A SAKAI OF BRITISH MALAYA

The Netherlands East Indies Mission of
The Christian and Missionary Alliance
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THE WAR

War and rumors of war have come distinctly nearer us in the Netherlands East Indies since German troops have invaded Holland. This new move involves all kinds of grave possibilities, and perhaps probabilities of trouble for Holland's great island colony, the N. E. I. As we write these lines we await the next turn in events. It is best not to prophesy, or even to try to figure out what may come to pass.

Of one thing we are quite sure, and it brings untold comfort and assurance to our hearts, namely, we are engaged in the line of work in which the Lord Himself is most interested, the preaching of the Gospel to the still unreached jungle tribes of this part of the world. Other so called great movements of nations, and the stupendous events of our day, in comparison, fade into insignificance.

We read an article recently in which the writer of the article proposed to expound the answer to the question which the disciples asked the Lord in the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, — "What shall be the sign of Thy coming and the End of the Age?" but failed, as we see it, to emphasize the only real positive answer, according to the words of the Lord Jesus. The sign of His coming and the End of the Age is not war, or famines, or pestilences, or earthquakes; these are but "the beginning of sorrows." The positive answer of the Lord Himself to the question is given in the fourteenth verse. The one positive sign of His coming and the End of the Age is the pioneer missionary enterprise. "This Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, and THEN shall the End come."

What an honor it is to have a share and be engaged in the prosecution of the fulfilment of this one great sign of the coming of the Lord and the End of the Age.
THE PIONEER

Let us concentrate our last bit of strength, our last God-given opportunity of prayer. Let us invest our last penny to accomplish the great purpose of His will: to bring the Gospel as a witness to the last jungle tribe ere the Lord come back at the End of the Age to reign. Our time may be very short. He may be nearer than any of us dare to hope or expect. If we have anything to give, let us give it now. It is a wise investment. If we have anything that we desire to do for Him, let us do it now. "Behold I come quickly!"

A SEEMING REVERSE

On account of the serious war conditions in Europe, and the over-running of Holland by German troops, the Dutch Colonial Government have decided to temporarily close their station at the Wissel Lakes. This means the entire cutting off of our missionaries who are working in this interior, isolated part of New Guinea. The closing of the Government station includes the dismantling and removal of the radio outfit, which keeps them in touch with the rest of the world, and the Government henceforth cannot guarantee any steamship connection with Oeta, the coast port. We have distinct orders from the Government authorities that the withdrawal of our missionaries is therefore imperative.

It looks like a reverse, but we believe that God will overrule all these temporary conditions, and will eventually make it possible for us to carry out His programme and bring the Gospel, not only to the Kapaukus, the tribe among whom our brethren have been working for a year and a half, but will also enable us to penetrate the interior, and to reach the tens of thousands of Papuan tribes in the Swart River Valley and the Baliem River Valley, who as yet are undiscovered.
Again we want to emphasize how impossible this task is without the use of a twin motor seaplane. This was true before the present war conditions, but now under present circumstances, it is even more so. We invite our readers to concerted prayer, for we believe that nothing can hinder the onward march of the Gospel to unreached parts till the last tribe is reached, and the last soul is won, and the Lord returns.

Notwithstanding what we have just written above, which is the very latest news from the Wissel Lakes, our readers will be interested to know, we are sure, that Mrs. Post and Mrs. Deibler arrived safely joining their husbands at the Wissel Lakes.

They were met at Oeta, the port town on the coast of New Guinea, by their husbands, and in eight days made the hazardous trip up the trail. Truly in answer to prayer, the Lord kept them every step of the way. As we have said in these pages before, the trail, though now considerably improved as compared with the first journeys our missionaries made, is a rugged one, and the hazards of the way can hardly be exaggerated. All honor to the men who first cut the trail, and all honor to our two sisters, the first white women to penetrate these newly discovered parts of Netherlands New Guinea. Our good friend, Mr. Jansen, the Resident of the whole district including New Guinea, with headquarters at Ambon, was so impressed that our lady missionaries had not only made the trail, but had done so in eight days, that he sent a wireless message of congratulation.

They had a hearty reception at the Wissel Lakes as the native Kapaukus welcomed the first white ladies.
Oft there comes a gentle whisper o'er me stealing,
When my trials and my burdens seem too great;
Like the sweet-voiced bells of evening softly pealing,
It is saying to my spirit—Only wait.

Chorus:
Only wait, only wait;
God is working—trust, and only wait;
Wait, and every cloud will brighten;
Wait, and every load will lighten;
Wait, and every wrong will righten.
If you only wait.

When I cannot understand my Father's leading,
And it seems to be but hard and cruel fate,
Still I hear that gentle whisper ever pleading,
God is working, God is faithful—Only wait.

When the promise seems to linger, long delaying,
And I tremble, lest, perhaps, it comes too late.
Still I hear that sweet-voiced angel ever saying,
Tho' it tarry, it is coming—Only wait.

When I see the wicked prosper in their sinning,
And the righteous pressed by many a cruel strait,
I remember this is only the beginning,
And I whisper to my spirit—Only wait.
Here is another of Dr. Simpson's wonderful, inspiring and comforting hymns. He was surely not only a prophet, but a psalmist in Israel. The words of this poem are from a heart that had passed through an experience not only of trial and suffering, but of the comfort and joy which the Lord alone can give.

How often the missionary feels that he has reached the time "when my trials and my burdens seem too great," and when he hears the same "gentle whisper" of the Holy Spirit saying, "Only wait." True it is that God allows an adverse condition which "seems to be hard and cruel fate," and again the missionary can only find relief and comfort in listening to the same "gentle whisper," and be assured "God is working, God is faithful, — only wait."

Every experienced worker for the Lord realizes that true missionary service is all a terrible conflict, and again the Lord allows the enemies' forces to press us, and "the promise seems to linger," until literally we tremble lest perhaps the fulfillment of the promise of God comes too late. Then again we hear the same Voice saying, "Though it tarry, it is coming, — only wait."

