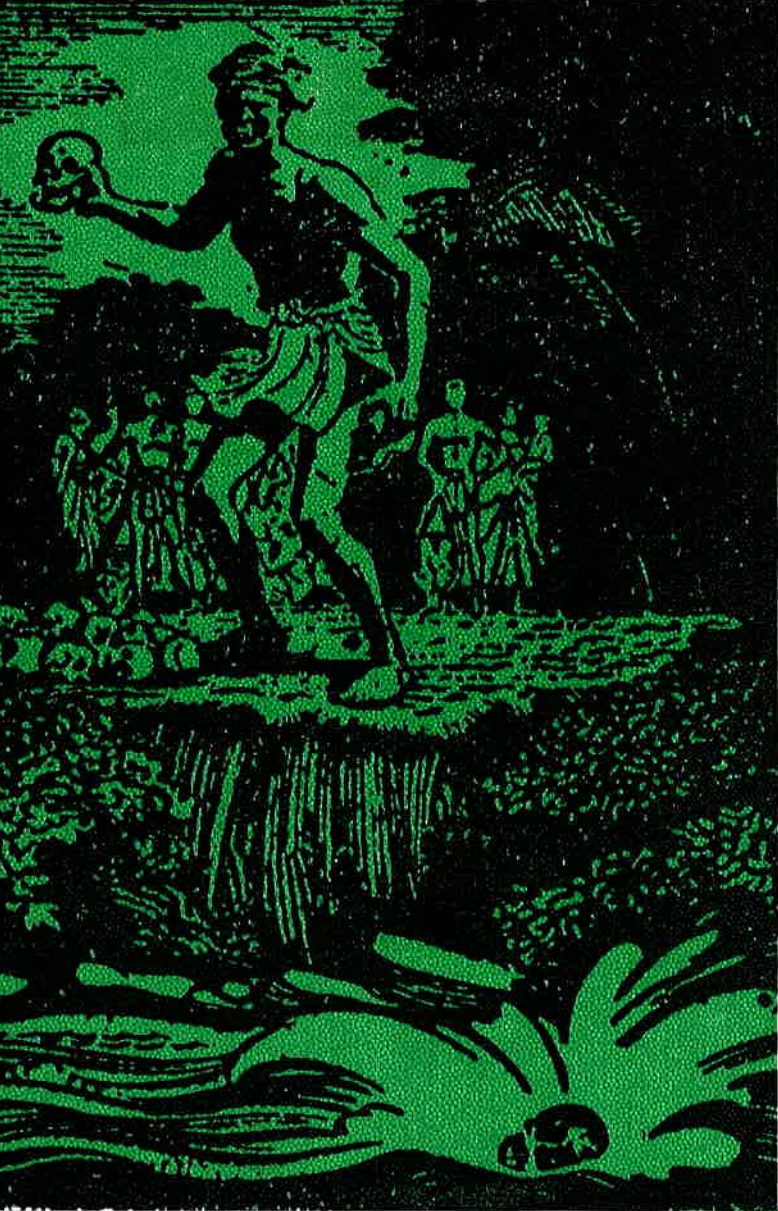


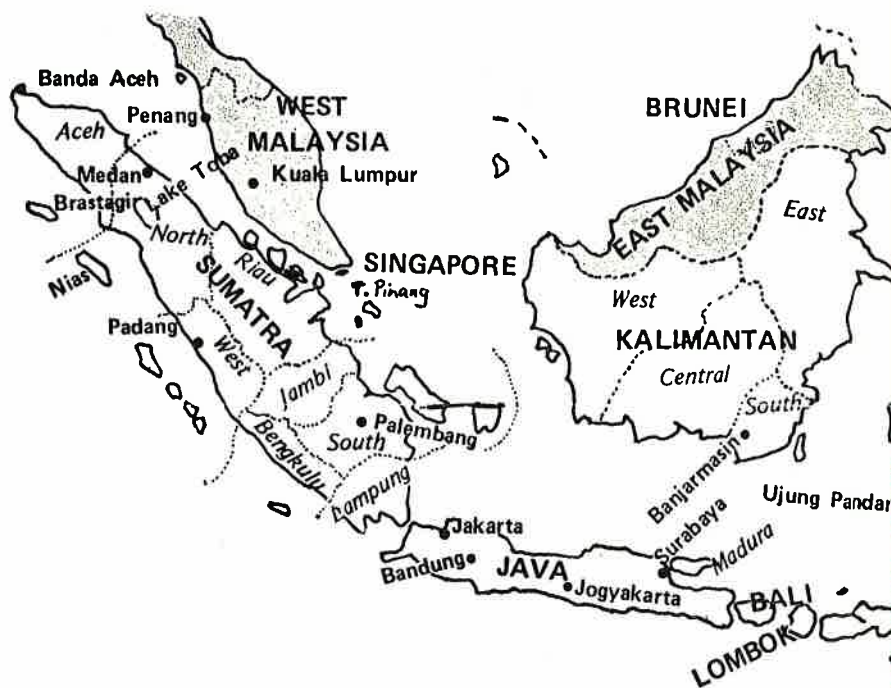
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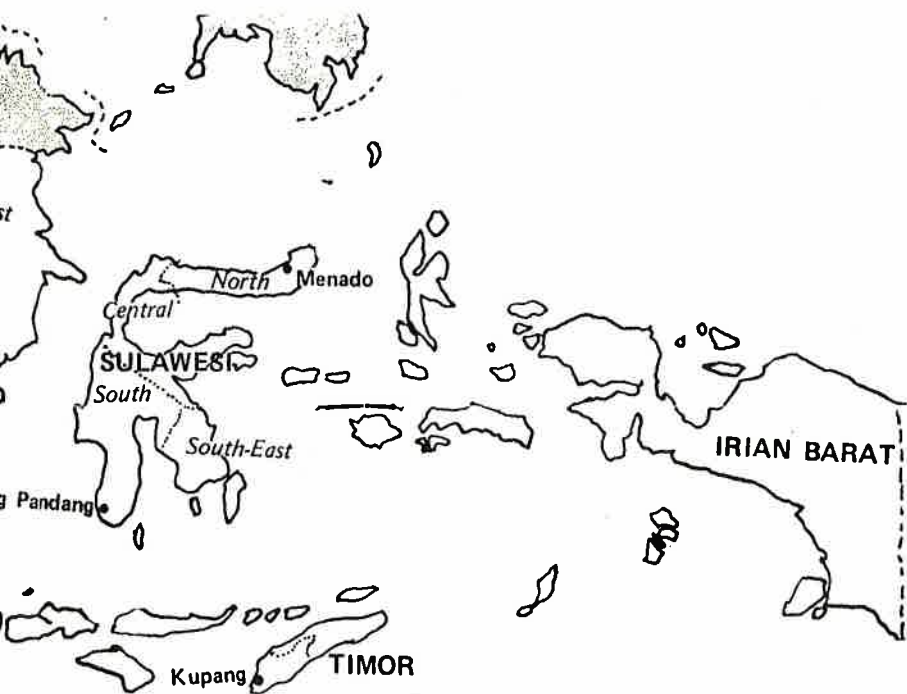
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## PIONEERING IN DYAK BORNEO

By JASON LINN Translated by Timothy Tow





# 蓬島闢荒記

## PIONEERING IN DYAK BORNEO

by

**JASON LINN**

translated

by

**TIMOTHY TOW**



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## FOREWORD

My heart has been encouraged recently by a general awakening among the Chinese churches all over the world in regard to their missionary responsibilities. More and more Chinese churches are sending out their own missionaries to other countries; the subject of missions is always taken up at Christian conferences; articles on national missionary enterprise appear more and more frequently in Chinese periodicals. Many factors have contributed to the spreading of this flame, one of which is certainly the influence of Rev. Jason Linn's fifteen years of pioneering missionary work among the savage Dyaks in interior Borneo. The recorded experiences of this best known Chinese missionary in this book are exciting as well as edifying. As a friend of his, I feel proud to be able to present a Chinese missionary, in the true sense of the word, to the western Christian public. May God greatly use this book to His glory.

— Philip Teng,  
Hong Kong,  
May, 1973.

國人往海外傳道者頗不  
乏人然而在異鄉開荒傳福  
音者鳳毛麟角絕世稀有  
此輩蓋極可貴也

滕近輝書



Dr. Philip Teng's Foreword in calligraphy to the Chinese edition.

## TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

The translator was introduced to the first edition of this book by the author himself when he visited Singapore in 1956. Through this book he has become his admirer and friend.

When the author visited Singapore again in 1969, the translator was given a copy of his enlarged second edition. Reading the book a second time (though with much newly-added material) was like "drinking old wine" (Ecclesiasticus 9:10). The renewal of friendship through "Pioneering in Dyak Borneo" was sweet indeed, and sweeter to the author was the translator's promise to bring forth this English edition. Owing to the translator's limitation of time and energy, the work of putting "Pioneering in Dyak Borneo" into English has protracted through four bitter-sweet years. This procrastination is much regretted save for the fact that its tardy publication coincides with the author's seventieth year, and allows the inclusion of an epilogue in the form of the author's report of his recent visit to the old fields after an absence of 26 years.

Hitherto it has been the custom of English readers to thrill to the missionary exploits of some John G. Paton in the South Seas. Now, at last, is offered to them the experiences of a Chinese missionary who spent the best fifteen years of his life in the riverine jungles of interior East Borneo. Comments Dr. Philip Teng in his calligraphical foreword to this book: "Of our countrymen who venture overseas to preach the Gospel there are not a few. But rare to find, like "phoenix feathers and unicorn horns", are they who pioneer into strange habitations. The priceless value of this book lies in its being a record of the latter category." Yes, this book deserves to be read because it is the first Chinese missionary thriller ever to be published in English.



Herein is also to be found Chinese rhetoric of the first order which the translator endeavours to render without killing its flavour, Chinese philosophy, folklore, wit and humour, which in the original have commended the book to the Chinese Church as a Christian classic.

Above all this autobiography is a challenge to the younger generations, East or West, to dedicate their lives to serve the Master in the regions beyond. With the spirit of A.B. Simpson living still in Jason Linn through the tutelage of R.A. Jaffray, this book is a call to the dauntless to serve not in some comfortable city parish, but to go "to the hardest places." If some young man or woman after reading "Pioneering in Dyak Borneo" will arise and go, and "not be disobedient to the heavenly vision," this translation will not have been made in vain.

Timothy Tow,  
Singapore,  
Christmas, 1973.

## PREFACE

Within this one year the author has five "fives" for commemoration. March 7 this year was the fifth anniversary of the Overseas Cantonese Christian Church founded by him in Djakarta, Indonesia's capital. June 18 was his 50th birthday. On July 1, 25 years ago, the author had formally left school to shoulder the work of a preacher. Dec. 28 this year was his wedding's silver jubilee. Jan. 30 next year would be the silver jubilee of his entering into foreign missionary service, for it was on that day 25 years ago that he set sail. This book is woven around the events of these five "fives" in the author's life. So, this book may also be called the "Five-Five Commemorative Book" or the "Five-Five Memoirs."

But the author has never dared to entertain the hope of any autobiography. For he has felt himself no more than a speck of dust in the world. He is the least of the least amongst the preachers of the ages. That he should be able to exist in this great wide world is fortunate enough. What is there that should be recorded of him? Instead of exposing thereby his ugliness it were better to keep it under cover. He is deeply grateful to God for His bountiful grace and love. Should he give his whole life and energy to serve Him, this would not repay His loving kindness one in ten thousand. He has felt a wasting of the years and an unproductive enjoying of His love. A humdrum existence, that is all, without any attainment. Being ever conscious of his inferiority how dared he talk of himself to others? However, those who are workers for Christ in this sinful world should know what is loyalty to Christ. They have no claim to fame or

wealth. A slave, after he has done all according to his master's word, can only say, "We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do" (Luke 17:10). Then, since he has no claim to merit or fame, why does he still keep a record?

Nevertheless, the author has had fifteen years of preaching the gospel to the Dyaks in interior Borneo. These fifteen years have made a deep impression upon his whole life. These fifteen years were most uniquely spent. Thus, whenever he talks of his days amongst the aborigines, his audience would be deeply moved and their interest aroused. They all consider it a rare and wonderful message which, if not put to print, would be a great regret. This was an epochal undertaking in the annals of Chinese missions. Should it be written into a book, its greatest value would be the putting forth of a new challenge to the Chinese Church to encourage young people who love the Lord to a new evaluation and new outlet. It is to tell them that God's field of service is not confined to a one's country, but rather extends to the whole world. The objective of the preacher is not one nation but all mankind. It further tells them that "foreign missions" is not the monopoly of Western missionaries. The Church of China is also a member of the Kingdom of Heaven Movement. Moreover, has not God manifested His glory in this pioneering work? Surely it deserves to be written down for a public record that many might know the unchangeable God who still works miracles in these last days. That the record of a wide country with strange customs should add to the knowledge of readers is another matter.

The arguments above have prodded the author in the making of this book. There is no doubt that whatever strength he has found to write this booklet, it has been derived from the encouragement of these friends. But what can his blunt pen write? The author entertains no greater hope for the results of this book than that they glorify God before the people. That apart from His receiving all the glory and praise it could provide some study material for younger brethren in the Lord. So, the motive of writing this book springs from the author's preaching experience. Thus, it is after Chapter Four that you enter into the main topic,

which was the original idea of its composition, giving lead to the title of this book. However, the previous experiences of the author must also be told, such as his married life which was of no small influence upon his work. This has made him to tell the story of his youth and marriage as an introduction to the main topic of this book.

This being the case, let not this book be read as a private biography. Though the first three chapters are biographically coloured, the inclusion of such materials was merely incidental. From Chapter Four onwards it reads a travelogue, and particularly Chapter Five. From Chapter Six is a description of the opening up of Dyakland. Chapter Eight tells of pioneering work amongst the overseas Chinese, whilst in Chapter Seven is a record of the sufferings under Japanese occupation, and the turning point of his work. In Chapter Four is told the story of how God called the author to pioneer work. Now, through the author's twenty-five years' experience, we know that this great and difficult enterprise cannot be undertaken by two or three men. So, in the name of God, the author will persevere to appeal to our Christian brethren in China for the people of the Southern wilds. Chapter Nine is an anthology of articles and reports gathered from various magazines. Behold, this is an unfinished story. The author earnestly hopes there will be some who will continue the story!

As for himself, he is like an uncivilised island needing to be opened up. Though like the Dyaks in the wild mountains, so stupid and ignorant, he resembles them also in their child-like innocence. So, taking advantage of this golden opportunity, he would show you his life-experience in all openness. Maybe, someone interested would cultivate this wild ground and get some produce therefrom.

The author has just stepped onto his fiftieth year. Caught in a welter of emotions, he has nothing more to say, except this quotation: "On reaching 50 does he realise the vanity of the 49 years before." Yes, the author has reached 50 years of age, but how trifling the days that are gone, that leave behind a sense of shame. Whenever he retrospects in the still-clear night, pillowed beneath the lamp, how hard it

is to restrain the tears of regret. He has exerted his best humbly and sincerely for the Lord to amend his past, but not enough. And what is the little experience he has gone through that he should dare boast before men? Rather this is but an attempt at preserving a little of the past, to provide some material for study.

With a wounded heart,  
Swept over by emotions,  
The rosy cheeks flourish but a while — like the flowers,  
It is vain to look back at bygones.

Spring has gone,  
The flowers are silent,  
The high vernal hours cannot be held,  
Regrets for adding but a little thereto.

Bandung,  
Oct. 10, 1953.

## PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

The purpose of this book as stated in my preface to the first edition is, on one hand, to testify of my salvation that the reader might see the grace of God upon my life and be encouraged, giving Him the glory. On the other hand, it is to provide material for study in pioneering mission work. May dedicated young people of our Churches find in this record of the author's successes and failures a mirror to their endeavours.

This book was first published 15 years ago. During this time 3,000 copies were sold, while requests for more are coming in. Thanks be to God, this book has had a favourable reception. A brother-in-the-Lord related how his wife read this book all in one night who usually had little reading appetite. And there are those who have read it three, four, yea, six and seven times. Some readers have introduced this book to others who repeated the process. Moreover there are others who, like chewing sweets, read and re-read it long after they have bought it. An Indonesian Chinese, being deeply moved by reading this book, wrote me about an Indonesian translation. But since its saleability was in question, I declined the offer. Then there are many readers who propose an English translation, as exemplified by a busy brother who took it upon himself to translate one chapter with the assistance of his son. Since no successor to their efforts is found, the English edition has not materialised. Then there are readers who request my personal appearing before their Church to give a live presentation to the thrill of the audience. Now, apart from all these, there are many good friends who urge this second edition. One



Bro. Nien Mei, in order to hasten its re-publication, has sent me this poem:

Forty years in God's toiling service  
Bears plenteous fruits in Southern fields.  
Free from error you were chosen,  
By your brave deeds you are known.  
Glory to God this book was written  
To aid in saving of the lambs.  
These records past republish still  
To show God's grace to every land.

As a result of many inquiring at the Alliance Book-room to find this book out of stock, Rev. Bartell deeply feels the need of a reprint. He has discussed with me several times about this. I have felt that if a reprint is to be made, the contents of the book must be revised. Secondly, since I have concluded 37 years of ministry in the South Seas, I should include in the reprint events of the last 15 years to give a fuller picture. To revise and add to the reprint would take many days. Moreover, being handicapped by ill health plus a work-load on my body, I have procrastinated. But to procrastinate further would be most inelegant. By God's grace, I have been enabled to finish this work so that this book should see the reader's face in the nearest future.

This year is my 40th year in the Lord's Service. I wish this reprint to be a memento of my thanksgiving to God's grace.

Kowloon,  
September 18, 1968.

## Prologue



"I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision" (Acts 26:19).

When Simpson saw the vision of worldwide missions, he immediately knelt before the Lord, "Yes, send me, I will go!"

When Hudson Taylor saw the vision of China, he immediately offered his whole life for China. He laboured ceaselessly all the days of his life for the souls of China to the very end.

When Jaffray saw the vision of preaching to the natives of the Southern Archipelagoes, he immediately accepted God's challenge. He cried aloud as he went about to promote a South Seas missionary work.

Young brothers and sisters, may God today also show you the vision of world-wide missions. May you willingly answer His call in the words of David Brainerd: "Lord, here am I, send me. Send me to earth's uttermost end. Send me to the uncivilised tribes. Send me away from all the comforts of life, if it is to serve Thee, to extend Thy Kingdom. Yea, even to death I will serve Thee."

## THE GREAT COMMISSION

THÜRINGIAN FOLK SONG



Go into the world, into all the wide world,  
And tell the joyful news to ev'ry perishing soul,  
And tell the joyful news to ev'ry perishing soul.

For you I have sent into all the wide world,  
And you shall be my witnesses from Jerusalem,  
And you shall be my witnesses from Jerusalem.

But first receive power, the Spirit of God,  
And you'll go through Judea, Samaria, all the earth,  
And you'll go through Judea, Samaria, all the earth.

Go ye into all, into all nations,  
And make them My disciples, and baptise them for Me,  
And teach them all My Word, for I'm with you to the end.

(Scripture: Mark 16:15; Luke 24:46, Acts 1:8, Matt. 28:19,20.)

Timothy Tow

## Chapter One

### A HALF-CENTURY OF FLEETING SHADOWS

*"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." Ps. 66:16.*

It was a sultry summer day, fifty years ago. In an easily accessible to traffic suburban village not far from Canton, a baby boy was born. Were it not for someone announcing the happy event, not even the next-door neighbour could have known it. For, when this infant in swaddling clothes was born, he came wrapped in peaceful slumber. Not a sound did he make. How strange, such a landing with neither cry nor sob. Was it that the world had given him a VIP welcome, and he felt it so good? Or was he so dull as not to feel the pains of a world of woes? He only was the exception to the way of all flesh, to the rule of "three cries on landing." So, peacefully he slumbered on, day after day, without a whimper. The fact was he was a tiny tot of a dullard. What in the world could he have sought for himself?

When the baby boy was born, his father was a theological student who had little to bring home. The three-dollar pocket money his dad got from school was saved up and remitted to the family. This sum was handled by his wife in tontine with the view of financing the younger brother's coming marriage. Now, the baby boy had an elder brother, so his mother had three mouths to feed. For their livelihood she wove bamboo sun-hats. (There were a few scores of families weaving sun-hats in the village). It seemed the baby boy had no desire from nor demand upon the world which

allowed his ever-toiling mother to lay him up in a wooden dish. Unless his mother remembered his needs, he could not even cry for his food.

This silent, speechless boy grew up to be what he was. Whether he got sick or met with other troubles, he would not so much as make a whine, but slept or sat through the day, neither eating nor drinking. Though dad and mum would make every enquiry of his ills, he chose to remain dumb. This exasperated his parents not a little.

From an early age the boy was very blunt in word. He had no use for flattery or fawning. He could less practise fraud or trickery. Of such a nature as he was, he could not perpetrate a wicked plot. Should he try to work a little mischief, he would but "wrap burning charcoal in thin paper." Often he would end up the butt of this joke, "There are not three hundred dollars buried here, Nor has Second Uncle next door stolen them."

The boy's stupidity earned him loss of parental affection. This was accentuated by the intelligence and smartness of his elder brother. Under such contrast the parents became the more estranged from the child. They had little hope of his making good when he grew up. So they bent all their energies to bring up the big son. They saw as wasted effort any struggle to nurture one who gave them such little promise. Such a conclusion by his father was not without reason. He had seen how his younger brother (i.e. the boy's uncle) weep over his text book for a whole day under their father's tutoring, which made their father so mad that he threw away the book up an idol-house, and how he had to stop schooling thereafter. To this day an illiterate he has remained, but remorse was of no avail. The boy, being a chip of his uncle's block, could not have incited any feeling in his father than despair. But the Lord says, "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts your thoughts" (Isa. 55:8,9). God's grace is more perfectly manifested upon the weak and the foolish.

After this an event struck our family that made the boy's father more despairing — the death of the boy's big

brother, his father's fond hope. One day the boy, his mother and the elder brother got sick together. The boy's sickness was the gravest of all, but somehow this good-for-nothing recovered. On the contrary, his big brother died. The suddenness of his death broke his father's heart. He became a depressed, hapless, empty soul.

After this the boy's father was transferred to another parish. There he found a private girls school run by the Church. The principal, seeing the boy now nine years old, without any schooling, entreated his father to let him enroll. She said, "Let him try. No harm whether he could study or not." Under such circumstances the father reluctantly sent his son — this was the boy's first chance at school.

The boy belonged to the smallest family, both in standing and numbers, in the village. Being so miserably few, the boy's family often lost out to a bullying world. The boy's great grandfather was literally bullied and threatened to death. In such dire circumstances he joined the Christian Church. This explains why our family had come to believe in Jesus. From a spiritual standpoint, this family consisted not of spiritual children because they were not born of the Spirit, but by blood and the will of man. But, thanks be to God, this wild olive has now been grafted in the true olive tree! After they were soundly converted, they have yielded not a little fruit. The boy's grandfather at first was a Chinese physician. After he became attached to an itinerant pastor, preaching and healing as they went, he gave his eldest son to God. He sent him to a theological school to prepare for fulltime service. From thence this village has yielded over one hundred converted to Christ, five young men and women to study theology, of whom the writer is one.

Was the boy born on an inauspicious day? Was he bound to an unhappy fate? No! In the perfect will and providence of God, this so-called unhappy fate was truly auspicious.

When the boy was twelve his father took ill and died. This came like a bolt from the blue that caused dark clouds to enshroud this unhappy family. Mother, over-grieved, yet seeing the needs of her brood, with help from nowhere, could but regain herself to bear up her heavy responsibility.



She not only bore up the family's financial burden, but also had to face the cold unconcern of relatives and neighbours, the distant aloofness of friends and the hand-folding of her husband's younger brother, whose success today was due entirely to his care. Her heartache was known only to herself. However, for the children's happiness, she fought the dark surroundings with rolled-up sleeves and a gnashing determination. She believed that her sufferings would one day be rewarded. She believed that winter's cold would bring in the warmth of spring, the dark night soon yield to a bright day.

Though beset by troubles, daybreak was not far distant. And despite her lack of education, she had far-sightedness to educate her children at all costs. Just as she contemplated sending her big son to a private school, a Western missionary offered to send him to a Church school. What could have been a better relief to her burden of eking out a livelihood? Her dead husband, being a poor preacher with "two sleeves of cool breezes", had left her nothing.

