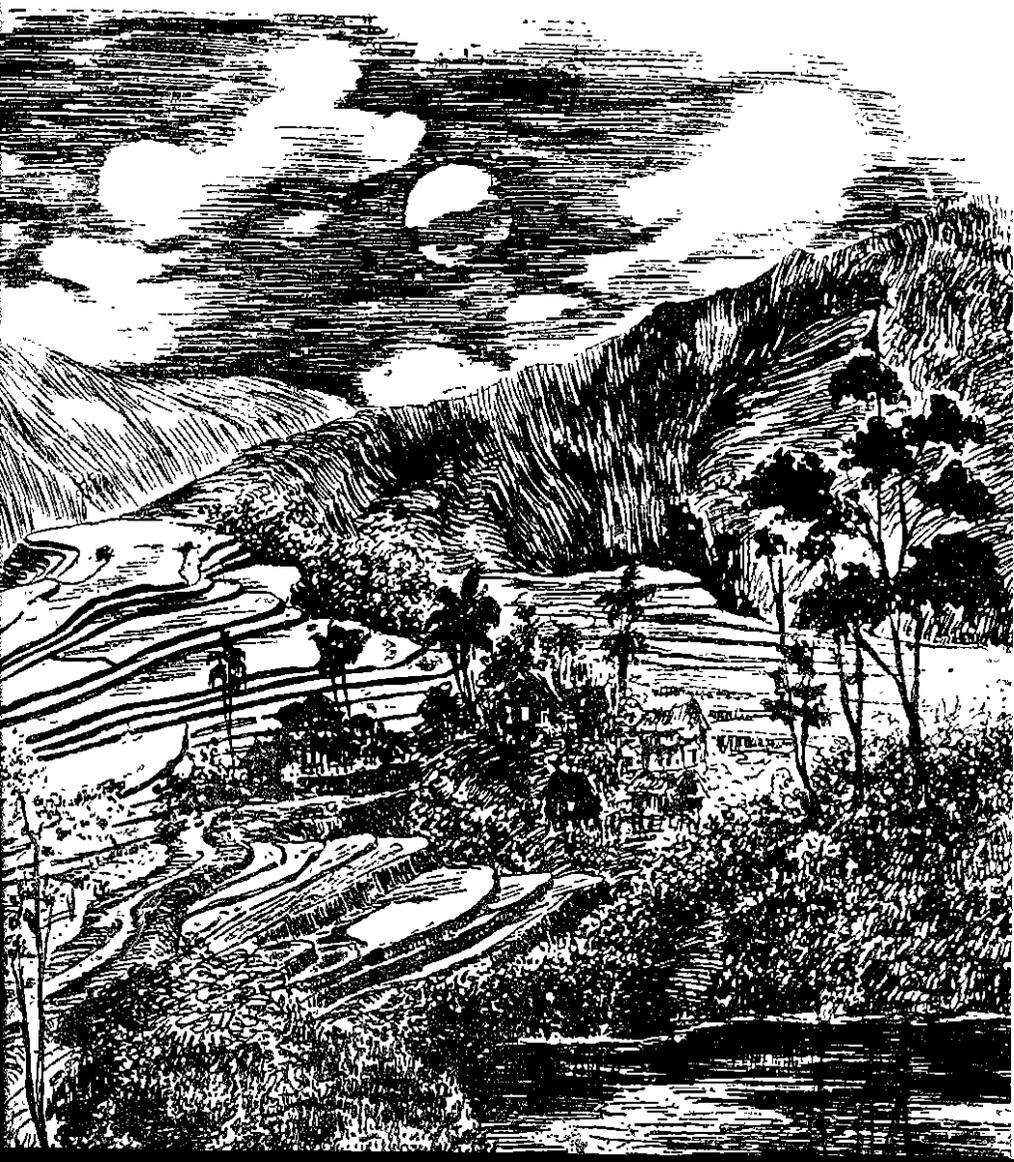


# The PIONEER

OCTOBER 1955



# Stir Me

Stir me, O stir me, Lord, I care not how  
But stir my heart in passion for the world ;  
Stir me to give, to go, but most to pray :  
Stir till the blood-red banner be unfurled  
O'er lands that still in heathen darkness lie,  
O'er deserts where no Cross is lifted high.

