

The PIONEER

JUNE 1954



OUR MISSIONARIES

Forget them not, O Christ, who stand
Thy vanguard in the distant land.
In flood, in flame, in dark, in dread,
Sustain, we pray, each lifted head.
Be Thou in every faithful breast;
Be peace and happiness and rest.
Exalt them over every fear;
In peril come Thyself more near.
Let heav'n above their pathway pour
A radiance from its open door.
Turn Thou the hostile weapons, Lord;
Rebuke each wrathful alien horde.

Thine are the loved for whom we crave,
That Thou wouldst keep them strong and brave.
Thine is the work they strive to do,
Their foes so many, they so few.
Yet Thou art with them, and Thy Name
Forever lives, is aye the same.
Thy conqu'ring Name, O Lord, we pray,
Quench not its light in blood today.
Be with Thine own, Thy loved who stand
Christ's vanguard in the storm-swept land.

Author unknown



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Pudjungan Visited

F. R. Whetzel, East
Kalimantan

In the January issue of „The Pioneer” prayer was requested for the Pudjungan District which had been without a missionary’s direction for more than two years. The following is a partial report of Mr. Whetzel’s recent trip into that section.

“And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.” No doubt about it, the Lord is preparing for a tremendous crowd. Mingling in that mixed multitude will be thousands of Dyaks, praise His Name!

About March 1st, a dugout canoe with eight Dyak paddlers reached Long Bia to take me upriver to the Pudjungan District. It was a beautiful time of year with sunny skies and the jungle in full bloom. Each bend in the river presented a new hillside of riotous color. But unfortunately for us, where there were flowers there were bees. It was strictly bee territory, and their

security agents challenged my passage seven different times. I wish they would confine their activities to flowers, as the Lord intended!

It had been three years since my last trip to the Pudjungan, and I noted that the rapids in the Bahau Gorge were just as untamed as ever. However, there's always that last bend in the river, revealing one's destination, and on the eighth day we reached that last bend and tied up in front of the village of Long Pudjungan.

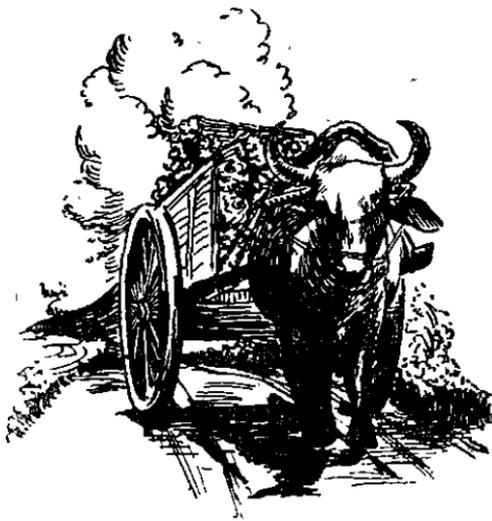
There's nothing like meeting old friends, especially if they are Christians, and more especially if they are Dyak Christians. They haven't much, but what they have — rice, chickens, eggs, fruit, honey — they lavish upon their guests and we were their guests for four weeks. I was so very glad to meet with the ten pastors who had gathered beforehand in Long Pudjungan to await our coming. The Lord gave us a most blessed time of fellowship during our conference there. I was anxious to learn how things were going in the ten churches of this area. I found much to be thankful for and much to pray about. There has been a steady increase in giving towards the support of their pastors. Their burden for souls has not abated. About one hundred and fifty have been saved during the past couple of years, and they are taking the Gospel to other nearby heathen villages. Their missionary enthusiasm is a healthy sign. On the other hand, many of the Christians still chew betel nut and apparently do not see their need for deliverance. Many do not take time for private devotions nor make a special effort to become more spiritual. The great need is a spiritual awakening in each heart to the blessed possibilities of daily fellowship with the Lord. They need an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. While we praise the Lord for their continued faithfulness to Christ and to His cause, yet we would urge you to pray that they will come to know the JOY of serving the Lord.

For a long time I have wanted to visit the Hulu Bahau section, which is a few days' journey upriver from Pudjungan. So I took the opportunity this trip to do so. Laeng, Chairman of the Pudjungan churches, accompanied me. Rapids and more rapids, in all directions. Long Kamuat is the first village of the Hulu Bahau, and about half of the fifty Christians of the District live here. The other half live in Long Tua, the village furthest upstream and our ultimate destination. These Christians are fruit of missionary work by the Pudjungan churches. I have never found a Dyak so violently opposed to Christianity as the head chief of this area. Living in Kamuat, he makes life miserable for the twenty-five Christians there. Just a month before my visit, the Christian men were beaten by this man and his followers. Praise God for the burning love and faith which these simple Christians possess, enabling them to rise above these testings.