There's a saying: "Blessing comes not in pairs nor disaster alone." This poor widow, aged thirty, found herself unsympathised and unconsoled, a face of tears from morn to night. Due to constant weeping which resulted in her eye-slashes growing backwards, her eyeballs became affected. For the sake of her children, her great hope, and looking forward to a bright future, she worked and struggled with all her might.

But, under the heavy toils, her limited strength could scarcely provide adequate care to her children. Further, that hitherto supposed to be good-for-nothing boy was incapable of looking after his younger brother and sisters. Without proper nutrition, the brood of children began to wilt. Several of these innocents died an early death in a measles epidemic. The only survival was that big good-for-nothing.

This family had now come, as it were, to a bloody stage of battle when all were but decimated, both rider and horse thrown to the ground. Now only two were left, mother and son, forlorn and sad. Their strength had been slashed to almost zero. Imagine a woman who had undergone over ten conceptions to have passed through several ordeals on life's battlefield and to see only this useless, good-for-nothing

worm remnant before her eyes! But the woman did not lose heart. Regaining her spirits and recovering from defeat she marched forward with this remnant seed God had given her family — to another contest, to final victory! Indeed the repeated survival of this remnant seed is another miracle episode. This little life had passed through death several times. Once, a few days after his birth, while sleeping alone in the wooden dish, someone dropped a bamboo pole that landed by his side. Bang! It so scared his spirits out that he "froze to death" for several days. Everyone had lost hope except his mother who felt a flicker of warmth within his breast. Although he appeared to have stopped breathing, she had no heart to "bury him alive." At last he really revived, resurrected from the dead! After this, the boy suffered several bouts of acute convulsions.

Once he was resuscitated from a coma well nigh death by a dose of child's urine. On another occasion, soon after his father's death, he was almost drowned when a younger friend pulled him out of the water by the forelock.

At the age of seventeen, he almost died of appendicitis. He literally lay on the hospital bed for one whole month, so much so that the doctor wagged his head in despair for him. At that time there were three such cases in hospital. The two lighter cases had ended up in being carried to the "dark room." How much more this boy in a graver condition? However, he walked out of the hospital's front door after one month and returned to his house in peace beyond man's expectations.

Now we know the reason why that woman did not lose heart in the face of such hopelessness, who went through a hundred battles — unto victory. Although this boy was born a "dullard" and had gone through the crucible of a thousand trials, she regarded him precious indeed. Should you desire to know her thoughts, she could answer you in the words of Luke 15:23,24, "And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found....." We won't care to know if this woman then understood God's will, but this boy who had gone through a thousand trials and come back to life from the dead must have been a vessel kept for the Lord's own use. When the Rich Man was suffering in

hell and saw afar off Abraham with Lazarus in his bosom he not only begged Abraham for mercy but also considered his five living brothers. He said, "Nay, father Abraham: but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent" (Lk. 16:30). Now there was such a Lazarus resurrected from the dead before their eyes.

In reminiscence there are several indelible impressions made upon the boy's heart. After his father's death, his mother earned a living by weaving sun-hats. In order to help Mother out the boy was obliged to look after his younger brothers and sisters after school, and attend to kitchen or help in the weaving. Now, the school was located in the city Church, about a mile from home. Everyday he had to travel to and fro four times. Once he had to stay in school for a season at his teacher request. Every evening he would have to go from home to school. This took him through a deserted cemetery, a wet rice field, an execution ground and a small temple where dead babies were wont to be abandoned. Every evening his mother would walk him to the shoulder of the village. Standing on the edge of the cemetery she would not return until her son had gone through the long, rugged path to safety in the city. Indeed, her dim eyes could hardly see far beyond, though her ears were sharp enough. The boy would look back as he walked to see if Mother had left. Often, as he entered the city gate, he would turn round to gaze upon his mother, motionless like the hills. He wanted very much to say to her, "Mother, I have safely arrived in the city. You can go home in peace." Unfortunately, they were too far apart for such a verbal message. At this juncture, Mother and son would stand each on his or her edge of the field. Between them stretched the deserted rolling cemetery.

As they faced each other speechless, the hazy twilight had descended on earth upon a lonely road devoid of a single passer-by, save for the chirping of insects. A dismal scene indeed that brought many a shudder upon the orphaned child. The sight of Mother standing afar off sparked a surge of courage within. His heart became filled with Mother's love, his eyes brimming with warm tears.

One Sunday, he accompanied Mother to Church. On the way home the boy wandered here and there and forgot

his blind mother carrying a little sister. Unawares, she fell into a big roadside ditch, her foot beginning to bleed. Passers-by vied to render aid. The boy showed no emotional expression then, but became much hurt within by a guilty conscience. Whenever he thought of Mother's ever-loving care, he felt ill at ease.

Well-to-do children live in homes piled up with foods, so much so that they weary to eat, and discard them on the floor. Sometimes, even their doggie would not care a look. But, this boy had to be content with only two meals a day, for Mother could not give him even a little cake-money. Should he sometimes spend a cent or two on a bowl of **sakok mai** (sago broth), that would be a treat indeed. From early years he understood what Mother's indigence was. Rarely did he dare to ask beyond Mother's means, except as she would give him to buy some tit-bits.

Once the East River flooded and merchants had to use sail boats. Their village suddenly became an anchorage. Seeing that school was closed by the flood, Mother realised here was a good chance to make money. As the flood water overflowed the streets, and her eyes were bad, she could not freely move about. The children being young and without understanding, Mother and son mobilised themselves to go and find goods.

They both set out, boy leading Mother through the flood, sometimes chest deep. What a bitter experience! They bought home cakes and confectionery and the boy soon became a vendor from boat to boat. This little boy had got some business. But he was struck by another thought, "Don't I have the many cakes that I carry in my hands before my eyes? Why should I send them up to other mouths while I could enjoy not a bit?" Many a time his mouth watered but he dared not eat any — for this was to make money with. The money earned, he knew, was intended for a higher purpose than eating cake. So he had to exercise self-control while his eyes gloated over these tasty things transferring into other hands.

Although the boy's education in primary school was church-subsidised, his mother had to pay his other expenses. There was a time when his shoes gaped like "an inverted sky-window." Realising Mother's difficulties he dared not ask

for repair money, but salvaged some leather bits and nails and hammered them together. But then the sole-thread gave way which made it gape the more like a hungry demon. Fearing discovery, he walked with an agonising gait. This attracted his teacher's attention to inquire if he had footache, to which he could only tacitly respond with flushing cheeks.

Once a friend of his in the school administration was promoting boy scouts. He offered to pay half for the uniforms of needy students (which amounted to \$12.50 per suit). At that time the boy, as an upper student, should have joined. But he had no courage to ask Mother for money and resorted to a feeler-propaganda rhetoric. As Mother's purse was empty like a washout, she remained unenthusiastic. This brought him no little despair. Had he revealed the true situation to the sports master, that friend would have gone out of his way to help. But, his self-respect forbade him. He could but bear the sin of disobedience by telling his teacher his disinterest in scouting. Nevertheless, the boy was also vain-glorious, and he would forlornly peep from a classroom window-chink at all the upper-class pupils putting on their smart uniforms—to his exasperation. Sometimes one or two classmates chanced to step into the classroom. This he straightly took to be a show-off and challenge to him. From this incident you can fancy how indescribably bitter he had felt within for failing to procure the twelve-and-a-half dollars.

The boy was slow of tongue and surely not good at speaking up. Particularly, before the opposite sex and strangers, he would be at a loss. When he entered school at nine he found himself a male in an all-girls school, including the teachers. One day he needed quick relief, but being abashed, he held his peace until he could hold it no longer and let it all loose. This resulted in a puddle of water on the floor which drew the notice of a gentle lady and, through her, the principal. Fortunately, far from rebuking, she dealt with the sheepish boy in a corner with understanding and consolation. She asked the same lady to take him away for a change. This gave him at least a breathing space. From a boy he had not had the will power as this incident shows, and he had grown up to be like that. He had no gift of speech, nor tact. He spoke as he thought and that's that.

When he was first introduced to a certain miss he could not affect a courteous reply nor use an honorific in speech. He simply said, "You." Afterwards it was reported by the friend who accompanied him, "No wonder their marriage contract was so easily successful. For when they saw each other it was love at first sight." He had no gift of argument in self-defence. So whether it be a case of dissatisfaction with man, or fowl, or dog, for wrong done to him, he would remain quite speechless and rather silently protest, all pent up within. Meanwhile there would rise from within him a silent curse, his mind heaped up with wild thoughts for the pleasurable punishment of others, in retribution. It is a pity that he hails from the South. Were he born in Peking he verily could have become a favourite disciple of Ah Q.

Wonderful it is that God has had pleasure in choosing such a stammering fellow. As He chose Moses before so He chose this boy. It is God's good pleasure "to choose the foolish things of the world to confound the wise" (I. Cor.1:27).

After graduating from primary school, he was deprived of further schooling for a short while. This made a very bad impression upon him in regard to the church officers. Some time before graduation the school had picked four scholarship students to enter the Examinations in Canton with a view to their promotion to the middle school and thereafter to theological college or university. The results of the four were successful, but on graduation day the pastor said to the candidates, "Sorry, the choice has been given to those from another parish earlier. You are too late for the selection." So these miserable children were lightly brushed aside by that irresponsible Western missionary. As to the good-for-nothing? The missionary's conscience forbade him "to eat his words", i.e., to break a promise he had made to the boy after his father's death to give him an education. So, he said to the boy, "You just come with me. I'll find you an opening." So the boy went with the missionary to Canton.

The missionary was well versed in the teachings of Chinese sages and in the will of Heaven. He knew that "before Heaven commissioned a man to some great work, He must lash his will power and try his sinews and bones..." Everyday he made this lad of ten-odd years to cut grass under a burning sun.



To a poor lad like him, such bitter hardships were digestible, and little to bother. But something happened after this that sent the boy scurrying home without a word of good-bye. One of the four who sat for the Examinations with him got a church scholarship to the middle school. He was fortunate to get this award, but that was due to his village pastor and elder's effort in approaching the American missionary through an interview, wherein ideas were exchanged. He had the help of church leaders who argued and fought, so the victory. But pity this boy without a sponsor—he was to cut grass. When the news broke upon him, all the pent-up feelings got off his chest without a word, but sent him scurrying home an angry man. He said, "I am a human being. I don't eat grass. I should not keep myself alive upon this grass-field."

As the boy grew up, his eyes began to open to the reality of the world. Especially, his thoughts were provoked by the anomalies inside the Church. His young and tender soul was deeply hurt by the darkness and dirt of the Church, the hypocrisy and decay of Christians, the ignorance and sluggishness of the Mission, the superiority and autocracy of Western missionaries, the slender emoluments to Chinese preachers. This generated within him a strong wave of anti-church cogitations.

Soon after returning home from Canton he received a letter from that Western missionary inquiring if he would accept a hospitable job. After consulting his mother, it was felt that Mother was incapable of supporting him to study nor was it good to remain idle at home.

The vacancy presently might not suit one's wish, but being in the metropolis it served more conveniently as a stepping-stone to future betterment. Therefore they decided to accept it. From hence he entered into society and came in contact with all walks of people. This was not a school, and he lived an entirely unrestricted life. Fortunately, this was a mission hospital, with a chapel, and men and women preachers. Apart from worship on the Lord's Day, meetings were held every morning. So he remained sheltered in the Church. His anti-Christian sentiments temporarily found no chance to explode.

After some time, he and several colleagues inaugurated a National Day play, because dramas had become a great popularity in Canton. Almost all societies, be they schools, labour unions, doctors, lawyers, had organised theatrical troupes or societies. Their performances were extremely successful, receiving no small applause from the audience. Now this little chap became mighty enthusiastic and elated in this activity, and had occasion sometimes to play several roles — script writer, director and hero. Who could have thought that a green horn like him would acquire such talent and knowledge of human nature and the world? He could act old grandpa or grandma, play boy, fashionable lady, country girl, vagabond and many other roles and imitate their characteristics so exquisitely. Once, on the occasion of a Day of National Shame, he played heroine in a most sensational Spy Drama. The plot involved charming the elder brother of a student-patriot studying in Japan, in order to tap information from the latter for sabotage. The acting of the tragedy was so vivid that it brought down the audience in tears. A spectator said afterwards, "When I saw the girl spy get the student-patriot a prison sentence I became so stirred within that with a gun I might have fired onto the stage."

With this dramatic success, he confidently organised a Benevolence Gospel Drama Team. For a period he would take off with the nursing superintendent and others to the villages to hold open-air meetings. By virtue of these activities he was favourably accepted by the director and general superintendent of the hospital. The general superintendent was a German. He came to China at the close of the First World War. He served at first in the Customs as a **si-yeh**, a Government tax collector. But he found the Lord and later married a missionary. After conversion, he was bothered by an intricate problem. He did not know how to repay the Lord for His bountiful saving grace. Slow of speech, particularly in Chinese, he could not do the work of an evangelist. After seeing the boy he said to himself, "This little fellow can represent me and verily be my spokesman." So he decided himself to support the boy through theological school. Before the time was ripe, however, he said nothing to the boy. He committed the matter silently to God.

Whoever knew what the boy had exhibited was no indication of his inward aspirations. He had organised testimony and preaching bands as a matter of letting off youthful energy and looking for excitement. At heart he was not called of God, nor did he realise the preciousness of souls. Contrary to this, he was still possessed with a hatred against the Church and Western missionaries of his time. Nevertheless, his soul was untainted, for under the favourable circumstances, he had not yet been addicted to any evil habit.

However, there was once when he almost strayed into Satan's snare. That was when he became engrossed in drama and began to entertain the thought of becoming an actor. When Jonah wanted to run away to Tarshish, he found a boat sailing there all right. Someone had introduced him to the star of a Cantonese theatrical troupe known by name of Sun Chow Yu Lee. He joined the troupe as an apprentice for a few nights and drew the attention of Sun Chow Yu Lee. The latter found in him a good student, and would have taken him on tour. But, just as Satan was about to devour him with open, bloody mouth like a hungry tiger over a lamb in his paws, there was an unseen hand stretched over the boy's head to protect him. Had he joined up with the troupe, his bright future would have been cut off by this. He would have fallen into the vortex of lust and passion. At this point, Sun Chow Yu Lee had received such sudden instruction to move on that he had little time to take him along. This saved him from the "the jaws of the tiger".

But Satan would not so easily let go until he got him. At that time there was a nurse who quarrelled with his superior. He left to join the army and became some big shot. Once he returned to the hospital to show off. Clad in stiff military uniform and spotting gold-rimmed spectacles, swinging a thick walking stick, he strutted about in a pair of new polished boots. What an air of arrogance he displayed, waited upon by an orderly trailing behind. How could any young man keep himself from such dazzle? However, that little fellow's desire to join the army was not prompted by a selfish motive for fame or power. He was possessed with a sense of justice and patriotism, and a fierce temper.

It is recalled that he was still in primary school when the Day of National Shame, May 9, came round, the day the Twenty-One Demands were made. He joined up with a gang of classmates in a show of irresistible indignation to strike, without ever getting the school's permission. He went on a demonstration with the rest, shouting slogans as they tramped. Returning to school, the gang smashed up every foreign-made article. All that their teachers could do in the situation was to stare blankly at them, without a word. Should he join the army at this time, he could well have sacrificed his life. If he did not, he would go the way of all flesh, to seek officialdom and wealth. But, could God permit such a one, resuscitated from the dead, to run off-course?

At this juncture, God made him to taste of death once more. It was, as related earlier, his sudden contracting of some inflammatory disease of the small intestines. Having passed through the valley of Death's Shadow, he now heard the call of God. He had received enough from God's chastising hand, and he came to himself equally speedily. He gave himself to prayer the whole day. Apart from a few hours drifted into sleep, he spent the whole time in prayer.

That general superintendent of the hospital would pray specifically for him in the morning prayer. He and his wife would bring others along to pray for him at his sick bed. After his near-recovery, that superintendent felt the time was ripe to speak. "Good son," he asked, "God is calling you! Would you let God use you?" His reply was a sure yes. For, to this day, he has not once run from that call.

Before this, he had almost joined some anti-Church front with the view to strike down Christianity and expel Western missionaries. This sentiment arose not only from some previous disappointment but also from many things he had seen which raised doubts in his mind against the Chinese Church and her preachers. His thoughts and actions at this time sprang from a national consciousness — he was a red-hot patriot.

His position was right, but his reasonings were wrong. For there was nothing wrong with Christianity itself. The

fault lay in the personnel. So why shouldn't one work it out positively by preaching Christ and Christ alone, that Christianity might be a religion beneficial to the compatriots? At this point, he received a new understanding. He prepared to go through seminary. All his work and growth hereafter found in this decision the turning point of his life.

## Chapter Two

### A HALF-CENTURY OF FLEETING SHADOWS (continued)

*"Laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life." 1 Tim. 6:19.*

This boy who had missed school now went to school again. But this time his object was to study theology. Owing to his young age, in name only seventeen, he did not qualify to enter. So he went to normal school preparatory to joining seminary.

During teachers' training he met with another temptation. His desire to join the army flared up again. This was due to a very fine science teacher who "forsook the pen to take up the sword." The troops he joined remained stationed in the locality. This gave teacher and pupils many times of seeing one another. With a fellow-student he was aroused to follow the teacher's footsteps. This teacher had promised to take care of them. He became thrilled to near-insanity at the prospect of a bright future. At this point he had clean forgotten the earlier decision to enter theological school and God's call. In his thoughts military might became an idol. He was like the young men of his time who thought the military was China's salvation, and China's revitalising could not be achieved except by slaughtering all traitors and thieves of the nation, every covetous officer and corrupt petty officer. But he had not considered young runaway Moses' defeat was caused by such carnal exertions.

Immediately he wrote his mother in Hong Kong of his intention to join the army to serve the nation. When his mother received the letter she was sorely distressed. She had fought single-handed against evil times for many years. What remained in hand was this weak remnant soldier. Could it be that the Evil Spirit was going to snatch away this one and only surviving seed? But she realised young people could not be coerced, the less with such a queer spleen of a son. So she asked someone to write him a casual letter in which she briefly reviewed the family background and her having come to dismal evening years. She concluded, "I am old. I cannot look after you very much more. You're growing up and should strive to self-support. But in whatever you do, be sure you've carefully pondered it over." This letter seemed to carry back with it Mother's burning, passionate love. Warm tears welled up, as scenes of past days flashed across his mind. This young man had unflinching courage to shoot an enemy in the face. But now he was softened by this letter from home. That urge "to forsake the pen and take up the sword" was thereby dissolved. As to his teacher and the troops, they were transferred to an unknown destination. So he and his classmate settled into normal study again.

Though Mr. Ditman was a foreigner, for this was the name of the gentleman who put him through school, his ideas were sharply different from others' — he did not possess that white man's superiority. He excelled other Western so-called missionaries in lovingkindness, and identified himself with the poor toiling masses. He was the general superintendent of the hospital. Once the whole hospital staff went on strike following a dispute with the management. He actually sided with the staff. Owing to his position, it was impossible sometimes not to be misunderstood.

He loved China like his own country. He opposed his own government's aggrandisement for world conquest. Having found salvation in China, he had always borne a debt of gratitude. He had looked for long for someone to be his mouthpiece, since he was not a good speaker, especially in the Chinese language. Should he find one to preach the gospel to the Chinese in his stead, he would thrill to it more





Mr. and Mrs. George Ditman my spiritual parents. Standing are their in-laws, missionaries to Kwangsi, China.



than finding the greatest treasure on earth. Having fixed his eyes upon this small fellow, he became closely concerned for his welfare.

Once the boy was overtaken by itches. He himself bought medicine and applied it on him everyday. Having no children, he regarded this boy his all-in-all. He had nothing to desire from China, for China had given him the best and greatest, viz., salvation grace. His only desire now was to return thanks to China. He would freely give what he had freely received. After the boy entered seminary he felt his hope was realised. He need not remain in China. On the day he left China, he embraced and kissed him repeatedly in a profusion of tears. The highest expression of human love is in Christ, where there is neither racial nor national barrier.

The Seminary had a regulation: to hold a special meeting at the beginning of each semester. At the time of his entrance it was the end of year when a winter conference was held. This was attended by all students as well as by preachers from Kwangtung and Kwangsi Province. At this conference he was born again by the mighty working of the Spirit. He understood the meaning of studying theology now, that it was joining a soul-saving movement. The work of an evangelist was an incomparably important and sacred ministry. Evangelism was a sort of bloodless revolution, and the evangelist's duty to save all who "lieth under the hand of the evil one" (I. John 5:19, Chinese Version). The evil one, as he was called, is Satan, the fiercest of imperialists. He also realised that the whole world was the preacher's parish, not limited to several big cities but extended to the remotest villages where the gospel was never heard. And in all mankind those who needed the gospel most were the toiling masses and preaching to them was most rewarding. He realised all the more that some of the evangelistic methods of his time were Western methods, contrary to the Biblical. These should undergo a revolutionary change.

According to the Acts of the Apostles, the early Church's evangelism was on the go. Now evangelism was on the stay. The reason why the Western missions adopted this latter method was due in no small measure to the practice of

some missionaries of the materialistic type. In the year after the Boxer Rebellion (1900), they came to China with the privilege of an unequal treaty. They made their headquarters in all the big cities. First they selected a piece of land of the best situation and scenery and built thereon the most spacious and comfortable Western-type mansion. They made it a palace like Herod the Tetrarch's — to rule over their parishes. They would employ between eight and ten men and women servants, consisting of cook, gardener, peon, valet, launderer, handyman, amah, etc. In their leisure they gathered these eight to ten servants to a worship exercise and taught them some Westernised Bible knowledge and recite the Lord's Prayer, and some sentences of "Jesus loves me, this I know." These were the beginnings of a Chinese theological education. Some of the smart know-nothings who were good at fawning became the elect. The missionaries would buy them a blue gown each for attire and send them to a town, rent a house and put a "Gospel Hall" signboard over it. Thereby they were made resident preachers. A preacher's salary per month was between five and six dollars. Not worth very much, it was the equivalent of a slice of American chocolate or chewing gum. To employ eight or ten of such preachers to the emptying of the missionary's own purse was no problem. Once a report was sent back to the Mission at home the gold dollars would roll to the field. The preacher being backed by such an extraordinary institution played on his countrymen's inferiority to the foreigners. They would threaten or cajole, sometimes with honey-sweet words after the threats, so long as some would nod assent and belief in Jesus, whether these repented of their sin or not. Thus, like the temple-curates, these preachers made their rice bowl as secure as Taishan (China's sacred mountain).

When the Western missionary went on seasonal tour of the parishes, he would go to much trouble as if he were house-moving. He would even bring along drinking water, bottle by bottle. (The Western missionary need not "trust heaven for food", but as to water, yes — rain-water, because water in China was much contaminated.) When the Western missionary went on tour, the native preachers would work their heads off to pull in the clients.

The Western missionaries came to China in style, the haughty sons of heaven. The doctrines they preached were far removed from Bible truth. They behaved in an arrogant and patronising manner, as if God created the universe specially for them, the white race. Yes, indeed. When Noah awoke from drunkenness, eyes a-blinking, did he not explicitly declare in blessing his sons, "God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem; and Canaan shall be his servant"? Then we of the coloured races who are predestined to be the white race's slaves should hold our peace! Such a situation the boy had keenly observed. This was a fact, though not every Western missionary was like the above-mentioned. Indeed there were others who sacrificed their lives for the Lord, but these were too few. The minority elite could not cover up the majority of bad ones. Truth to tell, the failure of Western missions in the Far East cannot be denied. It is a pity and a shame the early Church in China should have been built on such foundations. These questions kept revolving in the boy's mind and made him utterly resentful.

The longer he studied in the Seminary the more he became involved in the problems of the Church. He would often discuss these problems with one or two of his bosom friends. He felt the Chinese Church of his day needed a violent revolution. An overturning should come not only to all Western practices and systems but also to many of the Western theologies. If the Church would not quickly and voluntarily seek to remedy herself from such crisis, God would surely use a certain power to make her do it. The Chinese Church had undergone various waves of people's persecutions and should rethink herself. Should there be added to these a political pressure before she woke up? All the more he was dissatisfied with the salary system. He felt the problem of the preacher's livelihood needed a good solution on the principle of "a steady income, a steady heart."