"But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew (exchange) their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint." (Isaiah 40:31). This is the secret of victory. "Wait, and every cloud will brighten. Wait, and every load will lighten. Wait and every wrong will righten. Trust, — and only wait."
"GIVE YE THEM TO EAT"

The Lord Jesus said, "Ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars; see that ye be not troubled." Again He said, "There shall be famines." These declarations are made in connection with His coming and the end of the age.

Mr. Könemann writes, "While the spirit of war is mowing down thousands in Europe and also in China, in Lombok the spirit of hunger has made its appearance. The rice crop in middle and eastern Lombok was a total failure on account of the continuous drought. The grain has shrivelled up in the field, and it presents a pitiful sight. It is as though the curse of God rests on nature and "the whole of creation groaneth." Fully 7,000 families are entirely without food. They try to feed themselves with grass and leaves. I have visited personally this harassed territory, and the haggard faces still remain with me, as if they were personally asking for help. The Government and all Europeans are doing their utmost to alleviate the sufferings."

But there is a famine and agony that is far more desperate and serious than even the famine which brings physical starvation. Lost souls are perishing with starvation for the lack of the Bread of Life, and Jesus says to us, as He said to His disciples when He looked compassionately upon the multitude, — "Give ye them to eat." It is true that souls are perishing everywhere, but many perish because they will not receive the Bread of Life freely offered to them. Our concern out here is for those who spiritually "have nothing to eat," and have never had the offer of the Bread of Life. It is our most earnest desire to take to them the only Bread that can save them from eternal death. They will never know about it; they will die in their sins, unless we hasten with the Good News ere it be too late.
THE COMING CONFERENCE

We are greatly delighted to know by cable from Dr. Shuman, the President of the Alliance, that the Board is sending our Foreign Secretary, Rev. A. C. Snead, to visit this field toward the end of the year. The actual dates of Conference are not yet determined until we hear more details of Mr. Snead’s plans, but we are looking forward to a time of great profit and blessing for this work. These gatherings of our workers for Conference from the various parts of the field are usually annual occurrences, but in this field the distances are so very great, and consequently the traveling expenses so heavy, that an annual Conference is not possible. It will be two years since our last Conference. We ask for definite prayer for God’s special blessing upon the gathering together of our missionaries.

THE PIONEER IS SENT FREE

We wish to remind our friends again that The Pioneer has no subscription price, but is sent to all who are friends of the work. We covet first of all your faithful, earnest prayers in our behalf. For this reason we have published another Prayer Calendar, which we trust you have received. In these trying days we need also your financial help. The Pioneer can only be carried on through the voluntary gifts of its readers. Therefore we would appreciate any help that you can send us. An American or Canadian bill or Money Order enclosed in a letter, if registered, is quite safe, and is easily negotiable here. May we ask again that if your address on the cover of The Pioneer is incorrect, or if you are receiving duplicate copies, or if you know of anyone who would appreciate a copy of The Pioneer, you would kindly let us know.
REGARDING OUR PRAYER CALENDAR.

The Prayer Calendar was sent with issue Number 40 of The Pioneer, and we trust that you all received a copy. If not, kindly let us know and we shall send you a copy, because we want as large a number of intercessors for this work as possible. There was one serious omission in the Prayer Calendar. In the Wednesday prayer requests for East Borneo, under the heading "Pray for Boelongan" on Page Nine, after the first request for the missionaries Rev. and Mrs. G. E. Fisk, another request should be inserted, namely, "Pray for the safety and the ministry of the seaplane, piloted by Mr. Fisk and a native worker." May we ask that each reader insert this request on Page Nine as indicated above, for we want the concerted prayers of the Lord's people continually for our seaplane.

BRITISH MALAYA

Good word comes to us from this new and rapidly developing field. The Bible School buildings have been erected, and we are praying the Lord to send us the right students to prepare for His work in this field. Mr. and Mrs. Woerner are busy in the work at Ringlet, and hope to open the Bible School ere long.

The first campaign of the Gospel Tent was held at Kuala Lipis, and now there is a church of over 100 members there, where there was nothing before. The members are mostly Chinese, but the Gospel Message has been given to people of several nationalities, and from among them there has been some fruit also. Mr. and Mrs. Fleming took part in the opening of the work at Lipis, and the work is continuing under the supervision of Mr. Glaeser and three Chinese missionaries, Pastors Tsang, Lyn, and Lenn. Two
colporteurs are doing good work in selling the Scriptures in connection with the meetings. The Spirit of the Lord is working, and we are looking forward to a great harvest from among the people of the towns visited by the Gospel Tent. The second campaign is being held at Raub.

THREE SAKAI CHIEFS

We praise God for His providential leadings, and giving us contact in Ringlet and Jalong districts of British Malaya with three different Sakai tribes. Were it not for the special providence and guidance of the Holy Spirit, it would be well-nigh impossible to make contacts with these people. They are extremely shy, and it is difficult to win their confidence. We are thankful, therefore, for the conversion of three chiefs, who have definitely accepted Christ as their Saviour. Their influence with their own people is obvious. After patient, continual teaching some thirty Sakai people have been baptized. In order to test the genuine sincerity of one of these chiefs, he was asked by an official why he had become a Christian. He replied that it was because he believed that Jesus was the Saviour.

When asked why he did not become a Mohammedan, rather than a Christian, he replied, that he would prefer to die rather than become a Mohammedan, and added that if he was not permitted to be a Christian, he would have to return to his heathen Sakai religion nominally, but that he would continue in heart and life to be a servant of the Lord Jesus.