Leaving Kamuat, we traveled on upriver, staying over-night in the heathen villages enroute. I was the first white missionary they had seen in twenty years. When we arrived at Long Berini, the chief came down to meet us at the river's edge before we could clamber out of our dugout and told us his village was "kudung". By that he meant that the village was observing one of its heathen ceremonies and that we would not be permitted to enter their house, although there would be no objection to our walking around in the village. He suggested we cook our noon-day meal at the upper end of the village. As we were getting out of our boat, we noticed a group of elderly men standing on top of the bank about ready to sacrifice a chicken to evil spirits. They had waited all morning for a certain type of hawk to appear, and at last one had soared into view just as we had approached the village. One of the men was praying to the circling hawk, and finally as the bird wheeled to the left, he ordered it to go home. Then turning his gaze from the hawk, he proceeded to kill the chicken. Later on we walked through the village. Before each house bamboo poles had been driven into the ground; on some of these bamboo altars we saw eggs, on others young chickens impaled. Anything to appease the spirits! Most of the village chiefs courteously permitted us to gather the people together for Gospel services. We told them of Christ and of the thousands of Dyaks who had already forsaken their fear of evil spirits and who had turned to the Lord for safety, deliverance and salvation. May many of these yet in darkness soon find the Light of Life!

Finally we reached the small village of Long Tua. It seemed as if we were at the end of things; the Bahau River had shrunk to a trickle. It wasn't long before we were gathered together in a service with these Christians, barely two years old in the Lord. It was a thrill to look into their faces made gentle and happy by the presence of the Lord in their hearts. What a difference salvation makes! Their hungry hearts ate up every word we said. They have never had a resident pastor, but starting this month they will be visited regularly and frequently by the Kamuat pastor.

The Pioneer comes to you as a gift from the missionary whose name appears on the wrapper. The cost of publication and mailing is borne by him. If you wish to help share in this expense, send your gift to the missionary of your choice at 260 West 44th Street, New York 36, New York.
Mark it: "Special — for the Pioneer."



First Impressions

Helen Hall, Makassar

"How do these people refrain from being killed by dozens with the cars, trucks, carts, wagons, bicycles, and mankind on foot all meandering along the narrow streets? I can see what Lela meant when she said the horn — and of course the brakes — seemed to be one of the most important parts of a vehicle in this country! This is just how I imagined it would be though, vendors selling their wares that they carry suspended from a pole carried across their shoulder, wayside restaurants (if you will pardon the expression!), children playing strange games in the streets, women with their sarongs and wooden sandals, men with their Moslem hats and bare feet, and animals grazing in the "park". There must be more dogs in Makassar than in all of Ontario. It certainly sounds like it when peace and quiet would be more conducive to sleep! Oh, cats and roosters, too. I wonder whose baby I hear crying? How does one ever become adjusted to this heat and humidity? These mosquitoes really bite! I wonder what it will be like at the police, customs and immigration offices. The officials on the ship were nice. I hope all our papers are in order. Wonder what our language teacher will be like? I hope I won't be dumb or slow in learning. I wonder if one gets used to taking a "mandi" instead of a real bath or shower? And in cold water, too!"

Such were the thoughts going 'round and 'round as sleep escaped in all the excitement of our arrival in Makassar. What were my first impressions, you ask. These were some.

Later as adjustments were becoming less difficult and Makassar was becoming "home" for the present, questions and fancy gave place to facts. As the vendor plods along his weary way, calling out his wares in a mournful voice, one cannot help but remember that he has a soul, likely as spiritually dark as the night around him; as the little children are seen at play one is reminded of how the Saviour said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me"; and as one looks out upon the throng going to and fro one thinks of how Christ saw the multitude and "was moved with compassion".

One of the things that impressed me most was the absence of a feeling of strangeness or of any particular impressions. I thank God for preparation in many ways of what one might expect to see, hear and smell (although I am not in a position to appreciate (?) the latter, because I have no sense of smell!) and so many of the things encountered were much as anticipated. As a result, adjustments are not proving as difficult as they might otherwise be. Also I would praise the Lord for a love He has given for these dear, brown-skinned people for whom He gave His life because of even "greater love" He has for them. To sum it up briefly, my first impressions were more in the nature of questions and just like some radio personality at home used to say "I'm just so glad to be here!" And as we sleep in spite of the barking dogs, muster up enough courage to try speaking to the people in their own language, casually pick that "black speck" out of a slice of bread, and laugh at the things that might have caused distress at home, we realize that the first impressions are becoming memories and we are really at work in the "vineyard" becoming adjusted to life on the mission field!