China, an agricultural country, was heading towards the road of industrialisation in her nation-building. The problem of the preacher's livelihood should therefore be solved, primarily, through a merging with agricultural and industrial production. After he left school, he actively kept up promoting this ideal while one of his intimate schoolmates had

bought land in Kwangsi as a base for operations. He himself had also begun to plan the opening up of Hainan Island. Unfortunately these plans became an empty dream and a washout in the welter of political changes. It all vanished like cloud and wind with the firing of the first shots at Lukaochiao (Lukao Bridge, scene of the Manchurian Incident, 1931).

Strange it was that in his younger days he was quieter than a girl, devoid of zest for action or laughter, so that he could remain speechless in the midst of a chattering company. He loved to be alone, immersed in deep thought. But now what a changeover! He was one of the most active of students, eager for any job, with a high sense of responsibility. Unless he had not promised, he was true to his word to pursue everything to a successful conclusion. For the company of schoolmates who lazed around or performed their work haphazardly and perfunctorily, he felt an unspeakable miserableness within. He pondered, "How could theological students of this type be future church administrators? The Students Preaching Band was the sphere of students' activities. Herein was the testing ground for every student. Every Lord's Day afternoon when the open-air preaching band set out, some of the appointed students would take refuge in the lavatories. What a monstrosity! The theological Seminary is representative of the Church to come, a reflection of the reality of the future Church. As goes the Seminary so goes the Church. So he became a master of worry whenever confronted with such darkness from the students.

After he officially became the president of the Students Preaching Band he took slashing, revolutionary measures to clean up this state of affairs. He knew clearly this was a difficult job incurring the wrath of the masses. But he was bold beyond measure. At that time there was only one schoolmate who saw eye to eye with him and became his assistant. All other officers were passivists. Although a minority would cash in to create disruption and disorder, he being just to all and unfair to none, with all the might of righteousness, he was able to achieve all he desired. At that time he amended the Constitution and changed the Preaching Band theme song from one of elegant gentleness to that of such

a robust march as "Columbia". As for words he had asked the faculty and student body to supply, but to no satisfaction. Consequently he was obliged to compose them himself. In order to meet the dateline of the 13th Anniversary he hurriedly penned the following verses:—

"Hearts o'ergrown with thistles  
Are waiting for the scythe  
To root out and cut a swathe.  
The darkness broods  
O'er society,  
'Tis time for a bright torch  
To chase it till break of day.  
Fierce foes abound,  
Who dares wield the Sword  
To slay them?  
Let's remove the curse and bring down heaven.  
O Preaching Band,  
Where's the scythe, the torch, the Sword?  
Lost souls are waiting for rescue,  
Forward march!"

As he shouldered this renewal work he must needs bear the brunt with sweat and tears. However, success brought him no small comfort. Looking back to the day of revolutionary beginnings with its tense and critical situation causes one to tremble. That he should be so filled with courage was not a sudden thing. He was sustained on one hand by sincere zeal and on the other by the faculty's support, with the school's facilities made available to him. Although the faculty was not in favour of his extremes, they acquiesced as a matter of course. The principal, who was concurrently the highest authority of the Church, had high regard for him. Often he would commit to his charge work of the Seminary and of the Provincial General Conference. He specially gave for his use a faculty room with all the freedom of lighting throughout the night. Taking advantage of this amenity he would slog on day and night. The Preaching Band's magazine for that number was almost all edited by his hand. He used it as his voice to express his own opinion. He wrote an article on "Why Have a Preaching Band?" to explain the importance thereof whether in relation to self, school, Church or society. He followed up with another on the past, present and future

of the Preaching Band, appending a comparative table of the Band's thirteen years' achievements. Using the mirror of its history to show up oneself, he was able to stop the mouths of gainsayers, with a hope that they might be challenged thereby.

From an early age his interest in literature was aroused. While working at the hospital he liked to write short articles and get them published in the newspapers' supplements. In the organisation of drama he boldly entered into its compositions. (He also revived the publication of the defunct Students Preaching Band magazine.) It was at this time that he got many of his articles published in the Church magazines. During his term of service in Borneo, he became correspondent to seven or eight Churches in China.

His progress in literary art grew entirely out of much reading and much writing. Though he improved in rhetoric through much reading, his ideals became profoundly affected thereby. From his youth he was acquainted with the classics and with those selections used by his teachers which were mostly of a pessimistic and negative vein. These selections included for instance: Han Yu's Sacrifice to the Twelfth Son (韓愈祭十二郎文), The Old Fisherman's Words, (漁父辭), Preface to Li Yuen's Return to Pang Ku, (送李愿歸盤谷序), Li Ling's Apology to Su Wu (李陵答蘇武書), Elegy to an Ancient Battlefield, (弔古戰場文), Homeward Bound I Go (歸去來辭) etc. He never received instruction from anyone on what to read, but just read whatever he laid hold of. During his employment at the hospital he was on good terms with a lady doctor, who took him as a younger brother. A young lady she was who became infatuated with reading gloomy novels. She borrowed from outside many books of this nature like "My Wife" (余之妻) and "The Soul of a Jade Pear" (王梨魂). Seeing that he was a voracious reader, she supplied him as much as she could. In literature these books perhaps had some value, but these have so influenced this young man to pessimism and negativism that throughout his life he has been helplessly ensnared by depression and melancholy. Of an extraordinary, sensitive and emotional make-up, he would often be moved to a profusion of tears whenever he read them. In these books were recounted many human tragedies. So, he became more and

more embittered against the world by reading them. He had also read Water Margin (水滸傳), The Story of the Stone (石頭記), and a number of hero and ghost stories. From such literature he became obsessed with the futility of life and was totally sick and hateful of this world.

Often the vain thought came to him: Let me rather escape through an open door and enter the fast mountain recesses! But, man is a gregarious animal. He cannot leave his flock to live by himself. And can it be that there is a world of immortals within this world? Behold, where can you find a clean spot in this wide world? Then came another thought: Why not let me traverse every famous mountain and river and enquire from the immortals and Buddhas? Let me learn some Kung Fu (pugilistic art) that I might deal a death blow to every kind of evil? Could it be true that there is an elixir of life and wonder medicine, a divine art and a superhuman power? He was most of all obsessed with the thought: What about enacting another Liang Shan (Chinese Robin Hood) exploit? However, he was in doubt if there ever existed heroes as virtuous as the men and horses of Liang Shan. In the hopelessness of such vain imaginations he felt everything was a lie. He thought that the only way to end all things and save many headaches was suicide. This thought recurred to him time and again. He became a bookworm. His books had only turned his mind topsy-turvy. The "portions" he imbibed turned out to be "poisons".

This boy was a deeply sentimental person. Under many outside influences his view of life became pessimistic. Fortunately there lay dormant in him some sense of humour. This sense of humour is none other than life's spice or tonic. During times of depression he would write or talk with his friends with a humorous touch as a means of releasing his pent-up sorrows. This took away the oppression upon his health. He wept with those who wept and laughed with those who laughed. Under the onslaught of sorrow he gave full vent to his emotions by weeping aloud. Weeping can fully cleanse the heart from depression. In the full-tide of sorrow there is no harm smiling though it is tinged with bitterness. But you cannot deny that it is a smile. So, smile! Whether it be sweet or bitter, laughter is good. When you are misunderstood or falsely accused, there is no harm for you to answer with a smile.



When you come to the end of your tether in utter sorrow, there is no harm to laugh and laugh. When you laugh, there is a good cleansing away of germs that hurt your health and of poisonous substances in the blood stream that sap your life.

Since childhood this boy was possessed not only with a confused and contradictory frame of mind, sometimes like a jumping money, and sometimes like an unbridled horse, but also with a queer disposition. He felt that the ceremonies employed in social intercourse were nothing more than a pack of hypocrisy. So he in this respect uniformly adopted a sort of nonchalant attitude towards everybody. You could not find any honey-sweet or opportunity-subtle word in his mouth. From his person, neither any cringing nor superfluity of etiquette. Relatives or friends, rich or poor, he treated them the same, without fear or favour. He realised that the sweetest honey would sour in course of time, whereas water though insipid remains always the same.

A lotus when viewed afar becomes the fairer. As to human relationships it is not good to get too close or intimate. Human beings are like a heap of coal. When heaped together for a long time and they become more compact, the danger in this situation becomes greater, the likelihood to explode increased. In human relationships what we need is sincerity. So what is the need of flowery words and artful speech and that show of affectations. From childhood he was imbued with a blunt straightforwardness, and handicapped by an inept slow tongue. Since he had not the gift of speech nor learned the art of making friends, so he could not greet them with gracious civility or gentility. Indeed, he was sometimes so tongue-tied as not to speak a word of common greeting or sympathy to others. Hence he was easily mistaken for pride or being unloving. This situation from one angle seemed quite natural but from another it seemed to be purposed. The fact is that the longer he experienced this world the more he developed an "insipid" and nonchalant attitude towards others. The longer he lived the more he perceived the craftiness and sleight of men, truly no different from what Jeremiah has said (Ch. 17:9). Thus, he had come to understand the more the axiom, "familiarity breeds contempt." He had come to regard "insipid" his philosophy



of life and golden-rule. For this reason he had not discovered during the scores of years of his life who truly was his bosom friend. Indeed, he had been obsessed all along by a sort of isolationist temperament or psychology. Was this due to the fact that so many of his brothers and sisters had deserted him at a tender age, thus relegating him to a life of loneliness? For this reason he had come to feel that no one on earth could be his bosom friend, or ever love him. So, he wrote in his diary during his days in seminary:

I have found my best of friends  
In the water reflection,  
Inside the mirror,  
Under the moon,  
Before the candle

He seemed never able to change from this isolationist temperament. Indeed, such a psychological condition is unhealthy, such queerness is illogical. Although God had taken away his brothers and sisters, he had in fact given him the more according to Matt. 12:48-50. And though he and his wife had few children, they have many more as Scripture says, "For more are the children of the desolate than the children of the married wife." Therefore his sinking into an abyss of depression all his life was due to none other than the error of his own thoughts. But thanks be to God, perhaps He had purposely placed him in such an isolated, lonely situation that he might find the opportunity to know the Truth.

One day while writhing in the throes of loneliness he penned the following verses to the tune of "Face to Face".

#### FACE TO FACE

Earthly friendship is all but vain,  
In a mirror can be seen:  
Men's hearts vary as their faces,  
But their feelings are the same.  
Face to face that Day we shall meet,  
Gathered round our Father's feet,  
In sincerity and in truth,  
And our differences removed.  
We become fools when sin blinds us,  
And our view of life is blurred:

What is all in the universe?

God's Word becomes a riddle!  
Face to face that Day we shall meet,  
Gathered round our Father's feet,  
When the Lord's glory we behold  
And our doubts like mist unfold.

Who in all the world's like Moses:  
To him God spoke face to face!  
Who knew the Lord as He knew him,  
What a glory by His grace!  
Face to face that Day we shall meet,  
Gathered round our Father's feet,  
When all our hopes shall be fulfilled.  
And the storms of life be stilled.

After this, being totally dejected with mankind, he thought of Jesus the comfort and solace for his lonesome heart. He penned several more songs to sing in soliloquy for solace whenever overtaken by loneliness and depression.

### FRIEND, COME AND STAY

(to the tune of "Abide With Me")

The twilight falls, fast sinks the evening sun.  
The night is dark, O Lord, to Thee I run!

Weary and dreary pants my fainting heart,  
O never, gracious Friend, from me depart!  
The evening haze reflects life's changing day,  
Quick as a twinkle ebbs the tide away.  
Feastings are few, good fortunes soon decay,  
O come, Thou sincere Friend, with me to stay.

The night grows cold, so the friendship of man,  
The world's a mirage to the caravan.  
Where is the door of help to this lost one?  
O Thou my only Friend leave not alone!

The night is long, so winds the worldly path,  
A speck of life floats far away from shore.  
The fleshly lusts have often gripped my heart,  
O holy Friend stay with me ever more.

The years flow on, how soon life comes to end,  
The pomp and power of earth are but a dream!  
They fade away sure as the law of change,  
Eternal Friend, arise, my soul redeem.

### HE IS MY FRIEND

Jesus is my honoured Friend,  
He knows me through and through.  
His love is sure and full of grace,  
Makes me love Him anew.  
When I leave Him, I cannot stand,  
O let me turn to Him!  
I must seek Him now and always,  
He is my Friend.

When I feel weak and weary,  
Sunk in the depths of woe,  
He lifts me up to run the Race  
Through Danger's gate and toll.  
He keeps me straight with rod and staff:  
Love descended from Heaven.  
With Him my Guide, what more to ask?  
He is my Friend.

I love Him and He loves me.  
He is my bosom Friend.  
He shares my joys and my sorrows,  
And helps me to contend.  
He teaches me to cling to good,  
But flee from lust and sin,  
Like Him in all-holy living.  
He is my Friend.

My Lord's Command I'll obey.  
How dare I fall behind?  
To save the sheep awandering,  
Redeem a lost mankind.  
The love of Christ they've never heard,  
His blood that's shed for sin.  
My hand in his, I must advance!  
He is my Friend.

# 主是我友

林證耶

蘇佐揚

B♭ 6/8

5. 6 5 3 5 | 5 4 4. | 6. 7 6 4 6 | 5. 5 0 |

一. 主當是我與神命  
二. 主當是我與神命  
三. 主當是我與神命  
四. 主當是我與神命

5. 6 5 7 6 | 6 5 1. | 1. 1 1 6 7 1 | 2. 2 0 |

一. 主奔走樂為  
二. 主奔走樂為  
三. 主奔走樂為  
四. 主奔走樂為

3. 2 3 1 7 | 2 1 6. | 2. 3 2 1 6 | 5. 6 0 |

一. 我以神宜  
二. 我以神宜  
三. 我以神宜  
四. 我以神宜

5. 4 5 3 3 | 2 3 4. | 7. 6 7 | 1. 1 0 ||

一. 我有效我  
二. 我有效我  
三. 我有效我  
四. 我有效我

5. 6 5 3 5 | 5 4 4. | 6. 7 6 4 6 | 5. 5 0 |

一. 主當是我與神命  
二. 主當是我與神命  
三. 主當是我與神命  
四. 主當是我與神命

5. 6 5 7 6 | 6 5 1. | 1. 1 1 6 7 1 | 2. 2 0 |

一. 主奔走樂為  
二. 主奔走樂為  
三. 主奔走樂為  
四. 主奔走樂為

3. 2 3 1 7 | 2 1 6. | 2. 3 2 1 6 | 5. 6 0 |

一. 我以神宜  
二. 我以神宜  
三. 我以神宜  
四. 我以神宜

5. 4 5 3 3 | 2 3 4. | 7. 6 6 7 | 1. 1 0 ||

一. 我有效我  
二. 我有效我  
三. 我有效我  
四. 我有效我

## MY ONLY FRIEND



### MY ONLY FRIEND

O Thou my noble Friend,  
Shall I ungrateful be?  
When I was lost in sin,  
Thou diedst for me.  
Salvation freely flows;  
Thy blood shed from the Tree.  
No other one below  
Can set me free.

O Thou my sincere Friend,  
How can I stray from Thee?  
From foolish sin and shame  
Thou savedst me.  
Thou leadst me in the way  
Through Death's dark vale unseen  
To waters bright as day,  
And pastures green.

O Thou my gracious Friend,  
Shall I e'er Thee forsake?  
Thou my Rock and my Strength,  
In Thee I stake.  
Like gushing streams Thy love,  
It cleanses all my stains.  
O bear me up above,  
My health regain.

O Thou my life-long Friend,  
Let me ne'er Thee forget!  
All good things come to end,  
Thy love except.  
E'er shining bright this love,  
Turn earth's dark night to day!  
O may Thy precious Word,  
Keep me always!

O Thou my only Friend,  
I will abide with Thee.  
Though others fled and ran,  
I'll wait on Thee.  
Both branch and tree are one:  
The Law of Life that binds  
Both branch and tree are one:  
The Life that binds.

Although he utterly detested those who kept not their word and practised hypocrisy, he treated all alike with sincerity. And though he repeatedly became disappointed in man, the love of Christ burned in his heart. Oftentimes he had given help and relief, but what he got in return was like "giving that which is holy to the dogs" and "casting pearls before swine" — "they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you." Many a time he almost swore he would never become a fool, but become a fool again he did. That's right, one who has tasted the goodness of God's grace cannot conscionably do what he should not do. But in our conduct we should acquire a new understanding, as Paul in Ephesians 6:6, 7 has said, "as to the Lord, and not the men." Has not the Lord Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." That famous book by Tolstoy, "Where Love Is, God Is" is most deeply inspiring.

Inexplicably, he who was so dull and shy in childhood had now learned many things. Were his father alive he would regret his stubborn error. Indeed, he almost hindered his future. Though he was no genius, neither was he such a dullard, for his school results were not too bad. Especially, when he entered seminary, he never dropped to second place

in any examination. He graduated with an over ninety average. Many in seminary were either muggers or bookworms. In seminary we had no text books. All relied upon notes taken down from lectures. Before terminal exams many school-mates would sit up all night and bore their heads into those lecture notes, so much so quite a few "vomited blood." As far as he was concerned he kept late nights on account of work. When the examinations came, however, he went to bed early. Then, how was it that he excelled the rest in the results? Some thought he had taken better lecture notes, so they borrowed them. In fact, he himself did not read those lecture notes until an hour or two before examinations. Where then lay his secret? Was he smarter than others? Not apparently so. His secret first was in trusting God, because he felt that his entering seminary was for the Lord's sake. Next, he was most attentive to the lectures given. He paid special attention to important points stressed by the lecturer. Indeed, he was conscientious in everything, and he practically digested every lecture that it should become a part of himself. Thus, what he learnt was not merely recorded on paper but upon his heart. Notes taken in class gave a mere outline and were an aid for reference when necessary.

According to seminary regulation, one year before a student graduated, he was given an opportunity "to do the practical". In his case he went to Lungchow in the extreme west of Kwangsi. The people there were steeped in ignorance and stubbornness, and superstitious arts were rife. It was the anniversary of the "May 30 Incident" when I arrived there. The middle school students of the whole city went on a demonstration and turned this opportunity into an anti-Christian showdown. This tide of opposition had already swept the whole province. Almost every Church had come under attack. Many Churches were wrecked. A missionary couple, his colleagues in Lungchow, who sensed trouble had long disappeared into Indo-China, leaving him in the lurch. It was also the time when the District Conference was to meet and all the preachers and delegates had gathered to Lungchow for the meeting. He was in charge of the big Church in Lungchow and was responsible for the



entertainment of guests. There were two Churches in Lung-chow, one inside the city and the other outside. Both of these were wrecked by the mobs at a loss of over ten thousand dollars, including private property.

The trouble started at the Gospel Hall outside the city, at the back of which were his quarters where delegates were to lodge. It broke out while he was in the process of preparing the Conference grounds at the main Church. When he got wind of the trouble he rushed to the Gospel Hall but the crowds were already inside smashing away. When he saw that several delegates were hemmed inside the living quarters he became alarmed. Just as he rushed about to help in the twilight, he was picked out by someone as the preacher. Whereupon a threatening demand was made to him to deliver the "red-beard-blue-eye" Americans. He found the opportunity to speak had come, in fact, to buy time by getting them sidetracked to this matter. This gave the brethren hemmed inside a chance to escape. By God's secret help he had the composure and wit to meet with the situation. Then, seeing that his purpose was attained, and delay meant deterioration, he quietly let them continue their smash up. Boldly, he mingled with the mob to see what they would do inside. When he got into his quarters and found those delegates had escaped to safety, he grabbed the Bible he had used for years lying on the study table. With one blow he smashed the glass of his bookshelf and saved the money and valuables hidden behind the books. The rest he left to the mob to loot. After saving the men and materials he rushed to the police and military to report. But all he got for a reply was that the police and military officers were gone to a mahjong party, and no one was available to make decision. The fact was that these thugs had shaken up the whole city. What reason could they give for not knowing, those upon whose shoulders the maintenance of peace rested, the police and military officers? They purposely refused to bother. Such a blot on Chinese officialdom! In fact not a few of the hooligans came from the police and military "to catch fish in the trouble waters". It was after all the ransacking was over that with official decorum and disguise they sent a few police and military to keep peace and put up a few notices.



Now he had taken another step in the school of life. He saw clearly that the world was divided into two camps — good and evil. He saw he had an inescapable responsibility to mankind. When he returned to school to finish up he officially told the principal that he had picked a new name — Cheng Yeh (Witness for Jesus, his Chinese name).

## Chapter Three

### A LABORIOUS COUPLE

I have said above that our family is a family of labourers. My father was a poor preacher and was deceased when I was twelve. As to inheritance, we had a small house in the village, what was once upon a time a barn when our family was rich. It was in this house that I was born. Since my birth I had not lived in this house for more than two to three years. In my childhood I used to stay with my preacher father. When I went to school I said good-bye to the house, and it has since decayed. As for my portion of inheritance, I have not got any apart from a Cantonese poem composed by my father now stored inside my brain. Neither have I inherited from my father the excellence of his gentle character. Indeed, all that I have endowed by my ancestors is this naked body from my mother's womb. Praise to be God, though from man I received nothing, from Him who is the Father of orphans, I have obtained a treasure, a life-long partner.

Many a young person has passed through a period in which they decide never to marry, and I am one of these. The reason for holding such a philosophy is that, largely, they are afraid of being burdened with a family. In Seminary we had two schools of thought, the so-called Peter's party and Paul's party, and the Pauline party had more adherents. But theory is one thing and practice another. From my knowledge there was only one who could really practise what he believed. From the very first to the last, he was determined to a celibate life for the Lord. If for the sake of the Lord's work one could do like this, well and good. But the odds are many, and not a few the weaknesses of such a position.

Paul knew human nature and so did not over-constrain the believers. To live a single life one is faced with the problem of a life-long consistency that runs counter to nature. Physiologically and psychologically it is a condition hard to maintain. Besides, there are many related problems such as convenience in the ministry, the molding of character, the checking up on one's actions, the discussion of one's work, the sympathy of thoughts, the cure of body and soul, etc. A minister cannot go without a wife. Indeed, the Word of God is true. He said, "It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him." (Gen. 2:18).

According to regulations, after a student had spent two years in school he must be sent to serve a year in a Church as part of his training. Then he returned for another year to qualify for graduation. However, I had only one-and-a-half years study when I was sent out. During this period of practical work I completely overturned all those ideals I entertained in school as a result of all these experiences. I felt now that a minister could not go without a wife, though knowing full well that a "home" becomes a "yoke". But such a burden is a necessity. I began to pay attention to this matter after return from the practical work because I believed "the Lord will perfect that which concerneth me" (Ps. 138:8; 37:5).

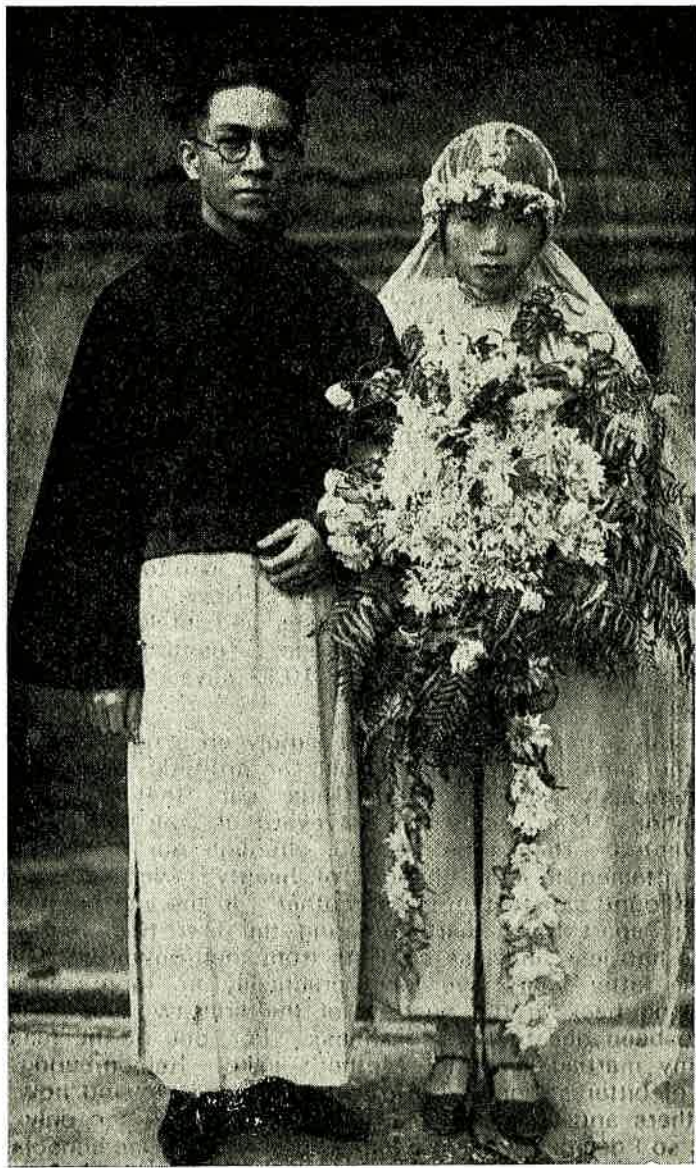
Having dedicated myself to rural evangelism, my conditions for a life-partner were very simple. I needed one sturdy in soul, character and body, able to stand the strain and hardship. Although some classmates had an eye on me and some even made advances, I had no desire to any choice. This is not to say there were none compatible in school. It was due rather to my queer temperament. In view of the fact that a boy seeking the hand of a girl was stopped by the authorities of the Girls Dorm with inelegant remarks, I regarded this matter an insult to the male students. Henceforth, I decided not to pay any attention to any female classmate. Notwithstanding, this was not the absolute reason why I could not find a partner in school. For, as "every good match is made in heaven", at the back of all this was God's higher will (Ps. 39:9).