Another of the chiefs has been won to the Lord through the instrumentality of his niece, who married a recent convert. Her husband led her to Christ, and she in turn is witnessing to her uncle and the tribe of which he is the chief.
The third chief to find Christ was visited by one of our native brethren on his journey through the jungle from Jalong to Ringlet. He stopped to hold meetings in the humble homes of the Sakai people. At first his message was not well received, but as he continued to tell the Story, a number of them became much interested. The chief and some of his men were so impressed, that they volunteered to be their guides, for the remainder of the way through the jungle. On reaching Ringlet the chief spent several days there. Mr. Woerner and others helped him to see clearly the Way of Salvation.

Please pray that the Spirit of God may definitely illuminate the minds and the hearts of these unlettered, jungle people, so that they may clearly understand God’s plan of redemption for all lost sinners. We are believing God for a great harvest, not only from among these three tribes, to whom the Lord has led us, but also among many other tribes of Sakais with whom our workers have made contact. Mr. Fleming is now visiting Betis, Temengor, and other places in the jungle farther north, where the Gospel is being preached by native brethren. There remaineth much Sakai land to be possessed.

FURLoughs

Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Meltzer and Jackie, and Rev. and Mrs. E. H. Mickelson, Robert and Rollen, are now in the homeland on furlough. We trust that many of our readers may meet them and hear their messages. We are glad to have four such good representatives of our work in the homeland, for after all there is nothing like the living voice to tell the story of what the Spirit of God is doing in the hearts of the Dyaks of Borneo, and the other pagan jungle people of other islands.
Word has come to us, which brings great joy and praise to our hearts, that since the beginning of the new year 600 have been baptized by our brethren, Mr. Presswood and Mr. Willfinger, in the Sesajap district. These baptisms took place in five different places. At Long Noeat, where 87 were baptized, there was one of the number who came all the way from British North Borneo on purpose to be baptized. Praise God for the way the Holy Spirit is working in the hearts of the Dyaks in many tribes of the interior. At another outstation, Long Sepajang, we have a Primary Bible School with 68 students. We trust that many of them will be led of the Lord to the Makassar Bible School to study the Word and prepare to be preachers of the Gospel.
"From the times of our ancestors we have never expressed ourselves towards God. We know nothing for certain. Furthermore you are from the ocean, and we jungle people cannot follow the beliefs of those who come from the ocean." These words came from the lips of a Kooboo chief that we met in the jungle three days ago.

Our Lord has opened an effectual door among the aboriginal tribes-people who live in the southern part of the island of Sumatra. This emerald isle straddles the equator, and is one of the largest islands in the Netherlands East Indies group.

These tribesmen, known as the Kooboos, have been gradually pushed back into the interior by the incoming hordes of other orientals, until to-day they are a timid, frightened, bedraggled tribe of wanderlings. They have no king, and do not pay taxes to the Colonial Government. Their food consists of turtles, snakes, rats, other jungle rodents, venison and wild pork, jungle fruits and a kind of wood potato. This is not so bad, if they could have a steady diet, but their meals only come in spots, and the spots are very few and far between. Rice is more or less a delicacy. The other day we sampled our first bit of python steak. He was only a twenty footer.

Our Lord is laying bare His mighty Arm among them, and our hearts are greatly encouraged as we see Him moving. The door was first opened in the Rawas territory, and then in the Djambi district. Chief Mooit and his tribe were the first of these tribesmen to receive the Gospel message in 1935. It was a glad day indeed for our own hearts, to know that this.
the very first group of these people, had heard and believed the blessed news that Christ died to save sinners. The spiritual impact from that meeting wrought such an impression upon us that from that moment on, we could do nothing less than project ourselves, body, soul and spirit, into the great task of reaching other thousands who are still sitting in great darkness. Sarolaudin, one of the first converts at Air Ketooan, the second time we came to his abode, asked this question, "If Christ died for us and rose from the dead nearly two thousand years ago, why is the news so late in coming to us?" Then turning to us again, he asked, "How long has it been since you heard this news?" These questions burned themselves deep into the vitals of our souls, and we have never been the same since.

During the first stages of the work among these "babes in the woods," the Mohammedans had frightened them with all sorts of fantastic tales about us. One tribe in particular had been bullied by the Moslems, and they fled from their village, and went into the deep woods near Maloos. There we found them. They did not know that we were coming, and upon our arrival they were so completely surprised that they did not have time to flee. The story had been circulated about by the Mohammedans that we had come to cut off their heads and use their skulls to fill into the wet concrete of newly constructed government bridges. In the course of time, they finally settled at Singkoot, which at present is our jungle headquarters. Their fears subsided, and upon hearing the message of salvation the Spirit of the Lord moved upon the troubled waters. One of their tribe was recently delivered from the practice of witchcraft and sorcery. He has a beautiful testimony. He has no toes on his left foot, but he keeps up with the rest of the crowd hunting his daily food.
He is very handy with a spear. At certain seasons of the year as many as seven hundred wild pigs go through the jungle in one herd.

The Djambi territory is one of the darkest fields in the whole of Sumatra. We tremble in the natural as we face the challenge, but God is giving grace. The "Orang Rimba: men of the primeval forest, roam through these woods almost like animals. They are seldom seen by other humans, and are rather phantomlike in their maneuvers. Djambi is a regular rendezvous for tigers and elephants. The "Orang Rimba" are almost as elusive as the wild beasts, so to speak.

God has given some fruit in this field also during our last term of service. Over one hundred have accepted Christ. However the enemy was not so pleased with that, so to put the damper on things, he threw a bombshell of fear in the midst of them. Here is what it was............ One of their number died and as is their custom they abandoned their houses and fled into the deep forest. While on their way seven others died. And it so happened that the seven who died were the only ones of that tribe who were baptized. It did present rather a complex situation. The Lord has taught these folks some precious lessons and they are more settled now. Many of the Christians are becoming more stable and do not run any more.

The doctrine of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ from the dead puts teeth into the Gospel. It makes the glorious Message tower far above the teachings of other religions. Old Islam and Buddhism can not stand the glaring blaze that lights up the whole length of the valley of the shadow.

