

# THE PIONEER

Vol. 1

— NOVEMBER, 1929 —

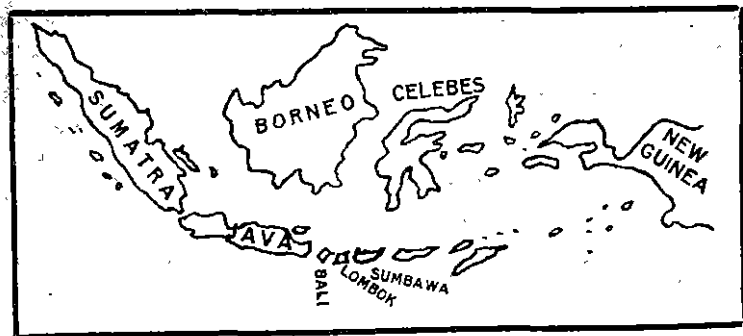
No. 1

*A Missionary Newsletter concerning the work  
of the  
Alliance Mission  
in*

## BORNEO

*and the adjacent Islands of the*

## DUTCH EAST INDIES.



### *Missionary Staff:*

Rev. J. W. and Mrs. Brill, Ampenan, Lombok, D. E. I.

Rev. G. E. and Mrs. Fisk, Tarakan, Borneo, D. E. I.

Rev. C. D. Clench, Balikpapan, Borneo, D. E. I.

Rev. R. A. Jaffray, Superintendent, Wuchow, South China

## EDITORIAL

*We wish all our Readers A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.*

*"The Pioneer"*

This is the first issue of *The Pioneer*. It succeeds "*The Borneo Pioneer*", two issues of which have already been sent to friends in the homeland. The present paper, will cover the work of the Dutch East Indies, not only in Borneo, but we trust in many other at present totally untouched islands.

In addition to the five foreign missionaries, whose names appear at the foot of our front page, we thank God for three Chinese missionaries, of whom mention is made in this issue. We request the prayers of God's people for our workers, and also please pray that many new workers may soon be added in this needy field.

*Prayer*

The posts already occupied need to be materially strengthened by new workers. We have in mind a number of other islands, where no missionary work has yet been attempted, where we are very desirous of commencing work. The harvest truly is plentiful, and the need overwhelmingly great, but the laborers are few. "Pray ye therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He will thrust forth laborers into His harvest."

*Bible School*

The only effective method, and the Scriptural one, for speedily evangelizing a given territory is through the agency of native workers. Thence the need, at an early stage in our work, of establishing a Bible School for the training of native workers. We are already making this a matter of earnest prayer. Our missionaries both foreign and Chinese, at the present time, are making the study of the language their chief work. The Bible School cannot be started until the Malay language is sufficiently acquired by the workers to take up the work of teaching the Word to students. Pray that God may bless the organization of the Bible School at Makassar from the beginning.

*The Bible Magazine*

Another important line, which we hope to commence very soon, is the publication of Gospel literature and of "*The Bible Magazine*" in the Malay language. Pray that the right Chinese-Malay translator may be secured for this work.

*Motor Boat*

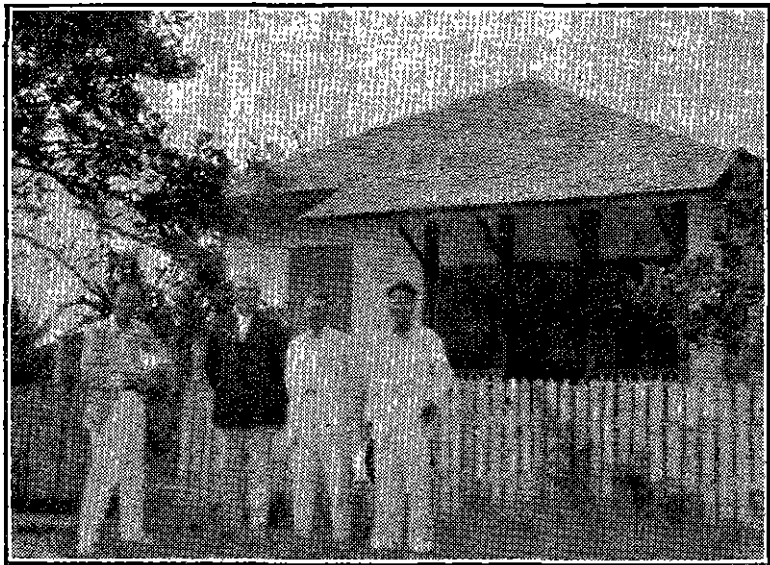
Perhaps the most important need of our work at the present time is a motor boat to carry the Gospel message and the Gospel

*(Continued on Page 19)*

## A Day in Borneo

By Rev. C. D. Clench

Balik-papan, Borneo, Dutch East Indies



*The Home of the Missionary at Balik-papan*

Just supposing that you could step out of your part of the world into ours, what do you think a day in Balik-papan would be like? If you will allow yourself to be lifted gently from that comfortable chair you are sitting in, and transported bodily to this particular place maybe we'll give you a chair over here, and let you find out for yourself just how the other half of the world

lives. We in Balik-papan are the "other half of the world," you understand that, of course.