After this somebody introduced me to one Miss Wong. Although we had not met, we began to correspond. In our

correspondence I purposely showed off my stubbornness to spark up her reaction in order that I might know her true self. Having come to understand each other thereby, we arranged a meeting to see each other. Our engagement was effected in a semi-modern or semi-old fashion. Nevertheless, God had bound us together by a crimson string, as the saying goes, "A marriage between two a thousand li (Chinese mile =  $\frac{1}{2}$  English mile) apart is made by that crimson string binding their feet."

Some people say, "Marital love is blind", or as another saying goes, "There is a Hsi-Shih in every lover's eye" (Hsi Shih was a famous beauty in Chinese history). But, I can say that when I picked my life-partner, I was quite awake. I knew that the spouse I chose was no perfect being, as I am myself. For, there is no perfect spouse in the world. Since we cannot demand the impossible in the world of a perfect spouse the important thing therefore is "a deep mutual understanding". It is said, "Two can live together if they understand each other's character." Now, if we can give and take one another's weaknesses and let love fill up the gap, then we have a happy marriage. Yes, a happy marriage is founded on this, as Proverbs 10:12 says, "Love covereth all sins."

But a marriage is not built simply on a right perception at the time of courtship. Such an attitude needs to be continuously substantiated. Thus can that unfortunate situation, "Marriage is the graveyard of courting love", be prevented. Thanks be to God, although our marriage has not attained to that "fulness of beauty", we can say we have found satisfaction in each other. In the last twenty-five years, apart from quarrels during the first two years, we have had less and less conflicts from then onwards. During these latter years, we have practically no more of such. Looking back at the quarrels of the first two years, these have been due to my foolishness. For, one of the reasons of my marriage was for Mother's sake. Remembering her life of bitter struggles in order to bring me up and how my brothers and sisters had all died young and I the only one left, so I decided to have a family to give her some consolation in her evening years. In order to attain to this objective, I became hard on my wife. My mother was not only an



"A laborious couple".



ultra-conservative, but had never had any education. This put my wife at the time in a quandary. I do not know how it was I could not sympathise with her. This made it so unbearable on her part that often she would "weep and drink her tears secretly." As I think of this now, I feel most guilty and doubly sorry.

The first two years after marriage might be termed the period of mirkiness. Our disputes were not only due to the reason above stated, but rather to our not having known each other well enough. Thanks be to God, He had made a beautiful plan for my life. Three years after, we had a short period of separation. This was due to Mother's sickness and her frailty after giving birth, which necessitated their return to China for convalescence. This separation between us lasted three years until I returned home on furlough and we came together again. This period of separation became a great blessing to our reunion. Paul had written to Philemon on Onesimus' behalf, "For perhaps he therefore departed for a season, that thou shouldest receive him forever." We were in such a situation. In our separation, we had a time for self-examination, which we expressed in correspondence to our mutual understanding. Also, "absence makes the heart grow fonder" which thereby increased our love.

In fact, such a state existed even during our first two years. Sometimes, I left home for half a month at a stretch. During this period, we expressed our regrets to each other in correspondence. From the experience I have found an unchanging principle, as stated by Paul, "the departing for a season can gain a forever". Applying this principle to the Church, we can obtain similar results. Why do members of a Church often have conflicts with their pastor? Why do they often feel unhappy with their pastor? Gossip? If a Church will let her pastor off for a season each year, the situation would be quite different.

Another lucent reason for our marital quarrels was my explosive temperament. My uncontrollable temper is inherited partly from Mother and partly added on by my idiosyncratic righteous indignation and by that pessimism I have acquired from books. An unwholesome physiological and psychological constitution was the cause for all this. I knew full well such a state of affairs was detrimental both to my status

and work as a minister of the gospel. Such a thorn in the flesh has not been plucked to this day. This thorn pains me not at the time of losing temper but after that. Often it makes me lose my dignity and the respect of others, precious friendship and many opportunities. In my 1940 diary there is this self-appraisal: "Temper has been adjudged for long to be my greatest enemy. So I have made this decision for myself. If I cannot conquer her I shall be defeated and even die at her hand."

Another statement: "I have said before, should I unfortunately be defeated and die by accident, it must be due to my temper. For I know my fleshly nature to be too strong. I've no patience nor endurance. Looking back the past decade, many things have failed because of my temper. Whenever I lost my temper I begat many sorrows and troubles. Many unhappy events that have occurred (though not all due to me) have been undoubtedly due to the sowing of countless evils and woes. Yes, I have fallen, and that is due to my foolishness."

Often I asked the Lord to take away my life because of this thorn. But in my prayers I would see in my mind the Lord speaking to Paul: "My grace is sufficient for you".

Speaking about conflicts between husband and wife, undoubtedly, this is an unfortunate thing. If a minister quarrels with his wife often, how can he teach others? Since we quarrelled the first two years because of our shallow knowledge of each other, we on the other hand were afraid to let others know and thus affect our work. And since my temper was so strong, should I leave it alone, it would surely break me to pieces. So I thought of a way, the only way — that is, when our opinions clashed, we would refrain from a battle of words but resort to a battle of pens. Later I found such a method not only preserved the external peace of the family, but also was a wonderful way of solving disputes. Since everyone has a temper and self-dignity, if we should clash by word of mouth, there is bound to be over-heated argument. As lips become spears and teeth swords, and words are answered by more words, there cannot be peace in the home. By using the pen for the mouth, at least some time must elapse in the consideration, whereby the thoughts will be clarified. Passing thus through the sieve

of time and space, they will not be like the careless words that usually blaze away. When words are written down, they are preserved which gives the opposite party a chance to analyse and correct. Who is right or wrong can be judged from what is written, and from the written to speaking terms again. From this experience I discovered that many of our conflicts had come from misunderstanding. And when we made up, we felt bashful all over.

I have just said what "a temporary separation" has benefited between husband and wife. Now, what method I am now using is based on the same principle. Though we are not separated in flesh, but in spirit, the result is the same. We do not speak face to face, but through pen and paper. We are so near, and yet so far. This has resulted in our coming together again. Thanks be to God, senseless quarrels between us have now become a thing of the past. Now our peaceableness and love are the fruits from those precious experiences.

Solomon says, "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned" (Sol's. Song 8:7). From these words it is proven that true love is limitless, is that which is absolutely needed between husband and wife. Such love is the foundation of a happy family. It is only by such love that a couple can find life sweeter and more fragrant and harmonious each day unto perfection. During the Sino-Japanese Conflict Mr. Tsao Chu Jen had written a war story entitled "Life of a Refugee". He tells us that true and noble love wears no make-up. When she expresses herself even in what seems a most trivial matter, her moving power is immeasurable. The story reads:

"One who has escaped from the Refugee Camp in Shanghai says: By the fifth day the entrance to the Refugee Camp in the South City has all but become a latrine. Hundreds of thousands of people wait along the iron fence for relief. When dumplings are thrown in from the other side of the fence, they all rush for a bite. That day we as a family, which included me, my wife and two small children, the four of us, tried to rush for them. For half a day we



"caught" nothing save two cold dumplings my wife had salvaged from the dung heap. I could only stare sheepishly at her. I saw her brush away the wet dung from the dumplings and then peel off their "skin", layer by layer. Then she divided one between the two children and the other she gave it to me. When I was about to divide my dumpling with her, she suddenly turned away and put those skins into her mouth. Suddenly I caught her in a staring embrace and knelt before her. We had been husband and wife for so many years. Now, I knew what this "noble love" was....."

We have been married for many years, and we have experienced such a situation not a few times. In the early days of the Japanese occupation of the Southern (Indonesian) Archipelago, I had the most bitter experience of my life. We knew that the Dyaks were an ignorant and weak people, and could hardly go through the crucible of suffering, that even the native evangelists would not be able to stand against such beatings of storm and rain. So, we decided to shift to the Dyak Christian village to stay by and encourage them. We knew this was a move fraught with danger, but we did it as a matter of duty. Sure enough, during the vacuum period of transition before the Japanese army arrived, the heterogeneous disciples, using political pressure, began to threaten the Church. The tide of persecution rose ominously and kept me in almost complete isolation. At that juncture, we were not afraid to die, for we had been prepared for death from the day of going to Dyakland. What we felt so miserable about at this time was that a decade of bitter labours was turned to nothing in a moment. We felt like Elijah seeking death under the juniper tree. I felt not only weak like water with all my ambitions pulverised, but was also prostrated by a sick body. In this utter solitude with not a single relative amidst the aborigines, deprived of medicine and food, not only was I laid low by illness, but my sick wife too. It was a case of patient nursing patient. Whoever got better would get up to work. Husband and wife were never so closely knit together as one life. When thoughts went to my mother and son now separated from us during those turbulent days, sadness poured down in tears. The following is an unforgettable page from my diary:—  
**Tuesday, 23rd June, 1942, drizzling and cool.**

We had a copious conversation last night on what occurred to us recently. We felt that the hardest thing to face in life was "man". So our talk centred on the philosophy of living. Since we were husband and wife, what I went through was hers as well. When trouble came, I became pessimistic, and so did she. So she was no help to me. But when she poured out her sorrowful heart, I could not but be moved. For example she was ill the other day and could little eat. Though void of strength for work, she forced herself to draw water (the descent to the river was equivalent to climbing down three storeys). She saw I was sitting sorrowful, solitary and restless, my body weak like water, my spirits at a low ebb. She dared not stir me even a little and forced herself to work. But this put such a strain on her that she almost wept, though she was afraid to let me know. So she forced herself to eat to regain strength. But this made the sickness worse. This she told me last night when I appeared more relaxed and at peace. She said, "We have brought this bitter worry and mess upon ourselves. Why shouldn't we rely on God's grace and take a more optimistic outlook? To be down-hearted is to spend one's day in vain. In life eight or nine out of ten we meet with unpleasant events. Let us not so foolishly dissipate our life like this. At this we both stared dumb at each other.

Today is my 39th birthday. Man Chong (my wife) specially killed a chicken for me. We had a desire to invite some friends, but since we were short of viands and our spirits were low, we stopped short at that. Fortunately, last night our hearts had become more at ease. So today we greet my birthday with a gladsome heart.

Upon reading the "New Little" newspaper of Nov. 21, 1940, I was moved to write two essays: "Thought and Action" and "Hero and Culprit".

That love is the foundation of a happy home cannot be denied. But true love is born of sincerity and faith. Paul says, "Charity is out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned" (1 Tim. 1:5). The peaceable and harmonious life between husband and wife depends solely upon the maintenance of sincerity and faith. Without sincerity and faith between husband and wife, there can be

no talk of love. Thanks be to God, there has not been any act worthy of suspicion between us both, so there has not been any surreptitious heart nor any secret that we could not share. So, we have always trusted each other, in every movement, and in finance. We have wholly made Christ the Lord of our house. Through this reverential fear of Him, we have treated each other with sincerity and trust, with concern and not with supervision.

The preacher has two great temptations, two chiefest enemies. They are money and sex. All preachers live under these two oppressive powers, and when they cannot prevail any longer they succumb. I have seen many preachers fall in these two matters. Almost all who fall are they who fail to extricate from their hold.

Usually the preacher meets with all kinds of people, and when he cannot help himself against little and insidious inroads, he succumbs to breaking the Seventh Commandment. As to the preacher's wife she often is tripped by the stumbling stone of money. Because the preacher's income is small, the housewife has to handle a hard-to-balance budget, and so the Tenth Commandment becomes her burden. In discussing this natural tendency in woman, we should rather touch on the lean stipends doled out to preachers by the Chinese Church. Indeed, this is a serious question facing the Church. Since this is not the place to give vent to the problem, we will not discuss further. However, the preacher must have a budget.

Thanks be to God, it can be said that these two great enemies were known to me, and before leaving, I had already been equipped to meet them. So, these two enemies could not get hold of me during the last twenty-five years. During my term of service with the Dyaks in Borneo, nearly half of the ten odd native preachers under my care fell into these sins—a great blow to my ministry. Those who were married were able to keep themselves better.

But the peculiar condition surrounding the mountain tribes were such that the women went about naked day and night as a custom. To them this was quite natural and there was no such (Confucian) etiquette as "no hand-contact between man and woman even in the delivery of anything from one to the other". This state of affairs caused temptations to abound.

When I first went to preach to the Dyaks I was a youngster, while my wife remained in Hong Kong. Once a Dyak observed I had lived a single life for several years, so he asked if I was married. I said yes and that my wife was in Hong Kong. Surprised, he queried, "Has she remarried?" I replied that would be impossible with Christians. He felt more intrigued. To him this was news. For, to the Dyaks husbands and wives could not be separated for a moment. Sometimes, a wife would find another husband in one night.

When I first arrived in Dyakland, I often saw them in pairs on the road and in the field. I admired their love for each other which transcended that of the civilised. Later I found out the secret. All the young girls of marriageable age who met a new comer, whether they knew him well or not, would unshamefacedly seek love from the dauntless visitor. From this description you can see that we missionaries to the Dyaks came under constant temptation. We are all made of flesh and blood and circumvented with all human weakness. To keep ourselves was no easy matter. I had lived for fifteen years in such circumstances. That I am able to stand before God without a guilty conscience, and that I say without any boast, is gratefully due entirely to God's protection and preservation.

A preacher's pay is small. This is an open secret. The preacher's wife as manageress of the household has a limited income to meet every item of expenditure. She has to rack her brain and heart to cope with such a situation.

In those days the Chinese Foreign Missionary Union prescribed for a preacher a salary of 48 Dutch guilders, 16 for his wife and 12 for each child. During the first two years it was able to pay us fully. Later, as funds dwindled while the work expanded, our salaries were cut. The most we got was 80 per cent and the least sometimes as low as 20 to 30 per cent. Most of the time it was 50 per cent. At that time, while I had four mouths to feed, we were divided into three places of abode. My son who was in school could hardly subsist from my meagre pay. If not for good budgeting, our livelihood would become a heavy burden. But thanks be to God who is rich, apart from keeping myself, I could still remit money back to China to support a nephew. This is not to say we had other income. We had practised frugality, and that was it.

Economical management is the way of fiscal administration. But a preacher's income is limited to his salary, so there is no such thing as "an open source" to talk about. On the other hand, economy can be achieved in a negative arrangement.

Paul says, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." When God wants to use a man He often puts him through trials, even as perishable wood can be made into instruments. For example, through our small income, we had to resort to physical labour. This imperceptibly improved our wit and health, knowledge and skill. It is said that "poverty begets adaptation, and adaptation understanding." During the times when our salaries were low, we reared fowls and ducks, planted melons and vegetables, and increased production during our leisure. Sometimes, with book in one hand and fishing rod in the other, we would take after Chiang Tzu Yah to the riverside. After food we would take advantage of the resting time to go into the forest to pick firewood. For over twenty years my wife had been my barber. We would make furniture for ourselves. Once I spent one week to make a Western-style wooden bed. Those who saw it declared it was the work of an experienced craftsman and would not believe I was not even a novice. Later on, I used this skill to teach the Dyaks in house construction and building Churches.

A first son was born to us about one year after going to the South Seas. Since we could not afford hospitalisation or calling a midwife, we had to do it ourselves. Quite successfully, the boy born in this manner weighed over eight pounds. Regretfully, we did not do well the next year. The new-born child caught cold and died in three days. But from this experience we became expert midwives, and helped many during our ministry with the mountain tribes.

Economy succeeds through "income first before expenditure", and through maximal saving and minimal spending. Articles not urgently needed should not be bought. In former days, apart from food, medicine was my greatest item of expenditure. Ill health affects not only one's work but also one's economy. In buying things, I not only consider the should and should-not, but also the urgent and non-urgent. Since my marriage to this day, for twenty-five years, I have

not ceased to keep accounts. The first few years I used the home account book published by the Hong Kong YMCA. It is a well-arranged and classified diary with a monthly and yearly balance sheet, so clearly set that at a glance one could tell what was necessarily or unnecessarily spent. Unfortunately, this publication was later discontinued, so we had to use ordinary account books.

Our income being small, we learned the habit of thrift. We were especially careful in buying and spending. We utilised every used article and considered valuable even "every bamboo stub and wood shaving." Thanks to be God He specially blessed us so that our household utensils lasted longer than others', some of which bought since our wedding have remained to this day. This is like Israel going through the Wilderness. For forty years their garments did not tear nor their shoes wear out.

God gave us another good habit in the matter of money; we did not owe anybody. We had so decided, and God gave us the grace. Not only were we never in want, but also were able to help others. When we first went to the South Seas our pay was remitted from Kwangsi seasonally. A Hokkien brother wanted us to buy from his provision store but would not charge us, and even was concerned about our needs. But, I paid him on time every month lest we got into debt and found ourselves involved.

Once I received a telegram asking me to join a co-workers conference in the outer islands. A boat was sailing the next day, but all I had was over two guilders. Not only I could not find the several tens of guilders for passage, my family's grocery was in question. This was a test. We prayed about this matter, committed it to God and the result was that on the point of the boat sailing the next day, the remittance arrived. I have learnt this mystery myself during the twenty odd years of our ministry, according to Paul's saying, "As poor yet making many rich, as having nothing, yet possessing all things." We have gone through many such extreme experiences of deliverance. There's a saying, "When one comes to the land's end or the water's edge doubting if there's a way out, then through the dark willows and blooming flowers a village appears." In reminiscing the greatness of God's grace, one is often moved to tears.

Thanks to be the Father who loves us. During these decades He has put us in all kinds of environments to train us so that we have learned not a little in the classroom of economics. Now I can also say with Paul, "I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound. Everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. Not that I speak in respect of want, for I have learned in whatever state I am, therewith to be content." I thank God moreover for my wife for her same-mindedness in this matter. She has not allowed herself to be gossipped about in money matters. Owing to her shallow knowledge and bluntness and lack of speech, she has often been misunderstood. But none could point a finger at her. Sometimes she was more diligent than I, more loaded with work. But I am a stiff fellow not knowing how "to give face" and for the sake of friendship to practise reciprocity. In these matters I often broke the laws of etiquette. But my wife patched up my short comings.

When young I had a good memory, but in the welter of human affairs in latter, declining years, my memory lapsed. If she was by my side, I would ask her "like Confucius in the Grand Temple" about everything. I often engaged in writing but when I forgot the strokes of a character, she became my dictionary. In the things I told her I would do, she became my book of records. She often reminded me of things I wouldn't think of. She was all in all an encyclopaedia. So, I could not go without her on many an occasion. Next to the Lord, she was my best friend.

Neither of us came from a family of scholars. We were born into a poor family of labourers. Being moved of the Holy Spirit I had gladly dedicated myself to serve the Lord, to suffer poverty for His sake. As for her, she had decided to marry a preacher. Both of us had a determination to become labourers. A young classmate of mine who became my co-worker overseas, Brother Paul Lenn, saw our wedding photo. Whereupon he remarked, "This is a laborious couple". This word he spoke about our wedding photo naturally became the motto of our life-ministry. Yes, we are an ordinary, labouring couple. When I entered Seminary I was moved of the Holy Spirit to become a pioneering preacher. Although my objective at that time was Northwest Kwangsi,



I eventually came to the South Seas. However, my work consisted of pioneering preaching.

After graduation, I got a job with the Hong Kong Methodist Church to open a branch Church. I started a Bible Class in On Lok Yuen and in its factory I conducted evangelistic meetings right into the commercial world. Although I served in these areas very shortly, I had carried out a little of my responsibility towards pioneering work. Today the edifice of the branch Church is more majestic than that of the main one.

After half a year I resigned from the Methodist Church and came to Dutch East Borneo. In this unevangelised and uncivilised Island, I hung up the signboard of "Gospel Hall" and thus the first Chinese foreign missionary society, viz., "Chinese Foreign Missionary Union," was born. Three years after, I took leave of this overseas Chinese work to go inland to open up work amongst the half-civilised Dyak tribes. In fifteen years of hard labours we have turned three thousand mountain tribesmen to the Lord. We have built over ten Churches. We left for Java only after the Japanese surrender. When we came to the Indonesian capital we established the first Cantonese Christian Church. Yes, we are an yoke of bovine pioneers. For the last twenty-five years God has been using me in pioneering work, great and small. Adding our ages together, we are about a hundred years. Will the Lord lead us into this type of pioneering work in the future? Though our bodies deteriorate with the days, our hearts are strong. Unless God excuses us and lifts the yoke from our shoulders, we both are ready to receive God's call. We can say at any time to the Lord, "Here I am, send me!"

## Chapter Four

### "A NEW THING"

*"And he said unto me, Depart: for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles." (Acts 22:21)*

*"Behold, I will do a new thing; now it shall spring forth; shall ye not know it? I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert." (Isaiah 43:19)*

In Chapter Two I said I was moved by the Holy Spirit during the early days of seminary training to dedicate myself for pioneer work in the poorest villages. Now, it is said that when Simpson founded the Christian and Missionary Alliance he clung to the objective of "preaching the gospel where it was never heard". This spirit was very much my spirit. According to my knowledge at that time the northwestern region of Kwangsi had not heard the gospel. So, I made up my mind from the very beginning to go there. Nevertheless, as my knowledge increased in course of time, I learned that northwest Kwangsi was not the only dark region unpenetrated by the gospel. There were countless areas where no preachers could be found. I got so enthusiastic (for the gospel) at that time that I could wish to multiply myself with the magic of the Monkey-god who by plucking off his hairs could turn each into a replica of himself. Thereby I could fly to the uttermost parts of the earth to preach the salvation grace to them!

1927, my last year in seminary, saw Dr. Jaffray return from reconnaissance of the South Seas to report to the alma mater. Displaying a wall map, he showed us the darkness over the Southern Archipelagoes. With the exception of the Philippines and British Malaya where the gospel was preached,



there were many regions little evangelised. Particularly, the Netherlands East Indies. The places he visited, including many big towns inhabited by overseas Chinese, were devoid of ministers. Churches were scarcely seen, but temples and mosques everywhere! The Chinese in several towns who had been hungering and thirsting for long entreated him to find them pastors from China.

On his return journey Dr. Jaffray dreamed, to his amazement, how his hands became stained with fresh blood. The Lord was revealing to him this truth: If he did not go to the resuscitation of thirsty souls in the South Seas, then thousands of these would perish, and their blood upon him! Therefore, he dared not keep silent upon this return to China. He would launch a "Save the South Seas" project! He felt that the South Seas were the vineyard of the Chinese Church. Hence, his appeal to Chinese youth. So, whilst on one hand he planned the progress of future work, on the other he sought young volunteers to the front.

When I heard this report I was deeply moved. "To the South Seas" — this call kept pounding on my heart. But I dared not say a word because I wasn't sure of the Lord's will. Moreover, I had consecrated myself for North Kwangsi Province.

Nevertheless, graduation came, and after that, appointment to Hong Kong, which appointment was linked to my marriage. Now, before I commenced on the work undertaken, this new call was addressed to me. Dr. Jaffray wrote, and Rev. Leo T. Chow (趙柳唐), also returned from the South Seas, talked it over with me. But, I excused myself with "the time has not yet come." Then, one day, while I was drawing some gospel posters at the On Lok Yeun Restaurant I was accosted by Dr. Jaffray and Mr. Leland Wang who came there to dine. Dr. Jaffray said, "Mr. Linn, I was looking for an opportunity to talk to you. I feel the time has come. Because in my prayers these few months, God has given me two young men to send to the South Seas. The marvel is, whenever I prayed, you and Paul Lenn came right before me." He further asked, "Where is Paul Lenn?" I replied, "He is teaching in Kowloon. We could see you tomorrow." Thus, God appointed us to our future ministry.

