out for India, but she had been asked by the Board at home to make this stop over, and she felt that someone must put their shoulder to the plow; someone must help lift the load. Who more logical than she? She had been asked at home to encourage the precious souls struggling in this new field.

From the first day of her service in the homeland, Faith Stewart was a builder. Was some of the wall of Zion torn down? She tarried to fill in the breach. Was there a space where no wall stood and Zion lay bare to the mercy of the wolves? She stooped and bent her back among the humblest of God's servants and carried her part of the load until a wall stood again. So, in

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Berkinhead, England, day after day she tarried until at last three months passed, and she began to feel restless and eager to be on her way to the new land of her call.

Then making all preparation and bidding adieu to the new and loved friends at this field, she set sail at last for India. All went well for the first three or four weeks at sea. Since she was never seasick, she could enjoy to the full the wonders of ocean and sky in a trip across and look forward now from day to day to reaching her goal soon. Then one evening night settled and all had retired for rest in their staterooms. No one dreamed of fear or danger.

Suddenly there came out of the stillness of the night a warning call for all to arise immediately. The call sped swiftly down the length of the ship where all were sleeping soundly in their staterooms. A terrible storm had risen at sea, and fearful over hanging clouds massed overhead and swiftly covered the beautiful starry sky and shut out the thousand lamps hanging there. The ship seemed suddenly to be shut in an awful deep and dreadful cave of black clouds and surging waters. There is something terrifying in the awful darkness of a severe storm on land, but how much more so at sea! There is the feeling of being alone between the awful surging and constant swelling of the waves beneath, and the fearful, blinding elements above. We remember distinctly a brief description learned in our childhood:

*“We were crowded in the cabin,  
Not a soul would dare to sleep,  
It was midnight on the waters  
And a storm was on the deep.  
Tis a fearful thing in winter,  
To be shattered by the blast,  
And to hear the raging thunder*

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*As it cut away the mast.  
And we shuddered there in silence  
While the strongest held his breath,  
And the angry sea was roaring,  
And the breakers murmured, 'Death.' ”*

(Author unknown)

There seems to be no refuge, and indeed there truly is none save in God. The lightning began to dart to and fro across the angry skies, the thunder deep, fearful, like a giant's voice hovering over the ship, rolled and rumbled in the dense darkness. Rain fell in torrents; winds swept the troubled waters and lashed them. The ship became a plaything of the storm, tossed to and fro in the mighty billows. She dipped so low that the water began to pour into her portholes and fill the rooms inside.

When the alarm first sounded, Faith awoke and put her feet out on the floor of the stateroom only to find that waster was already rising rapidly in the room and almost up to the springs of her bed. She hastily tied her night dress at the waist and stood up. Just then the stewardess of that section came into the room. She was distracted with all the excitement and fear that was about her. Seeing this passenger standing calmly in her room, she cried out:

“Oh, I don't know what to do. There are so many calls for help; I cannot answer them all. Will you help me?”

So, clad in her night dress, she went forth to the aid of others on her first sea trip. Fear had its grip on most everyone on the ship. The life boats were lowered.

There was the general impression at first that, because of the flooded state of the rooms, the ship had sprung a leak and was going down slowly. When boarding the ship each one had been

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given a number. That number was on the life belt provided in each stateroom, and it was also the number of a certain life boat. There were entire families traveling together on the ship, but as the work of saving people was planned, families were not allowed to be together in one boat. Always there was the danger of the boat never making shore, and in mercy some part of each family must be spared. So families were divided.

No one, living in security on the land, could truly picture the horror and fear in such a scene at sea. None were allowed on deck for fear of the awful waves sweeping them away in the darkness and fury of the storm. But as families began to realize that it was necessary to separate and what it could mean, consternation seized them and women fainted and were brought in by kind hands and laid out on the tables and ministered to.

Others must be calmed in their hysterical condition, and still others must be controlled from doing rash things in the hour of their fear and anguish. All through these trying hours, Faith Stewart moved to and fro, calm and staid and sure of the guiding hand in her life. God had called her to India, and she had no doubt that He would bring her safely to port in His own time. So, in this time of fear and distress, she moved among them as one apart and was able to serve her fellow man in time of need.

They were indeed a strange looking group. Hundreds of men and women and children who had come hurriedly from their flooded rooms at the warning call, clad only in their night clothes and wet to the skin from the flooded area of the ship.

Among the passengers was a bold and worldly woman who insisted on staying up late with two of the men at the bar (who were of like character) and drinking on into the night. Twice the

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porter had warned them to go to their staterooms and retire. They still sat there becoming more intoxicated and helpless all the time.

Then the storm was on them without warning. Still awake because she had never retired, she suddenly realized that a serious time had come. As plans were made for departure from the ship, the awful realization came that this was no little thing. Fear, awful and convicting fear, seized her soul. She saw that she was now practically face to face with death and God, and in her awful condition. Who knows what thoughts, fears, and imaginations seized her mind in such an hour? Maybe back in childhood's past there were memories of Godliness, prayer, and trust, and these came before her confused and tortured mind. No doubt she had drifted far from that light.

There seemed to be no time or place in this scene of horror to repent. She had seemed to need no friend before and now knew no one to whom she could turn among the milling passengers moving about in fear and anguish also. She heard only the terrified cries of those who feared to be sent out on the angry sea in the little life boats. She saw the fainting of those that had given up in the awful din. One single thought prevailed in her distraught mind. The end had no doubt come; she was living in sin; and she was not ready to die. There was no time to repent. She was lost, lost!

In that awful hour her reason left her completely. She became insane. From that time she was put under guard and later placed in an insane asylum in some foreign place as they went. Ship companies cannot care for an unattended insane passenger. What an awful end! What a warning to all that read this true account! It is, and it should be with solemn awe that we recall the word of scripture, "Be ye also ready, for in an hour when ye think not . . ."

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They were, however, never to need the life boats for as the ship plowed slowly through the storm, a quiet was soon noted, and they found later that the ship had been floundering in the waters where, like the eruption of a volcano, the matter is thrown up by the awful whirling and surging of the waters below. With the storm above and the waters below, they experienced the worst. But the ship, though hindered by the storm, stumbled on, persevering in spite of all hindrances as she slowly drove out of the vortex and entered calmer waters.

There was to be an extended stop over at Ceylon, India, so the passengers looked forward to this change. There was, however, much to be done. The captain ordered the lady passengers on one side of the ship and the men on the other. Trunks were opened; clotheslines were stretched on deck, and the contents of the trunks were hung to dry on the lines. Trunks open but sodden wet, were left in the engine rooms with the heat turned on, dried out and made ready once more to hold the dry articles hanging on the lines.

It was one of the greatest wash days in the history of the ship. Practically everyone was hanging clothes on the line at once. So she sped over the sea toward Ceylon with varicolored wash waving from her decks like a float in a street carnival.

All the passengers worked in unity, glad and thankful, sinner and saint alike, that their lives had been spared, and in gratitude, ashamed to complain of hardships or inconveniences. And so it was that they reached the docks at Ceylon, India. And a strange company indeed were they, all clad in clothing clean but rough dried. Since, however, so many of them shared the same plight, they happily made the most of it and looked forward to the end of the journey which must yet keep them on the sea for a few days.

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Thus, in good time Faith arrived at her destination in the month of February of the year 1914 in Calcutta, India. The wife of one Brother Moses, a native minister, met her at the docks. She was accompanied by a young woman, also a Christian, by the name of Sonat Mundul, the daughter of a high caste Indian. She went to the home of this family for the week end, and there found true fellowship, and they in turn felt great joy to have her come to them in their needy land. They knew that she came to perform a labor of love in their midst.

Again it all seemed like a wonderful dream that the curtain had been drawn at last, and she permitted to step from the threshold of her own loved land and enter the open door of this distant country. And what did the future hold of joy, sorrow, trials and conquests? Here at long last was India. Here, as she had sat along by the seaside, God had called across the black mantle of the evening skies and written a message. There was a great work to be done. A sowing beside all waters. For God had said:

“India’s little ones are calling you.”

Now, after years of tears, fastings, labors, prayers, trials, and longing, this was to be the field and scene of the actual response and the realization of her fondest hopes. It was with peace in her heart at last and a will to do that she, in good time, arrived at the city of Cuttack, where for many years she labored for the Lord. Sonat Mundul, the Christian girl who accompanied her, remained with her to share her sacrifices and triumphs for many years. She too had felt the call to launch out in behalf of the girls of India, but as a native girl, with all deep prejudice concerning womanhood in that land, it would be almost impossible to start out alone. So she now gladly came to the side of the new missionary.

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Throughout the history of India, there have been many almost unbelievable sorrows in the lives of Indian girls. Of these, perhaps child marriage was the most common and cruel. In that day, frequently little girls of eight years of age were sent away from the home of parents and the love and care owing to a child of such tender age to a strange home with an unkind mother-in-law or a cruel husband, or maybe both. Only God above and the tender little wife could tell of the lonely hours and the sad bleeding hearts separated from brothers and sisters, from mother's care, and the familiar surroundings of childhood to serve a husband who may be thirty, or forty, or even sixty years of age. This was not a marriage of choice. If her husband chose to beat and mistreat her, there was no divorce or breaking of the marriage contract. The contract was not signed by her in the beginning. It was the work of others, but she was required to abide by it. They had planned and contracted, and she only paid the price for the rest of her life.

Another sad picture of this far land was the wrong of enforced widowhood. If her husband died while she was still practically a child and left no children, or perhaps had no sons, she had to bear the fate that was hers from that time. If she was unfortunate enough to live to be sixteen years old, her head would be shaved, and she would never be allowed to wear pretty clothing or the bracelets and ornaments so dear to the Indian women. She was allowed one meal a day and not allowed to share in the pleasures of the rest of the family.

Her little lonely heart became so sad and her existence so desolate and meaningless that the only way out seemed to be for her to take her own life. The census report of 1891 records that of 287,000,000 population of India, the number of widows, and oh, so many of these were yet mere children, were 23,000,000. This

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meant that those girls would never be permitted to marry and have a home but must live a lifetime the veritable slave of others.

Perhaps one of the outstanding sorrows of Indian, life was the seclusion of their women, or the “zanana.” This particular custom came from Persia, a custom that required women to live in a secluded part of the home. In this way the Indian girl was deprived of the liberty of outdoor life. Only her husband, father, son, or brothers may see her face.

There was another custom of marrying a little girl to a sword, and from that time she belonged to the God, Khandoba. Parents devoted this daughter to this god and in so doing consecrated them to a life of shame.

But we are particularly interested at this time in mentioning the temple girls. We have been informed that by far the greatest number of Hindu temples are not longer than eight by ten feet, or just enough room to house the idol and the priest who cares for it. Sometimes the god is nothing but a stone without any particular shape or design. Perhaps a bit of paint has been put on it, and someone has set it up under a green tree or perhaps in some small recess of a wall. A few withered stems or flowers or perhaps some broken coconut shells may lie about the idol, showing that someone has been worshipping there.

Plain and meaningless as this stone may be, it still receives the services of devoted followers as though it were one of the great beautifully carved idols in a fine temple. Also it is as faithfully worshipped. However, in the large and elaborate temples, there is often a hall where people may gather to listen to recitations concerning the different idols. Many of these buildings are covered with figures. It is often beautiful work and sometimes very crude as no means may be had to have better.

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The temple at Puri is a very great temple and so of course must have many to serve and many to come to worship. Each servitor must have one special duty. There is one servant to put the idol to bed, one to take care of his garments, another to awaken him from his supposed sleep, and so on. A report given of the temple at Puri states that there were over one hundred dancing girls, or slaves of the gods.

Someone has written concerning these: "The gods in the Hindu heavens are not satisfied with having one or more wives of their own. They have also a number of public women called Asparis."

And according to Hindu belief, men and women who have performed some meritorious deeds go to heaven, and their happiness consists in the company of the Aspara. These little temple girls on earth are to the priests and devotees what the Asparis are in heaven. The only excuse for its existence is that it is a part of the religion of India. These young girls are dedicated in extreme youth, even in their infancy, to a life of prostitution in the sight of God and man, for they become the common property of the priests.

It was to this last named group that E. Faith Stewart dedicated her all in service. She strove to rescue them from a life of sorrow and shame and give them a vision of real and honorable womanhood.

There seems to be an opinion of some that John A. D. Khan founded the "Shelter" in India. This is not true. He came to America and returned to Cuttack, India and purchased a home for his own family use a few years before E. Faith Stewart went to India. After arriving in Cuttack, she was able to rent a very modest and small home not far from the Khan home. Sonat Mundul, who

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was a teacher, stayed on and taught the children. It was in this home that a little mite of a girl was rescued and brought to her who had already been dedicated to the priests. A girl with soft brown eyes, a beautiful child, just ten days old.

A rocking chair had been brought over to India from the homeland, and this was used by the new foster mothers as a cradle by day and a bed by night. Placing a pillow on the seat, they pulled the chair up to the bed at night and so watched tenderly over her day and night. With such a small beginning began the rescue work of temple girls in the life of Faith Stewart. That same chair, after serving for years, was brought back to Cuba, and after all these years' stands today in regular use in her own bedroom.

Often she saw women go weeping down the road either with an infant or a child to dedicate it to this sad life. Indian mothers are not hard. They have been taught that this is the very highest sacrifice, and being anxious to please the gods for fear of their displeasure and revenge, these sad mothers enter into this with the highest motives, sacrificing their tender little ones. Let me give you a report in Sister Stewart's own words:

“Knowing that these sad conditions truly existed, we were deeply burdened by our love for these sad and unfortunate little ones, and so we opened up a home where we could shelter and protect those who were liable to fall into the hands of persons engaged in immoral traffic.

“In the beginning, we had difficulty in getting trace of such cases or being able to get them located, but by diligent and courageous effort on our part, always praying and trusting God to aid, and keeping persistently at it, it began to bear fruit. Some of these precious little children we were able to rescue from the slave traders themselves before they were sent to their destinations. We

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could only think continually of the awful places holding these innocent little girls and long for some means to bring them out where they could live normal lives and hear the Gospel.

“In those early days, I realized that we could not move fast, but we kept right on watching for every opportunity to gather them into the fold and shelter of the home. However, we realized that alone we could really accomplish little. We began to pray that God would help us and send us the needed aid. It was four years after we started that, at long last, we received a letter asking if it would be possible for me to work in the capacity of Honorary Inspectress of Police. Also they offered to give me full authority to save these little girls from the dens of vice.

“More opportunities came, and more was accomplished from this time on. Also when there was famine and pestilence, this greatly increased the number of homeless and parentless children and left great numbers of destitute with no relative or friend to help them.

“We lost only a few of those we brought in starving, their little stomachs distended and in an awful state. God was good, and we were able to save most of those we took in. Knowing these facts, we were anxious to fully understand conditions that we might be able to do more for these precious children. When we made investigation, we learned that Cuttack, a city of about 75,000 inhabitants, had been for many years a headquarters for gathering these little ones into the brothels. According to the census report of 1919, there were over 10,000 girls under 14 years of age in the licensed brothels of Calcutta alone. This being our nearest city, many of these little ones had been shipped there by the keepers of the brothels in Cuttack.

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“Besides the public brothels, we had what is known as the temple brothels. These were houses connected with the great heathen temples where the little temple girls are kept. The temple girls are children who have been dedicated by their parents to the gods in the temple for a lifetime service. So, in fulfillment of this vow or some other vow that has been made, many little jewels are carried in the arms of their mothers to the temples and there laid on the altar as a sacrifice to the gods. These infants are cared for by the women in the temple brothels.

“At the age of five years, these children begin their services by dancing before the gods for their amusement. When they reach the age of nine or ten years, they are put into what is called a full life of service to the gods, but is in reality nothing less than a life of slavery to the passion of the priests who serve in the temple. The life of these poor little girls is beyond description.

“Knowing that these horrible conditions really existed, our hearts were constrained by the love of God, who is also the Father of these unfortunate little ones, to open a home where we could give protection to those who were liable to fall into the hands of persons engaged in this immoral traffic, and also where we could take in and protect any we might be able to bring out of these horrible dens of vice.

“Therefore on September 1, 1914, the doors of ‘The Shelter’ in Cuttack, India were opened. Miss Sonat Mundul, (mentioned before) an Indian lady of high birth, good education, and solid Christian character offered her services for the noble work, and together we opened the Home and began a diligent search for such little ones.

“Some little ones were rescued right from the slave traders before they were handed over to the brothels. In this we greatly

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rejoiced, but we could not yet feel satisfied. We longed to stretch forth our hands and burst open the doors of the dens of vice and bring out the little lambs that were being worse than slaughtered there and carry them to the shelter where they could enjoy the happy freedom of innocent childhood and be reared in a pure Christian atmosphere where they would grow up to noble womanhood.

“Although the work was hard and slow in the beginning, still we were conscious that God was working with us as one by one we gathered them in. We were aware, however, that unless we had the Government working with us and backing us in our undertaking that we would be able to accomplish little in such a work. Therefore we prayed earnestly that God would give us favor with them. In December of the year 1918, our hearts were made thankful by receiving a letter from the Government asking if I would work in the capacity of Honorary Inspectress of Police of Puri, Cuttack, and Balasore, India if they would invest me with authority to rescue minor girls from the brothels.

“Knowing that it was the hand of God that brought this about, I gladly accepted it. At last the doors to these dens were unlocked to me, and it was my privilege to enter in and bring out the precious little ones who had so long been held in bondage. From that time, the work moved forward more rapidly and we have at this present writing one hundred and ten happy children housed in the ‘Shelter.’ The first of these whom we had been able to rescue after she had been placed in a brothel was little Rangbati. When but two years and four months old, she was sold by her mother to the keeper of the brothel for two dollars and fifty cents and a piece of cloth. After locating this child, we appealed to the Commissioner of the Division for assistance in rescuing her. Then

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in company with Government Water Inspector, I visited the brothel, looking around here and there while he worked in another room. Suddenly he led me where a child was lying asleep on a floor. She was a dear little Indian girl pitiful in her baby innocence as she slept quietly there. I stooped as though to look at her and just then the caretaker left the room with the inspector. Quickly, I stooped and lifted the little one up in my arms and ran for the vehicle which in India is a closed coach. Ladies must not travel in an open coach in this land for fear that men will see their faces. Just then, the Inspector came hurrying out to drive me to the station to board a train for Cuttack. We had gone to the city of Puri where the great temple was. As we climbed into the coach, the nurse ran to the door screaming loudly after us, but ignoring her cries, we sped on our way to the train. Thus was dear little Rangbati saved from a life of horror and shame and was brought into the shelter of a Christian home and all that it means.”



## Chapter V

### Little Hands, Little Faces of India

*“Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto Me.”*

How full became the years of labor in this beloved land of India, of darkness and sunshine, of culture and raw heathenism, of souls, precious souls, to be gleaned from its fields. Little hands no longer stretched out over the sea, but were now so close, so very close, and dear little faces with their sad eyes always pleading, it seemed, to be rescued. The modest building that first housed the “Home” soon became inadequate, and a larger one was needed. But on, ever on, was the watchword and the steady inflow of an ever increasing family of children of all ages brought in from the places of bondage where they were held, or from the famine fields. They came to the “Shelter” sad, starving, sick, or needy and filled the place.

So they soon began to look about for a more suitable and sizeable building. And she writes:

“How we thanked God that through earnest prayer and waiting upon Him, funds had gradually come in to build a suitable home. We were able not only to secure a tract of land suitable for such a home, but to erect a large two story building with a wide veranda

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stretching along the entire length up front and planned with the suitability for the care of little children.”

When all had been done and the structure was surrounded by the spacious lawn, it was a monument to the goodness of God and His children here on earth. As need came and as funds slowly accumulated, a nursery building was put up. A school building was added later, and a beautiful chapel for worship stood on the grounds. Later still, as the girls grew older, a weaving shed was built. Here the oldest were taught to weave, and the Government bought all the cloth they wove on their looms which was not used at the Home. They also wove baskets and other needed articles, and in time, the older girls became selfsupporting.

This was a wonderful move in the history of the Home, and again she writes:

“How we thanked God that funds gradually came in to build the ‘Shelter’, and thus afford a good home for us. When we were well settled and moving along nicely in our new location, two brethren from the States, making a tour of the mission fields and looking at different institutions as they traveled through the countries, visited India, bringing along a notebook of suggestions hoping to be of help to me. They said:

“We have visited on our way to India places of like intension in many homes for children, taking down notes to share with you.

“I will be very glad to have any help or ideas you may have obtained to aid me in the work and will appreciate your giving them to me.

“ ‘No,’ ” they replied, ‘we shall not need to do so. This Home is the best planned for little children that we have found in our travels, and we feel that we could add nothing to it.’

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“As they stood looking out over the mission area upon the general view and the good buildings erected one of them said: “Where did the money come in for all this outlay?

“I know one thing,” said the other, ‘it did not come from the Mission Board, for we have not sent it.’

“It has been supplied by God and faith in His promises,” said Faith Stewart. With what happiness she received the word of commendation from those who had so reluctantly sent her to the field.

At one time, she again made the trip to Puri with the Government Water Inspector hoping to rescue at least one child. They made their way into the Home, and the Inspector went about his business. She looked about her, and she saw not very far away five little girls, the youngest a baby of about nine months, (this child had been married to a god when she was only three months old.) the oldest one ten or eleven years old. Addressing the nurse she said:

“Are all these children registered?”

“No,” she replied, “I cannot get away to get it done.” “Don’t you know that the law requires that you register these girls?”

“Yes, but I have no one to care for them.”

“I will stay on while you are gone.”

The woman hesitated to leave a foreigner in charge and seeing this, Faith Stewart drew back her wrap and revealed the Government Star of Inspector, and the woman prepared at once to leave and do the work. As soon as the public woman departed from sight, she picked up two of the children, gave the smallest

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child in the keeping of the largest girl to carry, called to the other one to follow, and made her way to the closed coach.

Poor little ones. They, perhaps, felt very fearful of this strange white woman now taking them from their home to they knew not what further sorrows, but there were no ties of love. No one held them with endearing words or had fondled them. They must, in fear, obey those that ruled over them and obey as slaves. So they meekly followed her, climbing into the strange coach and being well hidden from sight. Who knows but that something in the tone of the words of this stranger had a note of pity never heard before by these precious little ones and stirred their little hearts in a new way and gave confidence to them in this strange white woman who had come so unceremoniously into their lives.

She sat in the coach among them, little hands, little faces, not in the gloom filled skies still pleading for her love and protection, but close now, very close, as they hovered about her in their strange surroundings, leaning heavily on her now to rescue them from the horrors of a hell on earth. And so they reached their new home where food and shelter and loving care and happy childhood days awaited them and where the childish mind in time could put aside the memories that haunted of loneliness, lovelessness, and the awful void of such a life.

These rescues were not accomplished as easily as it may seem, for it brought anger and hatred from the keepers of these homes as well as from the officers and priests of the temples. Her life was in imminent danger as she went about lifting them out of these dens of vice. At one time there came in from the famine fields, left alone no doubt by the death of their families, two little girls perhaps two and three years old. After all, who among the natives could succor or show pity or compassion when they themselves

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were hungry and facing starvation? In their suffering and want, their little faces were the faces of the old and their bodies so emaciated from hunger that their little legs and arms were bare skin and bone and looked too frail to bear the head and trunk.

A dull expression of misery had stamped itself on their tiny faces and was enough to touch the most indifferent heart to pity. These too were brought to the “Shelter” and fed and clothed and loved and cared for, and in four months, none could have recognized the little waifs who entered. These dear little ones stood hand in hand, restored by the grace of God and the loving pity of His servants, learning to live as sweetly and innocently and purely as protected little ones at home and to know God and to learn to pray, to believe God for the very blessings of life, and even to ask Him for all things. But if all were written, this would be a story of many pages and too long to be written here.

Many of my readers will not have read “Living Faith”, and so we will note an incident of the child life in India which rightfully belongs here.

“It was on Saturday morning, and everything in the Children’s Home was in commotion. They had definitely planned to take a lunch and go to the riverside that afternoon, giving the children a good time out in the open air. They were so happy about it all. But it was well understood that the work must be done up nicely before going, so they were all doing their very best. Everyone who was large enough was putting their strength right into the work and planning on a wonderful time that afternoon.

“But alas for their plans. No sooner was dinner over than clouds began to gather and the sky became dark overhead, and soon the rain began to fall. What a disappointment it was to them all! But these children had long ago learned that God was their

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father, that He is interested in the joys and sorrows of each of His children, and that He answers prayer for those who trust in Him. It was not very long until the children themselves held a conference and then away they went, some to one bedroom, and some to another.

“So they began to pray, and every few moments, some child would slip out on the veranda to look at the sky to see if it was clearing. Soon, sure enough, the rain suddenly ceased, and then, although the sky was still dark, the faith of these little ones was not daunted. God, their father, had answered their prayers and stopped the rain. And could they not trust Him to finish what He had begun? They insisted that it would not rain and began getting ready, so we honored their faith and started. At that time, we had a visiting missionary from another part of India in the home. She started with her umbrella and the children remonstrated with her, but she was not equal to the test.

“Knowing that they had asked in faith that God would clear the day so they could go, and as He had stopped the rain, they felt certain that He would not stop them. Why should anyone, then, take anything with them to protect them against the rain just as if they did not expect a full answer? This, however, is the way that most of God’s children trust Him.

“The riverside was soon reached, and oh what a joyful time they had! They played and had their lunch, and near dark, they all came home. The clouds remained scattered over the skies. The glaring sun was hidden behind them, making it an ideal day for an outing. Not a drop of rain fell, giving them a happy afternoon in answer to prayer. They tramped home, and as they entered the ‘Shelter’, the rain, as if held back by an unseen hand, suddenly turned loose just as the children passed in and began to pour down,

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and it rained all that night. This was even more convincing to the children that God in His plan had an afternoon of rain, but had held back in answer to prayer.

“What a lesson of faith in the goodness of God to His little ones. They never forgot it, and it was graven deeply on their minds that God loves to answer earnest prayer. This should be a lesson to God’s big children also. We should all take Him at His word, rest on His promises, and honor Him by asking largely that our joy may be full and also that His dear name may be lifted up among the people.”

In later life, many of these children when in places of need, or having problems too large to solve, separated from their beloved “Mama” by the wide ocean once more, would remember these times and be encouraged to go on trusting in the God whom they were taught to believe really loved them.

There are many people, yea, multitudes walking in the dim vista of a common world, living a common life, who never rise above the ordinary nor ever associate with those who live in a higher realm. These say that the day of miracles have long passed, and those who are so foolish to believe differently about the matter are simply fanatics and a little queer. But for those who live close, to the heart of God, who walk faithfully through field and fen, it is a beautiful reality.

It was an annual custom of the “Shelter” and its leaders to give at Christmas time a dinner for the poor and destitute of the country thus making many hearts rejoice at the birthday of our Lord. Always the means with which to do this was a matter of faith for the means must come in above the mission funds. There was a year when after the preparation and all the work and the dinner was in progress that the crowds increased so that the supply of food began

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to run out. At last there was only the portion left for the faithful young girls of the “Shelter” who had labored to make this dinner possible.

About that time another group came to be fed. The girls turned anxiously to their missionary and said:

“Mama, shall we give them our food and eat rice for our dinner?”

“No. Perhaps we can make them a meal of something else that we have. Go and look in the kettles.”

“But Mama, we have taken out all the food and have scraped the kettles for the last and the pots are empty.”

However, in obedience to her request, they returned to look into the empty pots. Just then a cry rang out on the air, and the girl who had looked in the pot said:

“It was scraped to the bottom, and we put the spoon in again to see and look food, plenty of good food for these people! God has sent food and put it in the kettle for us to give to these people.”

As they worked on in their labor of love, there was great excitement and much rejoicing at the miracle and the goodness of God in their very midst. Then she told them the Bible story of the barrel of meal spoken of in the Bible, and how after it was shared, it never failed, and how with God, nothing is impossible. God, in His great love, had also been in their midst and honored their desire to share with the needy and sent in His own way the needed food when their own supply had fallen short.

Their joy knew no bounds, and in happy mood, tired, but joyfully they served the newcomers and chatted together of the great miracle and of the greatness of God’s love who had provided

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when they could not. But did He not multiply the loaves and the fishes, and is He not the same today? The power of God is in no wise limited, nor His hand shortened that He cannot do all things. Only our faith can limit God, for we receive as we believe God. "Not one of all His promises have failed."

It was not long until the girls began to save their pennies and any little bit of money that was earned or given for a secret purpose. They planned together in loving cooperation until the day came that an enlarged picture of Faith Stewart was purchased and hung on the wall of the "Shelter." She was deeply touched by this display of esteem, love, and sacrifice which must have been made over quite a period of time to procure such a gift. She felt rewarded for dangers faced, the toil and sacrifice on her own part when she saw the tribute of their loving hearts.

It was while laboring on this field that she contacted a British Official. He had not looked with favor on her work as a lone American woman struggling in India in a work of faith. He looked down from his lofty position and had been no friend to the work or its founder. But she went serenely on in her God called labor, knowing that she was where He wanted her, caring only to please Him. He was truly, in a sense, an enemy of the work, looking askance at the foolishness of praying for the sick and not giving medical help. However, there came a day when this magistrate and his wife drove up and arrived at the door of the "Shelter" in his fine family coach. She waited with much misgiving, wondering what this visit would mean to her. Imagine with what relief she learned that, on looking over the records of various schools under his jurisdiction, the Officer had found the most favorable report of her school, and that their general health was reported best of all the schools. Finally he said:

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“It does not seem to matter whether prayers or medicine are stuffed down these children so that they are healthy. This is our concern.” With what relief did she receive the reason for his visit!

There came a day when this official’s wife took very ill. Slowly she grew worse in spite of all being done for her. Finally the family physician said to the husband:

“Sir, your wife is suffering with cancer, and we have done all we can for her, but now we have come to the end, and we have no hope to offer you for her life.”

With what sorrow he received the news! There was no one in whom to turn. Science had failed, and he felt desperate in his helplessness. He knew the leader at the mission, for little children believed in praying for the sick, and he had probably heard that wonderful answers had been given, but up to now, it meant less than nothing to him.

That this plainly dressed, humble woman of God who went out in the famine fields, slums, and brothels of India had anything to offer him, a British official of high standing in India, was unbelievable. But his suffering wife had heard of her and willed it so, and a drowning man will grasp at a straw. So he sent for Faith Stewart to come, and she went to the home of the rich and the great as readily and as humbly as to the poor. He asked her:

“Do you know that I have not been a friend to you?”

“Yes,” she answered, “I knew this.”

“And you are still willing to come and pray for my sick wife?”

“I am glad to be of any service that is possible.”

There in that sickroom, she laid her clean hands, hands that were ever occupied in the Master’s business, hands that were really

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no longer hers, but God's, hands dedicated to Him in loving service, on the dying woman and prayed the simple prayer of faith. And God, looking down from Heaven, heard and answered. That day the wife of the British Official was healed of cancer. To the surprise and great joy of the husband, she was raised up from her sickbed and made normal and whole. The cancer that had been eating her very life away was destroyed by the power of God, and she arose to again stand by the side of her husband in his work.

Thus an enemy of both pride and power was won over by the humble loving service that only a true child of God can give. And so true were these new friends that later when the day came that she left India, this proud man sat watching and weeping on the platform until the train bore her out of sight in the distance.

There were other ways she was permitted to witness in this faraway land. There was a great social function given in the home of one of the Officials to which she was invited and very graciously responded. Wherever she went, she was marked by her extreme simplicity of dress and dressed her hair as simple as possible. After all had assembled, another guest, a missionary also, offered to teach her to play cards as all the other guests were playing, but she refused and also did not partake of the liquor that was served. At an early hour, she excused herself and went home.

She was sorry to embarrass her host by such a stand, but would not compromise. But the gentleman hastened to call the family coach for her use and sent his coachman to drive her home. Thus although she stood alone for right, she was respected by these high class people of India.

But still came the helpless girls of India as they were rescued or as they had other means of knowledge of a refuge.

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One morning just before daybreak there came a frantic knocking at the door of the mission. When we opened the door at last a little girl of perhaps nine or ten years of age hurried frantically into the room and begged us to close it at once. We began to question her but could get nothing from her except that she begged for shelter and said that she had heard of a home where Jesus was taught and she had come to live in the midst and learn about Him. That was all, in spite of all the questioning and all the trying to find out, not one word of further information could we obtain.

She stayed on, happy in the life of the Shelter although she had come there in the dress of a better class Indian home. She seemed to be satisfied and willing to live on the level of the poor waifs of the lower class Indian girls. But time went on and during one of the revivals held during the year Bedu went to an altar of prayer and was really saved. Then came a time of confession and she related to them her life story. It was the old story all over again so often heard in India. She had been given in marriage to a grown man at the pitiful age of four years. Her life was pitifully hard and cruel under the rule of her husband and mother-in-law. At the age of nine or ten years it became unbearable and she sought to find a way out of her misery.

Alas there was no way until she somehow in the mercy of God found out that there was a refuge somewhere in the city for girls of India. A place where they told about Jesus the Saviour and a place where love and protection was offered to the needy. She waited no longer but made careful inquiry as to where the place was located and then on from day to day watched her chance to escape.

Only a child in years but through hardship and sorrow made much older she planned her way and arose very early and covering

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her face in the usual custom of the land and running silently through the streets just before day break she had arrived, desperate, fearful, and weeping, pleading for refuge and all the time afraid that someone had seen and might be pursuing her. For weeks after that when someone came to the door of the mission she would run and hide under a bed or anywhere to get out of sight until they had gone away. But God saw her sad plight and in mercy looked down and watched over her. No one was ever able to find her and claim her and she lived on and grew up in the midst a fine Christian girl, happy in her new found home and religion.

Many indeed were the victories won in prayer those days. Little Ramah was brought to the “Shelter” from her sad condition of life. She seldom smiled and was so quiet and sober that the other children seemed to feel sad with her. As she continued on in their midst from day to day the sad spirit seemed to gradually leave and at last she became a normal child playing and joining in laughter with the rest.

This went on for perhaps two years and once more a change came over her. She seemed to withdraw from the other children and to wear the same sad expression. The children mentioned the matter to their missionary and asked that she look into the matter. So Faith Stewart began to speak to her but could not get an answer, until she pressed the child, telling her that there was something wrong and it was necessary for the happiness of all that she open her heart to them and let them help her.

Finally she responded saying:

“When I came to the Shelter I was sad because my father and mother were both dead. They had died of leprosy and I was afraid I would get it and have to go away from the home. Then everything seemed to be alright and I almost forgot about the awful fear that

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used to come over me. But not long ago I noticed a white spot on my arm and knew it must be leprosy. Oh, Mama, you can't realize how badly I felt when I saw that white spot. I was afraid that you would send me away from this home. So I have been trying to keep away from the other girls, not because I want to, but because I do not want them to touch me and get this awful disease."

"But it is the law in India that all lepers must be segregated. And we must go at once to see about this for the sake of the other children."

So with sad hearts they learned the secret of their little play fellow and she was taken to a doctor who pronounced the disease a real case of leprosy. But he said that there was no vacancy at the leper colony and if it was possible they must segregate the child and keep her a little longer, they would send word as soon as things were ready. Then they took the sad little girl home and made arrangements for her.

Faith Stewart took her to a private room and taking a piece of chalk she made a white line straight through the center on the floor. Two beds were placed there, one on each side of the white line. Then she said:

"I will not leave you alone, Ramah. See here is a line across the room. I will sleep on one side of this line and you will sleep on the other. But we will never cross over this line. We will see each other and be in the same room but we will not get close. And the mission folk will all be praying for you."

A short time went on with Ramah living in the room and once a day she went for a walk out in the fresh air of the evening with her beloved "Mama;" But the leprosy was not healed and the time

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was fast drawing near when a vacancy would be reported. One day she said:

“If you will pray for me I will be healed and not have to go to the leper colony.”

“But we are praying for you,” replied Miss Stewart.

“Yes, but I want you to pray the prayer of faith,” replied the child. Afterward Faith Stewart said that she felt a gentle rebuke in the answer given, and went before the workers with the earnest words of the little child. And with more zeal and faith they pled more faithfully at the throne of grace. In a short time the spot began to fade and the joy of Ramah knew no bounds as she watched from day to day.

Then one day came the message that a place had been made for her. She was to be brought at once to the Clinic and after another thorough examination she was to be taken to the colony. But the child was inconsolable. “But I am healed. I do not need to go now,” she protested.

“But we must obey the laws of the land and these doctors do not know about our praying.”

“But don’t you believe that I am healed?” asked Ramah.

“Yes, but we must let these doctors be convinced themselves in their own way. We are sending you to them but notice that we are not sending the clothing that they require because we believe that you will be sent home again.”

So comforted with these words the worker and the little child set out on their journey to the city where they were to have the final test. But the whole family at the “Shelter” was praying and by the time they made the journey and reached the Clinic every sign

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of the terrible disease was gone. The doctor was astonished and made a very thorough test but could not find a sign of leprosy. In joy and confidence in the great power of prayer they returned home. God had healed little Ramah and given her the desire of her heart and sent her home in victory. Now she was able to go once more among the children and play with them and her heart was light and she could smile and join in their childish fun. What a great God is our God! And how few in the world really know that today we can receive the blessings of heaven if we only believe.

## Chapter VI

### Homes, Customs, and Friends in India

*“Thy bread and thy water shall be sure.”*

The work in India grew and prospered so that although there were many and the task a heavy one, they pressed on. Sometimes tests and hardships came from the fields where she labored, and sometimes it came from those who were at home who should have been understanding. But every missionary would testify that some of the heaviest loads come from those who profess to be back of the great task, but whose vision is too narrow. On one occasion when walking over the campgrounds at home, a woman who had claimed to have an interest in the mission came up to her and said:

“I have heard that the people of India eat their food with their fingers. Is it true?”

“Yes, it is true.”

“I have also heard that those at the Shelter Home are eating that way. Is it true?”

“Yes, it is true.”

“Well, I know, of course; you could not afford to buy knives and forks for all that group, but if we here in America will send

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you the proper amount of knives and forks, will you teach them to eat as we do?"

"No," she said quietly.

"Why not?"

"Because I did not go to India to make Americans out of them and to compel them to change their customs for ours when theirs have naught to do with morals. I went to India to save lives and souls. I will not try to change their way of life."

"Then I will not support such a person," said the outraged person, as she stalked away.

How narrow-minded we become as we send our pittance across the great rolling seas, saying, "If we give you these pennies and scraps left over from our bountiful tables in America, you must be like us. You must dress in our dress, eat as we eat, use our language, and think as we think."

Perhaps we have never thought what an oddity we would make of converts requiring them to dress as foreigners in their own land. This would indeed make the natives very noticeable among their fellow men and bring needless persecution and troubles. Neither does this engender more or better fruit in that land. It is the soul that must be saved, the inner man must be changed, and all will right itself when this is done. The pagan does not want to look like a worked over article, but would walk among his fellow man as he is, save for his soul that has found peace.

In the "Shelter", Faith Stewart wore the regular American housedress, but when she went out to the social gatherings necessary, she often donned the native sari. When in New York, we had the privilege to visit the United Nations Building, and

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while there watched the native Indian women walking about the building, and of all the women there, these women were the most graceful and most modestly dressed. Not an American woman present walked with the freedom and graceful ease as did these sisters of the Orient as they moved to and fro handling their lovely garments.

The young American missionary who visited the mission found it very difficult to eat with her knife and fork, lifting her food all the way from the mat on the floor to her mouth. They have their table etiquette, and among their better class have their books of instructions as we do and eat as daintily and as good mannered as we. They do not need our American customs and dress, but they do need our Christ, and the sooner we realize this, the better progress we will make in the mission field.

While laboring on in this field during the First World War, while engaged both in orphanage work and in general mission work in the first years, she was connected with the Missionary Board that had their headquarters in Anderson, Indiana, and at that time when an offering came in for the work in India, they sent it on to her. There was no salary nor stipulated amount for regular support and the work was definitely carried on by faith. As we have said, assuming no responsibility for financing the mission, they did what they could in a brotherly way from time to time. She writes of this period as follows:

“Our experiences were so great and the many answers to prayer so marvelous that I could write volumes and not tell it all. During those days, we frequently had to say as did the psalmist of old, The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof I am glad. However, I am not going to use much time or space telling of what great things happened twenty or thirty years ago, but since He is

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just the same today, we shall have new experiences from time to time. But a few things are in keeping to show His goodness to the children of men.

“At one time during the War, it was very difficult to get meat, and in time, the girls in the ‘Shelter’ grew very hungry for it. They knew that these hard times were brought on by the war, and they said nothing to me or the other workers about their desire for meat. But a group of the older ones, (from ten to fourteen years of age) got together and went far out from the house under the shade of trees, and there they had a good prayer meeting, laying their desires right out before their Heavenly Father in full confidence that He would grant their petition.

“Later, when telling me all about it, they said that at first they had asked the Lord to either send money or meat, but after considering it awhile, one of them said to the others:

“ ‘But girls, if God sends money, Mama will not know it is for meat when there are so many needs, and she will surely buy something else with it.’ So they went in prayer again and asked the Lord not to send money but to send meat.

“I knew nothing about this simple childish prayer, but I did know that for two days the girls kept right up around the house. Many times during those days, I urged them to go out under the shade where it was cooler, but to no avail. About noon of the second day, (after they had prayed) a man came to the house with a large basket of meat on his head. A note was brought to me from the sender telling me that the meat was for the children. The girls were even then on the back veranda listening to what the man was saying, and by the time I got the meat back to them, they were simply overcome with the great joy that filled their young hearts as they realized their prayer was fully answered. I rejoiced with them,

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and we mingled our tears of gratitude together and adored our Saviour and Friend as they related to me their experience of taking their desire before the Lord and then waiting for the promised answer.

“The following day, I called on Mrs. White, the lady who had been used of God to help answer the Children’s prayer. As I related to her how earnestly they had prayed and how they had waited the two days in faith, she wept bitter tears, and said:

“Miss Stewart, I am so ashamed of myself.”

“Then she told me that the family owned two sheep and cared for them as pets, but that two days before she had sent the meat, God had spoken clearly to her telling her to have a certain one of these sheep butchered and send the meat over to the Girls’ Home. She said that she had refused to do so, and that on the following morning when she went out to open the door of the little house where the sheep were kept, she found the very one God had called for, on the floor dead.

“She was convinced that God had taken the animal because she had withheld it and refused to obey Him. So at once she and her husband called a butcher, asking him to kill and dress the meat of the other sheep, so that it could be sent to the Children’s Home. Thus God again proved His faithfulness in answering prayer. Although it had only been children who had laid their desires before the Lord, has He not said that the desires of the righteous shall be granted? Yes, thank God. And even children can love and serve the Lord and can get their prayers through and have them answered. And if the answer is sometimes delayed, never cast away your confidence for ‘though it tarry, wait for it; for it shall surely come.’ Hab. 2:3”

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The adequate plan of the house in Cuttack where the girls were housed and her system of work and schooling was admirable and won the respect of all who knew about it, and the British official as well. Her work of rescue of so many little Indian girls and the noble effort that was made to fit them for a finer and nobler life was at last appreciated by the Government, and she was presented with a Kaiser I. Hind Medal in recognition of her valuable work in connection with the "Shelter". She also received a letter from H. Le Meceurier, member of Council, congratulating her for admirable and courageous work.

It was about this time that she left India to return to her own country. The Board at home had suggested this before, but she had always insisted on remaining until now nine years had passed, and she had never taken the usual furlough that has been found necessary to most missionaries because of change of climate and labor. But Faith Stewart has never, in her long years of service, taken a vacation as others find necessary. She, when physically able, was at the Lord's business at home or abroad. But friends and those who had at last consented to send her, urged her, saying:

"No missionary has gone to India and stayed so long before coming home. It is not wise to stay any longer. We have urged you to come before, but now we insist on your coming home on furlough for at least a year."

Other missionaries stayed for the colder season, but left for the higher parts of India in the extreme heat of summer to protect their health and keep fit for the rest of the year. The average temperature for about nine months of the year in the area of the mission was 122 degrees, and this was not the heat of other places for it was in the shade. Only one summer was there any change made in the nine years' term she had served in India as a missionary.

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But it was with great reluctance that she began to prepare for the long absence from her beloved little ones who looked to her as to a mother and called her Mama. But the matter could be put off no longer, and she began to pack and at last found herself sailing homeward with mingled thoughts and emotions as she drew nearer and nearer each day. One thought was paramount. Would she be able to see her father once more?

A short while before sailing, she had taken in a little boy left homeless, and many thoughts kept coming to her mind. The girls were growing up, and a problem came with that growing.

The outlets for girls are few in India, and there must be an outlet to take care of the older girls so that the Home could continue to take in others. Also, they must be fitted for a life of usefulness. There was one question that presented itself to her—where to find suitable husbands for these girls when they became old enough to marry.

She could not bring herself to give noble, educated, Christian girls in marriage to heathen men because the women in Hindu homes are not supposed to have a voice in anything, but must, without question, strictly obey their husbands in everything. If one of the mission girls desired to marry a Hindu, she would have to sacrifice every Christian principle in the very beginning and submit to a heathen marriage ceremony. Then after marriage, she would be forced to bow down in worship before their idols and to submit to all of their heathen customs. It would be impossible to even do this in outward form without sacrificing their consciences and losing their own soul.

Speaking of this very matter in a report made many years ago, she says:

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“In Christian lands, our young women meet with people and form their own friendships which lead to matrimony. This is not true in India. The girls are kept in seclusion in their own homes and do not go out in public. If they attend school, from the time they are eight years of age, they must attend a school for girls only. All conditions are such that bar them from forming acquaintance with the opposite sex. The parents or guardians plan for their marriage.

“A Christian girl will likely know whom she is to marry and in most cases will have the privilege of meeting the one she is to marry a time or two and engage in a few moments conversation, but that is all.

“So those who live in such institutions as the ‘Shelter’ are under the guardianship of the missionary in charge, and that missionary is entirely responsible to plan for the marriage of those in her care.

“There is, therefore, only one solution for this tremendous problem. We must have a home for boys where we can rear and train Christian husbands for the girls. If we can open a home some little distance from the one we now have for girls, and there take in small orphan boys, surround them with strong Christian influence, give them elementary education, then have them taught good trades, this will fit them for an independent life. We can thus give our girls to them in marriage, and they will form their own Christian community in which they live.

“It will place the girls in a position where they can have something to live for and where their lives will broaden out and be a blessing to humanity. Who can measure the good it will be to a community, if in a few short years, we could have as the fruit of these two schools more than one hundred Christian homes? What a

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power for good this would be! One hundred homes shining out for God in the very midst of heathen darkness. This is the plan on which the Roman Catholics and others have worked, and they have the results to show today. We too can have results, if we work to the same plan. But unless we open a boy's home and rear Christian husbands for these girls, we shall, in the end, lose much of what God has designed to accomplish through His work.

“But it requires money to sustain an institution of this sort. It will require a sum of thirty thousand dollars to erect buildings and establish a home. Having put our hands to the plow, we feel we dare not draw back, and at present we are where we cannot go forward unless God opens the way before us. And as He has ordained that His children should be workers together with Him, I take the liberty of bringing this great need before the friends of such a cause in Christian America.”

The burden of her heart was to, during this year at home on furlough, raise the amount needed to open the Boys' home on her return to India. She appealed earnestly to those who would read the report to assist in rescuing and leading to pure noble womanhood other little jewels who have fallen victims of the immoral traffic in minor girls that is so extremely carried on in dark India.

She began to make preparation for the long journey back to the homeland and the day came when, leaving others in charge, and saying goodbye to the last little one in her beloved India, she took ship and sailed homeward at last. It was with mingled feelings that she drew nearer and nearer each day to her loved home. Would her father receive her; would she be permitted to look on this face again? What did the year ahead hold for her and her work? On and on swept the great ship ever nearer the goal and she plowed through the mighty waves and steered a straight course for America.



## Chapter VII

### Broader Visions and Greater Faith

*“Lengthen thy cords.”*

Home after nine years! She hastened to the office of the Board of Missions where she presented herself. In surprise, they saw that after nine hard years in a country so hot that others failed in health, she returned weighing one hundred and thirty-four pounds and apparently in perfect health. They listened to her enthusiastic report of the past and her plans for the future, and they knew that the frail woman who had gone forth trusting had not trusted in vain.

“If”, said one of them, “we had known that you were in this fine physical condition, we would not have been so persistent on your returning at this time.”

A telegram and letter awaited her telling that she would be permitted to come home. This was the best news that could come to her in the homeland. She hastened to the old home, and there God opened the door for a true and lasting reconciliation with her father. But God is ever on the giving hand, and that year saw her father happily saved and baptized. He took his full stand for the truth at seventy-five years of age.