Pitchers for the lamps of God —
Hark, the cry goes forth abroad!
Not the beauty of the make,
But ah, the readiness to break
Marks the vessels of the Lord,
Meet to bear the lighted Word!

Witnessing To The Heathen

W.W. Conroy, Mahakam District, East Kalimantan

On a recent weekend trip we had a Saturday night service in the village longhouse at Geleo-Baru where Jakub Sunti, a last year's graduate of the Long Bia Bible School, is pastor. This is a rather new congregation and has no meeting house built yet. However, since we carried along a phonograph and Gospel records in the Indonesian language, we were assured of a good crowd. The heathen outnumbered the Christians 5 to 1, and we seized the opportunity to preach to the unsaved. This is the opportunity that many faithful Christian people in the homeland picture as being a supreme thrill, witnessing to heathen Dyaks, some of whom have never heard the Gospel. Let me tell you some of the details of the service — there are chills as well as thrills. It's true that some will sit on the floor with literal, open-mouthed wonder. However, most of the mouths, I admit, were open wider when the records were being played than when the message was being preached.

One reason there was a good large group of heathen in the longhouse this evening, instead of living in their rice fields as they generally do, a small baby had died this day and relatives were gathered to help the family in the coming days of ritual, appeasing the evil spirits. The father was about ten yards down the longhouse, hacking away at a log, fashioning a casket for the tiny body claimed by malaria. As a matter of fact, it was by special dispensation of the unbelievers that we were even permitted to enter the longhouse during these days of heathen ceremony. But the carpentry work was a minor noise, considering the dogs! Big ones and little ones, they kept running through the group of people seated on the floor, and everyone took turns kicking and cuffing them till someone chased them out the door and down the notched log leading to the ground ten feet below. I could not, of course, object as some of the unsaved began wrapping evil-looking tobacco in leaves and lighting up, and I ignored those who were busy with their little kits preparing betel nut for chewing. Every once in awhile a bored Dyak, his curiosity satisfied, would arise, stretch and most audibly yawn. This was not meant as a deliberate insult or even a gentle hint; it is just standard operating procedure. You see, some of these raw pagans have

never been in a Christian service in their lives, and certainly they have no book of etiquette to guide them. On Sunday morning we had another service in this longhouse.

At Geleo-Lama about 80 gathered for the meeting. There is not a Christian among them, for the believers are all in the new branch of Geleo. ("Baru" means "new"; "Lama" means "old"). We were even honored by the presence of the head school teacher. He is a local Turadjung Dyak, converted to another religion, and reportedly shows a haughty and scornful air to these villagers. After the service, when we had tried again and failed to get any response for decisions for Christ, I noticed the school teacher urging forward the assistant village chief, who made a speech thanking us for all the music etc., but said they were sorry they couldn't receive this new religion because they were ignorant and unschooled. Of course we answered him publicly, but it was just a device from the teacher to tell us to quit trying to make converts here.

When one urges a group of pagan Dyaks to turn to Christ, to leave their fetishes and idols, their fears and superstitions, and then gets only blank stares or grim, stern, adamant silence, or grins that tell nothing, one doesn't feel much like telling someone of the thrill of witnessing to the heathen. It is rather a chilling experience, and naturally so, for the power of Satan is real and powerful in such a group who have been serving and worshipping the prince of this world, the devil, all their lives. But we have not come out here seeking thrills. Such a motivating force wouldn't keep any missionary in Borneo (Kalimantan) for very long.

And yet the thrills are also part of the reward of carrying out Christ's commission to take the Message to a lost, perishing world. The true basis or reason behind missions can never be anything other than obedience to the Lord's clearly defined directive of Mark 16:15 — "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature". Besides the joys of the victories over darkness and Satan that we are constantly receiving throughout our district, the satisfaction of the steps of progress being made by various congregations toward self-support, the rich blessing of watching new babes in the Lord develop into sound, mature members of the body of Christ, there is the assurance and conviction that we are engaged in that kind of Christian labor that is closest to the heart of God the Father — the spreading of the news of His Son's purchase of redemption for those who might otherwise go to their graves in ignorance of the plan of Salvation. There IS a thrill in witnessing to the heathen!