This last Easter morning found us gathered together at Singkoot with nearly two hundred of the Rawas Christians.
Many could not come because of illness and some had to stay at home and stand by the stuff. They gathered from far and near, and for four days we had a real camp meeting. The Easter Sunday morning communion service was crowned with the fragrance of God's presence. We were all brought very low before Him. Some of the brethren partook of the Lord's supper for the first time since their conversion. In the afternoon quite a number followed the Lord in the waters of baptism. One evening during a testimony service, one of the Kooboos came forward and instead of standing before the crowd like the others did, he very nonchalantly sat on the pulpit, (a tree stump in the middle of the clearing), and poured out his heart to the listening crowd. It knocked the frosting off the meeting, and put everyone at ease. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and to see that trophy of grace seated there declaring the unsearchable riches of Christ to the encircled audience was a sight worth going across land or sea to behold. Many testified to the saving, healing and keeping power of the Lord, and some old grievances were cleared away.

Each tribe in Rawas is building its own church and some are getting the vision of tithing of what little they receive from their jungle products.

During the month of April twelve Dyak young people were sent from Boelongan to the Makassar Bible School.

A young man, who has been reared in strict Mohammedanism, was converted and baptized by Mr. Fisk last month.

Pray for the Punan Dyaks of the Boelongan District, East Borneo. They are a sort of gypsy tribe. Native workers have been sent to them recently with the Glad Tidings.
Each trip that a Borneo missionary makes takes the proportions of an expedition. After he leaves his Mission station he must live on what supplies he has taken along. Only occasionally is he able to obtain any fruit or vegetables. Rice can usually be purchased in the Dyak villages visited.

After one has packed one's supplies, bedding, pots, kettles, lamp, changes of apparel, etc., the easiest part of one's preparation is over. He must now secure carriers, which is not easy. In answer to prayer, every need is met, and the missionary is off for a trip that may last anywhere from three weeks to three months. My last trip was for five weeks.

We seemed to have had more difficulty than usual in securing Dyak carriers for this trip. We had made arrangements for some Kayan Dyaks to take us. At the last moment they could not do so, but this eventually proved providential. A couple of days later, we secured others. We learned later that these Kayan Dyaks, that we had intended to use, quarreled among themselves and with a few wandering Iban Dyaks, one of the few remaining blood-thirsty Dyak tribes in Borneo. A fight ensued, and later four of the wounded were rushed to the hospital in Sintang with huge sword gashes and their life's blood draining away. How wonderful it is for the missionary to know that he is serving an all-knowing Saviour.

There were eight people in our party, including three Dyak carriers. We witnessed God's working in a peculiar way in
answer to prayer. Two nights were spent in most of the villages visited, and three in others. After the first service in a village, we had definite inquirers, who were subjects for prayer. Usually an emissary of Satan in the form of a witch doctor would attempt to nullify the Truth. We saw the Lord stop the mouths of these men so definitely that it seemed miraculous.

Hardly two of our services were identical. During the trip all of our three carriers found the Lord. One by one they joined us in prayer, and they found Him precious to their souls. Now that our party was one-hundred-percent on the Lord’s side, it changed the order of our services to some extent. Our Dyak carriers began aggressive work, testifying to their experience in Christ, and witnessing to their knowledge of our Saviour.

One carrier, whom we named „Skipper“, for he was of a bossy disposition, was very brave in witnessing and testifying. Often he took our illustrated picture charts, and, at a distance from us, would gather the women and timid men round him to relate to them in a crude, imperfect manner the plan of salvation as he understood it.

On one occasion „Skipper“ became very ill, and caused us much concern as he was vomiting blood. "Sir," he said, "I want to trust the Lord to heal me." Having so said, he took from his belongings a small bottle which some quack had sold to him. It contained a piece of absorbent cotton, part of a hair-pin, and a little cocoanut oil. "This," he said, "I paid five dollars to obtain. I don't want it any more. I am not going to trust in this medicine to heal me. I am going to trust the Lord for healing." After prayer, preceded by teaching, we anointed him in the Name of the Lord. In keeping with this poor Dyak's faith, he received a definite touch in his
body, and was able to carry his load on the morrow as usual.

Towards the close of a service in a very large Dyak village, the chief interrupted me, and said, "Sir, do you remember when you were at our village the last time, we needed dry weather in order to burn the brush and trees on our rice field, prior to planting, and how you together with us, requested that the Lord grant a season of dry weather? After you left our village we had six or seven days of dry weather which enabled us to burn the vegetation on our rice field thoroughly." This unsolicited testimony left a great impression upon those who had gathered at the service. I remembered the occasion. I could never forget the scene. I feel that the Dyaks are moving, most definitely, unto the Light.

We trust that you will pray very definitely for the 180 villages located on the Kayan River and its tributaries, and especially for the Desa Dyaks among whom our two native workers have done such sacrificial, telling service. Pray that these native workers might be kept by the power of God in the midst of very subtle temptations.
It is certainly good to be back in Borneo, on the firing-line for Christ, and we feel right at home working among our beloved Dyaks.

During the month of December, Mr. Meltzer and I made a trip up the Belimbing River. At the village of Tandjong Rimba we had the happy privilege of baptizing seventeen believers, converts for over a year, and the "first-fruits" of this section. How refreshing to hear their testimonies of God's deliverance from betel-nut chewing, smoking, drinking, and remarkable answers to prayer since coming to Christ for salvation. Truly, these are miracles of grace! It was a touching sight to see an aged, crippled chief with his tiny, wizened wife lead the procession into the waters of baptism.