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What a busy year it proved to be, full of journeys over the country in the interest of missions. Upon her arrival in the United States, she had opened her heart and told them of the absolute necessity of a boys' home in India. Their vision did not take it in, and they turned down her earnest plea. Faith Stewart knew how to be denied. Had not the earlier years of her life been years of refusals and sad delays? She waited again for awhile and then laid the plea before them. But she was told that it was an utter impossibility. Alas for hearts that many be honest but have no missionary vision or faith in the great God that they serve. Because of this lack in the homeland, out there on the harvest fields of the world thousands die in heathen darkness that might have been saved. We cannot measure the outreach by the small means in our hand, and what a pity not to see that our God works in and through servants who are to go out like Abraham—only because God said so. But the faithful missionary went about her self-appointed task during that year of furlough and laid the matter before another court, a higher court, not on earth. Men may be shortened and fail, but God is able. Pleading her case continually before Heaven's throne and believing still, although she alone seemed to see and know the case, she held firmly to her purpose. That purpose was to erect and establish a home and school for Indian boys.

But time went by quickly, and she had been over many states to tell the good news of work in India and to stir up interest in missions in general. Finally the year was drawing to a close, and she would soon be returning to her field. So with burdened heart and dauntless courage, she faced the Mission Board once more. She was not obligated to them as she had never received a salary, but went forth with their approval and blessing. They sent her, as noted before, any money sent in especially for her.

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No promise was ever made of support, and the good man of God who was then secretary would send some little offering as he could. When eight girls were taken in, they wrote asking that she take in no more as it would be too many to support. But she wrote back:

“If the Church of God is too small to support more, then God is able to do it.”

This time she made a new proposition. “If I can raise money for the establishing of a home and get all my support from the outside not asking any help from the Christians here in the church, will you then consent to my going ahead and doing this work?”

There remained now but a few days before sailing, and to go out to strange people and raise money seemed impossible. They consented, providing she get the money from strangers, asking none of the saints. About that time a telegram came asking that she come to New York immediately, and the pastor of the Church there on Grand Avenue at that time had obtained engagements for her so plentiful that she was compelled to have noon meetings with business men and afternoon meetings and evening meetings for others to crowd them in in time. At one noon meeting with business men in New York, a man stepped up and said:

“About what will it take to support a boy for a year?”

She named the approximate amount, and he stepped forward and laid down the sum on the table.

A second man rose with tears and said: “My wife and I just had two children, and they were twin boys. We lost both of them with a severe sickness when they were young. I would like to give enough to support two boys for five years.”

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And so the number mounted until there was funds raised for forty boys for from one to two and five years. Beside this, offerings were taken, and money was raised to start building a home for the boys. Those who gave the permission were surprised to hear that the impossible had really happened. There seemed to be no limit to the plans and purposes of this frail woman who had been told that she would probably last about six months in India.

Gradually the “Shelter” and its works became known to a larger circle than those whom they saved from a degraded life. One day a British gentleman came and asked for help in an unusual problem in his home life. His wife, whom he loved dearly, had become pregnant, and after consulting physicians, was told that she could not give birth to a child. The only hope for her life now was an immediate operation to take the little one. If this was not done and the child left until the time of delivery, then both must die.

After she had heard the story of the troubled husband, she said: “I would not feel competent to give advice on such a serious case, but we can take this matter to God.”

The husband said that they had talked the matter over and did not feel that they wanted to be responsible for the life of the little one. So, together they decided to cast the case on God and trust His care and the results. Some time passed by when a message came asking Faith Stewart to go to the home of this English gentleman. When she reached there, she found a woman doctor present, but in a professional sense only, as no doctor would take the case.

Hours passed by with the lady in deep suffering, but no deliverance, and the sad husband walking the floor in his utter helplessness. Finally the doctor suggested that as there was no change in the patient’s condition that she should hurry to her home and eat and be refreshed, promising to return promptly. The

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missionary, left alone in this serious case, sat by the bedside, her heart lifted up to a mighty God who does not fail. Only a miracle now would save this life.

God came to the rescue, and before the doctor returned, a little child came into the world, perfectly normal, with the mother and child in good condition. Is it any wonder that here and there among the great, and also among the lowly, sowing beside all waters, that results began to show forth the mighty power of God to save, to keep, and to heal? Her influence was shed abroad in the land where she was called, being used in a mighty way for the extension of His kingdom. She herself tells of an incident that happened at this time at the “Shelter”. One morning, looking over the incoming mail, they found a check for one thousand dollars. The amount was so unusual that they read the figures over and over to make sure they did not make a mistake. But the check was genuine, and the two American girls who had come to India on the return trip home were joyful and at once began to plan several much needed improvements.

But the missionary stopped their planning. She said to them:

“God does not send money for a mission field just for nothing. There is a special need for this amount, or it would never have been sent. We dare not spend one dollar of it until God speaks. We will lay it aside until we hear definitely from God as to its use.”

That afternoon, a great hurricane came on about four o’clock, sweeping in a great wave of destruction across that section of India. They stood in the “Shelter” building and saw the roof of the school building lifted from its moorings and carried away in the sweeping gales of winds that tore through the section. Other property was damaged, but the building where they gathered for shelter was untouched all by the goodness of God. As they

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watched the fury of the winds and the destruction in their wake, they were made to be thankful for the loving care of the great Father up above. Much damage was done to the mission property.

As soon as all was over, laborers were sent to work on the buildings, and when the last bill came in, the last dollar of the check was spent. God had sent just enough to cover the unexpected bills, and not a dollar more. How wonderful to trust in One who makes no mistakes.

“One of the difficulties faced in the work in India is that of the caste system. People of a certain caste, for instance, must do a certain work and may not attain to any other no matter how they may be capable in every way. They are never permitted to rise above their menial labors assigned to their caste.

So it happened that an outcast woman was hired to take care of the outside toilets for the ‘Shelter.’ She was called the ‘sweeper woman.’ When she heard the girls singing at their worship hour, she would listen, and only the good Heavenly Father knew what effect it had on that poor darkened soul. Bound by the caste system, she was born in to be the lowest kind of servant and no hope of ever a change in her dreary life, she plodded on.

“How sweet must the music have sounded, but she was not supposed to be able to mingle with others, and so for a long time, she just listened. Then there came a time when she would hasten her work and slip into the very back part of the room, humbly listening to the sweet voices of the girls. Slowly, very slowly, the light drifted into her poor darkened mind, and the beauty of the precious Gospel also came in. Gradually the whole story of salvation opened before her as an unrolled panorama. She was able to receive light enough to know that she must repent and turn to

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Christ for salvation, and then what blessed peace came into her troubled soul!

“But alas! Her husband was a heathen, and when he learned that she had accepted this strange new religion of the unknown God, he became greatly enraged and threatened that if she did not give up this new belief, he would cast a spell on her. There are people who would laugh and say that this was ignorance and superstition and that the woman had nothing to fear. If these same people ever had the experience of living in one of these pagan lands, they would soon learn of the dread reality of this threat.

“The poor wife came, fearful of her warning and in her great fear, scarcely knowing what to do. But she was calmed and told not to fear as this was but a threat to make her afraid. If she would just hold on and pay no heed, nothing would happen to her for all were quite sure her husband had no power to cast a spell on her. So she went on for a little while. One day, the children came running in great excitement, telling us that the sweeper woman had fallen down in the carriage stable and could not get up. We went out to see what was wrong. She was lying there perfectly helpless and unable to arise. There was no doubt that she had been put under a spell by her wicked husband.

“It was cool and airy out in the carriage building, and being an outcast, she would not have felt comfortable in the home of others. So we brought out a cot and arranged a bed for her and appointed someone to nurse and care for her needs. We began to pray for her healing, and five days later, she could walk about and talk with some difficulty. She was afraid to go back to her husband, so she was permitted to remain.

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“About that time, two brethren from the States came over to India and stopped at the ‘Shelter’. They saw her going about the grounds with her arms still paralyzed. They had compassion on her and again laid hands on her and prayed, and God healed the arms, and she was free of the awful spell cast on her by the powers of darkness and the enemy of mankind.”

One day, while sitting on the veranda, Faith Stewart saw a group of ten Indian students walking slowly down the road. When they came to the entrance of the “Shelter”, they all turned in and entered the grounds. She very graciously invited them to be seated, and they all sat down, stating that they had come to call on her. She asked them:

“What do you want to know?”

“We are students who have come to Calcutta for the first time. We have never heard about these strange religions until we came to Cuttack. We came to one temple, and we saw on it the name ‘Episcopal’, on another we saw the word ‘Baptist’, so on, and here we see another called the ‘Church of God.’ We’ve been hearing about this God since we came here, but we want to ask a question. We are all Hindu as to religious belief, but we all have the very same teaching, there is no difference among the Hindu teachers of doctrine. These Christians say that they believe in the same God, yet they build separate temples with different names on them, and different beliefs taught in them.

“Now, if you all believe in this one God and all are Christians, why do you have such separate groups, and why do you not stay together as one? Or, which church among you is ‘right?’ ”

“Well,” she answered them, “if you were to visit any one of these church groups and ask that question, each one would answer

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immediately and say, ‘we are the ones who are true, and this is the right Church.’ If you would ask me that question, I would also say that. I shall, therefore, not answer you at all. I have a small book here which will answer all your questions if you will faithfully read it through, mark every scripture you find which mentions the Church and what it says about it, and it will tell you the truth and what there is to know about it.” Then she presented ten New Testaments to the ten students who very graciously received them and went on their way.

Soon after the incident recorded, six of the students returned saying they had read the little books through. She asked them: “Did you notice any Church mentioned in its pages?” “Yes, there is but one name, and that is called the Church of God. We believe it must be the true Church because no other is mentioned and the teachings are true.”



## Chapter VIII

### Tests and Victories of Faith

*“Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, Who healeth all thy diseases.”*

It was just about the time of this visit of the students that they began at the “Shelter” to prepare for special services in the hope of winning others to Christ. A fine Indian gentleman who was a minister in the Church of God whose name was Moses, promised to come and help in these special meetings, and also an American brother who had come to India almost a year before this time and had gone on to Calcutta to labor had promised to assist.

But about three days before the meetings were to start, a terrible thing happened. Overwork, not enough rest, and many burdens and problems had begun to tell on their missionary, and suddenly she went down with a paralyzed right leg and arm. This was an awful disappointment to her. But they could do nothing but pray and hold on. Just before the meeting, word came from the Indian brother that his wife was very ill and that he could not possibly come. Soon, another message came saying that the American brother also could not be there.

The first night had been well advertised, and the two girls who assisted her and who had come over with her to India on her trip

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home began to come in and tell her what numbers were coming in and how much better the attendance was than ever before and asked what could be done.

“Help me change my clothes,” she said calmly, “and we will get some men to carry me over in the chair, and I will preach sitting in the chair.”

So that special series of meetings went right on from night to night with the missionary sitting in a chair and preaching the Gospel. The six students were still in Cuttack and attended the meetings, hearing the Gospel message for the first time in their lives, and all six took their stand and became Christians. She felt that if they alone had been the fruits of such arduous labor on her part, it was well worthwhile.

Also they were reaching out to other villages. A young native was converted, and his high caste relatives disowned him and cast him out, and he had no way to even exist. The only thing he could do was to teach in a school somewhere. So this provided an opening for the Gospel by the missionary paying him a very small sum, (barely enough to exist on) and he teaching a village school could also teach Christ to the children. This he faithfully did. As time went on, another teacher was placed in another village, and then a third until there were three teachers giving out the Gospel and the truth was spreading faster and faster.

It was about six months after this that a second stroke of paralysis struck her, leaving both limbs and one arm useless and lasting over a year, or perhaps nearer to one year and a half. After this time, God undertook, and she was healed and improved rapidly until all signs of the paralysis disappeared. She became as busy as ever, teaching, governing, preaching, and superintending the mission. There were many things to be done and many lessons

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to be taught, and oh so many experiences to go through after these dear people accepted Christ and became Christians.

In this land where for generations our forefathers have had the Bible, and have heard the Word of God going forth from the pulpit and in the homes, and have had good Christian parents and an example perhaps during all their childhood, we say that they lived better and were closer to God and kept the standard higher than in our day. We can scarcely realize how different is a heathen's realization of what it means to live a Christian life. To these precious souls, the past is only a void of darkness and a lack of the things that bolster you and me in the new venture of life. The task, therefore, at times seems almost stupendous. There must after the conversion of a soul, be much labor, waiting, praying, and patiently training the old as well as the young.

There was the Indian woman who worked in the kitchen. She was a widow and must work to support herself and the children. There came a time when she, too, became a Christian. One day the vegetable man came along with his produce. Sister Stewart started out to purchase the fresh vegetables for the day.

"No," said the woman, "let me, I can do much better."

So she did the bargaining and came in triumphantly, saying:

"I got them much cheaper than you could have." And as she laid several large packages on the table, she continued, "I just told them that I was a poor widow and was buying them for my own children, and look how much I got."

"You told them that?" asked the missionary in surprise. "Why, you told a lie."

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“Oh, no, it is not a lie when you tell it for a good cause, and I was talking for these poor children.”

“You have told a lie, and it is surely grievous to God, for God says in His Word that we must always tell the truth under any circumstance. He does not want His children to be liars.”

The poor woman burst out crying, saying:

“Now I am no longer a Christian. I have sinned and lost my salvation.”

“No,” said Faith Stewart, “the Bible says ‘him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is a sin.’ Until now you did not understand that it was a sin to lie on every or any occasion. But now that you do understand, you will be sinning from this time on.”

And the poor creature was grateful that she had not lost her soul through her ignorance. So the patient labor went on of sowing, watering, and reaping in the great land of beloved India where no task was too hard and no trial too severe for the love that was in her heart and the burden for the lost souls about her everywhere.

This morning I was busy in the office and in clearing the desk picked up a sheet of the Gospel Trumpet printed in 1924. I was just about to put it in a pigeonhole of the desk when I noticed on one side the title of an article printed in that issue, “Healed of Total Blindness.” The paper was discolored from the number of years it had lain in that desk, and at first I almost discarded it. Then I thought—here are Faith Stewart’s own words about her experience at that time. How much more will the friends who love and esteem her enjoy reading this from her own pen rather than to have a brief report from another. So here we will insert her own true testimony of the marvelous work of God. Since the years have passed away, I

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have heard that some people have insinuated that she was never blind. I am sure we do not understand such a motive of anyone unless they would want to rob God of His power in His Church to heal today as in the days of yore. But the saints who helped to pray through this healing are still alive today and can well remember the earnest prayer and burden borne by God's true children in those days for the healing of Faith Stewart that God would heal her and make her see once more. We now insert her wonderful testimony.

"I truly praise God today for the privilege I have of testifying through the pages of the Trumpet to the wonderful love and healing power of our Lord Jesus Christ. In May of 1923, I first noticed my vision blurring when I tried to read, but thought little about it. However, as it continued and also rapidly increased, I began to think I needed glasses for reading. But as I would have to go about two hundred and fifty miles to have them fitted and be away from the work for several days, (and being short of workers at the time) I put it off until the beginning of September. In August, I gave up reading, thinking it to be unwise to use my eyes until I had glasses.

"When I went to Calcutta at the beginning of September, I went to one of the best European opticians. After spending one hour and a half trying to fit my eyes, he said that he did not understand them. I then went to another optician, who after some time, seemed to find what I needed. The glasses had to be made up, so I gave the order and come home to Cuttack, thinking I would have no more trouble. I had also been suffering much with pain in my eyes, but believed that this also would pass away when my eyes would be relieved from strain by the use of glasses. But one week later when the glasses reached me, what a great

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disappointment to know that I could see no better with them than without them.

“From that time on, my sight failed very fast, and the suffering grew more intense. By the beginning of October, I was almost blind. At this time, an American brother visited us and encouraged me to go again to Calcutta to see if I could get glasses that would fit me. He also sent a cable to America for prayer in my behalf. One of the kind girls who labored with me in India accompanied me to see the optician who had made up the glasses at first. As soon as he examined my eyes that day, he was much troubled and said he would not attempt to fit them again unless I would have them first examined by a specialist. He sent us to Dr. Mukerjee, who he said was the best in the city. He was the Government eye specialist. We were not in the office of the eye specialist five minutes when he told me my eyes were past ever being fitted with glasses. He then made a very thorough examination and finally told me that nothing could ever be done to reach my eyes, but he would prescribe a tonic which might build up my general system. But this I neither wanted nor needed as my general health was good.

“My only object in seeing a specialist was to make a last attempt at getting glasses, but I did not have one thought of having my eyes treated. I have implicitly trusted in the Lord for over twenty-five years and could not think of turning to another. Others may do as they like best, but my convictions are as strong as they ever were. I believe God wants to heal us and if we are fully His and trust without wavering, He will heal unless He can get more glory out of our affliction, and if this is so then we should be willing for Him to have His own way. The last time I made any attempt to read God’s Word, my eyes fell on Psalm 26:1 ‘Judge

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me, oh Jehovah, for I have walked in mine integrity; I have trusted also in Jehovah without wavering.' I had never been impressed by this verse before, but it came like a message to my soul that day. I replied, 'Yes, oh Lord, I *have* trusted without wavering for these many years, and I will trust without wavering through this.'

"Oh, the peace that filled my soul. I was enabled truly to rest in Him. By the end of October, I could only tell light from dark and that on the side of the house where the sun was bright. The specialist said that the disease was eating the back of the eyeballs, and that was what destroyed the sight and caused the terrible suffering. At times I had to stay in a room with every window darkened; not one ray of light could be in the room. At other times, the last ray of light would be shut off, and for a few moments I would think the end had come; then again, I would see a shade of difference between day and night, but very faintly.

"On January 2, the last ray went out. I knew then that unless God worked a miracle, I would never again see light. In that hour, the dear Lord folded me in His strong arms and carried me through in a wonderful way. From the time that my eyes were first bad, the Lord showed me and also others that I would go blind, but He made it very clear to me that it was for His glory, so I said Amen to His Will. Most of the time, I believed He would heal me, but at times I believed it might be that through my blindness He would get the glory.

"After two cables had been sent to America and different days of special prayer had been observed and not the least change in my sight was manifest, I faced the thing as it was and prayed through. I thought it might be God's plan for me to be permanently blind, and I sought Him until He gave me the grace wherein I could still be happy. Oh, how wonderful is His grace. I had decided from the

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beginning that I would neither be helpless nor unhappy, and the dear Lord helped me in a marvelous way. One time, during the day when the test was most severe, Christ took a special way to encourage my soul. I went to services on Sunday morning, and at the close of the service, a man who I had met several times and believed to be a real child of God, but who had not seen me for a long time and did not know anything of my affliction until he came to service that day, came to me and said that He had a message from the Lord for me. He said the Lord had wakened him and told him to come to our meeting and tell me that he had a message sent by God for me. The message was this: that I was passing through very deep waters and could not possibly understand why, but that He, the Lord, was very near me, and His thoughts of me were very deep, and for me to hold still and someday I would understand.

“When I knew that the man was without any knowledge of my affliction and that my Jesus had sent him with the message for me, it brought great strength to my soul, and I asked God to help me hold still in the furnace. At last the dear Lord’s time came to heal, and what a glorious day it was. An anointed handkerchief was received from America.”

(Lest some of my readers fail to understand this matter, let me say that it is scriptural to anoint a cloth and send it to be applied with prayer when the person being prayed for is too far away to be reached personally, and it was done in the early Church of the New Testament.) She writes:

“I had not sent for it, but the Lord impressed some of His children there to send it to me. With it came such an uplift to my faith that I believed the Lord’s time had come.

“We called some of the brothers and sisters in about five o’clock in the afternoon, and they applied the handkerchief and

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prayed. This was March 31. As they prayed, the power of the Living Christ went through my eyes, and I saw a ray of light. I then closed my eyes, and the battle began. I was afraid to open them again lest the ray of light should be gone. And again after that season of prayer, I asked for prayer. I could tell where the open door and windows were. In a few moments, I could see different objects. From that moment, my vision rapidly cleared. Two hours later, I looked up and saw the starlit heavens. Oh, the sight was wonderful. Before noon the next day, I read a portion of God's Word, the first for many months.

“God could just as easily have given perfect vision instantly, but it would have been too much for the human; I could not have endured it. As it was, it almost overwhelmed my soul. Oh, the wondrous beauties of nature, the light of human faces, and the joy of again reading His Word. Oh, it has all been wonderful! The glory fills my soul day by day as I meditate on His love and His power. How can we help but love Him? How can we help but trust Him? Oh, my brothers and sisters, Jesus is just the same today as in olden times. He is the very same Jesus. Let us exalt His name above all the people. Let us lift up the standard that others may trust Him.

“All during my affliction, the eyes of many were upon me, and many hearts have been melted through my healing. Hindus and Mohammedans have been all made to realize that my sight has been restored by the power of the Living One. Pray with us that He may receive the full glory for what has been done, and let us together exalt His name. And pray that I may be able to pour my life in fuller service to God and man than ever before. Yours for the full Gospel to the world.”

E. F. Stewart  
The Shelter, Cuttack, India

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We remember talking over these days with her on one occasion, and she told me of a gentleman who was an infidel and had, after she was afflicted, remarked that if God in whom she trusted and believed would now heal her eyes he would believe, but if He did not he would know that there was no divine loving God. The time drew nearer and nearer for his return to his own land. But just before that day God sent His divine, healing power and victory came. One of the first things accomplished was a journey to the city where he was to witness that God was still on His throne.

Many things of interest also grew out of this healing. Over in the land of Egypt, a faithful missionary and his wife were laboring for God among the people there. They heard about the sad condition and were burdened for her healing and at last set a day for fasting and prayer, praying several hours until they felt there was no need to longer pray as God had answered. So certain did they feel about the matter that they wrote a letter telling her of the day that they had set aside and the very hour that the assurance had come to them, that all was well. They asked her to write and inform them of the good news.

First, God in His mercy, had burdened friends in America to send the handkerchief, then the hearts in India to set the time, reaching down to a faithful husband and wife whom He could trust with having part in this great miracle in Egypt, He laid fasting and prayer on their hearts, and thus a circle of united prayer went up. God can and will span the continent if need be that His children may have what He wishes to give them. The very day that these two faithful missionaries stepped in on the scene, the missionaries in India united in prayer.

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A strange and touching incident occurred about this time when the news was noised abroad that a wonderful healing had taken place, that the God of the missionary had taken compassion on her and healed her of her great affliction and she was able to see and read as well as ever before. A heathen family of high caste Indians at last heard of the marvelous healing and talked the matter over in their own home.

There was in their home a little daughter who was blind. They longed to bring her for prayer, but fear that they must give her up for life to the mission caused them to hesitate, and they waited. This was a very natural thought for it was the custom in the land to dedicate the daughters to idols for special favor supposed to be coming from the gods. After going over and over the matter, they finally decided that they would make the sacrifice that the child might see and be able to enjoy life.

They visited the mission bringing the little one with them and told their story of fear and hope. They were assured that such would not be the case in a Christian mission, for God willed that little children should be with parents that loved them. The little one was anointed and prayed for, and the goodness and mercy of God was manifest that day, and in a few days the child was able to see and pick up toys and objects as well as anyone her age. And so in His living mercy, God healed this pagan child.

This is the year 1958, and only in the last few months, a letter came from England from the wife of the English gentleman telling Faith Stewart that one of the highlights in her life was this great experience of the knowledge of Faith Stewart.



## Chapter IX

### **“Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall”**

*“Unless the Lord had been my help, my soul had almost dwelt in silence.”*

Someone has said “Whom God calls He also qualifies.” And so it was. When God called Faith Stewart to the field, He also qualified and equipped her for the great work she was to do. Hindered in childhood by poor health and eyes that were not strong, she was not able to obtain the education that many young people attain. But through the many years of preparation, she made such good use of what she had that no person meeting her could ever discern any lack.

For several years she wrote articles for the Gospel Trumpet and on her first journey to India wrote enough material to last for three months for “Shining Light.” Her reports throughout the years of both the work in India and Cuba have been without fault. Her book, written in late years when most folk admit they are failing in many ways, “Living Faith,” has been a blessing to every honest heart that reads it. A woman from an extremely worldly church read the book and the next Sunday found her in our service at Eaton, Ohio, asking to know more about the writer of the book.

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We have spent much time in these later years in the Home in intimate fellowship with her, and we have been made to marvel at her planning ability, her calm authority, and her ability to sense many situations and understand the people and show wisdom above the ordinary in times of special need for it. The “Shelter” in India was and is today a building of such size and architecture that no missionary need be ashamed. This building, the suitable arrangement of the “Shelter” hospital, the nursery, the teachers’ quarters, the cookhouses, about one half dozen outbuildings, the educational building, the “Shelter” industrial school, etc. were all planned by a woman who started out alone to work in India.

No salary was hers. She lived and served all her life without a personal salary on the mission fields. God supplied her needs and the needs of the homes. She only asked the approval and blessing on her labors. No missionary ever went forth and asked for less.

During the World War, there was much suffering on the mission fields. Nations were suspicious of each other, and this often brought hardships on the workers. It was about this time that the Board decided to send two new missionaries to the field to work in different stations of India. Both of them were of German descent, with distinctly German names, and immediately things tightened up. You and I know that when a man is truly saved and called of God, he truly loses his worldly identity and becomes one of the great family of God. “By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one for another.” Love is the characteristic of every true Christian, and all Christians feel this to be true. But alas, the world knows little and cares less about these things.

Immediately after this, the salaries of the missionaries were withheld. After much time and many conferences, the regular

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salaries were permitted to come through, but as Faith Stewart had no stated salary or regular amount and depended on personal mail to support her work, all that came to her was withheld, and money from the homeland held back. The mission began to suffer, and still no money was permitted to come through. Every form of management and economy possible was carried on. Clothing grew thin, supplies grew smaller, and how they managed through those long hard months no one could ever tell after it was all over. One day when they had eaten the small Indian cakes as thin as a wafer made for breakfast and drank a little tea, there was nothing in the house for food, and they prayed very earnestly that God would provide. God had been sending means from America. Could not He send it from the very land in which they lived?

Later on in the morning, the vegetable man came walking down the street with his great basket of wares on his head. In this instance, the basket was filled with fresh vegetables and a plentiful array. He came to the veranda and set down the huge basket and began to set out the vegetables. Sister Stewart began to remonstrate with him, telling him that there was no money to buy vegetables today. But the man insisted, and at last she sent inside for someone to come out and make this stranger understand. When the person had conversed a moment, they turned again to her and said:

“This man was selling vegetables down the street, and he came to the home of an Indian gentleman who bought the whole basket and has sent them to the home for a gift.”

How happy they were that day as the good dinner was being prepared, for the same God who could send money for supplies all the way from America had shown them that He could work on hearts in the homeland in such extreme times as these. This man also was of another religious belief and not in sympathy with the

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Gospel message. How great! How wonderful! Also they took material and cut up everything that could be made into a garment for the children.

At last the period of sacrifice was over, and the money was released to missionaries. As they had received none in all these months and the others had received theirs, there was quite a sum to be distributed. But the man who was the general overseer suggested that a part of the amount be used for a car for his use. So a part of the amount was sacrificed. There was a general relief that all had gone well at last, and once more funds were coming in.

Children in India, as in all the world over, love sweets. The Indian people are far away from this country and do not have the things to wear or eat that we do. Their food is very hot with peppers, and at the time when our missionary was there, when one wanted a refreshing drink, either a glass of lemonade was served or a drink which they make themselves by letting water come to a boil and throwing in a number of hot peppers and cooling the same and serving with ice. The idea is to cause the heat within to drive out the heat from the body.

One day some kind friend left some candy for the children and workers and it was divided, and the remainder left for the workers was laid on a table for them when they should come for it. Then later, someone went for it, and there was no candy on the plate. The children were all called in to be questioned one by one, and each declared herself innocent. So there was nothing to do but let the Lord work it out. Perhaps you think that this was much ado about a little thing, but principles must be taught and acted on if character is developed. This happened also during the war, and at that time they had never gone hungry, and God had provided always for each day as it came.

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But a strange thing happened. Just then no money came in, and no other provision was made possible. Only a tiny bit of rice enough to make a small dish for the youngest children came in. The older children had only the rice water to drink, and they were hungry. All day the second day, there was nothing but the small allowance of rice for the babies, and the rest went without. On the third day, Faith Stewart wept bitterly as she saw the need and gathered them all about her and talked the matter over.

“But, mama,” one of the girls cried, “Why is it that God never sends enough for all and only sends a little for the babies?”

“I do not know,” she replied, “unless there is sin in the camp, and God is waiting for it to be cleaned out. I am quite sure that not one of the babies came in and stole the candy. But we must pray earnestly for this is serious. We must have food.”

Suddenly from the rear of the group of girls, a beautiful child of eight years with lovely dark hair and a sweet face arose and made her way through the midst of the girls and fell at the feet of Miss Stewart, weeping bitterly.

“It is me,” she cried. “It is my sin, and all my sisters are suffering hunger because of what I have done.”

“Did you take the candy? Did you eat it all?”

“Yes, it was I who took it, but I only ate one piece and gave a piece to some of the other girls.”

“Every girl who ate a piece of that candy please hold up your hands.”

Several hands went up bravely, and then all went down on their knees, and a real time of sorrow for transgression and repentance and praying through followed.

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The postman comes early in the morning in the hot country, and at six-thirty the next morning, he was at the mission with some news from home and a money order with letter. What rejoicing there was that God had at last sent money for food. But when the stamp was examined on the envelope, they found that the letter had lain in the post office just about three blocks away for three days while they went hungry. They never forgot that experience.

Oftentimes, a mission life is made hard by the very ones who are sent to help lighten the load. At one time, a young man and his wife came out to aid in the work. He was lacking in any experience, but like many today, he did not lack confidence in his ability as a missionary. The very day he arrived at the mission, he began to assert himself.

Among the converts of the mission was a high caste Indian and wife. The man had been an opium addict and used tobacco. Opium in India is quite inexpensive, and often when people suffer hunger, a little opium sufficed to dull the hunger pain and help them to forget it. This man had been converted and was at once cast aside by his family and thrown on the mercy of his friends. The only employment that was offered him was that of teaching a little country school, paying a very poor wage. His struggle to be rid of opium and tobacco was sad, and when he would fail, he would come for counsel and prayer.

The afternoon of the arrival of the young man in question, he came, and Miss Stewart mentioned the fact that she would have to be absent to talk to him.

"I am a missionary, and I can help this man," he said.

"But," she explained patiently, "it will be very difficult as you do not speak the language."

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So when the gentleman arrived, she excused herself and went out under a tree and sat, Indian fashion, on a mat spread on the ground as he sat opposite her on another and talked over the conditions. But soon the new missionary followed them and came out uninvited, and sitting down on the grass beside them began to counsel and give advice without knowing the case, the people, or the customs of the land. She was compelled, through courtesy, to interpret for him, but his arrogant spirit and lack of understanding caused her much embarrassment, and she had no doubt that the poor man returned home without the help he so sorely needed.

Down in the bottom of an old trunk that made the voyage with her to far off India, she found some old pictures taken while laboring there. The album had fallen apart, and the leaves were separate and many of them gone. The marvel of it all is that there is one page left to show what faith in God can accomplish. But she unearthed them and called me to her room and together we looked them over.

There was the first little house leased for about a year, a small, cheerful, homey little place where the first little Indian girl baby was brought and placed in her loving care. She was but an earnest of the little lives that began to find their way to the shelter of the Christian home. Then here was the photo of the second home, a more pretentious building, more rooms and higher ceilings, with the few palm trees that graced the front. Then came the spacious grounds and buildings of the institution that became known in Cuttack, India and in America, both then and to this present day, as the "Shelter."

What a beautiful and an appropriate name! Where could one look to find a better one? Here were sheltered from the awful storms of life, from cruel customs that robbed innocent girlhood

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and made life almost unbearable, a great family living together in love and fellowship, in comfort and protection through the tender years. One by one we glanced at the pictures—the stately main building of two stories where sixty beds provided for that many girls and the nursery for little ones from early infancy to six years of age.

The next building was for girls from six to twelve years where they might be rightly taught and trained. Only the older girls lived in the main building. Then came the twin buildings, the elementary school building and the industrial building where spinning of thread and weaving of cloth, basket-making, sewing, and embroidery work was done by the older girls. These girls were self-supporting and gave their tithe to God.

In the “cookhouse”, two girls would take turns cooking for and serving the rest of the girls and caring for the kitchen. Then each put a small portion of their pay in the common treasury to pay for the food each week. There was a dormitory where some of the oldest girls with two of the teachers slept to save room and beds for new ones coming in from time to time. There was the bath house for all and the chapel for worship services.

In spite of all the work and activities of having gathered and cared for as many as one hundred and forty girls, others were brought to Christ by personal contact, by special services, and through the preached Word. These fine, adequate buildings came into being by faith. They were then and are today a monument to a life of prayer, toil, and faith. The erection of each one meant that God had spoken and acted in Heaven.

We also looked at the pictures of men and women and boys and girls standing or sitting in front of the chapel. There seemed to be about two hundred of them. They all had been lifted out of the

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darkness of paganism into the precious light of the Gospel. We thought of Paul and his call to Macedonia, "Come over and help us," and there was a group as a living testimony in dark India that their call was not in vain.

There was satisfaction and joy in the fact that Faith Stewart grew strong in body and flourished in the hard climate of that country. God was blessing her in every way. The frail woman who came to India weighing only ninety pounds now, after laboring there for fifteen years, was in good health and weighed over one hundred and eighty pounds.

All along the way, through trial, waiting, and heavy burden, God had been always present. Perhaps at no time in her life was she more content. Dreams of many years had at last become a reality and plans at last carried out. She was in the land God had called her to serve, and all was well. The outlook with the boys' school and the great things to be accomplished were even now in the offing. Her soul was lifted up in real joy and gratitude that the outlook after years of waiting and praying, then years of building and planning and laboring had now brought forth, and as never before, she could forge ahead. What more could a God called-missionary ask? As her return to India drew near two young girls from the homeland volunteered to go back with her to the mission field and made preparation to leave with her. Bird Barwick and Mona Moors were fine Christian girls and it was with a lighter heart that she made the necessary preparation to return. She looked forward to added assistance in the great field of labor. These girls were true and labored with her as long as she continued in India.

She had returned to America after those first nine years, of service, and after remaining one year, returned to India bringing with her the two young American girls who were to be aides in the

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noble work of rescue. And now more than four years and one half had elapsed, and the work moved on. Beside the native ministers in Cuttack and Calcutta, some others had come and settled in other cities, among them a young man who was sent as a director over the missionaries. The Bible speaks very plainly, saying, that if a man desire to be a leader in the kingdom of God and be over other men, he must not be a novice.

We are writing a biography of a child of God, and it is impossible to write the truth without mentioning this, the saddest and most tragic thing that ever happened in her life—an incident that affected her whole life and work. This worker moved to the new location in a city not far from the “Shelter.” He himself had no previous experience in the mission field, yet his work was to oversee the men and women there who, in the main, were seasoned laborers in the harvest field. These had borne the heat and labor of the day and through experience understood the problems, the needs of the people, and the peculiar trends of those they served. The fact that he came knowing that he himself was inexperienced is not so much to be considered against him as the fact that others, who were older and so considered much wiser, had sent him. They were the responsible ones.

One day he came calling with his wife at the “Shelter.” It was very hot, and Miss Stewart sent for a refreshing glass of lemonade for herself and the guests, and as she handed back the empty glass to the little dark skinned girl who had served them, she made a kind speech and the child took the empty glasses and left the room.

“What did you say to that girl?” he asked as soon as they were alone.

“I said thank you for that refreshing drink,” she replied.

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“What? You mean that you thank these people for even such a small service as that?”

“Yes. Do we not teach our children to thank others, and is there a better way than to do the same before them?”

“You’ll be spoiling them by such foolishness. It is better to keep them in their place.”

Having thus delivered himself, he soon afterward returned to his own city. But the woman whom he had rebuked and who stood in that mission for all that was right and good was troubled in her soul. Was this the kind of overseer that the Board has trusted to come to a mission field? If there was in the very beginning no love or compassion for the people of this land, how could he hope to be a true missionary, much less a qualified director over the work of others?

And who was to blame? Someone or several had erred in their choice. But putting these sorrowful thoughts behind her, she pressed on in her loved labor, ever looking forward to going farther and farther in her efforts. There are some things we will never know, that is, just what goes on in the hearts and minds of men, or just what powers are at work against the work of God.

In every great religious movement that ever organized and went forth to serve God, sooner or later there has come a letting down from the first high standards held, from the strict teaching of the doctrine, and the trumpet gives an uncertain sound.

I say in every movement this is so, and we have only to look about and question the elders of these people to prove beyond a doubt the sad truth. The excuses are that the later leaders are more enlightened and broad minded and that in the main, the pioneers of their faith were without question good men but very narrow. Also

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by taking a broader view, they say, many more may be won from the world.

But the scripture still says: “Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world, if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.” It still teaches modesty in dress, and we read in 1 Timothy, the second chapter, the ninth and tenth verses: “In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but (which becometh women professing Godliness) with good works.”

Then as the zeal and ardor of the first love leaves, there starts in that falling away. In our day, we speak of this condition as “old school” and “new school”. And this condition prevails in every group today. As for Faith Stewart, her consecration was too deep to be twisted or changed by the opinions of a few men who claimed to be leaders of any religious order or group. She was a stalwart product of the old school, hewing to the line, ready to live and serve God or die if need be. She went quietly on serving God, teaching, preaching, and holding the same standard that she had set up when she came to the field so long ago.

One day, feeling a great weariness and longing for a quiet place to rest, she laid down on a couch by an open window and fell asleep. One of the young girls who had accompanied her on her return to India was sitting on the veranda, resting also. Soon the sound of voices awakened her from a sound sleep, and as she was trying in those first few minutes to gather her thoughts she heard the young girl ask:

“Why are you sending Sister Stewart home? Do you think she has lost out spiritually or doctrinally?”

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“Oh, no. She is straight as a stick,” replied the voice of the new overseer from the nearby city. “We find no fault with her work here.”

“Then on what grounds do you plan to send her home?”

“I may as well tell you the truth. We have been (wife and I) sent out here to bring in a new system of work, and we know that she will never be able to conform to it. If the older missionary is removed, then we can, without hindrance, begin it soon.”

Shocked to a wide awake condition as she heard these words, she arose from the couch and went directly out on the veranda and addressing the visitor there, she said:

“Brother, I heard all that was said just now. It was not, however, intentional eavesdropping, for I was resting asleep on a couch just inside by that open window. What are these things that you know that I would not sanction?” But she did not receive the answer to this as she had hoped to do.

“What,” she asked again, “do the men who now constitute the Mission Board think of this procedure?”

Silently he pulled out a letter from an inside pocket and not offering to let either of them see the contents, he began to read, “Regarding Miss Stewart’s case, the only sensible thing to do is to get her out of the field, and then go ahead.”

There were two outstanding things that seemed to stand in the way of her remaining in India. Through the years there, she absolutely trusted God for her health and depended on the promises of God at all times. Since this was not so with the overseer, it was a constant reproach to him, also the standard of living a holy life both in soul and body. The plain dress of the

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older saints was being abandoned, and the fact that she went on her way the same as years before also put him in an uncomfortable position before others.

Reader, do not criticize too freely, for the whole nominal Church of today has apostatized and fallen from her standards of a holy life. Men and women of consecration and true vision are being replaced throughout the whole church world by the younger and, sad to say, usually more worldly and inexperienced workers. And only God knows the awful damage done by those who would do the work of the Holy Spirit and seek to govern the Church.

The blow had at last fallen. Nothing in this whole world could have been a greater tragedy. The long years of waiting and praying for the opportunity to launch out, the glad years of sacrifice and labor, of joy unspeakable and full of glory. The years passed before her—the newest effort crowned with success with a boys' home leased and fifty boys at last being reared for God and with one hundred and forty girls in the "Shelter", and a congregation of saved souls raised up besides, everything going along and now, with one fell stroke, all, all, must be given up.

There are, and ever will be, men and women who will stand out against an injustice such as this and defend themselves and seek justice. It did not occur to her to question or doubt. In a dazed and sad condition, she began to prepare for leaving the scene of her labors when at the very peak of attainment. How could she leave these girls? Each one had her own sad story of rescue. To these girls, she was mother. Their mothers were either dead, or had sold them to the priests, or had given them as a free gift to the idols, or sold them to the houses of sin. This kind woman had come in the nick of time and saved them, and they leaned upon her love and protection.

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In short, she was “mama”, and all that that name implies. It seemed sometimes that her heart was turning to stone in her awful grief at having to depart. Oh, the heartache and deep sorrow that an ambition can bring into the fold when that ambition is to rule over God’s heritage. Who can ever know the almost silent sorrow that filled the hearts of these little lambs? But in the great and awful day of the Lord, there will be a reckoning. “Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.”

The young girl who sat on the veranda that day was asked to return home also. She had taken a firm stand also on Bible standard Christianity. It was noised abroad that Faith Stewart was leaving India, and many friends came to tell her of their sorrow at her departure. Poor little children. It seemed that they could not realize the awful loss and were dazed and confused.

And all this time, a silent heart cry was winging its way heavenward, “Oh Father in Heaven above, must I leave all that is dear and go forth again? Did I not plainly see, and didst Thou not plainly write it in the skies? And are they not here, dear little faces and outreaching hands? And, Oh who will there be to risk their lives and save these little ones from a life of sorrow and suffering?”

Heavier and heavier grew her heart as she made those last preparations for the saddest journey any missionary ever took. “Oh God what great patience Thou hast with the sons of men. Thou that lookest down from heaven and knowest the very secrets of the heart; Soften the blow and temper the winds that blow upon thy chosen.” The sad day of departure came at last and the children, beginning to understand that this meant a separation and no return, threw themselves down at her feet, weeping in the utter

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abandonment of grief and each trying to get closer to her to touch her for the last time.

Little dark, upturned faces, little outreaching arms, still in beloved India. Close now, as close as they could press against her, but this time reaching out in vain because someone or several persons in the great land beyond the seas had failed to let God lead, and in their blindness took hold of the ark of God to right it for themselves, no longer submitting to the Holy Spirit's leading, but feeling sufficient in their own wisdom to set in order the Church of God.

Oh, the reckonings that will come at the day of Judgment! For as God condemned in the former days all who put their hand carelessly on His holy ark of the temple, how much more will He deal with those who take the holy plans that He has for His Church and His chosen and change them to conform to a modern and man-made system?

When the last tearful farewell had been said and the last needful thing done, she looked out once more over the spacious grounds, the scene of the years of her labor for God, feeling that this would be the last time that she would ever behold them and then departed for Calcutta to take the ship bound for America.

The English gentleman whose wife had been healed came to see her off, and as they bade her goodbye, he said, "This is one of the most cruel things I have ever known." And he and his good wife stood weeping until the train pulled out of sight.

They sat down in the seat together, she and the young girl who was to accompany her back to the homeland, and quietly and sadly, they started their long journey homeward. A few minutes later, the young woman, feeling a strange quietness, turned to look

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at her and found that Faith Stewart, who had gone through so bravely for the few days of preparation, in this last moment of her grief had quietly fainted at last under the load.

Reader, let us draw a curtain gently over the past, the curtain has been open for fifteen years, and even as she had closed her eyes in blessed unconsciousness of her grief, so let us draw the curtain and shut out the vision. India, the land of the call must be from now on a part of the past in the life of E. Faith Stewart.

She told me that she prayed and plead with God to let her forget lest she, with her broken heart, could not bear the load. So closed the first fifteen years of the life service of a strong warrior of the cross.



## Chapter X

### Highways at Home Again

*Romans 8:35. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or distress, or persecutions, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?*

*36. As it is written, for thy sake we are killed all the day long, we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.*

*37. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us."*

The great ship that bore Faith Stewart back to her homeland plowed gallantly through the furrows of the mighty waters. Every mile she moved with certain motion bearing away from all that meant happiness and satisfaction to her. It seemed that a peculiar numbing of brain and heart had taken place. So traveling day by day, in due time the ship docked safely in the harbor of New York.

Of those first weeks in the homeland, there is little that need to be said. She reported to the Board and went out. There are missionaries who have been called from the field by man at home, on Missionary Boards, as though they owned God's heritage (instead of God) and failed to remember that GOD CALLED these faithful workers and have made a terrible blunder in the sight of the Almighty who looked down at their bold move in displeasure.

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These missionaries have been so heartbroken that they have fallen under a crush and have been like drifting ships at sea in their dazed and sad condition, and too often they never again make an effort to rise and be active. They seem to think that somewhere back there in the transaction, they died out to usefulness. From thence, they have hunted a quiet place, and, dropping from view, lived on somehow until the end came.

“There is one thing I am resolved to do,” said Faith Stewart, “I will not let this grief ruin my life. As long as I live, by the help of God, I will strive to be useful in the work of the Lord. I will pray God, to forget India and the dear ones I left behind. All, all must be laid in the past so that I can labor for souls wherever I find myself. God will meet the need.”

She began to visit congregations wherever she was invited and speak and stir to activity all who were willing to listen for a period of several months. About that time, she went to Chicago and preached for a congregation that had no pastor. Some trouble had occurred in the past that left the people in a sad state of division, and they were not prospering either in soul or in a financial way. There was a debt still to be paid on the building, but in their spiritual condition they had not been able to pay this, and it hung like a pall over them.

When she arrived there, it was very plain that the need of counsel and leadership was great. One of the members came up to her after the service was over saying:

“Come to my house and stay with me while you are in the city.”

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“No, I cannot do that. If I came and stayed at your home, then it would affect others in the church, so I must go to a hotel and stay there if I stay for services.”

Staying in the hotel and coming to the church only at time for worship, she was able to avoid any conversation about the existing trouble. The meetings were well attended, and when she returned home she said:

“I will be in Anderson, Indiana if you wish to contact me.”

This was said because she had after service been asked to be their pastor.

She returned to the city of Anderson, Indiana where she had loved ones living, but was only there a day or two when a unanimous call came to pastor the congregation in Chicago. She responded and worked among them for a year, going in and out among them like healing waters, sharing their sorrows and joys and victories, praying for their sick, and preaching to lost souls. The attendance picked up, and God added His blessing, and the work that was going down built up in strength and numbers.

There came a day when she suggested a day of fasting and prayer that the church might be stronger in the Lord and all be one in the Spirit. So they set a day and fasted and waited on the Lord. They met in the morning in a combined service and at noon time separated and went in groups to adjoining classrooms to pray for a period of time. At a stated time, they again met in the auditorium in one assembly. When they were all assembled, a young man in their midst of about sixteen years, arose and with tears rolling down his cheeks said:

“I am just a young person in your midst, but I do love the Lord. I want to see His Church go forward. During the trouble that

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arose in the congregation and divided us, one against the other, I have failed to be wise, and have said many hard things and have been unkind. I know this was wrong. Oh, I am so sorry, and I do ask you all to forgive me. I want to be more like Christ.”

He broke down and wept in deep contrition, and as he took his seat, others arose to confess and still others left their place to go straight to another and confess their thoughts or what they had said in the time of trouble and ask forgiveness. It was a beautiful scene of love and confidence in each other and love and zeal for God’s work. So the division ended, and the congregation began to flourish spiritually once more in the light of God.

The church debt that had hung so heavy over them was now taken over in earnest, and in three months with concerted effort, the debt of four thousand dollars was paid up. They now began to insist on a salary. She accepted it, but felt that she could not use it for herself. In all her life, she had never before received a salary for the work of the Lord, but hers had been always a labor of love, living on the least possible and sharing with others as the means came in.

The young girl who had returned to America with her from India had a desire to attend the Bible Seminary and was financially unable to attend. It did not take long for Faith Stewart to decide. She lived on a small amount and sent the rest to pay for the education of this young Christian and so help to prepare her for a more useful life.

One day when all was going along nicely and everything moving well in the congregation, a letter came from a man, a minister very interested in mission work, and in a position to know whereof he spoke, saying:

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“We have been working on the case concerning your return to India and have reached the conclusion to send you back at the close of the annual June camp meeting this year. You had better resign your pastorate, pack your things, and come prepared to return to the mission field.”

She was greatly surprised at this unexpected news and could hardly believe it was true, but on the strength of the message, she called the congregation together and broke the news to them. In a few days, she received another letter from him asking her to recommend him to the congregation as he would be very glad to consider the place. So even before she left, she again called them together and recommended the brother in question, and he was accepted. She began to make preparation to leave for the great national camp meeting. What mingled feelings were hers as she thought on the future and again looked into the faces and felt the touch of little hands reaching out in India? The days sped by, and she arrived at the June convention in good time.

In loving concern, the people she pastored in Chicago had prepared a farewell breakfast and gave her a gift of one hundred dollars and had bade her goodbye. The memory of this loving kindness touched her heart as she walked over the spacious camp grounds for a few days. She, however, kept waiting to be called into the office by the Board, and as the days wore on, she began to wonder. One day the minister who had written her came to her with tears in his eyes and told her that there had been a mistake, and the Board was not sending her to India. He said that he was very sorry that it had happened, and he would withdraw his application of acceptance of the pastorate in Chicago very gladly, and she could return to her work there.

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“No” she said quietly, “I cannot do that now. When I left Chicago, I bade the people goodbye, and perhaps the change in pastors had best remain as it is. Just go on to Chicago, and take over as you at first planned to do, brother.”

Thus she found herself on the camp grounds without a mission in India or a congregation in Chicago. But as she went among friends, there were many who began to find out that she was free and asked her to come and be their pastor. One congregation said that they would furnish a parsonage, a car, and give her a salary of forty dollars a week. Back in those days, this was exceptionally good. Another group promised her a salary of a certain amount if she would come. Later on, a third party came to her and plead for her to come over and help them.