Let us locate ourselves in our Missionary Home in Balik-papan. It is twelve o'clock midnight. You are stretched out on a little, hard, narrow, hot, folding cot, perhaps your legs are draped out over the edge of the thing, and as for your arms, you have moved and shifted them so many times that you've

forgotten just where they really are. A herd of mosquitoes have stampeded their way into the private sanctum of your net, and it's a "slap here, a slap there, everywhere a slap"—when will morning come? Promptly at three o'clock in the morning there is a startling crash and much "clattering among the movables." You grope fearfully for that elusive flashlight, and turn a ghastly beam of light around the room; something scurries out the door and disappears, and you pick up the broken pieces of a favorite cup, and mutter unintelligible things about that rat. Before you have become firmly established in the cot once more there is a swift rush of light and all the roosters in Balik-papan announce the new day—sweet dawn! Homer would say, "Dawn the rosy fingered," but Homer was a poet, and didn't know any better.

When morning comes in this country you have to get up, that's all there is to it. The Chinese family in the servants' quarters see to that; the youngest members of the family especially! If you are a man,—and you'll have to turn yourself into a man this trip,—you must shave. You wander out to the back of the house and bravely take as much of the Chinese family's water as you can. The wash basin is placed on the window sill of your room, the

soap is rescued from the ants and with all due patience you make yourself ready for the day. The way a fellow feels when he gets up in the morning depends upon the state of his liver; you may feel like singing a hymn or having a fight.

Breakfast is an important event in any man's career. It either makes or breaks the day.

You have a Malay "boy" whom you are trying to teach to cook. He has been banging around for an hour or so, and you find that he has made a pot of oatmeal and stirred it into a beautiful pasty mess.

It is a great achievement to be able to stir oatmeal. The "boy" does not eat it, you do that yourself as best you can. And now come the never-failing eggs, fried eggs! You may wish sometimes you could wring the cackling neck of the hen that laid and tried to hatch that fried egg. Seeing you can't, you may as well eat the egg. If Mr. Jaffray or Mr. Woerner are around you will surely hear about the black hen that laid the white egg. "Nothing wonderful about that," you say. "No, but *you* couldn't do it." The moral is that the breakfast may not be very wonderful, but seeing you can't do it yourself you may as well take your hat off to the black hen!

By this time the sun is shining with vehement heat, and woe to the hero who sallies forth without his "helmet." Be he ever so thick-headed, he'll soon be carried home.

You and I are very careful concerning all these little points, and we credulously believe all we are told about how to live a long life in Borneo.

It is getting late in the morning and high time to begin the study of Malay. The open text book is on the study table just where you fell asleep over it the night before. "Apatah kau mengarti apa saja kata"—Do you understand what I say? "Saja tiada mengarti satoe perkataan,"—I don't understand a word.

There happens to be a short cut through our yard to another part of town, and as the Malay is as keen on shortcuts as the rest of us, there is a continual stream of brown and yellow humanity passing through our premises; the men go by vociferously talking, the small boys go by with a big whistle, and the girls go by with their headcloth over their faces. When you spout some of your newly learned Malay at them they keep right on going, as before, except that the small boy turns his whistle into a snicker.

It is time for lunch. The boy has disappeared. You stick your

head out of every window in the house trying to find a bit of a breeze. You find none. You wonder where all your ambition has gone. You try the folding cot again, but you begin to perspire so profusely that you get out of the cot and slump down in one of the wicker chairs; a mosquito smites you on the bare arm; another picks out the hole in your sock, a third takes his daily dozen right in front of your nose, and a fourth gets away with a cargo of your precious blood undetected. Finally, between us all, we move about everything out of the kitchen onto the table, and sit down to eat and drink. Kenapa! the ants have decided to hold their convention in the sugar bowl! There are Dutch potatoes, and Borneo bananas; there is Australian butter, and Swiss canned milk, American tomatoes, and a can of Java jam; there is some water-buffalo meat, and some Chinese rice. This is about all you need to start international and internal complications. Happy the man with a good cook and a pocketful of Dutch guilders!