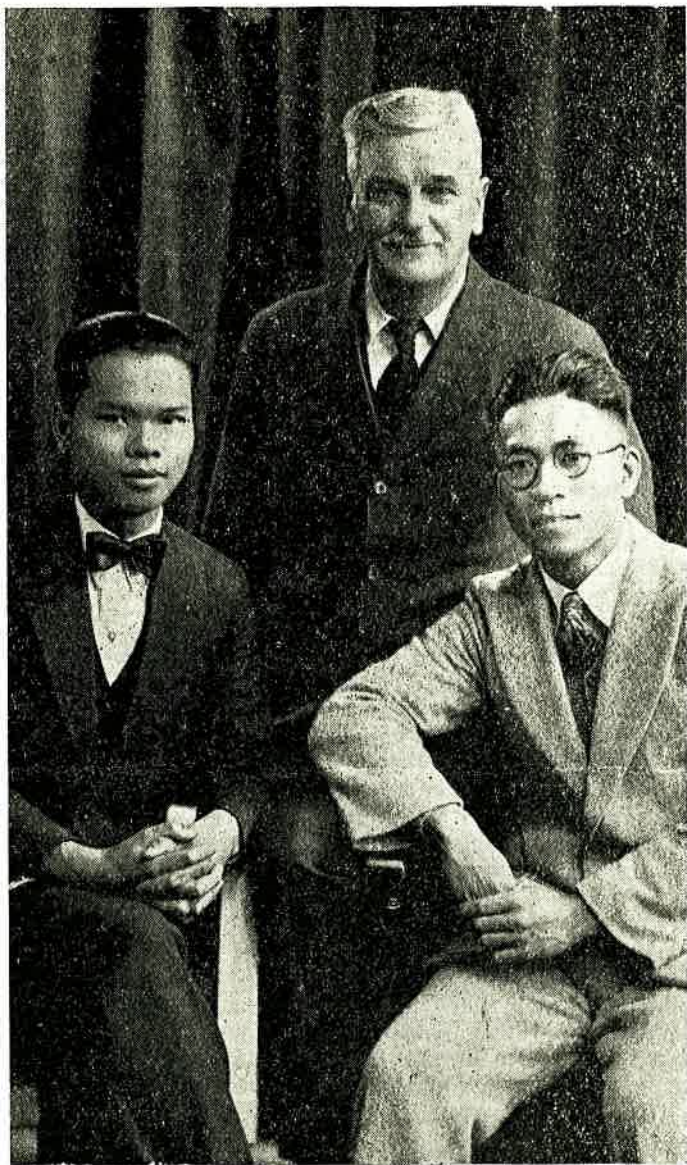
However, I wasn't very clear if this was God's will. First, I had offered myself for North Kwangsi. Second, I hadn't worked with the Methodist Church in Hong Kong for half-a-year, and I could not leave like a fickle-minded child. Moreover, I was hampered by friends and relatives — with almost none sympathetic to this call. After prayer, however, the Lord opened a way.

The Methodist Church in the appointment or dismissal of preachers would invariably decide at the General Conference. This Conference was convened one week behind schedule due to the late arrival of the chairman. Now, although my case could not be decided by a majority vote, a brother offered this opinion, "Mr. Linn's resignation is not for a private matter or with the view to join another Church. He is going with the gospel to the aborigines where the need is greater than ours. Moreover, it is not easy to have volunteers. Since Mr. Linn is in the prime of life and has volunteered, we have no reason to obstruct the will of God." This facilitated my resignation.

Dr. Jaffray's evangelistic ministry in the South Seas was without let up. He found Mr. Leland Wang and convinced him of its need. He thought of putting the responsibility on him and strengthened his resolve by urging him to take a trip to see for himself the great and urgent needs. After sending off Mr. Wang, he remained in Hong Kong to await my news. When he learnt that I was released from the Methodists, he at once prepared my travel documents. He got me to promise solemnly to return to Wuchow for the commissioning service. In order to make His will clear to me, and to strengthen my resolve, He gave me light, upon the first morning of my return to Wuchow, from Isaiah 43:18,19 and Acts 22:21. Clearly the Lord spoke to me, "Remember ye not the former things,.....behold, I will do a new thing; now it shall spring forth....." Thus, I gave up my plans for North Kwangsi; I obeyed the Lord. I was willing to be sent to the Gentiles afar off "that He might make a way in the wilderness and rivers in the desert....."

January 30, 1929 — this was the Day we left Hong Kong, China on our foreign expedition. There were the three in our family, Paul Lenn and our leader Dr. Jaffray. Before setting out we were given a send-off by the brethren and sisters in the name of the Hong Kong "Keswick" at St.





**With Dr. Jaffray on eve of sailing from Hong Kong.**

Paul's Church. Nay, this was a commissioning service, for this service was sending in China's behalf two youths overseas, as the Antioch Church sent Barnabas and Paul (Acts 13). This was a memorable Day, for this Day marked the opening of a new page in Chinese Church history. By the holy decree of "Go ye.....into all the world" there was blazed a new gospel highway for the Chinese Church — this Chinese Foreign Mission.

Physiologically and morally speaking, man's life may be divided into three periods. First, man is dependent on the parental nurture and upbringing. Second, he attains independence. Third, he brings up others. For example, even the 120-year-old Moses passed through these three stages.

Since Rev. Morrison brought the gospel to China, over a hundred years have elapsed, so that we should be entering into the third stage (of the Church's life). We should progress from the independence stage to the stage of bringing up others. But, like the hunter sitting under the tree to catch the rabbit, there are many Churches which miss the opportunity. Furthermore there are certain Western missionaries who hold on to China as one of their "spheres of evangelism" forever, and are reluctant to let her become independent. We consider this a sin! However, the wonder is that God has raised up Dr. Jaffray from amongst the Western missionaries to stimulate a Chinese Foreign Mission work within the Chinese Church. At least, Dr. Jaffray had this vision.

After Dr. Jaffray had settled us on the field he quickly returned to China to consult with a few Chinese Church leaders to organise. By July of that year the first Chinese missionary society — the Chinese Foreign Missionary Union — was born. Mr. Leland Wang was president, Dr. Jaffray vice-president and treasurer. He said, "This is the Chinese Church's new enterprise. Therefore let her bear the responsibility. But, since God has moved me to start this work, I will give my help, won't I?" Humorously, he observed, "My name is Fu Min (Dr. Jaffray's Chinese name) which means: "I should stand on the side to help send Chinese national missionaries".

Chinese Foreign Mission — this was God's new enterprise for the Chinese Church. Logically, it should have been



started by Chinese nationals. But now it was a Western missionary who did it—a satire to the Chinese Church. And now that Dr. Jaffray could humble himself, should not the Chinese Church leaders rise up to the occasion by accepting the Great Commission?

Many years ago I had written an article "Chinese Christians and Foreign Missions" in the Lutheran News of Hupeh Province. Similarly, in many church magazines I had followed up with such articles to arouse interest amongst Chinese Christians in this work, that by their participation, this new enterprise might become the joint effort of the Chinese Church. Alas! Opportunity lay daily at the door, but owing to various problems, opportunity slipped away! There were many unreportable events in this mishap.

In any enterprise, one should not always expect a smooth sailing progress. For founding the Chinese Foreign Missionary Union Dr. Jaffray was greatly misunderstood. Were it not for his strong-headedness and resoluteness surmounting a hundred knocks and countless struggles and setbacks, this enterprise could not have succeeded. A door was now opened for the Chinese Church in Foreign Missions, a foundation was laid!

That the Chinese Church should have founded a foreign missionary society, an evangelistic enterprise, was due entirely to the efforts of Dr. Jaffray. Let us be thoroughly ashamed, because we had not promoted this work from within ourselves. We had allowed a foreigner to steal the march on us.

But were we so under-talented as some Americans viewed us? Any veteran Western missionary to China, who truly loved the Lord and was unblinded, must from his conscience say otherwise, and such interpretation would not be far from the truth. Should the Chinese Church be so under-talented, he could through love guide it. Appended below is an article by a veteran German missionary to China. He sympathised with the Chinese missionaries' situation and he concealed not to tell his feelings. Through him many Americans were touched to support the Mission. On the other hand he had aroused the displeasure of a certain section who made the writer a scapegoat for the Chinese missionaries.

The article, "The Chinese Foreign Missionary Union and Reform", was penned by Rev. Gus Woerner in his capacity as a Western missionary sympathetic to the Chinese Church's promotion of overseas missionary enterprise. Every word and line evinced the fervent hope he had for the Chinese Church becoming a missionary Church. He was a prophet and a seer among Western missionaries. He was one filled with a passion for righteousness. This article of his was translated in Chinese and published in the March 1937 issue of the T'ung Wen Pao (通聞報). I did not know what were the thoughts of our Chinese Christian readers. Though God had raised up this new enterprise in our Chinese Church and kept a big field—the Southern Archipelago (南洋羣島) for us to open up, we continued to loll and slumber. Look! As Joshua in days of old called to the Israelites, there comes to us today a similar cry. Listen! Every Christian of China: "How long are ye slack to go to possess the land, which the Lord God of your fathers hath given you? (Joshua 18:3).

## THE CHINESE FOREIGN MISSIONARY UNION AND REFORM

by Gus Woerner

(translated back from the Chinese)

The work of the Chinese Foreign Missionary Union and that of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in the South Seas are linked together, the Alliance there being a product of the CFMU. The founder of the CFMU is Dr. R.A. Jaffray, who is president of the CMA in the South Seas. Dr. Jaffray has been a missionary to China for the last thirty-five years. He is a church statesman. He is one of the ten most well-known missionaries of the twentieth century. He is full of spirit for pioneer missions, having established Churches in various places in inland Kwangsi. Now the Church of Kwangsi is steadily growing day by day. God has also used Dr. Jaffray in Indo-China. The Church in Indo-China is also flourishing, as church buildings spring up in various places in Kwangsi. Churches are built a hundred miles beyond important cities. This is so from Hanoi in the north to Saigon in the south. These Churches shine

forth the true light all round, well beyond their locations. Though the missionaries are scattered, they work hand in hand. Although such is the case, Dr. Jaffray's evangelistic spirit burns like a torch and so he has opened another work in the Dutch Indies.

Since he has been a missionary to China, he loves the Chinese. So he has begun to find out how many overseas Chinese there are who have actually heard the gospel. He thought that in order to get a clear picture of the situation he should not visit only the important cities and ports along the sea coast. So he got on a small coaster that had no regular sailing schedule, that plied up and down there. On his first trip he visited Borneo, Celebes, and other islands. From his heart there arose a special vision. He felt the Lord was calling for someone to go. On these islands there were over two million overseas Chinese, mostly concentrated in the towns along the sea coast, though there were those living inland. These were Chinese and local-borns. Once these were saved and called of the Lord to transmit the gospel to the thousands of natives, would not this be a wonderful short-cut? Upon his return to Wuchow, Kwangsi from this trip, how he was filled with zeal from the Holy Spirit to preach the gospel to the South Seas. These events still vividly appear before our eyes. Whether at breakfast, lunch, or dinner, at that time we heard the names of Samarinda, Balik Papan, Makasar, Bali, Dyak, Bugis and the name of every tribe. At first we found it very hard to pronounce these syllables nor did we know their meanings. After some time did we learn they were the names of cities and towns in the South Seas, or names of the native tribes. They all did not know the gospel of the Lord Jesus, but God's time had come, so the fire of the gospel was lighted.

That year three Chinese missionaries were sent, to Makasar, Samarinda and Balik Papan. Simultaneously a committee was born which was named the Chinese Foreign Missionary Union. The president was Leland Wang and vice-president and treasurer Dr. Jaffray. The finance and expenses were all in charge of the treasurer as entrusted by God. From a very small organisation in 1926 (then known as South Seas Evangelistic Band) this organisation has grown to its present size. During these eight

years, there were in the field an average of 21 missionaries, of whom 17 were supported by the Mission. The rest of them were in charge of self-supporting Chinese Churches.

It is very evident that God has blessed the labours of this Mission. Three thousand souls have been brought to the Lord through the lips of the missionaries. What was called the tourist paradise, the alluring Island of Bali, was shut by the Government to the preaching of the gospel. But God gave the Mission a special entrance through one Chinese missionary. God has done a mighty work. Although the Dutch Government forbade us to preach the gospel to Bali, five hundred natives have believed Jesus and are baptised. Moreover there are one thousand of the catechumens. The first to open a gospel work in Biliton and Banka are also Chinese missionaries.

The CFMU is the Chinese Church's only foreign missionary society. Although many Chinese are evangelising in many parts of the world, there never has been formed such a regular organisation. Though many Chinese preachers have gone abroad, they have worked only with their compatriots overseas. But the object of the Mission is to save every tribe of every island on a much wider scope. As a matter of fact the greatest success has been achieved in work among the aborigines. What the Chinese missionaries have done could prove they are equal to missionaries from Europe and America, and are capable of co-operation. They are not afraid of difficulties. They have gone also to Borneo and other islands into their interior. Their work has extended from the Makasar headquarters to various areas. They can also render full help to other areas of service, for instance, in publications and in the Bible schools for aborigines. To sum up we have a portion in every branch of church work in the Dutch Indies. Since we have been missionaries to China we have naturally learned to know and love the Chinese more. Today, by the gracious deployment of God, we are happier still to co-labour with the Chinese in the South Seas.

Apart from these happy results, it is regrettable that the Church has not clearly realised the significance of the CFMU's mission and special opportunities. We know that a Church with evangelistic work only inside her country but having no interest in foreign missions is a caricature. Praise be to

God, there is now a small number who have become interested in foreign missions. Once, a Chinese Christian said, "I now know the reason why China has not found revival. We are like the Dead Sea, only receiving in and not giving out. The gospel has reached China for over a century. Both missionaries and funds have come from abroad. If the Chinese Church does not give to other races, God will one day deal with this error of unfaithfulness. One day God will take stock with the master of the harvest and his debts will be revealed. Because of such fearsome facts and because we are chosen for the South Seas to work with members of the CFMU, so we are considered still as missionaries to China, to help the Chinese Church in their foreign missionary endeavour.

Since she is called the Chinese Foreign Missionary Union, her organisation, economics should logically return to the responsibility of the Chinese that she might live up to her name. This is an ideal objective. But the Church in China at present has not fully attained self-support and is unable to bear the burden of foreign missions, so they say the time has not yet come to have a CFMU. Such a situation might apply to Churches inland but not to Churches in cities and sea-coast ports which have abundant material wealth. And there are others who say that the Chinese Church is very poor. Such an excuse cannot be sustained for there are many rich Christians who have given time and again thousands of dollars to the Army to fight for the nation. They think this would bring revival to China. In the Judgment Day such Churches and Christians would hardly escape the Lamb's wrath. In the light of these fearsome facts Dr. Jaffray has not hesitated to press on with the work, not waiting for a more opportune time in the Chinese Church before he executed the Lord's command. Of course he needs certain helps, and Dr. Jaffray has already found them. Thereafter, one by one, all imbued with the same spirit, have rallied round him under Jehovah Nissi. You must join up with our group, offer your prayers and money until the Chinese Church bears up her whole responsibility.

The CFMU has and is now facing a crisis. Although it cooperates with the Christian and Missionary Alliance, USA, she is not an affiliated body. So not a drop of economic

aid is coming from the States. Besides the Christians of China are very slow to respond to this type of work. In addition there is a global recession, with sickness and disease painfully rampant, which affects the giving of those who have been cheerful in their donations. Some of these have even cancelled their support altogether. In the circumstances this batch of Chinese missionaries have their monthly salaries cut by half. But thanks and praise be to God, there has not been one murmurer. This is proof of their real worth. But how shall we face up to this? Do we want to disband this batch of workers whom God has sent? Let this organisation die a premature death? Or should we not accept this challenge to rely on God's promise and pray and bear a part of their heavy financial burden? Although the Chinese themselves are unable to organise a perfect foreign mission body and the CFMU is still immature, it is a case of something better than nothing. If they should wait until they are able, and for an opportune time to start, and if the Lord should return before that, what will be the consequence? And how would it be should these Chinese missionaries not work to save those souls within the scope of their ability? Since God has caused the CFMU to be established and blessed and used her eight years, it is deeply felt that before the Church can bear this responsibility there must be some outsiders (Christians in other countries of the world) to bear the burden for them in advance. So the CFMU has come to an important turning point as to be obliged to ask for your fervent prayers and send out an SOS like that sent out by ships in peril. We know there are many children of God in America who are deeply concerned for the gospel in China, who felt the Chinese Church should be revived and become a self-supporting Church. Their prayers and gifts are directed to this purpose. Have you ever thought that the Chinese Church should become a missionary Church? The Chinese Church clearly understands this truth, but often excused herself as being infant and weak. Hence God's blessings cannot come upon China. I firmly believe if she would concentrate her strength for missions and faithfully take up this divine commission, God would pour down rivers of living waters!



We cannot bear to see the CFMU ship flounder and sink in this manner. China has had the gospel for a hundred years. In the light of this fact there should have grown up a foreign missionary society. Millions of souls are perishing and Chinese missionaries have the strength to save, and the glorious Lord Jesus is coming again. In the light of all these can they excuse themselves by saying the time has not yet come? Let us remember this is not a question of birth. The CFMU's birth pangs are over and the child is now eight years old. But she is not able to walk and still needs help and guidance. When she has reached womanhood then all her organisation, management of personnel and financial responsibility should rest on the Chinese Church. On one hand this will be a great burden and sacrifice, but on the other this will be a high privilege. This will receive special glory and reward before the Lord in days to come. Those who suffered together with David became generals and heroes. During David's kingly rule all who went to battle and who stayed by the staff received a reward. All who conquered were rewarded. But there will only be twelve thrones reserved for the Twelve Apostles. If you support the object of the CFMU of the Chinese Church please cooperate and get in touch with the founders of the CFMU. Offer your prayers and money at this crucial hour while we wait for the Chinese Church to awake from her deep slumber. Bear up each one his own burden!



## Chapter Five

### STRANGE QUARRY FROM A WILD ISLAND

*"To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak: I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some. And this I do for the gospel's sake, that I might be partaker thereof with you." (I Cor. 9:22, 23).*

Wherever the Chinese went outside of China he was always encumbered by every kind of trouble. From the time of leaving his country to the time of landing in a new one, he had to go through every red-tape, spend money and mark time. These made it a mental torture for every emigrant. Thus, before I set foot on Borneo, I had already seen many strange things. Although overseas Chinese met with these difficulties, the number of emigrants kept on mounting year after year. This was due largely to natural disasters and man-engendered tribulations, making life unbearable. Finding no escape from these woes, emigration became their solution. It is said that twenty-five years ago emigrants from Hong Kong, Swatow, Amoy, Shanghai and other China ports amounted to 50,000 a year. From Swatow alone it averaged 15,000. And, those emigrants being all country bumpkins, they were preyed upon by various government officers. From this situation had arisen all kinds of strange happenings.

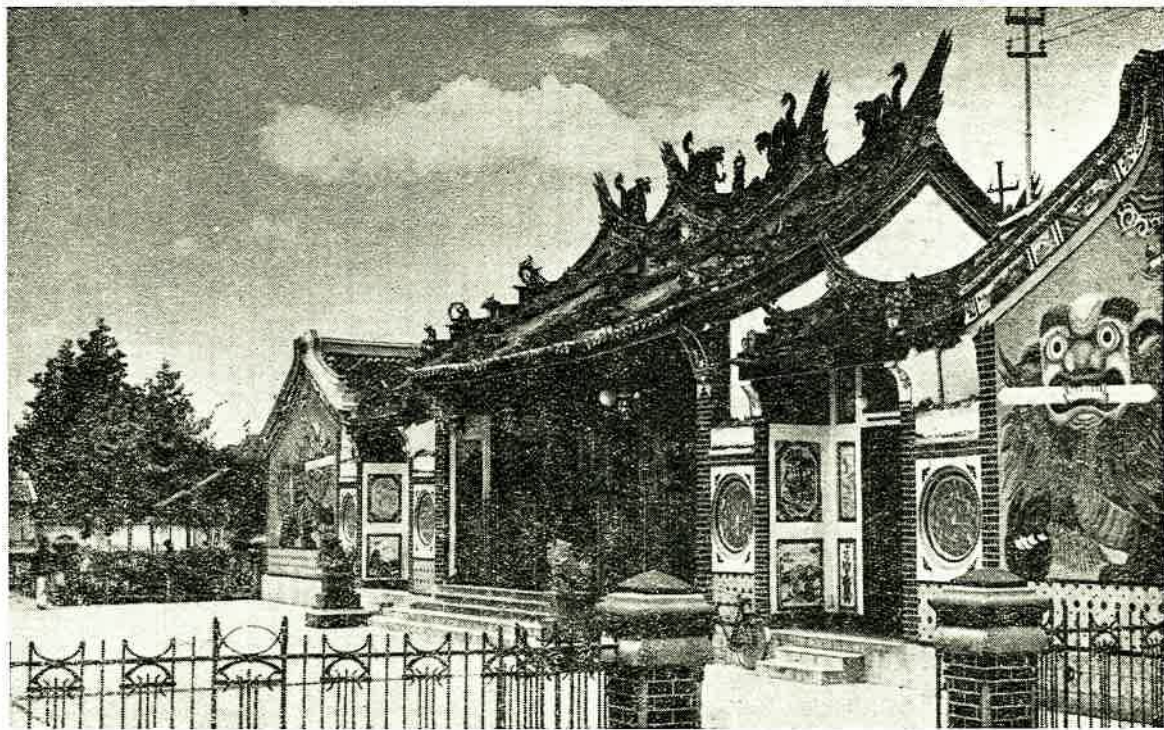
Having got out of the old country with difficulty, the emigrant was faced with another upon entry to the new country. Passport, luggage and body all came under stringent examination. There was no exception made for us preachers. Our books came under special scrutiny. The body was examined from head to foot. (It is said that those

entering Singapore were shipped en masse first to St. John's Island where everybody were stripped for medical examination. (Even their luggage had to undergo fumigation). The special marks on the head and face, the weight and height of the body, were recorded. Moreover everyone's finger prints were taken. All these made news of the world, but were they not to the shame and insult of the Chinese?

Thanks be to God, although no exceptions were made for ministers of the gospel, I obtained many conveniences. The reasons were, first, I carried with me Church testimonials, and second, I found help from certain personnel. However, one could not totally escape from all these encumbrances. This was due to my having several big boxes of books which involved me several days with the Dutch censorship. For, the Dutch were most suspicious of the literati amongst Chinese immigrants, and books gave me the greatest headache.

The first time we left China, we stepped on Makasar soil which the Chinese called "Tin River." Makasar is a big port on the southern tip of Celebes Island (Sulawesi) and in Dutch times the provincial capital of the Island. It occupies a central position in the Indonesian Archipelago and thus an important centre politically and commercially. It forms a tripod with Surabaya on Java Island, and Banjarmasin in Borneo. So, it has attracted a lot of Chinese to live here. Flourishing shophouses were all established by the Chinese and the streets were flanked by Chinese signboards. Were it not for three or five natives in sarong sauntering along the road, one would have thought this was China.

Although the overseas Chinese were so many there was not a single proper Church. Except for a few dark and gloomy Chinese temples that served to tell your fortunes, there wasn't any institution where one could go for spiritual solace. Many years ago there was a Methodist Church here, but it was spoilt by hirelings and finally closed its door. It was not until 1928 when Dr. Jaffray visited and, in response to the believers' appeal, sent Rev. Chu Hsing Hoon (朱醒魂) here to start all over again. Pastor Chu arrived half a year before me. A veteran pioneer, he was the founder of the first Chinese Church in Indo-China. He was a hard worker with a fund of experience. Under his reformation ministry,



A Chinese temple.

a new life arose in the Church. For its central position and scenic surroundings, excellent conditions for a city yet without the hustle bustle of the metropolis, Dr. Jaffray chose Makasar as a station in Dutch East Indies for the Chinese Foreign Missionary Union.

