

THE PIONEER

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Unto us
a
Child

A Papuan dwarf
of New Guinea.
The Chinese stand-
ing by the side of
this little man of
the pygmy tribe
is twice his height.
The Chinese in the
picture is not a

—
is
Born!



Unto us
a
Son

missionary, nor is
the pygmy a Chris-
tian, but pray that
missionaries may
soon be sent to
New Guinea to call
many out of dark-
ness into His mar-
velous Light.

—
is
Given!

A Victorious New Year!

The Netherlands East Indies Mission of
The Christian and Missionary Alliance

Address: Ladjangiroeweg 77, Makassar, Celebes, N.E.I.

EDITORIAL

Since the last issue of *The Pioneer*, we have had the joy of welcoming new and returning missionaries. On Aug. 23rd. Rev. C. R. Deibler and his bride arrived in Makassar. Mr. Deibler returned from furlough in the U. S. A. while Mrs. Deibler arrived for the first time.

Rev. Harry Post met Miss Mary Gordon in Hongkong where they were married by the Rev. W. H. Oldfield. The bride and groom arrived in Makassar on Sept. 21st.

It was no less joy to welcome Rev. & Mrs. J. A. Mouw and children when they arrived in Makassar for Conference. As you may already know, they arrived at their station in West-Borneo the end of May.

On October 22nd. Rev. Walter M. and Mrs. Post and Mr. Jaffray arrived from furlough. Mrs. Jaffray remained in Singapore for the time being.

May the Lord grant to these new and returning missionaries fruitful and joyful service for Him in the days to come. What a time of fellowship and meeting of colleagues this coming Conference will be!

It is with much praise to God that we report that the Lord has been gracious and has touched Mrs. Mickelson's ear. At present her ear is very much better, but is still somewhat troublesome when she has a slight cold. She is now up at Benteng-Tinggi, our mountain rest home. Let us pray that she will be spared a return attack, and let us also not forget to praise and thank the Lord for what He has done.

This year's Conference will be history by the time this *Pioneer* reaches you. Much prayer is being offered that it will be the greatest Conference we have ever had. Soon after Conference, the Lord willing, we hope that two missionary

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couples will go forth into Dutch New Guinea. They will work among newly discovered Papuan tribes that have not yet heard the Good News of Jesus Christ. Your prayer help will be greatly appreciated.

GOOD NEWS FLASHES.

LOMBOK. In Eastern Lombok among the Moslems the Spirit of God has been mightily working. For years we have prayed for this! Brother Könemann and Petroes, the native worker, have prayed with seventy-three persons in one village, who have accepted the Lord Jesus as their Saviour. Hallelujah! Pray that each one may be truly born again, and that the Lord by His Spirit will give them a revelation of Jesus Christ as the Son of God and only Saviour.

BRITISH NORTH BORNEO. FIRST FRUITS. Batun-Maling is the old chief of the first village in the Lun-Daya country visited by the missionary. From the first, Brother Mickelson detected a deep hunger in his heart for the Gospel. He came to the missionary after a service and in broken English, said, „Sir, I want picture Jesus. I want you write Way of Jesus on back. Write my name and date too. I want follow Jesus. I no want forget law Lord Jesus.” That night after the service the old chief prayed earnestly to God. What a prayer it was!

The missionary went on his trip to other villages and later returned to Batun-Maling's village. In another service the chief again prayed in the Spirit. After instruction regarding baptism, and Brother Mickelson was convinced that the chief had an understanding of what it meant to follow the Lord, he was baptized.

Most of the people of the village witnessed the

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baptism. It was a very touching scene. While going into the waters for baptism the chief began, unsolicited, to testify, and made it clear to his people what he was doing. Then he began to pray, and tears flowed freely down his wrinkled cheeks as he pled with God. "Tabik! Toehan 'Isa"! (Hail! Lord Jesus!), he said in conclusion. With a joyful "Hallelujah" he was buried with Christ in baptism. Pray for the Chief and his people.

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AFRAID? OF WHAT?

To feel the Spirit's glad release?
To pass from pain to perfect peace,
The strife and strain of life to cease?

Afraid — of that?

Afraid? of what?

Afraid to see the Saviour's face,
To hear His welcome and to trace
The glory gleam from wounds of grace?

Afraid — of that?

Afraid? of what?

A flash, a crash, a pierced heart,
Darkness, light, O Heaven's art!
A wound of His a counterpart!

Afraid — of that?

Afraid? of what?

To do by death what life could not,
Baptize with blood a stony plot,
Till souls shall blossom from the spot?

Afraid — of that?

The above poem of unknown authorship was copied by the late Mrs. Presswood a short time before her death, but only recently found among her things. God grant that that plot baptized with her blood may blossom with many souls won for her Lord whom she loved.