Between noon and three o'clock is the drowsy hour. After three o'clock you do what the occasion requires. It may be to study or do other work, or it may be to go down town and demand some mail from the Post

Office. The town is full of bazaars and markets, but the early morning is the market time, and the only thing you can buy for supper is a string of bananas and a pineapple. Around the hour of five it is strongly advised that we take a Malay bath. A Malay bath is like this; out in the back of the house is a large tank. This tank is supposed to be full of water, the water is supposed to be clean; you take your clothes off, or leave them on like the Malays, and proceed to pour water over yourself, until you feel thoroughly wet; your bath is over. This really has a very refreshing effect and makes you feel like "a million dollars." A better bath is to go down and fight it out with the crocodiles and sharks at the beach.

After supper, which means soup of some kind, and a cup of cocoa, you can do a number of things. You can light the lamp and read; you can sit in the bright moonlight and think about home; or you can go with Paul Lenn, the Chinese evangelist, to one of his meetings. If you do the last named you will find yourself in a taxi going several miles to some place where there may be a crowd of youngsters to learn English, or a group of Chinese to study the Bible. If you take part you must

do so by having your words interpreted to those who are there. Your audience listens very very patiently until you are through and then they smile and clap their hands.

When you get home it is time for rolling under your netting into the cot. You can do this in whatever manner you please, and after whatever procedure, but eventually you will find yourself lying on your back while the crickets play cricket if it is dry, or the frogs go to choir practice, if it is wet. There are dogs that never fail to bark and howl. There are cats that sometimes get into a heated argument; worst of all are the Malay gramophone records,—you can't describe them, you just have to listen, that's all. Back home about this time your folks are sitting down to breakfast. You can see them all, and you can see yourself there, and by this time you are dreaming for sure—bless your heart, keep right on!

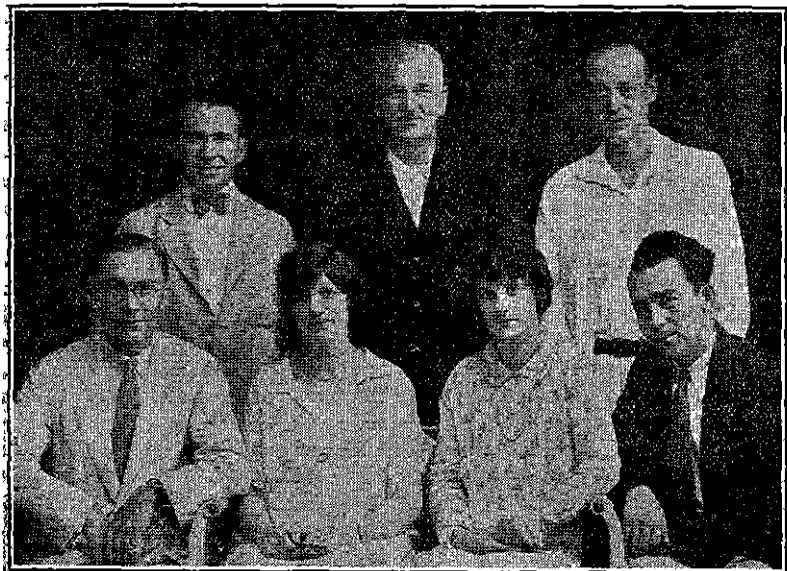
Since coming to Borneo I have been greatly afflicted spiritually by Satan, but in due time the Lord Jesus has taken up the fight for me and I am now resting in a victory, and joy, and peace never known before. Praise His Name! Jesus is worth everything and anything. He puts the clearest rainbows in our saddest tears, and He com-

ports us with His own dear presence when the shadows fall. I shall not be able to tell the Dyak very much about Him, but I

may have the joy of seeing him finding out for himself. We all find out for ourselves.

## PIONEERS TO THE DUTCH EAST INDIES

By Rev. R. A. Jaffray, Wuchow, South China



Back row from left:—G. Woerner, R. A. Jaffray, C. D. Clench.  
Front row from left:—G. E. Fisk, Mrs. Fisk, Mrs. Brill, J. W. Brill.

The Dutch East Indies party, Mr. and Mrs. Fisk, Mr. and Mrs. Brill, and Mr. Clench, with Mr. Woerner of South China, arrived in Saigon on June 21st, from Hongkong. In the Chinese meeting that night they all gave ringing Gospel messages. On the

evening of the next day, Messrs Fisk, Brill, and Clench were solemnly ordained,—set apart for the ministry of the Gospel by the laying on of hands. The next morning at daybreak, we set sail from Saigon to Sourabaya, on a Dutch freight boat, second

class. We took on at Saigon, together with other cargo, a quantity of mosquitoes. They stayed with us most of the six days' trip to Sourabaya. But notwithstanding all minor discomforts, the Lord was with us. He drew near in the daily Bible Study and prayer meetings aboardship.