China has been a closed and conservative country. From ancient times China politicians have never entertained aggrandising ambitions. Many countries in the South Seas came under China's suzerainty, yet China's emperors paid little attention on them. Although for more than a thousand years the Chinese have practised emigration, their objective has been one — money-making. All that they scheme and dream about the whole day is how to get rich and build mansions. Most of the emigrants have come from the Swatow and Amoy regions. The Teochews (people from Swatow) regard going abroad a simple matter. Many have sailed at a very young age. They came to the distant South Seas which they considered "barbarian". Within they entertained a beautiful vision, and that was that when they returned one day in splendour they would get married and settle down. The following is a "Going Abroad" song quite current in Swatow. In this folk song you can see the aspirations of those emigrants.

There's a swan in the sky —  
Younger brother is married, elder brother nigh.  
Younger brother begets a son who calls me Uncle.  
Uncle is shameful, and knows not how?  
Let me pack up and go to Siam now!

The sea runs far —  
Where's the filial heart for Pa and Ma?  
Without a wife,  
All within's a strife.

I bow good-bye to Mother dear  
To go to Siam to breed hogs.  
Whatever money I make I'll send.  
For a wife in China I will slog.

Nevertheless, for the Chinese to go abroad was no easy matter. He came from a semi-colonial country without





A Chinese temple.

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Nevertheless, for the Chinese to go abroad was no easy matter. He came from a semi-colonial country without

any backing from his nation. Without education, he drifted to a colonial territory. This was a painful experience, not to talk of his being cast upon the waves. So, there were a great many when they tasted the bitter of sea-sickness would gnash their teeth, "I swear I must by all means make some money and get back to enjoy my days." But they did not know that in the South Seas there grows a fruit called the durian with such attraction as would hold them back!

The durian tree is very tall. Its fruit is uncolourful and is as big as a pomelo. Its husk is thick and full of thorns. Its taste is rich, sweet and fragrant, but paradoxically it smells obnoxious to the newcomers. While being rejected by the newcomers they are life to the old addicts. It is said that connoisseurs of durian would linger in the new land and forget all about their fatherland and home.

As a matter of fact, it is not that the durian contains any magical power. Rather it is money and sex that are the attraction. It is said that the South Seas girls are very romantic. Polygamy and divorce are freely practised. The South Seas lie in the tropical belt. Productivity is high and life is simple. A man can easily maintain the livelihood of several others. A woman needs only food and clothing and would easily go and live with anybody.

Before, the natives of the South Seas were uneducated and lamentably stupid. But no matter how stupid the Chinese, they were smarter and therefore could easily make the money. Thus a simpleton from the village in China, who was suddenly transported from a hardworking farmer's life to a land of wine and flesh, money and sex, would little think of returning. This had resulted in countless tragedies in the homeland. Such a situation was reflected in another folk song, very current in the Hakka prefecture of Mei Hsien:

We sail a boat to go abroad:  
Sailing ocean's a hard life.  
Husband with bamboo, wife with oar,  
Carefully, let us keep alive!



The times are changing year by year,  
Husband dearie, keep yourself!  
Don't say money's soon made abroad,  
Plum flowers are flowers, all the same.  
(i.e. your wife is here, why go away?)

The smoke without feet goes up into heaven,  
The steamer without feet crosses the ocean,  
The thrush without feet turns not to roost,  
Your younger sister with feet can't go beyond.

These tell the story of a husband who has crossed the seas, leaving his forlorn wife in lamentation. Another couplet which runs:

"Upon seeing the green willows by the sea shore,  
She regrets her husband seeking officialdom"

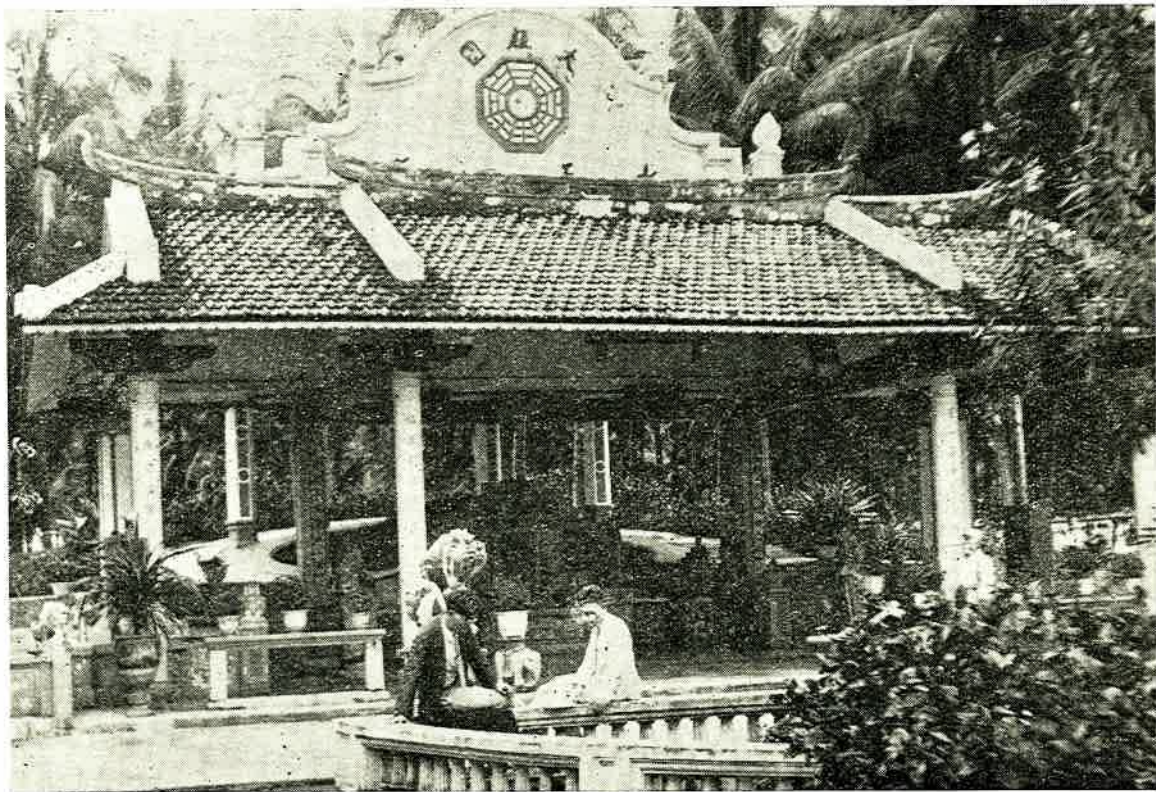
is written also for these women. The history of the last few hundred years of overseas Chinese endeavours is a story of their blood, sweat and tears. But what made this history was money.

Ouyang Hsiu the poet has said that everyone who has attained to riches and honour should naturally want to return home. If that is true then the Chinese of the South Seas are generally opposed to this principle. For though they have become rich they would not necessarily return to China. The Cantonese who came to the South Seas still maintain the sentiments for home, "like leaves returning to the roots". Although they may not think of return in the present, they keep sending money home from their earnings and frugality to buy land. So, there's a big sum remitted every year. As to the Hokkiens these mostly stay behind refusing to go home. The reasons are of course more than one, for the South Seas are as comfortable as heaven, where livelihood is easy, government is good, the land peaceful—a sharp contrast with China. A greatest reason is that since they find clothing and food here they become rooted to the soil, making the South Seas their second home. We Chinese have a special nature which is adaptability to mingle with the different races. For example, those who enter inland Borneo to make a living in time would marry Dyak women and

thereby become Dyaks in every way. Hokkiens of the third and fourth generations may be found everywhere. These descendants are now become entirely Indonesian. They cannot speak Chinese. They could not tell what and where their homes in China were. Some simply regarded their birth-place to be their home. Were it not for two big characters "Tsui Yuan" [meaning, Retracing (our) distant (source)] written over their god-shelf, you could never have recognised them to be Chinese. Since they have not the "going home" aspiration, they naturally are localised in their concepts.

Many overseas Chinese have become big landlords. These overseas Chinese who could not describe their ancestry are called local-borns. They live a simple life, with no long-range plans. Few of their descendants, however, become hard labourers. Therefore, what is concentrated in their thoughts is death and the hereafter. The tombs of the local-borns excel in majesty the houses of the living. To spend one or two hundred thousand on a mausoleum was a common matter. From such practice has arisen a tradition whereby almost all the Chinese associations have become old people's societies. Without the funeral department, no association could ever exist, or rather, the object of every association is to take care of the aged and the dead. That these associations should establish schools to educate the younger generation is a new enterprise of the last few decades. There has been some progress.

During the colonial regime, the Dutch used the Chinese to govern the Chinese. They lavished on them official titles such as "Major", "Captain", "Lieutenant". The Chinese have the traditional and indivisible concept of becoming some high official and getting rich. So the richest among them were usually the Chinese officials. With wealth in hand they lived differently from before, as evidenced by their residence. If you go to Batavia (now called Djakarta) you will see big, graceful mansions of a by-gone age occupying spacious grounds, one after the other. These were the official residences of the "Majors". Then you would come across another mansion with a big glittering signboard "Batavia Public Hall". It was a "Major's" office. If their living quarters were so majestic you could imagine how much more would be their tombs. For example, the famous tombs amongst



A Chinese mausoleum.

them are of the Koh family in Djakarta and of the Tang family in Makasar. But these Chinese officials became an extinct race upon Indonesia's gaining independence. Not only were their official titles abolished but also such small offices as "head of a street," or household, formerly held by the Chinese. Those dazzling mansions are now rented out or sold, and many have become the offices of Chinese associations. Like "white clouds making dogs in the sky," like "the sea now turned into a mulberry field," this changing world can only bring one regrets.

The religious thought of the overseas Chinese is very shallow. Though you might see them showing off their religious fervour in a certain matter, their motive is rather commercial, according to that dream for money circulating all the time in their minds. Their worship of gold is total. So, you can easily understand why every emigrant carried a "Tua Peh Kong" idol in his baggage, and why there was a temple wherever they settled.

A few days after our arrival in Makasar, it happened to be Chinese New Year. Pastor Chu our colleague constrained us to stay for a few days to see what we had never seen in China. After Chinese New Year's Day came the New Year's Night, which the Hokkiens call "The Fifteenth Night" (the full moon night). Now the newspapers transliterated the Hokkien pronunciation by the Mandarin characters which read "Chap Goh Meh". Among the Chinese associations there was no greater and more boisterous occasion throughout the year than "Chap Goh Meh". On that day all Chinese shops stopped trading. Those great and wealthy tycoons, attired in well-ironed western suits, personally went into the temples and carried out the idols. They laid them row upon row in the streets to prepare for the procession which was arranged well in advance. The procession was fully "accoutred" with dancing lions, paper figures, old-fashioned weapons of war, incense bowls, three sacrificial animals. These rich tycoons regarded carrying the idols in procession their special privilege. Who gave the most "incense money" qualified to carry. And they should vie to carry in order to receive the idols' favour. Moreover, during the procession, they must shake it from side to side without let up, and





Chinese New Year's Night Procession.

the more excited the better while the on-lookers would cheer them on. To gain face and more blessings, the idol-bearers would carry on till their sinews became exhausted before giving others a chance. These tycoons who throughout the year were sofa-bound and ordered their servants and slaves around had been storing their energy for this day's performance with great pleasure. We pity their darling daughters who were required to take part in the acting. Some were dressed as centaurs and snake-gods in all the splendour of ancient pageantry. They were carried on the shoulders of coolies behind the idols while the gongs boomed and drums beat up to heaven and the fire-crackers crashed on the earth.

This boisterous scene was created in daylight throughout every street of the town. At night the same was repeated with lanterns and firebrands in all its dazzling grandeur. Though an annual event, the cost was considerable. But after the procession, the next day saw the town sink back to a quiet humdrum life again.

When I came to Djakarta the Indonesian capital later, I saw more or less the same things enacted. But though there are many temples in Djakarta, they do not often carry out the idols in procession. The days between Chinese New Year's Day and the Fifteenth Night are equally boisterous. The natives have a way of making extra money. Cashing in on the superstitions of the Chinese, they form their own processions of dancing lions and dragons, blowing and drumming along to beg from door to door. Like the gods of wealth in China coming around to bless, suddenly their drums and gongs boom up to heaven.

In recent years the overseas Chinese have made some progress. Taking advantage of New Year's Day the associations send out dancing lions and dragons to collect money for schools and charity, whereby tens of thousands are obtained for a good purpose. Such a transforming of a superstitious occasion to benefit charity is something laudable. What I regard as senseless is how the Fifteenth Night (when the moon is full) is spent. O the crowds of people surging like a mountain and a sea, men in scarlet and women in green, old and young jostling and mingling with one another! What good is there in all these except that it affords an opportunity for fleshy lusts? Some overseas

Chinese being of a conservative, traditional type would lock up their daughters in the rooms nor allow them to appear with unveiled faces. The only exception to this rule is New Year's Night when they could leave the house to worship the gods in the temples. As a custom, this is the night when the women have their fling. Though the streets are full of profligate young men, you can see be vies of young coquettish girls parading themselves.

When we set foot on this foreign land we got this first impression of a strange culture. This deep impression made us realise how urgently the overseas Chinese needed the true light of the gospel.

We sailed to Makasar straight from Hong Kong in the "Tjisalak" while Dr. Jaffray and Paul Lenn came by way of Java. When Dr. Jaffray arrived in Makasar we had already left by another boat for Samarinda in East Borneo, Rev. Chu in our company.

Samarinda is an important port in East Borneo. Although the Chinese here barely touched ten thousand, its hinterland and river basin were abundant with produce. The next town is a petroleum producing centre with a sizeable labour force. When we arrived in Samarinda we immediately rented a house and hoisted our "Gospel Hall" signboard facing the street. We stayed here on one hand to preach to the Church and on the other to learn Indonesian. I remember when Paul Lenn and I first went to market, we had in our shopping bag a Conversation Book which we consulted in our bargaining. When one comes into a new country, one becomes a laughing-stock often through barriers of language and ideas. For example there are many words with a similar sound and appearance. If one is not keen of mind to differentiate, and if one's pronunciation is inaccurate or one's memory weak, things can become quite laughable. The words below gave the learner some headache in the beginning.

**Kepala** is head, **Kelapa** is coconut.

**Lagi** is again, **Laki** is male.

**Susu** is milk, **Susa** is trouble.

**Gula** is sugar, **Gila** is mad.

**Mandi** is bath, **Mati** is death.



Apart from these there are some common words of daily usage which through carelessness may be made to mean the most vulgar. The beginner must exercise care when he tries to speak. Moreover Indonesian grammar often runs counter to the Chinese. If with your Chinese grammatical patterns you try to speak Indonesian you would surely make yourself the butt of all laughter. For example, if you use your Chinese grammar pattern to say, "the cat catches the rat", the Indonesian may turn out to be, "the rat catches the cat"!

I remember some years ago we had a new worker from Shanghai joining us. He was the Rev. Moses Chow and hailed from Hsiao Hsing. Early every morning before he got up, he could hear some hawker in the silent streets calling, "Kuwe, Kuwe!" This sounds like "Devil" in Mandarin. At night from the dark streets he could also hear another calling, "Sate, Sate!" (which sounds like Satan in his dialect). He could not understand this. Later he realised that "Kuwe" means "cake" and "Sate" is "satay" (Malay barbequed mutton). But "Sate" is same as the Shanghainese pronunciation of "Satan".

What happened here had its counterpart in Canton or Hong Kong. Some hawker was selling yam so he called, "Mai Kod". And when another was selling salted pears he shouted, "Ham sar lay". To the English ear these sounded like, "my God" and "I'm sorry".

The South Seas abounds with a species of giant turtles. These would lay their many eggs on the sandy seashore. Both the natives and Chinese love to eat them, especially the Chinese who regard them as a sort of tonic. So we bought them to eat too. Now when we boiled the eggs and cracked the shell we found the egg white a glutinous paste. Thinking it was still uncooked we boiled again but the egg white remained the same glutinous substance. We boiled it for some hours and still it refused to congeal. We thought this must be some monstrous being and poured it into the drain. Later we learnt that such was the substance of turtle eggs.

Here's another ludicrous incident. We were true busy bodies. When we first arrived in the South Seas we saw

red spittings everywhere on the road. We became worried. We began to cogitate in our minds: "There are so many T.B. patients in the South Seas. This scares us! This must be due to the tropical climate. Why doesn't the Government prohibit such spitting? Why is the Government so careless about health? No wonder T.B. patients are on the increase!" Being over concerned about this matter we soon learned the mystery. This hideous lot of spitting is actually from the chewing of betel nuts and leaves, a habit of South Seas dwellers. It is a common thing which bothers nobody. But we new-comers were frightened in our little knowledge.

Although the Chinese in Samarinda were few, they hailed from many different places so that the spoken dialects became a babble. Hokkiens predominated and their dialect is Amoy. Next were Hokkiens from Eng Teng who spoke a Hokkien type of Hakka. The Cantonese were divided into those from Canton and others from Hsiuchow. The Hakkas came from Meihsien and there were the Hainanese from Hainan Island. The local-borns studied either Chinese or Dutch. The Chinese-educated spoke Mandarin, but with the Dutch-educated our medium of communication was Indonesian. Dialects became the stumbling stone of our ministry. Now, although our meetings were attended only by less than a score of people, we had to use three dialects—Hokkien, Cantonese and Mandarin. Soon after our arrival we made friends with a Hokkien family surnamed Chng and a Cantonese family surnamed Tam. We received their help not a little.

Our first-fruit was an octogenarian old lady. She was a devout Buddhist. She had a specially made idol of Kuan Yin (goddess of mercy) kept in a specially made glass case. For scores of years she worshipped this idol morning and evening with a perpetual burning of incense. When she got sick she would persevere out of bed to do the same, not permitting another hand to do service. When she could not get out of bed at all she would fervently request her daughter-in-law to serve on her behalf. When she discovered neglect on the daughter-in-law's part she would groan incessantly and implore Kuan Yin's forgiveness.



Our second base of operations — Balik Papan.

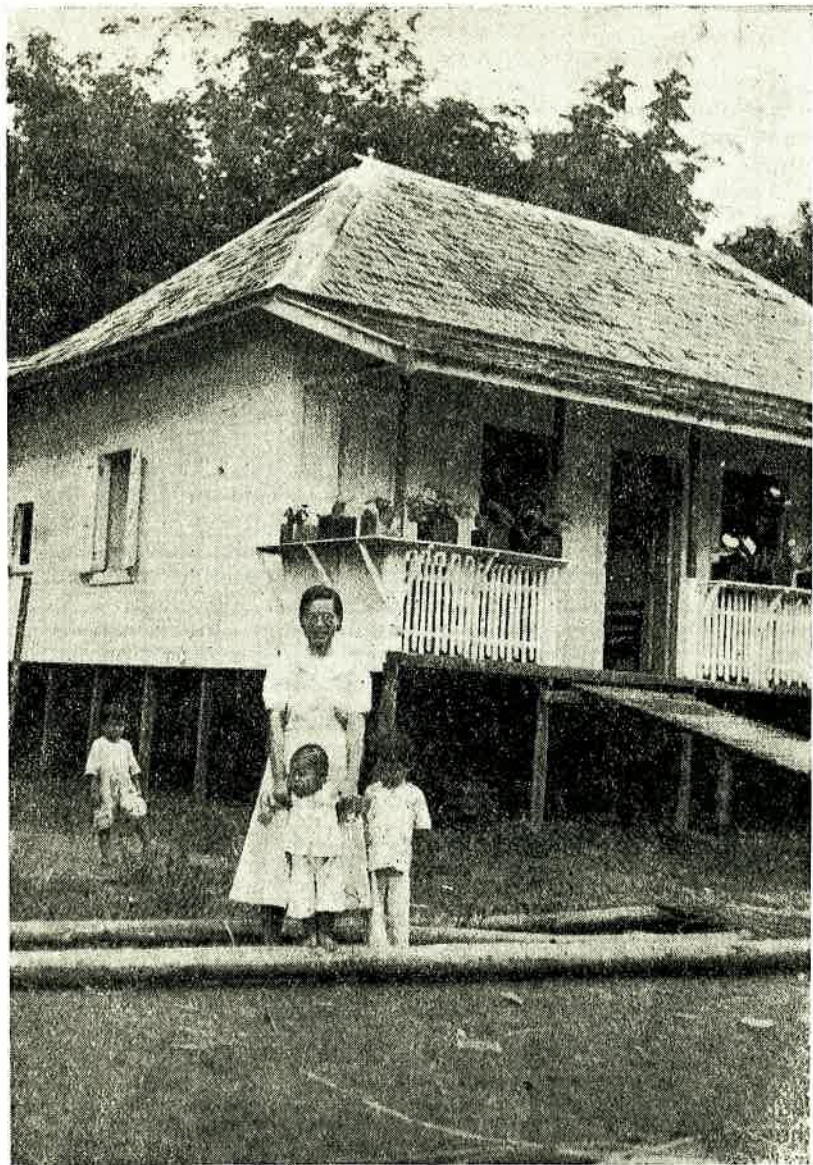
After she received God's Word and understood the Truth she requested us to her house to remove the gold image with all its paraphernalia and burn it to ashes. Henceforth she found spiritual liberty, and so great was her joy she could not put it into words. Though her daughter-in-law was married, for years she suffered miscarriage. Only two daughters survived. So, the old lady asked if I could pray to God for a son. I said, "This is a proper request, as exemplified in the Bible. Only let God's will be done. He will surely answer." We prayed according to her request and, sure enough, two sons were born to her daughter-in-law. Her joy was unspeakable. This old lady kept the Word for a decade. Before the days of tribulation descended, the Lord had taken her back to heaven.

Soon after our arrival in Samarinda, we made friends with Mr. and Mrs. Liew En Hou, teachers at the Chinese school. Mr. Liew was a pastor's son. He was moved to dedicate himself, and gave up teaching to study at the Alliance Seminary in Wuchow. He continued to serve at the alma mater. This was our first-fruit of dedication reaped in Indonesia.

To meet the Chinese needs, we advanced to Balikpapan to start another Gospel Hall. In two years a few scores had turned to Christ. Afterwards a slump overtook this petroleum town which resulted in many Chinese labourers being laid off. This so affected our work that it might have to close down. At that time both my wife and mother became ill which required their return to China. Thus, we felt the time had come when God would want us to shift to another front. So, for the time being, we left this field to answer the call we had first heard from the Lord, "to go to the regions beyond where the Gentiles are."

It was in mid-February, 1932 that we advanced into the Bornean hinterland. At first, Paul Lenn and an Alliance missionary and I worked together. After eight months of East-West collaboration beset with many troubles, it was found necessary to part company. So we divided our territory of work with the Western missionary and moved on to another place.





Our jungle headquarters.

Before we re-commenced work we laid down a plan. First, we must abandon that superiority complex of national pride. According to Paul, "I am all things to all men." We would maintain a self-control in our daily life in order that there might be no difference in this respect between us and the Dyaks. Second, we would "enter the tiger's lair" to strike up friendship with them as well as to understand their sentiments, custom and taboos that thereby we might obtain our quarry.

Borneo is the third largest island in the world. However, she is noted not for her size but for an aboriginal race of peoples—the Dyaks. The term "Dyak" covers all the "mountain" aborigines. Actually these comprise many tribes. In our territory for example, in the "kingdom" of Kutai, there are seven distinct tribes. One of them, the Punan, live in trees. They do not build but live a nomadic life, nor do they cultivate. The other tribes having had contact with outside peoples have become quite civilised. So, apart from those who have grouped in cultivated settlements, it would be difficult to control them, the Punan for example. Nevertheless, though these are a nomadic people, few disturbances to the peace have come from them.

Inland Borneo, indeed, is a paradise. Not only do the people live peacefully, there are no ferocious wild beasts. With the advent of the Pacific War, the smoke of gunpowder has introduced a new and strange odour into their midst.

The total area of Borneo measures over 700,000 square kilometres. Its northern part was British (now East Malaysia), the remainder five-sevenths constitute the former Dutch territory. Since 1950 when Indonesia gained independence this area has been called Kalimantan. With 500,000 square kilometres Kalimantan is as big as France or Kansu Province of our country. But its population of over two million is sparse. The Dyaks are sons of the Island. In course of time, as commerce and mining brought in outsiders, they were pushed into mountain districts of the interior. This fact is verifiable from the names of places left behind. With the exception of Java, the Dutch Government had concentrated very little on opening up Borneo, by reason, perhaps, of their limitations. So, Borneo has to this day remained

virgin. Only along the seacoast have there been established a few important centres of commerce. For example, Bandjermasin in the south, Pontianak on the west, Kutai, now Samarinda, on the east.