(Editor)

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A VISIT TO WEST BORNEO

By Rev. G. Woerner

If you are interested in missionary traveling perhaps you would like to join me on a trip to our West Borneo field. Without any further delay, allow yourself to be carried by your imagination to the western shores of Borneo and meet me at Pontianak.



Rapids encountered by missionaries in Borneo

Pontianak is an interesting little town, and is the seat of an ancient Sultanate, which is still maintained—the Sultan living in the usual oriental pomp. Being located at the mouth of the great Kapoeas River, the gateway to the interior, it is important, and busy from a commercial standpoint also. The town lies right on the Equator, having the distinction of being

the largest town in the world (32,000) located on the imaginary line. It is jokingly said in Pontianak that every time you go up town you have to cross the equator.

At Pontianak we leave the K.P.M. steamer. We now start up the mighty Kapoeas River, the largest and longest river of West Borneo, which flows from east to west; crossing the equator many times in its serpentine course. Sitting on the deck our eyes begin to scan the river banks for crocodiles, pythons, tigers and monkeys of which we had read. However, we see only a few of the latter. It is explained that because the river is in flood, the crocodiles are prevented from taking their sun bath on its muddy banks.

Slowly we ascend the river at about three and a half miles per hour. John Chinaman plays a very important part in the commercial life of West Borneo. It is stated that about 90 per cent of the business is in his hands. As we go ashore and inspect his general merchandise store, barber shop or dentist office, we are able to use our Cantonese and Mandarin, though most of them are Hakkas. On asking them "Do you believe in Jesus"? or, "Is there a Chapel in this town"? we get only one answer, "NO"! In a few of the larger towns we notice a Mosque, but this only adds to the sorrow of our hearts. How long will these benighted peoples have to wait before they have an adequate chance of hearing the Gospel and believing on Jesus?

After two and a half days of such scenery and thoughts we finally arrive at Belitang, a small village on the north bank of the Kapoeas, about 200 miles from the coast. It is 1.00 a.m., but we have reached our destination, and so we must get off. It is pitch dark. We are strangers in a strange land. Fortunately it is not raining, as we expected to have to sit on our baggage on the raft until dawn. But,

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we hear, a voice out of the darkness, "Brother Woerner, are you there?" Brother Meltzer, being on an itinerating trip that day in a Dyak village not far from Belitang, heard that the S.S. "Irma" was coming, and knowing that we would be visiting them, came to see if we had arrived. Happily we transfer to a Chinese store, built on a large raft where we spend the remainder of the night.

Since the Mission motor boat is out of commission, we hire a boat to take us up to Balai-Sepoeak, situated on a small tributary about 25 miles to the north of Belitang. Just as it is getting dark we round the last bend which brings Balai-Sepoeak into view. 'So this is Balai-Sepoeak'? We thought it was a small village, but it consists of only three houses, and two of those are on a raft!

The sound of the motor brought all the inmates of the missionary home out on the porch, and the first words we hear are, "Have our visitors come?" Since the Belitang River had risen about 20 feet or more, we could easily have pulled up alongside the steps of the house, but an old picket fence prevented this. Assisted by the long arms and strong hands of Harry Post you are fairly yanked out of the boat on to the raft where Mrs. Meltzer and Jackie with a number of native workers and Christians accorded us a rousing welcome. You may be considered *nothing* at home, but you are *everything* when you come to the mission field, especially when visiting missionaries on an inland station. The feelings of hosts and guests at a time like this cannot be described; they can only be felt. Try it sometime. You will never regret any inconvenience. We are now in the heart of the mysterious isle of Borneo, the legendary home of the "Wild man" and "Headhunter", but the spirit and joy of Christian fellowship causes one to forget that entirely.

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It is the rainy season, when all the streams and creeks are swollen. Therefore we cannot visit all the Churches and Christian long-houses as we thought we might. However, we must visit Bethel, one of the churches about 12 miles distant.

Early Saturday morning we pack a few necessary articles into an empty five-gallon kerosene tin, for we must travel lightly. We do not take any food with us, since the native evangelists will feed us with the best that can be secured in the jungles. Native vegetables and fruits common in other parts, strange to say, are very scarce here, even in Balai-Sepoeak, so that the missionaries must resort much to tinned goods, which are difficult to obtain and also expensive. By 8.30 a.m. our things are all tied together, or are in baskets which are carried by the Dyaks on their backs, aided by a strap passing across their foreheads. We wear our oldest clothes, and provide ourselves with a sturdy stick to aid us in keeping our equilibrium when forced into precarious positions. After about ten minutes on the path, which the Dyaks call "Djalan tikoes" (mouse trail), it starts to pour. After all efforts at keeping dry fail, such as standing under a large tree, or several under one umbrella, we figure that we cannot get much wetter, and proceed in the downpour which lasts for several hours. One needs to be a sort of an acrobat to balance oneself when crossing an unseen crooked log, waist deep in water, or the countless poles lying in the muddy and swampy places. To fall off the slippery logs means to swim—and woe unto you if you cannot. And to slip off the poles often means to sink nearly knee deep into mud, from which it requires the utmost patience, ingenuity and skill to extricate your feet with your shoes still on!