“We can promise you nothing but hard work, tears, and trials. But we need you so badly. There are only a few of us, and we have so little that you will have to trust God for your needs, for we cannot supply all.”

As we write these lines, we cannot help but wonder where we (you and I) would have chosen to go. Which place would we have felt very strongly led to choose? Knowing this saint of God for so many years, it is not hard to guess and guess correctly that she accepted the pastorate (located in Indianapolis, Indiana) that offered her a challenge and hardships. To these places, only big souls go when they could have chosen the better. We have lost sight of the Church of earlier days which was born in tears and suffering, want and hardships. One scripture tells us that in giving, “out of their DEEP POVERTY they gave.”

So after camp meeting, she took her personal effects and went at once to the pastorate at Indianapolis. Perhaps it was the discouragement that caused the neglect, or maybe it was an actual

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fact that the group was so small that even the building was out of repair. It is only characteristic of her that she took the little she had of the gift from the congregation in Chicago and repaired the place of worship where the little congregation met. Little by little, the work began to build. She went out in company with a member of the congregation to look for a room. They walked block after block and could not seem to find what was needed at the price they felt they could pay. At last they passed a house where there was a sign "Rooms for rent."

"Let us stop in here," said Miss Stewart.

"No, it looks like they are moving out. See the furniture on the porch?"

So they passed by and again went for blocks with no success. Finally, they came to the place again, and at the second request the friend who accompanied her consented. They approached the door, and a pleasant faced woman came to open it. They were shown a large, pleasant room with a small one adjoining, suitable for cooking and light housekeeping. The woman was so pleasant that Faith Stewart felt that she truly had found a new friend. She insisted on serving a glass of lemonade and sitting down with them in a friendly way as though they had been old friends. At this place, she stayed for the some time as she served the congregation, and the friendship between her and this woman grew so steadily she often visited the home of this fine woman when visiting in the United States in later years. And often when she came in tired from her labor, the kind friend in the home would have her stay for dinner and saved her much labor and expense when she was really in need. I met the person in question here in Los Pinos a few years ago and learned to love her too for her fine charitable spirit.

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While pastoring in Indianapolis, one night she awakened as though someone had wakened her, and she felt surely led to get out of bed at about two o'clock in the morning and go to visit a certain member. She arose, dressed, and called a taxi and went to the home. But when she reached there, the house looked dark. At first, she was confused, and then she remembered the definite call and spoke to the taxi driver and asked him to wait for her while she looked around the back door.

She went around, and there was a dim light in the kitchen. She motioned the driver to go on and then entered the kitchen. There was the woman, who was a Christian and member of the congregation, sitting in her chair with a heart attack so bad that she could not notify her family and seemed unable to help herself. Then Faith Stewart knew that God had truly sent her to the house to pray for this woman. Moreover, the woman had prayed for help.

How marvelous are the ways of our God! They are past finding out. God prospered the work, and it began to grow, and souls were added to the number already saved, and all was going well. One day she was away from her room for quite awhile, and the congregation sent someone to bring her to a new apartment of four rooms and started to give her a little more to live on than before. After she had rented that first room and the church offering was taken, it had been just the exact amount of the rent for the room and nothing left for food. She had been trusting God for this part and now was rewarded by the prospering work.

Two years passed away, and the work had prospered in every way, but a restlessness came over her, and she felt that she could not continue to labor on in America. To live again in a country that had the Gospel everywhere and see the utter indifference to the great opportunity to find Christ seemed unbearable when the

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nations waited for the life giving message. These people knew about Jesus, the Saviour, but had no time to bother about salvation. In the main, they seemed content to go to hell. There seemed to be so few hungry darkened souls to be brought to the light.

A terrible homesickness swept over her to go forth once more and seek in the great harvest fields for precious souls. She knew now, that after three years pastoring in the homeland where the very security made it (despite the few hardships) seem to be sheltered, that she would never be satisfied again to stay at home and must somehow go forth to the highways and hedges of some other land. In the late spring that year, she resigned the pastorate in Indianapolis, packed up all her clothing and possessions, and arrived on the national camp grounds in June, once more waiting on the Lord for direction.

One day while she was still on the grounds, she spoke to one of the Mission Board and voiced her convictions and laid the burden before him, saying that she had tried faithfully for three years and found that she could not remain in the homeland contented with the easy life she found in the States after knowing and experiencing the rigors of the mission fields. It was true that she was fifty-two years old. But she was in good health.

“Why,” said this man, “where will you go?”

“I do not know,” she said desperately, “but I will take a train and go south as far as the coast. Then I will board the first boat and get off at the first stop that it makes on its journey.”

The man looked at her, puzzled for a time. Then he said:

“Why, that would be Cuba, wouldn’t it?”

Cuba! She had never thought the matter that far. She said not a

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word in reply, but turned hastily and went outside. Cuba! She somehow could not get the thought out of her mind. So she hastened to her room on the grounds. Two young ladies were in the room resting and talking together. She came in and said:

“Girls, I am going to Cuba.”

“Cuba?” said one of them, “why Cuba, of all places? Why not the Canary Islands or some other place?”

“No, I think I will go to Cuba,” she replied.

“Then,” said one of the girls, “I will give you the address of a friend of mine who left Jamaica and is living in Cuba at present. I am sure she will receive you until you get situated.”

Then Faith Stewart began to call on God, asking Him to verify the call and make it very plain so that there might be no mistake, saying:

“Father, friends will be on the grounds and find out that I am in no pastorate and will no doubt offer me a gift to help along my expenses while here. But I am throwing out the fleece, and I MUST know that You will be in the matter. If you really are wanting me to go to Cuba as a missionary, then let someone far away from here, who does not know any personal reason that I should need money, send me a gift of larger proportion and send it from a distant city.”

The answer soon came. A letter from a distant city with a gift of ten dollars in it. God had answered her petition explicitly. She now had bearings. Cuba was to be her new field of labor. Just a little island so very close to home, but a needy place where darkened souls awaited the precious words of eternal life. She began to make preparations to go to this new mission field to labor

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for God, and once more her heart was lifted up. True, she did not even have enough money to take her there, only enough to take her to Florida, but in the dark days of the awful grief that had encompassed her that some day in the future, He would again permit her to rescue, teach, and lead little needy children to Christ. That day seemed to be drawing very near. But there was also made very clear to her that this new field would be much harder for her, and she must go through many tests and trials if she went to labor for souls. As did Paul of old, steadily she set her face toward Cuba, and her heart was light and her hopes were high, for she knew that God would not fail her, and at last she was bound for the work she loved. And so it was that she left the highways of America for the highways and hedges of Cuba.

Oh God, of all missionary effort, look down and give a double portion of Thy Spirit for it will be needed in the many things that shall befall and the years that stretch out before.



## Chapter XI

### Highways and Hedges of Cuba

*Isaiah 42:12. "Let them give glory unto the Lord and declare His praise in the islands."*

Perhaps you are saying, "How strange to go to Cuba, an island so near our own country that a little hop of a plane over the channel and one is there. Besides, this island has been under the watch care of the United States for many years now and the influence of American thinking, civilization, and religion is bound to leave its impression."

And then there might be the thought that after one has labored in far off India where dark paganism prevails, to merely go down to the little island of Cuba would, at the very least, be a tame experience. But Faith Stewart told me that God had showed her that the new field would be harder and not easier than the first. But that fact was only a challenge to throw herself with more zeal into the battle for souls.

Back in the early days of the history of Cuba, the Spaniards came over the sea and settled on the island. The original natives were the copper-colored Indians, occupying the island as there were at first, the Indians in the United States. The Spaniards soon destroyed the population that then existed who had been living in

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the same primitive way that they existed in the United States. Then there came a time when they needed the physical help and had none, and not wishing to be encumbered by the drudgery necessary, they went about to import the negro race as slaves, bringing them over in ships and in chains as slaves and using them to do the hard work on the Island.

So, as in the United States, the black man came and became a part of the population, and from that day to this, he is part of the Cuban population. But he brought over with him from Africa, customs and his own religion. This was a pagan religion of worshipping spirits. And since no men may worship any but the triune God, these spirits are not good spirits but evil, and the worship of them is contrary to God's will and is an awful practice. There was a time when it flourished more than now. These men also brought their strange religion to the United States, but they found truth preached from the pure Word of God and could not flourish, but was almost wiped out, and it could not take root as in Cuba. Here the faith of Catholicism was brought over by the Spaniards, and the two religions became the leading religions of Cuba.

To this day, Spiritualism in its cruder state is believed and practiced in Cuba in a way not known in the United States, but where it is just as surely a false teaching. A group driving out to Santa Cruz, (Holy Cross) about sixty miles from Havana having visited a mission there, were returning home about ten o'clock at night. As they rode through the narrow streets of the city, they heard the slow steady beat of the drum. There is something weird about this that cannot be described in the peculiar tone of the solemn beat of the drum that seems to reach to the very center of

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the being that hears it. They slowed the speed of the car, coming almost to a dead stop.

Back there in the deep shadows of the darkness and under cover of the night, stood a large gathering of the Spiritualists, mostly colored people but including some white Cubans who have come under the influence of this awful teaching. People were very quietly slipping in their midst as though lured by the weird rhythmic beating of the drum. Often they can be heard we lie in our beds at midnight, calling, calling, out in the darkness to poor benighted souls in Cuba to come to the strange and fearful worship of evil spirits, whom they greatly fear. For this is a religion of fear. I was told by a Jamaican that they prepare a table with bananas and oranges or some other thing that they have reason to believe the spirit they worship desires and then gather about it dancing and going through contortions and speaking in strange tongues and falling exhausted on the floor sometimes from fatigue and lack of sleep. If a member of the group has done them a wrong or an imagined wrong, at the next meeting a curse is put on that person and suddenly they begin to feel sick and die or suffer things because of the curse, and let no one be deceived that the devil and his evil spirits do not have power where there is no opposition from the spirit of the Gospel. These awful messengers from hell itself demand the life blood for an offering, and people in the islands in some places have offered up the life of their own children. But here in Cuba, a child is stolen from the streets, and their heart is cut out and offered to the spirit to satisfy it. The Government has clamped down on this hard in Jamaica, and seldom indeed is this phase of worship carried on. But in one year, there were seventeen little children stolen and made a sacrifice to these orgies of demon worship. The Government of Cuba does not sanction this, but it seems to not have been able to crush the thing.

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In the history of El Hogar (looking ahead many years at this moment) a sad case of contact with spiritualism is noted. It is the case of little Emma. Some Christian workers in Cuba were passing a house when on their way to some Christian activity when they heard the weeping and moaning of a little child. They reached the house and looked in through the iron bars of the open window. In the darkened interior, they could discern the form of a little girl of about eight or ten years.

“What is the matter, little girl” they called in.

“I am very hungry,” answered the child.

“Come to the window, and we will give you a little money to buy bread.”

“I cannot come, I am fastened to this bed,” she replied.

There was conference, and the men went after a policeman and also an influential man of authority, and they forced their way into the house and found the child chained to the post of an iron bedstead in the room. She had been there several months, living like a cat or dog. Her pan, which was for food, was set on the floor, and she had lived in this fashion for several months absolutely alone. She had been placed there to be offered, when the time came, as a sacrifice to the evil spirits.

She understood the awful purpose of her imprisonment and was left without care, living in constant fear of death, clothed in dirty rags and chained like a dog. She was freed and brought to a Christian home, but for weeks afterward, it seemed impossible to actually bring her back to civilization. She had been alone so long and her childish mind so warped with the wild fear of the future and her loneliness so terrible that she had become as wild as a little

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animal of the forest. She would hide behind the furniture and climb out of sight like a monkey when people approached her.

Only with time and infinite patience was she enabled to take her place among the other children in the Home. In the end, only the story of Jesus told to a little child in its beautiful simplicity at last captured and held her, and she lived several years in happy security among the other children, and often they would, under her leadership, get in a group for prayer when such need came up in the mission.

How good it would be if we could say that this was the end of her troubles and close this case, but it is not so. As she continued through the next few years to remain in the shelter of the Home where she was loved and cared for and where she learned to sing songs of praise and to pray, she began to enter into girlhood. The sad time of her experience, a living death, and the awful impression made on the child mind began to take its toll, and she began to do very strange things and later to run away and after much prayer and after everything was done that could be done, it was found necessary to see her safely in a place where the mental cases can be kept until God either heals or takes them home.

What a terrible sacrifice to this false religion, but she is one and only one of the victims rescued from the rites of this awful belief, but rescued too late. Not too long ago, the body of a little child was found in a corn field where it had been thrown after its heart was taken out. No doubt you say—does the Government not do something about all this? Yes, the Government is opposed, and some effort has been made to punish the guilty and save life, but for some reason it still goes on, and a toll of victims is made every year. In the last two years, a child was snatched up on the streets in broad daylight and only saved because her cries were heard by a

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person happening to get on the scene in time, and fearing capture, the man released the child and quickly disappeared. Not far from the home of an American worker in Cuba, some of these people meet back in the very rear of the lot and hold services, and the family has heard a man's voice crying and screaming out to the spirits in seeming agony, "Mercy, mercy, sweet love," and a woman's voice crying for mercy.

The Gospel alone can break down this awful religion which has come down from paganism and save the souls and the lives of the youth of the land. The other outstanding religion of Cuba is the Catholic faith which was brought over to Cuba by the early Spanish settlers, and today is firmly entrenched in the land in the hospital staffs, the schools of Cuba, the universities, and the homes and places in government. When they came early in the history of the Island, they found a people in darkness and wherever this is the case, it is easy to plant the seed thoughts of a new faith.

But there is also fear in this religion, the instilled fear of being cast out of the church. But salvation and peace of heart and a new life in Christ Jesus through repentance and faith, it does not teach. Therefore, the people of Cuba are hungry for something that satisfies the soul, for something real. As we were driving to the same town before mentioned, (Santa Cruz) we passed on the roadside, a large shrine. It was almost twilight, but we stopped and turned a light on and looked inside. There was an image of Joseph and Mary and another of Christ. All about the shrine were empty cartons which had contained candles. These candles had been taken from the cartons and placed in the small ledges of rock. The whole shrine was built of rough stone cemented together and built up to about six or perhaps seven feet. The walls and ceiling were black with the smoke of many candles, and there were offerings of

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flowers which had withered and a nice fresh apple brought by some recent worshipper to the shrine. This is exactly what is done in other lands by the worshippers of idols. This was a Catholic shrine.

I was told by a lady who lived for many years in Cuba that she knew a family who were members of this church. They had a fine son whom they loved much that took sick and died. The priest was called in, and he told them that the boy had been a very good boy, but he had not made Heaven, and also if they wished him to get out of purgatory they would have to have masses said and to pay for them.

The family was very poor and had no money with which to pay masses, but there was no doubt in their minds that the priests spoke truth and their love for their son constrained them to sacrifice a piece of needed furniture, sell it, and turn the money over to the priest to keep the masses going. Little by little with the continued visits of the priest, the family finally had nothing left except a few essentials and a milk cow.

One day the priest returned again and informed them that it would take only two or three masses or one large one to get the boy out. The poor father asked how much it would cost and was told it would cost just the price of the cow. This was the last straw, and he said that he would not sell the cow that provided milk and needed food for the children and asked the priest to leave the home. So with restlessness on the part of some and an indifference on the part of others, there are many in Cuba looking for something that does not oppress or bring fear, but something that brings peace and joy, for the people of Cuba are an affectionate people. There are no families that publicly show the affection for one another as the people of Cuba do.

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Go down to the airports of Havana or the dock where the boats come in and watch the arrivals and the cry of joy at the friends and loved ones coming in or at the fond farewell of those who are going, and you will see that there is affection for each other shown more plainly than in our own land.

Cuba is a tropical island, and its products and climate are typical of the tropics. In the main, it is a level and rolling land with some mountains in the Oriente. In the great city of Havana, over one-third of the population of Cuba lives, from the lovely, colorful homes of the rich and affluent to the pitiful hovels of the very poor. The laboring man earns a mere pittance in comparison with the prices he must pay for the barest necessities of life. One has only to walk through the streets of Havana with observant eyes to sense the struggle for existence on the part of the working man in Cuba. Everywhere are men or women striving only to make a five-cent piece for bread that they may eat. The small cart pushed through streets with only a few bunches of bananas, or maybe a few oranges. Another with some flowers, a man holding up a lunch cloth with an anxious look as you pass, dozens of different things sold on a small scale, and many of these will go home tonight and go to bed hungry because no one has bought of them.

There are beggars too, children, little children, leading some older person by the hand, or maybe a blind grandmother or father, pleading for a little as you pass along. Saddest of all are the little and old that must sleep out in the streets or in some doorway at night, for they have no home. There is more hunger in Cuba than the giddy tourist or the busy businessman ever dreams of, coming on a pleasure trip or for business to see only what they want to see.

There is much insanity in Cuba as so many of the common people are undernourished all their lives, and when trouble sweeps

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over them, they cannot take it. Suffering stalks over the land in quiet strides, and the insecurity of it all brings problems and trials almost past bearing. They need Christ and hope and peace. The poverty of the working class makes even the care of a loved one an extra burden. With their loads to bear and their religion, if any, one that does not offer either peace or comfort in this life, the people of Cuba need Christ. The door of Cuba opens to the very dooryard of America. And America has all—she has the Gospel, the means, the men. So, out of America and across the channel at the age of fifty-two years came E. Faith Stewart, to cast in her lot with the suffering people of Cuba, to reach a helping hand and to bring Christ to the needy in soul and body.

It had not been so easy to get to Havana. No congregation took up an offering and gave a farewell party to see her off to her country. She started with enough to take her to Florida. She took the least baggage possible and reached Miami, Florida without the means to go further and knew that from that city, she must pray in the means to go the rest of the way. She was invited to speak to the small congregation worshipping there. Among the group was a poor woman listening intently to her earnest words. Before she had ceased speaking, the woman arose and handed her an envelope, saying:

“I shall have to leave and return at once to my home, but I wish to leave this with you.” Miss Stewart thanked her, and hoping to have more time to read it later, put it in her pocketbook, and went on. The meeting closed, and no offering was taken for her. After the service, she went to the home of a friend to await the time for the last train for Key West. That train does not operate between Miami and Key West now as the great tidal wave of a few

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years back completely destroyed the whole line and it was never rebuilt.

As she waited in the home of the friend, she advised her that, her young son, a boy of perhaps fourteen or fifteen years, would be willing to take her to the depot. All during the conversation, Faith Stewart had been praying silently for God to send that twenty dollars necessary for the rest of the journey. Finally she remembered the envelope given her, and thinking it was a request for prayer opened it, and in joy and surprise, cried out, "Thank God."

"Why are you praising God?" her friend asked her.

"Because He has kept His promise to see me through. Here is twenty dollars. Now I can buy my ticket."

"Do you mean that you did not have enough money to buy your ticket?" asked the boy in surprise.

"Yes," she said quietly.

"And you knew that you had not the money. Then why did you start?"

"Because," said she, "my Father has promised to supply all needs, and He it was who called me to serve, and I came depending on Him to take care of me, and you can see that He has kept His promise."

Let us say that the boy that sat in that home and listened to the conversation never forgot that lesson of faith in action. He has been a grown man for twenty years, but whenever she made one of her missionary return trips and he was notified, he managed to get to that meeting if possible. That was twenty-eight years ago, but

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sitting here in Florida at the home of a dear friend and talking over these things of the past, my hostess said to me:

“Do you know that the woman who gave that twenty dollars still lives?”

Then we asked for the privilege of meeting this person whom God had used to make it possible for Faith Stewart to reach her field.

Starting quite a little earlier on our way to worship before the time for services in Miami, we drove to the home of this aged sister of eighty-five years. As we entered the path leading to her home, I noticed a sign on the gate post, “Plants for Sale.” This aged lady was still making and using money for the Lord’s work. We soon approached the door and met a dear old saint of God. The day was quite warm, but she had on a long wrap and a knitted cap pulled over her head to her ears. Her eyes were dark and piercing and set deep in her face. She leaned forward to catch our words, for she is very deaf. Her face lit up as we questioned her, and she said with a smile:

“Yes, I had saved that money for a long while to go to see my father who was very ill. It was very hard to get hold of it and save it up extra, but there came a day when I had enough saved and had the money all ready. You see I was working in a factory supporting five grandchildren, and I had not left the money at home, but put it away little by little in the bank.

“I wanted to visit my unsaved father and hoped to win him for Christ before he died, for He was not expected to live. But God spoke to me and said:

“Give that money to Faith Stewart this evening.’

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“I said: ‘Lord, you know how I have worked and saved for a long time and now my father is sick, and I may never see him again.’ But God said:

“‘Give it to her, and I will provide a way.’

“I went up and gave her the envelope and left the meeting and returned home with nothing but the promises of God to save the situation.

“A few days later, a relative came by and stopped on their way to my father’s home. They said:

“ ‘We have come by to take you to see your father.’ ” How much better to go in a comfortable car and then after a four weeks stay to have my sister kindly take me home again.”

We thanked her for the interview and passed out of her little home and my host and hostess pointed to the lovely walks leading to the attractive chapel near her home. God, in these later years, had prospered her, and she had not forgotten to invest in eternal things as before. But she had been instrumental in doing God’s will and sending Faith Stewart to her new field.

## Chapter XII

### New Harvest Fields

*Psalms 126:5 "They that sow in tears will reap in joy."*

In September of 1930, Faith Stewart reached Havana, Cuba with less than five dollars in her hand. She was in a strange land, and again she could not speak the language. There was no missionary board backing her, no promise of more to come, her only asset, an unlimited faith in God. In that boundless faith lay her only riches and hopes of success. Feeling in the very depths of her heart that God had again called her to go forth, she boldly attacked the job at hand.

A friend of another Christian in America, a native Jamaican woman, consented to having her for a guest for a brief period. This American woman had written asking her to meet the new missionary and see her in safety to her home. But the letter was slow in arriving, and Faith Stewart came first with no one present to meet her. All she had was a slip of paper in her hand with the name and address of the Jamaican woman. She did not hesitate, but took a cab and went out to the place of the native woman's humble home.

There she waited on the Lord for the next move, praying through Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday for money to rent an

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apartment. On Thursday morning, the mail came and with it her answer. For twenty-three dollars a month, she was able to rent a small apartment with a large living room, a bedroom, and a kitchen. Her bed was a wire spring folding cot with iron legs, but no mattress, a half worn blanket loaned by the friend, and a traveler's pillow. This apartment was in Buena Vista, Habana. Little by little, friends hearing of the brave venture after the sad loss of the other field, would send in a small offering from time to time.

Sometimes it would be one dollar, sometimes as much as five, and she, living on the very least she could live, used the most of these offerings for rent and for lumber to make benches, plain board seats for the living room which was used for a mission room. She owned little of this world's goods at this time. The simple cot bed, a tiny stove for cooking her meals, a tin cup for water or coffee, or perhaps in which to boil a potato or an egg for her dinner or breakfast, for in those days every penny was saved and used toward the precious needs of the little mission that must be started at once. Surely never a missionary started with less. Later there were friends and visiting ministers who exhorted her to take better care of her own health and to use more of the little that came in for food and necessary things of life. This rigorous living undermined her health in time. She, however, says little or nothing about the sacrifices of those days. She writes:

“In September of nineteen hundred and thirty, we began our mission work in Cuba with cottage meetings.”

Let me pause here to say that after all the sacrifice and loving preparation, after the faithful labor of walking the streets day after day, in inviting all, that whosoever would might come, only a very few came out to the services. Only a very small group came in the

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morning worship. She was deeply disappointed and spent the entire afternoon in prayer before the Lord, pleading for souls. In the evening, God worked in a marvelous way, moving on the hearts of men and women and causing a goodly number to come out, and her heart was made to rejoice. Again we pick up the lines in her own words:

“The first few months of labor in the new field were spent among a group of West Indian people who had moved to Cuba from other Islands. These West Indian people all speak English, and this made it possible to work among them while yet unable to work among the Cuban people. At this time, I did not have an understanding of the Spanish language. Through these early labors, a good English work was brought out, and thank the Lord, many of these first converts are still standing true to the Lord and to the standard of truth taught in His holy Word. This being a Spanish nation, the English work is small, but at this date we have four groups of English people.”

On the island of Cuba before her coming, there lived a devoted Christian man who had come there from Jamaica with his wife and family. This Christian man, Thomas French, was burdened for the salvation of the souls in Cuba, his adopted land, and he and his family began to pray earnestly and continually for God to send a missionary to gather in the souls in that particular field. And God, Who is ever merciful, heard both their cries and the heart cry of Faith Stewart for a country in which to pour out her life for Him. Both petitions going up to the Throne from two different races in two different lands were answered when she stepped off the boat and set foot in Havana harbor, Cuba.

With slower steps and feebler strength, this (now aged) man and wife still labor and manage to keep on the firing line of the

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battle front in Guantanamo, Oriente, Cuba. Faith Stewart continues:

“In our Sunday Schools, we have at this time around one thousand and five hundred children who are weekly taught the precious Word of God. (This was in the year of 1947.) Although the Roman Catholics have put on a terrible campaign against Christianity in the past year and have used every force possible to destroy true missionary work and to stop its progress, we still have been able to more than hold our own. For this we do praise God.”

There were problems that came in those days even as now, and of these she writes:

“We fight against these strong and mighty powers in the Island, each doing their best to make it impossible to continue. The three greatest opposing powers in Cuba are Spiritualism, Catholicism, and Communism. In some places where we have a group of Christians, it is impossible to rent any place for worship, and in other places we do rent, but the workers are so constantly molested that it is impossible for them to do their work properly.

“We have one outstanding case of this in Camaguey and are having to take steps at once to get a humble dwelling place and place of worship so the work can go on there unhindered.”

This report was sent to the United States in 1947, a good many years after the venture had started, but perhaps we are pressing forward too fast, and it would be best to take a backward glance at some of the earlier days. By dint of unceasing labor, studying the language day by day, and living a life of earnest prayer, and putting all time, all effort, and finance that fell in her hand into the great project, by the end of eight months, she was able to raise up two missions in the heart of Havana. One of these was in

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Almendares. These were the English speaking people from other islands and were mostly of the colored race. Also at this time, there were two missions raised up of Spanish speaking people, and all was moving along very nicely with native help. In the last pastorate where Sister Stewart had labored she told me that while still in the United States and where God had so blessed and prospered the work, there was a woman of the colored race who also labored in a mission with her own people in the same city. The two were personally acquainted. It happened that one day about this time, she arrived in Havana saying that she had come to visit and see the work.

She showed a definite interest in the English speaking work all the time, professing a great friendship for their missionary. After making an extended visit, she came one day, saying:

“My dear Sister Stewart, I feel that I should stay on and assist you. I would be very glad to stay on for some time. You are working too hard, and I would be glad to take over one of these congregations while here in Cuba. This will lighten your load and also give you more time for language study and extension work.”

One of the outstanding characteristics of Faith Stewart, down through the years, has been her readiness to trust another Christian, and only after repeated tragic failures through the insincerity of the many she has trusted to fulfill their part, has she been compelled to be more wary of professed Christians. It has proven many times over to mean loss and suffering to her own labors.

In this case, the offer was seemingly sincere, and the reasoning good and sensible, and the load truly heavy for one person, so she asked:

“Which mission would you prefer to labor in?”

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The other woman promptly named the group of people in the very heart of Havana, and one that seemed to be the most promising. She immediately began her labors and the two labored on for awhile. One day this worker came to her asking: "Why do you not register this mission?"

"Because in this country, it is necessary to have at least seventeen members of good standing in any group before it can be officially registered and own property."

"But there are seventeen and more who attend now." "There are seventeen adherents, but there are not seventeen sufficiently established Christians in the faith who are clear enough out of spiritualism, so we must wait for that."

The assistant worker returned to her work, but shortly after that when Faith Stewart called at the mission, she found the worker and the lay members sitting in session in the courtyard of the mission. A quiet fell over them as she entered. They were evidently planning something for the first time in which she could have no part.

Shortly after that, she learned that their leader had gone to the proper place and registered the group, naming herself as the superintendent. Thus, after sacrifice and labor and burden, this part of her field of action was practically taken from her by one who pretended to be a friend. But as we sow, we reap. This work today, after many years, is not a strong work and has not prospered so well. But Miss Stewart has pushed on and out, fearless and faithful and determined to win her adopted land for God, and God has been with her.

It was in those early years of the history of the work that the revolution broke out in Cuba during the administration of

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Machado, the president of the Republic. Throughout history and in many lands, there come conditions which bring unrest and tension. Then some deed of injustice, some outstanding incident of history will serve as a match struck before dry shrubbery, and a great fire blazes before it can be controlled.

In Miguel Fonseca's "Historia de Cuba", we read of the trouble in 1871 on the Island and of the incidents that he says are dark spots in her history.

The revolution that broke out at this time in the 1900's lasted for five years. There was fighting in the streets, and once when she was in town, she found it necessary to run for her life as bullets began to hum from the windows of the business buildings. Another time, men stood on the front veranda of her own home and shot into the street at their enemies. At still another time, the dead bodies of men were piled up in the streets so that the city buses could not pass. At the time, she was the only woman who had been brave enough to board the bus, and the experience was one to be remembered.

During that period of time, there was a strike, which is one of the steps taken by the revolutionists to force the person to come to terms. All stores were closed. The poor who had no money to buy and lay in food found themselves helpless to buy one ounce of provision. The milkmen dare not deliver even one pint of milk to babies that they might live. Two in pity sold one quart of sweet milk to a poor mother for her sick baby and were imprisoned for six months after the strike was over.

At the time, Faith Stewart took a few dollars and bought what she could find and fed all she could just enough to hold them over the period. But no one can know the suffering such a strike brings on nor the toll of lives it takes among the innocent. After the strike,

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one of the members of the mission testified one evening that he felt so near Heaven that night. His testimony was so sincere it touched every heart. Before Sunday came again, he had gone on home to glory. Starvation had claimed its victim, for relief had come too late for help in his case. Those years, the very first five, were hard years, but God saw them through, and through it all there were precious souls gleaned from the ripened harvest fields of Cuba.

## Chapter XIII

### Experiences in a New Land

*Psalm 91:5 "Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night,  
nor the arrow that flieth by day."*

A short time after Miss Stewart came to Cuba, her brother and his good wife decided to do something especially for her. After her bitter and deep disappointment on leaving India, they felt that going to a strange land at the age of fifty-two, she would need some security. However, her security was safe in the confidence she had in God.

These good people lived in the country, and they made butter and sold just so much of it a week and turned the money over and banked it for several years until a certain amount was saved. They felt that they did not dare trust her to have the money in hand and look upon the sufferings of the Cuban people, so they stipulated exactly what, and only what the money was to be spent for, and that was a small house for her old age.

She was touched by the unexpected offer and began to look about her for something within the limit and adequate for the purpose and was finally able to secure a cottage of four rooms and a tiny kitchen. In the earlier years of her labor in Cuba, this was her place of abode.

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At the time we speak of now, she was living there with two of the young girls. One day she began to feel a deep sorrow fall upon her. Every weekday up to Friday was used for calling on the needy or sick or helping souls. Friday was a day for fasting and prayer with Saturday left open for what might come.

On Tuesday evening, the Spanish people held services, and on that particular day, she started out to call, but felt so depressed with the heavy weight of sorrow that hung over her that she returned to her home. In the evening, she went as usual to the prayer meeting and after reaching there, she said to the people:

“I need your prayers for myself this evening; I have come with a heavy load on my heart, and I do not know why or how. I only know I badly need prayer.”

As she spoke, the load seemed to be lifted, but as soon as the service closed, the same heaviness of heart fell upon her again as though some awful thing had happened or was about to happen. She returned home to tarry once more with the Lord. At last she retired for the night, but could not sleep. Finally she dozed uneasily. The two girls, who lived with her, decided to wash out some personal pieces and moved about the house very quietly, bringing into their room a large vessel and washing out the pieces. By the time that they had finished, she lay quietly in her bed. They decided that it was better to not disturb her or risk awakening her, so the vessel of water was left standing in the bedroom over night. Planning to empty it early the next morning, they undressed and went to bed and to sleep.

Shortly after that, the missionary stirred and awakened again, and went down in earnest prayer. About one o'clock, the heavy load lifted, and a wave of relief swept over her soul. At no time

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could she say that she understood the awful heaviness, but she felt that at last she prayed through and won the victory.

In those days, she did much calling among the Cuban people. Often at the dead of night, she was called out to pray not only for the converts of the mission but for Catholics and Spiritualists. A cheap car had been purchased to use for calls coming from a distance. The people were informed to call the young man who kept the car, and he would arise, get out the car, and drive to her home, call her, and wait until she came out, and the calls would be made, taking some young person along with her also.

So, that night when her neighbor, arising at three o'clock to care for a restless baby, noticed a car parked in front of the cottage, she thought nothing at all of it except to remark to her husband that poor Miss Stewart was going to have to go out and make a night call. Then she retired without another thought for the welfare of her friend.

Meanwhile three or four men came quietly around to the rear of the house, leaving one man sitting at the wheel. Working silently as the occupants of the home slept, they bored a hole in the back door, inserted a funnel through it, and blew gas in the house. This caused a deep sleep to fall on the victims within. They waited long enough for the gas to have full effect; then they broke in and began to plunder. Everything of value that could be used or sold was taken.

The new blanket that covered Faith Stewart's bed was unceremoniously taken right off her and stripped from the bed. Her spectacles, typewriter, fountain pen, and all her clothing.

In fact, they so stripped her wardrobe that she had to remain in bed for three days afterward, partly from shock of the ordeal and

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partly from the fact that there was nothing to wear and no money to buy more.

These things and many more, any article of value was carried and relayed to the auto standing in the front of the home. Then they found the coin purse and the little that was with it, and immediately began looking for a larger sum. They reasoned that because this woman was an American, there must be money somewhere. They went into the room of the girls and little Caridad in fear and horror, looking at the awful knife in the hand of the evil man standing at her bedside, covered her face and hid underneath the covers. But the man came closer and snatched the covers away roughly and said:

“Little girl, if you will tell us where she hides her money, we will go away and will not bother you.”

“She does not have any money.”

“We know that she must have money somewhere,” argued the bandit, “And if you will just tell where it is, we will go away. But if you do not tell us, we will kill her.”

“I told you the truth,” protested the child, “she has no money. When she gets any money, she gives it all away to the poor.”

They then left the child and made a hurried search, going into Sister Stewart’s room where she was beginning to slowly awaken from the deep unnatural sleep and opened her eyes and looked about her. Then she saw the strange man.

“What does this mean?” she asked.

One man was standing beside her bed with a gun and the other with a big knife lifted in hand. Then they threatened her life if she did not tell them where her money was hid. She protested that

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there was none save what they had already found in the coin purse and persisted in sticking to her story as they pushed her roughly from one side of the bed to the other and jerked her first to the head of the bed and then the foot in their frantic efforts to miss nothing.

They lifted up the mattress here and there, looking in every conceivable place that money could be hidden, then finding none, they left the room. As soon as they were gone, the two girls began to sob and even cry aloud, but from her bed, the missionary called in softly:

“Please do not cry, they have not left the premises yet, and they will hear you and return. Be very quiet.”

At last they heard the motor start, and the men climbed in, the car door closed, and in the quiet of the very early morning, they drove away leaving, as they had come, without being detected by neighbors. The frantic girls came running in the room and on the bed where Faith Stewart lay and cried desperately in their fear and shock through their experiences of the night. The awful shock of her own experience had left her in bad condition because of the gas which had been blown into the room. She had no clothes to put on and was not able to get up either physically or because of the lack of apparel. In spite of her condition, she began to plan a course of action.

She asked if one of the girls would be willing to go next door and awaken the kind neighbor. But fear was uppermost, and they consented to go together. They slipped quietly out of the house and knocked at the neighbor's door and had soon told them of the robbery. Neighbors began to come in and offer sympathy. None had seen the bandits or knew how to help, for they had very successfully entered and made their escape. Only the kind neighbor

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next door felt sad that she might have helped had she only known, but it was too late now. One of the neighbors stood gazing at Miss Stewart in surprise and almost alarm. The missionary noticed her looking at her and asked her:

“What is wrong?”

“Where is a mirror?” asked the woman.

Given a mirror, she held it in front of the astonished missionary. In one night of horror, her long, heavy, auburn hair had turned white. The evil looking man, the gleaming knife, held threateningly over her, had been too much. From that night, she was a white haired woman. The news spread about and reached other sections of the city. An American woman living in another section came and brought material for a dress for her. Two of the Christian women in the church began at once to make the goods into a dress so she could get out of bed. There was nothing left, not even a cent of money for food or clothes.

Their visitor informed them that on the same night, several homes had been broken into and robbed. In each case, from one to three people had been killed, and this home alone had escaped death. God had marvelously spared their lives in this particular home, no doubt in answer to the burdened prayer of the day before.

But the effect of the gas was awful, and the heart of Faith Stewart was for years affected, and she suffered many years because of that night until she was delivered by the healing power of God. The vessel of water which was left standing, in kindness to their loved leader, had been the means of saving the health of the girls. The doctor who heard about the case explained that the water left in the vessel had, in a great measure, counteracted the deadly effect of the gas, and no after effects were suffered by them.

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The months went by, made harder by the loss of things so sorely missed. One day Caridad was sent to purchase some needed thing at the nearby grocery. She had not been absent from the house very long until she came back hurriedly, having not yet bought the goods she was sent for. She was highly excited and kept repeating:

“I saw him, I saw him.”

“You saw whom?” asked Miss Stewart.

“I saw the man,” was all she would say.

Finally, she and the other girl went out and walked to the corner. The story was simply this. Just as she had reached the entrance to the grocery, she noticed the grocer looking down the street. He kept looking at the man, and as he came nearer, the grocer said:

“That man has been around this corner watching your house all morning. He stands on the corner, then starts down toward it, and turns just before he gets there and comes back. Have you seen him before?”

Caridad looked at the man as he turned his face in her direction, then ran swiftly away from the store, never stopping until she reached home. As she and Miss Stewart returned together to the corner, the policeman came toward them leading the man, whom they also had been watching. As they came near her, all the fear and horror of that night, when this man had stood by her bedside, came over her anew, and she fainted, falling backward. The evidence was plain to all. The child had been so strongly affected that no other evidence was needed. The man was sentenced to eight years in prison.

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This incident happened in the same period of the awful days of the revolution which for a time grew worse until at last an announcement was sent out that the last trip of the boat plying back and forth from Havana to Miami, Florida was to be made. The worker who secretly had taken over the mission and registered it in her own name as a worker hurriedly packed her things and returned for the period of time. But Faith Stewart had a burden for souls, and she came to Cuba to live or die with them, and she stood faithful throughout the days that followed that announcement.

There were hours that her own life was in danger, but she had come for service or sacrifice, and the same God whom she relied on to furnish the daily portion of food and shelter, she also relied on to furnish the protection from dangers and perils of the time. Once, when going down in the very heart of the city of Havana on a business trip to tend to the various needs of the mission, crowds began to gather in the Prado and before long, a battle started in the streets. Pedestrians fled in fear and haste to the nearest buildings for shelter from stray bullets. She, with others, hastily entered the nearest shop only to find it had the then typical open front, which at night is rolled down like a curtain and in the daytime rolled up, and the shop is not only open to view, but is airy and pleasant besides.

As the people flocked in, bullets found their way also, and each one stood rigidly flat against the walls, trusting God to protect them, and in His mercy, no one of the group was injured. In their midst, unknown to any of them, was a chosen one of God's servants, and His protecting care was over the whole assembly gathered there.

“Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night nor the arrow that flieth by day.”

## Chapter XIV

# Hard Places and High Places in the Kingdom

*“By their fruits shall ye know them.”*

In the great fields of labor, there are not only losses and burdens hard to bear, but there are victories of faith and time of gracious leading of the Lord. In those early days in Cuba, only the great Father of all knew of some of these things and those who went through them this side the vale.

When God gave answer to a whole afternoon's prayer by Faith Stewart who cried out mightily for souls in her newly adopted land, and a goodly number came to the service that evening, there was among them a Christian woman of about sixty years who, learning of the services to be held in her close vicinity, made an effort to attend. She was a native of the nearby island of Jamaica, and had met and married a Cuban man by the name of Gonzales. In her later years when so many knew her and loved her, she was known by the name of “Mama” Gonzales. She became faithful, and on her experience of salvation, she became a member of the band of Christians who met regularly each week.

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Attending a prayer meeting held in the new mission some time later, she heard the people pleading earnestly for God to send in means, for they had run short of funds and could not pay the rent for the building. As they listened, her thoughts turned to a sum of money her daughter had entrusted her with. This dear saint of God had a daughter in New York City. She had sent her two children to visit with the mother and have full care of them for that period of time.

The time was drawing near for their return, and the daughter had sent sufficient funds for their return on the boat. A friend who was also visiting in Cuba was asked to see the children through as she returned to her home. This she was willing to do. Now since the Christians were daily expecting mail from the United States with money to pay the rent, the kind loan was accepted. But day by day no mail came, no offerings to support the work, no possible way to pay back the money.

In the course of time, the friend of the daughter came to the home of Mama Gonzales for the money to purchase the tickets for the two children. It was a time of real embarrassment for the true Christian woman who had so faithfully trusted God. She was compelled to admit that it was spent. In anger the woman replied that she was leaving on the boat that evening, and she would herself explain how the money had been spent for other things. She was angry and insisted that she would not wait another day in favor of the situation.

With heavy hearts, these few Christians met that afternoon for earnest prayer, still trusting the God Who is able to do all things, and they cried mightily upon Him for deliverance. Before the time for the boat to leave that evening, a terrible storm broke out over the city and also over the waters and speedily spread in great fury

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over the ocean, growing worse and worse, and finally the word came that no boats would run until the storm was over and conditions permitted. For three days, all boats were in the docks; all travel was discontinued.

But God had not stopped working, and in that time, the mail brought in the required amount, and by the time the angry friend could actually go, the full amount had come in, and Mama Gonzales was able to hand it to the unwilling friend in time to buy the tickets for the children. This woman had been detained by the very forces of nature, and all went on schedule at last. A three day wait was ordered by the Heavenly Father that the petitions of His dear child might have no cause to be ashamed. We are told in His Word: "He that putteth his trust in Him need never be ashamed." Only, there are times when God seems to test their faith almost beyond the limit.

She writes about this time:

"We have just finished our thirteenth year of labor in Cuba, and as we look over the past, we pause on the threshold of the new year to 'raise our Ebenezer' as a reminder of God's great goodness to us, for truly we can say as did Samuel, that 'hitherto hath the Lord helped us.' And we press forward in our new year's work with courage to do our part in getting the Gospel of Christ out to the people of Cuba."

But I wish to bring the faithful saint afore mentioned to your notice, as she stands out in faithful service to God in those early days of the mission. In those early days, they began to hold an annual convention, and at this time found that before the meetings were over, the food began to give out, and there was no money to buy more. As usual, they took their trouble to the Throne of God. And again Mama Gonzales arose to the occasion. She said that her

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rent was due, but the landlord had not come to collect it, and as she had knelt to pray with the rest of them, God had plainly told her that she should lend her rent money to bridge over the special need.

Again, trusting in God and fellowman to respond to the need of the hour, there was deep testing of faith in the God they loved and served. The money did not come in. Day after day, prayers went up to God. The landlord showed no mercy. He was most certainly not interested in mission work and the needs thereof, and he was most certainly interested in collecting his rent on time. Finally a day was set for her eviction from the little home.

We did not know her then, but have had the privilege of knowing her for several years now, and truly believe she waited that hour with calmness and sweetness. The biggest thing in her life was her love for God and her absolute trust in Him. Perhaps she thought it at that time to be the will of God for her to suffer this humiliation and hardship before her neighbors. For on that day, she sat calmly awaiting eviction from her home. A cable reached Faith Stewart. Someone had cabled twenty-five dollars to her. Strangest of all, this money came from an absolute stranger.

Faith Stewart rushed uptown to get the money changed into Cuban money. But she began to praise the Lord when the word came.

“Why,” asked a worker, “do you praise the Lord?”

“Because banks do not deal in potatoes; they deal in dollars,” she replied.

At that time, American money when changed into Cuban money was of more value. She cashed the twenty-five dollars into Cuban and had twenty-seven dollars and seventy cents.

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The room rent for one of her workers was due; this was for six dollars. The rent for the mission in Mariano also was due, and this was for nine dollars. For some reason, she felt strongly that she should only give the remaining ten dollars to Mama Gonzales. She hastened to her home and found her waiting for her things to be put out, and said:

“Mama Gonzales, I have some money for you.”

“Well, praise the Lord.”

Now, after she had felt so strongly that she should only give out the ten dollars to Mama, all the way home the voice of the tempter seemed to say:

“Aren’t you ashamed of yourself? How can you hand her the ten dollars when you know the amount of her rent is eighteen?”

So she said: “But Mama Gonzales, I have but ten dollars.”

“Well,” said this faithful child of God, “my Father in Heaven has already sent me eight dollars, and ten dollars is enough.”

So after all, when the landlord came, there was a straightening up, and God again had given victory. We called at the home of Sister Gonzales, for she is now in her nineties. She is a tiny soul with the skin of a light Jamaican. She cannot see as well as once, and neither can she hear as well. But her mind is clear and memory good for her years as she asks and urges in her gentle, patient way,

“Please sing me one of the songs of Zion.”

The very expression of sweetness and gentility reveals a life rich in faith and the experience of a holy life in Christ.

Soon the mission work which had such a humble beginning had eighteen Sunday Schools in Cuba. These were led by leaders

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who realized the value of winning the children for Christ. Again, she writes:

“The Roman Catholics are laboring harder than ever to gather in and hold the children, for they know the value of this. Every child they lose means a weakening of their forces just that much. God has helped our workers to catch this same vision, and with burdened hearts they have been going forth, pressing through many hard things to gather in these little ones. They often go a little early in time to wash, dress, iron, or mend that they might be able to get them started.

“Nearly all our children have been brought into our Sunday Schools from Catholic or Spiritualist homes, and it really means something to bring into our schools and to hold under Bible teaching over fourteen hundred of these. We have been laboring to plant the real truth of God’s Word in young hearts and have had a good many definite conversions among the children in the past year.”

It may be added that several families have been to the church services and eventually won to Christ through these children carrying home the truths they learned in the Sunday Schools. She continues:

“Besides these eighteen Sunday Schools, we have a number of groups of children who are being gathered under trees or just any place the workers can get them together and are being taught the beautiful Bible stories and the plan of salvation. We have some workers who devote almost the entire day (on Sunday) gathering and teaching four or five of these groups, walking from one district to another to do it.”

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At that time, there were sixteen congregations. How many ministers in America are content to serve as long as possible with a good home, one small congregation, a living wage, never expanding, never expecting to branch out for others, and spend a life time in this easy way in the service of God? Where is our vision and burden? How will we answer God when we face Him at the day of Judgment?

These people, under the leadership of their leader, Faith Stewart, put five services in English and six services in Spanish, weekly, over the radio. That service bore fruit. Four qualified ministers came to them through the radio work. Later when the Bible School was started, because of the urgent need of trained workers to combat the false teaching all over the Island, five of the students entered the school because of the contact with the message over the air. As the Sunday School children, most of these students had a Catholic or Spiritualist background and had need of definite and thorough training for the work. She writes:

“This year we have ten consecrated students who expect to pour out their lives in Gospel service, giving out the Word in its fullness and power. Some of these are standing alone, having no relatives who are not Catholic or Spiritualists. In the midst of strong persecutions, they have dedicated their lives to the work of God.”

“They are cut off from everything and must be provided with room and board, school supplies, and clothing. Conditions in Cuba are very different from those in the United States. By the time they have finished their training, their faith also has grown exceedingly in knowing how to trust God. Our workers must live as God provides.” And again:

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“Many of our young people are on fire for God and have a real passion for lost souls. At different times when a pastor has to be away, some spiritual young person fills the place.”

It was about this time that a new phase of the mission work began. They started publishing tracts and papers in Spanish. They carefully planned a real campaign in the city of Havana with its great population of over one million souls. As a result of this venture, new people began to attend the services in some of the missions. One illustration of this is well worth telling here.

At one of the evening services in the chapel at Almendares, there came a husband and wife, a Spanish couple. They had heard the message over the radio, and because there was and had been for some time an unrest in their hearts and a dissatisfaction in their own religion, they began to seek for something better. What they heard in these messages stirred their interest to seek for something better. They were people of the world and dressed in the apparel and personal adornment that the world finds so necessary. But something in the messages they heard attracted their attention, and they began to attend regularly.

Little by little they began to remove the signs of the world from their apparel and to dress like those who were members of the mission until they were as modest in appearance as the Christians. But they had not accepted Christ as their Saviour. They lived far across the great city of Havana and had to come a long way to be in the services. Undaunted, they searched until they found an apartment not far from the mission, then moved in and told the Christians that now they would be present every time the doors were open.

Not long after that, they bowed together at an altar of prayer and became Christians. They did not know that the Bible says,

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“Seek ye first the kingdom of God,” and it took them some time to get ready by laying off something this week and another thing next week to finally decide they were ready to take the final step. They had come in the midst seen the modest attire of the saints and also the difference in their manner and appearance, and it caused them to feel that truly God’s people are different, obeying the Word of God that plainly teaches, “Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of the Lord of great price.” 1 Peter 3:3, 4.