On Saturday night we had a good evangelistic service in the Chinese Church in Sourabaya, when all spoke. They were red hot messages and six men raised their hands for prayer. The Chinese preacher in the Sourabaya Church is a graduate of the South China Wu-chow Bible School. The Church is entirely independent. Sunday was also a good day, crowded with three meetings.

On Monday morning early, the whole party of seven packed into a fine, new, latest model, seven-passenger Buick car and started for Batavia. The trip across Java by motor car was thoroughly enjoyable. It was also instructive and inspiring. But let me hasten to say, it cost us less to travel thus, as compared with second class fare on the hot, dirty train, where at the most we could only see the country on one side of the railroad. The fine new Buick was provided at a very cheap rate, through the kindness of a Chin-

ese friend. This was not the first, nor the last, of many genuine kindnesses shown us by Chinese friends in the Dutch East Indies.

The object of the trip across Java to Batavia was to interview the Missionary Consul, and make proper arrangements and necessary application before commencing our missionary work in the Dutch East Indies. The interview with the Missionary Consul was most cordial and satisfactory. We thank God for his most hearty co-operation, without which, humanly speaking, we could do nothing. We applied to the Dutch Colonial Government for permission to open work on the east coast of Borneo and on the Island of Lombok. The trip to Batavia and return required a week.

I was greatly impressed with Java. This little island is one of the most densely populated parts of the world, having over forty million inhabitants. Comparatively little mission work is being carried on there, and the great need is for God-called, Spirit-filled native evangelists to do aggressive work of salvation among Java's millions. Java has an area of about 50,000 square miles, with a population of over 700 people to the square mile. If the United States were as densely



populated as Java, what would her population be?

Our account of the trip across Java would not be complete without grateful reference to our brief but most pleasant visit with Baron vanAsbeck at Buitenzorg. The Baron and his good wife have been readers of "*The Alliance Weekly*" for twenty years. It was a great treat to have fellowship with this man of God and earnest worker for the Lord Jesus in his own home.

Returning to Sourabaya, as a company we came to the parting of the ways. The Fisks left for Tarakan, away in the north on the east coast of Dutch Borneo. They are stationed there with the objective of reaching the Dyaks, the wild man of the interior, by means of rivers emptying into the sea in that vicinity. Mr. Clench sailed for Balikpapan on the same boat as the Fisks. Here he is to keep "bachelors' hall" with the Chinese evangelist there, who speaks English and is a good companion. The Brills left for Lombok, and are there now in "their own hired house" claiming that vast field for the Lord. All these folks need your prayers. They are engaged in the study of Malay, which is the universal language of the Dutch East Indies. This is their first

task, and after mastering the Malay thoroughly, there are many other tribal languages to be learned later; the Dyak language in several dialects, the Sassak language of Lombok, and later no doubt, the Bali, the Sumbawa, to say nothing of the Boegis and Makassar dialects.

On leaving Sourabaya, Mr. Woerner visited the work in Makassar, Samarinda and Balikpapan, then proceeded up the east coast of Dutch Borneo to Tarakan, to help Mr. and Mrs. Fisk get settled and started in their work.

In the time allotted for this trip it would have been impossible for me to have done all that was necessary to do to help these new missionaries in the beginning of their work. It was God's plan to let Brother Woerner join us and assist in the work, and we praise God for his fellowship and help. I do not know what we would have done without him.

From Sourabaya the writer travelled half a day by train to the City of Banjoewangi on the east coast of Java. This part in the extreme east of Java is an untouched mission field. From Banjoewangi we crossed the straits in a little native sail-boat to the Island of Bali; thence to Lombok and Sumbawa, These three islands are destitute of the

### Gospel Message.

From Sumbawa, I travelled north by steamer to Makassar, the capitol of the Celebes. It was again a great joy to hold Gospel meetings in our own little Chapel for four consecutive nights. The attendance was not large, but seven raised their hands for prayer and we believe a work of grace was accomplished in the hearts of both saved and unsaved.

The work in Makassar has been very hard. Our faithful brother, Pastor S. W. Chue, has been sorely tried and tempted, has felt like resigning, and giving the whole thing up and clearing out. Conditions have sometimes been most discouraging, but the Lord has held him steady and he has been true in the furnace of testing. The Makassar Church seems now to have turned the corner, and the prospects before them are bright and clear.