After two and a half hours walking through mud and water; stumbling over roots and poles; being scratched by

bushes, vines and course grass, we finally arrive at the first Christian Dyak long-house. After ascending the notched log, and going about a hundred feet toward the centre of this crude and primitive dwelling, we sit down on the stools or benches so kindly provided for us. We are drenched to the skin and splashed with mud, but that does not matter. That bloody spot showing through the tights of that carrier indicates that a leech had fastened itself to his leg, sucked himself full of blood to a capacity so large that the space between the trousers and his skin became too tight, thus it had to burst before he became satiated, and would naturally have dropped off. We all examine ourselves, and each one finds several of these slippery, ugly creatures attached to our shins or thighs. While resting we sing a few songs with the Dyaks, have prayer, and then continue our tramp to the next long-house over similar paths and under like conditions. After another rest in the second long-house, and walking over a third stretch of strenuous jungle paths we finally arrive at Bethel at 4.00 p.m. weary, wet and footsore, but full of joy nevertheless.

The native evangelists were expecting us earlier. Anticipating our needs, they had everything ready for us; facilities for a Malay bath, a tasty meal, (this must be considered relatively) and a place to sleep. Bethel is a central location around which are located several Dyak long-houses from one to five hours distant. Formerly it was just an ordinary plot of jungle. But today it is a little colony, consisting of a large church building, a school house, dormitories, and numerous little shacks, occupied by Dyaks, who live at a long distance, and so cannot get to church in time Sunday mornings, and so come the night before! Of course these buildings are of a primitive and temporary nature, but they

have all been built by the Dyaks themselves, an honest effort and true exhibition of self-support, which is most astounding, and worthy of much praise.

After supper we have our first meeting. Ordinarily only the two families and the forty or more school children live at Bethel, but this being Saturday night more than 300 had already come for the Sunday services, and were present also at that Saturday night service! You think that is wonderful, but the half has not yet been told, for there were more than 700 Dyaks present for the Sunday morning and afternoon services! And all of them had walked over trails just like we did, some walking more than five hours. And this is not only the way they gather when a visitor comes, but is the ordinary thing every Saturday night and Sunday! Nor is this true only at Bethel, but at the other three churches as well. Nearly 3,000 Christians, and practically all of them in church on Sunday! I have never witnessed anything like it. These simple Dyak Christians put Home Christians to shame, when it comes to church going.

And their singing! While the Dyaks may like to sing, and take to our hymn tunes more readily than the Chinese, yet due credit must be given to the native evangelists who have taught them with such great success. Only our larger Alliance conventions could outsing Bethel! They cannot read, but have learned scores of hymns by heart. The gesture song they sang for us, you could never forget. Imagine 700 Dyaks arising from their squatting position, and singing with their mouths wide open, and as loud as they can; clapping their hands on the first and second lines; marking time with their feet on the third and fourth lines; putting their fingers to their eyes, and then raising their arms full length skyward on the fifth line; touching their ears on the

sixth line, and reverently crossing their hands upon their hearts on the seventh and eighth lines. Only Sunday School children would sing a gesture song like that at home, but here old and young, men and women, with all their hearts sang so loudly and rythmatically that the large flimsy church structure actually trembled! And their slogan: "Praise the Lord God, praise the Lord Jesus, praise the Holy Spirit, Hallelujah, Amen", nearly raises the roof!

These simple Dyaks have a real longing to hear all they can about God and His Word, and they believe that Sunday is a *day* of worship—not only one hour of that day, as so many imagine! Our meetings begin at 9.00 a.m., but at eight o'clock they start to gather, and all prefer the front seats. There are no chairs, nor even benches, but they just sit on the floor, packed so closely together that one of us would surely get into trouble with our feet, but they are experts at it. The morning service lasts from 9.00 a.m. till 12 noon. The afternoon session from 2.30 till 5.30. And the night service from 7.00 anywhere till ten or eleven o'clock! There is no waiting one for another when they testify, and how earnest and snappy. Their quoting of Bible verses is also amazing. When one of their elders prays, you could easily imagine some bishop praying. After such a day, one would ordinarily be tired, but, never having witnessed anything like this, each act proved a fresh and powerful inspiration, so that weariness and sleep are entirely forgotten.

Drunkeness has ceased among these Dyaks, and with many of them, smoking and betel nut chewing also. Instead of buying tobacco they now buy soap or clothes. Add to these things the wonderful testimonies of healing, of the casting out of evil spirits, of rain and sunshine

obtained in answer to prayer, and you are lost in wonder, and can only bow your head and heart in worship.