Occupying Till He Comes

Anna LeRoy, West Kalimantan

Wonderfully the Lord has opened up the way for me to return to Indonesia and has given me the opportunity and the great privilege to teach in the Bible School at Balai Sepuak. Teaching in the Bible School occupies many hours of preparation. However, it is good that very often the thought comes, there is ONE THING truly needful, that I do so need to sit at His feet and learn from Him.

It has been six months now since I arrived at Balai Sepuak Bible School. We arrived on a Saturday morning, and there was a hearty welcome extended to me, both from the missionaries, who are old acquaintances, and also from a big group of students with whom I needed to get acquainted. However, that did not take too long, since in Christ Jesus we are one. Even though the surroundings were strange to me, yet the child of God has an open and friendly heart, so we were not strangers to each other.

Now, after six months of teaching, we have come to the close of another school year, and I find it very difficult to say „Goodby and God bless you” to many students who are going out into practical work for a year. Some are going far away from their own village and district. They need much prayer. There may be times of loneliness and discouragement or fear of men. May they always know that He will be with them, close to them, and in times of temptation or persecution will make a way of escape as they put their trust in Him. They will go forth with the glorious message of salvation to many who have never heard. May we labor with them.

Let us hasten on the coming of the Master;
Let us shorten days that linger still;
Time is counted yonder not alone by numbers,
Rather by conditions we fulfil.
If we bring the other wandering sheep to Jesus,
If we send the witness everywhere,
We may hasten His long looked-for coming,
And His glorious advent may prepare.

A. B. Simpson



In The Shadow Of Death, Light

Mrs. Lelia Lewis, Bali

Overhead the pressure lamp roared out its brilliance, beams shafting into the warm blackness of a Balinese night. In the living room those whose faces reflected more than light of the lamp sang precious words out into the gloom. A little pump organ throbbed, joining its chords with the subdued symphony of crickets and whispering palms. One of the company rose and began to tell in a tongue that five years ago he had not known and in the very Island that five years ago had forbid his kind entry, the Gospel story. The pressure lamp and singing had drawn Balinese, like the multitudinous moths and mosquitoes that beat against the screens. They had been invited to come in, but they preferred the enveloping and familiar protection of darkness.

They listened out in the shadows, beams of light occasionally revealing them, curious, fearful, as the penetrating light of God's truth but dimly pierced the pall of darkness that shrouded their hearts. But they stayed and accepted tracts, and week by week they continue to do so as the missionaries, conscious that they are being lifted up in prayer, proclaim the message of Light. Praise God, they will yet gather with the band inside, and they will yet come out of the shadows of darkness into the Light that is Christ. We who are the missionaries believe that, for we believe God. (Acts 27:25).

Yet well aware are we that our enemy, the Prince of Darkness, is strong. He has long reigned unchallenged. In every aspect of their lives the people pay him obeisance. The shadow of his grim scepter hovers over the thousands of intricately, grotesquely carved temples, the offering places, the shrines to idols and numerous unseen spirits, the many pacification rites of daily life.

We the missionaries, who number only six (four from the Christian and Missionary Alliance and two from another society) in an Island of two million, know we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against a monstrously evil power that invades and pervades Bali. How shall the people be loosed from its evil spell of darkness and the habits of sin long embedded, deep-dyed?

Jesus said to His disciples on an occasion when they had been powerless to cast out an evil spirit, "This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting" (Mark 9:29). Could it be this applies also to areas and people? It has often been said that Bali is a difficult field for the Christian worker. Results are meager. Other lands bear richer harvests in souls. Could it be there are places where Satan, though bitterly contesting, is more easily routed? Could it be there are places where the individual's being and thinking are so thoroughly enmeshed with evil that that evil "comes out by nothing but by prayer and fasting"?

The missionaries' house in Klungkung was procured not just by human effort, but by prayer and fasting. Perhaps — yea, we believe surely — here is the key to the illumination and liberation of Bali. Only by persistent, tenacious, prevailing prayer and fasting will Satan's death grip be loosened and the spirit that inhabits the dark corners of hearths and hearts in Bali be cast out. We can not simply bid the darkness flee. The victory must first be achieved on bended knee. Then holding the lamp of truth alight, we can advance with firm step, knowing the shadows must disappear and the people must comprehend the light.



WELCOME BACK!

We were happy on April 16th to welcome back to the field Miss Margaret Shaneman, our bookkeeper. Miss Shaneman also teaches in the Makassar Bible School. We trust the Lord will give her a most fruitful ministry during this term of service.

Opening of the Kayan River Area

M. C. Allen, West Kalimantan

It is with real joy that I share with you the news of the open door that the Lord has given us in the Kayan River valley. This has opened during the past year, but the prayers of you folk in the homeland as well as ours out here have been knocking at this door for the past three years.