Stir me, O stir me, Lord, till all my heart  
Is stirred in strong compassion for these souls,  
Till Thy compelling "must" drives me to prayer ;  
Till Thy constraining love reach to the poles,  
Far north and south in burning, deep desire ;  
Till east and west are caught in love's strong fire.

Stir me, O Lord, Thy heart was stirred  
By love's intensest fire till Thou didst give  
Thine only Son, Thy best-loved One  
E'en to the dreadful cross that I might live :  
Stir me to give myself back to Thee  
That Thou canst give Thyself again through me.

— Selected



**The Pioneer** is the news magazine of  
**THE INDONESIAN MISSION**  
of the  
**CHRISTIAN AND MISSIONARY ALLIANCE**  
Djalan Dago 110A, Bandung, Java

Editors : Rev. and Mrs. V. L. Neigenfind

\* \* \*

# »»What Will the Harvest Be?««

-J.L. Van Patter, West Kalimantan

Every few years a certain type of tree common to the island of Kalimantan blossoms and sets on a heavy crop of nuts. The nuts compare in size to a golf ball. In the world markets they are much in demand and command a good price. No doubt there are a number of uses for the extracted oil, but the only one of which I have heard to date is that it becomes a base for lipstick.

Last year we observed this nut harvest from a ring-side seat so to speak. Dyaks identified the flowering trees for me. A few weeks later I was told that the merchants who conduct their trade along the rivers were taking their wares right to the villages and eagerly selling on credit—payment to be made later on in the form of tingkawang nuts. The reason for this special door-to-door service and easy credit is that rice harvest and nut harvest take place at the same time. So a way must be found to entice folks to leave the rice harvest for the sake of the nut harvest.

The wise farmer avoids being bound by credit so that he can fully harvest the rice (staff of life) first before it shatters to the ground and is lost. This done he can gather and cure nuts only in small quantity because the fruit quickly spoils on the ground. The greedy and unwise man is burdened with his debt and while trying to gain a double harvest, his rice crop suffers. Later on in the year for him often comes a time of famine.

For me this interesting event holds a spiritual lesson and a rebuke. Rice could well represent all that pertains to life eternal. Tingkawang nuts, that which is for time. Ever, and in all places, it is the special work of the prince of this world to get us to attempt to make the most of two worlds. In doing so we lose the rice, that which pertains to eternal life and reward. Many grains of rice (souls) fall and are lost because you and I are still attracted by the deceitfulness of riches. How much effort, time and money we Christians still squander on passing things! Investments for eternity fail to be made, and harvest time for us quickly is over.

It is well to remind ourselves often of God's priority. Many times our Lord commanded us to observe it. On one occasion, here is what He said; "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you". (Matthew 6:33). A Christian who has adjusted his life to this standard will never be found saying as we so often have heard folks saying this year, "My, it's a shame that we cannot harvest all of both of these crops!".

\* \* \*

# The King's Daughters

--Mrs. Elizabeth Jackson, East Kalimantan

*"The king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold." Psa. 45 : 9.*

The land of Kalimantan has never lacked for royal daughters. For many hundreds of years each great tribe has had its royal line and daughters have always been abundant. They have not been without glory either for their royal lineage commanded respect and deference in even the most remote villages. The very mention of the words "keturunan radja" (royal descendant) elicits a strange awe and acquiescence to whatever request may be made.

Their riches are peculiarly valuable to them and highly treasured, though of little intrinsic value to foreigners. Gaudy beads, carved knives, hideous tiger teeth, aged white bone bracelets, dozens of brass earrings, hand-wrought gongs, and great earthen urns comprise the royal riches.

The royal wardrobe is most unusual. The skirts are made of long pieces of black velvet cloth richly embroidered with gold and silver thread, fringed with metallic tassels. This garment is tightly wound around the hips, lapped over in the back and tied with a tiny cord. Perhaps they may prefer a more plain cloth wildly decorated with gay pieces of colored cloth arranged in clever patterns. Sleeveless blouses of similar cloth and style, a great assortment of beautifully woven grass hats, gaudy jewelry, and perhaps a heavy belt of carved silver completes the royal costume. Their clothing is extremely costly and important to them.