On Monday morning we return to Balai-Sepoeak. Since we could not visit all the churches, all the workers were invited to come to Balai-Sepoeak for a special Workers' Conference on Thursday, and as many of the Dyaks who cared to come on Friday, the day before our departure. Without any urging whatever, more than 600 came, many bringing their little gifts of a chicken, one or two eggs, rice, bananas, etc. as a token of their affection. The natural thing to do was to hold four meetings for them, one on Thursday night and three on Friday. There is no church building yet at Balai-Sepoeak and so the services are held in the missionaries' home, which in addition to their private bed rooms and dining room has one large room in the centre, and several smaller rooms to the rear. All these were packed on Thursday night, plus the attic, porch, and even the raft floating in the front yard at the time! The three services on Friday were conducted in a rubber tree grove to the rear of the house—a fair imitation of the Old Orchard Convention grounds, minus the benches and other modern accessories.

The native evangelists all being present made it possible to form a men's chorus. Between the regular service both at Bethel and Balai-Sepoeak, some were baptized, others were married, and still others would come to say they want to accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour, and trust in His shed Blood for the remission of their sins! And thus the revival is still going on, a steady stream of Salvation all the time, Hallelujah!

Although our visit to Balai-Sepoeak and Bethel was short, what was stamped upon our hearts and minds there will never be forgotten, and will be an inspiration for many days to

come. And if the ministry we were able to render during our brief sojourn proved as big a blessing to the Missionaries, Native Workers and Christians, as their presence has to us, our visit to West Borneo has not been in vain. God bless the Dyak Christians of Balai-Sepoeak, and Bethel, as well as those of the Churches of Emmanuel and Shiloh, which we were not able to visit, nearly three thousand of them. There are sixteen native workers, and the missionaries who are carrying on for God in this district. Oh, that this revival fire may sweep the whole interior of Borneo, and God do in other sections and amongst other tribes of this great island what He has done here. Amen.



THE SEA-PLANE FOR BORNEO

Having obtained Government permission, and the approval of the Home Board in New York, the N. E. I. Conference, assembled at Makassar, finally discussed the particulars as to the best type of plane for the work. We now most earnestly invite the faithful prayers, and liberal gifts of friends at home, to make this Gospel plane an actual working reality. In our next issue of *The Pioneer* we hope to give more particulars about the Sea-plane, which is to fly over the terrific, forbidding rapids of our fields in Borneo.

We confidently believe that it is the will of God for us thus to use the latest and most modern inventions to speed up the Gospel, to reach the most remote and most degraded, and the very last tribes of earth, ere He returns. In our case it practically becomes a choice, because of the wild rapids that cut these people off from the coast, of either abandoning the work or using a plane.

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OBEYING HIS COMMAND

By Mrs. Harry Post

"As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you". I praise God that this commission by Christ to His disciples, came also to my heart some years ago. I am filled with a deep joy to

Mr.
and
Mrs.
Harry
Post



Married
in
Hong-
kong
Sept.
9th.

realize that soon I am to enter upon a direct fulfillment of that commission.

Previous to the arrival in Makassar was my arrival in

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Hongkong, where Mr. Post was awaiting me, and where we were married by the Rev. Walter Oldfield of South China, the wedding taking place in the Union Central Church of Kowloon. The short stay in Hongkong was made very delightful by the presence and fellowship of Alliance missionaries from South China and Central China, who showed us every possible kindness.

On September 21st Mr. Post and I arrived in Makassar. Soon after the boat docked, we were greeted by several of the N.E.I. missionaries. It had been my privilege to become acquainted with some of them at home, and also to have had part in farewelling four of them. Thus it was a real pleasure to be welcomed by them, and to become one of their number.

My first real glimpse of one phase of the work here came with my attending an evening service in the Tabernacle. I had heard from others how well the Bible School students sing, and I certainly was not disappointed. Naturally, having heard so much about the Dyaks, I was greatly pleased to meet several Dyak students.

Like other newcomers my attention was attracted by the mode of living among the natives, and by the contrast they presented to the distinctly modernistic ways of the European residents. But the thing that grips one most is to see the many Moslems who live in Makassar, and to know that they are outside of Christ.

I am now studying the Malay language, and trust that ere long I shall be telling out the Gospel to those who need it so desperately. Do remember us in prayer as we work together with Him for the salvation of souls in the N.E.I.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Post are appointed by Conference to the Mahakam district in East Borneo. How many will try to remember to pray daily for them and for that needy field?

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'IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME'

By Rev. J. C. Meltzer

Many and varied are the thrills of a missionary. For instance, the thrill of knowing you are proclaiming the Gospel of Christ to a group of people for the first time. Then it is always a thrill to bury in the waters of baptism those who have renounced idolatry and superstition, and who have been washed in the Blood of the Lamb. In this connection it is especially thrilling to have the privilege of baptizing the first converts of a new race or tribe of people. But, no less thrilling than this is that of administering the emblems of the broken Body and shed Blood of our Lord in a communion service — especially the first one.