There have been hardships and hindrances not a few, but at last we are ready to move into the land. A national worker was sent to the area last June, and at our recent national workers' conference, this man reported that already three hundred had believed in the Lord and had put away their heathen practices.

My soul was thrilled to hear of the zeal of some of the new converts. They are fearlessly witnessing to everyone — Malays, Chinese, and other Dyak tribes alike — about their new-found peace and salvation. This, in view of the natural timidity of the Dyaks, shows the extent of the work of the Lord in their hearts.

This Kayan Area is considered the wildest of all West Kalimantan. The government even this year has had to send special officials to check lawlessness among the tribes. Satanic worship still goes on generally unhindered, and the people of surrounding valleys are afraid to go near there. Stories of cruelty and awful satanic powers are constantly brought out by those who have contacted the people.

Yet the people of this tribe, themselves, requested a missionary to come and teach them. On previous trips I have seen more than twenty believe. When no dwelling was available for us, they said, "We will build a house for you." That house has been built and stands ready for us. Also a house for the national worker has been built entirely by these Kayan Dyaks.

This, dear friends, is God's working and is marvelous in our eyes. We are looking to the Lord, not just for hundreds, but for thousands of these hungry-hearted people to find salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ during the next months.

Now that the door has been prayed open, will you pray that we may enter with the blessing and power of Christ upon us?

* Note: Since writing this article, Mr. and Mrs. Allen have moved into their house in the Kayan River Area.

Problems Created By Custom

Ivan E. Lay, East Kalimantan

We have been blessed day after day as we have sought to minister to the many needs of the Dyaks, but we long to see the meaning of the Name of JESUS manifest. How we long to hear the voices of thousands of the Dyaks, who are living in darkness at this time, join in praise and thanksgiving to God before another year has passed! Our hearts are also burdened for a greater work among the Christians here as we begin our second year of ministry in the Sesayap.

Let me give you a glimpse of one of the hindrances of the work. Many of you have read of, or heard, Brother Presswood, the pioneer missionary of the District, or one of the others, tell something about the custom of the marriage dowery that is still held to by the Dyaks in this area. In 1952, at the native conference, Mr. Walter Post discussed this matter with church leaders and received promises from many of them to abolish it as soon as possible. But when we arrived in June 1953, we discovered the price of a girl had almost doubled. Some now ask as many as twenty water buffalo, or its equivalent; this is about 20,000 rupiahs or a little less than \$ 2,000.00 U. S. money.

Here is what a young couple must face if they desire to be married. The young man or his parents go to the parents of the girl and make an agreement as to how much is to be given for the girl. It may take a few years for the young man, with the help of his parents, to get all the water buffalo and other things together. If he is unable to pay the full price at the time he desires to get married, he may be married after paying about two-thirds of the price and then the balance later. The curse of such a system arises not only from the fact that the husband has no hold on his wife, but also, should he fail to pay the full price, the girl's parents have the right to take their daughter back.

This system is the cause of much fornication and adultery. I will relate one case which we are now facing as a result of it. A young couple were

married about two or more years ago after paying the dowery demanded by the girl's parents. They had been married about a year when the wife's father and mother asked for quite a lot more. The young man did not feel that they were justified in doing this, nor was he able to pay it, but the girl's parents took her back again and after a few months sold her to another man. She has now been married about five months to him and in a few months will give birth to a baby. The first husband has never consented to the separation and has asked the government to get his wife back. Her first marriage was in the church as a Christian, but this second one was performed according to their old custom. How it will be settled we do not know, but it shows the need of the church here. Pray with us and for us as we deal with this practice. The devil is behind it, but we believe that JESUS shall save His people from their sins. The Christians do not seem to see or realize how Satan is using this custom to weaken them. Pray that their eyes will be opened soon to the sinfulness of it and that they will be willing to abolish it for the sake of Christ and their own spiritual growth.

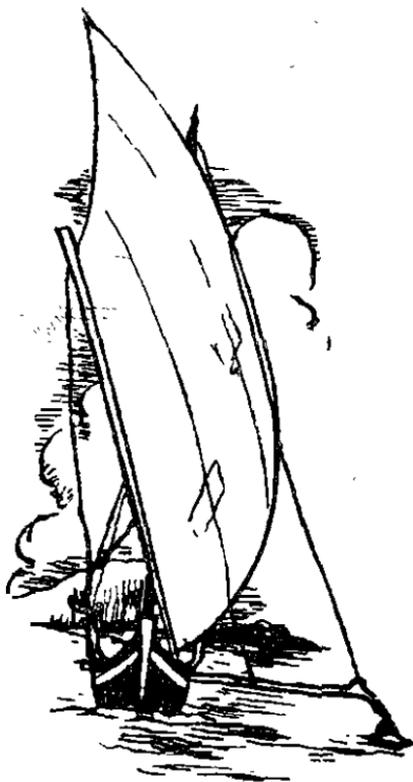
„O give thanks unto the Lord”

... .. that the Mahakam District of East Kalimantan now has its first fully self-supporting church, and another church there has recently agreed to supply about 75% of its own support.