But at this point the glory fades! The life of a Dyak woman is one of fear and drudgery, regardless of her lineage. Enslaved by centuries of superstition and witchcraft, she worships unknown gods, inanimate objects, because she is afraid to incur their wrath. Actually most of them know very little about worshipping anything at all, for the religious rites are mostly delegated to the men. At a very early age she is married, and often to a man whom she dislikes. In some areas she may be sold for water buffaloes, earthen water urns, or even for several slaves. Upon marriage she automatically becomes water carrier, wood chopper, pig tender, as well as working

in the rice field along with her husband. She knows little or nothing of tenderness, comfort, or true love.

But now there is a new picture! The royal daughters are becoming King's Daughters! The preaching of the Gospel of Christ is bringing light and emancipation to the Dyak women. Within the past few years it has been our joy to open a dormitory for Dyak girls at Long Bia Bible School, thus enabling them to receive Bible School training. The numerical response has not been great since not many Dyak girls can fulfill the requirement of a sixth grade education before entrance into the Bible School. Education for girls is still somewhat new in this area. However, the transformation in the lives of the girls who have come to the school has been tremendous. We are trusting God to send us many more girls for the school.

At Long Bia they are not only studying God's Word but also learning how to cook and sew, to manage a home and train children properly, to care for the sick as well as care for their own health. They continually rejoice in their emancipation, in freedom from fear through the power of the Gospel, in the opportunity to study God's Word and learn to know His will, and in the privilege of making their own decisions for the life ahead of them as they serve the Lord. They all share the burden to return to their own people and tell their tribal sisters what a glorious new freedom they have found, freedom not only from the awful bondage of tribal customs, but freedom from the bondage of sin. Truly the King's Daughters are glorious within, and they treasure that inner glory far more than anything the world can offer.

\* \* \*

### BY GOD'S APPOINTMENT

Not a leaf but has its work,  
Not a flower but has its mission ;  
Not a bee but lends her aid  
To the autumn's bright fruition.  
Faithful deeds are never lost,  
Though results are often hidden ;  
Let us work and weary not —  
It is what our Lord hath bidden.

— Selected

From "The Alliance Weekly"

# They Are Called of God

--V.L. Neigenfind, Makassar, Sulawesi

If the twenty-four students from seven different islands of East Indonesia were seeking benefits other than Bible and spiritual knowledge, they would not be at the Makassar Bible School. The only promise of any material aid when they are accepted as students is that the School will furnish a bed and a mosquito net for their use during the four years they will be there. They must pay the tuition fee, their own room and board, and provide their own books. Not one of them is supported by the Mission.

There are certain other things, too, that corroborate their sincerity and consecration. They come from places where it is not easy to be a follower of Christ. They come from the island of Bali, one of the strongholds of Hinduism, where Christians have been unwelcome and hated. They come from the islands of Sumbawa and Lombok where the star and crescent defy the heralds of the cross. They come from the island of Sulawesi where in recent months Christians have had their homes burnt, where they have been forced to join guerilla bands, where the women have been kidnapped to become wives of men of a fanatical religion, where they have been tortured and murdered by the hundreds.

The road ahead for the students of the Makassar Bible School is not an easy one. It will be necessary for them to put on the whole armor of God "to stand against the wiles of the devil" and "to withstand in the evil day". They are going back to those benighted, difficult and dangerous places with the love of Christ burning in their hearts.

\* \* \*

# Doesn't It Sound Strange ?

-- W.W. Conley, East Kalimantan

If a Dyak from East Kalimantan were to come and visit your home, your place of work, school, etc., I'm confident he could write a book about the peculiar and unexplainable things he observed. (If he could write). The longer one lives in Borneo, the more one wonders just which customs are strange and unreasonable, and which are actually practical and worthwhile. At any rate, let us point out some things that are sure to be considered unusual.

There is absolutely no privacy in the Dyaks' life, as we know and value it. Never have we seen a door that could be locked on the inside in a longhouse; never have we seen a room into which a person could enter and be alone and private. The walls are always easily penetrated by curious eyes. The doors are never barred to anyone, and you needn't knock before entering at any hour, day or night.