There are a few overseas Chinese in Samarinda and the same may be said of all eastern Borneo. They total but a few scores of thousands. Most of our overseas Chinese live in the Pontianak district, the latest figure being over 200,000. The object of our mission to Samarinda was to evangelise the Dyaks. For Dr. Jaffray had investigated and discovered that they were long waiting for the saving grace of God!

Who are these so-called "mountain" Dyaks? How did the Dyaks originate? They are generally known to be of Malay stock, a branch of the people of Indonesia. They speak like the Sunda dialect of Java. However, their custom and habits rather resemble those of the Chinese. The colour of their skin is the same as that of the Chinese. This is not surprising for are not the aborigines of Formosa of Malay stock? Moreover, the first to come in contact with the Dyaks were the overseas Chinese.

However, though many old Dyaks claim to be Chinese-descended and China their fatherland, we have little evidence from history. But the strange thing is: in the midlands of a little river at Kutai on an uninhabited bank there were the ruins of a temple with three Chinese characters on the lintel, "K'ung Ming Tung", i.e. "The Cave of Kung Ming." It is said in interior Pontianak that many natives have claimed Chinese nationality, with Chinese surnames such as Lim and Tan. Perhaps during the Yuan (Mongol) and Ming Dynasties, some refugees from Kwangtung and Fukien Provinces had fled here in sailboats. Later they married with the natives and a mixed race of Dyaks arose. When we first set foot on Dyakland we met an octogenarian, a Hakka from Punyu Prefecture, Kwangtung. He was an officer in Hung Hsiu Chuan's army. After Hung lost the war, he sailed in a junk to the Philippines, the Sulus, and finally to Borneo. He married a girl of the mountains who gave him a son. Ever since he has lived a Dyak's life. Had he not spoken in Hakka, you could not know his Chinese nationality. Alas, China is undone! Her turmoils of ravage and war have sent many talented ones abroad.



Through such consanguinity and friendliness to overseas Chinese, we were fired with a zeal to preach. To expedite our work we began to make an extensive study of their lore.

Those Dyaks we contacted were the semi-civilised who had come within urban environs. These were farmers. Borneo has few high mountains and the coastal regions are low-lying. The Dyaks, however, make their settlements in thickly jungled, hilly country or uplands. As the soil is not very fertile the Dyaks do not plant in watered paddy-fields but on the clearing of a jungle hill-slope. This sort of planting is done entirely by human labour. First they spend a month cutting down trees. (The area for planting is determined by the numbers in a family.) After another month, when the branches and leaves with all the shrubs and grass are sundried, these are set on fire, and their ashes are used for fertilisation. Another round of clearing prepares the rather undulating ground for cultivation.

In the South Seas, there are only two seasons, a wet and a dry. This obliges them to plant only once a year, and this work begins two months before the rains. After the planting is completed they build thatched shelters among the paddy to live in for the convenience of looking after the crop.

The Dyaks have two big festivals in the year. They are: sowing and reaping. Although they keep cattle, these are not used for planting paddy on the hill-slopes. They are used for food during the celebrations.

Planting solely by human labour has nurtured a co-operative spirit. By turns they help one another in planting and reaping. For example, today is my turn to plant. The whole village will come to my help. If it is your turn tomorrow to plant, the whole village would also go to your help, and so on, till all the planting is done. In this cooperative enterprise they not only do not get paid but even provide their own food for the working expedition. In other words, each man eats his own rice while helping out his neighbour.

Speaking about the Dyak's place of abode, I often declare them to amphibious. Amphibious not in the sense that they live on land and water but in the sense that they live corporately and severally. They have villages. But, no



A longhouse.

matter how few their numbers, each village is built on one house which we called "longhouse" and they "lamin". If their chieftain has picked a spot for the village by putting up his house, the people would one by one build their homes adjoining one another's. Although a whole village might embrace a population of one or two thousand, the house would still be one. Thus, you can measure the numbers in a village by the length of their house. The longer the house, the more populous the village. The longhouse is not entirely for dwelling. Ordinarily, you can scarcely find anyone in the village, for they spend their day mostly in the paddy huts. These they call "huma".

Now, because their planting is on the hill-slopes, these lands are cultivable at most for two or three years, which obliges them to move on elsewhere. Their nearest paddy plots are on the village outskirts. Their farthest are a day or two's journey away. In short they eke out a semi-nomadic livelihood. They live in the paddy huts not only for the sake of looking after the fields. They have also secondary crops and animals to tend. They also build their barns in the paddy fields to save the trouble of transportation. So the Dyaks eke out an existence that leaves them nothing to spare. In spite of all this, necessity is laid upon them to maintain their village longhouse.

One use of the longhouse is for the reception of Government officers, a convenient meeting place for taking orders or paying taxes, a place for holding funerals or weddings. Or, in an hour of emergency, the chieftian can easily gather his people here. The longhouse is in fact built primarily for the purpose of such assemblage.

The Dyak earns a living practically from the soil. Although planting is a busy life, they do not rush about, and although they spend not a little time planting once a year, they go about to their own sweet time, like a lazy caterpillar. This is due, perhaps, to the fact that much time is at their disposal. Secondly, it is due to the warm climate of the South Seas. This breeds a lethargic gait in their stride. Apart from agriculture, their other chief occupations consist of fishing and hunting. There they come, leisurely, either floating on the leaf of a sampan, or squatting on the river bank, hook and line in hand.

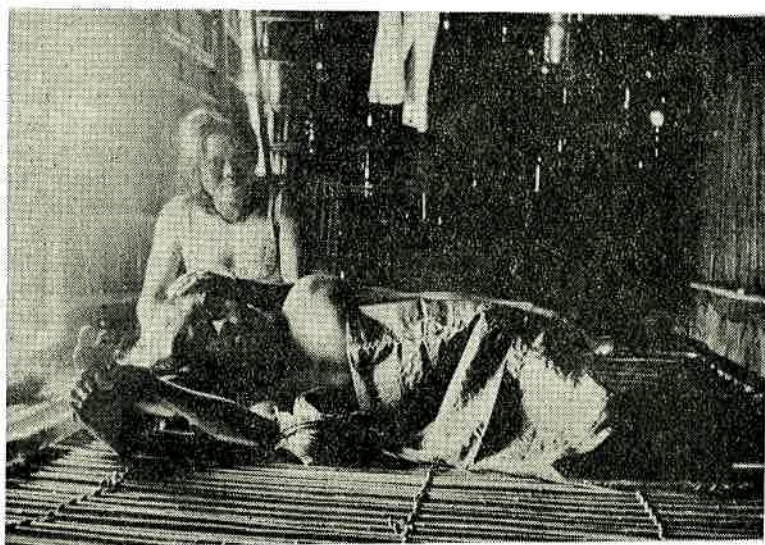
Apart from aquatic tribes their menu consists of wild pigs and deer. But their main dishes display mostly the coarsest of vegetables. Except for several great festivals during the year when oxen and pigs are slaughtered alongside venison to be devoured with gusto, their daily viands comprise only rice, chilli-salt, and all kinds of fruits from their own cultivation or plucked from the wilds. When fruits are in full season they invariably eat of them in lieu of rice. A cornucopia, as far as food is concerned, is this tropical South Seas which being favoured with balmy winds and gentle rains becomes their storehouse. Here they may eat carefree-rice. Thus, they have a rule among themselves: At harvest time outsiders could also join in the reaping. But you must first speak to the owner who would gladly permit you to gather your fill.

In this Southland of perpetual summer, clothing is not a chief article of use. Whether men or women, old or young, they go about naked except for a rough loin cloth covering. During the Japanese southern invasion they had no more cloth. So they plucked some fibres from the bark of trees and without a weave or spin made them into natural loin cloths. Ah! These well-favoured sons of nature, how they spend their days in unending leisure. You could never find a busy man within their midst. If you come to Dyakland you could immediately spot out under the sun a man lying on the ground pillowed on a girl's thigh while she rivets her two eyes on his shaggy long hair — searching lice. This interesting picture tells you a story: They are in the process of spending a peaceful, leisurely day. Yes, such is the complacent Dyak life-style of whiling away the time. We know that contentment is the mother of simple living. So, when they have caught a wild pig the whole family could eat it all up in one night. When meat is scarce they are well satisfied with two meals of chilli-salt. In general, they are more than contented with what meets their daily needs. It never occurs to them what gloom their evening years might bring nor do they worry about the possibility of a famine year. They never practise saving, nor do they know the meaning of "rearing sons for old age" and "storing grain against hunger". To them these are like the self-made troubles of the simple-minded, the worries of the sophisticated.





The first Dyak village we visited



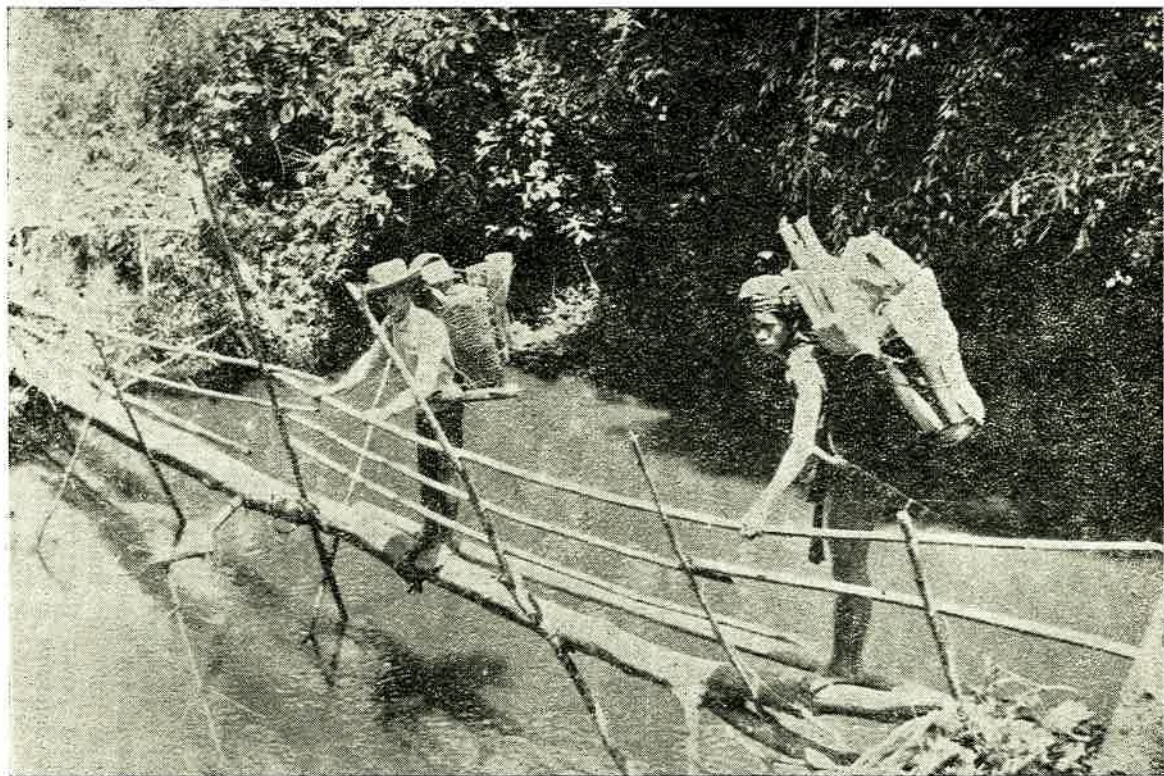
"...such is the complacent Dyak life-style."

Once I asked a hoary-headed grandpa his age. After pondering for half a day he broke slowly into a broad smile, "I think I am eighteen." You can see from such an encounter that their philosophy of life is Epicurean. Were you to ask them the times in which they live, "of Chin or Han Dynasty," they would surely find it a mystery to render an answer.

Talking about the education of the Dyaks, this may be crisply summed up in a word: they are illiterates. Without any education their knowledge is tightly circumscribed. It was only twenty years ago that the Dutch began to establish schools in their villages. Since they are illiterate and devoid of any scientific knowledge, they know not how to make aircraft, guns or atom bombs and the whole gamut of weapons of destruction. Nevertheless, they know the art of eking out an existence. They carry on their hip a long parang (knife) and in their hands they carry a sumpitan (blow pipe). With these two weapons for eking out an existence they can go anywhere, uphill or down dale. They will not die of hunger with these tools and by their use they can build themselves a home. The Punans, for instance, have no worry for clothing or shelter. They neither plough nor weave. Everyday they go out into the hills and forests to hunt with these two weapons. They do not keep hunting dogs for they have an equally keen scent. Should you go into a jungle never entered by man and be suddenly confronted by a big fellow of a naked man, you might be frightened to death. How he has come to be there is by his scent of your presence. However, he would not harm you.

The Dyak's house is a modified version of nestling in trees. They live high from the ground. A small tree trunk serves as a ladder that leans steeply on the door-front. Such a tree-ladder is used also for communication from the water edge up the bank. If you were a high-heeled lady, you could never get up to their door. Nevertheless, whether old or young, they are as agile as monkeys going up and down that ladder. They can climb like monkeys the slender betel palm or the thick-set coconut, parang on hip, and bring down their fruit one by one. They seem to have no difficulty in subduing snakes and wild beasts, for they





A Dyak bridge.

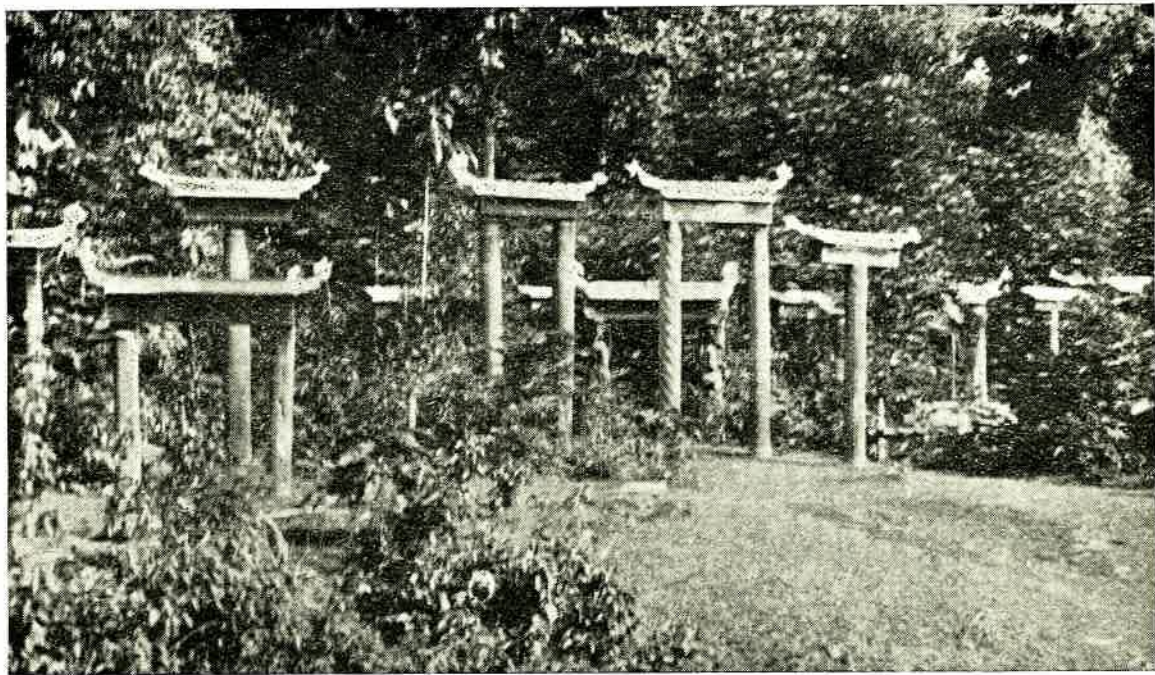


are not only fully armed but also endued with agility and cunning. In their village there is hung a brass gong, or else there is a big drum set up before the door. In time of emergency the gong or the drum is sounded to alert one and all to self-defence. Thus they are enabled to live in a tranquil world by themselves.

Having lived with the Dyaks, it makes me to consider the utter stupidity of these highly educated, cultured ones. The cultured man is a do-nothing book-worm. He dresses in western-style pomp, and the female — nylon socks and high-heeled shoes, Paris perfume and high class face cream. He takes the Chinese tonic and drinks champagne, eats ice-cream and cocktails. He sits on a comfortable sofa and sleeps on a spring-bed. He goes to lustful cinema shows and indulges in some time-killing song hits. In all these things it is shown what a slave to materialism he is. And, in order to satiate his carnal pleasures, he commits adultery and theft, cheating and fraud. The small fry brings disturbance to society and the big shot disputes amongst nations. This is a crime and misery inflicted on mankind itself.

The Dyaks live a much simplified life, and have they not lived in such fashion all along? They live a far happier life than the cultured man. They live simply whether in food, clothing, housing or travel, as simply as their simple minds think. This simplicity is reflected in many of the things they use. For example, their one-piece wooden bridge, one-piece wooden boat (canoe), one-piece wooden ladder, and even one-piece wooden coffin. Yes, they are as simple as infants. For this reason God's gift of eternal life becomes their portion. So apart from this saving grace as their only need for the future, they have no greater desire or demand for their physical life now.

The Dyaks are a people from a sturdy stock. They have a well-built constitution which is covered with a tough, glossy, brownish skin, burnished by sun and air daily under an open sky. It is a pity, however, that they have no knowledge of hygiene or medi-care, nor do they know the need of temperance. The result is sickness upon sickness. A look at the annual poll tax reveals a higher death rate over birth. This brings an atmosphere of cold desertion to



Dyak one-piece coffins!

descend upon each village. With no knowledge of self-rescue and being left in the lurch by the Government, these people have become a forgotten tribe. From the type of endemic diseases that plague them we can discover the reason for their sufferings. The most widespread disease is ringworms in both males and females. This disease is so rampant that it stinks and repels. Then there are quite a number suffering from leprosy which might be a deterioration from malignant ringworms. Next comes malaria caused by pernicious mosquitoes breeding in the dark and damp jungles. Then comes tuberculosis which catches on easily through lack of temperance in eating, working and sex and of quarantine. Thus the mountain districts have become a sick colony.

Another disease to be mentioned is of the sexual kind. Though prostitution is a word not known in their vocabulary, adultery and fornication is a rampant practice. Without instruction and education they regard intercourse between the sexes a very natural thing. Hence, marriage and divorce are easily contracted and given. "Borrowing mosquito-net," i.e., the practice of taking another man's wife (for a night) is an open secret among them. And those husbands willing to "wear the green towel," i.e. condone their wives' adultery, have acquiesced for the sake of getting "cheap sale goods" (bastards).

In a certain mountain tribe there is the practice of the girls wearing silver or bronze ear-rings. Do not think that is merely a kind of ornament. The fact is the number of rings worn indicate the number of times they are married. The more ear-rings indicate the more lovers they have, which is regarded a high honour. Never have they thought of such vainglory as a shame and sin. Though there are the good and able amongst the Dyaks, such an erroneous and unethical concept of life without proper correction has led them more and more into wrong. But the reason for such depravity is not due merely to lack of education. There is yet another reason to be considered. This paradise country in which they live in the South Seas, being in the tropics, is under a perpetual summer. Without conditioning by the winter season, life can be miserably monotonous. When we see them eat chillies we notice that they need something

to pep up their humdrum living. Now, with an abundance of produce of food and many hours of leisure does not this situation give place to sinful indulgence? Truly, the saying, "A full stomach breeds lustful desires", applies.

Although the things their hands have made are of rough and simple construction, the ladders, the beams and pillars, and even coffins, have carved on them weird figurines and designs. And though they are not slaves to materialism as the cultured, whose bodies are become like a cosmetic showcase, they would sometimes adorn themselves with hats woven from twigs and grass or wear silver ear-rings twenty to thirty at a time, so much so that they weigh down to their chest. Male or female, they would also wear brightly coloured glass beads almost a kati heavy (over a pound) on their bodies. An old superstition got them to file down their teeth, but now they like to have them plated with gold (to the enrichment of merchants, for the gold used is not much to talk about). They tatoo their whole bodies, arms, legs and all, giving us an impression that they are an art-loving people.

Music is a special ingenuity of sons of the tropics. The South Seas have produced not a few born geniuses. The Dyaks are not behind others in the pursuit of music, so much so that they make tools of daily toil into instruments of music. For example, the staves that the women use to pound their rice is a sort of musical instrument. Made of the hardest Bornean wood, these staves are hollowed at the top for the insertion of one or two wooden slabs. As simple as that the pounding stave can make music. In the evening sun one could see some young girls around a rice-pounder, set high on a platform. As the pounding staves began to work, up-down, up-down, there was orchestrated a rhythmic sound most soothing to the ears.

For pleasure they usually play several kinds of bamboo instruments. Apart from flute and pipe they use a thin slice of bamboo which they blow with their lips while being tapped upon one side by a finger. The sound produced thereby also strikes a responsive chord in one's heart. However, their music produces a lugubrious note which quickly induces sadness in the hearers.





An ox totem, part of the ox-spearing rite.

The principal musical instruments they have made naturally appear crude to us. Under a rhythmic orchestration, however, that indescribable music produced therefrom becomes such a grandeur as to charm you through and through. The whole orchestra of musical instruments is divided into three kinds. The principal ones are a set of six brass bells, shaped like small gongs. These are ranged on a stand. It is said on these six brass bells may be played over four hundred tunes. After these comes the drum. This is made up of two types: one worked by striking with the palm and the other with a thong. The drum is simply to keep time and add colour to the performance. Finally there are the eight or ten big and small brass gongs worked by a tandem. These gongs boom a strong solemn sound audible for a mile or two. These musical instruments are most useful for the celebration of "Pilihan," a sort of primitive, mystical, religious ceremony. When somebody became ill, they would "make Pilihan" lasting from three, five, seven days to as long as a month. The most macabre celebration of "Pilihan" is called "Naikkepala" or "skulls up!" When a harvest is bad or when sicknesses abound, they think these are due to the mischief of demons. So, "Naikkepala"! The whole village, in and out, is decorated with flowers and leaves, buntings and mysterious-looking carved figurines. Then when the gongs boom and the drums thud a host of male and female "devils", skulls in hand, begin to dance. The skulls on ordinary days are hung up in the village.

Talking about skulls there existed among the Dyaks a hocus-pocus known as "Ayau". This mystery was widely rumoured even during the first years of our arrival in Borneo. The "Ayau" was supposed to be a head-hunter of the night. After the Dutch Government had taken action this "Ayau" disappeared. Actually, the Dyaks have a hero-worship instinct. When a girl picks a husband, she does not consider the wealth he possesses but rather the numerosity of human skulls. Such a term for dowry is never heard of anywhere else in the world. Another reason for head-hunting stems from furtive murder originating in revenge, or lucre. Head-hunting, however, is now a thing of the past.





Spearing down an ox for "Pilihan."

Every "Pilihan", involves the spearing of an ox. First there is planted in the middle of a field a totem pole carved with a weird naked figure. A thick cane several score feet long tethers the ox to this pole. Then comes a witch-doctor who recites incantations over the ox for a long while before the animal is ready for execution. Now, as soon as the mumblings are over, the ox is surrounded in a tight circle of hostile spearsmen. As the spears find their mark, the blood-oozing ox lunges forwards and sideways, to find himself enclosed by the enemy. This action becomes more and more tense until the ox loses all breath of life, and down he collapses. The ox is purposely made to suffer pain on behalf of the sins of the whole village. It is said that some forty years ago a human being bought with money was made a sacrifice in this manner. After he died, his head was chopped off and hung in the centre of the village. As it is said that his soul still lingered over his skull, a fire was lit to smoke it away until the blood was dried. The soul of the victim became the guardian-hero of their houses. This is cruel business and foolish darkness, but the belief in the shedding of blood to atone for sins tallies exactly with the Judeo-Christian truth. How did they get this idea we can hardly know. However, this opens for us an effectual door to lead them out of darkness into the light, to receive the truth of sins forgiven through the Cross.

Every "Pilihan" is accompanied by some games. One of them, "Pegantar", is a pot-pouri dance. This dance seems too simple and monotonous to the uninitiated, or maybe there is a faux pas somewhere. Those who know can see clearly that this dance goes with every variation of the music. Sometimes it is a solo, sometimes it is group dance, and sometimes by a couple. This dance is an exposition of both foot and hand action and of the philosophy of strength. The weakling has no place in the dance. The dance is often a time of competition, of flirtations, which ends in inevitable promiscuity. It is also an occasion for gambling, further augmented by fierce games of strength-testing between man and man, cock and cock.