Only recently Pastor Chue's wife has had a most remarkable experience of the Lord's power in her body and soul. This has brought about a great change in her and she is now a real helpmate. The Chues have six children, and Mrs. Chue proposes now to put her baby, two months old, into a baby carriage, load the carriage with Gospel portions and tracts in Chinese, Malay, Boegis etc., and

go out into the city and country, selling the Scripture portions and talking to the people. She says her little baby insists upon having much fresh air, and in this way the baby will have fresh air and more people will have the Gospel. But they have no baby carriage! I am hoping to be able to send one back to them soon. Please pray for the Chue family.

While in Makassar, a larger and much more suitable building for a Gospel Hall was found. They hope to move into the new Hall very soon. The old Hall was on a side street and rather too small. The new one is in a much more public place and will have a spacious meeting room upstairs as well as on the ground floor. The Makassar Church is already contributing more than one half of Pastor Chue's salary and we are urging them to assume the entire amount by the end of the year.

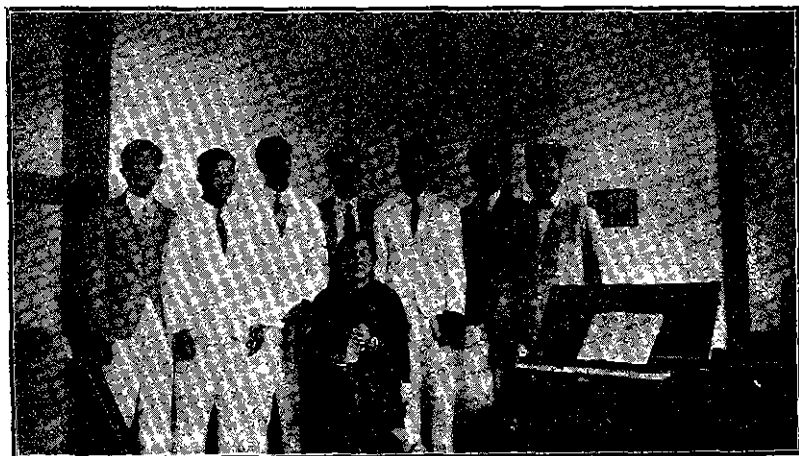
On to Samarinda and Balikpapan! You will remember that on our last trip to the Dutch East Indies early in this year, two Chinese workers were located at these important centres on the east coast of Borneo where no Gospel message had before been given. The work in these cities is in its infancy, only five months old. Thus far the work is only among the Chinese.

I was fortunate to reach

Samarinda on Sunday, July 28th, and as my steamer stayed in port nearly all day, it was very refreshing to see Brother C. Y. Lam and the few Christians, who have been found in Samarinda, and to hold a service with them ere sailing at 3.30 p. m. Twice before, I had visited this city, and had known during the time there real travail of soul. Now on my third visit it was a joy to see the beginning of the Lord's work. Please pray earnestly for Brother Lam, for Samarinda, and for the many adjacent cities in the delta of the Mahakam River.

Our last stopping place ere leaving for Hongkong was Balik-

papan. Brother Woerner and I tarried here four days, waiting for the steamer for Hongkong. I had been at Balik-papan also twice before, and again thank God for the true evidence manifested of the beginning of a real work for Him. On previous visits I have had to stop at an undesirable little hotel, called a "Rest House." This time we were the guests of Brother Clench and Brother Paul Lenn "in their own hired house." Our Chinese brother here, has a meeting every night of the week. These are held in three different parts of the town. He has worked hard and there is fruit from his labour. He seems



*The seven Chinese Christians baptized at Balikpapan. Mr. Paul Lenn, the Evangelist, in centre*

also to have made good progress in Malay.

The last night we were in Balikpapan was a memorable one, which we shall never forget. It was a suitable climax to our whole trip. We had a great meeting. The little Chapel was filled to capacity, — to be sure, not a large number, but every one present seemed to count. It was a long meeting. Mr. Lam of Samarinda spoke first on the "Blood." Mr. Woerner followed. Neither of them was very brief! Then Mr. Lenn seemed to be overflowing, and gave little talks in between. Finally, at about ten o'clock, after the meeting had been running for two hours or more, Brother Lenn called on me to speak, saying that it was still early, and that there was still plenty of time! I gave a *short* message and then asked if there were any who wished that night to signify their decision to serve the Lord Jesus Christ. Fifteen hands were raised. Practically all of them were inquirers under regular instruction. Seven of the number were all ready for baptism. I announced that there would be a baptismal service arranged ere long, and that we were sorry that we had to leave on the morrow and that it could not be arranged before leaving. They, however, protested and finally said, "Why may we not

be baptised now—tonight?" And so it was! The first baptismal service in connection with the Alliance work in the Dutch East Indies was a midnight baptismal service, when seven Chinese believers, six men and one woman, were buried with Christ in baptism. It was not a moonlight night either. The breakers nearly bowled both the baptist and the baptized off their feet. They all got properly soaked anyway. Before a word of the baptismal ceremony could be spoken, a big wave would be sure to cover us. But the six men and the one brave little woman were too happy in their confession of the Lord Jesus to care for aught else.