..... that the Dyak hymnbook for the Sesayap Area is now off the press and is on its way to East Kalimantan.

..... for the safe return to the field of Miss Margaret Shaneman.

... .. for the faithfulness of Christians in the Pudjungan District, East Kalimantan, during the past three years in which they have had no missionary guidance or help.



First Impressions

Frances Schutt

Anyone knows that there would be great dissimilarity between a country in the Western Hemisphere and one in the East. Those things that are so unlike my native land and what I am accustomed to stand out in my mind.

Since the weather has such influences upon a person no matter where one lives, I feel the subject is worthy of mention. The tropical climate has brought new habits into my life. A short siesta after lunch during the heat of the day is quite essential and most welcome, for as a rule I am ready to collapse. Kleenex serves many uses and purposes out here as well as at home but is not practical at all for wiping off beads of perspiration. Carrying a fan to church has become as important as carrying my songbook and Bible. They say when you see the native people fanning themselves you know then that it really is hot—there have been those times!

When the rainy season is on, one is well aware of the fact. The "sky juice" really does fall—days at a time, and sometimes all day. The rainy

season is the winter season. One lady after the ladies' meeting, while waiting for the rain to stop, sat with folded arms for she was cold. I laughed — it was quite comfortable for me. I understand though that the folks with little clothing really find the rainy season cold for them. The dampness in the weather brings about the thought of mould. Clothes, especially towels, have at times the sour smell of mould. Some shoes quickly are covered with mould. The covers of my Bibles keep wearing a coat of white. Even the daily use of a Bible does not free it from this. This dampness also brings about rust. Buckles on shoes rust, hinges on suitcases rust, etc. At home I never thought a great deal about mould and rust, but now the verses in the Scriptures using these words are most vivid and alive to me.

The language is also something different — so different and new that every new missionary has something to say about it. The other night one of the Indonesian girls read to me the third chapter of John. After my feeble attempt, it sounded beautiful as she read it with such ease and the right emphasis on the words and phrases. Learning a language other than one's native tongue requires time, study, prayer, and sometimes tears. Though I have not been able as yet to converse with the Bible School students and folks here as I would like, I am glad that I am able to give them at least a smile. A smile is understood in any language.

Of course the people in this land are different also, but they have won a place in my heart. We have some wonderful friends among them. Since being here we have seen in a number of ways their expression of friendliness to us. These people here have one disease in their country that is dreadful, and that is leprosy. Soon after arriving, four of us girls were shopping when a young boy came to us begging. He was a leper; his face and both legs had huge open sores. Another thing that pierces the heart is to witness the numbers of Moslems which seem to be everywhere. Walking down the street or riding in a tiga-roda you see young men and older men wearing the small black velvet hat that identifies them as Moslems.

The climate, language, and religion are different in this land, but God is not different — He is the same. He is ready to show forth His transforming power in all who will put their faith and trust in His Son and to give Eternal Life to all that believe. Praise God, there is no respect of persons with Him.

Prayer opens Another Door

R. R. Rudes, East Kalimantan

In the heart of the jungles of East Kalimantan (Borneo) is the Dyak village of Long Kalang. For several years the old village chief, a former head-hunter, strongly resisted the preaching of the Gospel in his village. In fact, every villager that became a Christian was quickly forced to leave his longhouse home and flee to another village. The chief ruled with an iron hand, and all his villagers feared him.

On many occasions the missionary and native pastor had made visits to this village but as soon as they would leave, the village chief would call his people together and persuade them that the message of the Gospel was just a white man's lie.

Dyak Christians and friends in America were called to pray that God in his mercy would open this village to the preaching of the Gospel.

One day there came a delegation of Dyaks from Long Kalang to the mission station at Long Nawang. They had traveled one and a half days upstream. The missionary inquired as to the purpose of their call since it was rice cutting time and every man should have been working in his rice field. They informed him that they were on their way upstream to call the witch doctor to come to their village, in hopes that this man could help the son of the village chief who was sick unto death. Perhaps this witch doctor could determine what evil spirit was displeased, make a sacrifice and heal the boy. The visitors had brought some pig fat to sell in order to help pay for the visit of the witch doctor. The missionary bought the pig fat for the opportunity to witness the gospel to these men. They went on their way upstream unpersuaded.