This chief may rightly be classed as "a rare bird", and truly he is a prince among the Dyaks. In his testimony, he told how God had prepared his heart for the coming of the missionary and the Word of God. The most influential "king" in his district, he is honored and respected by all Dyaks, because of his wisdom and personal wealth, and has been decorated by the Dutch Government for his years of faithfulness. The witch doctors in conducting their ceremonies had previously mentioned his name because they believed he had power over the evil spirits. But before the coming of Mr. Meltzer, he had lost all faith in spirits, devil-ceremonies, and witch doctors. Consequently, after hearing the News of Salvation, he immediately believed; and since that time has determinedly followed the Lord in spite of all opposition and persecution.
Furthermore, he has won all his family to the Lord. His three married children with their families were baptized at the same time with him and his wife and, and also some of his relatives.

His face beamed as he exclaimed, "My village is clean now! It is entirely Christian!"

He is very crippled in one leg, and walks with difficulty. When we questioned him about his lameness, he told the following story. As a young man he was very clever in the sport of fishing under water. By this method, a swimmer takes a barbed spear fastened to the end of a rattan rope, places the barb on the end of a short stick, then dives with it under the surface of the water, and swims submerged until he sees a fish to be harpooned.

One day he was engaged in this sport, when he came to the surface for air, and was clinging to a floating log. Suddenly, a crocodile seized one of his legs, and tried to pull him under the water. But he held on "for dear life", and called for his men to help him. Although there were several on the shore nearby, they were afraid to come to his rescue, but excitedly shouted advice. Finally, he gave the "croc" a hard kick with his free foot, and he was released. His life was saved, but he remained a cripple for life. Now, he is on fire for God, and bears his testimony wherever he goes. In fact, his people say that he can scarcely talk about anything, except his Lord and the joys of salvation.

Again, our hearts were very much encouraged the other day when a tall, young Dyak came to our home, and told us that he had believed on the Lord, then requested that he be allowed to live with us for two or three months in order to study the Word of God. This request was made in spite of the fact that now is the rice-harvesting time, and all hands are usually required to help with the reaping. We were inclined to refuse
him at first, for we thought he might be trying to escape working in the rice fields. But later, he brought his chief and several companions to the house, who informed us that although neither a missionary nor a native worker had ever visited their dwelling, about thirty Dyaks had believed through the witnessing of two or three of their number who had been converted in the missionaries’ home in Nanga Pinoi. They had afterwards returned, bearing the Good News of Salvation. We need prayer for wisdom in redeeming the time, taking advantage of our many opportunities, and entering the open doors.

Dyak Christian Primary Bible School in West Borneo
A little over nine years ago as a Packet Steamer wended its way up the muddy Mahakam river I received my first impressions of the land of the "wild" man. A few months later I had my first experience walking through the jungle on a visit to a Dyak village. Since that time I have walked many hundreds of miles over all sorts of trails. I shall never forget the first time I climbed a high mountain, following what might be called a pig trail; nor my amazement that a strong pair of English shoes would go to pieces in less than two days of walking over a very nasty piece of trail; nor shall I soon forget my first experience with leeches in mass production, and how their poison imparted kept me off my feet for almost half a year. All these things have become commonplace during the years that have rolled slowly by. When one is a new missionary he generally talks more of the hardships and difficulties than he does in after years, but lest you should conclude that the march of science has changed all Borneo, so that missionaries can ride around in V-Eights, I want to relate just the facts, with as little coloring as possible, in connection with a trip I have just concluded.

It had been on my heart for some time to make a trip to several villages that had very seldom been visited. One of them has possibly never been visited by a Government official. With light supplies for a brief trip I started out with my cook, a native evangelist, three carriers, and a guide. We started up over a mountain from Long Berang, and soon found ourselves brushing through tall grass and brush, so thick we couldn't see three feet ahead. I have become fairly efficient in following trails, but this one had me beat, and we would certainly
have gone astray had we not had a very good guide. After an hour and a half of travelling, during which time the carriers dropped behind, we descended the mountain side, and came to a small stream. As I understood we were to follow it for some distance, I took off my shoes and we started wading upstream, the depth of the water varying from six inches to thirty. On and on we waded for over an hour when we came to the trail again. Some of the places we had passed were difficult, because of the sheer walls of dripping wet rock on either side.

We sat down to wait for the carriers to catch up. When they did finally reach us, we heard that they had spent some of our valuable time chasing a wounded wild pig. Irresponsible children of the jungle! We started climbing again through dense undergrowth, and after nearly four hours on the way, we came to a point from which I could look back and see a familiar place in the river, a short distance from the Mission House, and it looked not much more than a mile away! Here it was already past noon, and we weren't near half way to our destination.

The leeches literally besieged us. Up one mountain and down, then up another,—would this never end? The carriers were left far behind again, and seeing the sun hastening to America via Europe, we too quickened our pace. There was another stream to wade, a slippery solid-rock bed of a small spring to scale, and then through more brush and undergrowth. Soon there were signs of human habitation, and rounding a bend we caught a glimpse of the village. We were so exhausted we could almost have cried. Half an hour more and it would be dark.

Reaching the village we sat down on a mat, soaked as we were with perspiration and rain. We hoped the carriers
would soon arrive, so that we could get a bath and change our clothes, but after waiting an hour and a half or two hours in vain, we gave up, ate some rice and smoked fish, which the Dyaks had prepared, rolled on to a Dyak mat, after rolling up another mat for a pillow, and tried to sleep. A Dyak had kindly loaned a thin piece of cloth to use as a sheet. Somehow my hip bones couldn’t seem to find a soft place in the bark floor, and nasty little sand flies persisted in sampling my bare knees. However, I fell into a brief sleep, and awoke hoping the carriers would come on, now that the moon had risen. I sat up a while to ease the aches that were beginning to take possession of me, as a result of sleeping in wet clothes. Then I tried another position on the floor and thought of all the comforts folks have at home. We are told to endure hardness as good soldiers — that is about all one can do — endure it. What else could one do?