If you are the husband of a woman in the Tundjung tribe and the two of you set out together walking, you would not feel it odd to allow your wife to go first down the trail and follow her. But if you were in a mixed group, or one man and one woman, not married, you, a man, would not walk in back of the lady. It might seem rude to you, but you had better just push out first and allow the lady to follow you.

And Dyaks always walk single file. This naturally is a necessity on the narrow jungle trails. But when they come into town, no matter how wide the street, no matter how many in the group, they still walk single file down the middle of the street.

In some tribes when a person has died in the longhouse, if he is a man of repute, his body is kept for days or several weeks "in state" in a wooden coffin, closely sealed with tree resins mixed with kerosine. Then when the burial place is ready, a large opening is torn in the wall of the longhouse and a temporary ramp set up, leading to the ground some 8 to 15 feet below. The coffin is then carried out, avoiding the usual doors and ladder to the ground. This stratagem confuses the evil spirits who are waiting to follow the body to the grave to torment it.

Ordinarily the Dyak does not want to pronounce his own name. Many times we have seen a man squirm a bit when asked to tell it. If he has a companion with him, it is proper for the friend to announce the name of the other.

Somewhere the Dyaks learned of finger bowls. Washing hands before eating is unthought of among the primitive heathen. So, a communal basin is passed from hand to hand to be dipped into preparatory to eating. Just the right hand, never use the left for eating. It looks more like a ritual than a cleansing, for all it does of course, except for the lucky first man, is to add to one's hand whatever may have been on those fingers previously dipped.

A large feast, which may have entailed a good deal of work on the ladies' part, is served by spreading it out on mats on the floor. Banana leaves serve for dishes. There may even be a few speeches if the occasion warrants. But once the Dyaks start to eat, as soon as the prayer of thanks is offered if these are Christians, it is all business and no idle chatter interrupts the process of getting a half-pound or more of boiled rice and trimmings "down the hatch". It is all over in a jiffy. Sometimes as we foreigners get the first one or two mouthfuls of food down, the others are beginning to rise and leave.

So, one's problem is when to, and when not to, apply the old adage: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do".

\* \* \*

### **BACK ON THE FIELD**

Rev. and Mrs. Maurice E. Bliss and son, Bruce, arrived back in Indonesia from furlough on July 28. The Blisses are beginning their second term of service and have been appointed to Bible conference work in the East Indonesia Region.

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### **NEW MISSIONARY**

Rebecca Jean Lay, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Ivan Lay. Born July 14 in Tarakan, East Kalimantan.



Listening to the Gospel by means of records. This is the first time the Gospel was brought to this valley, Batu Madjang, about 325 miles up the Mahakam River (East Kalimantan) from the coast. The pastor of an established church was transferred to this village to teach the new converts. (Pastor Markus seated on extreme left.)

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### "NOW"

And you lie dreaming on ;  
Rise ! for the day is passing,  
The others have buckled their armor,  
And forth to the fight are gone :  
A place in the ranks awaits you,  
Each man has some part to play ;  
The Past and the Future are looking  
In the face of the stern To-day.

— Author unknown

## PRAYER REQUESTS

### PRAY :

..... for more personnel for the Publications Department, individuals who are consecrated and Spirit-filled.

..... that the Lord will help the congregation in Singaradja, Bali, to obtain a place of worship.

..... for the churches and national workers as they go on full self-support basis in January of 1955.

..... that God will undertake and lead in all the details of opening in Bandung the home and school for missionaries' children.

..... for Rev. and Mrs. William Kissell as they plan to open the Sekadau River area of West Kalimantan to the Gospel.

..... for Rev. and Mrs. Randall Whetzel as they take over the responsibility of the Bible School in East Kalimantan when Rev. and Mrs. Harry Post go on furlough in November.

..... that necessary supplies can be transported regularly over the rapids to Rev. and Mrs. Rudes in the Apo Kayan district of East Kalimantan, an area most difficult to reach.

..... for West Kalimantan which is experiencing a serious rice shortage.