We sailed from Balikpapan the next day, August 1st., for Hongkong. Again I want to say, what we would have done on this trip without Brother Woerner, I do not know. The Lord surely sent him, and he, having seen the appalling need, will be a true helper by prayer in the days to come.

One thing more must be mentioned ere we close. On reaching Hongkong we commenced negotiations for the building of an Alliance motor boat for use on the Mahakam River, inland from Samarinda, to reach the Dyaks in the interior of Borneo. This motor boat is provided by

the liberality of Mr. Rader's Tabernacle people in Chicago. Please pray that it will soon be speeding its way to the wild man of Borneo, loaded with Gospel portions and living messengers, missionaries who can tell these people, who have sat in darkness and in the shadow of death for so long, in their own tongue, the Good News of Him who is the Light and Life of the world.

Our greatest need is your prayers. If you can do no more, please unite in earnest prayer that the Gospel may speedily be given to these unreached millions.

Consider for a moment the

Lord's Parable of the Lost Sheep. (Luke 15). If the ninety and nine may represent you at home, who know the way of salvation, and the one lost sheep represent the heathen world, who know not the way of salvation, and if the Good Shepherd would leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness and go out after the one lost sheep,—how much more would He not today leave the comparatively few sheep at home and go out to seek the millions that are lost in heathen darkness, till He find them? Oh, may we have the compassionate heart of the Good Shepherd, which is the Missionary Heart!

---

### —News from Lombok—

*By Rev. J. W. Brill, Ampenan, Lombok*

We left Surabaya for Makassar, Celebes, July 16th. We had a pleasant wait in Makassar while Mr. Jaffray made a tour of Eastern Java, Bali, Lombok, and Sumbawa. He arrived in Makassar with the good news that we should go directly to Lombok. Little did we realise that Lombok was to be our place of labor for the Lord. But since God's ways are higher than our ways, He saw fit to station us in Ampenan, Lombok, July 24th.

The difficulty of getting settled in an Oriental city, and not being

able to speak the language, was partly done away with by the kindness of two Chinese friends, who could speak English. They spent most of the first day helping us with the buying of a few of the most necessary pieces of furniture and other household necessities.

We wondered why the house we now live in was vacant at the time of our arrival, and why we could rent it at a reasonable price. We soon learned through our language teacher that no one would live in it, for it is suppos-

ed to be haunted. God's mercies are abundant to His children. This was again proven in that we came in contact with a Christian Javanese woman in Makassar, who was without work and willing to come to Lombok to be our servant. She does not hesitate to speak to the natives about Jesus. She is also a faithful worker.

We have secured a young Javanese man, who teaches school here, as our language teacher. We have already claimed him for Jesus, and more than that, we have claimed him as an evangelist. Will you not stand with us in prayer that he may be saved?

The people on this Island are Balinese and Sassak. The Sassaks are all Mohammedans. The Balinese are Hindus. The Bible has never been translated into Sassak and only Luke in Bali. Therefore both these languages must be learned in order that these people may have the

Word of God in their own tongue. This is very necessary as only a small percentage can speak or read Malay. We ask you to pray that God will help us to translate His Word in these languages.

Permission has not yet been granted us to carry on regular missionary work. The officials are quite willing for us to take the Gospel to the "out and out heathen" but not to people who already have a religion such as the Mohammedans, Hindus, and Buddhists. We ask that you will pray that God will give us favor with these officials and that permission may be granted to give the Gospel to these hungry multitudes.

"Night cometh when no man can work." With this in view we ask you to pray that we might quickly learn the language, in order that we may the more quickly be enabled to give forth the Word of Salvation.

---

### —In His Service in Tarakan—

*By Rev. G. E. Fisk, Tarakan, D. E. I.*

Praise the Lord! At last we are in the promised land. We surely were definitely led of the Lord when we came to Tarakan. The old devil made things hot for us when we first arrived but this made us believe more than

ever that this was the place to start things going. Those first days were dark ones, but Hallelujah, Jesus won.

Tarakan is an oil town, located on a small island about one mile off the northeastern coast of the

---

mainland of Dutch Borneo. It is exceptionally near the Dyak country.