The next morning I didn’t have the least temptation to lie in bed! After a couple of hours waiting and sending out men to look for them, the carriers finally arrived. They had lost their way just at dusk the night before. When a Dyak gets lost, it is a sure sign that the way isn’t easy. It was Sunday, and we had services with the Dyaks who came. Who knows but that some of them will meet us in heaven because of this trip?

It was my plan, when starting out, to go on from here to a village called Long Likoe, but the Dyaks said I would have to sleep one night in the jungle, and for that I hadn’t made preparation. Thus we decided on a route to another village which I hadn’t visited for seven years. Starting out that day I thought we would have a comparatively easy time, for we were travelling over fairly level terrain. After a while we reached a river, and were told we would have to wade upstream. I decided to leave my shoes on this time. The stream
was twelve or fifteen yards wide when we started, and we followed it for more than two hours, until it was a mere trickle. Walking through water for a few minutes is refreshing, but when one wades for hours, it is dreadfully tiring. At noon we reached the top of one ridge, and had some cold rice to eat. The carriers warned us that it was a long way to our destination, so after wading downstream for some time on another river, we went on ahead. The native evangelist is a Dyak from the village we were headed for — the only Christian there so far as we knew, — so he led the way, as we started up a high mountain. Sometimes he would get twenty or thirty feet ahead, out of sight, and I would lose the trail. It was so faint.

Occasionally we could discern the hoof marks of wild pigs, and knew it was indeed a pig trail. Up and up, and up, and up, and still not to the top! Then the path was forked, and we didn’t know which way to go. I felt somehow that we should follow the one to the left. We had great difficulty keeping on the path however, and several times had to retrace our steps to get back on the right way. We had a very steep grade to descend. Countless thorns tore my shirt to shreds, while leeches grew corpulent on my blood. Would we never get there? Another stream to wade, another trail to follow, and then the village was sighted. Two hours to wait for the carriers before we could bathe and get changed. Here at least, I thought, we would get some vegetables, for we hadn’t had anything but the tips of ferns and rice since leaving Long Berang. But here also for the first, day or two we could get nothing. The first night I began to get chills, and my whole body ached and felt numb. I woke with a start, to find the roof leaking over my hammock, and my blankets were all wet. I got up, adjusted the leaves in the roof and returned to my shivers.
The following day I had my blankets dried out, and everything in order for one good night at least. After supper it began to rain, and while busy talking with the Dyaks, I did not notice that the roof had started to leak again. This time my bedding was soaked thoroughly. At the service I was so weak I could scarcely speak, and so hoarse my attempts at teaching the Dyaks to sing must have seemed pitiable. Returning, I scarcely had energy enough to crawl into bed, after laying a leaf over the wet blankets to protect me from the dampness. In the morning, (perhaps someone prayed while I slept) I felt better, and had some good services with the Dyaks. One thing for which I was glad, — I could travel up rapids back home to Long Berang......
THE PIONEER

WORKMEN APPROVED OF GOD

By Rev. J. W. Brill

"And the things thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others."

"Strive diligently to present thyself approved to God, a workman that has not to be ashamed, cutting in a straight line the word of truth." (2 Tim. 2:14, 15 — Darby's translation).

The fulfillment of these verses in the lives of men and women students who have come from many of the islands of the Netherlands East Indies is the ultimate aim of the Bible School at Makassar. It is a tremendous task indeed, and one that can only be realized by the help of the Lord, and by following His explicit directions. First we must HEAR FROM THE LORD, then give it out accordingly to others. To this end we need your prayer help. Then there is the task of finding FAITHFUL MEN, and that which goes with it, often an unpleasant task of weeding out those who are unfaithful. Further these things are to be committed to men who are "able to teach others." Not all men can teach, nor does every Christian have the gift of teaching. Surely all will agree that no right minded person would take such a task upon himself in his own strength. Only the Lord is equal to such an undertaking.

In the fifteenth verse Paul gives advice to Timothy, "Strive diligently to present thyself APPROVED UNTO GOD," — approved after testing. How many fail in the testing times? May God give us grace for the testing times. May we be workmen who need not be ashamed of our work, "cutting in a straight line the word of truth." Like the father, the head of
the house, cuts the bread in a straight line, and properly deals it out to his children. We are sure that you will earnestly pray that through the mighty working of the grace of God the students of the Makassar Bible School will become workers, as described in the verses above.

A series of messages on sanctification were given recently in the chapel meetings of the school. At the closing service we were led to set Friday afternoon as a time of prayer for all seekers. That afternoon there were about 40 who came to the prayer meeting. After a blessed time of prayer there were several ringing testimonies of what God had done, so we felt led to continue the prayer meeting regularly.

Unlike the regular students' prayer meeting this was not compulsory, but open to all who wished to come. The following Friday there were about the same number present. During the meeting, word was brought to us that one of the women students was very ill. Severe physical testing with malaria had been her lot for some time, and humanly speaking there was little hope, if any. While at prayer the Lord gave the assurance that she was to be healed for His glory. After the prayer meeting we went to her room for prayer and in the Name of Jesus commanded that she should rise up and walk. It was just like ordering death to stay its hand. From that hour she began to mend, and today she is well and about her usual school work. All praise to the Lord Jesus! We are expecting God to give us more and even greater answers to prayer. About a week later, one of the men students was stricken with a serious disease, that caused much bleeding of the gums. Together with Brother Kandou and some of the students, we anointed and prayed for him. Praise God there was no further hemorrhage.

This year we have reached the record attendance of 214
students including men and women. Of these eighty are Dyaks. We are crowded to capacity. Perhaps you would like to provide a hut for more students. With the added number of students there comes also increased responsibility and burdens, and we are looking to the Lord for added grace. "He giveth more grace."

During the past vacation period some of the students went out to sell Scripture portions. They went two by two for two months. The results were quite beyond our expectations. Two of them sold 85.00 guilders worth, and another two sold 55.00 guilders worth. This is a remarkable feat when one realizes that most of the books are sold for from two to ten cents. Moreover these books were sold to strict Moslems. May God use His Word to enlighten many a darkened heart.