After the husband really became a Christian, separated from the ways of the world, he could not afford to longer belong to the men’s club where his particular friends and associates were members. They were refined people, and the husband was employed in one of the government offices as a bookkeeper. He stopped smoking and also turned down the proffered glass of liquor. Friends at the job began to note a definite change in his habits. When asked why he would not partake, the answer was:

“I have become a Christian and do not drink liquor anymore.”

Not very long after taking his stand for a life of clean living, he was relieved of his position in the office and fully realized the cost of becoming a Christian. This man and wife have worked faithfully through the years, sacrificing former means and have lived on little to be true to God. They have never wavered in the great task but stood like a rock in the billows. They have been a real pillar of the Church of God in Cuba.

Many were the experiences of those early days, time oft when need was great and only trust in God helped through the test. One time she (Faith Stewart) started for the United States in quite a

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hurry. She reached Miami, Florida, and there sought to purchase a ticket to the North. The ticket agent pushed the money toward her, remarking that Cuban money could not be accepted.

She stood there amazed, wondering what to do, and realizing that in her haste, she had failed to change the money. There was just enough money left to buy a ticket to Nashville, Tennessee. She could get that far, but who did she know at that place, for she would have to stop over. Then the name of a man and wife in that town came to her, and she went calmly on with her journey, asking God to supply her needs. She reached the station and called up the friends.

They gladly heard her voice over the wire and asked her to wait while they came up to the station to meet her. When they reached the home, they explained that the supper had just been put on the table when she had called, and they had refrained from eating to have the pleasure of sharing with her.

They sat down together, and one of them laid sixty dollars beside her plate. Then the hostess explained.

“We were sitting here at the table discussing the fact that we could not put our tithe into the treasury of an apostate church and were trying to decide where to send it that it would do the most good. While we were talking over these things the telephone rang, and we knew that God had sent you to take the tithe.”

How marvelous again, and oh, how very wonderful, for these people did not dream that not one dollar remained for her to go on her journey, and God had safely directed her thoughts first to the city and then to the persons where this matter was being settled.

Truly, “not any good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.”

## Chapter XV

### Little Faces, Little Hands in Cuba

*Proverbs 32:20 "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea she stretcheth forth her hands to the needy."*

As time went on in the mission work in Cuba, a deep burden fell on this consecrated servant of God. When she left India with a breaking heart and with apparently no remedy for the sad situation, she was comforted from above. Part of the solace that came in that dark hour was an assurance that, in His time, God would give her a part in this beloved work in future years.

She relied on God's sure promise, and as the years went on, things were ripening toward the very experience. The awful conditions prevailing in Cuba among the poorer classes and the sight of little children in the doorways at night, on benches in the parks, or on the streets in their destitute and helpless condition stirred her heart to its very depths.

She writes in 1943 of one particular case, showing the picture of two pretty, intelligent boys.

"These children were practically born in the Church of God; today they are destitute and helpless. What shall we do with them? Save them for God and for the Church, or give them to the Roman

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Catholic home? This is the only free open door there is in Cuba. The answer for this question for these and for many others is in your hand. We are ready for service, but awaiting your reply. What shall the answer be?

“The parents of these dear little boys were brought out of darkness into the marvelous light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ through the changed life and finally the death of their oldest child, a girl of thirteen years. Just one year after becoming a Christian and after four days illness, she went to be with Jesus, leaving a clear testimony of being ready to go. She had very faithfully attended one of our mission Sunday Schools and was converted.

“Both parents were converted soon after her death, so these little boys have been reared in the fear of the Lord from birth. Last January, a few hours before the mother passed away to be with Jesus, she earnestly asked that the children be kept in the church. The father, also being a Christian, has struggled nobly to keep the children, but the extremely low wages he is able to earn, together with the terribly high prices on all necessary articles brought on by present day war conditions have made the situation impossible.

“This dear family has been reduced to where they have, for a long time, been existing on one scant meal daily. The father, seeing the deep suffering of the children, has searched far and near to find a home where he could put the boys for care and protection. Only one door has been thrown wide open where they might have food, clothing, and educational advantages absolutely free. Yes, in every land, we find the Roman Catholics with their doors wide open for the children, for they know the value of work among children.

“But it seems that God’s children have been slow to see the great opportunities offered and the deep responsibility there is in helping to save the children of the land. But I am convinced that

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God expects His people to stretch forth their hands to save the children, 'His little lambs,' so that the cause of Christ may be strengthened, especially in the mission field.

"I have now finished many years of labor in Cuba, and I have at different times seen much suffering among the poor people, but never before have I seen such depth of suffering among the laboring classes as I have seen these years and each month, the conditions are growing more serious. The case presented is by no means an outstanding one. Many families who formerly managed to keep their families together are utterly unable to do so now. Only last week, a dear girl who had long attended one of our Sunday Schools was turned over to the Catholics by her mother because she was unable to stand the struggle of trying to support her child any longer.

"A short time ago, one of our ministers found a fourteen year old boy dying by the roadside. He rushed him to the hospital, and when the doctors pumped his poor stomach, they could pump nothing out, and they declared that the boy had long been without food. A note was found in his pocket saying that he could not endure life any longer, that he had no parents, no place to sleep, no food, and was almost naked, so he had taken poison to end it all. Thank God, his life was saved, he was placed for a time in a country home. But the future holds nothing for him.

"The hearts of many of our workers have long been stirred over these conditions, and we are resolved that something must be done, at least on a small scale, to save a few of these poor children and to give them an opportunity of being reared under the influence of the Gospel of Christ. Has not Christ said: 'Suffer the little children and forbid them not?' And also that 'the poor shall have the gospel preached to them?' Let us stir ourselves, and by

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saving them and giving them an opportunity of preparing for life, we can thus extend the kingdom of God in the hearts of men.”

Again she writes:

“We feel a new responsibility is thrust upon us by existing conditions. In Cuba, as in all lands, we find many homeless children. Can we continue to see them taken into homes where they receive strange doctrine and be guiltless before the Throne of God on the day of Judgment? Brethren, we cannot afford to let this continue longer.

“The war has caused great suffering in Cuba. Prices on all necessary articles have increased greatly, and there is no more employment than formerly. The suffering among the poorer classes increases as time goes on. These conditions have caused many more children to be destitute, and we feel that God places upon us the responsibility of doing something for these helpless little ones. So, after much prayer, we have decided to open a small home where we can take in and care for those whom God sends our way.

“We realize that this is a big undertaking; however, we feel sure that God is leading in this step, so we fear not.

“So with eighteen Sunday Schools and sixteen congregations, with the English and Spanish radio work, with the literature which also included the monthly issue of the church paper, *Luz Evangelica* being published and now a new and daring project had been added in the fear and faith in God. Later we read her report.

“It is now three years since we have put out a booklet on our work among the destitute children of Cuba, and since God’s dealings with us have been so gracious, we feel under obligation to sound His praises that others may know that He is still the Father

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of the fatherless and that even today, He does lead His children forward in their activities for His name's sake.

“We also desire that those who have labored among us in this great undertaking, either through sacrificial giving or through prayer, may be much encouraged to continue in the good work, knowing of a truth that God has been with us and blessed us. The existing conditions in Cuba have resulted in despair and are the cause of much suicide and of many broken homes, and the innocent little children are always the helpless victims of these cruel circumstances which have surrounded their little lives. Many mothers have been left alone in the struggle to care for their children, either through the death of the father or through desertion, and being forced through these circumstances to enter the battle to sustain life by public begging, and when sufficient food is not to be obtained by this means, they resort to searching through garbage tins in the alleys or through the pangs of hunger are forced to steal.

“Naturally they are driven to stealing that they may live, they must also learn how to dodge the policemen. When night comes on, they have nowhere to sleep but on the benches, in the city parks or in the doorways of the homes of those more fortunate than they. Thus sleeping in the open and living the life of a common beggar, these helpless children rapidly drift on in a school of crime and shame until early in life many of them fall into the hands of the officers of the law who are forced by duty to lay hands on them.

“Thus their doom is sealed for time and eternity. Many of these children are branded criminals while yet in their early teens. Many learn to blaspheme, to steal, and do many other wicked things before they are old enough to go to school. The cold hard fact is that the only school these children know is the school of

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shame, immorality and crime where they rapidly develop in their knowledge of vice, impurity, and immorality, as they suffer (not knowing why) and daily look on more fortunate persons, bitterness and revenge soon fill their little hearts and minds.

“And friends, remember, these boys and girls will be numbered among the fathers and mothers of tomorrow. Is it any wonder that crime and immorality are increasing at a terrible rate in Cuba?

“Then we have another class of children whose lives are filled with sorrow and suffering such as never should touch them. We have many little ones who had a good father or a noble mother who could never see their little ones numbered among the common beggars on the streets, but who have been left alone in their bitter struggle to maintain life caused by the death of the other parent. Or maybe they have been deserted by the other companion and find it impossible to provide for their children.

“Many of these have sacrificed their own health on the altar of parenthood in their struggle to feed, clothe, and shelter their children. And if no helping hand is held out to such parents, many grow so desperate they commit suicide, or if not, their own health breaks, mentally or physically, and they go to an early grave, leaving their children to the mercies of the cold world.

“It has been officially estimated that during the last year, over six hundred homeless children nightly slept either on benches in the open parks or in doorways of homes. The well-to-do pass by these homeless creatures, shrugging their shoulders and possibly exclaiming, ‘poor things,’ and pass on to their comfortable beds for the night. You may ask, ‘And is nothing being done to alter this awful situation?’

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“We unhesitatingly answer, yes, something is being done to provide for the future. Jails and reform schools are waiting with wide open doors where a little later they will undoubtedly be sheltered from public view, but for this present time, the only ones who are interested in these little ones are the city police. Some of these noble hearted men have long sought for an open door where they could place these underprivileged children, giving them an opportunity to make something of themselves, thus saving them from a life of shame and degradation.

“We have, during these years of service in Cuba, passed up and down the streets of the great city of Havana, looking on the very picture I have placed before you. I reached a place where I felt I could no longer refrain from putting my hand to the task, and doing what I could to at least change the course of things in the lives of a few.”

Thus on February 10 of the year 1944, a small home was opened. Praying for guidance and looking about for a suitable place where they might be able to house a group of children they finally located a house in Santa Fe. This small town is a few miles away from Havana. They notified policemen that preparations were being made for such a project.

Twenty years had passed over since the last tearful farewells had been said to dear ones in India. In those days the sorrow was so great and the load so heavy that she called on God in mercy to let her forget. Never in all the years was she ever again to look upon those loved faces where she had continually endangered her life to rescue them. After that, the long blank period, the prayer of supplication, and the assurance that God would again someday give her a part in saving His lambs, and now after long hard years

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of service in Cuba, the light again was burning, and she was actually preparing for another effort beginning in late years of life.

There was only twenty-eight dollars in the treasury with which to buy supplies, but there was expectation and eager looking forward on the part of the missionary and her two workers who had been appointed to look after the children. They put up cots in the rooms, and policemen also came bringing cots folded up under their arms. They were told that only the most destitute children would be admitted as only fifteen could possibly be admitted.

They threw open the doors of the cottage in Santa Fe, and the policemen began to bring the children in off the streets. Dear little suffering children in the hands of these strange men, the policemen, and fearful but going somewhere and promised a home and shelter and food. But many of these children do not even know what the word home means as do you and I. They have never had a home and shelter and a proper bed. Some of them slept on doorways and benches so long that they have forgotten if they did once have them what they really were—helpless little children, drifting along in the tide of life as the seaweed drifts along the shore, pushed by the great forces back of it. Dressed in rags called clothes, undernourished, often unclean, uncared for, neglected, they began to come in one by one or two.

At last fifteen cots had been set up about and the last bit of space consumed, and fifteen children, one for every cot, had been brought in. There was no more room. Just then a policeman came bringing in two little waifs from off the streets.

“We are sorry,” they said, “there is no more room, not even to lie on the floor.”

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“Do you mean that I must take these little children back after promising them a shelter and food and bringing them all the way here?”

“We have done our best, and you can see for yourself that there is not room for one more child.”

Sorrowfully, the policeman turned away to the hopeless streets and hunger and suffering again with the little ones. A cloud of sorrow was hanging over the happy day of the opening of the new home. There was a short service of dedication and all who had gathered soon departed except those who remained to care for the children. They told the departing policeman that the matter would be taken before God, and that as soon as He supplied larger quarters, they would notify him, and they would bring them back.

Then alone, they faced the fact that they now had in their care fifteen hungry children and nothing for supper. This was indeed a faith venture, and they cried out to God. All through the dedication service, they had been sending up a silent cry to God to supply the food. A little later, a woman came in from the surrounding neighborhood with a large tray with eighteen rolls on it, and on the platter, underneath the rolls, lay a dollar bill. Soon another kind neighbor came in with enough oranges and bananas for all.

With the dollar, they purchased cocoa, milk, and sugar and so managed that supper and breakfast were taken care of at the proper time. Oh, the marvelous goodness of God; truly His ways are past finding out! She writes:

“On February 10, 1944, a small home was opened where we could, by crowding, take in fifteen children. This was a very definite venture of faith as our mission work in Cuba never has been supported by any Mission Board, but through all these years,

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we have trusted God to supply the necessary means and to guide us in every step. In answer to prayer, we have advanced step by step, but this new undertaking was a great one, as it would naturally involve heavy expenses. But believing that God is the Father of the fatherless and that He was definitely laying on our heart to care for some of His little lambs, we believed He would also touch hearts to supply the financial needs of these children.

“So when He called us forth in this new field of service, we placed on Him the entire burden of the support of the institution, and He has never once failed us. Praise His Holy Name! Our hearts on the day of dedication were overwhelmed by sadness as so many destitute cases were brought to us that we had to turn away more than we had room to receive. So before even the dedication of this small building, we went in secret in a closed room, and there on our faces before God, we poured out our hearts in humble prayer, asking God to step in and in some way give us larger quarters.”

Perhaps few who read this narrative will realize some of the problems of such a venture. One family of children that came in had practically lived on the streets. There had been no former training, no set rules of life. The task of washing and ironing and even feeding these children by faith was not only theirs but the patient endeavor of training them little by little, fifteen children all brought up together under one small roof to live together in harmony and order. Some had never slept on beds; some had no idea how to eat at the dinner table or how to get along in peace with others. Those days were full of adventure, full of problems and discouraging experiences never gone through in the land of India. This was a harder field in every way, in this sunny isle so close to the United States.

## Chapter XVI

### The Timely Purchase of El Hogar

*“Not to the strong is the battle, not to the swift is the race, But to the true and the faithful, victory is promised through grace.”*

A group of ministers and workers gathered in for prayer, definite prayer, seeking earnestly the guidance of God in this new undertaking. They placed before God every child that should, as the years come and go, enter the Home for care and training. Then they threw themselves on the unfailing promises of God, and on His almighty arm, asking Him to move on the hearts of men and women that the urgent needs of the work might be supplied. She writes:

“And why should we not expect Him to do this very thing? Has He not said in Philippians 4:19, ‘But my God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory?’

“Yes, thank God, the dear little ones who now come and go under the care of this home are no longer poor, for God is their Father, and He has given definite promises to cover every need for them. And, are not all the children in the world His? I am fully convinced that they are and am also convinced of the fact that we, as God’s children, have been far too slow in moving out on faith’s almighty arm, and through Christ, daring to do great things in

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helping to carry out God's great plan for these underprivileged children.

"We at once began praying for money with which to buy a place, for we were convinced that we would not be able to rent a place large enough for this work. Our faith grew as we saw the wonderful leadings of the Lord, and we believed He could and would supply so that we could have a proper place for the work He had laid on our hearts.

"And so it was by faith in God that we had moved out, searching for a place and spending many days in this effort. At last I said to some of the brethren who had been helping to find a suitable building, 'Brethren, God has a place already picked out, and our responsibility is to find that place.' So we had definite prayer for divine guidance, and in a few days, were called to see the very place we finally did purchase."

The day that the Home in Santa Fe, Cuba, was opened for needy children, seventeen little ones were turned away. That was a greater number than was received into the home. These poor ones went back that day to the hopeless life of suffering from continual hunger and the fear and danger of a life in the streets of the great city of Havana. The burden lay heavily upon their hearts, and as they labored and planned for those already sheltered, they cried out to God for larger and better facilities to carry on this noble work.

Funds began to come in, and a strict account was made, and it was laid aside for the very purpose for which it had been sent. The weeks went by, and they began to look about for a more suitable building and to pray for guidance to that place which God would open eventually. At last came a worker and directed their attention to a certain property in Los Pinos. This is a suburb of Havana. It is

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more elevated than the city proper and is considered a place especially healthy in which to live.

This property, "Villa Conchita," was a spacious house of several large rooms with a basement under part of it. A large arched entrance lent dignity to the estate of seven acres. Beautiful royal palms line the entire front and north end of the property, their proud heads standing high above all the other trees and their branches waving in the fresh sea breeze wafted over the Island.

At the rear of the house, there was ample room for work or play. When Faith Stewart approached the entrance, a strong conviction seized her that this was God's place for the children at this particular time. There was but one thing lacking to secure the place at once; God had provided seven thousand dollars, and the cost of the property was twelve thousand. They visited the realtor, and he was very gracious.

"We have only seven thousand dollars," she said.

"And we will accept that seven thousand, and you may pay the rest as you are able."

This was good news indeed, and they once more stepped out on faith, paying a down payment of seven thousand. They made a promise to come back in two weeks and finish the negotiations for the transfer of the property, but prayer went up to God. The policy had always been to never go ahead of God, but to wait for means as He sent it. In this deal, the hand of God was so definitely leading that they launched out. From day to day, prayer went up to God, and on the very day, a short time before the hour to settle the business, the daily mail came, and in that mail was a letter containing a check for five thousand dollars. God had heard and sent the five thousand dollars at the eleventh hour.

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At the appointed hour, they went to the office to pay and make out papers to transfer the property. When the check for five thousand dollars was produced, the lawyer turned to them in surprise and said:

“But you told me you only had seven thousand dollars.”

“That is true; we did tell you, and it was the truth then, but God sent in the remainder just before we started today,” they replied.

What this business man of the world thought as he proceeded to transact business with these people, who can tell, but he must have had much seed for thought.

He had given them liberty to go ahead and make whatever changes were necessary to remodel the house and make it suitable for a dormitory for the Children’s Home. We quote:

“Two months later, after entering the little cottage home in Santa Fe, we purchased and paid cash for a beautiful farm with about seven acres of rich land, well covered with many large fruit trees of the finest quality and a large roomy house in good condition. We paid twelve thousand dollars for this home. More than one thousand was used to make a large dining room and a few alterations.

“What a blessed day we had when we gathered with a large crowd of Christian brethren and friends to dedicate the home God had given us for the underprivileged children of Cuba. Even during the ceremony, we saw groups of children, thin faced and poorly dressed, waiting round the edge of the assembly wanting admission. Some had been brought by mothers who could no longer bear the struggle, and some by policemen. These little ones were lovingly admitted to the home, thus saving the lives of some

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and giving the poor mothers a chance to get work and support themselves. Many of these mothers could not get work with several little ones clinging to them. In such cases, we were able to save the children and help the mothers.

“I am glad to report that a number of mothers who were before driven by cruel circumstances, begging the streets, and selling themselves for bread are today working in respectable homes, eating good food. One day there came to the home a woman, a dark Cuban, whose health had failed and asked admission for her children. We took them in. The next day she came again and asked to be taken in, and when we explained that we did not feel that there was really a place we could put her in the work, she sat down on the little bench outside the house and sat there all day. At evening she was still there. We felt that we could not turn her away, and she was told to come in. Later she filled in the place of the matron for the girls’ home for about ten years. This woman was Claudina who labored here until her health was so poor that she at last decided to take her children to live with her mother.

“It was so with Virginia who came one day with three children and also left pregnant and in a starving condition to seek a place for her children.

“Then what will you do? Who will take you in your condition to work for them? ‘Perhaps you had better stay here and do what you can until the little one comes,’ she was told.

“So she stayed and began later her work in the nursery and also served for some years at El Hogar.

“As the new home began filling up with children, we had our hearts and our hands full and were soon made to realize how great the undertaking. Many of these children had only one place, and

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that the streets, and had learned long ago to fight fiercely for every inch of liberty and opportunity and had no idea of getting along peaceably with anyone. Life was a continual struggle, and they felt more at home in that atmosphere. For many weeks, the very air of the place was filled with cursing and all kinds of bad language and with screams from the children as they fought one with another.

“A trained nurse who was in Havana at that time came and stayed for nearly a month, just to help out and her special responsibility was to dress the wounds and sores. Many of the children came to us in very bad condition physically, and a goodly number were almost covered with sores. Naturally these had to be attended to. And then also the wounds that were inflicted by the children fighting one with another added much to the work of the nurse. But thank God, since that time, the children have learned something of the law of kindness and love. We seldom hear of a fight or of trouble between them. Thank God for the power there is in the Gospel.

“Now the atmosphere of the place is entirely changed, and we lift our hearts to God in grateful praise as we hear the happy laughter or snatches of songs as the children work or play. I have mentioned these things that you may know something really of what our responsibility has been, and may also better understand how great is God’s plan in saving these dear little ones from the terrible end that surely would have been theirs.

“The jails and asylums of Cuba are mainly filled with men and women who might have filled places of usefulness in life if only they had been taken from the bad conditions which surrounded them and had been taught the right way of living in childhood. Now, instead of hearing bad language and fighting from morning until night, happy laughter and song fill the air. And many times in

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the midst of my work, I stop to listen as I hear some sweet voice in prayer in some part of the Home. The children are responding in a wonderful way to the teaching of the Gospel, and it is marvelous, the changes that have been wrought in many of these lives.

“Thank God we have had the privilege of seeing many of these dear children built up in health where we could then begin to give them opportunities in life so that they can grow up to be a blessing in the world. Most of these children had never been to school a day in their lives, and many of them at an age where they could not, in this condition, have been admitted to a public school.

“But here we plan to give each child his or her opportunity, no matter what age when admitted. We have taken in three children about eleven or twelve years of age who did not know the alphabet, but these were placed in classes, and today they read and are getting along well in their school classes. When we took in those first children, we found that many had never used a plate for food or eaten with knife and fork as most children do, just a piece in the hand, etc. Neither had they ever slept in a bed. Only our good Heavenly Father knows what we undertook in those days. What infinite patience and wisdom was needed! To have a large group of children of near ages who had practically lived on the streets, slept as told before on benches and doorways, and begged or stolen to exist, thrown in with others who more recently had some kind of home and been loved and sheltered more tenderly was a problem we trusted God to help us solve.”

Only God above could help in such a setup as they tackled the seemingly impossible from day to day. Again we quote:

“But today we have a fine group of children who can mingle among others of good family and who are rapidly making progress in their preparations for good and useful living. As we look on

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these children and see the noble traits being brought out in many of their lives and think of what the future holds for them, our hearts are lifted in gratitude to God, their Father, because we are sure that many of these same children, had they been left out in the streets as they were, would, have, before now, been in the hands of the law as criminals.

“Oh, brethren, what a responsibility would have been ours at the day of Judgment had we not obeyed the leadings of the dear Holy Spirit as He guided us in the opening of the children’s work. As the weeks and months went on, the stories of the lives of these little ones were gathered, and many were sad indeed.

“As mentioned before, we have eight adults here working among the children. This number includes a teacher for the graded work in school, a kindergarten teacher, a seamstress, a laundress, a cook, a woman to care for the wee tots. And naturally I live in the institution to mother them all, and to direct in the administration of the work.

“The laundress, the cook, the seamstress and the woman who cares for the babies are each not only responsible for their own part of the work but also to teach their particular work to the children as this institution is carried on as a vocational school. The boys and girls who are in the grades are divided into groups for the domestic classes in the morning.

“Each boy or girl has other classes of definite preparation. The boys, must learn laundry work, cooking and gardening. The girls must learn, aside from their school work, cooking, nursing little children, laundry work, and sewing. Then as we labor on, if we see special talents in some of the children, we shall do our best to help them to prepare for those possible places in life.

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“And naturally above all this, their attention will be directed to the greatest calling there is in life, that of pouring out their lives in service to God and to humanity. Here we have a chance to plant the precious Word of God in tender hearts where we can expect a bountiful harvest. Praise God for this golden opportunity, but remember it brings with it great responsibility. Is part of this not yours?”

Most every child admitted into El Hogar which means literally, “the home,” has a story back of his or her coming. There is the story of little Marcelino who was brought to El Hogar when about a year old. His mother was so tubercular that she could not nurse him and could not afford to buy milk for him, and he had never been fed anything but the water from rice. When discovered by someone who took interest in his case, he was not only starving to death but was helpless as a tiny infant.

The doctors who examined him shook their heads over the tragic case.

“This child you cannot save,” they said. He will never be able to walk, and will, if he lives, always be a care for others. Also his case has gone so far back in his infancy that his mind will never be right.”

But Marcelino was their case at El Hogar. He was brought in and placed in his little crib, receiving the diet prescribed for him and not only the loving care of those whose duty it was to care for him, but the affection of the other children round about him. They too had suffered out there in the cruel world and had been, some of them, in a sad condition, and they loved him as though he had been their brother in the flesh.

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Earnest prayer went up from trusting hearts from day to day for the life of this little boy to be spared, whom God had surely sent, in His mercy, to their open door. Time went on and nourishment and loving care was not spared. Slowly a change came over the tiny baby. There was not so much sad crying, and the child rested more in his little bed. Slowly also, the pitiful arms and legs took on flesh. Then steady, noticeable improvement set in.

There came a time when the same physician who had examined him and had given his opinion, had occasion to visit the Home. Marcelino's name was mentioned.

"You do not mean the little baby you had here some time ago?" he asked. "Surely he did not live. That would be impossible."

"He not only lives," they said, "But is perfectly normal in both body and mind. He is a well boy and gets along in school with the other boys in studies."

"Call him in here; I want to see that child."

Marcelino was called and came in obediently, standing before the physician with his bright dark eyes fixed on him. The physician marveled.

"It is a miracle. How was it ever accomplished?" asked this man of science as he gazed on the bright faced little lad who through the love of God and his people, had so miraculously been saved from death.

A short while later when roll call was made among the children, and each was answering with his or her full name, his turn came. He stood at first confused, for the name of the poor dying mother was not known. Then his countenance brightened

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and he said, proudly, "Marcelino Stewart," and ended triumphantly. And all the rest accepted his newly adopted name chosen by him in love and gratitude to one who had made both home and life a possibility. There is also a little girl in the Home who has accepted the name of her benefactor. She is Sonia Stewart because she had no known name. Then there was little Ramon. He was a beautiful child of about five years when we first remember seeing him. We were sitting about the table eating our noonday meal in the kitchen of the Mission proper when he shyly came to the door and looked in. A kind word and a smile from Sister Stewart so encouraged him that he started walking through the room slowly, looking straight ahead. Then someone called him back. This he had evidently counted on, and turned very willingly in time to accept a cake of chewing gum, and then with a sweet smile on the pretty little face, he began his onward march, going straight through the house until he reached the front veranda. Then he climbed into one of the rockers there, sitting both quietly and contentedly until he fell asleep.

It was not in the rules that a child could run freely through the missionaries' rooms, but Ramon was at that time a privileged character. He too had come to them almost too late, and his poor stomach could only stand to have mashed potatoes or gruel or milk for food, and it had to make a slow comeback. So, too weak to play with the others, he wandered about the children's section, then through the corridor in the missionaries' rooms, never stopping, however, to play or bother anything, but apparently hoping secretly that someone would notice him, and very often as he sat in the large rocker on the front veranda, he would fall asleep and have an afternoon nap.

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When he was about eight years old and had been attending school for about two years, an offer was made to each boy and girl in the Home that as soon as he or she was capable of reading the New Testament, they would receive a personal copy as a gift. Ramon had received no copy because he was one of the younger children who had not much schooling as yet. He came to Miss Stewart one day saying:

“Abuelita; (little grandma) may I have one of the New Testaments?”

“You know the conditions must be met, Ramon. When you can read it for yourself, you may have one.”

He went away evidently satisfied and several weeks went by, and again he presented himself before “little grandma” as her children so lovingly called her.

“Abuelita, I have come for my New Testament,” he said, as he quietly stood in her presence.

“You remember the condition, do you not, Ramon?”

“Yes, and I can read it.”

In much doubt, but interested to know what he had done about the matter during the intervening weeks, she handed him a new copy of the Testament. He opened the book and slowly and painstakingly, he read several verses. She was really astonished to find, that laboring faithfully, his childish mind had taken in and laid hold on the job at hand. He finished at last and stood looking at her.

“Ramon, you shall have a New Testament of your very own,” she said quietly, “you have earned it and you deserve it.”

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And he walked out of the room the proud possessor of a book that mostly older boys had been able to obtain.

That God is our great Physician was taught from the very beginning to the boys and girls. Did a worker suddenly fall ill? A group of Christians met and agreed in prayer, asking God to heal the afflicted one. Was Abuelita taken sick? They crowded about her in earnest, believing prayer. If she did not mend, there was fasting and prayer until she did. The trusting hearts of the little children soon learned the secret of power in prayer. That secret was "only believe," and they believed and doubted not.

At one time when a worker was very ill, they missed some of the children and found them in a quiet place earnestly holding on in believing prayer for the sick one. Again when Miss Stewart herself was ill, one of the smaller boys came in and offered to pray for her and proceeded to pray earnestly for her healing. Finally he stood solemnly before her and said:

"Do you believe?"

"I do," she replied as solemnly as he. And he went away, satisfied that he had done his part for her.

Rules and laws of health are kept in the Homes as a public institution, but God has worked marvelously in spite of it all. He has healed when science could do nothing and has been glorified among the children.

There is a custom in the Home. I do not know if it has been borrowed from the Spanish who sang early in their homes in olden days, or if it has always been a custom of her Homes for children. But in the morning at seven, the boys can be heard singing the songs of Zion at breakfast time, and in a short while from the other side, the girls were singing also. At evening their songs float out on

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the air again before they retire for the night. It is a beautiful and touching custom. As I sit at my desk at an open window, the sweet, voice of a young girl comes to me from behind the iron bars of the open window of the girls' home across the way. She is working in the kitchen and singing as she labors, walking back and forth to prepare the evening meal.

There have been times when someone in the homeland forgot, or maybe failed, selfishly spending what God ordained they should share with the needy in other lands, and the Homes faced an empty cupboard. At such times all they could do was call mightily on God. One time when Mildred, a native of Grand Caymen, was cook for the Boys' Home, and Claudina, a native Cuban, was cook for the girls, there was a morning when Mildred came into the room, saying:

"There is nothing in the cupboard with which to prepare a meal. What shall we do?"

"Do you have any one thing?"

"A few beans, but not half enough."

"Go back and put on what you have."

"But it won't go around."

"Put that much on," said the missionary, "and then go into the closet of prayer and ask God to provide."

As Mildred turned to obey, Claudina entered the side door from the girl's department saying:

"There is nothing for dinner. What shall I do?"

She received the same answer given the boys' cook, but just then one of the boys entered, saying:

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“Abuelita, there is someone at the door who wishes to see you, please come.”

She arose and went to the living room. There stood a young man with smiling face as he placed a large bag of rice on the floor. This was followed by a bag of potatoes, and this by a bag of other vegetables, a box of side meat and some spices that the Cubans deem so necessary in their food. She thanked him with a grateful heart, asking him to sit down.

“I cannot,” he replied, “my wife and baby are waiting out in front. I am of another faith, but when God gave us this first child, we were so grateful that we felt that we would like to show our gratitude. We have heard of this home for destitute children, and we feel that we want to share with you in our deep appreciation for this little child.”

He left and was never seen again. God had sent him to answer the cry of the faithful workers.

Mildred went as told and put on the few beans, then returned and walking through the hall saw the supplies on the floor of the room beyond. She fell on her knees and with tears thanked God for answered prayer. And then the workers gathered in and thanked God in a little prayer service held on the spur of the moment for His goodness to them. Later in the day Miss Stewart said:

“Mildred, what are you having for supper?”

“Bean soup for all.”

“Bean soup? Were there some beans among those groceries?”

“No, but I did what you told me, and I cooked those beans as soup and then cooked some of the rice that was brought, and it not only

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stretched out the dinner, but there is so much left that we have enough for supper.”

And why not? Could not the same Christ who multiplied the bread and fishes for a hungry multitude also multiply the food for some of His little ones? Or have we forgotten how great a God we serve? And how big is our faith in Him? His is limited only by your faith and mine.

We feel that we must tell more of the life of Marcelino. Time went by, and he grew up to be about fourteen years of age, a quiet, shy boy. One day, a city policeman came to the Home inquiring for a child entered at a home at a certain date. He said he had been calling at these institutions over the city without success.

The mother had threatened to put the child where he would never be able to find him, but apparently in her poverty had held on desperately until compelled to give up because of his starving condition. Again and again, he called at the home. He had married and had no children and he and his wife both desired to have the child. Marcelino was willing to go.

The father promised to put him in a good school and give him an education. He went to spend vacation with him, and all are happy for the fine boy if it please God for him to have a home and a name at last. There he will no longer be Marcelino Stewart. But he was saved from the streets, suffering, and the very grave, and El Hogar has sheltered his young life until a suitable place has been found.

## Chapter XVII

### Enlarging The Borders

*Psalm 146:9 “He relieveth the fatherless and the widow.”*

The new Home with its ever increasing numbers was soon overcrowded as when they started in the first little cottage in Santa Fe. She speaks of this in a later report of the work.

Having to carry on the school work in the same building that we started in at Los Pinos and housing the boys and girls in the same house brought many problems, and we began praying that the dear Lord would again let us enlarge our borders so we could better care for the ones we had and also take in more. The house stands near the front and to one side of the land, leaving the rest open for future buildings. The house now accommodates fifty children and eight adults who labor with them.

At the present time we have the girls upstairs with the lady workers, while the boys occupy the downstairs with the two men teachers. But we cannot long keep girls and boys in the same building. So our plans are to build dormitories for the boys on the other end of the land and to build the school in the center where all may attend the same day school.

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We also plan to have in the school building a large chapel room where daily worship and also Sunday School and services will be carried on. We hope by God's help and yours to build room for one hundred boys and to enlarge this present building to accommodate one hundred girls. And the natural growth of the work will soon make it necessary to have a nursery building where the babies may have proper care without interruption to the rest of the work.

When we think of the greatness of this work, all it involves, human nature would naturally shrink, but we have made a natural decision that Satan can have no part in this, for has he not held full sway long enough? Now God has stepped in and has stretched out His hand to deliver, and He is calling His people to save this situation and to make possible the saving of many Cuban children.

God answered the petitions to enlarge our borders and in 1945, we built an addition to the Home, or rather built an adjoining house to be used for the office of the Home and of the general mission work, and for living quarters for some of the workers. This building cost around ten thousand and proved to be a blessing as well as a necessity to the work.

The next year in 1946, they were able to purchase the property next door to the present home. There was a roomy residence and four acres of fine ground, all in good condition. Alterations were made, and three large rooms were added. The total cost was \$13,500. A wall was built around the new place for the protection of the girls. This wall cost over \$2,000. The total cost of the property was at that time \$38,000, for she says at this time:

“Our family for the past year has numbered over seventy children. I am now speaking of children definitely made over to the homes. We have also sheltered many others for poor families when

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the mother had to be taken into a hospital or when some difficult circumstance forced itself upon parents and they needed a helping hand until they could again get their family together.

“Grade school was begun as soon as the mission was started, and in 1946, some of the Educational Board of Havana showed us favor, and from that time they have supplied good teachers for us. The girls are housed in the newly purchased property and the boys in the main building.”

She was indeed grateful to the Board of Education for the wonderful help and looks forward to using more teachers some day. From the very beginning they had planned to have a vocational school as it would be a better preparation for these children. The Director of Education and the Inspector of Schools in the district were both agreed with her on this matter, that such a school would be more profitable than the regular course of work that is generally followed in grade and high schools.

As soon, therefore, as the children were advanced, a special plan was to be laid for these schools so every child would have the opportunity of preparing for practical usefulness in whatever line they are inclined to follow. It was a real pleasure to see the way some of these children put their hand to work, after having been there such a short time.

Much of the sewing, laundry work, and cooking is done by some of the older children. They have, as mentioned before, half day class work and the rest of the day devoted to activities on the place. One hour in the afternoon is given for those who want to study English. In the future, some kind of factory work will be planned for those who will need it.

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The object is to give each child a chance to become a useful citizen and also to fill a better place in the work of the Church. Much of the suffering among the poor in Cuba is caused by so many of her youth being unprepared to go out and fill the useful places in life.

One of the greatest responsibilities in this work is to plant the eternal Word of truth in the minds and hearts of the children. As they grow up and develop in life, it must be so firmly planted that they will not depart from it. One must labor for the physical, moral, and spiritual welfare of the children, but most of all for the spiritual. Every nation, Cuba included, needs noble men and women with a real conception of the plan of God and a deep conception of His truth that will enable them to fill an honorable place.

Many of the children have been cowed down under the cruel circumstances which have bound them, and they come to the homes under a spirit of fear. Under the loving care of those who strove to keep away from the homes the cold institutional atmosphere that makes a child feel as if he or she were but a machine, and to make a real home for them, the fear disappeared, and they live with the happy freedom of normal childhood. Some, of course, have grown hard and bold and fearless through cruel circumstances, but mellowed through the influence of the Gospel and the kindness shown them.

Once a mother came bringing three ragged, thin, sickly children, all girls, and presented a note she had brought from an official in Marinanao, stating that this poor woman had been sleeping with her children in doorways of houses for a long time and had been begging in the streets for their daily food in the

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daytime. It was impossible for her to find work and care for her three children. There was no place where she could leave them.

The Home took in the three children and gave the mother some much needed clothes. Today she is working for a good family. The children are doing well and getting along nicely in school.

There was a notice in the city paper of a despairing mother with three little boys, starving, and appealing to the police for help. One of the Mission workers rushed to the place, located the police station, secured the information needed, and called on the mother. The little boys were half dead with starvation. They were admitted to the Home, but she was so poor in health that she could not hold a place. She was given work she could do in the Home and proved to be a blessing. She loved the Word of God, and she truly thanks God for the opportunity to live and be saved. You who are laboring with us, together we labor, together we water the seed with our tears and prayers while we look forward to the great harvest of ingathering. Then together we will carry our sheaves (souls from Cuba) and lay them at His blessed feet.

It was around this time that we learned of Francisco who was a soldier and was ordered to take three prisoners to the prison and deliver them personally. The whole affair was indeed unjust as he had to be responsible for all three and if any one escaped he would have to serve out the sentence of the escaped man. On the journey, one of the men broke away and escaped entirely and after he had delivered the other two, he himself was sentenced to several years in prison to serve out the sentence of the escapee. What a sad time to that home! The wife came to the homes and presented her story and asked that she might leave the boy in the Home and go out to seek work.

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When they found out the sad story, everyone in the Home was deeply touched and went to earnest prayer and kept holding on that God would show mercy to that innocent man and free him out of the hands of the law which was so unjust. After a few months, to the great astonishment of the man, God began to work and though it was hitherto an unheard of thing, the man was freed. He has always been grateful. And the Home has no better friend than Francisco. In times of special need, he is always to be counted on and even at this late date is helping out here at the Home.

## Chapter XVIII

### In the Valley of the Shadow of Death

*Psalm 23:4 "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me."*

If the wheels of life could only run smoothly, how good would be the tales that we might write, where all would be pleasant and end happily. But in the struggle of life, there is a great opposing force ever at work and seemingly never idle, and we are hindered in our endeavors by a power only secondary to that of God. This great evil power is opposed to the onward march of the Gospel, and in the Bible we read how the servant of God was afflicted in body and robbed of all his earthly treasures, even to his children. But God, Whose power is above all other power, stepped in and conquered.

All had been so happy over the new venture of the Home and the great work of rescue and of dreams becoming a reality, and things were going on smoothly. In December of 1944, the members of the Mission held a three day meeting. At the closing service, Miss Stewart preached a strong sermon on Divine Healing. She urged the ministers and workers to uphold the doctrines of the truth and insisted on stressing divine healing.

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“The standard of the Church of God,” she said, “has been lowered in too many places, and we must see to it, by the grace of God, that this shall not be our course in Cuba. We, as the people of God, must uphold the Christian standard in spite of suffering. God can work in all suffering through His people, but He must have instruments through which to work. And if I am to be used as such an instrument, then amen, so let it be.”

“And I urge upon you brethren, that if I should get sick and one dose of medicine, however small, be the means of my getting well, let God have His way. I choose death. Such is my consecration.”

It is possible that some who read this story will question the stand taken here of Faith Stewart. The early Church in the days of the Apostle and so soon after the life of the Master in the midst with His healing power thought it not strange or fanatical to put their faith in the great One Who went about healing the sick from day to day. But we are centuries past those days, and men have gone far and our vision has dimmed, and we have been reasoning and are prone to reason for ourselves and have been taught in the pulpit that the days of healing by the power of God are long past.

So, now the man who is willing to trust God to the very limit seems to be the narrow minded person, and we had rather lean on the arm of science than on the very God who created all things and gave men understanding so that they could use the things He created instead of directly approaching God Himself.

Shortly after that, on December 30, Miss Stewart left Havana for Punta San Juan, which is four hundred miles from the city, to hold a two day meeting with several congregations of the Church of God. She reached home on the third day of January in 1945. On the following Friday, she complained of not feeling well and took

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to her bed that same evening. On Saturday morning, a telephone message was sent to the radio station telling of Faith Stewart's illness. Two of the brethren went to earnest prayer, and the third left at once for Los Pinos, the home of the children.

When he reached there, he found Miss Stewart very ill. Those who watched reported that she had passed through a night of suffering and intense pain. The minister hastened back to Almendares, getting in touch with workers throughout the Island. He also sent messages to interested friends in the North. Saturday night, Sunday, and Sunday night, her suffering seemed to increase.

The friends who were caring for her decided she had better be taken to Buena Vista where she could have better care and be near the assisting friends and ministers. A physician called and examined her and diagnosed the case as gall stones. He plainly stated that there must be an operation if any hope was to be received, and yet because of her condition, he hesitated. He also feared that it was too much for her to be moved to Buena Vista for a few days yet. During this delay, Faith Stewart grew steadily worse. The burden for her healing grew as the Church in Cuba prayed earnestly. Brethren in the North were kept informed of her very grave condition. Finally on Sunday, the fifteenth of January, she was taken to Buena Vista. They took her to the home of the faithful Mama Gonzales, which was her own request.

When placed in the car, she was as helpless as a little child.

The chauffeur, who was a Cuban, was very fearful of moving her in that condition, fearing that she would die on the way. It was indeed a sad scene. As she was taken out to the waiting car, mothers and their children stood in front of El Hogar weeping and grieving lest she would never return. But God was there, and the trip to Buena Vista and the home of Mama Gonzales was made in

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good order. She was tenderly laid in her bed, and those about her went to earnest prayer.

Then they made plans for her care. Some would take care of her at night; others would watch at the bedside by day. The Chapel doors were left open that prayer might go up from there both by day and night. There was fasting among them for several days by different groups among the Christians at the mission. By Monday night it seemed that all hope was lost by these faithful friends. As she grew worse, she said, "Lord, into thy hands I commit it all." She grew too weak to pray and finally lost consciousness. She was now no longer able to turn in the bed without the help of others.

Ministers from nearby districts were summoned to Buena Vista and telegrams sent out into the interior, pleading for earnest, believing prayer and getting hold of God in a definite way. Prayer groups were wrestling with God night and day. But alas, the more they prayed, the worse the case became. But they began to recognize that the enemy was fighting to gain ground. A nephew of Mama Gonzales, a young man who resided in the same house and had studied medicine, but knowing the stand taken on divine healing, said that from observation, it was a lost case.

By the following Thursday night, her condition had become alarming. To comply with the government law, they were compelled to call in a doctor. He came, and after due examination, he said that he could not understand how she could be alive under the existing circumstances. Then he reported that it was but a matter of hours, humanly speaking. But what a heavy cloud now hung over scores of people who were praying and waiting. In the house where she lay, some sat, sad and fearful, some were weeping, some distressed, some still praying, and others just holding on. There were those who anxiously asked:

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“What do you think?”

“Sister Stewart is in God’s hands, and He will take care of her.” That night a cable was sent to the States to some very dear friends urging prayer. But all this time she lay unconscious. She knew no one and was unable to utter a word.

On Friday the nineteenth, the Church fasted and prayed throughout the day and night. Brethren in the United States wired that they were standing with those in Cuba for victory. Crowds pressed in and around the house, and somehow the rumor was sent out that she was dead. But ministers from the various churches and friends sent in word that they too were praying for Miss Stewart. As time went on, it looked more and more like it was a lost case.

The question would often come to them if God would, indeed, let her leave without a word of testimony. They were abiding in God’s will and the whole case was in God’s hands, and they would have to say amen to His will if death were to have sway. But there were some that felt that truly her work was not done, and these believed that, in spite of the circumstances, God would spare her.

All through the following Saturday night, men and women kept on their faces before God, though apparently there was no change unless it be for the worse. At five-fifteen Sunday morning, there were six faithful Christians at her bedside. As they surrounded her bed, they sang softly, “Who Will Suffer with the Saviour?” and again they talked with God. Finally one said to her:

“Sister Stewart, for several days you have not spoken. Is it possible that you are taking your departure without a single word? We are desperately concerned because people in Cuba are watching and listening. What will we tell the brethren in the

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North? They will be expecting a testimony if you die. In Cuba, people are going to judge the work by your testimony.”

Her tongue moved and in low, stuttering words, but very clearly, she said:

“God can heal me.”

Then, in joy at the sound of her voice again and her own undaunted faith in His healing power, they praised God and took heart.

One of the ministers present left for his home at six-thirty a.m., having not had an hour in bed since Tuesday night. He returned to Mama Gonzales’ home at 1:15 p.m. to remain until the hour of service. As he descended from the step of the bus, he saw the street literally crowded with people and began to wonder what had happened. He entered the house, and it was filled with people in great distress of mind. The deep concern of these people to whom she had come and for whom she had given all, was truly touching.

Everywhere the sad question was being asked, “Is she dead?” People came as far as forty miles to see her. These were not members of the Church of God. At one time, a worker counted more than five hundred people who had come. Of this number, perhaps about twenty, dared to hope to see her alive again. Every room in the house, or the entrance to the house, and the street in front of the house was filled with people. There was no hope in their hearts; they waited only to hear the last word.

On the following Sunday night, the horn of an ambulance tooted, and there entered a doctor accompanied by a friend of Miss Stewart. The friend said:

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“We have come to take Miss Stewart to a private clinic where I have secured a bed for sixty dollars at my expense. Miss Stewart is dying, and it is necessary to be taken to this clinic where medical attention can be given.”

Christians in the waiting group then explained that Miss Stewart wanted to be left in God’s hands, and that it was her express will that in case she not be able to state her stand, that those who cared for her were informed to stand by and regard her wishes. But in deep concern for Miss Stewart, the friend contended, saying they had taken a fanatical view and that he would consult other members of the mission. He further stated that if Miss Stewart was not taken to the clinic or given medical attention and should die, that the person responsible would be arrested for murder. He further stated that the federation of doctors would take the case. The minister who was responsible answered:

“I am very much surprised at you. As a friend of Sister Stewart, you know her stand on divine healing. Then why all this? I am sorry, but Sister Stewart may be taken to a clinic over my dead body. I repeat again what she said in her message on December 29, and moreover, men and women are dying for principles that are not worth the price of a hat box. What does it matter if I am arrested for a cause I know to be right? Especially one like this which I know is founded on the Bible?”

Naturally he felt discouraged and left the house, going out to the street. The doctor then asked permission to examine her. It was granted him. But as he proceeded, he found the case to be very complicated and claimed that it would be necessary to have her at the clinic to give her a thorough examination. But of one thing he was certain, her hours were numbered.

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Later on, there was sent from the hospital by the same kind friend an oxygen tent. The friends caring for her decided among themselves that since it was for her relief and could only bring comfort, they saw no need to object. But God knew that many native Cubans knew about the battle being waged between life and death. God also knew that this oxygen tent was to them the symbol of scientific help in sickness and would go far to spoil the clear testimony of healing. The doctors, two Americans laboring in one of the hospitals in the city of Havana, and a Cuban doctor were, all three, standing by the bed. One of them was making all preparations to connect the oxygen tent.

Meanwhile she lay there still as death. Suddenly she opened her eyes and looked up at him (the American doctor) and said:

“Sir, do you know God? Do you know how to pray?”

The man was startled and dropped the fixtures, turned to his companions and said:

“Come, this is no place for us.”

Then they all three left the room, and the oxygen tent was never connected.

Still the workers prayed on. Now for twenty-eight days, she had lain in a coma. Food was put in her mouth by a dropper as day by day they waited on the Lord. On Friday of the twenty-eighth of January, they were sitting up with her at night, and prayer was being offered up to God. One of their number, Sister Campins, a lovely, refined Christian woman whom we have mentioned before, was given a vision. This happened about two o'clock in the morning. She said afterward that she saw Christ enter the room walking slowly with outstretched arms. She thought at once that only one meaning could be attached to this. He had come to call

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her home to Heaven. She almost cried out in her amazement. Then she sat transfixed as He slowly approached the bedside and laid His hand on Faith Stewart and then passed on.