We have no stately edifices such as in Europe and America, only a humble wooden structure — made of tree bark, bamboo, rattan. There are no beautiful stained-glass windows depicting various stories from the sacred canon. Three sides of our church buildings here are all windows, without the glass. We have no comfortable padded pews for the worshippers, because the floor is good enough. Neither is there use for a paid and robed choir, because our Dyak Christians have the melody of heaven in their souls. Our Dyaks do not drive up to the church in nice, new, shiny cars of the latest model. The only motive power they have is that generated by their pedal extremities. There is never the question of what they will wear for special occasions either. They wear the same for Easter that they do for Christmas. Many of the men and boys wear only a loin cloth, while a few have short trousers, and fewer still are able to afford long trousers. Some wear shirts but the majority dispense with that for-

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mality. The women wear a black "saroeng" (skirt) and a blouse, usually of some gay color. On very special occasions, it is not hard to tell who has the money in your congregation, because the women usually wear all the money they have around their waists in the form of a belt. Needless to say very few wear shoes.

These people surely do love to sing, although not always in the proper tune. But what they lack in technique they more than make up for in volume and enthusiasm. Some of their favorite songs are "Glory to His Name," "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood," "At the Cross," "When I see the Blood," "He will Fill your Heart today to Overflowing," and "Nothing but the Blood." They especially like the songs concerning the Blood of Jesus, because formerly they used the blood of a bird, chicken, or pig in their sacrifices, but being delivered from all of that, they know how to fully appreciate and value the efficacy of the shed Blood of Christ.

Now you have the back-ground for our first communion service in West Borneo. Recently it was our joy and privilege to administer the Sacrament to our Dyaks Christians here, numbering about twenty-five hundred. Of course we didn't serve them all at once, but each of our four churches at separate times. For weeks before, we had preached about and instructed the people concerning this ordinance. There were times of heart-searching, confessing and putting away of sin. Most of our Christians partook, but a few failed to do so for various reasons, but mostly because their lives were not clean and pure. We felt the Presence of the Lord in each one of these services.

Here in the West Borneo jungle we have no fine silver communion service like those used at home. The bread was served from a plate and the "cup" was a bowl. Each

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person, who had one, brought a spoon along with him to the service and used it to dip into the bowl. Those who had none, simply borrowed his neighbor's, after he had finished. Many and various were the sizes, shapes, and colors of the spoons used. The people knelt down at rudely constructed benches, while we served the elements to them. Here is an old lady, who, with trembling hand, dips her spoon into the bowl, and after much effort manages to save a little portion of the contents before the spoon finally reaches her mouth. Over yonder is an old blind man, who almost every Sunday, attends the services, after walking a distance requiring two hours. Blindness will not prevent him from participating. A friend of his put the bread and grapejuice into his mouth for him, and it was blessed to see the smile of satisfaction that stole across his countenance and to hear him say "Poedji Toehan!" (Praise the Lord!) Here' is a mother (with a couple of children) who will not be deprived of the blessing of partaking of the Lord's Supper. With one little one in her arm, and another being pulled along by the hand, she makes her way to the bench and kneels down. Occasionally there is one who is afraid he will be passed by, so before his turn comes to receive the sacrament he reaches in front of two or three others who are ahead of him in order to be sure he will not be left out!

A few weeks after the communion service in our Balai-Sepoeak church, we were called to a village to pray with some sick people. While in this village a certain woman came to us with beaming face, and said she wanted to testify. This is the sum and substance of her testimony. Before the communion service she was still enslaved to the betel nut habit, but during the service she asked the Lord to give her the victory over it. When she reached her village after the

service, she didn't go right away for the dirty stuff as was her custom. The next morning also she refrained from taking it. Up to the present time she hasn't touched it again. Furthermore, she said that she no longer had the desire for it. My, how happy she was in her new-found joy and victory. Praise God there is victory in Jesus.

A certain man who had backslidden, came back to the Lord. For a number of weeks he was most faithful in attending the house of the Lord. One Sunday we told him it would help him greatly if he would testify publicly, and that we had waited all these weeks for him to do so. Then he said, "I cannot testify because I haven't had the cup yet", meaning, of course, he hadn't yet taken communion. My, how simple and innocent these people are concerning the things of God. But in spite of their ignorance they really love the Lord, and many know Him in a real way. Will you not pray for these babes in Christ that they will be strengthened, settled, established in the way, and rooted and grounded in Him?

This first communion service no doubt could have been more orderly, but twenty-five hundred babes don't learn everything at once. After they have partaken as many times as we, they too will know proper decorum. Praise God for the blessing that attended this first Lord's Supper. They are all looking forward to the next one. We know each time it will mean more to them.

Our Dyak family here is only a little more than three years old, which means that the oldest Christian has not been long in the way. It is a real task to instruct and guide them. We ask that you remember us in this responsibility.