..... for the Sunday School and the Sunday evening meetings which have been started in the Headquarters Home in Bandung, Java.

..... for continued strengthening of little David Waite's limbs, making possible Mrs. Waite's and his return to Indonesia.

# The Chinese of Kalimantan

--Mrs. William Kissell, West Kalimantan

Scattered up and down the large rivers and the small rivers of Kalimantan (Borneo) is a large population of Chinese who live clustered together in small villages at the mouths of rivers and who are the merchants and traders of this island. True, this is the island of Kalimantan where we thought that only Dyaks live, but after being on the island for only a short time, we soon learned that there was a goodly number of Chinese. The Dyaks live to themselves in little villages up the smaller rivers, and the Chinese live in the more heavily populated villages or towns where trading and business is taken care of, with only a minimum of Indonesians among them. Almost without exception, the boats of all different shapes and sizes that travel up and down the rivers selling their goods are owned and operated by Chinese. The same goes for the little tokos or stores. A large percentage of them are owned by Chinese.

Nanga Pinoh is just such a place. The Chinese have gathered here into a little community and carry on much buying and selling. Most of the Chinese communities up and down the rivers have not known the blessing of having the light of the Gospel shining in their midst. But Nanga Pinoh has been more fortunate and greatly blessed. Some years before World War II, the first Alliance missionary began holding services for Chinese and Indonesians alike in Nanga Pinoh. As the years went by, and all through the war, the interest in the Word of God was kept alive until today they have their church which was built about three years ago, and an Indonesian pastor. Since most of the congregation is made up of Chinese, the services are interpreted into the Chinese language. An estimated number of eighty attend the Sunday morning services. The presence of the Lord has been manifested in their midst through the years, and there are some very dear and sincere Christians among them. Some from the congregation have gone to Bible school. Recently, the pastor and sincere Christians started an early morning prayer meeting which is held each day in the interest of a revival and with the desire to see the coldness which has crept into the church be replaced with a burning zeal and hunger to follow after the things of God.

While we have no missionaries working exclusively among the Chinese here in Kalimantan, some Chinese are reached through their contact with the missionaries and native workers. The language difference creates somewhat of a barrier for the Chinese speak their own language among themselves, and as a result, many of them know little of the Indonesian language. Therefore it is difficult in many instances to get the message across to them.

When you pray for the island of Kalimantan and the Dyaks that are still in heathen darkness, remember also the many, many Chinese living here and also on the other islands of Indonesia who have never heard the message of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and its power to save. Remember especially the church in Nanga Pinoh and the pastor. Pray that revival fires might burn in their midst, that the sin and coldness which has crept in might be done away with, and that those who have left their "first love" may once again be set afire for the Lord.

\* \* \*

#### A TESTIMONY

For several years readers of *The Pioneer* have been praying that Mrs. W. W. Conley might be healed of colitis. The Lord has answered, and we quote an excerpt of a letter from Mrs. Conley :

"On Sunday evening, May 15, I went to bed and was not able to sleep. I had spent much of the day reading the Scriptures, especially reading over the passages in the Gospels telling how Jesus healed all the sick that were brought to Him. Several passages kept running through my mind, and I quoted a couple of prayer promises. Then the Lord spoke very plainly to me, "I am the Lord that healeth thee". I immediately started to praise and thank God for healing me and fell asleep with praise and thanksgiving within my heart. It was a most precious experience. May this manifestation of God's power to heal be a testimony that will bring honor and glory to God and our Lord Jesus Christ. How matchless is His love!

I thank each one of you who took time to pray and ask God to heal me, and please now take time to thank and praise God for answered prayer. I am gaining weight and wake up in the morning rested, a wonderful feeling. Rejoice evermore!"

# Activities of a Wife on a Mission Station

--Mrs. Ivan Lay, East Kalimantan

Our station in East Borneo is interior from the coast, isolated from the outside world, and could rightfully be called a "lonely mission station". Especially is this true when my husband is on long trips for several weeks at a time with no communications in between. However, it is wonderful to feel the continual presence of the Lord and to realize the preciousness of the promise: "Lo, I am with you always".