Then she cried out in utter surprise, "Did you see it? The vision. What does it mean? I believe that God has touched her. I feel that He has settled the matter."

They prayed no more that evening. Faith took hold on them, and they spent the next day in expectation of the mighty power of God. Prayer for her recovery was suspended, and Saturday night they sat watching as usual. Morning came, and about eight o'clock, some friends were sitting by her bed.

Suddenly the watchers saw her move, and the kind friend, who was a Methodist minister, arose and stood closer.

"Miss Stewart," he asked eagerly, "do you know who I am?"

To the joy of all present, she answered clearly:

"I cannot see you yet, but the voice sounds like the voice of the kind Dr. Verdece."

"Yes, it is I. You are right."

With what rejoicing, they watched her slowly gain strength and make the comeback after twenty-nine days in a coma in which she knew nothing. This case is recorded in the medical annals of Havana as a case of mystery. During the long siege, many doctors from the medical colleges had come to learn about this strange case. And now the people were told that she lived. The long test was over; the victory was won. God had conquered death, and she arose to resume her labors again.

When she was taken ill, she was a woman weighing one hundred and eighty pounds. When she arose from her sick bed, she

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weighed just ninety pounds. One day she started out to walk down the street in the lovely sunshine, where the crowds had gathered so short a time ago to hear of her death, and saw two little children, too young to attend school, playing on the sidewalk as she passed by. One turned to look after her saying:

“And she’s still living.”

“And the whole world calls her grandmother,” solemnly replied the other tot.

She passed on, smiling and serene in the great new lease on life and the very joy of living.

## Chapter XIX

### He Is With Us Still

*“I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.”*

In September of 1947 she writes:

“We are now nearing the close of our seventeenth year in the work of the Lord in Cuba, and can of a truth say, ‘He is with us still.’ Never have we been more sure of His divine presence with us than at the present time, and never have we felt a deeper assurance in our hearts that the divine will of God is being carried on in our service to Him.

“As we draw near the end of this year of missionary work in Cuba, and as we step forward toward a new year of activities for the Lord knowing that we must soon embrace the responsibilities of the work that lies just ahead, we would certainly draw back in holy fear, feeling our utter inability for so great an undertaking if we did not know that God is of a truth working with us, and that He has promised to be with us even to the end.

“Early in my ministry here God saved some among the West Indian people and the Cubans whom He later called to the ministry, and as these began moving out, naturally more could be accomplished. Now we have around twenty-five congregations and

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over thirty Sunday Schools, besides several groups of people who are attending services and receiving instructions, but who are not yet saved. In most cases it takes a long time for the souls who have been brought up in the darkness of Catholicism or Spiritualism to reach a place where they can really repent of sin and accept Christ as their personal Saviour. Many of these who have been saved stand like rocks for God and truth and are really shining lights for Him.

“In our Sunday Schools, we have one thousand, five hundred children who are weekly taught the precious Word of God. The teachers and workers are laboring hard to plant God’s precious truth in these young hearts. Much real salvation work is done in our Sunday Schools, although the Roman Catholics have put on a terrible campaign against Christianity the past year.”

She spoke at this time of the great need of a new song book, printed in Spanish, saying that many of the people had no books and must use whatever they could get hold of. She mentioned that a number of good doctrinal songs had already been translated. Jesus Real, a young minister of the Church of God, did a wonderful work of translating these songs. They were at that time waiting for God to make it possible to publish these that the message in song might go out over the Island. Also she mentioned Sunday School literature and the work of planning the lessons so that material could be had in hand to help in the preparation of the class work. We have never mentioned before the annual convention held each year in Havana. Of this she writes:

“These special assemblies are for the spiritual deepening of the children of God and for a time of real ingathering of souls and God blessing in a wonderful way. Fellowship has been strengthened, and bonds of Christian love have been brought about

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through the precious days spent together here. But because of the long distance and the poverty of many of our brethren, the majority of them have never been able to attend any of these gatherings. In March of this year, (1947) we began district meetings.

“In the province of Pinar del Rio, we have a few very fine congregations in different parts, and the second week of March we had a week of fellowship meetings. The services were held two nights each in three different congregations, and the Sunday services were held in the mission house in the town of Pinar del Rio. Crowds of brethren went long distances for the night services, and the power of God was there. The all-day services were a time of refreshing from the Lord; strong preaching in the Spirit’s power brought a melting of hearts and great rejoicing to all.

“We held another of these meetings in Baenoa, near Havana, and also a third is planned to be held in the province of the Oriente. ‘Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another and so much the more as ye see the day approaching.’ ”

It would be well at this time to make special mention of the annual national convention held in Almendares at the main church building. The first three days are given over to the English convention. From Trinidad, Grand Caymen, and Jamaica come the English, seeking employment in the city of Havana. The pay is pitifully small, but somehow they eke out a living. This part of the work is necessarily small, as Cuba is a Spanish nation. So the English work is the minor part. But these three days are given over to them. On Tuesday night, the service is by interpretation, and all day the Spanish people have been arriving from their sections of the country. From Pinar del Rio, Santiago, Camaguey, Velasco, Caiminero, Cotorro, Santa Fe, Guantanamo, Santa Cruz, Bauta,

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and so on. The ministers bring their families with them whenever it is possible to do so.

As they come in with smiling faces, one can hardly believe that during the year, yea, even up to the time that they come, sacrifice and suffering has been their lot. Friends of missions forget so easily and neglect to send the means God has put in their hands to share with others out there on the field. And there is no manual labor for them to go to as in America. They would be glad to labor with their hands to alleviate the suffering by this means. But the Americans have come over and taken over large holdings and in these places have sugar mills and tobacco factories going. But let us remember that the population of Havana is about one and one-half million souls, or about one third of the entire population of all Cuba. There is never enough work to go around. When a man wants a job, he must pay a large amount of money to secure it or the man who has the money already gets it. It is a cruel system, and the poor suffer unbelievably.

Do shoes give out? They must wait and wait for the new ones. Is clothing worn? It must hold together a little longer. Has the rice and beans given out? For these and other needs earnest, believing prayer must be made to God to supply and send in more and then patient waiting on the Lord. But I fear that we have digressed a bit and must now return. On Wednesday morning, the Spanish convention is well on the way. And such singing! Their voices are wonderfully clear, for the Spanish people are a singing people. As we sit here at the desk, we can hear Joel, (pronounced in the Spanish Hoel) singing at his work in the boy's home. The rest of the week is given over entirely during the day to the Spanish services and at night to the interpretation for both the Spanish and the Jamaican. These fine pioneers in Cuba surely learn to trust

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God. Fares have been sent to them to come, or they would not be here. Food must be furnished without cost, or they could not eat. Sometimes when Americans, I wonder that they cannot see much of this and help lift the load while here.

Special sacrifice is often made. One man had been coming for several years to convention. Each year he returned, his suit was growing more shabby, and at last he was able to purchase a small pig. He fed it scraps and whatever he could and at last hunted up something more to fatten it on. Then he sold the pig, hoping to purchase a new suit. About that time, he heard of the needs at headquarters. There was no money to start the convention. He did not think much about it at first. Then it began troubling him, and he knew that there was a little money for the first time in his possession. At last he sent in the precious money and then came to the convention with the old suit shabbier than ever.

Americans who come down to the English convention and go home before the Spanish miss a real vision of the work of God and Faith Stewart in Cuba. The altar services, the melting times of outpouring, the fiery sermons of some of the more outstanding ministers. There is a real spirit of true worship and a wonderful fellowship through it all. Sometimes they are daily on their knees, asking God to reveal the fact that under the prevailing circumstances and the pressure of financial needs should they have a convention. But always God comes to the rescue; He will not forsake and He will provide.

It was somewhere about 1947 or 1948 that a nursery building was added to the number already mentioned at El Hogar. This cost about \$5,000. An elderly minister, Sister Meyers, felt a real burden for the work being done and sent from time to time until the year mentioned, enough had come in to put up a suitable building.

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This building houses eighteen children, generally under six years of age and has a roomy veranda in front of the two large rooms, bath, and kitchen. It is a cheerful building situated near the girls' dormitory. Emma Meyers will surely reap a rich reward for the generous gift she has made to the little ones of God. They are all His. Dear little children; they come here with as tragic history as do the old, and as the days go on, they forget the heartache and play happily together.

There were two lovely children who had but recently come to the Home, and we heard their sad story. One day the young mother walked with them along a certain street in the city and stopped in front of a home with a veranda and bade the little ones to sit down and wait there for her. They sat down obediently, but as she turned to leave them, they begged to be allowed to go with her.

"No," she said, "you cannot go. I am returning home to get something."

"Let me go with you," pleaded the eldest.

"It will take too long. I can go faster alone. You wait here until I return."

She started to retrace her steps and soon disappeared from sight. The children sat patiently waiting until at last, in weariness and loneliness, they began to cry. The lady living inside the house heard them and came out to see who was crying. She felt sorry for the little ones and gave them some of the large Cuban crackers, and because they were starving, they ceased crying to eat the much needed food and were quiet for awhile.

But time went on, and still the mother did not appear, and at last the woman came out again, finding the children crying in a pitiful way and felt so sorry for them that she told them that if she

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could find the way to their home, she would take them to it. The little boy (who was about four or five years old) insisted that he knew the way and could lead her to the home. They started out, and after walking some blocks, reached the home, and the boy ran ahead and up to the door and pushed it open.

What a sad sight met their eyes. The mother lay there on the floor dead. Rushing home from the little ones, she had taken poison and ended her own life. Two weeks before that, the father, unable to find employment, having no source of help, and looking forward day by day to seeing his wife and children slowly starve to death and able to do nothing about it, thought he could no longer stand the load of sorrow and suffering and had taken his own life. For two weeks longer, the mother had striven to hold out, hoping against hope for a chance to live. But there was no charity, no welfare, no kind of children's home as far as she knew, anywhere, and she too decided that she could not live any longer as things were. So hoping someone would take in her children, she had taken them to the home and deliberately left them there. She chose death also.

Poor little children. Beautiful and intelligent and homeless. The woman at whose home they had been left turned them over to the officers, and because one of them knew about El Hogar, eventually the officers brought them here. Today they are living normal lives in the nursery at this place. Jesus told Peter to feed His lambs, but He still has many little lambs that are going hungry because you and I fail to hear the call.

Shortly after building the nursery, a much needed grade school was erected. For some time, classes were carried on in the living room of the Homes, making it difficult for both teachers and children to cooperate. Finally, by faith, a four room structure was

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erected, and the government provided teachers to take care of the situation. This was a great comfort and aid of the welfare of the Home. We must also mention another important item in the history of the mission.

There is never at any time sufficient work for all the population of Cuba, so there is, at all times, hunger and suffering among the poor. Also the pastor of the congregation must trust God for most of his living. Therefore, a great blessing, beyond the understanding of Americans, have been the boxes that have, throughout the history of El Hogar, come regularly to the mission. True, a few have not understood how and just what to send, but in the main, these boxes have been the relief and means of being able to go on because they have clothed the needy. Clothing for men, women, children, towels, sheets, pillow cases, dish towels, quilts, etc. have come down through the years and been a blessing.

Never send, dear reader, what you are ashamed to wear or what is ragged, for Christ said, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me."

A number of boxes came through not long ago, and some kind mothers in Israel in the United States had taken remnants of goods and made up some new little dresses for a large number of girls. They opened the box with joy just before convention when the girls were needing something to wear to the services. Underclothing, odds and ends, all were accepted with joy and thanksgiving. What these boxes have meant to the institution, only eternity will disclose. God bless the faithful hearts who through the long years have faithfully continued on in this labor of love. Because of this, precious souls have been sheltered, fed, clothed, and sent forth again to a newer, better life, and in its outreach, souls have been able to feel the human tie of living kindness.

## Chapter XX

### Thorns on the Highway

*Genesis 3:18 “Thorns and thistles shall it bring forth.”*

The pathway of the warriors of the cross is seldom without a few thorns, some more, some less. The path of the missionary who steps out on faith to trust God for everything forges ahead in spite of the plans and devices of men is bound to be beset with obstacles. Many things we have learned which occurred during the lifetime of Faith Stewart, and we have asked her about them and she would tell us. Once she was lying in bed, and when we plead with her to tell us the story, she raised up and said:

“Yes, I will tell it to you, but do not put it in the book. Do not write anything, however true, that might hurt another.”

We argued that pleasant and unpleasant things that missionaries have to bear go into all histories of their lives, but she contended that of harm done her by others, if it be known, the most necessary things should be told. This is typical of Faith Stewart. All through her life, she has borne the unjust things heaped on her and with her rugged Scotch nature has stood the storm and forged ahead for Christ. But we have seen her bowed head bent in grief

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and shedding bitter tears when the injustice wounded and hurt at some critical period of her life.

Down through the years of service, many have been the questions asked about some things that happened in her life. Some of these, "Why did Faith Stewart, who was so successful in her mission work in India, come home when that work was just at the high peak of attainment, and also at a time when it was ready and equipped to go forward in greater strides for God?" We have, in the very kindest way we know, tried to explain what really did happen that brought her back, a broken hearted woman, from that field. But being sold out to God, she went bravely on, trusting that God would lead.

There have been peculiar circumstances that arose that made her service harder than that of the average missionary. When she stated her decision to go to Cuba as missionary, she asked only that she might have the approval of her fellow man. She did not ask for, nor receive, any financial support at any time.

We have briefly mentioned how, after sacrifice and the hardest labor, she was able to raise up two English-speaking missions and how she was robbed of that mission by an insincere soul who came down professing to help lift the load. This is the only weakness we have seen in this consecrated life, her willingness to trust those who made a profession until they proved themselves unworthy. But often it was a costly experience, and she suffered great loss again and again because of it. However, that mission has never grown to any great extent which was deliberately taken from her.

Meanwhile, God prospered the work of her hands, and many missions have sprung up and the Children's Home and many other phases of the work as well. Finally, the Church in the United States began to be aware of the strength of the work and become

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interested. They had advised her to make no effort to learn the language. She had already learned the Indian language where she labored and was now fifty-three years old, and they felt that her age was against her attaining it. But with characteristic determination, she began at once to learn the native tongue. Day after day, she wrote down ten words and replaced them on the next day. Also, she secured a good teacher and went ahead. So she was soon able to reach the Cuban people, and God prospered there as we have mentioned before.

When the members of the Missionary Board heard how the work was multiplying and moving forward, they began to get interested in her effort in Cuba. As reports came in from time to time, it seemed to be wise to look into the matter. Some of the members of the Board had come to Cuba and seen for themselves the growing work and were astonished at what had been accomplished in a few years. Finally, they invited her to meet with the board when convenient and talk matters over.

Accordingly, when she went over to the United States again, she went before the Board as requested and met with several men who served on the Board at that time. After preliminaries, they asked her if she was willing to, at this time, come under the Board. Questions had been asked them about this matter, and in 1944, they had sent out a letter in answer to these questions and we quote:

“It was with the approval of the Missionary Board and with the understanding that she would receive her support from some friends (and others) who were interested in seeing her start a work in Cuba.”

So in all the time she was in Cuba, she was never under the supervision of the Missionary Board of the Church of God at

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Anderson, Indiana. As time went on, however, and the work prospered and became a work that any church group might be proud to have in another land, efforts were made to persuade her to be affiliated, and this she was willing to do at that time on reasonable grounds. Again questions were asked; and again a letter was sent out from headquarters, from the Missionary Board, on July 6, 1942, reading thus;

“Dear Pastors:

From time to time, we have received inquiries at our office concerning E. Faith Stewart and her relationship and the relationship of her work in Cuba to the Missionary Board. Each time such an inquiry has come, we have taken time to write a personal reply so that the minister would understand clearly the position of the Missionary Board. Sometimes inquiries have been made in person while visiting camp meetings and congregations in various parts of the country. In order that the pastors may have a general explanation of the situation, this mimeographed statement has been prepared.

At the present time, Sister Stewart and her work in Cuba have no connection with the Missionary Board. This is not because the Missionary Board would have it this way, but rather because Sister Stewart herself, wishes to be independent. The fact is, the Missionary Board has, on several occasions, both by correspondence and in conference with Sister Stewart while in this country, endeavored to persuade her to be associated with the Missionary Board . . .”

The fact was that Sister Stewart really did go into conference with the members of the Missionary Board and with a desire to be affiliated with them. She had been asked to plan a budget for the expenses necessary for the support of the Mission each month. She

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carefully made out such a budget for the least possible cost to run the mission and the Children's Home, not even allowing for growth and presented it to the members of the conference.

They then told her that the total allowance that would be given would be the sum of four hundred a month. This must pay for all rents and running expenses for ministers to live and provide for the homes for children. There were at that time several missions and the growing Children's Home, leaving no salary for her as she had never asked for, nor expected any. But the sum of \$400 a month was not, in any way a sufficient means to carry on even the work at that present time.

"Brethren." she said, "the very lowest figure that we can exist on with the very plainest living possible is at this time nine hundred dollars. This amount we have prayed in and been able to keep going. Do you mean that you are offering us \$400 for extension work to add to that which we are able to bring in by faith?"

"Then they replied, No, your entire budget allowance for all expenses for the month would be \$400. The five extra that you pray in would be turned over to the Board."

"But that would mean that we would be compelled to shut down some missions and parts of the work that have been raised up through real sacrifice and then to discard the work and have less labor and outreach for God. I cannot believe that God would be pleased. It does not seem right after we have striven to go out in the fields and gather these congregations to neglect and lose them."

"Will you come under the Board under these terms, or will you not? That is the question," said one member of the Board.

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“Under these conditions, no, a thousand times, no,” she quietly answered.

“Perhaps things will get harder for you and you will be glad to come under the Board.”

“It is clear to me that you do not know the stuff that Faith Stewart is made of,” she replied respectfully. And the conference ended just that way.

She left their presence and went sadly out. One of the members followed her and asked that she come to his house for supper that evening. But she then explained that she had an engagement for that hour.

“Then come by and have breakfast,” he entreated, “and I want you to know that I am sorry for what did happen this afternoon. It was unjust, and wife and I wish to have no part in it.”

She went to the home for the early morning meal at the anxious request, and these fine people were her friends as openly after the break as before. She knew that she could not sacrifice the new works after God had opened doors and the Gospel was being brought to that village. God had blessed the work and proved that He was with her. And now with the budget totaling nine hundred dollars a month, she had no choice. She must shoulder the support of the work by faith and move on for God.

This meant praying in every bit of the support and expanding as far as God would let her enlarge her borders. Sadly, indeed, she returned to her field once more to hold the reins and lean heavily on the Heavenly Father. However, the circular letter of which we have printed an excerpt brought suffering and great financial loss to the work. Friends at home did not understand the fact that to

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accept the seemingly generous amount would only mean to go backward in her missionary effort in Cuba.

Offerings fell off, and hardships began to come. Sufferings for workers all were endured. But the God who did not fail Elijah did not fail Faith Stewart. Fasting and prayer and waiting on the Lord, living meanwhile a life of holy endeavor, won out, and in spite of the hardships, the mission still grew and prospered spiritually.

But again Faith Stewart was broken hearted. In man fear of displeasing prominent leaders in the church, many old time friends now began to shun her because she was not in favor of the Board. Others did not doubt her sincerity, but feared to displease those in authority. The solid training of her youth and the loyalty she had herself ever exercised caused her to cling to old friendships. Because she could not yield with a clear conscience before God, she was ostracized and compelled to make a complete break. This was the last effort on her part or theirs to ever cooperate together again. Their attitude toward her seemed to be that unless she come under the Board, she had no place among them. I have seen her in deep sorrow over this, standing alone always, if need be, to be true to God, but with a breaking heart because of the love for her fellow Christians. There were times in those early days of the break when she went down in grief to her bed and lay there physically ill in body. She voiced the fact that she wanted, above all things, to be at peace with all Christians.

As time went on, she could not have countenanced or been a part of this once beloved group of people, and God knew this and let the break come. Because of a more modern trend of thought infiltrating through the great movement, she had lost her place in India, and now that trend was fast becoming more evident. A tendency to follow the ways of the world and let down on the old

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time preaching that has ever stirred hearts and to replace it with higher education and modern methods took hold and swept over the movement, and there was no place for the Spirit filled men and women who would not compromise and bow the knee to Baal.

But this thing, reader, is not strange, for every movement under the sun since time has begun started out on fire for God and holding a standard of holiness as the Book requires, and as soon as God blesses and multiplies and prospers, the leaders become heady, and the poor sheep follow after. Oft times in sorrow, but fearful of the opinion of leaders, they yield. But always there are some warriors of the cross who will not sell their souls. Their lot is always, in such a time, to suffer misunderstanding and persecution. To this group Faith Stewart belonged.

Her mission in Cuba is not now under the Board or the name where she once fellowshipped, but is registered as the First Church of God, National, of Cuba. A mission established here on earth, but whose headquarters are in Heaven. Only recently, there was pleading day after day for God to send in funds for food and rent of buildings and a much needed sum for other things, and when the answer came, there was a gathering in the reception room of the mission to kneel in praise for answered prayer. That was in March 19, 1957.

Among the critical things said of her at one time was the fact that she lived here in Cuba in luxury. I have never at any time or place seen a more simple mode of living. The living room or reception room of the mission where all visitors are received had a few chairs and a tiny table. That is all. No rugs, curtains, and only one or two small pictures on the wall. The room is positively barren. Only the plainest and most necessary things are ever even purchased at any time.

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Now that room has been converted to a schoolroom, and there is no reception room. We simply sit in the schoolroom when we have company come to El Hogar. Only in summer are the desks taken out, and the chairs replace the school furniture. Her simple mode of life is in keeping with her character. Once we inquired as to the number of her shoes, thinking to secure a pair for her. She stopped to think a moment and then said:

“For many years now I have trusted God to send in my clothes and shoes, and just wear what He sends, so I really do not know the number anymore.”

She told friends once that she was very fond of the shade of pink, but wears whatever color, style, or figure that comes for her in the boxes marked with her name. Some of these fitted well and some not so well, but she went serenely on, feeling that they were what God had provided for her. She always accepted it as from the Lord and was satisfied.

There are many things to be suffered by those who are willing to step out on faith alone that are not experienced by those working under a Board. It is utterly amazing how many have come to Cuba with the ambition to take over the mission or some part of it for themselves after the toil of years and the suffering and sacrifice. Then, too, when the missionary is growing old, it seems an easy thing to slip in. There have been at times several different men who came apparently to do a labor of love, to help erect buildings, or perhaps to go among the various groups situated in different parts of the Island and to use their influence to get hold of the work.

These men, for a time, went along smoothly and did much damage before their duplicity came to light. They failed to recognize one fact. Faith Stewart was sold out to God, and God

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marvelously protected her sooner or later from these persons. Their evil ambitions came to light, and they were brought to naught. But in the meantime, each one has done much harm and more often than not have been able to cause people to believe in them and give money that should go to the mission. Thus they have prospered for a while. Down through the years, it has been surprising at the number who have tried, and sometimes who the person was. These people have never moved to the Island, but made trips to and from for a period of time.

All they have succeeded in doing has been to make hardships and sorrow and temporal loss, but in the end theirs is the loss. Once, when hearing of the near arrival of such a one who had been a traitor to the work in earlier days and was still trying to get a hold of it, we remarked:

“I hope the plane they are to arrive on just dips down in the water enough to scare him and send him back to the United States where he belongs.”

She looked at me and smiled and said:

“My dear, you are the worst good woman I know.”

Not once has anyone heard her criticize and berate those who wronged her. She leaves them to God who has said, “Vengeance is mine, I will repay.” I would be afraid to try to oppose and bring into her life the things that many have done, lest God Himself take over my case. Just a few years ago, a certain man who claimed to be quite a good Christian in the States went over, claiming to be a good friend of the mission. He went out in the interior and there found a fine congregation, and before anyone knew about it, he had so influenced them that there came a break that lasted for two

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or three years. But at last in sorrow, they repented and when their eyes were open, they returned to the fold.

Others have gone down to Cuba and taken pictures of the work and shown them, hoping in this way to get offerings given them that should go to the work in Cuba. If only God's people would be more wise and send their offerings to the main mission only, these people would get nowhere and soon drop their interest in getting ill gotten gains.

Another thorn along the highway was the persecutions from the Communists who were steadily gaining ground in Cuba. They had a training school for their young men that adjoined the Mission property in Los Pinos. They threatened to destroy the mission and many were the plans resorted to in order to accomplish their ends. At one time two of the little children were lured outside the gate by giving them candy, and then they were taken away and long scratches were on their backs until they were bleeding.

Then the children were threatened. They were told to say to anyone that the young man who had charge of the Boys' Home had beaten them. They accused the Home of cruelty to the little ones and had a long article put in the newspaper with pictures of the two little children with the scratches on their backs as witness for the accusation made against the Homes.

Miss Stewart was compelled to procure a lawyer to take their ease and was at last successful, but the day before the case came up, he could not be found. Neither did they ever know what happened to him. He had fled for his life to another section of the Island and remained there for a time. In vain, they sought a lawyer brave enough to take the case. At last they visited the American Embassy and laid the case before the Consul, how no one would take the case. Then he said:

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“We have been expecting this, and this is the first outbreak of communism against the church. I am sorry, but we would not dare to enter the case as our own lives would not be safe.” So alone they faced the case in court without a representative.

The day finally came, and Faith Stewart, with a few faithful members of the Mission, were there to present their side.

Up and down the street, cars were parked for blocks. Ministers from other churches in the city had come to hear the case, from practically all the denominations. The judge was there, but where were the Communists? Time went on and passed by when the case would be tried, and finally a man hurriedly pushed through the crowd and made his way before the judge.

“Sir,” he said, “I am sorry, but I have forced myself to come here today, and the other three men are at home sick in bed and unable to get up and be here.”

“It is about time you showed up,” replied the judge. “The case is closed.”

The man turned hurriedly and started for the door, but three seats back from the front seat sat Faith Stewart. She arose suddenly from her seat and stood in the aisle in front of him, blocking his progress.

“Wait a moment,” she said in a clear voice. “Young man, the God in whom you do not believe and the God whom I serve has stretched forth His hand against these men and made them sick. Be careful how you live, and go back and tell them also that they had better take heed to their ways.” So ended the case.

But they did not forget.

One day when she was at her little home for a day or two in

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Buena Vista, she heard a knock at the front door. As she started to the front of the house, a warning came distinctly to her that she must not invite the caller in, but must close the door behind her. So she opened the door and stepped outside as she greeted the man standing there and closed the door. He became quite angry and spoke in a low voice in plain English, saying:

“I came here to kill you, but you have closed the door, and I dare not do it here in public, for all the neighbors are out, but I will get you later.” And with that he turned and walked angrily off the porch.

Another plan was made by the School to have the young men who were members of the School to lure the young teenage girls out of the Home and as soon as possible ruin their character and then accuse the Home as being an unfit place for young girls to be reared. But the scheme was learned, and the girls were warned to stay away and not on any account to be the least friendly to the fine looking young men so near. The whole plan failed again.

One day, an officer of the law came to the door at El Hogar and was admitted. He had an air of fear and asked to go further into the office. When there, he shut the shutters to the windows, asking:

“Is there anyone about that will hear?”

“I do not think there is anyone about.”

“Then,” said he in a low voice, “for some time your name has been on the death list of the Communists, and also the name of the assistant who is over the boys.”

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He warned her never to go out at night alone and to always be careful. Then he made known his name and office, bidding them never tell that he had come in mercy to warn them and departed.

But alas for this honorable man who was brave enough to risk his life to warn a missionary. No one knew if they spied on him or just what happened. But they went to his home seeking to kill him. He had just left, and the wife opened the door and told them that her husband was not home. In anger, they shot her as she stood in the doorway, and the poor man was revenged for his act of kindness. But God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. There came a time when the School that was so near El Hogar was broken up and disbanded. They had to sell out, and El Hogar went over and bought many of the beds for the Homes from the enemy that had tried to ruin and destroy. Again God made them more than conquerors in the battle of Atheism and Christianity. What a mighty God we serve!

## Chapter XXI

### Problems and Perils of the Missionary

*“Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?”*

A short time after purchasing the place, El Hogar at Los Pinos, before the present main building was built, warnings were sent out that there were high winds at sea and that surely a cyclone was forming and moving inland. As the angry clouds hung in the heavens, men were sent out into the city to warn everybody and also help them put up storm shutters or nail up the windows against the onslaught of the strong winds that were sweeping inland.

Clouds filled with water banked in the sky and raced swiftly with the fast moving winds and poured out torrents of water, adding much to the great destruction in general. The strong winds swept through the land, and the great palms bent their proud heads. Stronger blew the blast, and they were thrown over on their sides and the roots exposed. A frame building in the rear of the Homes went down, and was completely wrecked. The storm had begun between seven and eight in the evening and even then falling trees and other obstructions caused all lights to be turned off in the city, and the water mains were shut off. Through the long sleepless

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hours of the night, howling winds raged and torrents fell. Then daylight came, and the faithful men of the Red Cross, risking their lives, came out several times over the city, each group chosen to look after a certain field. The one that visited El Hogar was the group that was chosen to see after institutions with children.

They came that day faithfully as before, through the awful drenching rain, the piercing winds, tired out and weary with the task at hand.

“You must move all the children downstairs,” they said.

“But we have moved down to these back rooms, and the water has poured in until the children are having to stay on the beds to keep out of the streams of water running in from the windows and door.”

“But you will have to move out of these rooms to the space under the side of the house.”

“There is no floor; the rooms have never been dug out. Only a natural bank is there with a dirt floor and a lattice protecting the space. It is not a very good place for little children.”

“True, but if these winds hold out much longer, part of this house may go. It is safer for the children under the roof on the bank of dirt than out where some wall may cave in at any time or some part go down. It is better for the children to take a slight cold from a damp place over a day or two and be nursed back to health when this is over than to risk their lives.”

So with the help of the Red Cross men and the soldiers, the children were brought down. Also there was a good fire built in the basement kitchen of the building and water kept hot on the stove. No one could say when some part of the structure might give way

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under the heavy pounding and merciless lashing of the winds and injure a number or all of them.

So, when the Red Cross men came in, cold, wet, and weary, in mercy and appreciation of their kindness in time of stress, these missionaries took some of the hot water, coffee, and condensed milk and made large tin cups of coffee, or either made some cups of cocoa. They left refreshed and strengthened for the dangerous and heavy tasks at hand. Also they were deeply impressed with the calm they found. Everywhere else in the city in the other institutions they visited, they found workers and attendants frightened by the raging winds and the awful noises of the breaking trees and the houses breaking apart. Roofs were tearing loose and flying into the whirlpool of winds, and the workers became hysterical, and the children, seeing their fear, also added their tears and cries to that of the elders.

At El Hogar, they found the children sitting in order singing the songs of the Sunday School, and at another time, the men found them all kneeling in prayer. Suffice it to say, this fact made an impression on one of the men so that afterward, he sought out the Home and becoming interested, was converted and was for several years at the head of the Boys' Home, and later served as pastor and as secretary for the mission. This was Horacio Morales.

All that day the winds came and swept over the Island. The house next door to the mission was badly wrecked in the awful storm; the house across the street from the Home had the roof and one side blown away, but at El Hogar, a loving Heavenly Father watched over where so many of His little ones were sheltered, and it was not harmed save in minor ways. The second awful night of the wild storm, the children and workers stayed altogether under the floor of the second story where the bank of dirt floor was so

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high and the top so low that the taller ones had to sit down with only a dirt floor beneath them and an open lattice at each end. The fearful elements shrieked and howled as the night wore on, and water poured through the basement rooms. Workers took brooms and kept sweeping in a desperate effort to sweep the water in the direction of the rear door.

Workers among the men who so kindly came had opened a place in the rear so that the water could be swept out and not back up to where the little children were housed. They waded about, working in cheerful cooperation until every broom in the place was broken, and darkness fell and little could be done. All through the night, the patient little ones were cared for as the long, weary hours wore on, and at last the night came to an end, and about six o'clock the next morning, the sun suddenly broke out bright and shining. Some brave workers put out their heads to see if the worst was over, but a soldier standing on watch called out: "Shut the door. Do not risk your life. The storm may not be over yet."

So they withdrew obediently for two more hours, fearing that the winds might turn again in fury and wreak more destruction to life and property. And then when they opened their doors, they marveled. For they came forth from a building where there was no solid wall of protection, where only the open lattice stood between them and the driving rain. But the rain swept by the winds was miraculously diverted from the unprotected space with the children by a great and unseen Hand and driven in a stream downward into the vacant room beyond. God had been protecting them through all this through the long, stormy hours of the night. And as they counseled together and realized the direct hand of a loving Father, their hearts were lifted up in gratitude as they counted their blessings.

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“I saw what I think no one else saw during the storm.”

This came from a new member of the staff of workers at the mission who was not at that time a Christian.

“What did you see?” they asked her.

“I saw at each end of the building where it was open to the rain and storm, a hand which seemed to be resting there to turn back the storm from the children. I never saw anything like it before,” she said quietly.

Not long after this, experience of seeing the providential hand of God working in behalf of His little ones, she became a Christian. Thus the temporal loss and the imposed inconvenience was made to yield two precious souls for God’s kingdom.

Like Noah coming out of the ark after the flood, they, too, emerged from their close quarters out on the grounds of the Homes and saw the beautiful, tall Royal palms that bordered the grounds torn out by the roots and bent halfway to the ground. Everywhere wreckage was piled up here and there, buildings torn apart, streets broken up, and great cavities in roads and fields. All small animal life was almost entirely destroyed over the Island where the devastation had been rife, and the scene was one of general disorder in nature and where men had erected buildings.

They thanked God as they looked about them that not only the lives had been spared of everyone, but that God had kept them in comparative comfort from the deluge and had, as well, protected the property from severe damage. They had only to look about them to realize the mighty hands of God had truly been spread out in mercy to protect the buildings. And moreover, He had indeed fulfilled the promise in Psalm 91:2, “I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress, My God. In Him will I trust.”

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Verse 5: “Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,

Verse 6 Nor the destruction that wasteth at noonday,

Verse 7 There shall no evil befall thee.

Verse 11 For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.”

One of the great problems of the mission work in Cuba as has been stated before was that of renting a place for worship.

The country is preeminently Catholic, and the landlords were told by their spiritual advisors not to rent their property out to these Christians. In time, they sat together and figured out the amount that would be required to build a plain, simple mission building in each place where there was a congregation raised up. The amount indeed was staggering, even with the plainest building. Materials for building are very high in Cuba. They went to earnest prayer to God to somehow provide the means and so relieve the almost unbearable situation.

Later on, word came from a Western state in the United States that a friend, both of Faith Stewart and the work in Cuba, had willed a big portion of her estate to the mission in the name of Faith Stewart. This friend had passed away. The amount that would be inherited was from 120 to 160,000 dollars, according to the value of the property at time of her death.

How good the Heavenly Father was to send this great sum that mission buildings might be erected. All were happy to learn that God had at last provided means to build these much needed places of worship. When the case came to court, Faith Stewart remained at home as the property was so definitely willed to the work in Cuba, she did not doubt the outcome. Finally, a good friend of the

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work in Cuba who lived in the city where the will was probated wrote her to come as it seemed things were not going well. She made preparation and left on the plane, arriving at once.

Just before she left home, word had been received that a certain group of Christian people, a religious movement that in all reason should have rejoiced above all others that God was providing for the spread of the truth by His Church, were getting interested in the inheritance also and opposing her clear right to inherit this estate and because of some intervention had asked the court that she take a mental examination to prove her ability to properly handle affairs. To what length will those who are covetous go to rob the true children of God? Is there no shame, no compunction, no compassion, that they would, if they could lawfully, rob even the work of God? All this to profit from others and gain what is not theirs?

When this suggestion was made to her about the examination, at once she stated that she had no fear and was perfectly willing to have a mental examination as she knew her mind was sound. It so happened that a young Jamaican doctor heard about the case and he said:

“Never consent to such a thing. As this case progresses and inquiry is made of you and you are not there, think, if you surrender to a mental examination, you must enter a hospital and be under observation for three months, and all these people need to do is to know that the heir is in such a place to ruin your prospects to receive the money. This, no doubt, they know and have laid a trap for you. Do not, under any circumstances, yield to this request.”

So she went over to the United States and to the city, and there she resided in the home of a friend. But these people could not bear

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that some effort more be made to keep her from getting the sum willed her. So she was compelled to go before a group of lawyers and a judge and with her also, the lawyer who had consented to represent her at court. This man was not a Christian, but came from a Christian home and hearing of the case and the great injustice of the opposers, he said that he would represent her and go through the case and do what he could.

As they sat there before the judge and the lawyers asking difficult questions even for a young person to remember, she remembered the promise of God that when we are brought before such occasions, God will help us. She leaned heavily on Him in that hour and successfully answered all their many questions. The case, however, was clear, and the judge remarked that if he, at her age, could have half the good memory that she had that day, he would be satisfied. Moreover, he considered her a real missionary.

But the case, because of being a big one, was dragged through court so long that only about thirty thousand dollars was realized which was sufficient to build only about six mission buildings of the small size and very plain. The rest was paid out in the court for the expense of the case. If only the kind friend who wanted so much to supply could have been wise and turned the property over, holding it during her lifetime, how simple it would have been. Those, however, who opposed her justly received none. Not only did the amount become smaller, but friends in the North, hearing of a large sum being given, quit sending to the mission. But when money is designated for a certain purpose, it must be kept for that purpose. For a while, there was great suffering at the mission and needs that could not be met. But in His time, God came to her rescue and things went back to normal. The little missions were all built as soon as possible.

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A drought came over the Island, and there was a great shortage of water. At any time in Havana, the water may be turned off for hours at a time, and unless the housewife has been foresighted and turned on some extra water, there will be none for any purpose whatsoever. This is the lot day by day of the people, and nothing is thought about the condition as it does not seem to grow better. But a special drought was something altogether different. Wells were going dry, and people were suffering. Some of the neighbors were coming to borrow water from the Home.

When the property at Los Pinos was purchased, a good well was driven, and there was a generous supply of well water for both of the Homes. The children had good water to drink which was as healthy as could be found in the city. But alas, the water in the well grew slack, and finally there was but a muddy stream when the pump was going. They would have to hunt for water. But where? An institution with over eighty children and workers could not exist long without water. There were too many of them to supply.

In Cuba also, there are no rugs and carpets or door coverings. So every day, the housewife mops the entire house through from the front to the rear, and this takes lots of water. Also, the hot climate calls for numerous baths. At a certain hour in the mission, a bell rings, and the children report for their bath. All this above the drinking, cooking, washing clothes, and the many uses we have for water.

Men were employed to look for a new site for a well, but after a thorough survey of all the ground, the men stated that, without a doubt, there was no place where water could be found even if a well were dug or drilled. These men were Government well inspectors and knew their business. The burden at once fell heavily on the hearts of all concerned and workers and even the children

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began to cry out to God to provide. They held on in continued prayer. A special day was set and all were earnestly engaged in prayer when suddenly came a cry from the yard where the children were playing:

“Water, water, pure, cold water.”

They arose from their knees and went out. God had answered prayer and clear, sparkling water was gushing from the well. There was plenty. Enough for all the needs of the Homes and for their needy neighbors.

The news went out of the miracle that God had performed, and people began to inquire about it and found it to be true. The postman in the town who delivered the daily mail and knew of a certainty that there was no water heard the news when he was in the city and hurried out to verify the rumor. God had really and truly performed a miracle in answer to prayer.

We have said before that the prevailing religion of Cuba is the Catholic religion and throughout history, they have claimed to have great and mysterious miracles performed. In all places of business, in hospitals, doctors, lawyers, teachers they are in the majority. This news of an up-to-date miracle performed in another church than the Catholic was far from pleasant news to them. For three years, the well had been used, and the children had thrived and been very well, and no complaint was made at any time.

But shortly after the news got out that God had given water in answer to prayer, a representative in lieu of duties performed came to the Home and ordered the use of city water. They were positively forbidden to let the children drink from the well the good, cold, sparkling water so much better for them than the city water. In time, the motor was sold, and the use of the well was then

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discontinued. But they could not change the fact that God had worked and had supplied at the crucial hour. He had honored faith.

All did not go smoothly at all times, and often there were things that made the going especially hard. For instance, the time when all the children in the Girls' Home took down with different illnesses, one after another until the Girls' Home became a veritable hospital. There was no special nurse, and the two who had charge in this case were almost distracted and wholly worn out.

Then Ruby, who had been in the Home for so long and now had reached the teenage sometime before and was one of the outstanding girls in the Home, suddenly fell very ill and grew steadily worse and worse. There was a dread disease going at that time in the Island called "horse disease" which was proving fatal to human beings who were unfortunate enough to take down with it. When her case was diagnosed as this disease, all were deeply concerned. In a short time, she became so delirious and unmanageable that they were compelled to put her in the hospital for proper care. Her case was a bad one. Her arms and limbs and body were strapped to the bed as she could not control herself when in the agony of suffering and would fall out of bed and be unable to get back in. Then, too, at such times, she would scream so loud in pain that she could be heard for a long distance.

It was a pitiful sight. In her lucid moments, she would assure the nurse that God was going to heal her, and the nurses became interested in her case and pitied the poor girl whose case seemed hopeless in spite of her constant assurance that she would be healed by God. But with all the care that she received, she steadily grew worse until all hope both of doctors and nurses was given up. But still she protested that God would heal her.

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One day when there was no hope, the priest came to her bed to minister as they do for their own people, but strangely enough, her poor mind became clear and she resented and refused his offer and told him she was a Christian and did not need the help he offered. Then she would relapse again and be completely out of her head.

Ruby's mother was permitted to visit her in the hospital and when left alone with her for awhile by the doctors and nurses, she took advantage of the opportunity to knock Ruby's head against the back of the bed, hoping to kill her. This was because Ruby had become a Christian, and the mother was a Spiritualist. They are cruel and do not hesitate to do wicked things under the direction of the evil spirits they worship. She threatened that if Ruby told who had so mistreated her, she would kill her.

When the nurse came in, she found her much worse and made inquiry, and the poor girl was afraid to tell her. But they were able to find out, and the wicked woman was forbidden to see her daughter again.

Prayer, earnest, believing prayer, was going up day by day for victory in this sad case, and others which were being cared for in the homes. Whenever possible, they went to the hospital to visit and encourage the sick girl, but always there seemed no hope except the definite testimony of Ruby herself that God would heal her. But even then, the awful seizures of pain would take hold on her body, and she would writhe so that her body would leap up in spite of the straps around it to hold her down.

One day a marked change came over her.

"I have been healed," she said, "and I want my clothes to go home."

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In spite of protests, she maintained her stand and grew steadily better. At last she was released, and the nurses who had shed tears and firmly believed the case lost, now began to show interest in it. That it was God who had healed, they did not doubt, but this was a new thing in their routine of service to their fellow man.

The case ended with a request for a copy of the Word of God, and several Bibles were distributed to doctors and nurses as a direct result of this outstanding case. Ruby returned home to Los Pinos and has been well and normal in mind and body ever since.

The Mission in Los Pinos has a long history of the mighty working of God both in general and in individual cases. These cases were not all physical, but were in all types of incidents common to life. But God worked and saved the case or the life or even both.

There was the case of Augusto. It was an officer of the law who brought the boy into the Home. The mother and father were both criminals. There was no place but the streets for the child. There was no future, but in all probability a place of detention or correction. If he was left to run loose long, he would, in all probability, be put there in short order because of his parents before him. In pity, they brought him to the Home in Los Pinos.

He was received and went in and out among the other boys. But oh! what a commotion started. Never in his life having lived congenially among others or having been taught to consider anyone, or having known the first principal of cooperation, the poor boy became a problem at once. After a few weeks of desperate effort on the part of Christian workers, they came to Miss Stewart. They said:

“We have tried hard to do our best by this new boy but he

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fighting with others, is arrogant, and knows not the first thing about getting along with folks. We feel it would be better to send him away than to spoil all the children.”

“There are only two doors open for this poor boy,” she replied. “One is here at the Home, and the other is the door to the reform school. Will we say that we are willing to give him up and send him to the reform school with no future before him? Cannot God help and deliver this poor boy who has never before had an even chance to learn to live right? What do you think we ought to do?”

So it all ended by the workers picking up the threads once more and starting all over with prayer and consecration to tackle the thing in hand. But the weeks sped by, and again in desperation, they appeared before their leader.

“We cannot control the boy. There seems to be nothing we can do. We have tried and done our best.”

“Then we will send for his father. And when he comes, send the boy in.”

The father arrived in due time, and she sent for the boy to come in. When he entered the room and saw his father, the boy fell to the floor sobbing and winding his arms firmly around her ankles cried out:

“Do not send me away. I know I have been mean. Beat me, beat me hard, but let me stay here. I never had a home before. This is the only real home I know. Don’t send me away.”

Once more, in mercy, a trial was made, and about two weeks later, one of the ministers out in the Island came and preached at the Home. This boy was one of the first to respond, and what a change came over him! The problem of the last weeks was solved

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in that series of meetings. A few years passed, and Augusto was a big, healthy, nice-looking boy in the teens. At one time, there was a problem of getting a suitable cook for the Boys' Home. The work of Augusto had been assistant to the cook in preparing the meals. One day he said to Miss Stewart:

“Abuela, (grandmother) I have come to offer myself as cook.”

“But I am afraid that you are too young,” she replied.

“I have watched the cook prepare the meals, and I hope someday to be a cook in a restaurant and maybe serve Americans when they come over. I would like very much to learn now and serve here in the Home.”

From that time, this boy began cooking for the Home, although but fifteen years of age, not only cooking for the Home, but serving faithfully in the annual conventions. Those years in the training of a Christian home have helped him to develop into an upright and clean young man. There came a time when he was offered a better place with more pay, but he refused at that time saying:

“No, I cannot treat Abuela that way. She has no cook and she needs me, and I must stay a little longer and help her.”

Thus the seed took root, and the bread cast on the waters returned after many days.

At the time that this occurred, he was engaged to marry a nice young girl and sorely needed the extra money. The young lady in question was a girl of another faith and dressed like the nominal Christian in the world today. He began to talk to her, explaining that God in His Word had expressly said that His children were not

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to adorn themselves in fine clothing, decorated hair, and so on but with a Christ-like spirit.

The girl began to lay off her lipstick and needless jewelry, and finally went to the altar and repented, accepting Christ as her Saviour. The grandparents objected and would not let her attend the church. But she has promised to serve God in the right way when the time comes for the marriage.

Agusto is a tall, nice looking, dark Cuban and is serving on the police force. His father before him was a breaker of the law, but he has chosen to be a protector of the same laws in the same city. "Reached and saved in time" might well be printed over his door, for God, through the outstretched hands of the Home, has done for this boy what the law could not do. The system of work that must needs be carried on in such a home, where each must have his work as a necessity must have helped him get a broader view of the cooperation and fellowship not known in many private homes.

Who of us that rear two to four children in comparative comfort or even in hardship can catch a fleeting glimpse of the problems brought by children from sixty-five to eighty different homes, or streets, alleys, doorways, or park benches, many never having in their lives sat at a table, laid in a bed, or eaten with knife or fork, having no loving care or counsel, and knowing only suffering and hardships at the hands of their fellowmen, thus becoming bitter and suspicious of all people in their tender years. Think then of the labor, the love, the understanding heart, the patience, the heartaches, the comfort, and the deep burden for them that covers the many lapses and failures. After you have these things well in mind, you have just touched one phase of the great responsibility of caring for a home for helpless children cast out in this world.

## Chapter XXII

### New Fields and New Recruits for the Kingdom

*Psalms 145:12 "To make known to the sons of men His mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of His kingdom."*

Surely throughout the years, the great Heavenly Father has looked down with approval of the spirit and effort that Faith Stewart put into the work of the Kingdom. In spite of hardships and of false pretenders, who through the years came and went, each causing trouble and confusion and seeking only to make a place for themselves, she writes, speaking of new fields:

"I scarcely know how to tell you where they are, for new fields are opening up all over the country with wide open doors. One new field was opened up a few months ago in an entirely Spiritualistic district."

The story of this new field was given in by Faith Stewart one day. In the mission service in Los Pinos by a young couple who had labored faithfully, there came in one evening a stranger and quietly sat in their midst. After the service, they kindly inquired of this stranger and soon learned her story.

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She kept coming, and in due time, she was won for the Lord. In her home town, many miles from Los Pinos, she had been doctoring for a huge tumor which was growing on her arm, and no hope was given her except through an operation. When coming to Havana, the doctors asked that she might wait a few days and build up her body. While thus waiting, she had become lonely, and hearing music in the mission, went in to see and learn. She did not know anything about Christianity, being a Spiritualist. When she was saved, she began to reason, "If God can wash away my sin, why can He not heal my body?" As she spoke thus to the young people, they assured her that nothing is impossible with God, and that His Word plainly says, "According to your faith be it unto you."