"THEY THAT HUNGER AND THIRST"*By Rev. J. W. Brill*

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled". What a blessed state to be in! What a precious promise from our Lord Himself! How comforting to know that they are called "blessed" who hunger and thirst after righteousness. Satan tries to fill us with an evil spiritual pride, wherein we think we are in need of nothing. This was the attitude of the Laodiceans, "I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing". Yet the Lord said "Thou art wretched, miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked".

One of the best assurances of God's presence among us is a real heart hunger and thirst after righteousness, a reaching out for something that is better and higher. This is what we are now experiencing in the Makassar Bible School. Brother Presswood has been speaking in the Chapel hour for a week, and many truly hungry students are asking God to search their hearts, and are seeking to be filled with the Holy Spirit.

How pleasing to a father to see his children, really hungry, sitting at a table satisfying that hunger. How much more pleasing to our Heavenly Father to see in His children a spiritual hunger and to see them feast on Christ Jesus.

We are claiming the promise that these hungry students shall be filled. Will you not have a share, in prayer, in bringing to pass the fulfilment of this promise. We are believing that this present working of the Holy Spirit will lead these students into "all the fullness of God". About thirty of the present student body will be sent for practical work at the end of the year. How "blessed" it will be, and how their

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lives will count for Christ, if they have been truly *filled* with the Spirit.

Brother Deibler, while awaiting the opening of Conference, has been teaching in the Bible School for about two months, and has been a real help to the writer as well as to the students.

God's grace and care have been upon us, in that this year we have been spared from any epidemics, and only a few of the students have been sick. All praise to the Lord Jesus! Moreover several times, the Holy Spirit has been manifested in special ways, yet we are confidently expecting the "fulness of blessing" from heaven.

This year has not been lacking in testings and victories along financial lines. Once when down to "rock bottom", just on time, came a check from one of our missionaries on furlough which saved the day. At other times, the Lord has helped in other ways, and still again when the "barrel" was empty, some students paid up their board which met our needs. It has been one blessed experience after another, proving that it is true, "that my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus".

The enrollment this year is one hundred and seventy students. During this year it has been our privilege to see God work in many hearts: saving some, giving victory to others, guiding the writer and giving His wisdom when problems arose. It has been a joy to watch many "grow in grace and the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ".



Please pray that God will give us many native men and women workers who are truly filled with His Holy Spirit, and with the knowledge of His Holy Word, to go forth and witness the Gospel to their own peoples.

"WHO BROUGHT THEE HITHER?" (Judges 18:3)

By Mrs. C. Russell Deibler

Looking over the pages of the past, it seems only yesterday that I started across the bridge spanning the river of "Preparation for Missionary Service". In reality it has been just ten years since I felt His hand separating me for the work whereunto He has now called me.

Life, for me, began on a farm in the northern part of Iowa, but when I was five years of age my parents moved to the city. I thought life had suddenly grown very complicated. Public school dealt cruelly with my farm-bred timidity, and Sunday, instead of baking tempting mud pies in the woods, I was escorted to Sunday School. Every Sunday brought forth a new and interesting story, accompanied by an admonition to "be good", and return to Sunday School the following Sunday. Each Sunday I firmly resolved to "be good", but each successive Sunday was forced to admit that I had been a complete failure. During the intervening years until my conversion, there remained one ever present, unanswered question in my mind: "What is this irresistible force which makes it so much easier to do the wrong thing than the right?" My heart seemed always to hunger for something, I knew not what.

Illness necessitated my father's absence from work for a year. During that year discouragements and disappointments of every kind seemed to force their way into our happy, well regulated home. One Sunday morning, when it seemed we were sitting in the very lap of discouragement, our neighbor invited us to listen to the Radio Minister from Omaha. That morning we listened to the 'sweetest story



Mr. and Mrs. Deibler in old Dutch costume. They have recently arrived on the field from Holland, where they spent about six month studying the Dutch language. Pray for them as they hope soon, with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Post, to take up pioneer work in Dutch New Guinea.

ever told' of someone who would supply first our spiritual needs and then our material needs. At the close of the service the Radio Minister spoke of having been to an Alliance Tabernacle in our city. The strong desire to hear more about this Christ, drew Mother and me forth that stormy February night in search of this Tabernacle. The message which the minister gave was so foreign to anything I had ever heard, that I could not grasp it, but Mother was on her knees before the altar even before the invitation was given.

During the ensuing week she was a complete conundrum to me. Personally, I could see no visible change in our material circumstances, but the vicissitudes of life no longer weighed heavily upon her. An insatiable desire to have whatever it was that Mother had flooded my hungry heart. I waited anxiously for the next Sunday. Again I listened to the message of salvation, and that night I too knew that "He had removed my transgressions from me as far as the East is from the West." The question that had so long disturbed my mind remained no longer unanswered. I then knew that righteousness was not to be found in one's self, nor was it acquired by self-discipline, but that He is our righteousness. The realization that I had lived in a Christian land, had attended Sunday School, had known of Christ as the Perfect Example, the Great Teacher, but never once had heard that He had died for me, and that He was my righteousness, made my heart hungry to tell others about Him, others who had never heard His name. There was no struggle when He asked me to surrender my life for service in the Regions Beyond, that was my heart's desire.