Some of you at home may be curious to know just what a missionary wife does with her time when she is alone on the station. Of course, every mission station is different and the things I say about this one may not pertain to others. Because of the difficult travel by foot over mountainous jungle trails, it makes it an impossibility for the wife to accompany her husband on trips in this area. Needless to say, I have longed to visit the many villages and churches, but after hearing about the risky trails and the steep mountains to be climbed, I am content to stay at home; however, I have had the opportunity of meeting most of the national workers as well as many of the village people who have been here to sell rice or for various other reasons.

The fact that we are on a lonely station does not mean that there is a lack of activity here. My days are full—studying language, treating sick Dyaks, selling Bibles and books to those who come for them, cooking, and watching after two mischievous youngsters and a small baby. I am thankful for my medical ministry here as it gives me a closer contact with the people, especially the women.

Dyaks have no sense of time, so they just drop in on you at any hour of the day. It is not at all unusual to have them come for medicine before we eat breakfast. My days are so full of interruptions that I find it very difficult to hold to a routine schedule of language study. This has been very trying at times and has caused a bit of discouragement but I am thankful for the all-sufficient grace of God at all times.

This week has been especially busy — the head government official here called the men of several villages to help build a large house to accomodate large crowds of Dyaks when they come. Several of the wives and families accompanied the men, so Long Berang, where we live, has been alive with people. As a result, many of these folks have been here for medical aid, and what a busy week it has been. It has been a job squeezing in enough time to cook. I really enjoy this ministry among the sick, although I certainly feel incompetent to cope with some of the situations that arise. Since being here in Long Berang, I have had three maternity cases in the village across the river. Fortunately, my husband was here at each of these times to look after the children, and to get a meal or two.

Just a few days before my husband returned from one of his long trips, our little boy, Paul, climbed upon a bench to the railing of the porch, leaned over, and fell head first to the ground below — about seven feet. I quickly picked him up and brought him into the house. He cried steadily for about twenty minutes and finally went to sleep, but woke up at intervals with terrific pain in the back of his neck. Anxiety almost overwhelmed me at first, wondering what type of internal injury may have befallen him. It was a Sunday night about service time. The native pastor who lives here had gone to Conference, and rain kept folks from coming to the service because of the swinging bridge. Therefore there was no one to pray with me for this little one, but I prayed alone and the Lord heard. and the next morning little Paul woke up as usual, playing and talking with no signs of a sore neck. What a precious experience to me — another lesson in complete trust! Our little three and one-half year old Carol Sue said: "Jesus made him all better!" Pray with me that these whom I contact here at our station may have the faith of a little child and believe God for deliverance from sin as well as from sickness.

\* \* \*

### SOWING AND REAPING

We must sow before we can reap. This life is our seed-time; in the next, we shall reap our harvest. Woe to them that have their consolation in this world, for the time is at hand when their vain joys shall be naught; but God will wipe away all tears from the eyes of His people.

— Fénelon



## A New Church in the Valley

Marion Allen, West Kalimantan

Bang! Bang!

"What's all the noise over by the kampung (village)?"

"Oh that's the Christians of the Plaik Village putting up a church building."

"What is a church building?"

"I don't know for sure, as there never has been one in our whole Kayan Valley before; but I have heard that it is a house for worshipping the True God."

"Oh. They also have a teacher from outside the country, too, haven't they?"

"Yes, there is one, but he travels to many villages. The villages' own teacher is a Dyak who has gone to school."

"The foreigner must be rich if he can pay for two teachers who have gone to school and still pay for a house just for use in worshipping God"

"Maybe so, but I am told that the village Christians pay their own teachers, and they built their own church too. One of the people said that the foreigner gave two kilos of nails and also gave the workers hot coffee when they worked, but that was all."

"It must be a heavy burden on the village to pay for their teachers, isn't it?"

"I thought so too, but when one of the village people came over to our village to tell us about Jesus, we asked him, and he said no, because they no longer make offerings to the evil spirits. Also, they do not use tobacco and rice wine any more, and they give a tenth of their income for the Lord's work."

"If they do not sacrifice to the spirits, surely they must have many calamities."