About a week later a second delegation came with the same story. The sick boy was worse, and another witch doctor was being called. Again the missionary witnessed of the power of the Gospel and of Christ the Healer. Some days later a native pastor from an adjacent village came with this story:

The old hard-hearted village chief had called all the influential witch doctors in the Apo Kajan district and had paid them in all the brass gongs, knives, rice, pigs and chickens that he owned, but his beloved son grew steadily worse until finally the boy pled with his father to call this native pastor. He said, "Father, I am about to die, but my soul is troubled and I must learn of Christ before I die, and get peace for my soul."

Finally the father gave his consent, and the native pastor, a practicing worker just out of Bible School, was called into this troubled home. The pastor stayed three days with the sick man and his father, witnessing of Christ the Savior and Healer. God in his great mercy performed the miracles. First of all this young man was saved, and the Lord filled his heart with the witness of the Spirit by flooding his soul with joy and peace. The boy said, "Father, now I can die, for my heart is at rest." When the old father heard these words, he also pled with the worker to help him find Jesus as his Saviour. This he did. Then the second miracle. After the prayer of faith, a new and living faith, the son was anointed and prayed for in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and that fever-weakened, dying young son felt and knew the healing touch of Jesus our Healer.

To the praise of the Lord, in just two weeks this son was again up and working in his rice field, praising God and telling his story throughout the village.

Some weeks later the missionary was making his way out of the district to the coast. He stopped in this village and the chief called him into his home and related this testimony of the power of God. Then he asked the missionary to stay in his village and lead all of his people to Christ. What a changed life, what an open door! Already the fetishes were coming down and being burned, and another heathen village was opened to the preaching of the Gospel of Peace, Salvation and Healing. A native worker was put in charge to establish the beginnings of a new group of believers.

God answers prayers, yours and mine. If you would like to share in the rewards of answered prayers, what about putting other heathen Dyak villages on your prayer list? In the heart of the jungles there is Long Badang, Long Meleo and Long Sungai Barang that still remain as closed doors. Pray for these villages — make it definite, and God will open them in the days to come.

"The real victory in all service is won in secret beforehand by prayer. Service is gathering up the results."

— S. D. GORDON

Missionary Directory

SULAWESI

Djalan Ladjangiru 81
Makassar, Sulawesi
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Brill
Rev. and Mrs. V. L. Neigenfind
Miss Lois Boehnke
Miss Margaret Shaneman

Language Study :
Miss Lela Pierce
Miss Frances Schutt
Miss Helen Hall

BALI

Pos Restant
Denpasar, Bali
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. M. E. Bliss

Klungkung, Bali
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. Rodger Lewis

EAST KALIMANTAN

Samarinda
East Kalimantan
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. William Bouw

Melak via Samarinda
East Kalimantan
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Conley

Long Bia
via Tandjong Selor and
Tarakan
East Kalimantan
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. H. W. Post
Mrs. Elizabeth Jackson
Miss M. P. Roseberry

Long Berang
via Malinau and Tarakan
Kalimantan Timur
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. Ivan Lay

Tandjong Selor
via Tarakan
East Kalimantan
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. F. R. Whetzel

WEST KALIMANTAN

Ealai Sepuak
via Pontianak
West Kalimantan
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. J. Van Patter
Miss Lillian Marsh
Miss Margaret Kemp
Miss A. E. Le Roy

Language Study :

Rev. and Mrs. William Kissell

Nanga Kayan
via Pontianak
West Kalimantan
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. M. C. Allen
(Assistant to Board
Representative
for West Kalimantan)

Kota Baru
via Nanga Pinoh
and Pontianak
West Kalimantan
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. H. N. Rankin

Nanga Ambalau
via Nanga Pinoh
and Pontianak
West Kalimantan
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. Gordon Chapman

At home

Rev. and Mrs. R. R. Rudes
Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Meltzer
Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Mouw
Miss Vonnie Morscheck
Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Schisler
Rev. and Mrs. W. Konemann (in Holland)

*„Pray ye therefore the Lord
of the harvest. . . .“*

... for a spiritual awakening in the Pudjungan District of East Kalimantan.

..... for a head chief in the Pudjungan section who is persecuting the Christians. Pray also that those who are persecuted may be sustained by the Lord and kept faithful to Him.