He gave me the vision. Through high school years and Bible school He led me, and now at last He has brought me to the field of my future labours.

THE PIONEER

After an absence of almost three years, I am happy to write you again through the medium of *The Pioneer*, and to state simply that it is a joy to be again in the land which the Lord has chosen for me. About two and a half years were spent in the United States, during which time I traveled about one hundred thousand miles on business for Him, and in the interest of missions. Another six months was spent in Holland in the study of the Dutch language. I am thankful to the Lord for the 'helpmeet' He has given me, and pray that He may choose to use our united, yielded lives here in His service. We covet your most earnest prayers.

C. Russell Deibler.

CONFERENCE AND NEW GUINEA

Our Mission's Conference has just closed as we go to press. It was the testimony of all, that it was the best Conference we have ever held in the N. E. I. The closing day, Nov. 18th. was a never-to-be-forgotten All-Day-of-Prayer. Some fifty very definite requests were held before the Lord in faith. We believe that He is pleased with our pioneer policy, as we are lengthening the cords of our Gospel tent to the north, and east and west.

Two senior missionaries and their wives were appointed for the first time by our Mission to Dutch New Guinea. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Post and Mr. and Mrs. C. Russell Deibler were set apart to go to the newly discovered Wissel Lakes region, inland from the southwestern coast of Dutch New Guinea. Here thousands of hitherto unknown Papuan peoples have recently been sighted from the air. Our missionaries hope soon to sail to the coast of far away Dutch New Guinea, to a small town on the coast called Oeta, and then up a newly opened trail for five days to the Wissel Lakes. Your prayers for them are requested. The two men go first to prepare the way, and their wives will follow later. There will be more about New Guinea in our next issue of *The Pioneer*.

THE PIONEER
CHILDREN'S BIBLE SCHOOL

By Miss Margaret E. Kemp

"Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sunday School Brigade!", or as it has been translated into Malay for the Children's Bible School, "Hear the steps of the Bible School Army!" If you had been with us on Saturday evening Oct. 1st. when we had the closing program for our Children's Bible School, you would have heard their steps, as they marched into the Tabernacle, two abreast, girls up one aisle, and boys up the other. They took their places on the platform to sing the lively, march song which had been our school song throughout the 6 weeks that the school was in session.

After this song Mr. Pouw led in prayer, and was followed by the school prayer in the form of a chorus. The School motto Matt. 24 : 35 was then given, and another chorus sung. The groups which represented Primary, Junior, Intermediate and Young People's departments then left the platform in favor of the little tots, the supervision of whose work, as well as other work in the school, had been under Miss Jaffray. These little folk gave us a lively fifteen minutes of Memory Verses and Motion Songs. Solos, duets, sextettes were sung and the motions made for such choruses as "Wide as the Ocean", "Climb, Climb up Sunshine Mountain", "Little hands to Work for Jesus", and many others which have been translated into the Malay language.

When the beginners had finished, each of the other departments by turn took part in the program, which even though it was too long, did not give sufficient time for all the 200 or more who had been in attendance to participate, nor to give forth all of the Word, "that had been hid in their hearts".

But perhaps some one is saying, what about the results of this school? We can't tell you that very definitely. Only eternity will reveal these things, but we saw many of these children kneel before God asking forgiveness of their sins; we saw them kneel and surrender themselves to God to wholly follow Him; we took note of the hands that were raised when we asked how many wanted to have victory every day in their lives, and we prayed with them that this might be a reality. We are leaving the results in the Master's Hands.

However, we are seeing some of the results of previous years, for this is the fifth year of the School. We would like to point out some of these results to you.

First, our most faithful pupils this year, were those who had come previous years, indicating to us a real desire for the study of God's Word.

Second, those who were the most attentive and reverent in the house of God, were those who in past years had professed salvation, indicating to us a real work of God in their hearts.

Third, among the native teachers, one who was most promising in the way she conducted her class, and in the initiative which she showed, was herself a pupil in the school two years ago, indicating that the school itself is a real place of training for those who are called to this kind of Bible work even if they do not have the privilege of ever attending the regular Bible School for further training.

As we look back, we think of the more than 6 weeks of hard work, but weeks of great joy: as we look forward it is with hearts full of anticipation at the prospects of another such school in 1939, if Jesus tarries.

THE PIONEER

THE TRIUMPH OF THE GOSPEL IN LONG-NOEAT

By Rev. W. E. Presswood

As in Ezekiel's day so throughout the ages, in every place God has sought for a man, a key-man, an individual, whom He can use to bring blessing to a multitude. Sometimes it is true that He "found none", but wherever we have seen great



A native scene. Note the native boats, and the boy sitting on the crooked palm tree.