So after instruction and reading the promises and encouraging her to believe, she was anointed and prayed for in the Bible way. God undertook, and a miracle was performed. The tumor disappeared. She had witnessed in Los Pinos as to what God had done for her, and when she went home, she told her friends about the wonderful salvation and healing of her body. A short time elapsed, and she sent for someone to come to Buena Ventura, her home, where she had gathered some people and was telling them the little she knew about Christ and salvation. Thus a new field was opened through the testimony of one soul. Again she writes:

"We also expect to visit other new places thrown open for us to enter, and as we go forth, we remember God's promise to Joshua found in Joshua 1:3, 'Every place the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that I have given to you.' Bless the dear Lord, we go forth to new places with courage, knowing we are His ambassadors, and He has promised to be with us. Yes, in each of these new places, we shall see in the future, souls of men and

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women redeemed from sin and worshipping the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

Naturally we are confronted with many problems that you folks do not have in your work in the homeland, for you labor among a people who have had at least a nominal religious background, but thank God for the all cleansing power of His message.

“We thank all who have labored with us in this land, either by sacrificial gifts or by your fervent prayers. Our work in Cuba has never been supported by any Missionary Board, but has always been and still is supported by the Lord and His faithful ones who hear His voice. The whole work here is carried on by faith although the needs are great.”

Reader, can you now see how utterly impossible it would have been for Faith Stewart to come under the Mission Board? God opened doors here and there, opened new fields, and each place was a challenge of faith in God. No, the hard way, as in this instance, was the only way in the sight of God and every just Christian with a vision. And in spite of cruel criticism and suffering, she has forged ahead, ever planting the glorious message of salvation.

Another mission was also opened through ministration to the sick. Hearing of the sickness of a child in the Mesa home, she called and found a young boy of perhaps twelve or fourteen years of age slowly dying of tuberculosis. Day by day as she had opportunity, she visited, talking to the boy about God until he gladly accepted Christ and looked forward to her visits as bright spots in the hard days that remained here for him. She told him about the healing power of God, but the loving Heavenly Father did not see fit to leave him here in this world. Day by day, he grew

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weaker and seemed to be nearer to God. One evening she stopped by the home as she went on her way to midweek prayer meeting. He fixed his bright eyes upon her and said:

“What times does the prayer meeting close tonight?”

“At the regular hour. Why do you ask?”

“I would like to hear them sing the songs of Zion before I go home tonight.”

As she gazed at his sweet face, she felt truly that he had neared the end.

“We will close early and come to sing for you,” she said, and hastened to the mission to make the arrangement. Later, they filed quietly into the room, singing the dear songs of redemption through the blood of the Lamb. He listened in joy, and a great peace lit up his young face as he closed his eyes and went to an eternal rest. The family was also brought to Christ and dedicated their home to God for the use of a new mission where a Bible school might be held and Christ brought to their neighbors. And even to this day, that mission exists in the Mesa home.

Before we leave this thought, we must mention another field opened, this time through the suffering of one of the Christian members of the Mission in Almendares. Those who live in a land of plenty where there are charitable organizations formed for the very purpose of caring for the worthy needy, can hardly realize the sufferings of the laboring class here. There was a time when the father had lost his job and had no money to pay his rent when it became due. They had made a desperate effort, but no relief came. He began to worry and to plan how to save the home and the situation, but all failed. The following day was the final day for

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him and his family. If he could not secure the rent, the furniture would be set out on the street at night, and his family be homeless.

At last he spoke to his wife, saying that he would go into another part of the city and visit a friend there and see if he could not obtain a loan and return before the furniture would be set out on the street. They saw him off and could only wait and pray. The wife and children at last became alarmed. They knew that he had no money and must walk the few miles to the other side of the city and that his body was weak from the lack of food. The time when he was to have been home again came and passed, and he did not return. When sufficient time had elapsed and they still heard nothing from him, they decided that some misfortune had befallen him. Other poor Christians could not do much for them, so they started the big struggle to exist alone and with this new sorrow on their hearts.

The sad news of his disappearance was brought to the Christians at the Mission, and earnest prayer went up from sympathetic hearts from day to day. The mother had come running to the mission door. There was fear and sorrow in her eyes as she told the story. Said she:

“My husband, after a sleepless night, went to visit a man six miles away, hoping to get the money to pay the rent. We waited all day, but he has never returned. The landlord has thrown out the furniture into the street.”

Prayer was made for these fine Christian people that God would help. But days, then weeks, months slipped by, and with them no sign of the Cuban brother's return. Truly, “the eyes of the Lord run to and fro,” for God was watching over His child in pity.

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In his trials and anxiety to provide for his family, months before the incident named, he had come to a place of nervous collapse, and when the peak of his trouble came, he could stand up under the strain no longer. With a long period of undernourishment for his body and worries and burdens on his mind, he had completely collapsed mentally while on the way to visit the friend. His memory suddenly failed, and he never fulfilled his original purpose but wandered to a strange town. He could not remember his home, his needs, or even his name.

The simple village people, seeing his sad plight, in compassion took him in and shared their scanty store with him, giving him food and employing him in the harvest whenever possible, letting him live in a humble little building not in use at that time. And as he walked among them harmless and gentle, all became his friends. As he received good, nourishing food from these kind people, his body began to gradually build up, and his mental condition became better. There came a day when his mind cleared and was normal, and he remembered that he had a family and the last day and its sad memories, and the way he had left home. With the return of memory came the deep anxiety to get back to them at once.

When he explained all this, these kind village folk said: "Bring your wife and children and make your home with us, and maybe we can help you."

He came at last, and one day appeared at the door of the Mission. Joy and surprise were mixed up in the greeting as they crowded about and asked the reason of his long absence, and when the story was told, there was indeed rejoicing over the goodness of God who had brought him safely through again to his loved ones.

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And what happiness was theirs as they looked upon his face and heard his story of deliverance.

They accompanied him back to the little village. There they lived very simply from day to day, reading the Word of God at the evening hour and living a good Christian life in the village where there was not a Christian. One day, a neighbor went to town after the harvest was in and brought back some needed articles for the family and some things for her daughters. She kindly remembered the two daughters of the stranger in their village and brought home some lipstick and such things. She had long noticed how plainly the girls were dressed and supposed it was because there was no money for the extra.

But when she saw the lipstick, she thanked her kind neighbor and explained that her daughters did not use the lipstick because the Bible plainly states that God's children do not dress like the world, and they were Christians. Also, when the tobacco crop was sold, a good neighbor came with a great roll of very fine tobacco to share with the newcomer. He also thanked them for their willingness to share with him, but stated that he did not use anything unclean since he was a child of God. The friends became interested upon hearing for the first time about being a Christian and asked that they be allowed to come to the home when the family read the Bible and let them share the good news.

The interest grew, and the number increased until the house could no longer hold the crowd, and one day the man returned to the Mission. He explained that he had come for a teacher or minister to go back with him.

"But," said Miss Stewart, "can't you come in and bring your family once in a while? It would be quite expensive to send someone just to visit one family."

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“Yes, that is true,” said he, “but there is a congregation waiting for a pastor to come, and they cannot all come this far to church services. We feel that they need to know more about the Lord than we can teach them.”

Thus a new field was opened in another section of Cuba, and a harvest of souls have been gathered in and there are two or three congregations in that particular part. Sister Stewart writes again:

“That time waits for no man is just as true in the field of missionary service as anywhere else, and those of us who are laboring here in Cuba are now confronted with the fact that we are just ready to cross our nineteenth milestone in the blessed work of our Master here in Cuba. This Island is truly a land of literal sunshine, but it is just as truly a land of spiritual darkness and superstition. And if ever a people needed the soul saving and enlightening, life changing of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, this people needs it. Therefore, we rejoice to know that through this number of years, we have had the blessed privilege of laboring here in missionary work.

“From the beginning of our labors in Cuba, God has blessed above all of our expectations. Did He not say that He would do for us exceedingly, abundantly above all that we could ask or even think? God’s working in our midst has been very marked. From among the early converts, the Lord of the harvest has chosen workers and put His hand upon them and filled them with His Holy Spirit’s power and has used them in active service, either in the ministry or in personal work among the people.

“Throughout the ages, men and women have had to answer the divine call and go forth to foreign lands with His message of salvation from sin, and these have had to sacrifice, to labor, and to suffer that others might enjoy the rich blessings that come to them

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through a knowledge of the wonderful plan of God for their redemption.

“Cuba has been, and still is, a Catholic nation. Therefore, the very power of darkness and superstition that always accompanies this religion fills the minds and hearts of the people in general. And this same power actually controls most of the activities of their lives. And because of the dissatisfied condition of most of them, they become an easy prey to the deception of the religion of Spiritualism.

“This dreadful religion was, no doubt, brought over from Africa by the slaves. We have seen on the streets of the city of Havana, poor souls walking the streets in sackcloth or plain coffee sacking, the regular burlap which is almost unbearable to wear in any climate and more so in a warm climate. These people were wearing this as penance required by the spirits and begging pitifully.

“Just a few visits to wayside shrines, and one begins to wonder which of these national religions are the most superstitious. The people are reaching out for something that satisfies and have become more deeply engulfed than ever in the awful darkness of a heathen inheritance. The work of the Church in Cuba is one outstanding example of what the real truth will do in the hearts and lives of those who whole heartedly accept the Gospel.”

For many years, Miss Stewart labored alone in the harvest fields of Cuba where her feet trod day after day along country roads and under trees where stand today hundreds of houses, stores, and places of business. She was there with no car for the first few years and most of the time with no bus fare. So she walked day after day, and even at night when necessary, to answer a call to the bedside of some sufferer who, hearing of her

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ministration to others, sent for her in their hour of need. One cannot conceive how one soul ever covered so much territory and held single handed for years so great work. Since the very first volunteer that had come to Cuba had so utterly failed her, it is reasonable to believe that perhaps there was a dread of new experiences. Yet she never turned one such away until they had had a chance to prove their consecration and calling.

Through the years, a few have done this, and she has accepted their statement and tried them. But the mission in Cuba is one truly directed by the Holy Spirit, and if one or more came and their call was not of God or the consecration not sincere, sooner or later, they have dropped out of the picture. Then all who come must trust God, and this makes the test more severe. Only recently, she spoke of such an experience. One day a message was received over the phone that a missionary was at the dock waiting for someone to meet her. There had been no word before this, and no explanation or correspondence whatever.

So a little surprised and deeply concerned, they made arrangements to meet this new missionary to Cuba. She arrived in due time at the mission with boxes and boxes, having come prepared to stay on indefinitely. The mark and stamp of the world was on her attire. But she was kindly received. Then explanation of her sudden appearance was made. She had attended one of the schools for speedy preparation for the mission field which are becoming quite popular. After finishing, she had come directly to the country she had chosen. She heard the stewardess on the boat tell about the mission at Los Pinos, so on the spur of the moment, she decided to come to that mission.

All the training at home cannot train one for the daily grind of the hardships and discouragements, and in a short time, the new

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experience grew old, and she returned to her home in the United States. Others came, and in time, they too left. One year at the annual convention, two young people from the States, one a young man with a wife and three children, from a good Christian home, and another, a young girl, were praying earnestly that God would lead them so they would know His will. Finally a decision was made by the young lady in question, Phyllis Martin, from the state of Michigan.

She as a young woman in her late twenties, level headed, and settled in her profession of salvation. After praying until she felt sure that it was the will of God, she returned to Cuba as an assistant to the missionary. She assumed her duties, and working hand in hand with Miss Stewart, she began to study the language and take over the office work. Perhaps it will be hard to realize what a load was lifted from the shoulders of Faith Stewart. Young women, in our day, are rare who will give up their lives to go to the fields and live a life of faith.

There are many native ministers out in the fields under the supervision of the mission at Los Pinos. There are 38 congregations. Let us turn again to her own words:

“Our Sunday School work has been the hardest part of the work here. It never has been easy to get Catholic or Spiritualist parents to the Sunday School, and from the beginning, we had to labor hard for the children we did get, but the last two years have been our very hardest.

“When they began to realize what we were doing for their children, the Catholic priests and nuns began laboring harder than ever, and then about two years ago, an order from their headquarters for them to make every child in Cuba a Catholic, and also every home.

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“As they began working on this program, they gave orders for groceries to every poor child that left us and went to their own schools which they opened up in order to combat our work. This order of groceries was given weekly and made a temptation which few poor mothers could resist as the pangs of hunger made the offer a real test. They also furnished garments and shoes in many cases, and they gave weekly a little paper to each child who attended their Sunday School. This paper gave each child entrance to a movie in the afternoon. Can you see what this did to our work?”

If such an offer were made in America where high wages are paid to the laboring men and where so much food is wasted regularly, even then the offer of free packages would cause a great exodus from one Sunday School to another. So it is easy to see that to a mother always just short of supplies, this offer would indeed be a boon.

Often these poor women wept as they explained the reason their children had been withdrawn from the Church of God and placed in the Catholic Sunday School. She writes:

“We cannot possibly give these things to our children and have lost numbers, but thank God, those that remain with us will have the blessed truth planted in their little hearts and minds, and this will be an eternal blessing. Thank God, by the power of prayer and hard work, we have maintained a great number, and we feel sure in the near future, we shall see numbers of older boys and girls enjoying the blessings of real salvation.

“In fact, as we look out over our groups of young people today, we see numbers that have been definitely gathered in through the labors of the Sunday School. Some of the students in our Bible Training School this year are the products of the Sunday

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School. Looking on this, we know that our labors have not been in vain in the Lord.”

From the Sunday School, we turn to the Mission Home again and note her words:

“You may ask, ‘What future do you expect for such children?’ Our definite answer is—the very same thing that we expect for the children who have been more fortunate in life, for these children should have the very same opportunities as others have. By surrounding them with loving influence and placing opportunities before them, they soon begin to adjust themselves to the new conditions of life and the change is wonderful.

“Several of our girls that entered the Homes at the beginning are now married and have the preparation that makes them ready for their responsibility of home life. One of our girls, Luz, is married to a faithful, consecrated Gospel minister, Francisco Lopez, and is able to fill her place in a commendable way.

“One of the oldest girls who came to the Home on the very first day it was opened out in a little country mission has been, for a period of a year, efficiently caring for the work in the Girls’ Home as the former matron had to leave the work because of broken health and no other was available. This fine girl stepped willingly into the place and has carried the responsibility in a very commendable way. The training she has had in the Home has fitted her for this responsibility far better than any other we have been able to secure. For her, we thank God.

“Several of our older girls are developing noble Christian characters and are filling places of usefulness both in the Home and in the activities of the Church work.

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“Some of our older boys are also reaching the place where they, too, are fitting into places of usefulness in the work. One of the boys is cook for the Boys’ Home, for workers, and visitors. He has also handled the cookhouse for our convention guests for three years and has cooked our big Christmas dinner for the poor children whom we bring in from the streets. Last year he handled the cooking for over three hundred and served them a real Christmas dinner. Another boy makes the mattresses for the Home in a very efficient way.

“The past year, three of our older girls, having finished the grades in our own public school No. 165, attended another school some distance from the Home, and all three received special honor for their outstanding characters and their wonderful spirit of cooperation in all school activities. These were namely: Luisa Castillo Peres, Ruby Elinor Gilkes, and Esther Gonzales Burges.

“How we do rejoice in what God has done for these children, but we are now facing a day when something must be done to properly prepare all the older ones for life before they leave the Home. Step by step, we have seen the great loving hand of God leading the way and taking us forward in our efforts to prepare these boys and girls for filling a place in the world.

“Already commercial classes have been started with a very efficient teacher in the person of Phyllis Martin, our new missionary to Cuba. Some of our older boys and girls are now taking a course in bookkeeping, and other studies will be added as time goes on. One of our own Cuban workers is preparing, under Government, to open a vocational school as soon as possible in connection with the Home.

“We hope to see that new vocational school started, then with our public school source, our commercial course, and our

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vocational school, these boys and girls will have a wonderful opportunity of choosing the vocation they want and preparing so that life will hold more opportunities for them.

“The sorrow of the early life experiences is rapidly being wiped from the walls of memory and the influence of past circumstances is being broken down by the happy uplifting Christian influence during the years they have been in the Home. We have among our children today, boys and girls who are developing into manhood and womanhood who will live in honor in the community where they are.”

If you are one who has carried a burden for this work, are you not glad you have had the opportunity? At that time Communism, Spiritualism, and Catholicism were raising up in greater force than ever before against Christianity (of the true type) and doing everything in their power to make it impossible to continue. In some places where a congregation has been raised up, it was impossible to rent anything, and in other places where buildings were rented, the workers were constantly molested so much that it was impossible for them to do their work. An outstanding case of this was in Elia, Camaguey, and steps had to be taken to get up a humble building so the work could go on unhindered. She writes in the late forties:

“Our work has outgrown the capacity of our meeting house in Almendares, Havana. Before we can have another large gathering, (such as a convention or other large general assembly) we shall have to enlarge the building. We have a fine location and the building is clear of indebtedness. There must be some addition to the front and an upstairs over the whole will be used for a Bible Training School during the week and for Sunday School rooms on

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Sunday, and sleeping rooms for the brethren during the conventions.

“This is an absolute necessity if God’s work is to keep going forward. In our last convention many who had come a long way and paid carfare were turned away because they could not get inside. The Children’s Home property is held by the Registration Board of the First Church of God, National, as is all our other property. It is absolutely safe, and others cannot lay hands on the property.”

## Chapter XXIII

### Intimate Glimpses of Mission Life

*“Look ye out upon the fields, for they are white already to harvest.”*

#### A Day at El Hogar

The sun arose lazily in the clear sky and began to throw its hot beams over a sleepy island. Soon there was a stir of life at El Hogar. Someone came from the Girls' Home with hot coals to start the fire for breakfast in the Boys' Home. There was coffee and “pan” or Cuban bread. The loaves were about three feet long and about half as big around as a loaf of bread in the United States.

Soon voices sounded, and workers moved about in all three buildings. The morning choruses began, and then the boys marched down to the basement dining room for “desayuno.” This was repeated over in the Girls' Home. Not long after they went to their morning chores, perhaps cleaning the yard or working upstairs, and around nine or earlier, they lined up and marched to the three room schoolhouse.

That is, nearly all of them. There were two or three boys who could not attend school because of having no shoes. Not enough had come in to buy these extra, and the Government would not allow them to come to school barefoot. There was a reason for this.

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In Cuba, the children who go barefoot are prone to get a disease in their feet, and to prevent this, the children were refused entrance until shod.

Then one of the older girls came over to clean the floors. In Cuba, most floors are tile because of the termites that work on the wooden floors. Every day, all the floors and porches had to be mopped with clear water.

There was different work allotted to each of the older girls to give them some experience in housework. After this, several of us met in Sister Stewart's room for prayer. She laid or sat on her bed much of the time those days. Then each went to his or her work for the day. There were many letters to be written. Saints wrote for counsel and some had sent an offering. All had to be answered and promptly before the new ones came in.

The bread man came in with a large sack of Cuban bread and left it at the Homes. Then the man came with carbon (which we would call charcoal). The cooks put it in a small grate built in the wall or on a stand and lit it with alcohol or some embers from another fire. The kettle sat directly on the fire and did not get black. It was much cleaner than coal or wood.

Milagros came in to talk to Sister Stewart about a problem, and Justina also who was the cook in the Boys' Home. About that time the secretary of the Mission announced that he had come and "must see 'Abuelita' for a few minutes." Phyllis was busy in the office or teaching in the Bible School, and we were working on correspondence, so the noon found us surprised because it came so quickly. It was the day to pay the bread man and he presented the bill for \$20.00 for 80 to 95 persons for one whole week. This was very conservative as breakfast consisted each morning of a large piece of bread and either a glass of milk or a cup of coffee.

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It was one of those two days a week that Evangelio went to market, so he took a boy and started soon after breakfast. About 11 a.m., he returned with potatoes, dark and light beans, rice, boiling bananas, sweet potatoes, malanga roots, nami, (another root vegetable) green and ripe tomatoes, brown sugar, and oranges.

Each day for one meal, we had beans and rice, with perhaps one other vegetable, but no oleo or butter. Oleo costs 60 to 69 cents a pound, and it was too expensive. Meat, too, was expensive. On Sunday there was a meat stew; also soup was served for supper often, and most times meat was cooked in it.

At 1:45 p.m., the bell in the reception room rang, and we gathered in for noonday prayer. Here we prayed for burdens, healing, the Church, and every need as presented. Recently we had anointed a handkerchief and sent it to a young man in a New York hospital who had a lump on his chest and was suffering. News came back that the pain was gone. We thank God!

Afternoon came, and Sister Stewart rested in her room, as usual, for at least an hour or two, although there were days so full that she did not get to rest that long.

Sometimes people came to the door and plead to have a child or several, taken in and there was the whole matter to be discussed and then investigated. Many things entered in each day to fill the hours and make the time all too short.

Supper time came, and afterward there was a meeting somewhere almost every evening. On Tuesday night, there was a prayer meeting at Buena Vista in Spanish, on Wednesday evening in Los Pinos; Thursday was English prayer meeting and Friday, youth meeting in Spanish. Only Monday and Saturday nights were free.

Bedtime came all too soon, and we were always tired enough to rest. It was March, 1957, and only a short time until Convention date in April. The hearts of the missionary and workers were heavy. The means for Convention had not come in and out in the mission fields beyond were the faithful native workers. Their small allowance had not come yet, and a new month was already due.

### **Preparing for the Annual Convention**

The workers at headquarters, El Hogar, went to the table and could scarcely eat, thinking of these faithful ones. Somewhere, someone or several of God's children failed to hear the call to share or did not heed. When the story came, the staff at El Hogar had been on their faces before God for several days, pleading for this pressing need and looked to God who works through human channels.

The question presented itself before us: "How could there be a convention this year?" First there were the political conditions that might prevent it from being held, and then finances could not possibly take in convention when food was needed. So the natural inclination was to believe the way was blocked.

But this was not man's mission, nor man's work, and we chose to follow His leading, so we continued to cry out to God. Then a day of fasting was set, and in the evening, there was a gathering in the only living room of the mission, the plain reception room in the front of the main building.

Brother Campins from Buena Vista, Francisco Lopez from Cortorro, Morales from Santa Fe, the resident missionaries, and myself. Upon consideration of conditions, prospects were so dark that we decided it could not be done. We could not forget those poor brethren out there in the fields waiting, waiting, and now,

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word was coming in of their dire needs. But it was about too late to send a message to some in the North. Then all decisions were laid aside and humbly kneeling in prayer, God was asked to have His way, to lead and we would follow. One after another called mightily from burdened hearts to God to lead out.

Someone in prayer asked God to cause a check to be sent designated for the expense of the convention. This would indeed be an unusual thing, for so far, people had not made a habit of sending for convention. But we depended on God who is able to change the course of things that His Will might be done.

After two or three hours of earnest prayer, we arose from our knees and there was praise and a happy conclusion. Faith Stewart arose and announced that she felt convinced that God wanted the convention to go on in spite of conditions, both political and financial. She said that we must go ahead as though all were well, go on faith that God would supply both the needy workers and the means for the convention.

So out of a clear sky, everything began. They were working on the Boys' Homes. The few boxes of clothing that were here were opened, and every garment was laid out. Some were sent over to the Girls' Home, and some to the Boys'. And then a few things were given to workers. Ruby was busy washing and Luisa busy ironing dresses for the missionaries for the convention.

The great covered box that sat in the living room was opened and pillows, quilts and sheets were brought out and stacked up to be used for bedding. At Almendares, the men were working faithfully to get the church in readiness for the convention.

Everybody was busy planning. We had not the room we needed to place our guests as we would have liked, and we hoped

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that the Americans who came down would understand that we had done our best for them. We hoped they would not mind sleeping in the hospitable homes of the native Christians. They did not have all the facilities as we in the homeland did.

We remembered once inviting a young minister who seemed interested in missions to come to convention. He hesitated, looked interested for a moment and then asked:

“How is it over there? Could we have modern facilities?”

“It is just what you could expect on a mission field, nothing more or less,” I answered.

That young man had come among us from a more backward state, a very poor boy. God had graciously prospered him and how soon he forgot the humble beginning in life!

I feared sometimes we Americans had become too soft and was made to think of the heady Romans and the cultured Greeks who also lived in luxury just before the fall of their countries.

But much needed to be done in getting ready for our incoming guests since that prayer in the front room of the mission. We had been receiving letters saying, “We are coming”—from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maryland, Florida, California, Alabama and Michigan. There were twenty-nine in all and only nine days left to convention!

We marched on, trusting God. And now God had given us a sign. A letter from Brother Martin in Lakeland, Florida, stated that a check for \$195 had come just for convention. God was leading, and the prayer of that day was answered. We waited still from day to day, for our God who watches the sparrow would not let these brethren go hungry. He answered prayer.

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Mercy drops were falling around us, but we were pleading for the showers. We were, while working every day preparing for the oncoming convention, waiting for the moving of God to open and pour out the blessing of answered prayer. He had written in His Word, “trust in the Lord and do good and verily thou shalt be fed.” It was He who would pour out the blessing and feed the waiting “Elijahs.”

Friday, March 29. Still mercy drops! And we thanked God for each life saving mercy drop while we waited for the miracle that had to come soon.

Saturday, March 30. Breakfast was over, and we had earnest prayer in Sister Stewart’s room and were waiting for the mailman. Waiting and hoping. And while we waited, we were preparing.

Some went over to Elias’ room. He was an American born Mexican boy from Chicago and was here for a few weeks in the mission working. When they found that two double beds would fit nicely in his room, he was told that he would have to move out and sleep in the room with the young man who cooked for the Boys’ Home.

Four Americans would fill his room. There was room also in the rear for more beds, and five American women could sleep there. And so the preparations moved on. Cooler dresses had been brought out of their places and washed and ironed afresh. When convention really arrived, there was no time to do these things.

It was such a beautiful day, and I heard singing over in the Girls’ Home and the housemother, Milagros, was consulting with Sister Stewart about the clothing for the girls. It was Saturday, and next Saturday would see us, God willing, ready for the first service.

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Morales had visited the necessary party for permission to hold the convention, and in spite of conditions, permission was granted. This in itself was outstanding because of political conditions prevailing just then. Armando was stopped by officers, and he invited them to examine the station wagon and see that no arms were hidden therein. He explained that we were peaceable people doing good and at last was permitted to pass on.

These were days of revolution and everyone had to walk carefully.

Monday, April 1. We had a good Sunday. After worship, Armando went for the mail, but there was none, and we met in our own room for prayer. We plead our case again before the Throne of God. After dinner, we went to English Sunday School, which began at three forty-five, staying until after the preaching service. Then we waited and worshipped with the Spanish, staying until 9:30 p.m.

We drove carefully through the streets and reached home safely. Milagros came over to the main building the next morning to say that in the small hours of the night, a woman had come to the door asking for admittance. She knew the woman, who had at times done sewing and mending for the Homes, and proved a quiet and faithful worker.

She told Milagros that her husband had beaten her so badly that she could not return for fear of her life. She was given shelter for the night. How God did work!

A woman was badly needed for the work in the Girls' Home, and through this incident, God provided. She was asked to stay and work until she could save enough to return to her former home and people with her two children. As she feared for her safety, she had

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to leave her own home. So through her sorrow and trial came help for the Children's Home.

No mail again today! We were not discouraged, but still looking to God. We sat that afternoon planning. Five Americans in the spare room, six with Mother Gonzales, four or five scattered among us in the Home. Beds were placed in each room where there was any space. Armando and Evangelio had just returned from visiting a cook for the work at convention.

Sister Stewart and I went out on the veranda. It was cool and the breeze from the ocean was fanning the great palms standing so proudly on the grounds of El Hogar. And these palms served the land like giant fans, sending a cool breeze on this beautiful Cuban day. Sister Stewart was very weary with the busy planning and sat down to rest. So I sat down beside her.

"Please tell me about the first Christmas you fed the poor," we plead, feeling a bit guilty knowing how tired she was.

"Well," she said, "it was like this. I came here in September, 1930, and of course, as I have stated before, it was among the English speaking people. The suffering of the poor was awful, and there was no work for them.

"I could scarcely enjoy eating my crust of bread, but as we neared Christmas, the situation grew harder to bear. I began to think about their Christmas, and a plan came to me. I went to town and put an ad in the paper, stating that I was a missionary come to Cuba and wished to help the poor at Christmas and would appreciate any offering of foodstuff contributed for this purpose.

"A few days later a banker sent word that I should call at his place of business, bringing references. Alas, I had no references. I had not lived here long enough to know or be known by prominent

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people in Havana, for I had only worked among the very poor. So gathering the little available, my medal given me in India by the British government, a report of my work in Cuttack, India, and a letter of congratulation from an official there. I presented these with my apology. I told the banker the situation, and why I knew so few.

“He, in turn, apologized, saying that he had been deceived so often before that he had required the reference to clear all doubt. At the close of the conference, he said:

“ ‘You may return and rest assured that I will not forget.’

“The days wore on. Five, then ten dollars came in, and so on each day until December 24. In the afternoon, we were to have a little program, so I was quite busy at my home. I saw a truck stop in front of the house, and two men, after conference, began to unload.

“There was a barrel of potatoes, a hundred pound sack of rice, bags of sugar, a hundred pound bag of sweet potatoes, a ham, two large slabs of pork side, bags of coffee, all piled up in the little room where we were to have service.

“Just then, a woman came up to the door saying:

“ ‘Please give me some work. My husband has a trade, but he has no work, and I have walked the streets, willing to do anything. I cannot steal.

“I gave her a forty cent piece. At that time, she could buy rice, beans and sugar, and I told her to get some supper, then to come over to the house for the Christmas program. She and her husband and children all came. Afterward we invited them to breakfast. We

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had quite a crowd on Christmas morning for breakfast. After morning worship, I said to all:

“None need to go hungry today; see what God has sent in?”

“So about forty people came for dinner and then went out and brought friends, and a larger group came for supper. The next day we divided out the food equally among the Christians.

“That was the first Christmas. Every Christmas after that, the crowd grew larger in number. The last year that we fed the poor at Christmas, there were seven hundred who came to eat and receive a blessing. This year in 1957, we were quarantined because of sickness in the mission just at that time and could not do as in former years.”

We arose at the close of the story and left the veranda just as Urbana, the native woman whose husband had beaten her and thrown her out, came out. She had come to talk over arrangements for working at the homes. We left them talking on in Spanish and went with another worker to give an object talk to the boys in the Boys' Home.

Some of the boys wanted to be Christians, so we all knelt down on the tile floor of the patio and prayed with each boy who had come forward.

No mail for two days now—no income, but still we waited. There was but one dollar in the Children's home at El Hogar, but we knew our God was able.

Monday evening and the day was over, and we knelt in the front room, praying for guidance in those hard days of waiting. All were glad to go to rest.

Tuesday a.m. Morning prayer was over, and Armando and

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Evangelio were in the front room. They told us that there was nothing but a little rice in the house, no lard to cook with, and no money to buy it. We had come to a place where we had to pray with more burden and cry out mightily to God. He had never failed and He would not fail us then.

The schools for the children were opened again. In December of that year, there were a few cases of a contagious disease, and these were soon over. But January, February and March came and went, and the schools were not permitted to open. Why? Neglect by those in authority to open the schools again at the mission. Three months of absence from school makes passing any grade almost impossible. Faith Stewart recognized this, but she also knew that there was absolutely nothing that could be done. You say those were dark spots? Are there not dark spots everywhere in every undertaking? And going through those testing times when we could do nothing but wait—did it not cause us to lean heavier on God?

Texidor had just come in from Camaguey and stayed over for convention. And here came Justina over to Sister Stewart's room with three of the little girls, all under six years of age from the nursery. One of them was beginning to cry as they entered. What was their trouble?

In those days, dangerous political days, no children were allowed to go outside the big front gates and be on the street in front of the home alone. These were days of revolution and many dangers lurked in the streets. No little girl was safe alone on the sidewalk.

Enemies of God and His people would also be very glad to spirit the little ones away, and they would be lost to the Home.

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Now, these little girls had repeatedly run out after all the counsel and careful explanation given by those in charge.

Their very lives were in danger, and the welfare of the mission homes as well.

At last, the three little culprits stood in a row in front of Faith Stewart, and once more she explained to them, with great patience, the wrong and dangerous thing they had done and told them that this time, it must not go unpunished.

“Those little legs and feet have carried you out and caused worry and trouble to the workers, and they must be punished.”

She quietly inflicted a light punishment to each, and all went to prayer, and each in turn made a solemn promise to do better.

They marched out with Justina, whose own little girl was one of the offenders. Time had been taken from the busy day of the missionary, but time well invested in the little hearts and lives who would be here years after “Abuelita” would long have gone to her eternal rest.

Later Sister Stewart came in my room saying:

“I promised to tell you about the family you were interested in. They were indeed precious people. Many years ago, when I was out calling in a certain neighborhood, a lady told me that in the house next to hers lived a family where two little children had been taken by death. The poor parents were sad and needed comforting.

“So I stopped in and told them I had heard of their sorrow and felt that I could not pass by their home without turning in. After conversation and prayer, I left them with an invitation to attend services. On the walls of their home were images and other symbols of their religion. But they had never seen a Bible and

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knew nothing of salvation. They burned incense to idols and had prayer books.

“Before long, they accepted Christ as their Savior. We made many calls to their home and worked hard for their salvation. They seemed to be happy in their confession of faith, but one day, the wife came tearfully to the house, saying:

“We have just learned that we are living in sin, and we want to know what to do about it.’

“Living in sin?” I asked.

““Yes. When we were young, we saved up money to get married, but the priest charged so much that we could not afford the amount. Marriage not performed by the priest was not recognized. Two or three times we saved some money, but each time something happened that we had to let the money go and not get married.

““We know that God has delivered us, and yet we learned that to live together without marriage is sin. We have found it in the Bible.

“Why don’t you get your birth certificate and get married now?’

“I was born far out in the island, and when a child is born, the priest only has the record. If I could only get there, it would be wonderful.’

“She went to work to save and do all she could, and at last a way opened to make the long trip with some of the mission folk.

“But she returned sadly, for the priest absolutely refused to give her the date of her birth unless he could perform the marriage ceremony. These customs and this strange hold on the people was

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the cause of much fornication in these and a great discouragement to youth who seemed to have so little to look forward to in the future.

“She was advised to trust the Lord and wait, hoping that there would be an amendment to this present law that made marriages not valid unless performed by the priest. So those two people began to live in their own home as though they were not married so as to be true to their ideal of the Christian life.

“Two more years passed, and the family went on serving God. One day, someone put a paper in the missionary’s hand. An amendment had been made at last to the laws, informing those who did not have a birth certificate that they could go down to the Government building and obtain one for the amount of two or three dollars. The family made up the money between them, and soon a wedding was at my home. A most unusual wedding this was as both children and grandchildren were present to witness.”

The story ended and she went in to dinner.

Tuesday 2 p. m. A missionary from a denominational church in Santiago, came to visit at El Hogar. We all gathered for prayer, and then Sister Goodman made a pudding from a package brought over from the States. My! how we looked forward to those shopping bags! Friends coming over kindly remembered the folks at the mission.

It was possible to put in an open shopping bag any groceries except fresh fruits or green vegetables and bring them through customs. These things were high priced, such as oleo for sixty cents and over and bacon and cheese, etc. here. So many times had the missionaries been made glad by an American visitor’s shopping bag. But tonight the boxes of pudding were all opened at

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once and the boxes of jello, and this was what we served the children for supper. There was nothing else to give them in the house.

Wednesday a.m. Phyllis went to school, and the mail had not come. Mercy drops still falling, and still we waited for the showers. Today thirty-five dollars came in. We drove to Alquizar in an hour or so to pray for Jesus Real, (pronounced Hasus Real) the pastor of the church there, who was ill. Joel and Evangelio also were both sick. Last night Joel was very sick with a high fever, and a minister went over to the Boys' Home to pray for him. He was the caretaker of the boys.

At the midday worship, the workers gathered in. Urbana had been talking to Sister Stewart. She said that her husband did not smoke or drink, but that he claimed to be in sympathy with the Communistic teaching and demanded that she work hard and support him.

She had to pay the rent and set the table and furnish clothes for her children. If she did not have food good enough to suit him he would beat her. This time he beat her and threw her out. He worked steady and banked his money and held the bankbook. So she was accepted gladly at the Home.

Thursday, April 4. A beautiful day with the cool breeze sweeping through the trees. Brother Avila from Santiago arrived early, so he helped the brethren who were being so overworked at that time. He said he could not bring his wife and children. Those were dangerous days, and they feared to leave home and the mission building lest someone would come in during their absence and set up quarters in the mission building and would not leave. They were not even sure that if they started out that they would ever arrive safely.

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The trip would be strenuous one, and they might be stopped at any place by soldiers and their clothing and baggage be searched. Brother Avila had no permit as yet, and it was very risky traveling! Innocent were arrested and put in jail those days.

So in the afternoon, Texidor, Sister Goodman, and myself went out in the car to Alquizar and found Jesus lying in bed ill. God wonderfully healed him years ago of tuberculosis, and he had been serving God as a minister of the Gospel ever since. After praying for him, he went down the village street to see the little place of worship they had erected.

It was a small building and made very simply, but when we realized the sacrifice and labor of love this small group of Christians had expended on the place, it added more interest to the scene.

This young man translated many English hymns into the Spanish language and made it possible for the congregations to have song books with the loved doctrinal songs. (Reformation songs) We have songs in our books that can be found in no other song books. They proved a great blessing to the mission in Cuba.

We got in the station wagon and started homeward, remembering the trouble we had finding the right roads as we drove through the villages on our way there. And we soon arrived in good time at El Hogar.

The mail had arrived. And how we thanked God! The offering today was three hundred dollars for general expenses. Every penny was needed at once to pay some expenses and to buy food for the Children Homes.

We met for noonday prayer as usual. There were nine missionaries and workers among the ladies present and seven

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ministers and workers among the men. Then Armando entered and asked for the keys for the car. He was going to the hospital to get Carmen!

About two weeks ago, he was told that no more could be done than what had been done and that had been of no avail. For a year, prayer and fasting and even tears had been tried for her healing. For a year, she had been in that hospital, compelled to take treatments, and we had all been holding her up in prayer. Armando was discouraged. We had been compelled to send her whether we willed or not. She was a sweet young woman with a gentle manner and the day that she was taken to the hospital was a sad one to all of us.

Weeks, then months, and then a whole year had gone by, and according to the men of science, there was no hope. But then a few days later, there *was* a change, a vital change!

All at once Carmen was her old self. Every evidence of healing, now that men had given up. She was able to take an interest in things about her and the hospital staff said that she was certainly a changed person, but they could not understand. Today she was to leave the hospital a well woman!

It seemed now that God had waited through those long months of her illness while she was compelled to be in the hospital to show His power and might as soon as men gave up and admitted defeat. To Him be all the glory and honor! Before we entered into petitions for our many needs, we knelt and offered thanksgiving to God for Carmen's healing.

Then Sister Stewart entered and told us she had now a volunteer for the kitchen work for the convention. She was also

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trying to plan for a place at Buena Vista where she could rest between services during convention.

At 3:30 p. m., a group of Christians, mainly young people, Ruby, Luisa, Heliadora, Milagros, Elia, and Evangelio, were in session in Sister Stewart's room with paper and pencil and Bible in hand. They were receiving instructions in personal work at the altar and were there one hour with Sister Stewart as teacher. This was all a part of the preparation for the convention.

Then we got ready to start to the service at Almendares. The car was in the garage; the new station wagon was not going, so Armando and Evangelio put the table in the old station wagon and Faith Stewart and I got in the middle seat. Evangelio and Armando started, and then Phyllis came running out saying:

“Brother Spears is at the airport. What shall we do?”

There was quite a delay. Then we decided to just go and meet him in the old car as we were. So we went rattling and bumping down the road, and I marveled that Sister Stewart, tired and worn out as she was, could stand all that at the end of the busy day.

10:30 p.m. On reaching home from services, we found that seven Americans had arrived during our absence. Truly the spirit of convention was there already.

Friday a.m. The nine o'clock plane that morning brought two more guests, one from California and one from Virginia. So dinner was eaten and there was a general hurry to get out to the 2:30 plane. Then Brother Wilson and three brethren from Newark, Ohio arrived and brought with them several suitcases with used clothing for the Homes and three shopping bags of groceries to help out on the table.

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The contents were quickly put away, and they walked out to visit the Children's Homes and look about the place. Then a phone call announced that Brother French, a Jamaican minister, from Guantanamo in the Oriente, was coming in on the train, bringing two young men.

After supper, the children came over from the Home and gathered out on the front patio and sang lustily their pretty Spanish choruses. After talking over the work of the kingdom, we went to prayer. Then all retired, and we sent our guests to their respective places.

Saturday, our guests were still coming in, six from Pennsylvania, eleven from Ohio, one from California, and one from Alabama, until twenty-nine were accounted for.

And now offerings were coming in, and God was supplying as we entered into the eight day annual convention in Havana.

Day by day brought fellowship, sermons, souls saved, and much accomplished spiritually and an interest as the guests came and went. The native ministers had sacrificed much to be present. They went about with smiling faces and were a happy family.

There were many things that made these meetings interesting. During the services, it was announced that Brother Prudencio Linares and his sweet little wife, Anita, had, by the grace of God, settled about going to Haiti to serve God as missionaries from the island of Cuba.

Several years before, Anita received the call definitely from the Lord, but waited and prayed for God to speak to her husband and was counseled by Faith Stewart to leave all in the hands of God. He was perhaps the most outstanding young minister in the mission.

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In a meeting where Sister Stewart was preaching in a private home in the country, four or five members of one family accepted Christ. Among those people were the two young Linares brothers. They could neither read nor write at that time.

For two years, Faith Stewart sent a man to that village twice a week to teach them to read and write. Soon they began to read the Bible and preach, and a fine congregation was raised up in Esperanza, and others also sprang up under the untiring efforts of Brother Prudencio and wife.

But their burden for souls in Haiti would not let them stay on in the homeland, and the announcement was made publicly at the convention that they would be going as soon as God opened the door.

Although she knew that it would be a real loss to the work in Cuba, Faith Stewart rejoiced to see her mission yielding workers for other waiting fields, and she was a real missionary and was happy over the call.

A minister arose and said that there was little they could do, but since they could not give money to their brother who was going to other fields, why not come the next afternoon and bring one article of clothing, in fact, the best one they possessed, and sacrifice it as a love offering to missions.

These consecrated Cuban ministers had to live on such a small income that they depended largely on the clothing that came to the mission from the United States, and to give the best meant far more than to some others. It was the first offering of the kind we had ever seen. It was real.

One by one, or in groups, our visitors returned home, and the ministers and workers returned to their various fields. After the

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annual meeting of the ministers, we all settled down again to routine and picked up the threads and started over once more to press on for another year.

Reader, we have just stopped our narrative in order to take you with us to the mission and give you a day at El Hogar and then take you through the preparations for the annual convention held in Havana and give you a real visit to the very seat of operations on a mission field. All this has happened in about two weeks time. Now we return to the narrative proper.

## Chapter XXIV

### La Finca

*Genesis 26:22 “For now the LORD hath made room for us,  
and we shall be fruitful in the land.”*

“Faith Stewart, what is that in thine hand?”

“A little less than Five dollars, Lord.”

“And what is that for?”

“To be used for the work of the kingdom in Cuba, Father.”

That was the year of 1930 and in the month of September. In a common little house of three rooms, one of these provided with plain wooden seats purchased with money that should have paid for nourishing food, but was not, and in another one, a simple cot, a little stove, a tin cup, a pie plate, and a knife, fork and spoon. For an egg or a potato can be boiled in a cup and a simple meal prepared for one who lives frugally. For several years, she lived mostly on native food, saving every precious dollar for her beloved work.

But in time, it impaired her health, and friends in the United States insisted that she take also some American food that she might grow stronger and be more useful on the field. Then came

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long days of visitation among the poor and needy of Cuba with only the simplest of all things for physical welfare.

We have told in former chapters about the opening of the Children's Home in Santa Fe and how God marvelously worked in behalf of the situation when they could not even take in half of the homeless on the very first day. How also this was a great sorrow to her and drove her and her helpers to their knees at once to ask for bigger quarters.

God granted this request and opened the way to purchase the estate of Los Pinos, the present El Hogar de Ninos. As the years went on, the building was enlarged, a new mission building constructed beside it, and a home for girls purchased next door to the mission building. Later also, as stated, the nursery building was added, the means being provided by Mrs. Emma Meyers, a well known Church of God minister.

Again the years rolled on. At one time, there were ninety children sheltered under the roof of El Hogar. Then the laws governing such institutions said that two children could not sleep in one bed. And though that child that has to be rejected because there is not enough room for him or her to sleep in separate beds may have to sleep on the ground, a doorstep, or a park bench in the cold nights that often come, this law must be obeyed.

So in time, the number was less, for there was no more space to put a bed, and no more children could be accommodated. There have been from 75 to 80 children now for some time and this is quite a family to be under two roofs.

Something else is happening also. The home, El Hogar, is situated in one of the most healthy sections of the city of Havana and is higher and cooler than the main parts of Havana. But as in

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many countries today, there is a building program going on. The fields that once surrounded El Hogar are today streets and city lots with new homes put up by construction companies. All about El Hogar now are people in their new homes except on one side. This is not good for the welfare of the children, nor those who must care for them.

As Faith Stewart looked about her, she realized many things. First, boys and girls have a way of growing up to be men and women. These young people would one day need to leave El Hogar and go out to fend for themselves. But they have no trades, and they need training. She mentioned this to a man working with her in the mission work.

She felt that as God provided, a school must be erected and a teacher procured to teach these boys how to go out and work in some special place in life. The man with whom she had conversed began to attend such a school, going on steadily until he was able to get his degree in a certain line of work. He will be ready when the time comes to teach trades to the boys. But this requires buildings, means, and materials.

About this time, there came a restless feeling that for many reasons, they could not stay on at El Hogar. But the whole thing seemed to loom up as impossible. A larger property was needed where not only a home could be built, but a building for the training school for the boys. For some time, the need of the Homes has been for a place large enough to put up all the necessary buildings. The city is crowding the Home, and already the beautiful royal palms that for so long graced the front of El Hogar, standing like silent sentinels, have been cut down.

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The city complained that they had become obstacles to the electric lines. And now a sign stands in front of the property which reads “Se Vende”, (for sale).

El Hogar was most certainly God’s choice for the Home for several years, and it has served well its purpose. But it is no longer the ideal place for a children’s home. With residences everywhere, there will soon come houses of worldly pleasure, places of sin, and places of temptation at the very doors of the Home, and these will bring many problems.

Also, the present building at Almendares cannot furnish sufficient room for those who come to the annual convention. So they began once more to search for a place. Many things had to be considered. First there were no funds for a new place.

Then friends in the North began to see the situation and to be burdened for the work, and two or three good ministers of God said:

“It can be done. If we let the people know, we believe God will work in the midst, and the means will surely come in.”

So it began, and the “farm fund” began to be the thing of reality.

As the workers in Cuba looked about, they soon found a place in the country and went to look at it. All the time, they also were looking at the poultry farm next to this property. The price of the first place was rather high, but then all property is high in Cuba. While they were praying for God to lead them and awaiting to give their decision, the price was raised a few thousand dollars. That was enough.

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They made no further effort to purchase the farm. About that time, the owner of the adjoining property informed that he was willing to sell his place. He named the amount and stated that it could be made in payments. This was exactly what they were in need of. With great joy, they made the first payment which had been accumulating for the "Farm Fund." The place contained over thirty acres sold for \$37,500.

It is situated a short distance from the city of Santiago de Las Vegas and several miles from the present El Hogar.

As one enters the large front gates, the main building (the residence of the former owner) faces the end of the drive. It is a house of eight rooms and several baths and a large enclosed patio in the rear.

There are several barns for cattle, poultry houses, and buildings for raising hogs. On either side of the front entrance stand large royal palms, and the lawn around the home is screened by the beautiful tropical foliage.

A veranda runs around three sides of the house, and the living room is large and the ceiling so high it seems almost stately. The floors, of course, are tile.

There is room on the right side of the central building for a Girls' Home and a nursery building, and on the left for a Boys' Home, a vocational school, and a government grade school. Also beyond with still proper frontage, there is a lovely location for a tabernacle.

This last building must provide a place of worship each week as well as provide classrooms for the Bible students who are preparing for the ministry in Cuba.

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Before the homes can be built, the present property in Los Pinos must be sold to provide means to go ahead in the work of building. Materials are almost unbelievably high, considering the wage given to men in Cuba. But we thank God that the money came in for each payment, and God supplied.

A Christian woman in Ohio asked God to help her give \$10,000 to the work in Cuba. After faithful prayer, she and her husband gave five thousand dollars of that amount; later a check came for one thousand. Time wore on, and the day for giving the last payment of \$4,000 was nearing.

The saints began to pray and to plead especially for the payment to come in. If that money was not forthcoming on the proper date, then they could still lose the property; hence the burden on their hearts. One day when the mail came in, there was a check from the man and wife in Ohio who did not know the amount asked for in the last payment. That check was for exactly \$4,000. There was real joy and thanksgiving.

No checks ever come like that without a real emergency or special need, but how wonderful that God laid it on the hearts of these good people to supply the last payment to secure the farm, called by the Spanish people, "La Finca." So God worked on hearts in the United States to put their shoulder to the plow and to purchase La Finca for a future home for the children.