"No, they say it is because their Jesus is stronger than the evil spirits, and I almost believe it because I saw their teacher chop down a spirit tree that even our ancestors worshiped, and anyone who touched that tree before got very sick and usually died; but their teacher received no harm even though he carried the top of it to his rice field and burned it."

"Did not anyone in the village die because of that?"

"No, none at all. Furthermore, only two people have died in that place in two years, and they were very old. But in all of our villages which have not believed, many have died."

"If that is so, this must be a very strong religion. Why has not your village entered?"

"Many of us have almost believed, but some of the old men say 'Wait and see'. Also, many say they are afraid they can't quit their bad habits which the teacher says is very important if one really wants to be a Christian. I suppose before long our village will believe, too."

"How many days more before this worship house will be finished?"

"Oh, not long. In one more week they must be done. Then there will be a large meeting when the children who have been in a two-week school to study about their Lord Jesus will tell what they have learned in their school."

"Can the children read, too? In our village not even any adults can read."

"That is true in our village too, but the Christians learned to read very soon after they believed."

"About how long have these people had a teacher?"

"The first teacher came only two years ago, and the foreign teacher came about six months later. The second teacher — for the villages further upstream — has only been here about a week."

"About how many believers are there in our Valley already?"

"Over 300 have taken down their fetishes, but some of these have not believed long enough or have not yet changed their old life and habits so that not quite 200 have participated in the washing ceremony."

"As many as that? That must be two or three villages!"

"Yes, there are Christians mainly in three villages, with a few isolated ones in two or three other villages. Perhaps before long there will be several villages following, for many are interested even now."

"Well! Surely I am going to tell my village about what I have heard today!"

*Conversations with similar content as the one above can be heard many times a week. It is true that some progress has been made; but how we need the prayers of God's children that the hundreds in the Kayan Valley who are deliberating will turn to Christ, and that the over 18,000 who have not even been contacted will soon have a chance to hear the Gospel!*

\* \* \*

### GONE TO HIS REWARD

It was with great sorrow that the missionaries of the Indonesia Mission received news of the home-going of Mr. Alfred Lewis, pilot, due to the crash of the New Guinea Mission plane. Mr. Lewis was a member of our Indonesia Mission before his transfer to New Guinea early in 1953, and he was loved by all.

We as a Mission extend our sympathy to Mrs. Lewis.

## Living Water for a Dry and Thirsty Land

--Rev. and Mrs. Rodger Lewis, Bali

My heart beat high with expectancy as the motor launch chugged doggedly across the Straits of Badung. We were on our way to another "un-Gospelled" island, Nusa Penida.

Unknown to the world is Nusa Penida. But, along with thousands of other Pacific islets, it is known in heaven. 300,000 souls there awaited the messenger of Light.

My host, a Roman Catholic doctor, could have invited a priest, but he didn't. The Indonesian government, which paid my fare, could have sent a Moslem "hadji", but it didn't. I could have gone in a little outrigger, perhaps a full day's journey, and at peril because of the choppy water and treacherous currents. *But God opened the door and pushed us into Nusa*, His loving heart so anxious that every tribe, every people, have at least one chance to hear.

Our Gospel records in Balinese, the language of Nusa, were hardly needed. When had those forgotten ones ever seen a white man, especially one who told of the love of God? We kept at it steadily for four hours, my Balinese co-worker and I, taking but a few minutes out to gulp some bread and water.

Our boat was due to sail at three, and we certainly didn't want to take back with us any of the Gospel literature we had brought. An old man dug out of his waist wallet thirteen rupiahs and bought a New Testament. He held it in his hands like treasured gold. Another bought an Old Testament. Soon it got to be like Bloomingdale's basement on bargain day. The finest of Gospel tracts and Gospel portions were sold by the hundreds at sacrificial prices. (Many at home had sacrificed to get such literature to the ends of the earth.)

Nusa Penida is a thirsty island. Many bathe in the sea, for there are no springs nor rivers. And Nusa is thirsty for the Gospel. The inhabitants

proved it there that day by buying over one hundred rupiahs (\$ 10.00) worth of literature in four hours, poor though so many of them are.