We are thankful to our many readers for their faithful and believing prayer in behalf of the Bible School. Daily we see indications that God has and will continue to answer. There is a real heart hunger, and an earnest desire for God's best among all the students. Many are praying earnestly for a great revival such as we had last year. Will you join us too? Many of those who were greatly moved by God and led into a higher life in Christ during the revival last year, have gone out into the work, and others have been brought back to the Bible School. Therefore we must believe God to repeat His work each year, for to a certain extent, the student body changes from year to year.

At the beginning of 1939 a young Boegis student was sent to the southern part of this Celebes peninsula for practical work. Having been a Mohammedan he knew how to present the Gospel to the Moslems. On the Mohammedan New Year he was witnessing in a house next to the mosque. Many gathered in the house to hear him, so that there were none
who went to the mosque at the hour of prayer. This of course angered the Moslem Priest. Our worker was brought before the native Moslem officials and charged with being a disturber of the peace. He was also brought before the Dutch official in that district, the native Moslem officials being present.

Being very much frightened he prayed earnestly and prepared himself with Acts 4:12 and John 6:36. On the way he was still fearful, so stopped for prayer again. Upon being ushered into the presence of the Controller he was asked to occupy the second of two chairs, the other being used by the Controller. The Moslem officials had to stand. The usual questions were put to him as to who he was, etc. Then the following conversation took place between the Controller and himself:

"So you are a Boegis Christian?"
"Yes sir."
"What do you do?"
"I preach the Gospel and witness to these people."
"Do you mean to tell me that you are a Boegis Christian teacher?"
"I have never heard before of a Boeginese being a Christian teacher. Tell me how you became a Christian."

Then he told the official how he became a Christian and had entered the Bible School at Makassar.

"Are there any other Christians here?" asked the official.
"Yes sir, about ten who have been baptized by Rev. M. Kandou."

"How is it that so many have been won in only a few months? How do you preach to them?"

"I tell them, 'Neither is there salvation in any other for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.' Then I tell them how I became a
Christian, and tell them that Jesus said, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.'"

"Very well, you may go ahead with your work."

The Controller then looked at the Moslem officials, and said to the young man, "If anyone tries to hurt you, or to arrest you, it is the same as if he did it to me."

By this time the young man's courage was returning. The Controller offered him a cigarette. This he politely declined.

"Why do you not accept it? This is good?" To this the Moslem officials agreed.

"Have you had teaching about this in your Bible School?"

"Yes sir, I have. The students there do not smoke."

But that was not all. The Moslem Officials were excused and the Controller called his servant and told him to prepare his meal. He invited the young man to eat with him. He was afraid to eat with the Controller, but was more afraid to reject his kind offer. Thinking that he might be asked to return thanks, he asked the Controller to do so first, which he did. After the meal he showed the young man his pocket New Testament, and told him that he too was a Christian. Later the Controller, who is a good violinist, played several familiar Gospel hymns. Then he invited the young man to sleep with him in the same room for the two nights he was there, which again the young man dared not reject.

Perhaps it is hard for you, not knowing the circumstances, and not knowing much about the Orient, to enter into the awe, the joy, and the praise to God of this young man. May God in His mercy give us hundreds of converts from Mohammedanism, who, like him may become witnesses to the Moslems of these islands. To turn out such men for the Lord's work is the business of the Makassar Bible School. Brethren, pray for us.
"Be still and know that I am God. I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." (Psalm 46:10, 11).

I am about to try to put into words something of what the Lord has so recently done for me. However, as I sit here with my pencil in hand, and even though I have asked for guidance in writing this testimony, still I feel that mere words are inadequate to express the love and gratitude that fills my heart, as I remember the vivid presence of the Lord during the past weeks. How my heart warms within me as I realize that once again He has made good His promise that is found in John 14:21, and especially in the last part of that verse, "He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." How wonderful it is to know that the Creator, the God of this universe, is mindful of me, and of all those who love His dear Son, Jesus Christ.

So often in the years gone by, the Lord has manifested Himself to me, but now I will tell you a little of my latest experience.

On February fifth last, I was taken down with a bad cold and fever.

I was in bed for a few days, and then I got up, thinking that the sunshine would do me some good, but about four days later I had to go back to bed again. I had a bad case of influenza, and was very ill for three weeks. It seems that at this time many complications set in, such as neurasthenia and
anemia, accompanied by a weak heart. I was given pneumonia serum, and then treatments, but I knew that my real help would have to come from the Lord. On March 9th at about three o'clock in the morning, I was very ill indeed. I felt as if a rock lay on my chest and as if something was squeezing my heart, making breathing almost impossible. I struggled his way for about two hours. The Lord was nigh, I felt sure, and I surrendered myself to His will, saying, "Lord, Thy will be done! If it is Thy will that I live, give me life, but have Thy way. I want Thy will to be done, not my own." Then I turned and bade my dear ones good-bye. I felt a blessed peace in my heart, for I knew I would spend eternity with my Lord, and I felt no fear at the thought of leaving this world, only a feeling of regret that I had not done more for my Lord while I had the opportunity to do so.

How true it is that when we stop struggling, it is then that the Lord can work in us and with us. By this time my body was cold and numb. My arms were also cold and my hands hurt with a pricking sensation. I felt weaker every moment, just as if the blood was flowing from my body. Then my husband, Joye, and the native woman, who was helping them, knelt down beside my bed, and cried out to the Lord, asking Him to spare my life. After that, though I could not speak much, my mind was clear.

How comforting it was to know that the Lord's Eye is ever upon those who love Him. So I closed my eyes, and waited praying over and over, "Thy will, not mine, be done, Lord!" It seemed to me that I was at the very gate of eternity. I felt as if I was just waiting for the gates to swing open so that I might enter in. But evidently it was not God's time for me. It was not so very long after this prayer that my hands stopped aching, and I noticed that they were warm
and damp. But breathing was still difficult. Soon after this, the doctor, a Javanese, came in. He quickly administered a heart stimulant. This soon made my heart beat stronger. However I knew that the Lord had touched me, even before this was given.