Today, over the Island, are plain little places of worship, erected by prayer and faith in God and loving sacrifice—in Pinar Del Rio, two country churches, also a building at Pinar, in Bonece, Almendares, Santa Fe, Punta San Juan, Esperanza, Velasco, Evara, Santiago, Guantanamo, Sagua.

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The plain little home given to her by her brother and sister-in-law was sold just prior to her last trip to the United States, at her request. The money that was received will be used to start building the tabernacle as a memorial to them.

There is a man and wife living at La Finca, caring for the property, tilling the fields, and doing the general work, and the mission, some day when God provides, will be housed there in the new location, and as God provides will move forward.

There is no tractor on the farm, and the only means of tilling the fields is by the slow moving team of oxen that patiently walks through the fields, typical of the country places elsewhere in Cuba.

As one passes along the road just out of Santiago de Las Vegas, farms, fields, and estates are passed until we come to the entrance of a certain farm. On either side of the two iron gates, palms and shrubbery are banked so thick that they form a dense wall, but looking between the iron rods of the entrance, we see a rambling one story farmhouse settled not far from the entrance. This is the only building at La Finca that is ready for occupation. There is a high bamboo hedge on the border line of La Finca. This hedge is so thick the branches are interlaced, and as the breeze swept through the bamboo branches, they knocked against each other, causing continually, strange sounds and a soft murmur in the branches.

The whole scene is typically tropical with the mango and banana trees and the palms and bamboo. It was the desire of Faith Stewart to live just long enough to see the buildings put up and the children housed at La Finca. This was her goal. Like Moses of old, she longed to go over into the “promised land.”



## Chapter XXV

### Intimate Glimpses of a Warrior of the Cross

*Proverbs 31:31 "Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."*

Recently in conversation, a certain minister said he enjoyed reading the Bible because, in dealing with the lives of its great men, the writers had spoken frankly and truly, depicting their characters as they were.

No doubt, but God inspired them to write so that we may profit by their mistakes. In seeking to write the story of the life of Faith Stewart, we felt led to write a chapter on "intimate glimpses," and God helping, we will strive to speak truly.

First, let us remember those days of her childhood. Those were the days when parents not only clothed and fed their children but trained and disciplined them as well. Only today, a Cuban professor of English who was writing an article about the life of Faith Stewart for one of the leading magazines in Cuba (which has a large circulation in South America) asked if Faith Stewart's ancestors were Quakers. This he asked because of her adherence to a rigorous, disciplined life. We informed him that such was not so.

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Her parents were of Scotch descent and also were faithful and loyal to the teaching of their native religion as taught in the Presbyterian Church. But in those days, there were lines drawn and rules obeyed, and parents who were worthy were respected by their children.

You will remember that she obeyed her father when he walked down the aisle in front of the whole gathering at the revival services and meekly followed him out of the house to her home.

But though she literally obeyed him outwardly, she listened to the voice of God, and with all her soul, she continued that search for the sanctifying grace of God and did not cease until she received satisfaction.

A few years later in life after her marvelous healing of tuberculosis, a new truth was presented to her, and she not only stepped out whole-souled, but when given the choice of discarding the truth and trusting science for her healing or leaving the home so dear to her in every way, she quietly and sadly, with a full knowledge of what the decision meant, took her stand for truth and paid the price required without hesitation and never turned back on the trail. That trait of character has been outstanding even to the last days. Time and again, in the course of her life, she has had to make decisions and take a stand for or against.

By taking such a stand and holding to her principles and ideals, she suffered again and again great financial losses to the work, but she could not and would not let down that standard so dear to her heart.

When she went among the saints in the early days, there was a definite stand against worldliness both in amusement and in dress. She began to wear the three-quarter and full length sleeves and to

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dress more plainly otherwise. From that day to the end, she dressed in the plain manner of the early Christians of the Church of God. She always seemed to have a quiet scorn of styles and changing modes of apparel.

She had a wealth of auburn hair which in past days she wore piled high on her head. In the late years, it had turned white overnight when she faced the bandits in her home. But it was beautiful and long, and when she lay upon her bed or was resting at home, she often wore it in one or two long braids or coiled loosely on the back of her head.

One time she was asked to visit an organization in New Philadelphia, Ohio, a Christian group of women of the W. C. T. U. Some of these women were of the better class and were very becomingly dressed in the mode of the day. She was dressed extremely plain and in a garment which had been made in the United States and had no chance of being fitted as it was being finished, and consequently did not fit too well.

It is very doubtful if she even thought of the difference as she walked serenely down the aisle of one of the most fashionable churches in the city, among the ladies present, and to the front of the room. But those who were looking on could not help seeing the dignity and poise with which she walked toward the speaker's place.

As she stood before us and lifted her head, a calm, sweet expression settled over her countenance, and she started to speak, immediately commanding the respect of every woman in that group.

Faith Stewart, at no time in her life, was a pretty woman in the sense that the world terms pretty. Her features were rugged and

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typically Scotch. The firm line of her mouth, her good, strong face with an ample nose, her broad forehead, and the definite line in her cheekbones gave her an austere countenance. But when one looked at her, one could see character and strength written in that face.

The inner beauty of her sacrificial life shone forth, and the inner strength gained through victories won gave her a dignity and commanding presence far excelling beautifully molded features or a shapely form or modish clothing.

It was interesting to see that day that, after her address, these attractive women crowded around her, eager to meet her and to talk personally to this unusual woman. And afterward, they inquired often about her, not forgetting either the message or the messenger.

She was ever frank to speak her convictions to those of us who were about her. I remember especially one occasion, being the very person she addressed.

Coming down one year to attend the annual convention in Havana, we brought among other attire a two-piece dress requiring a thin blouse underneath. This blouse I never wore without the jacket over it. Upon attending the meeting in the morning at Almendares, I was asked to preach in the evening service, and upon inquiry found that a return could be made to El Hogar where I could make a quick change and hasten back just in time for the evening meeting. She was ready and waiting when I arrived, and I rushed in my room to make the change. As rapidly as possible, the blouse and skirt were donned. Then she called:

“Sister Henry, you are always so prompt. Can’t you hurry and get here faster?”

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So I snatched up my jacket, Bible and purse and ran hurriedly to the front room where she stood waiting. She gave me one look and said:

“My dear, I can see straight through that blouse.”

“So can I,” I replied cheerfully, “but I’ll be putting on this jacket pronto if you will just give me time.”

She turned, and we both rushed to the waiting station wagon, and soon the jacket was put on over the offending blouse. It was ever her firm belief that all should be examples of the teaching of modesty in dress.

This reminds me of an incident that came to my mind this week. We had the privilege while here at Los Pinos to drive perhaps thirty-five miles to the city of Madruga to meet some new friends who were interested in knowing more about the mission.

It was perhaps the second year after her arrival in Cuba that she was asked to speak in a special service at a Bible seminary to a group of students preparing for mission work in Cuba.

She went before, choosing for her subject, ‘The Lowest Standard by Which We Can Reach Heaven.’ That standard is, of course a holy life, for “without holiness no man can see the Lord.” The students were awakened, convicted, or pleased, as their hearts permitted.

A time of holiday was just before them, a day whom the resident missionary would be free for calling. One of the young girl students came to her, asking for the privilege of returning home with her to visit the mission in Havana. She granted the permission, and the student gladly came with her.

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But there was another student present whose heart was hungry for life of righteousness and who was too timid to ask permission to return with her. The disappointment was so great that she cried in her room until she felt physically ill. Not long after that, she was married and went with her husband to the United States for preparation in mission work. They remained in this southern state for six or eight years. Then for several years, they worked in mission work, seeking to hold up a standard of holy life. This life was to be lived for God who says in His word, “Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world; if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.”

In time, sorrow and trouble came to these fine people as those under whom they labored seemed to think that they lifted the standard of Christian living too high. Although the Bible admonished God’s servants to “lift up a standard for the people,” they were finally compelled to resign their mission work.

Then the wife, who had never forgotten that talk on holy living and also Faith Stewart, talked to her husband saying:

“I do not feel happy. God has called us to do missionary work, and we have years of preparation, and it does not seem right for us to be idle in the work of the Kingdom. Let us again contact Miss Stewart.”

So years after that address, they came to visit at El Hogar and say that they desired to live and preach a high standard inspired that day long ago by Faith Stewart.

Often we have heard it said that it is not good for a woman to be at the head of an outstanding mission work. That honor, they claim, should be given a man. If that be true, then that man should go out in the rugged days of hunger, loneliness, disappointment,

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and hardships and raise up that work and prove himself worthy. Then, and only then, has he proved himself.

If he has not vision, burden, and stamina to labor and bring forth, has he, think you, qualifications to govern and head such a work? No!

“Not to the strong is the battle,  
Not to the swift is the race  
But to the true and the faithful  
Victory is promised through Grace.”

Faith Stewart labored in two lands and out of nothing but her faith in God, and her vision and burden for the lost raised up a monument of lasting honor unto the King in each place. She not only guided the workers, but personally counseled her great family of 75 to 90 children at a time and found time to preach, write reports and tend to business. And in most of the cities where she sent workers, there stands a building paid for and in use. She was a business woman as well as preacher and missionary.

An outstanding characteristic of Faith Stewart was her readiness to forgive those who wronged her, sometimes deeply. Down through the years, the very fact that it was a work of faith in Cuba and not lined up under some board has caused many to seek to take advantage of the situation.

Workers came and went, and many sad experiences were hers, but for all personal wrongs, she quickly forgave.

When native Christians laboring in and with the mission sinned flagrantly or wronged God's cause and later desired to come back, there has been a requirement not only of repentance, but public confession and a time of proving satisfactorily their

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sincerity. This to some may seem hard, but it was for the work's sake. The work must be kept clean. She insisted on that standard.

On one occasion, we were attending a great national convention where thousands of people stroll daily over the campus and grounds between services. From all over the United States and other countries, men and women arrive. Ministers and laymen came to attend the many services and sessions.

Although several years before, all connections were severed with the Missionary Board, yet she came once more on the grounds because she had great numbers of dear friends and was wondering how to arrange for meeting them.

"Look," I said to her, "my tent is centrally located, and this piece of awning makes a nice veranda. Here are plenty of chairs. Hither take your friends inside or sit out under the awning in the cooler place. Meet them any time."

She accepted the offer. Soon people, passing to and from services, began to hear that Faith Stewart walked on the old campgrounds, and they began to pass by to meet her once more. A very attractive woman came and stood beside the tent for awhile, watching the people who came and went, conversing with Sister Stewart. Finally she said:

"Do you know what I've been doing? I've been standing here taking special note of the type of people who are interested in Faith Stewart. In spite of her extreme plainness of attire and humble outlook on life, some of the finest looking people on these grounds are her friends."

She had spoken truly, for from all over the grounds came men and women proud to be listed as her friends, and they were the cream of that great assembly.

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Then I noticed another person approaching, and although I had never seen this woman nor had a description of her, I felt that this was surely the person who had so long ago betrayed the confidence placed in her by Sister Stewart in the early days in Cuba. She came nearer and said:

“May I speak to Miss Stewart?”

By that time, Faith Stewart had walked some distance away with a friend and stood there conversing.

“She is very busy,” I said with no great warmth of feeling for one who apparently had never repented of the wrong she had done.

“I’ll just wait for her” she replied, and as soon as possible, she hurried forward saying:

“My dear Faith, how I have longed to see you!”

I stood near watching that scene and saw how Faith Stewart, in calm of spirit and in kindness to this woman who had betrayed the trust put in her, permitted her to kiss her cheek, talking as kindly to her as to these trusted friends.

And when this visitor insisted a little later that she accompany her to a certain place for a special visit, she gently, but firmly refused, explaining frankly why she must do so. Yet she had no malice toward this person who had been so insincere throughout the years. She had long ago forgiven the great wrong.

Because of her vigorous, unswerving stand for what was right and just, she (strangely enough) had enemies all through the years. These would not see the fine qualities of leadership and resented the firm stand, and consequently sought to oppose her in many ways.

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Few people who knew Faith Stewart realized that she was one of the most sensitive at heart, shrinking from the sneers, insults and false rumors spread about her. Also it seemed to cut her to the quick when, because she had stood uncompromisingly as the years passed, some former friend would ignore her or purposely slight her.

She grieved so sorely under some of the blows that fell that she would actually become ill. Such was the case one year when she decided to visit again one of the campgrounds where she had been a welcome visitor for years.

But an evil influence had been put out by a few unscrupulous people to hinder the work by falsely accusing her of committing something ridiculous and ungodly. The rumor was carried to the grounds and without investigation, she was not even permitted to have any part whatsoever on the grounds that year.

When she at first learned of the rumor, she was stunned, then walked over the grounds to the room of one of the ministers, and sitting down in his presence and looking fully in his face, she asked him:

“Brother, do you really believe that rumor?”

“No,” he said, as he looked in her honest eyes and saw only purity and truth.

“Then,” she asked quietly, “what are you going to do about it?”

A fear of what others would say or think if he should publicly stand by her kept this otherwise good man of God from doing what, no doubt, his conscience told him was right. He did nothing.

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For a missionary of practically a lifetime of years in service, known practically in every state, to come on a campground and not even be permitted to take the humblest part in a service was putting a question at once on their prestige, and none knew this better than she. So she felt that she could not remain on the grounds longer.

Slowly and with sorrowful pain, she returned to the tent and knelt down beside the bed to pray, but great sobs shook her tired body, and she could not pray for weeping. Later, without a word of bitterness or complaint or an accusation against those who were set to destroy her, she arose. She began to pack her clothing in the small suitcase she had brought, and bidding us goodbye, she walked off the campground as calmly as though she had not just received a crushing blow.

Broken in spirit, she returned to her field a sick woman, made sick with heartache brought on by evil ones. And on the campgrounds those who caused the sorrow did not seem to understand that, on that day, a spirit, a soul bright and shining, a benediction to any gathering of those who love God, was driven from their midst forever.

She never mentioned it afterwards; she had forgiven freely one of the most unjust and shameful things ever done to a faithful missionary and by those who should have appreciated her. Some of the workers in Cuba were speaking about her the other evening, especially about her thoughtfulness for others. She was thoughtful in an unusual way of folks about her. Sometimes we would have a little something different in our plain fare, and she would take a portion and say:

“Please take this to little Antonio; (or whoever was ailing) he is not well today.” Or she would remember someone down in the city in need and share with him.

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Once she had a few dollars for herself, and I had painted her an oil, a scene of cold and snow, something to remind her of her early life in Iowa. She loved the snow and cold of her native state, and so I sat down and began to paint the country scene. When it was finished, she was quite happy about it.

When she had the few dollars in her hand, she said to me:

“Now I can buy a cheap frame for the painting, and we will hang it up on the wall where we can enjoy it.”

A few days went by. One worker was sick with stomach trouble, so some of the personal money went to buy food that he could eat. A young woman was ailing and away from home, so a little was bought for her to cheer her up a bit. Day by day, that money went, until finally she said to me after I had complained a little, that we now could not buy the frame.

“You see, don’t you Sister Henry, that I couldn’t keep any, and now will have to wait for that picture frame.”

And wait we did for several months before we were able to have it on the wall in her own bedroom.

Untiring service was an outstanding trait of this unusual woman. When she came to the fields, she arrived on Thursday, and by Sunday afternoon was holding a service to begin her mission work. Her tireless efforts to serve God and her fellowmen was one of the secrets of the great success of her work in Cuba.

When others about her failed to have that drive, burden and vision, she mourned for strength to get out in the harvest fields again.

In the land where she labors, sinner and Christian hold her in highest esteem. One evening, she and I and perhaps two others

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were going through Havana. When the conductor came to her, a look of pleased surprise passed over his countenance.

“Abuelita,” (grandma) “how many are on the bus with you?” he asked.

“There are four of us,” she replied.

“Don’t pay; I will pay your fare. You deserve the best the whole city can give you,” he said and walked on down the aisle.

School teachers, bus drivers, clerks all paid deference to her as she walked in their midst. Bankers, businessmen and ministers of other churches honored her and spoke well of her. And the American consul spoke highly of her work and its influence in Cuba.

We have been amazed at times at her courage and brave and fearless spirit. In the days of her labor in India, she faced the wrath of the influential priests in order to rescue the little girls from their degraded circumstances, and in Cuba, her life was threatened by the Communists who put her name on their death list. She went out any hour of the night if she was needed.

When driving at one time on a long trip in the country, they were returning late on one of the very bad roads of those days. The tall grass was head high beside the road as they passed along. Suddenly the grass parted, and a horse stepped out directly in front of them. Blinded by the lights from the car, he stopped, but it was impossible to stop in time to save him.

It happened that two soldiers had been waiting for a bus and offered to pay their fare if privileged to go along. They were kindly taken in, and not long afterward saw the accident happen. The horse was thrown high into the air and its body divided in two by

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the impact and fell kicking in agony of death on the top of the car, crashing in the top, and blood was pouring in as he writhed in a death struggle.

Yet she was ready to drive anywhere she was needed as soon as the car was fixed and ready. It was late in years before she abandoned the boat for the plane, but with the same calm courage, she faced this new venture.

She, up to and including the last year of her life, went back and forth across the channel to the United States. One of these times while in the States, she boarded a plane at Mobile, Alabama to go to Daytona Beach, Florida. While at the airport waiting on the plane at Mobile, a strange burden fell on her and a great heaviness of heart.

She could not understand and turned to her friends who had accompanied her to the plane, saying:

“Pray for me; I don’t know whether I dread to travel alone or why I have such a heavy burden, or what it means, but I feel very heavy hearted.” But the feeling did not leave, and excusing herself, she entered the ladies’ room and prayed. Bidding goodbye to her friends, she boarded the plane and sat down. The load still lay on her heart, and she determined to spend the time on the plane in prayer and did so. Just before reaching Tallahassee, Florida, dinner was served. Cushions were laid down, and trays were placed and the food served.

Suddenly, without warning, the plane took a nose dive straight down. The trays full of food went in every direction, and people who had loosened their safety belts were thrown in different directions. The stewardess who had been standing in the aisle was

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thrown under the seat in such a way that it took the efforts of three of the passengers to release her.

Then slowly the plane righted and suddenly turned on its side. Passengers were really frightened by this time, but slowly it gained a proper altitude, and righting itself went on to Daytona Beach.

The pilot, sitting in his place, spoke comforting words to the people telling them that the incident could not have been avoided, also that the company would pay any expense of dry cleaning necessary because of the incident.

The next day the newspapers printed news of the affair. Out of a clear sky, another plane had approached them, but was seen too late to avoid a crash in mid-air. There was but one thing left to do, one hope to survive, and that was to dive below at the very moment under the oncoming plane.

The report continued to say that only a real feat of flying could have successfully done what was done that day. Then Faith Stewart knew why God had laid a heavy burden on her heart and why she could not get relief but had to keep praying. Afterward she said to me:

“Prayer alone that day saved a crash in mid-air and the loss of all lives on board.”

The years dealt severely with Faith Stewart, and her step grew slower. Her eyesight was not as good, and she found it harder and harder to hear what we said. Once she remarked:

“I feel so alone sitting at the table with others or in a group, for I can no longer hear clearly unless facing the speaker, and I get so little of the conversation.”

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In the late years, she suffered the effects of two definite strokes, at different times. God would heal her, and in a short time, another affliction would seize her frame.

It was at the close of convention one year when she was in the seventies that an annual board meeting was held with all the matters at hand to take care of, and she was so worn at that time that she was scarcely able to attend meetings, but by putting forth a great effort went in and sat through the weighty discussions. At the close of this meeting, rising to go, she fell, completely exhausted and being placed on a bed, lay for about five hours. She suffered a stroke and was brought home and put in her bed.

When we returned home, she was still bedfast and not able to feed herself. She laid there a long time. Finally she was able to get around by holding on the chairs or other articles of furniture. It was while in this feeble condition that God spoke to her.

“Get ready and go to the Manassas camp meeting this year.”

“But Lord,” she replied in real surprise, “you see what condition I am in. How can I go?”

“Go, and I will go with you, every step of the way.”

Throughout the years, she had done many daring things and feared not. Now she was old and broken and sick in body, and the task of going across seemed impossible.

The workers at the Home were just then gathering for prayer in the front room, so she made her way to them.

“The Lord has told me to go to Manassas camp meeting,” she announced, thinking that a great protest would come, and she would have to argue it down.

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To her surprise, not a word of protest or dissent arose, and each volunteered to do something to help her on her way. But when she was ready, she was so feeble that two of the brethren had to go along to assist her on the plane. She was met at Key West by two faithful friends in Homestead and taken to their comfortable home where she soon retired to her room.

Everybody was out of the house. She was lying on the bed, and soon fell into a restful slumber. Suddenly, she was awakened as though someone called or purposely awakened her. She awoke in utter amazement.

A gleaming white light filled the whole room. Looking upward, she saw with her physical eyes, angels circling about in the white light shed about them. Lying there and gazing in awe and wonder, she began to think about what such a visitation could possibly mean.

“Lord,” she whispered at last, “is it possible that you have brought me over here to take me home?”

Long ago she had said that her desire was to leave this world from the land of her calling. And so it was with real disappointment that she began to think the end had come. But the answer came softly back:

“This is my seal on your obedience, and the angel of the Lord will encamp round about you every step of the way.”

Telling of her experience later on, she said:

“That was the most marvelous trip I ever took. My friends put me on the train, and to my utter surprise, I was given a compartment. My shoes were polished by a porter; everything that

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could be done was done for me. When I arrived at the city where I was to go, a train employee came to me and said:

“Don’t worry, Mother, we will have the train stop right in front of where you get off, and you will not have to walk at all.”

“And so it was, every step of the way. Miracles of kindness from utter strangers, and best of all, I was steadily improving all along the way. God kept His promise and used men and women who had been born into the Kingdom, and it seemed truly that His angels went before me and prompted their responses and quickened their minds to know what to do for my needed comfort. All this is not strange. It is really true to scripture.

“ ‘He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy way.’ ”

She traveled much up to the very last year of her life, and many were her experiences coming over from Cuba to the homeland to present her work to those who had vision and burden for souls.

Once, when journeying through Indiana, she remembered that it was just about time to go to the Burnside camp meeting in Pennsylvania. She accordingly made inquiry about the fare and found herself just four dollars short.

So with no more ado, she purchased a ticket for Altoona, Pennsylvania, some distance from Burnside and went aboard the bus for that place. Alas. The only seat vacant was one by an intoxicated man who constantly annoyed her by falling asleep and leaning over against her. After some time, a gentleman across the aisle arose and left the bus.

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She looked across at the vacant space left and made a decision.

‘May I sit in that vacant seat?’ she asked the remaining passenger.

‘Certainly,’ she replied, ‘I have been feeling sorry for you for some time. You are welcome.’

She arose at once and occupied the space. The gentleman asked her what was the reason for this trip at her advanced age. She explained that she was a missionary and handed him one of her reports on the Home in Cuba. Then, tired and sleepy, and finding the time already advanced far into the night, she fell asleep.

Not long after that, she felt the touch of a hand on her arm and awoke to find her fellow passenger standing in the aisle with his suitcase ready to leave the bus at the next stop. He said:

‘I felt I must speak to you before I leave and shake hands with you. I have read your booklet and find it very interesting.’

He reached forward and shook hands, leaving a ten dollar bill as he did so. God had graciously supplied the means to go to Burnside camp. So alighting at Altoona and having one and one-half hours to wait for the next bus, she purchased her ticket and ordered a warm meal. Truly, “not any good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.”

The years of life had sped by until four score years were nearing her pilgrimage of life. Her shoulders were bent from the load that she carried, and she spent much time on her bed looking so tired and worn that those who labored with her often pitied her.

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But when some question had to be solved and some matters discussed, she exerted will power to the limit and arose and sat throughout the meeting.

Few indeed were the times that she ever received any special honor just for some little thing as a birthday celebration. But in the latter part of January, 1958, she crossed the channel and went over to Miami, Florida to visit a home where a friend lay dying and had sent for her.

While she was absent, those who remained at home went about planning a surprise. This would indeed be a gala occasion. But they were so rare in her life that once when someone, in late years, presented her with an orchid on her birthday, she seemed plainly distressed. Between desire to show appreciation to the kind friend and the embarrassment of decorating the front of her dress after living over seventy years so severely plain, she had quite a decision to make.

Like Paul, she knew far more about persecutions, losses, tests, and trials than the little happy things that fill the regular life of most of us. Then she conquered the habit of years. Was it not made by God? Who better should wear it than one of His own? So she wore it.

So on this special occasion, a great effort was made by those at the Home. Congregations near were notified, and pastors were invited to come in with some of the lay members. Then she returned home, and because her life had been a life of giving and not much receiving, she planned to serve her birthday cake to the workers who had so little of the extra things of life. The day before the birthday celebration she went out over the grounds. There she saw one of the boys, who on closer inspection, proved to have on a soiled shirt. She spoke to him:

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“Go at once and change your clothes.”

“Oh, I can’t. I must keep my clothes clean for tomorrow.”

Still she did not comprehend, and on the morrow ate supper with the Woods family, and afterward there was quite a delay in getting off to services until she remonstrated at the lateness of the hour.

Finally they reached the chapel and going in found it filled with people. She wondered greatly at the crowd and exclaimed:

“Why, where will we get a seat? We will never get out of here in a reasonable time.”

Just as she sat down, the pastor of the Spanish congregation came down from the platform to escort her to the front in honor of her eightieth birthday.

Then and only then, it dawned on her that the unusually crowded room, the very air, the happy joyous singing of the audience, and the presence of each and every child and worker at the Home meant her birthday celebration.

They presented their gifts, no doubt most of them a sacrifice of living hearts. From the congregation at Esperanza, a box of candy, from Coterra, a large decorated tin box of cookies, from the Jamaican congregation, an umbrella and a desk set, from the Spanish congregation in Havana, a pocketbook, from Santa Fe, a coin purse, from Rio Seco, a beautiful kerchief, from Martinez, a towel set, from Pinar del Rio, a chicken, from the home missionaries, an orchid, etc.

In all the years of her labors, this was the greatest celebration of her birthday. And how fitting! Should not the years that had held so much and been so full of unremittent labor have some

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recognition at the end of the road, even for one small loving hour? So that evening, wearing the orchid, she walked among them in honor and received the gifts of loving appreciation due one who had so freely given her all.

When Faith Stewart left India with a breaking heart, she asked God to help her forget the past and give her a new vision of fields of labor for the present. But after her leaving, loving hearts through the years did not forget her in that distant land.

A letter came from far off India, a letter from one of her dear girls who had tried for twenty years to get her address and once more get in touch with her, and finally the letter found its way to the island of Cuba.

What memories crowded back into that picture as she sat down to answer the letter one day. Then there was the group of young men students of India. Their ship came into harbor at Guantanamo, Cuba, and they came ashore and traveled all the way to Havana to look up a woman who had left India thirty years ago, but whose name was still loved and honored by their parents and who came to see the person who had brought security and happiness to their elders. A year later, a young man wrote a beautiful letter (in English) to her telling her the high esteem in which his mother held her and how she, the mother, owed her life and knowledge of Christ to her.

How merciful! After years of time, with new burdens, new people, and new land, God was gently reminding her of those she labored among in dark India and showing her that despite the long, weary years, they had not forgotten.

For many, there is a serene old age and long hours in which to reminisce over the many adventures in life, and in many lives, over

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dreams come true. But not so in the life of our missionary. With eighty years, she still pressed on and bore on her shoulders and, yea, oh her heart, the load she had ever borne since going to Cuba.

When the United States lacked, Cuba suffered, and out in the fields, the ministers' families grew desperate waiting for the aid that did not come. In her room gathered the workers for prayer until the load was lifted. Like Mary Slessor in Africa, she may have had burdens hard to bear, but she would not give up her children.

The last years in Cuba found some of the children grown and away from the home nest. Angel was in the Air Force, Alepio out on the ocean in a fishing fleet, Augusto a policeman, Yorenti an aid in a hospital, Edwardo in a good position, Celestino a printer, Luisa a ministerial student, Soila married and at La Finca, Ruby in business college, Rafaela a housewife, Luz Maria the wife of Francisco Lopez, a minister, and Anita the wife of a missionary to Haiti. The fruit of toil and faith in God.

There is an outstanding fact in the history of El Hogar. From the day that the home opened in Santa Fe to bringing in children from all walks of life and in different physical conditions, there has never been one death among the children who have been sheltered at the Home.

“Her children rise up and call her blessed.” Proverbs 31:28.



## Chapter XXVI

### The Last Mile On the Highway

*“If I walk in the pathway of duty,  
If I work till the close of the day;  
I shall see the great King in His beauty  
When I’ve gone the last mile of the way,”*

*J. Oatman, Jr.*

In February of 1958 a letter came, urging me to go to Cuba for awhile as a worker whose husband had been ill in the United States was leaving to join him. So we turned our faces once more toward the little island that had come to be almost a second home.

Arriving in due time and greeting many friends in front of El Hogar, we entered the room of Faith Stewart. She was lying on her bed where it was necessary in those last days to spend so much of her time. Often, to this sanctuary, came native ministers, visitors from the United States, workers in the Homes, and sometimes a student of the Bible School.

We walked forward to greet her and were amazed at the change that had come over her in the short time since we had met. A deathly pallor overspread her face, and we could not fail to note how she had fallen away, and a great weariness and weakness that was evident to all seemed to enclose her. To one who had stood at

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the helm through the storms that beset the old ship Zion, this was a great trial. These, however, were days of earnest exercising of will power. She would rise from the bed and come to her meals and go to tend to some matter and then hasten exhausted to her bed once more. She spoke often of the great difficulty for her to converse as her hearing grew steadily worse.

Each day when the mail came, it was brought to her room, and sitting upon the bed, she would remove her glasses and look through it. Only when walking about were they of use to her. But those days, she also spoke again and again of having difficulty to read, and sometimes she would get the service of others if the ink was pale or the writing indistinct. It was surprising to see her get about as good as she did under the circumstances. But she made determined efforts to remain active. Again, when she felt too weary or weak to get about, she would send for one of us and give directions from her bed. One day she said to me:

“Did I tell you the story of the five children admitted to the Homes just before you came?”

“No, I am sure you did not. Please tell me.” For never were we satisfied with the material we had gathered, and always we were looking for more,

She sat up and arranged her pillows behind her, saying:

“Don’t stand, please. Pull up a chair beside the bed, and I will tell you. You know that we are at capacity for space in the Girls’ Home because we have had to use the large room on the side for the girl students this year. We have not been taking on new girls.

“Well, one day as we were going about our usual duties in the mission, a poor man appeared at the door of the Girls’ Home with five little girls at his side. Milagros met him at the front door. It

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seemed to be the same story as usual, for we have had to see them come with their little ones, and with every bed full, we have been compelled to send them away weeping or in deep silent grief which is harder to bear—send them back to the hovels or streets or park benches or doorways.

“The poor little children who stood by their sides, fearful of the strange Americans and the change to be made in their lives, yet encouraged to be hopeful of something better to come, at dismissal reflected their sorrow in their small upturned faces as they were made to understand that it was impossible for them to enter.

“This was not the fault of the mission. The government employees may well understand that the only bed these little ones have is a park bench or doorway, or on ground under a tree, yet they will not permit the Homes to put two children in one bed no matter what size of bed. So when capacity is reached, we must say no to the sad group that stands outside the door.

“After hearing the story of the father, Milagros told him that there were no beds for them, but in pity for their condition, and since it was just dinner time, she said that if he would permit the five little girls to come inside, she would give them a good warm meal before sending them away. Also, if he would wait on the veranda, she would bring out a plate of dinner to him, and all would be served and have something warm in their stomachs before leaving. In Cuba it would not be proper nor too safe to have a strange man come in a home where all were women and girls.

“He sat down, and she took the children in and gave them a warm dinner. Then she filled a plate and returned to the front door. But when she reached the veranda, there was no sign of the man. He had fled, leaving them in the hands of the Home. So Milagros

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hurried over to the main building to report the matter and get advice.

“She was informed to call the police and report the case at once so that there would be protection when a government inspector came and found children sleeping, more than one in a bed. So a full report was sent to the police station. They sent out a policeman at once to bring the man in. Soon the policeman came, and he was our own Augusto whose story we have told before; he having been reared in the Children’s Home. He looked so well in his nice blue uniform and stood so straight that we could not but feel proud of him. He brought the poor man back, who then related his story again, and this is what he told before all who stood before him.

“He had a job, working in the hospital cleaning up at night after the day’s work was over. This brought him a very small wage. His wife had become a mental case recently, and he had been trying to hold the home together in spite of the disadvantages. But she would disappear and leave the children and then return home. Finally she left and failed to return at all.

“To add to this, he had not been able to pay the rent, so he was turned out into the streets with his five little children. He took them to a place under a tree in the daytime and stayed with them as close as possible during the day. Then, after dark, he reported to the hospital for work. He took them to the rear of the building and had them lie down on the cold concrete of a veranda in the rear. They slept out in the cold night, lying side by side until the morning while the father went about his work. Then together, they would return to the place of abode.

“But soon someone reported the case to the hospital employers, and instead of helping the poor man, they laid him off

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until he could find a home for the children. Now there was neither roof nor food, and the man, growing desperate in his sad plight, and hearing of the homes at Los Pinos, had come, hoping to get help some way. When refused, he had felt so desperate that he fled, thinking that the children surely would not be turned away from a Christian home.

“We listened to his story, made investigation, and found every word true, and as the officers had been notified, the blame would no longer rest on the Home when the inspector came. So beds were made out extra and all preparation made, and the little ones were accepted.”

Just then one of the native women came in with a glass of orange juice.

For the last year or two at least, Faith Stewart ate so little that the marvel was that she lived. She left salt out of her food because of the hardening of the arteries and also because it was bad for her heart. This caused her appetite to lag so that she came to the table and at times could not eat a bite. Most of the nourishing foods were omitted from her diet. No meat, eggs or sweets, and many other things were omitted until finally it brought her to a very weak condition. Her food, for some time, consisted of soups and fruit juices.

Because of her condition, workers were called at any hour of the day or night to engage in earnest prayer for her when sinking spells would come. She still pushed herself to serve, to counsel and to pray the prayer of faith for others and herself throughout her own sufferings. When we considered her case, we thought often of Mary Slessor who, after a rigorous life in Africa, was a great sufferer, yet as long as she could sit on a chair, she would go forth

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among the natives to preach or to counsel on the trials among the chiefs.

Why God permits people like Mary Slessor who was probably one of the most courageous of women missionaries, to suffer so long when she would have spent her strength in His service so gladly, if physically able, no one knows.

All who knew Faith Stewart know that she was an example of the faith life, going down again and again to the very doors of death. Five times she suffered from a stroke. In India, after a stroke, one arm hung helpless for a year, and then God healed her. At another time, blind and unable to go about, she was delivered by the mighty power of God and completely healed. Years later, she laid in a coma for twenty-nine days until all doctors who knew of the case said it was impossible for her to live. And in old age, she was permitted by the great unseen God whom she served, to suffer almost continually, yet touched and definitely healed of some sickness. Then, in a short time, new afflictions fixed themselves upon her.

Satan, who was permitted to afflict Job through the loss of loved ones, property and health, certainly did not retire from the field and attacked her life again and again to destroy it, for not only much was accomplished, but an example of actual faith was given to a doubting world. But she did not complain of God's care over her. She too felt that she was a real target for the attacks of Satan whose dark powers as the prince of this world would gladly destroy her life and put an end to her testimony.

She told me that one day she was standing at the head of the concrete stair that lead to the basement kitchen and dining room of the boys' Home at El Hogar. No one was near. She walked to the very top of the stair and just as she was ready to step down on the

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first step, it seemed as if someone pushed her. This she knew to be untrue as there was no one about, and she was absolutely alone. But suddenly, she pitched headlong down the stairs, calling silently on God to let her keep conscious during this time. She landed directly on her head. Workers rushed to her aid. There was a terrible gash in her forehead, her whole body was bruised from the concrete steps, and her teeth were pushed back into the gums so far that they could only be taken out by an operation of the Dentist. There was a concussion, but through it all, she was able to direct those who came to assist her, telling them to take her up on the outside and not up the stair and to carry her to her bed. As Carmen stood by her bed, she directed her to clean the wound in her forehead and there lay her hand on her and pray earnestly.

The next day, a young intern from the hospital called and looked at the place on her forehead.

“How long were you unconscious?” he asked.

“Not at all,” she said.

“But that could not be. You had a concussion. There is a deep dent in the bone on your forehead.”

“Yes, I know. But God has undertaken in this particular case,” she said quietly.

“Certainly some miracle has been performed” he replied.

The deep cut in the flesh was healing up so well that he did not disturb it, but the deep dent in her forehead remained as evidence of the serious hurt she received.

She forced herself physically to keep on laboring, going to the office for perhaps an hour or reading the mail and the requests that came in for prayer or talking to those whose errands took them

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through her room to the office. It was on one of those occasions when she called me again to sit by her bedside awhile, for there was an incident that had recently happened that she really felt we should know and record in the book.

She leaned back against the pillows with her silvery hair in long braids hanging over her shoulders and her long slender fingers clasping the edge of the quilt as she arranged it across her feet, for it was still March and Cuba was in the throes of one of the coldest spring months it had ever known. She suddenly sat up straight and said:

“Luz, the wife of Rasmos Texidor, is working in a mission in Camaguey, but she often goes to hospitals in the city to pray for the sick and to seek to help souls in other ways. One day while making such a call, she noticed a group of nurses and doctors standing near a bed in conference. She approached them and asked if they would tell her what was wrong.

They explained that the man lying in the bed was the mayor (in our language) of a small town near there. He was now lying there so sick that hope for his life was given up. This he knew also. She then approached his bed after asking the permission of both doctors and nurses.

“Do you know about God?” she asked.

“I know very little about God.”

“Do you know how to pray?”

“I do not know much about prayer or how to pray, but if you do, I will be glad to have you pray for me,” he replied.

So, in pity for his condition and in an interest for his soul, she prayed and God touched him and definitely healed Him, and in two

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days, the hospital dismissed him as a well man. He obtained the address of Luz, and returned to his office. But he did not forget that prayer.

Not long after this, a man came to him for help. His wife had suffered with cancer for three months and then died. He had four little boys. The expenses of those last weeks had left him penniless. He could find no one to take care of them and had no place where he could take them. The mayor at first said there was nothing he could do. Then he thought about the matter.

“There was a woman,” he said, “who visited me at the hospital when all hope was gone. She prayed for me, and I got well. Go to her and tell her your story; she can help you.”

The man accordingly went to the house of Luz, taking all four children along. When she saw the situation, she wondered what to do. Then when she heard the full story, she felt she could not turn them away. She must not fail the good man who had so much faith in her.

So she took in all four little ones and kept them for a month and found that she simply could not keep up with the heavy load of other tasks. She thought of El Hogar and sent word to the mayor that she would have to take the children to Los Pinos and enter them in the Children’s Home there.

Since strange men, even friends, do not travel along anywhere with a woman or wife of another, Luz took her two girls and the father took his four little boys, and one day the mayor gave them all passes on the bus or train, and it was thus they arrived at El Hogar. When the others and I received them, we, like Luz, wondered what to do. I stood and looked at them in pity. The children were so small and the youngest, a tiny one year old was

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not able to use his limbs at all to walk. They looked pale and underfed. I just stood there at first and said,

“What can we do?”

But after due deliberation, we decided that we could put at least three of them in the nursery and so needed but little space in the Boys’ Home. So we took them in, and I suppose the mayor thinks some magic power lies surely with Luz and that she can cure all problems. So, you see they are still coming to El Hogar in these late days. Dear, little, sad children! But after a few weeks of nourishing food, the littlest one is trying to walk and his little limbs seem stronger.

This is the story as told by Faith Stewart of the four children. So it is that the work started by faith in Los Pinos still moves on in its grand and noble purpose of rescuing lives.

About that time, rumors began to come in from many sections of Cuba of the efforts of men, especially in the Oriente and some other sections, who were dissatisfied with the government and who planned to do what they could to overthrow the present government and free Cuba.

Men were hiding in the mountains and mustering strength to break forth and demand that the president resign his office. There was much suffering everywhere in the city of Havana and elsewhere as men were quietly getting ready for battle and an open break.

Arms were being brought to Cuba in every way conceivable, and soon outbreaks here and there began to convince the people that a revolution was developing. There were the memories of the sufferings of the last revolution in the Island, and the awful things that went on during those five years and especially the sufferings

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caused by the food strike when all stores, bakeries, dairies and fruit markets were ordered closed, and none could buy for days. No one dared to buy or sell. Hunger, deep distressing hunger, was felt and even lives were lost during that time. And then in the present revolution, orders were given that gatherings were prohibited; people must stay off the streets at night or risk their lives. All guarantee of safety was withdrawn, and each went out at their own risk. Because there were supposed to be rebels hid here and there all about the city, everyone was suspected. Also because many of the colleges were supposed to be in sympathy with the thought of freedom of the people from the present administration, students were suspects everywhere. No lives were safe.

Bombs were thrown at different times in different parts of the city of Havana, of one and one-half million people. In the theatre, near the airport, and also in the business section. No life was safe on the streets. Sister Stewart felt that we must not close the services unless strictly demanded of us, and so Phyllis and I went out, going as early as possible and returning by nine o'clock, but holding services regularly throughout the whole time.

One such night when we returned, Juan, a Bible student, was standing at the gateway of the drive, and one or two other students were near about. As Phyllis drove the car down the sloping driveway and into the garage, they began to tell her their troubles.

For the second day now, a car had been parked just outside the grounds of El Hogar and two men sitting in the car seemed to be keeping watch. The life of no student in the city was safe at that time, and many had been shot down. We stood on the veranda and waited, and when Phyllis came up, we went inside and saw Sister Stewart to her bed, and then in whispers, we planned for the boys.

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The lock was not strong on their door, and we let them sleep in the “sick room” that night since no children were sick, and they gladly took the opportunity to be in a safer place, fearing that late in the night their room might be broken into and they, carried off to jail. We were all afraid that night, and we heard their earnest voices go up in prayer.

We did not tell Sister Stewart about this matter, for there were so many trials those days. People in the United States began to fear, reading the news that money would not reach us. Although all registered mail had come through, we began to suffer financially.

Men out in the mission fields were going without food and other necessary things. There were days when market day came and we had no money with which to go to market. There was prayer, much prayer, going up for days. Rumors of burning cane fields, mills, and factories came again and again and were verified in the American newspapers. But all of a sudden, the news was censored, and no news came at all. An awful oppressive silence fell over the whole city.

For days, we had been under a dreadful pressure of fear and that awful silence. The very air of the city seemed laden with some strange and awful things. Sister Stewart remarked that even the trees that seemed always waving in the breeze from the ocean had become strangely still as if in sympathy with the trend about them.

Rumors and more rumors were floating in, awful, fearful news, and suddenly all was suppressed and all protection withdrawn, and it was publicly announced that none were guaranteed safety night or day on the streets.

In a great city like Havana, the people teem in the streets, and they are full of living, moving masses going to or from their

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homes, work, business, or pleasure. But not so then. The streets were practically empty. The only customers in one of the large clothing stores one day were Phyllis and I. Stories of dreadful outrages on young and old alike, innocent or guilty, caused the people to go out in fear and return in fear. No one knew if he would ever return when he left his home. Children were no safer than adults. The children were warned to stay away from the front gates and play in the back yards. None knew from one day to another what might befall.

News kept coming that a city wide strike would soon be called and there must be food laid in for several days to supply all the Home if that strike should come without warning. But how could we do this when there was not enough to buy all we needed for one time? We were not ready for this, and there was no money to even buy charcoal and supplies.

Each day, there was prayer as they prayed and plead that the means would come in and supplies to save the workers from starvation. It was not coming as needed, so they cried out to God in His great riches to supply the needy mission, but God works through human channels, and so often those channels are clogged and His blessings cannot flow through.

One day when we could not write in the book, nor study, nor type because of the peculiar tension, we went out on the front veranda and sat down for a moment. Sister Stewart was already there and said that she was so restless she could not settle down to anything. Phyllis had been trying all day to get down to the bookkeeping in the office and just couldn't. Something like a pall hung over the whole city.

An awful suspense of waiting, waiting and fear on every heart as to what might come that day. A new order came that day;

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namely, that no two persons should walk together on the streets any more. The danger to the water system compelled everyone to buy large containers and keep fresh water in them at times. Then, if a bomb should destroy the water plant, there would be a little water to relieve the situation briefly. It takes much water here where a hundred people use it to drink, wash clothes, bathe, mop floors and cook. Everybody was hastening to buy empty lard cans for water, and the man who was saving some for us sold them to others.

The milk boy came in one day and set the milk on the usual place, but he was trembling. Sister Stewart noticed this and asked:

“What ails you, boy?”

“Oh,” he said, “I am so afraid. Things are so strange.”

“Don’t worry, we will pray for God to protect you in these awful days.”

The words comforted him, and he felt more assured and passed on. The streets were deserted except for those who could not stay at home and had to go out.

Sister Stewart called in the workers and talked to them, asking all to cooperate in Christian love those crucial days. The students were called in and told what to do if bombs would fall on the buildings and advised that should things come closer, each should wear a garment at night that would be suitable to rush out of the building in, in case of fire from exploding bombs. She instructed them to leave their shoes close beside the bed where they could step into them in haste if need be. The men students had been instructed also. And we were told as to what doors we would use in case of fire. She instructed the matron of the Girls’ Home as to what door to use, if need be, to lead the children out at night if the lights should fail, and a bomb burst over the buildings.

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At seven p.m. an all English program was on the radio and awful battles were reported being waged in the besieged city of Santiago. It was the third largest city in Cuba, and seventy buses left the city every day for various parts of the Island with an average of 6,000 passengers, but on that day, only one bus left with two passengers.

Men were compelled, at the point of a gun, to run the buses, but on the road, they might be beset and the bus burned. So they had a hard lot. Rumors came that help was coming from a nearby republic.

At eight o'clock, the workers and students met in Sister Stewart's room for prayer. Hearts were burdened for almost everyone had loved ones near or in the besieged city, and news came that it was burning and in an awful state.

We were buying candles for each to have in their room in readiness if the lights went off and we would need light. Sito came from work at the printing shop saying that things were growing worse all the time. Seventeen workers and students spent an hour in continuous prayer. As Sister Stewart started to relate the dangers, Mariano stepped to the door, hastily closing it as we could trust no one, for everyone informed against his neighbor or stranger. No one was safe.

Ruby lagged on her way home from church, and suddenly there was shooting and men running everywhere. A man ran hastily to her side, saying:

"Girl, you are in a dangerous place; run!"

Someone broke the lock on the back door, and the small bolt was a very poor safeguard.

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We could not sleep that night, and could hear guns shooting not far away and knew that souls were going out into eternity. The next morning, we learned that very near us a policeman was killed and another stabbed farther away. Eight youths attacked the arsenal with machine guns, and a battle ensued. Also three bombs fell in the business section of Havana. Brother Diaz from Pinar sent word that we must clean the water tanks at once and be ready to store water. No planes went back and forth on this date from the United States except Army planes. One army plane crashed in the city with a pilot and friend aboard. Two or three houses were wrecked and the plane exploded, causing a fire to be added to the calamity.

A terrible fear came over us of the strike that seemed so eminent, and we had feared starvation. There were over 80 children and we had to do something soon. We met day by day and prayed and sent out letters. Some means came in, and at once there was purchased crackers, rice, sugar, sausage, beans, and macaroni to do for a few days. Then we thanked God because we were partly ready for the strike.

There was a battle in the narrow streets of Havana so that buses enroute down those streets had to reroute to avoid being shot, so we were living in the midst of danger and abject fear and silence in the pressure put upon us.

One day a glad voice came through the corridor and back to the kitchen. Greetings from dear ones and everybody talking at once, and then after many salutations and embraces, Prudencio and Anita Linares and their two children entered the door of the main building. These fine young people were missionaries just returned from the neighboring island of Haiti, the first foreign missionaries sent out from the Cuban mission. They returned to get their proper papers to establish residence in Haiti and found it necessary to be

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in Cuba for some weeks. A French woman accompanied them home. Their presence was a blessing to us.

When they left their island, they did not know the awful condition of their country and were not prepared for the things they saw and heard. After visiting several of the brethren on the way, they came to El Hogar. Their Godly, prayerful lives were a blessing in those days of strain, and as the days wore on and things began to slow down and people walked the once deserted streets of the city, all hearts were lifted up to God in thanksgiving.

Things were beginning to get back to a more normal condition, and with relief after the great strain, each one tried to get settled in his occupation. Perhaps no one realized what a terrible strain each had gone through until it died down.

It was doubly hard on Faith Stewart. Not only was she very old, but in those days, there were times of much weakness and sinking spells. Often ministers or workers were called to pray earnestly for her. And God came to her aid, and she would get relief.

The spring wore on, and all were busy. The Bible students had their classes in the living room of the mission house, and the last semester was nearing the end.

A young couple from the Home was living in the small apartment back of the house at La Finca, and one day, a group went out for two or three hours to walk over the grounds or rest on the rambling veranda. The patient oxen walked with dignified mien in the fields, and everyone sang as they gathered up the ripe mangoes and other fruit to give us on our return to El Hogar.