There is a Government hospital here and the Government sends Dyaks to Tarakan from up the Kajan River for medical treatment. I have seen several Dyaks walking through the streets since we have been here. I am told that sometimes they come to Tarakan in large groups. We are praying that the Lord will put us in touch with one of the Dyaks, that come to Tarakan so we will be able to learn a little of the Dyak language before going up into their country.

A few days ago I had a long talk with the Assistant Resident, who is visiting here, and he gave me some very interesting information about the country in which we hope to labor. He said that within ten hours motor launch ride from Tarakan, one can reach the first Dyak village on the Kajan River. This village is the first of a group of eight, located a few miles apart. After the eighth village is reached, one must take a two or three weeks' journey in a native "prau" (a prau is nothing but a long dug-out) before reaching the next group of Dyak villages. The upper Kajan is filled with treacherous rapids, therefore travel on the upper Kajan is

slow and dangerous. After we get to know a little more of the Malay language, I hope, the Lord willing, to make a trip of investigation up the Kajan River, visiting all eight Dyak villages of the first group. The Assistant Resident said that my outboard motor will be just the thing for river travel in northern Borneo and will cut the cost of travel. It will mean that I will only have to hire about five oarsmen, while ordinarily it would be necessary to employ eight or nine men. I asked the Assistant Resident about the language, and he said that all the Dyaks on the Kajan River speak one dialect. He also said that it is not a hard language to learn. The Malay, language we find to be rather easy, so we hope and pray that it will not be very long before we will be able to move up into "dark Borneo."

Now to tell you about our first few days here in Tarakan. Our steamer sailed into Tarakan early on the morning of the 11th of July. Heavy clouds were hanging close to the sea and a drizzly rain was falling. Everything and everybody around us seemed to be depressed. We were told by several on the boat, who had lived in Tarakan for some time, that it would be impossible for us to stay at Tarakan because of a shortage of houses. One man

told us that we would find it a difficult matter even to enter the town. Tarakan is an oil town and usually no one but oil people are permitted to enter. Right then Deut. 31:6 meant a great deal to us. "Be strong, and of good courage, fear not, nor be afraid . . . . for the Lord thy God, *He it is that doth go with thee.* He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."—There was no dock large enough for the "VanLansoerg"—to tie up to, so she anchored out in the harbor. We had to wait for some time before a boat arrived to take us off, and when the boat did come we had to do a lot of explaining before we were allowed to get on, because the the boat was a "B. P. M." boat and we were not "B. P. M." property. We were thankful for our rain coats because the heavens sure were open and the rain was now *pouring* down. When we arrived at the small "B. P. M." pier, we were met by a customs man, and the dock foreman of the Oil Co. The Lord placed the dock foreman at the end of the pier at just the right time because he proved to be a friend indeed. He at once put us in touch with the Controller over the telephone, and then he sent for the company's train to come and get us. Tarakan is about a mile and a half from its sea port.

Wish you could see the train

that came down to "Linkas" to get us. It reminds me of the toy trains that the children play with at home. It travels about two miles an hour and gets off the track whenever it feels like it. We were very thankful for our ride though, because the roads were muddy and everything but good. We found the Controller to be a fine man, but he too gave us everything but encouragement. The same story, "no houses." At last he told us of a government Rest House where we would be permitted to stay as long as government officials stayed away from Tarakan. If officials should come, we would have to move out to make room for them. So into the Rest House we moved, trusting the Lord to keep the officials away long enough for us to find a house.

We found a young Dutchman living in one of the rooms at the Rest House, and he has been a true friend from the very first. First of all he offered me the use of his warehouse down at the wharves to store away all of our boxes, trunks, etc. until we should find a house of our own. Then he set to work to make the Rest House as comfortable as possible for us. After getting settled in the Rest House, we prayed that the Lord would give us a house within the next few



days as a sign that He wanted us to remain in Tarakan. On Saturday, our third day here in Tarakan, we heard of a man who had a native house with undesirable tenants, and that he would be willing to make the Malays move out to make room for us. I went to look at the house and found it to be an *atap* house, or a Malay house made of palm leaves. The front of the house and the porch were of wood, but the roof and the sides and back of the house were of *atap*. It is built up on poles about four or five feet from the ground, and has four fairly good sized rooms, a large kitchen and a servant's room in the rear. I looked up at the roof from the inside and found that it would be possible to count the stars at night through some of the holes. Therefore I asked the owner if he would put on a better roof and without a moment's hesitation he said that he would put on a new roof of wooden shingles and new walls of wood. This was almost too good to be true. Here was a house for us when others in town have been trying for weeks to get such a place. And to think that it was going

to be made all over for us. The Lord had this house all reserved for our coming. Praise His Name, He prepared the way.