Thus another speck of land in God's great island world has received the Gospel. No, Nusa Penida will never have such springs and streams as Bali, its verdant northern neighbor. But it need no longer thirst for the Living Water. They are drinking it there tonight. I can see them spelling out each word by the light of a tiny oil wick as others listen, drinking also.

Pray that in the hearts of many of Nusa's Hindus rivers of God's Living Water shall spring up and flow to the far corners of the island. We shall, Lord willing, go back and see what God's Spirit has done with the Word. May we see greenness, and in God's time, precious fruit for the Master.

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When the sculptor has forgotten his chisel  
And his statues have moldered away ;  
When his name has at length been forgotten  
With the marble that crumbled like clay ;

When the poet has forgotten the music  
That once surged its way from his heart ;  
When the rhythm and rhyme have been silenced  
And forgotten in whole or in part ;

When the singer his song has forgotten  
Though its notes were both golden and pure ;  
When all of these are deemed worthless,  
Only service for Christ will endure.

— Selected

## ANSWERS TO PRAYER

*"Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee." (Psalm 67:3).*

..... for the healing of Mrs. W. W. Conley of Mahakam District, East Kalimantan.

..... for the return from furlough of Rev. and Mrs. M. E. Bliss.

..... for encouraging letters from listeners to "The Dawn of Hope" radio broadcast. Also for a recent substantial gift of money for this work.

..... that a suitable house has been found in Bandung, Java, for the missionary children's home.

..... that Rev. and Mrs. R. R. Rudes have safely reached their remote station in East Kalimantan. Although plane transportation was unobtainable, the trip was made in record time, 30 days, using large native canoes and outboard motors.

..... for His quickening touch in the bodies of Mrs. Rudes, Miss Roseberry, and David Waite.

## SERVE MEN OUT OF LOVE TO GOD

If we are devoted to the cause of humanity we will soon be crushed and brokenhearted, for we will often meet with more ingratitude from men than from a dog; but if our motive is love to God, no ingratitude can hinder us from serving our fellowmen .....

When we realize that Jesus Christ has served us to the end of our meanness and selfishness and sin, nothing that we meet with from others can exhaust our determination to serve men for His sake.

— Oswald Chambers

It is not so much great talents that God blesses as great likeness to Jesus.

— McCheyne

# Missionary Directory

Chairman, Rev. J. Wesley Brill

Regional Sub-chairmen: East Kalimantan, Rev. F. R. Whetzel  
West Kalimantan, Rev. H. N. Rankin  
East Indonesia, Rev. V. L. Neigenfind

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Bandung, Java  
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. J. Wesley Brill  
Miss Margaret Shaneman  
Miss Frances Schutt

## EAST KALIMANTAN

Samarinda  
East Kalimantan  
Indonesia

Rev. Jack Waite

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  
East Kalimantan  
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. Ivan Lay

Tandjong Selor  
via Tarakan  
East Kalimantan  
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. F. R. Whetzel

Long Nawang  
via Tandjong Selor and Tarakan  
East Kalimantan  
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. R. R. Rudes

#### WEST KALIMANTAN

Balai Sepuak  
via Pontianak  
West Kalimantan  
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. J. Van Patter  
Rev. and Mrs. Gordon Chapman  
Miss Margaret Kemp  
Miss Lillian Marsh  
Miss A. E. Le Roy  
Miss Helen Hall  
Miss Lela Pierce  
Rev. and Mrs. William Kissell

Sekadau Area  
Mailing address :  
Nanga Pinoh  
via Pontianak  
West Kalimantan  
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. M. C. Allen

Nanga Kayan  
Mailing address :  
Nanga Pinoh  
via Pontianak  
West Kalimantan  
Indonesia

#### EAST INDONESIA

Djalan Gunung Merapi 81  
Makassar, Sulawesi  
Indonesia

Miss Vonnie Morscheck  
Rev. and Mrs. V. L. Neigenfind

Pos Restant  
Denpasar  
Bali  
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. M. E. Bliss

Klungkung  
Bali  
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. Rodger Lewis

## At home

Miss Lois Boehnke  
Rev. and Mrs. William Bouw  
Rev. and Mrs. W. Konemann (in Holland)  
Mrs. Jack Waite