My body seemed to be very frail indeed for the next week, and the doctor found it necessary to inject a heart-stimulant every other day, as my pulse was very weak and irregular, and my temperature subnormal. I could not retain any food, and even water gave me terrible pain. By this time, after six weeks of illness, I was reduced to skin and bone. Friends advised my husband to send me to the hospital in Tarakan, but the doctor had refused to risk the outcome of the long journey by boat. I should explain that my husband is not allowed to land with the plane in Tarakan. But the Lord provided a large twin motor Dutch Marine plane to fly me to Tarakan.

After several days of observation at the hospital, the Dutch doctor told me that he was sure my heart was going to be all right, and that after a few treatments, good food, and plenty of sleep, I would soon be much better. How marvelously the Lord had worked in my behalf. I was in the hospital over three weeks, gained weight, and was soon able to walk a little by myself. How I do praise God for His help and strength! It was so wonderful to be able to stand on my feet again, after having spent nine weeks on my back.

We often wonder why certain things must come to us; why God permits them. During these nine weeks I learned many lessons. The Lord is far more precious to me now than ever before. I also know that even "though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

The Javanese doctor, who attended me while I was still at
home, often sat down with my husband and made inquiries as to the Gospel. Will you pray that the Seed sown will take root, grow, and bring forth fruit?

Because of this testing in body, I too had many chances to witness for Christ to the nurses in the hospital, to callers, and to our own Dyak Christians. I know that the faith of native evangelists and teachers was strengthened, and that the faith of our students in a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God is stronger than before. Praise God!

How precious it is to realize that we love and serve a God. Who has promised, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." What a joy and privilege is ours to know that God loves us, not only collectively, but also personally and individually. "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him."

Dear friend, I have only one purpose in mind as I have written these lines telling of all that the Lord has done for me; and that purpose is that Jesus Christ might receive the praise and glory, and that your faith in Him might be strengthened. These are trying days, in which we are living, but never forget that He (the Lord) will never forsake those who put their entire trust in Him. Remember also that we are counting on your prayer help, and any other help you may be able to give, so that many souls might be saved, and the coming of Christ be hastened.

"O laud Him, ye ransomed, in psalter and song!  
O echo the praise of the heavenly throng!  
All glory and honor to Shiloh belong.  
His Name is called Jesus. He saves!"
Excerpts from a letter from Mrs. J. A. Mouw

"In this section of West Borneo it is harvest time. What a happy joyful time it is for the Dyaks! For many it means days of hunger are past, for all it is a time of great rejoicing and merrymaking. Men, women, boys and girls, all take part in harvesting, making it a time of festivity. When the grain is ripe, they work quickly so that all the precious paddy is harvested in time. The rice is all picked by hand here, just the ear or head being taken off, the stalk being left in the field. There are some fine rice fields about two miles from here, so I expect to take Sydwell and Burneal and spend half a day or so with the Dyaks in this happy work. I suppose we'll tie a basket around our waists too and try to fill it with the golden grain that means so much to the people out here.

"About the end of March, when practically all fields of the Christians will have been harvested, we expect to have a union meeting, a Thanksgiving service, Christians from all the churches gathering at Ebenezer, the local church one mile from our home. At that time they will bring their rice offerings to the Lord, the rice in turn being sold to Chinese merchants and the proceeds put in the general church fund.

"Excuse us if we boast a little about the growth of our children, I mean our spiritual children (and yours too). Five years ago these more than 3,000 Christians were in heathenism. Today they gather in eight different church buildings made with their own hands without one cent coming either from the missionary or from any foreign source. Today they are a healthy, growing indigenous church having entirely supported all native Dyak workers (seven) during 1939, and
are supporting ten now. We also have other workers here from other islands, to whom the Dyaks contribute much rice, vegetables, etc.

"During the past year they gave nearly 700 Guilders in rice and cash offerings. They have built and completed five new churches, which would easily amount to one thousand Guilders or more. A regular Church Board of ten mature men govern church affairs. Besides these there are from two to three elders in every village to conduct midweek prayer meetings and pray for the sick. There are 230 young and middle aged Dyaks attending our Primary Bible Schools and approximately 80 of these are preparing to be workers. Mr. Mouw has recently helped the Dyak elders organize Gospel teams, composed for the most part of older Dyak Christians who cannot read or write. There are young men in these teams too who can read and they make weekly visits to heathen villages, and have come back rejoicing in spirit, and thanking God for the contacts they have made. God had given them souls for their hire. Each week Dyaks are added to the Church. Just last week Mr. Mouw baptized 23. These, of course, have been believers for some time, eight to twelve months, and were waiting for baptism.

"How we do praise God for the growth in grace of these Dyaks who are dear to our hearts. Sometimes God has used dreams to establish wavering believers. Once I went to a Dyak longhouse to pray for a young woman in need. While sitting in the room, which is the home of a Dyak family, they told me of a little Christian boy who died there. The boy, about ten, became seriously ill and his mother, evidently not a whole-hearted believer, was thinking of going back into heathenism and openly expressed her feelings. Finally, the boy lapsed into a coma, but he awakened in an hour or two
and called his mother saying, "Oh, mother, don't go back! I have just seen into heaven and it is the most wonderful place I have ever seen. Believe in Jesus with all your heart." After that he closed his eyes again, and soon went to be forever with the Lord Jesus. That was the turning point in his mother's life, and she is following the Lord, looking forward to the day when she shall meet her boy again. I have heard of a number of others, in many instances children, who before dying seemed to have a vision of heaven and saw some of the Dyak Christians who had gone on before."
NETHERLANDS EAST INDIES
AND
SURROUNDING COUNTRIES