There are four American families living here in Tarakan, and we find that they are hungry for spiritual food. One of them said that they would like to have a Sunday School for the children. A few nights ago we had dinner at the home of an American oil man, and after the splendid meal, (it sure was good too to have a regular American meal again, because we have been living out of cans ever since we arrived in Borneo) we testified as to the wonderful leading of our Lord in opening up Tarakan after there seemed to be so much opposition. Pray that during our language study here in Tarakan, we may be made a blessing to others.

We are glad to say that we are now in "our own hired house" and all is going fine. Please remember us in prayer. It is a great blessing to know and realise that there are friends back home holding us up in prayer. This fact helped to strengthen us during our first few days in Tarakan.



"This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a testimony unto all the nations; and then shall the end come."

---

---

## —Farther South—

By Rev. G. Woerner,

Wuchow, South China

*"I will say . . . to the south keep not back; bring my sons from afar, and my daughters from the ends of the earth." (Isaiah. 43-6)*

On June 17th I met the party of D. E. I. Missionaries in Hong-kong. A fine group of zealous and devoted young people they are indeed. From the time we met until we said good-bye we had the sweetest kind of fellowship. The party overtook Mr. Jaffray at Saigon, French Indo-China.

We arrived in Sourabaya on June 28th, and stayed there over Sunday. At Sourabaya the party separated. From there I left for Tarakan, Borneo, on July 9th, via Bali, Lombok, and the Celebes. The Fisks arrived in Tarakan just a week before. It was wonderful to hear them tell of how God undertook for them in getting temporary lodging, renting a house and having it repaired, favor with the officials etc. Mr. Fisk said that there is no crisis in his Christian experience that made the Lord more precious to his soul. But no less wonderful did the Lord meet the Brills in Ampenan, Lombok; and Mr. Clench in Balik-papan. These three places are all strategic centres from where, after a reasonable time of language

study, they can advance into the interior and work among the Dyaks and other aboriginal tribes.

On my return trip to Balikpapan the steamer called at four ports on the east coast of Borneo. These cities are not situated on the coast, but on three different rivers and from 20 to 60 miles inland. Monkeys and crocodiles are a common sight. Going up the Beraoe River, the captain of our boat killed three crocodiles, one of which was at least 12 to 15 feet in length! But what thrilled me more than anything else was when at Tandjoeng-Redeb I actually saw some Dyaks, Borneo's so-called "Wild men" and "Head hunters"! Men, women and boys, all dressed in their primitive jungle attire and adorned with crude decorations, were walking about in the streets. First they were a bit shy, but through the medium of a Chinese interpreter I was able to get them to pose for a picture. You should have seen them grab the guilder I gave them! How I wished I could tell them of

Jesus! It is primarily for the evangelization of these long neglected tribes, who have been driven up the rivers into the dense and dangerous jungles, that this work has been begun. May God grant that the advance guards, now studying the language, may soon be able to move forward. Pray for them.

Paul Lenn, the Chinese evangelist at Balik-papan, has a good work started. I heard a thrilling testimony one night. A Chinese brother, who was waiting for baptism, told his dream. It appeared he was in an ally, when suddenly a band of evil and desperate men came around the corner attacking him with knives and guns. Although they struck him he did not feel the pain of the wounds, and so was able to keep running. After some time he found himself on the sea shore. In the distance was a ship which was coming

toward him. Just at that time an old man with a long beard stepped up to him and told him to follow him. They went out to the ship and embarked. It was the most beautiful ship he had ever seen. In a little while they were off to some unknown but glorious destination. He awoke. "I must be baptized and become a preacher" were his first thoughts. As Christians, the devil will attack us, but he really cannot hurt us, and in the end Christ will come and take us to heaven to be with Himself". This was the simple interpretation that our brother gave of the dream, and how wonderful! "And they SHALL come from the SOUTH and shall sit down in the Kingdom of God," said Jesus.

The time is short and the coming of the Lord is at hand. You can help by praying and giving.

### Editorial (Continued from Page 2)

messengers from Samarinda up the Mahakam River and its tributaries into the heart of Borneo. The sooner we have this motor boat, the sooner we can reach the heart of the problem to bring the Gospel to the Dyaks, the wild man of this part of Borneo. Such a boat

would be the home of the missionary for months together, and its equipment and up-keep will be a considerable expense. We shall be glad for your definite prayers for this, and we shall be glad to hear from interested friends.

MAP  
 of  
 SOUTH CHINA  
 INDO-CHINA  
 PHILIPPINE ISLANDS  
 and  
 EAST INDIES