..... for revival in the churches of the Mahakam District, East Kalimantan, and that the pastors may be stirred to a new realization of their holy calling and responsibilities.

..... that God will give wisdom in the matter of dealing with problems arising from proselyting being done by a religious organization which has just come into the Mahakam area in recent months.

..... that the Lord will help in the preparation of tape recordings in the Indonesian language. These are to be sent to Manila for use by the Far East Broadcasting Company.

..... for a special quickening touch in the bodies of Mrs. Bouw, Mrs. Conley, Miss Roseberry, and Miss Boehnke

EXTRA BUDGET SPECIALS

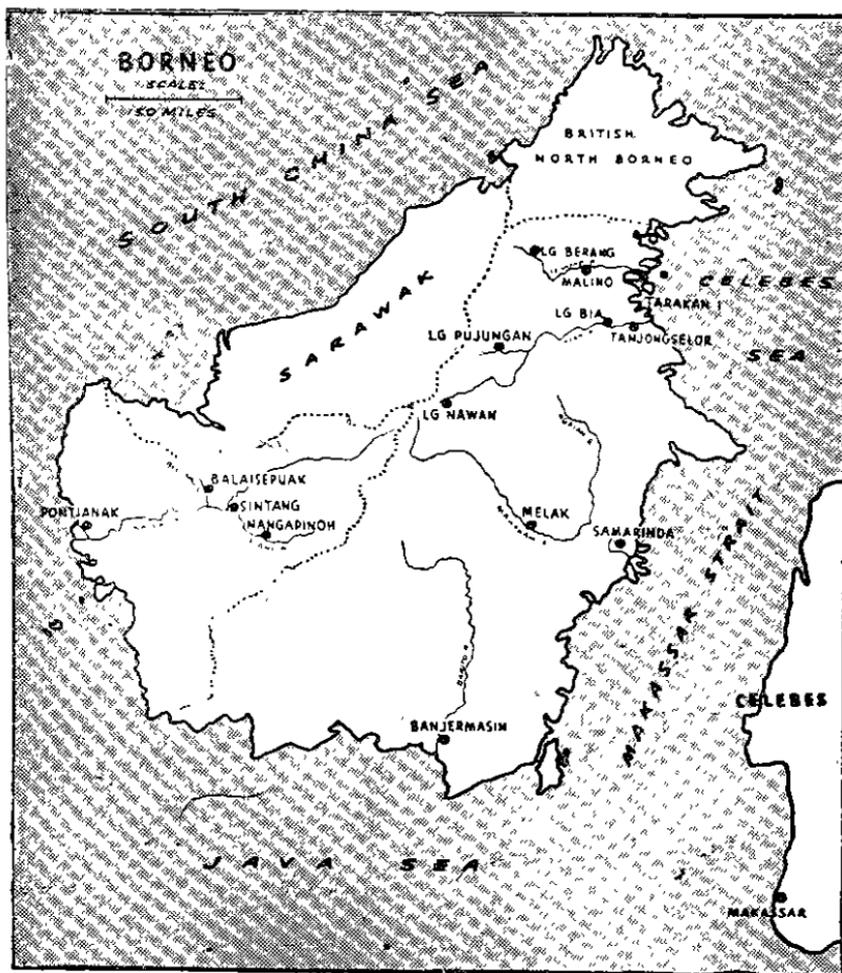
Indonesia 1954

The following are the Extra Budget Specials which have been approved for the Indonesia Mission. We present these to you for your prayerful consideration.

Boat for West Kalimantan (remainder needed)	\$ 500.00
25 H. P. outboard motor for Sesayap District	500.00
Studio to prepare Indonesian programs for Far East Broadcasting Co., Manila	300.00
Long Bia Bible School dormitory	1,500.00
Medical Supplies for nurses working in Bible Schools	400.00
Publication of Dr. Simpson's books and others	2,000.00
Parts for all present outboard motors	200.00
Car for Bali (Jeep or small pick-up)	3,000.00
	<hr/>
	\$ 8,400.00

„No one who wishes to work or pray for missions need fear his feebleness or poverty; the Holy Spirit is the power that can fit him to take his divinely-appointed place in the work.”

— ANDREW MURRAY



Borneo (Kalimantan) represents the greatest-concentration of our missionary force in Indonesia.

Alliance missionaries serve also in the islands of Sulawesi (Celebes) and Bali.

THE INDONESIAN MISSION
 of the
 CHRISTIAN AND MISSIONARY ALLIANCE
 Djalan Ladjangiru 81, Makassar, Sulawesi, Indonesia
 J. Wesley Brill, Board Representative