The last payment was due on the farm. We began to pray, waiting on God and realizing how very important this last payment

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was. Day after day, prayer went up. One day a letter came with a check for \$4,000! That was the exact amount due on the farm. We gathered together and praised God that now the last dollar was in, and La Finca would soon belong to the mission property!

That day was a soul satisfying day in the life of Faith Stewart. Once more in the purchase of the property, God had moved on hearts and a miracle had been performed.

“Now” she said, “I would like to live just long enough to put up a home for the boys, one for the girls, a nursery, a vocational school, a tabernacle, and a grade school. Then I will be willing to go to my Heavenly home.”

But everybody realized that first the present property must be sold in order to have means to erect the new building, and these were not times to sell quickly nor to advantage. So prayer began to ascend to Heaven to God for the sale of El Hogar.

## Chapter XXVII

### Sunset On the Highway

*“Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me,  
And may there be no moaning at the bar,  
When I put out to sea.”*

—Tennyson.

It was springtime of 1958, and the revolution was on in Cuba. A spring of suffering for Faith Stewart. Much of her time she spent sitting or lying on her bed. Her diet was, for a long time, unsalted soups and fruit juices. She grew more feeble day by day. The hardening arteries slowed down her body, and it was plain to see that she could not go on in this condition.

When urged to eat more, she patiently explained that she could not and that she was doing her very best. But the fact remained that she was going down physically before the eyes of all. There seemed to be nothing that anyone could do.

The storms that had broken in upon her life for years, unremittent toil that never ceased, and the heavy soul burden that always was on her heart caused the wear and tear of her aging body. Her four-score years called for quiet and peace.

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This actually seemed to distress her at times. The assembly room of the Bible school students was next to hers, and there was no other place for it. She spoke of this and was sorry that she had come to a place where it seemed to trouble her at times.

“I don’t know why, but it seems that the things that were of no moment whatever before seem to bother me now. I don’t want to get cranky,” she said one day.

Some have a serene old age and go slowly down until they cross over. But all her life, she had been active and then it seemed that, with all the problems of a great work and the many demands up to the very last made on her as the president or director of the mission, she could not retire to her room to quiet and rest. And neither did she desire to be so.

There was a sad incident in the history of her life that happened earlier in the spring and added to her burdens and gave her deep concern and grief. We do not doubt that it caused her to go down faster than she might have done.

Quite some time before this, a man had come to Cuba, after some corresponding, telling her, when he arrived, that he had for some time taken a stand against the apostate condition of the Church in his own country. He further stated that he very much desired to help build up and strengthen the work of the Church of God in Havana.

He was a capable man in the pulpit, and there was a real need in this field for a capable man. After inquiry concerning him and waiting for a short while, he assumed leadership of the English group. Here he served for a few years. But information came in from faithful brethren out in the fields and laymen in the congregation that plans were being laid to make division and lead

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away these people who had been faithful for years under the leadership of Sister Stewart.

She could no longer attend the services regularly, and the news was a stunning blow, coming at such a time in her life. Other times the waves of the sea of life had beat upon her barque and rolled on as the years passed by. But she was quite feeble, and this move made against the unity of the mission came when the barque somehow was frail, and it beat cruelly down upon her.

On the Thursday evening of that week, she forced herself to get up and to go to the service, and we went as usual to Buena Vista and found only the few faithful members present who were too wise to be influenced. Upon inquiry, we found that the others had followed their leader to another place of worship.

She looked sadly at the empty seats, and all at once, leaning forward in her seat and resting her head on the pew in front of her, she quietly sobbed out her heartache in the chapel at Buena Vista. The shadows of early evening were falling softly about us as we sat there in the twilight helplessly looking on at her grief. So near the end of life; so close to the great departure. Oh, how cruel are the blows of Satan against the saints of God!

As we sat there about her, she raised her head; once more the staunch spirit conquered, and she said:

“I am too weak and sick and I cannot go out as before to visit and bring in, but we must labor and win more for the Lord.”

So she began to plan and set her foot once more to build the broken wall of Zion. True, many blocks had been removed, but these had gone out from the fold. Comforting words from the Bible came to her, “The true sheep hear His voice, and a stranger will they not follow.”

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The only thing that could be done was to plunge again into battle and get more saved. Aged, sick, worn in body, the iron of that will came floating to the top. Her rugged spirit arose and took over, and she mastered the situation spiritually and pressed on.

Alas! The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. It was easy to note that she was affected physically by the struggle and the last great blow given by the enemy. Physically, she did not seem able to throw it off, and all that could be done for her was done to spare her in those days.

Lying on the bed one day when the morning mail was brought in, she roused herself, and resting against the piled pillows, she began to read the mail. There was one letter from a friend of many years who sadly wrote that she could not longer stay in the apostate church where she worshipped.

This friend also said that she needed guidance and help and asked Faith Stewart to come and help her to decide upon some course when she next visited the United States.

“It looks like I must go to the United States again,” she said.

“But,” said friends, “you are not able to go on such a trip. Why not let one of us stop on our way home with this Christian woman?”

“No, I feel that I must go.”

But we could scarcely believe that she would keep her word. She grew no better and was finding it harder day by day to hear anything and often those days, she fell just standing in her room. It was, however, with the same determination that ruled her life down through the years that she strove to keep going.

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Finally, at the supper table one evening, she calmly announced her intention of going at once to the United States. Remembering how God had healed her formerly on her trips, one said:

“If it were anyone but you, I would say it is impossible.”

But everyone began to help in the preparations. Ruby came over and selected suitable clothing for the trip and the climate where she would be while there. Then Phyllis, Brother and Sister Linares, Pancho, and I accompanied her to the airport, waiting there until the final call for passengers to board the plane.

With the little leather bag grasped firmly in her hand, she started in line through the passageway. A policeman with a kind face stood watching the people as they fell in line. The last goodbye had been said, and she approached the waiting officer.

He glanced at her halting step, bent shoulders, and beautiful white hair, and bowing his head spoke to her very kindly. We did not hear what he said, but he started to walk by her side, through that line, across the grounds to the waiting plane, and then up the steps to the door of the plane.

She did not look back once, but slowly faded out of sight in the waiting doorway.

That night, somehow it seemed to be unbearable to turn off lightly as we usually do when one is leaving, but we did not know then that it was the last time we would ever look into her countenance or hear her voice in this life.

So it was that Faith Stewart went, unattended, to make the last itinerary for her beloved mission field and her dear people. For she loved the people of Cuba as she loved her own people, and when they failed her, she grieved and tried to look on the best side.

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Once when in a service in Cuba, they played the national anthem of the United States especially for her. She listened, very much pleased for the honor, but arose at the close and said quietly:

“You need not play that piece just for me. Cuba is my adopted land; I am now a Cuban.”

Everyone waited anxiously for her first letter which came after a week or more—just a short note. Crossing over the channel from Havana to Key West, she traveled by bus to Homestead, Florida, stopping over at the home of her kind friends, the C. F. Waldrons.

For many years, Mrs. Anna Benedict of Miami had taken care of the receiving and repacking of boxes for shipping to the mission in Cuba. This she did faithfully, even working alone. When she could no longer carry on, these friends took over and have done a good work.

Every phase of the work that can be helped by them has been taken over, and even travelers going to Cuba in the interest of the mission have been made welcome to the hospitality of their cheerful home.

It was to this place that she came on her last trip to the United States. She was weak and tired and rested in the room always reserved for her. It was in that very room that beautiful Heavenly angels circled about her on a former occasion.

When she started North, they looked with compassion upon the frail body, sorrowing that she should take such a journey in such a physical state.

From Homestead, she went directly to the home of A. J. Martin in Lakeland, Florida, and these good friends took her to Tampa to speak to the congregation of Brother Wallard in that city.

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From there she went to Tennessee to visit the Christian friends awaiting her.

When sitting on the plane at the very beginning of her journey, a gentleman behind her touched her shoulder and said to her:

“Mother, you sit right here and don’t move, and I will take care of you.”

And he secured a wheel chair and took her up to the department without a step on the road. She said that every time she boarded a plane on that trip, she received much courtesy. Again in her life, God had truly given His angels charge over her. She attended the Muncie, Indiana Fellowship Meeting which began April 28 and ended May first. It was wonderful how she held out for those services. Christian laymen and ministers from all over the States gathered in and there was real inspiration in the gospel preaching and the good fellowship.

She spoke from the platform in this meeting and mentioned that people were thinking that the Lord might call her home, and said: “It is perfectly all right with me if God wants me to go home by way of Muncie.”

Afterward arrangements were made for her to speak to a new group of people there who were taking their stand for truth. They left Muncie Thursday evening going to Mentone, Indiana to the home of dear and trusted friends for many years, the Cullums, stopping also to meet the Briggs family in Fort Wayne. It was her plan when leaving Cuba to at once make out a report of the mission work as none had been made for several years. But at that home she became very ill and a call went out to Plymouth for prayer in her behalf. Brother B. F. Whites and the Pletchers answered the call and going at once anointed and prayed for her.

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She immediately began to plan for further labor telling them that the workers in India were very sorry for her to get sick even for one day when she was there, for it was her habit to plan a year's work while idle for one day.

After a day in Mentone she was taken to Niles, Michigan where she spoke in the morning services, and then was brought back to Plymouth where she shared the night service with Brother White. It began at six thirty p. m. and she spoke in the first part of the evening and poured her heart out in that message.

That night she spent at the Pletcher home, worn in body and so tired and nervous under the continued strain that she could not rest. Once she stretched forth her hand to feel for Phyllis' bed which in El Hogar stands near her own. But she was far from home and Phyllis was not there.

Monday afternoon they all went to Muncie, getting there just before the first service. Virginia (Pletcher) shared her room and it was here that she began to realize how serious indeed was the affliction that had seized upon her body. Many times she was heard to breathe a prayer:

“Oh Lord, give me the strength to go on.”

Her nerves were worn so threadbare that in the night when a strange sound was heard she threw up her arm so forcefully hitting the wall that the bed started to roll away from its position.

From there she went to Indianapolis and was put to bed.

On Saturday Virginia faithfully drove to Indianapolis and took her to Hamilton, Ohio to the home of Eldon Henry, pastor of the Fairfax Avenue Church of God, where she had always a good welcome. No people loved her more than these friends and

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everything that could be done for her comfort was done. We quote from a letter received after her visit:

“When she was here she had spoken but a few minutes, when, not being able to stand she had to sit down for the rest of her talk. But that was a one and one half hour talk on missions.” She spent most of her time, however, in Hamilton, at the home of Grace Henry, lying in bed for the much needed rest. She spoke to a young girl by the name of June Blackburn about going to Cuba for the summer and getting the leading of the Lord for her life.

Then she requested to be taken back to the Pletcher home in Plymouth, and this time she asked to be permitted to sit in the back seat. They arrived home Sunday night and she stayed until Thursday evening. She was too sick to go on to Chicago as she had planned and was compelled to cancel the engagement there. But the Saints there sent a love offering to her. She was concerned about her correspondence and kept telling herself “Tomorrow I will feel better and be able to take care of it.” But that tomorrow never came. In four days only once did she take a pen in hand and that to sign her name. Everything possible was done for her in order to save any energy that she was able to build up.

She asked Virginia if she should go to Goshen on Thursday night, but the decision, after all, rested with her. She said:

“I must go now, or I’ll never be able.”

She went by faith and a chair was provided for her as she was no longer able to stand. The hearts of the people were warmed as she assured them of a Bible standard held up in Cuba; also speaking of the future of the work in Haiti.

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Then they went from there to Findlay where supper was awaiting at the home of the Larry Scobys after which a group of the saints met and in spite of her weakness she was able to give them a wonderfully inspiring message. Here again she rested until time for her departure. On the way to Newark they saw a sign, “Church of God,” and she said: “Oh, oh, oh, it used to be when you saw a sign like that you rejoiced wondering who the good pastor was, but now you don’t know whether to rejoice or be sad.” Again she breathed aloud a prayer:

“Oh, Lord, set that young minister on fire to burn out sin and division from these wicked cities.”

Her sense of humor never left her and she was mindful of details even up to the end. Provision was made for our comfort in Brother Wilson’s home, and on Mother’s Day this great Mother in Zion spoke in the service until nearly one o’clock. She again poured out her heart, sitting in the large chair placed on the platform. She emphasized the need of French literature in Haiti, aid to Spanish speaking Americans. She rejoiced greatly because her big family in Cuba had sent her a Mother’s Day greeting by telephone and also sent a card signed with our names written all over the blank space. It brought her great joy in the midst of suffering.

Brother Eldon Henry of Hamilton had made arrangements to take a week of his vacation off at this needy time and he and his wife helped to take her to her engagements. They met the group at Newark on Monday morning and left for Akron, Ohio. Before that, however, they could not but note her condition and told her that she was not able to travel, but she made answer that this trip in the United States would not shorten her stay in heaven one bit. Then they journeyed to Franklin to the home of Sister Overholtz, then

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started up state and stopped at New Philadelphia, where they had luncheon with two of her dear friends, Mrs. Dorothea Bear and Mrs. Thelma Romig. She wished to linger and it was difficult to get started on the way. Tuesday morning early Sister Stewart was so sick that they suggested sending her back to Cuba, but she said, "I must go on." She had come to the States on a mission and she felt that she must fulfill it. They were driving along the toll road and had stopped the second time. She was too sick to go in and get something to eat and so a little soup was warmed for her to eat in the car. When they arrived at Akron a warm supper was awaiting her and a loving welcome and here also she made her last visit among the saints, doing her best to present the loved work of God.

Once when they had parked for some minor thing she was lying in the rear seat very ill. Two young men parked alongside of them. They began to talk in Spanish. It was mentioned to Sister Stewart and she suddenly roused and with renewed energy began speaking to them in Spanish. They enjoyed the conversation and the group took their names to send literature to them. One of the young men was a minister from Puerto Rico.

When on the way to Plainfield, New Jersey, they stopped on the road for a cold drink and while they were all conversing she told them that she had a strange feeling that she would never see Cuba again.

All this was grievous to their hearts but even more so when they arrived at Plainfield, N. J. and realized that Sister Stewart would never walk again. She kept grieving over the fact that she felt she was not doing anything and yet she made possible a great convention at Muncie, Indiana where she had been able to participate even in her weak state. There were people who came to see her all the way from New York, a sister from Topeka, Kansas,

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a brother and sister from Chicago, a brother from Panama, also from Puerto Rico.

The pastors and saints in Plainfield deemed it a great privilege to minister to her in her affliction. Much earnest prayer went up to God those days both from Cuba and in the United States but God did not see fit to raise her up.

We quote from Brother Henry's letter:

"Then she told us how God had kept her supplied with clothing and hose. She said that when she needed a pair of hose, she went to the drawer and took out a pair that God had supplied, and of course, He knew her size.

"We arrived in Plainfield late in the evening with Sister Stewart as comfortable as we could make her with blankets and pillows. Sister Terry put her right to bed, and we gave the best care possible.

"Both Brother and Sister Terry and the saints at Plainfield gave the most loving care of any people that we have ever met.

"During this time we were calling on God to heal her, but after much prayer, we all felt that God was not going to heal her this time. One by one we all seemed to get this answer from God.

"So I went into her room and told her that we felt that she was not able to travel any further, and we thought she should let us call Phyllis to fly her home to Cuba. She replied:

" 'All right, Brother Henry, just let me think it over awhile.'

"So we called Phyllis and she came that very day, hastening here at once from Cuba."

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Sister Francis, who in the earlier years had watched by her bedside when she lay in a coma for twenty-nine days and was healed, had moved to New Jersey and was a member of the Plainfield congregation. She now sat faithfully at the bedside of her loved missionary once more. And Faith Stewart loved to have it so.

But not only was her appetite gone, but there was so little she could eat that her nurses grew desperate trying to care for and provide her with proper food.

Then Phyllis arrived and sought to secure a reservation on the plane, but this required an examination by a doctor, so one was quickly called. He diagnosed her case and said she had pernicious anemia and had only twenty-five to thirty percent of the blood she should have and that she could not make the trip and, of course, would sign no certificate.

She continued to grow worse, not only having no appetite to eat, but now being unable to retain her food. She was happy to see Phyllis once more by her bedside. But she needed quiet now, quiet that could not have been given at El Hogar. Few were permitted to stay in the room. An intense weakness had come over her, and even the strain of the presence of others seemed to excite her and worry her to the extreme.

Sometimes she would talk, and again she would lie there quietly. At times, she suffered intensely and spoke of her pain. One day when Phyllis was just sitting quietly in her room, she suddenly spoke as though speaking to several people, saying:

“Prepare a people for the soon coming Lord.”

It was at this time, after the examination of the doctor, that she said:

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“If God lets me return to Cuba, I will not try to come to the United States again.”

They watched by her bed day and night, and we quote again:

“Phyllis was almost heartbroken to have to go in her room and break the sad news that she would have to go back to Cuba and leave her with fiends in the homeland. But it was necessary to go at once. What a sad hour! Longing for home, an opportunity to go, and yet compelled to submit to the very thing she dreaded most, to stay on alone.

“She broke down, weeping as she said goodbye for the last time, saying:

“ ‘I know you must return. Do with me as you please.’ ”

They began taking turns caring for her day and night, and one day she said to them:

“Do you see those beautiful things floating about in the room?”

“No, we don’t see anything,” they replied.

“Right there, all gold and black.”

There was deep sorrow on her part that she could no longer control her tired feet, and they would not, as of yore, respond and lift her out of that bed and bring her home once more to her beloved Cuba.

Meanwhile at the mission, there was a tense feeling. Every day we met, sometimes two or three times, to pray. It was the general feeling among the Cubans that if only they could bring their beloved Sister Stewart home once more and gather about her

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bed and pray the prayer of faith, that surely she would arise as in former times and be healed and go in and out among them again.

Prayer went up as a cloud of incense from hearts whose devotion was unswerving. Telegrams came in inquiring of her from different workers out in the fields. Then came fasting and prayer and deeper and deeper burden for her recovery.

Then word came that Phyllis was returning without “Abuelita,” and all the household mourned that she came alone. And so firm was their faith that God would send her home in time, that they said:

“She will not die. God will heal her again to live with us as before.” And they continued faithful in prayer.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Harold Barber visited her at Plainfield, and returning to Baltimore took her by ambulance at her request. The trip was hard and very wearisome for her in her weak state.

O gallant warrior! You have stood bravely, facing lions in your day! Lions of Life’s battles, traitors of the work, persecutors from without, pagan powers in dark lands, false teachings, and fierce foes—to rescue precious jewels from the depths and stood victorious over the billows that swept your life labors.

But this is the last enemy of man who is striving to tear you away from all that is dear and you are no longer able to do battle as of yore. And in weakness, you can only say to friends:

“Do with me as you think best.”

For the firm hands that labored once are worn, the feet that carried the Gospel so long refuse to longer serve, and even the will that compelled the weary body to respond has weakened and tired of battle and oh! it is so near to sunset on the highway.

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There was a slow but steady decline as she lay there in her bed. Few were admitted to her room. She had become so weak that the lovely flowers sent her were taken from the room and the cool spring night air admitted. They waited on her in her weakness as one might care for a little infant.

One day when a friend stood at her bedside, she said to him:

“The people of Cuba must be warned that there is a danger coming to the Cubans. But I will not be there.”

“What danger? Can’t you tell us?” he asked as she lay quiet once more, worn out with the effort of speaking. She attempted to answer, but after two or three words, she said: “Tomorrow, I will tell you tomorrow.”

On the morrow, it was just the same. She was too weak to make the effort and again put it off. The answer never came. The reason for the warning was never explained. She grew burdened for the islands of Cuba and Haiti, and often in great agony of soul, would cry out:

“O my burden for Haiti (or Cuba)” Thus she retained her great zeal and burden for the mission field to the very hour of her death.

Then it seemed that the affliction began to destroy more rapidly her weakened frame, and only the most untiring service sufficed. During those days when she was steadily growing weaker, she suffered greatly at night, but without complaint.

Then came times of sinking in weakness and rallying. And after one of these experiences, she said solemnly:

“I am living in the presence of God.”

Later, she rallied again and preached a sermon lying there on her bed, a sermon on the great Body of Christ, the Church of the

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Redeemed, and she spoke in Spanish. She fell back exhausted and lay for a few hours, and rousing again, she seemed to be preaching the same message, this time in the English language. Then she fell back on her pillow and lay utterly exhausted.

They watched by her bedside as the last hours drew near and noted that her suffering ceased, and she fell into a sleep as might a tired child, sleeping away moment by moment the last precious hours of life.

Then the spirit loosed from the ailing body, winging its way Heavenward. A smile of sweetest peace settled down over her countenance and remained on her face during the long journey home.

And in Cuba, there was eager waiting, listening for the news to come of a dear one, waiting, hoping for the best, and fearing the worst, for the last message had left not a vestige of hope.

It had been a hard day, and when at last we retired, we could not sleep. It was late, very late in the night. Finally we dozed off in a troubled sleep, and then the phone in the office rang loudly. Phyllis rushed to the office and took the message. Faith Stewart had gone to her long home at 2:40 a. m. on the day of June 9, 1958.

5. "Desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.

6. Or ever the cord be loosed, or the pitcher broken at the fountain, or the wheel be broken at the cistern.

7. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave." Ec. 12:5-7.

Years before this time when Faith Stewart was seriously ill, an angel had, in a dream, shown her a crown, telling her it was for

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her. Then it was laid up on a shelf, and she was told that she must wait awhile.

Now the cross had been laid down which had been borne so faithfully and so long, and the time came to wear the crown. O glorious and abundant entrance into glory! For "When the battle's over, we shall wear a crown." And the battle was over and the crown won.

When the message came over the wire, we rushed into our clothes at once, and we went out in the early morning to get telegrams to all the ministers in the fields. When we returned to El Hogar, most of the grown people were up, and there was weeping and deep sorrow among the workers.

When there is a death in Cuba, there is just 24 hours to get ready and get the body in the ground. So they came promptly, supposing she would be sent in a few hours, soon the Home was full of workers from out in the fields, beds were filled everywhere, and we were indeed a large but sad family.

Everybody was busy that day. We took out the car and went into Havana on some business. It had been raining most every day, and clouds were massing in the sky and were becoming dark and lowering. About the time we had finished our business, a heavy rainfall began. We hastened to the car through the sheets of rain and started our journey home.

But soon water in torrents was pouring so swiftly down the streets that we were just plowing through and making little time. The water continued rising higher and higher, and soon we were compelled to go through a lower section of the city to reach Los Pinos. Sewers everywhere were inadequate to drain off the fast rising flood, and it kept rising higher.

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A whole line of cars were stalled in the next square, and we were compelled to drive down in the very midst of them. Phyllis was at the wheel, and we thanked God that she kept her head as we drove down into the rushing torrent of water in that square.

Soon we were compelled to stop and stand as did the other cars. The water had risen until it came in under the door of the car and on the floor of the back section, and the hems of our clothing and our shoes were wet.

In the rear of us, large buses and trucks floundered and then plowed through the water, causing great waves to hit against our car and rocked it from the impact. We sat there and prayed to God to be with us. There was the fear of some larger car or bus skidding and knocking our car over in the torrent.

We watched from our small prison house there in the square, the water dashing up against the buildings on either side. Then as we sat silently praying, a car moved and another bravely started to push out. Our brakes were wet, and the engine was already affected by the water. We could not get out and wade to the pavements. The water was too deep, and the undercurrent too strong.

Then we thanked God that, as Phyllis bent every nerve and strove to steadily guide the car to higher ground, we found ourselves stemming the tide and realized that God had indeed answered prayer for us once more and gave us a safe journey home.

That evening a telegram came from Brother Barber saying that it would be impossible to send Sister Stewart to Cuba for several days and that we might do our best and see what could be done.

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The ministers were all here from their fields, and there was hardship both for them and us. Some were compelled to return and hope to come back.

After every effort, calling on the American Embassy, the Minister of State, and every other source, we gave up. We had to wait until June 16 for the arrival.

The week of waiting was long and tense, and finally we went down, Phyllis, Pancho, June and I, and a station wagon load of ministers, to the airport, waiting one hour for the transport plane from Miami.

Down the long slide, the great box that contained the casket slid silently from the plane. She had come home to her beloved Cuba at last, but others had brought her, and she lay in the long sleep from which none ever awakes. We followed sadly after and returned home.

That evening she lay in state at Almendares. People began to pour in. It is a custom in Cuba for friends and loved ones to sit up all night with the departed, and Phyllis granted this privilege to those who wished to stay.

Flowers, beautiful floral pieces, began to arrive.

Some of them were ten or twelve feet high. Two had been sent by congregations in Maryland. And it was suitable that the flowers, the work of God's hands, should adorn the room of her last sleep.

People came in groups and looked upon the woman who had for years walked the streets of that section of the city, visiting the sick, needy and discouraged. The bus came, and silently the children at El Hogar got out and marched in line down the aisle, and one by one gazed silently at the dear face in the open casket.

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There was weeping all over the building as the solemn procession of those who owed their shelter, food, and very life to the faith of their “Abuelita” came to look at her for the last time. But they were too young to know the great loss that had come to them.

The services were held the next day with both English and Spanish taking part, and she was laid to rest only a few yards from the great hedge of bamboo trees which divide La Finca from the cemetery. Like Moses, she was permitted to see the promised land, but not to enter, for the call came clearly to go higher.

A great soul has gone to her reward; a noble life has been finished, and when the trumpet sounds and the judgment is set and we all appear before the judgment seat of God, they will come in. There are over three thousand souls in Cuba many in the homeland, and the precious souls in India. Truly a great company to follow her to judgment.

It is sunset on the highway—a beautiful sunset after the hardships on the pilgrim way. And all is well.



## **Chapter XXVIII**

### **Adelante! Los Campos Misioneras Nos Esperan**

This is the story of Etta Faith Stewart imparted as she sat with us around the dinner table in the kitchen at El Hogar, or sitting in the low backed rocking chair in my room, but later in her own room lying in her bed.

An amazing thing was revealed as material was gathered from time to time. Her life was so full that it could not all be used, and much has been left out. Also because in relating some incident, the injustice and hurt she suffered might cause a shadow to be cast on those who had brought it upon her.

Since her passing, letters have come in from friends with such expressions:

“We are sad over the loss of our dear Sister Faith. The world has lost a beautiful character and saint of God. Oh how we shall miss her. But she lived a wonderful life and many will be the souls she will claim when Jesus comes.”

And again:

Death should not be distressing or shocking to mankind it being expectant to all. But how often nature forces us to recognize

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deeply the passing of a dear friend, counselor, and guide. Sister Stewart met all these qualities, and now she has laid down the baton on earth to take her place alongside the many warriors of the cross who have gone on before.

“She was a friend of the friendless and her blessed memory I shall embalm among the choicest of my recollections.”

Telegrams from the Minister of Education, Habana, Cuba and the Business College in Cuba, and the United States came in.

She was one of the plainest and humblest of God’s servants who always sought out the destitute and forsaken in life, who like the Apostle Paul made herself “all things to all men that by all means she might save some,” yet at her death, the mail received ranged from coast to coast. We will just insert one letter from out of the pile of mail. It is brief and a fair sample of the rest:

Bradenton, Florida

Dear Sisters Henry and Martin:

Thank you so much for sending me word of Sister Stewart’s death. We all knew that she could not be with us many years, yet word of her passing gave us a shocked, hushed and lonely feeling.

Though she has gone, she has left behind a glorious inspiration, an example of self-sacrifice, a warm love for mankind, for the suffering, and underprivileged. Her great “family” will miss her guidance and presence.

May those who have worked with her be anointed to carry on the great work she has been doing. God grant them much wisdom.

I well remember when she first went to India. I had a long talk with her in Anderson just a short time before she left for Cuba.

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And I was so happy to have her in our home twice in the past two years.

Many persons have found a better way of life because of her. She was truly rich in the things of God. May God reward her.

God bless you all.

Sincerely,

Bird B. Greenawalt,  
(Daughter of E. E. Byrum)

An article written by Harold Barber, pastor of the Church of God, Essex, Maryland, author of the book, "The Weight of the Word," and other books, is also added to this chapter. It is entitled:

### **In Memoriam**

*Sister Etta Faith Stewart, Missionary to Cuba*

"Finis has been written to the life of a faithful warrior of the cross of Calvary in the passing of our beloved Sister Etta Faith Stewart who departed this life on June 9, 1958 in our home in Essex, Maryland. Her life has been long and fruitful in the great vineyard of our Lord. She was born in Linton, Iowa on February 14, 1878 and for the past 52 years has been a devout servant of God and humanity. She spent 43 years on mission fields in India and the Island of Cuba. She leaves no surviving relatives to mourn her passing, yet there are thousands of brothers and sisters in the Lord, and a host of little children in Cuba whose hearts are heavy because she is gone from our midst. Even though we may mourn her passing, there is great consolation in the fact that our loss is her gain. She has been faithful to her Master and now has been raised to a higher realm where the sorrows and limitations of the earthly

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do not affect her. In God's eternal garden in the midst of paradise there is a new flower blooming today to help pervade the atmosphere of Heaven.

Servant of God, well done!  
Thy glorious warfare's past,  
The battles fought, the race is won.  
And thou art crowned at last.

—Anon.

Let faith exalt her joyful voice,  
And now in triumph sing:  
O Grave, where is thy victory,  
And where, O Death, thy sting.

—Anon.

The stars shall shine for a thousand years,  
A thousand years and a day;  
But God and I will live and live  
When the stars are passed away.

—Anon.

Since God sent Sister Stewart our way and permitted us the privilege of ministering unto her in the closing days of her earthly career I feel it only right to share some of the blessings of that experience. Sister Stewart had been sick for some time and suffered much that no one knew about, and, for the great burden resting upon her heart for the promotion of God's cause, continued to press the battle on. While traveling with Brother and Sister Eldon C. Henry and Sister Virginia Pletcher enroute to Plainfield, N. J. to keep an appointment with the church there, she was stricken seriously ill. Upon arrival in Plainfield, she was put to bed and prayer was made unto God for her healing. She was ministered unto in a marvelous way in the home of Elders Norman and

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Minnie Terry, pastors of the Church of God in Plainfield. These pastors and their people deemed it a great honor to have her in their midst and be privileged to care for her as did we after she came into our home. May God richly reward them for their labor of love in this hour of sickness. Sister Phyllis Martin was called from Cuba to come and escort her back to Cuba but Sister Stewart being too ill to make the trip was compelled to remain there for several days. Word reached us on May 19 that she was in a serious condition and wife and I went immediately to see her. Wife decided to remain in New Jersey and serve as nurse and helper in ministering unto her and relieve Sister Virginia Pletcher that she might return home to Plymouth, Indiana. After a few days in Plainfield, she requested to be moved to Essex and an ambulance was secured and she was brought to our home (175 miles) arriving at 1:30 a. m. on May 23. The trip down here was rather hard on her, yet she was cheerful and the ambulance crew handed her many bouquets, among them the statement, that she was the best patient they had ever had. After being in our home a few days under severe suffering we could realize the full meaning of her suffering, and the real beauty of her deep rooted character showed forth. There were many blessings in store for those who ministered as she manifested the sweetness of Christ who lived within her heart. We did our best to make her comfortable and fulfill her every wish. It was one of those Christian duties that become a cheerful privilege and affords the soul much reward. The saints here at Essex rallied to the opportunity of serving God by ministering unto His faithful servant and constant care and watchfulness was maintained 24 hours per day for the entire time she was with us. As a church we fasted and prayed earnestly that God would see fit to raise her up to His glory, but in His wise counsel, He saw fit to

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promote her from the earthly phase of His Church to that Heavenly phase which shall never know any more pain, sorrow, or heartache.

During all of her sickness and suffering in our home, she maintained her definite stand upon the message of the Gospel she had preached and practiced for 52 years. Repeatedly she said, “No Doctor, no Doctor.” Her full trust and confidence was in the Almighty. This gave us great courage and helped us tighten our grip on the wonderful promises of God. It proved to me that the salvation she preached and possessed is not only good to live by but also to die by. Many in the hour of intense suffering weaken and throw themselves upon the weak arm of flesh. God help us to be men and women who have genuine faith in Him and His promises and not flinch when the suffering comes. She maintained this stand unto the end. When the final summons came from God, she passed from this life as peaceful as a tiny baby going to sleep and a few moments after her departure, the most pleasant and peaceful expression came over her countenance. It was a precious sight in the eyes of God, and in many ways to us also. It taught us that even death can be peaceful to the true saint of God. In fact, it’s a transition from the earthly to the Heavenly, and if we’re ready, it can be a wonderful experience. Our hearts were torn with grief as we saw her depart from us, but we realized our loss was her gain; her suffering was over forever, and another faithful traveler had reached home safely. We hated to see this fruitful life come to an end, but this is an appointment we must all keep. Today she is enjoying her reward and shouting the praises of victory with the millions who have gone on before. May her life ever be an incentive to those of us who remain in this world to live a faithful and devoted life to God. This life burned up and burned out for God and may its rays continue to lighten the pathway of those who knew her while she lived.

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The days following her departure were filled with duties associated with the preparation and arrangements for shipment of the body back to Cuba where funeral services and burial took place. There were many duties associated with this that ordinarily do not come with the death of a loved one. She being an American citizen, in her own country, and being shipped to another country for burial necessitated contact with the Cuban Consul and the filing of proper reports with him which took some time. After all official business was cared for and proper release of the body was secured, it was flown back to Cuba where it was laid to rest in the cemetery at Santiago de Las Vegas to await the general resurrection of all the dead.

Now that Sister Stewart is gone from our midst, shall we pray that God will help us not to lose the burden for Cuba. This dear Sister didn't lose it even in the face of death. She came to the end of life's toilsome road with the plea that Cuba be warned, she's in danger. Give us, O God, that burning passion for souls that will cause us to dedicate our lives for them as did this Mother in Israel. If you have been praying for Cuba and supporting that work with your offerings, please do not discontinue this service to God and humanity. Cuba needs you more now than ever. Make the proper change in the address and continue to send your offerings to support that work. Send all mail and write all checks in the name of The First Church of God, National, El Hogar de Ninos, El Reparto de los Pinos, Havana, Cuba, and God will bless your efforts.

—Harold Barber

## HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES

*Poem read at the funeral service*

**E. Faith Stewart**

Grace G. Henry

Called the Master from the heavens,  
“Life is but a few short days,  
There are souls in sin and darkness  
Who will go to the highways?”  
Sitting on the sandy seashore  
Gazing prayerfully on high,  
“Lord, I love to do Thy bidding,  
Who could better go than I?”  
So in India’s land of sunshine,  
Land of heathen darkness too,  
There she labored on in patience  
Seeking all His will to do.  
Then in later years of service  
On Cuba’s sunny shore  
Went she forth with heart of gladness  
Laboring for the lost once more.  
Years of hardships, and of labor,  
Sowing, watering, here and there,  
Giving time and strength and knowledge  
Spending many hours in prayer.  
So from highways and from hedges,  
Here and there along the way,  
Stands an army of three thousand  
Souls who love the Lord today.  
And from the lonely highways  
Came the children’s piteous cry  
“Come and save us, oh ye Christians

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Come and save us or we die.”  
Little hands and little faces.  
Little hearts to mourn her loss  
For did not the loving Savior  
Die for them upon the Cross?  
So in loving service given  
These were gathered in her care.  
Given shelter from the hardships  
Of a world of sin and care.  
But the busy hands are folded.  
In an everlasting rest.  
And the faithful heart is quiet  
In a tender loving breast.  
And the call to come up higher  
The promised crown to wear  
Has been answered and today  
She dwells among the blest up there.  
Cuban Christians, let us rally  
And the ensign proudly bear  
If we labor here in patience  
There we too the crown may wear.

Scattered all over the Island, there are the faithful ministers, and laymen still carrying on. At Los Pinos stands El Hogar with its merciful open door, full to capacity.

Phyllis Martin was unanimously elected by both ministers of Cuba and Americans on the Board of Directors to be the president of the First Church of God. National of Cuba and overseer of the mission there, in the vacant place caused by the death of E. Faith Stewart.

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In the early part of June of 1958 a young girl by the name of June Blackburn who had graduated from high school and come to Cincinnati, Ohio, to attend God's Bible School and also to study music at the Conservatory of Music, became interested in going to Cuba. She had studied two years in Cincinnati, majoring in music and having a desire to become a teacher of piano. June is a girl of stalwart character, dressing modestly and standing firm for the true doctrines of the Word of God. She is also exemplary in her life.

No doubt God laid the desire to give or for that matter to sacrifice her summer to Cuba. We went down together and she stayed through the summer months, doing the office work thoroughly and faithfully carrying out her specific duties while there. Then September came. I had already returned home after laboring there for six months and Phyllis had returned to Cuba from her few weeks of rest in the United States.

She returned early enough to enter in to the first semester for study of her loved music. But alas! As she labored on in those three months in Cuba something happened to her. When she actually came to the hour of departure she found it almost impossible to leave the work. She departed in tears and when we met her at the camp grounds in Newark, Ohio, she said, "I have come but I am not happy. And all desire to continue with my music has left me. I don't know if God wants me to go to Cuba. And I will not go unless I feel sure of His leading. We sat down in a secluded place on the grounds and there talked over the matter.

"Have you ever told God that you are willing to go to Cuba?" we asked.

"No, but I am willing."

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“Shall we get a group together and pray that God have His way and point to you His will?”

“I will be very glad to have prayer to get this matter settled. I am so unhappy and unsettled that I must have some definite answer.”

So in one of the tents we gathered two or three interested friends and kneeling there on the grass beside the bed we poured out our hearts to God asking that He help to settle this matter and give June peace concerning her call as His own holy will directed. We arose and went our ways over the camp grounds and several hours later she came to me in her quiet way and in the low voice in which she always speaks, saying, “I might as well tell you that I am going to Cuba just as soon as it is possible.”

How we rejoice that God who is ever providing all things for His people has provided an assistant for Phyllis at a critical time when a helper was so very much needed. Thank God and let us take heart, for our God is still providing as He sees fit.

The work with the help of God moves on. We are building on the foundation laid so many years ago, with sacrifice and prayers, and tears and abundant faith.

Havana, Cuba is one of the known cities of the world, of one and one-half million souls, and only about two hundred miles from Miami, Florida.

Multitudes teem through the busy streets, and it is very evident to the close observer that every effort is being made to eke out a meager existence by thousands in this sunny Isle.

Down in old Havana is Chinatown. There live twenty thousand Chinese men and one hundred Chinese women. We saw

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but one small Pentecostal church. Also in another section of Cuba, there are ten thousand more Chinese men. These men are pagan unless reached by the Gospel.

They are quiet, peaceful and reserved, mingling very little among men of other nations, but they need Christ. We have not touched this part of the field in Cuba.

There is the Baby Lift in another section of Cuba. In this great building, the constant murmur of hundreds of voices rises and falls as many waters. In the wall of this building is an opening. A mother may come and place her baby in the circular basket. Its weight rings a bell, and the people inside are notified. The baby is removed and cared for. Here, in all probability, it may remain until twenty-one years of age.

It is fed, sheltered, clothed and given some education. There are one thousand children of various ages here and the saddest part is that the walls that shelter them also shut out saving knowledge of Christ.

A thousand young people will go forth in life, benighted! Also in homes everywhere, altars and shrines are erected with images where people may worship.

In the great bus station stands a beautiful image of Caridad, patron saint of Cuba, and its story is, that one time a man was out in the channel in a small boat, and a great storm up. He, in his despair, happened to see an image floating in the water. He pulled it out of the water and laid it in the boat. The storms ceased. This is one of the few colored saints.

On September 8 this saint is especially honored by Cuba with drinking, music and dancing. There is a glass case about the image

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and places for worshippers to contribute. People come here to petition her and throw in an offering at the same time.

In another section stands the noted Church of Our Lady of Mercy with its beautiful interior. It was built in 1775. The paintings are several hundreds of years old. Lorenzo, the artist, spent seven years finishing the ceilings.

The Interior is beautiful, but the altars and images make one sad. At one place is the 300-year-old statue, an Image made to a supposed saint of the catacombs with a deep wound in her neck. Also another altar where young ladies may petition a certain saint for a husband if they have not been able to secure one.

Christian men and women look upon the darkness and superstition all about them and see the need of a great approach with the Gospel message, and we realize that so far we have only begun in Cuba.

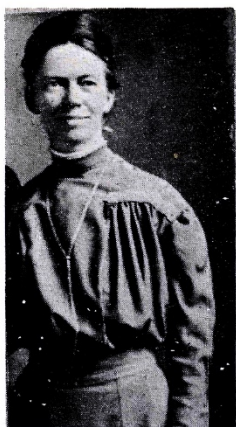
Havana with its one and one-half million souls is a great mission field in itself. With thirty-eight congregations scattered over various sections of Cuba, we still have a vast untouched field ahead of us.

Our Bible students are taking a three-year Bible course, and an educational course to prepare them to go out into these places and preach Christ. Their motto is:

“Adelante! Los Campos Misioneras Nos Esperan.” Forward!  
The Mission Fields Await Us.

So with the foundation laid on faith in Christ, and the great task ahead, hand in hand with the ministers of Cuba and the coworkers in our own country, we march forward to the waiting fields! For they are ripe unto the harvest.

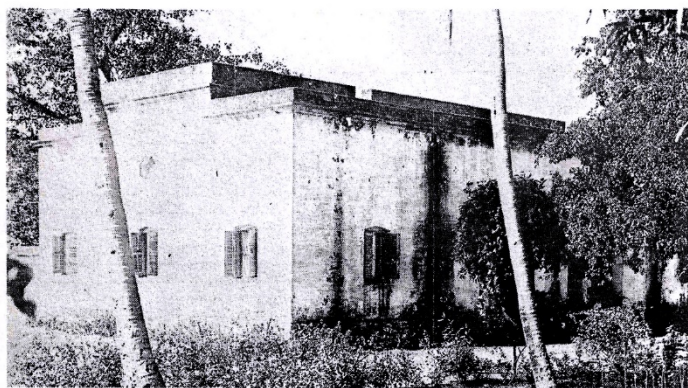
## HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES



**Faith Stewart when she  
went to India.**



**Sister Stewart dressed in native  
costume.**



**The second home for India's little ones.**



**"The Shelter" - "Built through faith in God"**

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Little ones rescued from famine fields.



Same girls after care at shelter.



These are the fruits of our first visit to the temple brothels. The infant in front was married to the god in the temple at the age of three months and we rescued her when she was nine months old.

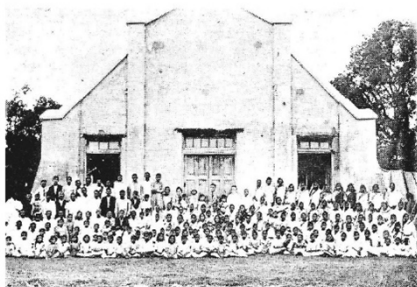
## HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES



**A man of India.**



**The first child rescued.**



**Congregation and children of shelter at  
Cuttack, India.**



**Sister Stewart and helpers at shelter.**

## HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES



**Man of India.**

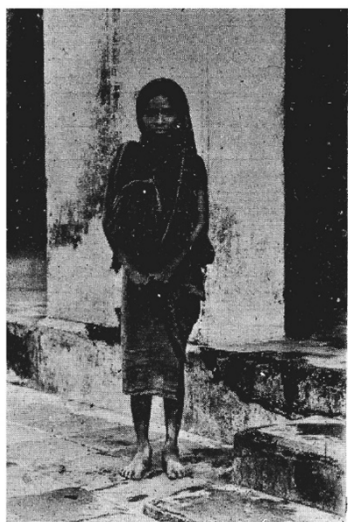


**Sister Stewart on Camp Grounds.**



**Weaving shed built for girls of shelter who eventually supported themselves.**

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**Four of the girls received at the shelter.**



## HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES



**One of the Boys at El Hogar, Agosto, now a policeman.**



**A father brings his motherless children to El Hogar.**



**A Bible School near Punta Alegre.**



**Receiving five little homeless sisters.**

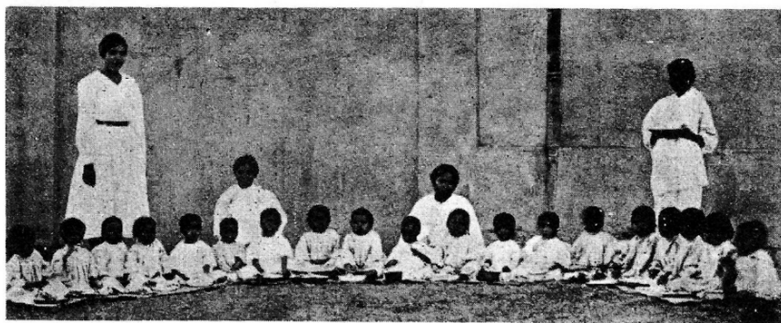
## HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES



**An Indian Mother and child.**



**Faith Stewart and a young friend.**



**Our babies and their nurses.**



**Children and Teachers in the shelter at Cuttack.**

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**Congregation at Punta San Juan**



**Congregation at Holquin, Faustino Ramos, pastor.**



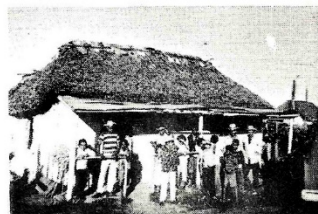
**Brother and Sister Linares, now gone to Haiti as missionaries.**



**Congregation at Rio Seco, Pinar del Rio, Cuba.**



**Church services in crude village in Cuba.**



**New Mission in a small village.**

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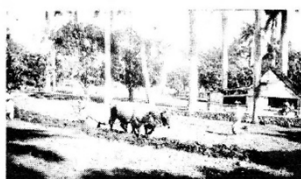
**Students in Bible study at mission.**



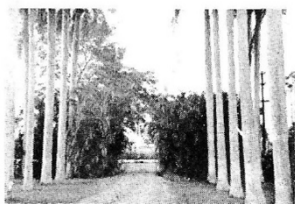
**Bible students at close of 2nd semester, June '58.**



**New farm house at La Finca.**



**Plowing ground with the oxen.**



**Lovely entrance to La Finca**



**The market where we bought pineapple and papaya.**

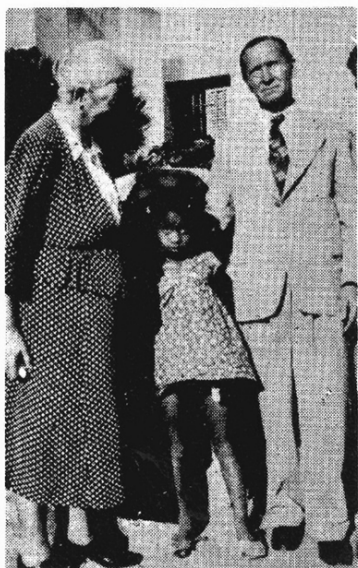


**Thatched roof homes of Cuba.**



**El Hogar after the hurricane.**

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**Little Emma just after she was rescued from being chained to a bed for a year.**

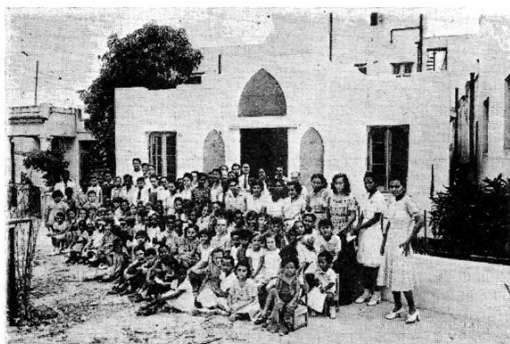


**Emma after three months in home.**



**Sister Stewart and five of her girls. Wedding of girl on right, first row.**

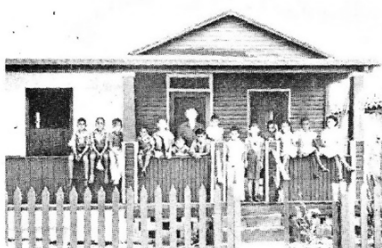
## HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES



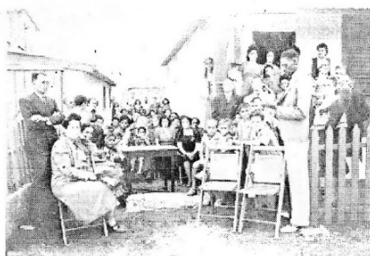
**Almendares Church of God, One of the first congregations, Havana, Cuba.**



**Sister Stewart in Cuba.**



**First children's Home in Cuba with children taken in the first day.**



**Opening the first children's home in Cuba.**



**The boys in the Boy's Home**



**The Girl's Home in El Hogar**

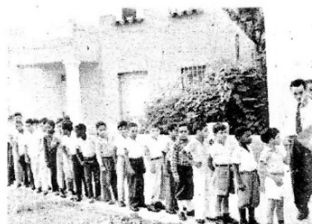
## HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES



**Sister Stewart - Probably the last picture taken of her while living. Her nurse, Sister Frances.**



**Home at last, brought back to Cuba**



**Boys marching in to look at "Abuelita" for last time.**



**At rest in cemetery near La Finca  
Ministers at tomb.**



**Brother Linares leaving for Haiti.  
Our first missionary from Cuba.**