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blessing poured out, we don't have to look far to see the man God has used as a channel for His blessing. The story of the triumph of the Gospel in Long-Noeat is the story of God laying hold of a man by the name of Fanai-Roeat, and using that man and his zeal in the building of His church, first in Long-Noeat, and then throughout the surrounding district.

Fanai first heard the Gospel about six years ago, but it was only a little over two years ago, when Brother Mickelson made a trip to his village, that he really decided with all his heart for Christ. Some months afterwards, when my wife and I had moved to Long-Berang, Fanai came to see me. I was away when he came, but my wife persuaded him to wait for several days, and in the meantime, she taught him as much as she could through an interpreter. As soon as I saw him, and heard what my wife had told me concerning him. I recognized in him an unusual type, and felt that God could greatly use him.

Returning to his village Fanai taught his people all that he knew, and then returned to Long-Berang with a number of his people, asking to be baptized. He and his wife, with a number of others from his village, were baptized at a great baptismal service on Christmas day 1937. Shortly before this, he had made a trip to British Borneo, and had interested people in the Gospel, in a number of villages. He is a born evangelist, and would like to enter school, but he is responsible to care for his aged parents. When at Long-Berang at Christmas time, he pled with me to let them have a teacher in his village. I reminded him that his village was very small, and that we could not spare a teacher for one small village of perhaps thirty persons. He said that if we gave them a teacher, a number of other villages would move to Long-Noeat, and that others, who did not move, would come

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every Sunday for teaching. Thus it came about that two student-evangelists were sent to his village, one, a Dyak, Asing, our first Putuk convert. The Dyaks have kept their word, and built a good house for the teachers, and every Saturday upwards of two hundred Dyaks gather at Long Noeat for the Sunday services.

Recently I visited Long-Noeat, and never before received such a joyous welcome, nor have I seen such enthusiasm anywhere. Everyone was praying, singing or praising the Lord. Groups of children would sing heartily the Gospel choruses they had been taught in their own language, and then would gather around in a circle, and one after another lead out in prayer. On the Sunday I was there, about three hundred and fifty gathered to hear the Word. This number included about thirty Dyaks who had come over the border from British North Borneo for the occasion. When I arrived for the service in the evening, I found Fanai, standing up in the centre of the crowd, exhorting them with great earnestness to go through with Christ. The service was held outside under the starlit heavens, and on the site of a proposed church building which since that time has been raised. It is now nearing completion.

Since moving into the enemy's territory, it seems that there has been no end of difficulty and trouble, but when I think of what God has wrought in these few short years, I cannot but praise Him. A friend recently said to me, "Couldn't you have found some other place to go, where the difficulties would not be so great?" Possibly I could have, for it would be difficult to find a place where the difficulties are any greater, but God called me to work here, and hence I could be happy nowhere else. But while God calls some to go, and and in person face all kinds of difficulties in order to bring

the Light to those who sit in darkness, He also calls others to pray and to give. O that God would stir the heart of each one who reads this to take *that* call seriously!

"And I sought for a man among them, that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before Me for the land, that I should not destroy it: but I found none." (Ezek. 22:30).

**New Directory of Alliance Missionaries of the N.E.I.
as per recent Conference appointments**

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|---|---|
| Makassar, Ladjangiroeweg, 77,
Celebes, N.E.I. | — Rev. R. A. and Mrs. Jaffray
Rev. J. W. and Mrs. Brill
Miss M. E. Kemp
Miss M. M. Jaffray
Miss P. R. Seely |
| Ampenan, Lombok, N.E.I. | — Rev. W. and Mrs. Kōnemann |
| Balai-Sepoeak, (via Pontianak
and Sekadau) West Borneo, N.E.I. | — Rev. J. A. and Mrs. Mouw |
| Nanga-Pinoh (via Pontianak and
Sintang, West Borneo, N. E. I. | — Rev. J. C. and Mrs. Meltzer |
| P. O. Box 228, Singapore,
British Malaya | — Rev. P. W. and Mrs. Flemiug |
| Jesselton, British North Borneo | — Rev. E. H. and Mrs. Mickelson |
| Long-Berang, via Tarakan and
Mahinau, East Borneo, N. E. i. | — Rev. W. E. Presswood |
| Boelongan, East Borneo, N.E.I. | — Rev. G. E. and Mrs. Fisk |
| Melak, via Samarinda,
East Borneo, N. E. I. | — Rev. H. W. and Mrs. Post |
| New-Guinea, (No address yet,
c/o Headquarters, Makassar) | — Rev. C. R. and Mrs. Deibler
Rev. W. M. and Mrs. Post |
| On furlough, c/o 260 W. 44th.
St. New York, U. S. A. | — Rev. G. and Mrs. Woerner
Rev. H. A. and Mrs. Dixon
Miss L. F. Marsh |

MAP OF NETHERLANDS EAST INDIES

AND SURROUNDING COUNTRIES