The Dyaks are sons of nature but what is regrettable is that they are not properly instructed. Although they are an adulterous generation and girls of fifteen and sixteen





".....further augmented by fierce games....."

almost all lose their virginity, this situation is the result of not understanding the meaning of chastity. Nevertheless, their hearts are transparent as their bodies are openly nude. They bathe in the rivers, male and female, and they evince no sense of shame. This is where their naturalness is displayed and this naturalness needs to be enclosed. Yes, this fact cannot be gainsaid. When we first entered the interior, we felt that the biggest stumbling stones consist of "Pilihan" and this promiscuous culture. To gain them we must roll away these two stones. From the human standpoint this is a deeply ingrown thing and to do away with it is like trying to scale the skies. However, has not the Bible said, "There is nothing too hard for Thee.....The things that are impossible with men are possible with God."

Thus saith the Lord, "Remember ye not the former things, neither consider the things of old. Behold I will do a new thing; now it shall spring forth; shall ye not know it? I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert. The beast of the field shall honour me, the dragons and the owls....." (Isa. 43:18-20).

## Chapter Six

### "RIVERS IN THE DESERT"

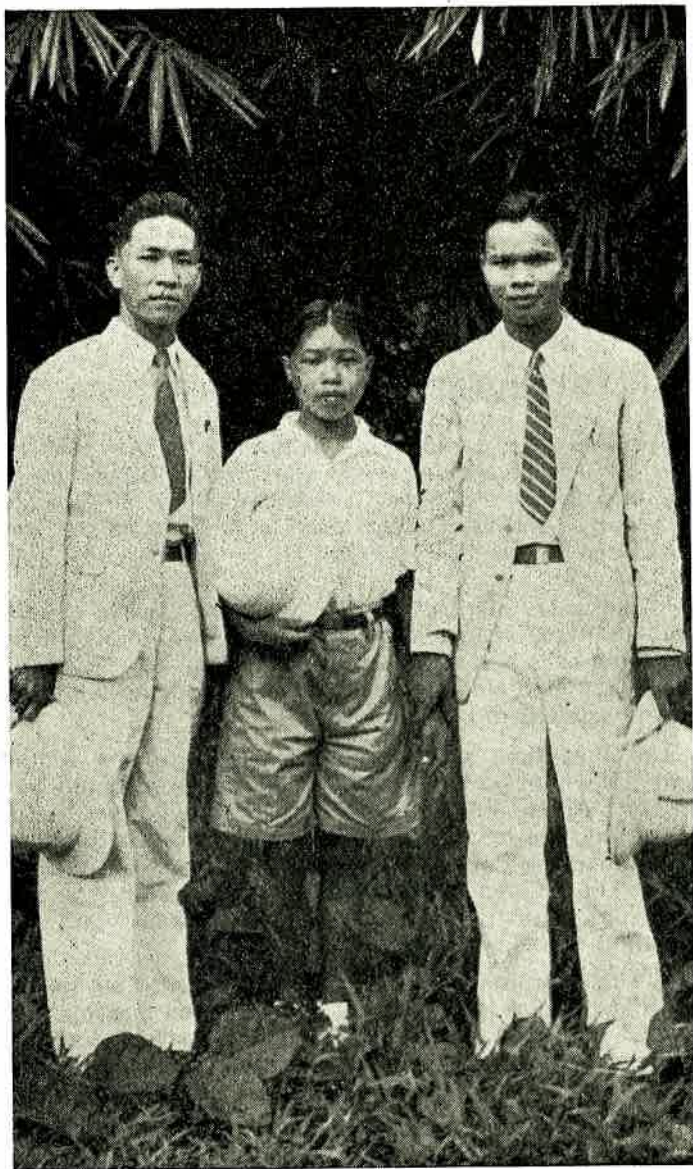
*"Behold, I will do a new thing; now it shall spring forth; shall ye not know it? I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert. The beast of the field shall honour me, the dragons and the owls: because I give waters in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert, to give drink to my people, my chosen." (Isa. 43:19,20).*

"Americal Americal" This was the Dyaks' siren-cry twenty to thirty years ago. I do not know who told them, but "America" had become a synonym for "Christian". However, anyone clad in white shirt and donning white topee would be considered "American".

The first time we made our way into the mountain villages in white shirt and topee, we were accosted by the siren-cry "Americal Americal" from one who first spotted us. At this, the rest of the people scrambled to their homes and slammed the doors. Should you not seek out the village headman or chieftain, you simply had no standing ground in that village, for no one would dare come near you. Hence we learned this lesson:—

- 1) We must imitate Paul, to be "all things to all men". In order to save the Dyaks we must needs become Dyaks. And that, not only as Dyaks in our daily living, but in dress as well — changing over was a must.
- 2) We discovered in this well-ordered kingdom of nature that the chieftain exercised full authority over his subjects, while the virtue of the people excelled in "obedient following". Thus, the hoary-headed had no recourse but





White khaki and topee.



to submit to the young chieftain. We took this to be an opening to our mission. As the saying goes, "Shoot the horse to get the rider; catch the robber-chief to catch the thieves".

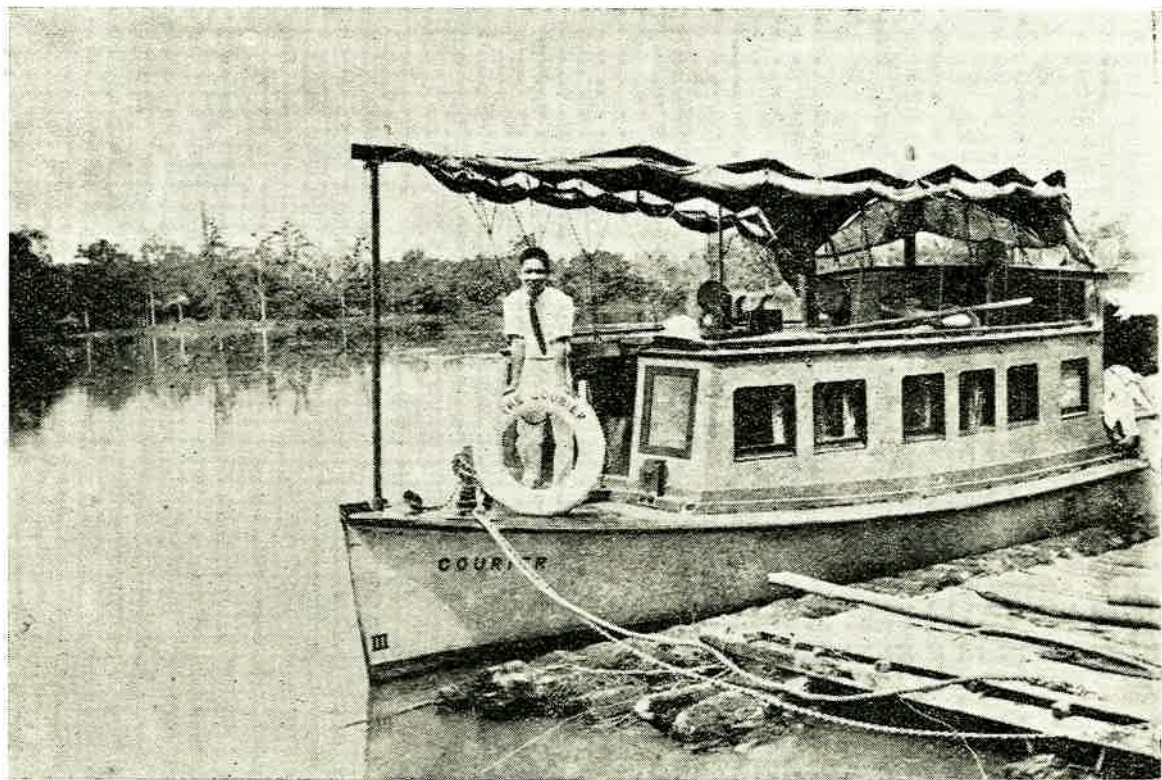
We tried our best to refrain from misusing authority by giving them the free choice to believe. But since their tie with the chieftain was one of slaves and master — the chieftain held absolute power of determination over the whole village — so we were obliged to get them to believe through their chief. Hence, the first objective of our visit was the chieftain.

As we have said before, we looked up to them in all things as learners in order to win them. To dispel their suspicions and misconceptions we adopted their style of living as much as possible. Sleeping, we sprawled with them on the plank-floor. Eating, we used banana leaves for dishes and the fingers inherited from Mother for chopsticks. But, the bitterest pill of all to swallow was to eat rotting meat with them!

After they had slaughtered an ox or trapped a wild pig, and there were the leftovers at the end of the meal, they would hang these up on a bamboo over the fire-place to smoke. (After a couple of days, it goes without saying that the meat smells.) When you cooked viands or rice over the same fire-place you could see the maggots drop into the pot below. But you need not feel indisposed. For whence did those worms come but from the meat?

The following was an episode that happened soon after our entry to Dyak country. There was a "pilihan" festival on in the village. This drew crowds from the surrounding villages. This was our chance, for the chieftain "rolled out the red carpet" to welcome us.

He fed us with the richest of foods, topped with desserts of all kinds of cakes. With five or six village headmen for our company, how glorious was the occasion! But for some reason I had not the fortune of enjoying the feast. Though the floor was spread with meats and cakes (we were seated on floor-mats), I could not enjoy them one by one. To please our hosts I managed to eat three or four items by



Our Gospel "Courier".

a process of breathlessly gulping down. After we returned from the feast I got sick for three full days. Subsequently I discovered that the fault rather was mine. This experience taught me to attend all dinners of this nature, hereafter, with a trusting heart.

The Dyaks have a very fine custom: they are extremely hospitable to travellers. Whether stranger or acquaintance, when you come to their village, you need not worry, at least, about your food. If they feed you with rotting meat, that would be your blessing. It is an indication of their respect for you. No matter what, you must not stand on ceremonies. If you refuse the offer it shows you up as an ignoramus not worthy of the honour, or it may reveal your intention to reject their goodwill. Evidently you are a wicked person, but then be on close guard of your skull during the night! Otherwise, your head could leave you without saying goodbye at dead of night to find a place on the beam of the Dyak's house.

Once, Paul Lenn and a Western co-worker visited a chieftain who gave them a warm welcome. This chieftain respectfully brought up a wild boar's head to their boat as a parting gift. This was considered a superb present, which they of course received with profuse courtesies and gratitudes for the chief's bountiful friendship. When darkness descended, and it took them several hours (of sailing), — they hurriedly wrapped the hog's head with a stone in some old clothes and let it slide silently into the river, like burying a dead man. Thereby was the boat rid of that awful stink.

In early September, 1933 co-worker Paul Lenn and I sailed the upper reaches of a small river called Lawa to visit a paramount chief, the ruler of a district. The "dread" of the district, he commanded even the respect of the State Sultan. Though little educated, he was a good thinker. From boyhood he entertained the high ambition and determination of regaining his deceased father's glory. Being frail of body, however, he could not attain to it. He had a clever and courageous son-in-law whose second son, a teenager, was also endowed with a shrewdness that awed the people.

Now the paramount chieftain's deceased father was a Sultan. After the Dutch occupied East Borneo his territory





Working our way through the rapids.

became incorporated for purpose of administration. Thus, after the Sultan's death, the Sultanate was terminated in his son. A new title given made him "Temenggung Mangku Radja" (highest officer over a district).

The supreme chief's father was a Mohammedan. Now, although the Mohammedans tried every way to dissuade him from us, he would not listen. He felt the Muslim faith could not satisfy his heart. He perceived the existence of some better religion in the world than Mohammedanism. He had all along been waiting for the advent of that better religion.

In his native village he had built a rather imposing palace, superior to the other chieftains'. So was the construction of his village better planned. From these works might be seen his superior administration. When we called on him we met him first in the village of Suwakong at his Royal Lodge. He went to the extent of putting us up on the upper floor of his Lodge and gave us the hall downstairs for a temporary preaching station. He and his family, however, shifted to the quarters behind.

On the fourth night of our gospel campaign, just as I finished the sermon, he suddenly shot up in a loud voice, "I have found my religion. This doctrine is what we need!" By such a terse declaration a wide gospel door was opened into the Dyak tribe of this royal district of Kutai.

We had stayed over one year with the Dyaks. Although several villages had faith to believe the Word, they were afraid to baptise. For, without the chieftain's permission, they deeply feared such move would transgress the law. Now that the chieftain confessed this was the religion he needed who would not dance with joy at the decision? At the close of the campaign one evening, I asked who would receive this salvation? Who would receive Jesus Christ as his Saviour? At that, forty-seven hands were raised to receive the salvation, among them the chieftain's two wives, sons and daughters, and the son-in-law. At this juncture, however, the chieftain retreated to the quarters at the back of the Lodge. Seeing this sudden change of demeanour, we became completely nonplussed.





**They believed and were baptised.**

After the baptism he offered us the explanation, "Sirs, you might think I'm equivocal in not getting baptised, a turncoat within a day. Indeed, if I reject this religion, who in the village would dare get baptised? Nevertheless, in my family, except for me, there is not one left who has not received the baptism. Do you understand what I mean? If I followed in the baptism then their trust was on me and not on the Lord Jesus! When I die they would very likely fall from the faith. So, what I would of them was that they be linked to Jesus directly. Thus could their foundation be securely laid." No wonder, before the forty-seven were baptised, they delegated one to ask the chieftain's opinion. To which he replied, "I've no opinion. This is your business. I said this religion was good. That was my personal view. If you understand clearly what this religion is, you have the right to take it or leave it. But don't ever regret, hereafter."

We spent a total of three weeks on this expedition, covering over ten big and small villages. Owing to the busy planting season, when the village-folk were scattered in the padi-fields, it was hard to call a meeting. Fortunately, we had come to these upper reaches and got the chieftain's help, whereby the folk from three villages were ordered to come and hear the Word. We got over two hundred to come after a hard day's work. Of these forty-seven were gained as firstfruits.

The days of the meetings over, it was felt that the campaign, though successful, lacked something. And that something was the tranquil spirit to hear the Word, disquieted by the hustle of the planting season. Therefore they constrained us to promise to come back for another campaign — after the planting season. Some even went to the extent of securing a pledge with which we were obliged to comply. In response to their earnest expectations, we left behind our pump-organ.

Easily, several months slipped by. Meanwhile, we went down to Samarinda to spend a happy Christmas and New Year with brethren of the Chinese Church. After this we returned to the mountains to cope with a bigger and busier situation.

In late March the following year, we opened a campaign at a small neighbouring village called Djempedas. This village had a population of only several scores. We baptised fifteen unto the Lord here. This village was the first in this riverine district to receive the Word of the Lord.

During our first campaign here there was a deputy village headman who, while listening to the sermon, fixed his eyes on our gospel poster. Suddenly, like one having discovered something, he exclaimed in a loud voice, "Ah, now I know!" Were it not for his own explanation, none of us understood what his eureka was. He iterated, "It's the One in white robes in the poster. He is not a stranger to me! Where did I meet him? I've racked my mind for half a day, and I know it now! It was one night five years ago when this white-robed Teacher came to our village, in my sleep. He came into our home. Pulling up the skirts of that dazzling-white robe, he took a pail and fetched water in to wash the floor. While I wondered he said, "Don't be afraid. Five years after, I shall send men to cleanse your village, and your heart. While I pondered his word that Man vanished." With uplifted hands he continued, "As I counted my fingers, this dream happened exactly five years ago. Now, it has come to pass!" I investigated if any had come here before us to preach, but their reply was no. As to Jesus' picture, this was the first time they ever saw. But, the deputy headman had seen with his own eyes five years ago!

The day after baptism, we pushed inland by boat via the little Lawa river up the jungled, mountain country. We arrived at Suwakong, the village contacted half a year ago wherein over forty firstfruits were reaped. The village folk, seeing our arrival as promised, were delighted.

Our original plan was to spend a fortnight to visit with the forty odd believing brothers and sisters, to consolidate their faith, and to preach to others as they came. Upon arrival, Paul Lenn dashed further up the riverhead to reconnoitre several more villages and blaze a trail for future work. I stayed behind to nurture the believers, and to our surprise the forty odd believers had a living, vibrant testimony under God's mighty blessing. During the half-year they went



everywhere preaching the gospel, witnessing for the Lord. Amongst them were several brethren from the riverine Teweh district of Banjermasin, who came to stay with their in-laws here. Now the riverheads of Teweh and Lawa come from the same source though they are separate districts in administration. Their village folk, however, inter-marry.

During the half year gone by, they had sown the Word not a little among their relatives at Teweh. A believer's big cousin brother said to him, "Since you've received this full-perfect religion, it is a great mistake your not introducing that preacher to us. At any rate, should the preacher visit again, you must never let slip the opportunity to bring him to us here." When I got wind of this, my spirits were drawn towards it, for the opportunity to work had come. However, certain problems arose which I could not easily solve.

The first problem concerned the Teweh basin. Being a district under the Banjermasin administration, it fell within the parish of the German Basel Mission. According to Dutch Government regulation, each Church was assigned its sphere of work. If we crossed beyond our assigned territory, would it not cause misunderstanding and altercation? Second, I had only a fortnight's provision and travel funds. To make the trip might prolong our itinerary by one or two months.

Added to this problem of mine was a further doubt cast by the Dyak brother. This was in connection with the people of the villages beyond. A more sophisticated people than those who lived here they were steeped in witchcraft and "charms". Being hostile to strangers, they discouraged the folks here from migrating. The people there married into the people here, but few from here married into the people there. But these things did not cow me, because I knew my life rested in God's hand. Said I to the brethren, "If God permits not, none can hurt me. If God so wills that my blood be spilt, this would bloom into flower, and bring forth sweet fruit." Meanwhile I committed this matter into the Lord's hand and waited for my friend, Paul Lenn, to return.

But Bro. Lenn did not come for days. Subsequently it was learned how God had opened a door of preaching and feverish work for him which delayed his return. As for me, I was feeling the urge to go ahead as coming from the Lord's sure leading. Jehovah-jireh, God would supply all my needs and

prepare before me a prosperous journey. After baptising thirty-one persons, I readied to set out for Banjarmasin. For precious human souls, I was determined to lay aside every anxiety.

It was the aborigines' harvest time when everyone were busy in the padi-fields. To make this long journey it was easy to find companions. At a word, however, over ten would join us, of whom seven were chosen. These comprised one who had fervently witnessed with his wife, as guide, three brothers as pack-bearers, and two sisters as attendants. The brother who acted as our guide was a good witness. A converted sorcerer, he could thus gain the hearts and wills of many people, that even Mohammedans were obliged to listen to him. Moreover he could speak Malay (language of Indonesia) and became my best interpreter. Though illiterate he could translate many Biblical terms. God had given him this special gift. A native of "the other side", he could translate into the dialect of his own people. The sisters, while helping to cook and wash, sang also in the Evangelistic Band's choir. Musically talented, they lightened not a little my load.

Across our path ahead, however, there still lay that barrier of anxiety. From our entourage came this postulation, "You are God's servant. God will watch over you. We have a little faith. We have none to shelter us except you. Sir, wherever you go we will follow closely. We dare not leave you, eating or sleeping." Promising, I comforted them with Mark 16:17,18 that they should learn looking up to God.

Apart from the cumbersome pump-organ (we reduced our package to the simplest) our inventory included the following: mosquito net, bed sheet, canvass bed and a few changes of clothes, Bible, gospel posters and their kind, and portable cooking utensils. My cereals and tinned foods consumed, we roasted chicken and wild boar meat and brought along a packet of chillies and salt, several bamboo-tubes of cooked rice and a pot of water. Besides we were armed with a parang (long knife) each, two sheets of woven palm leaves. With all this accoutrement, we launched out to Banjarmasin. Though heavily packed, we covered the





Like an army's expeditionary force.

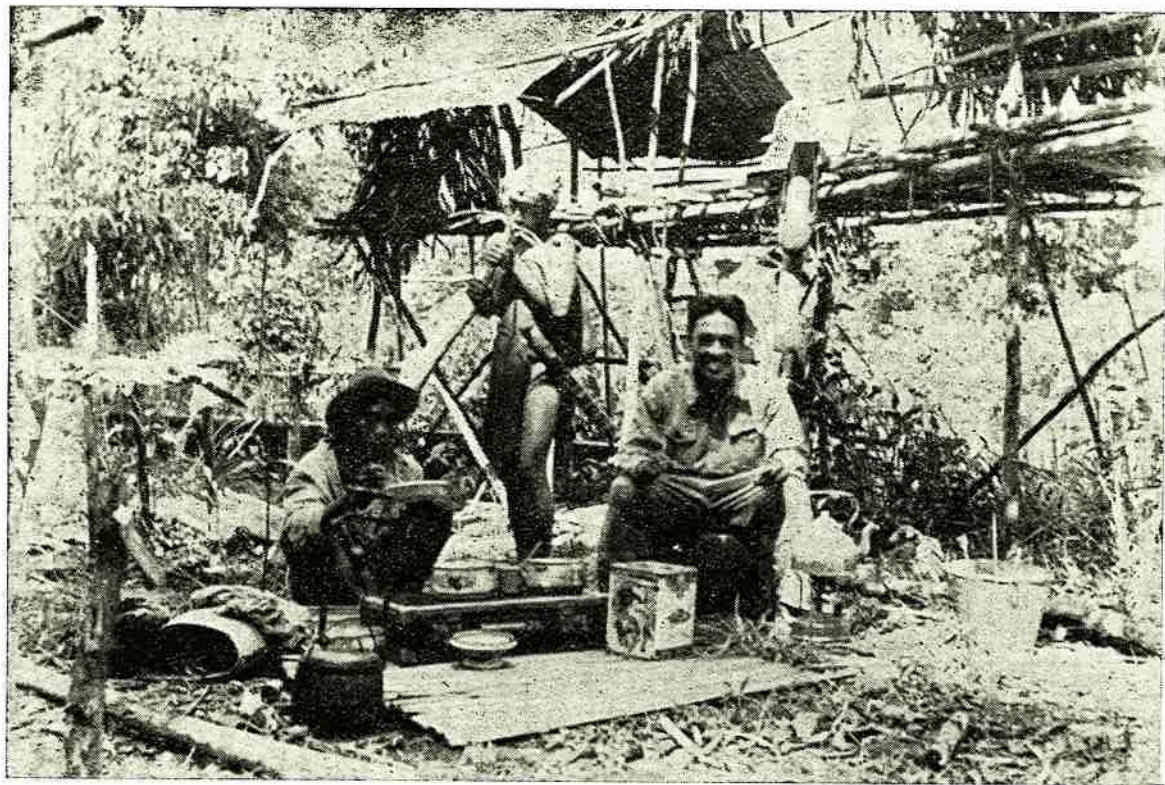
first six or seven days' rugged journey with ease. We crossed high mountains and lonely valleys, thick jungles whose ancient trees reached up to heaven, their thick foliage blotting out the sun. Thorns, thistles, tall lallang grass overgrew little-trodden foot-tracks. Like sharp spears they stood in the way. The forward man naturally had to hack a way for his comrades behind.

Though we were spared meeting with wild beasts and robbers, we were the targets of swarms of mountain leeches with outstretched heads like hungry devils ready to strike each passer-by with a "kiss". Howsoever careful, you could hardly escape this nuisance. Bare-legged, those brethren and sisters painted themselves with a thick coat of crimson. As they walked on, red drops of blood trickled like oil onto the unending mountain path. My heart soured to see this squad of seven or eight bleeding afresh each day. I was fully accoutred, shoes and stockings up to the thigh, tightly fitted. On top of that I had soap and tobacco rubbed in. So, I requested them to let me take the vanguard to alleviate somewhat their bleeding pains. But, to no avail. I was inexperienced. I did not know jungle lore. What appeared to be openings ended up in blind alleys. I was obliged to step down and follow in rearguard, under their lead again. When I sang "Jesus Saves the Lost Sheep" how they thrilled with joy (to the tune).

As we pushed through this sunless jungle we bumped into the stench that rose from the mountain vapours and miasma. Big and small streams kept criss-crossing our path, soaking us wet while fording. We had spent three days cutting through untrodden paths. "Sleeping on the dew and dining in the wind" through the unbeaten track of a jungle wilderness we each made for the night-halt a temporary harbour of a hotel. Of the two palm sheets we each brought we improvised one for roof and the other for a bed covering. We cushioned our beds with branches laid side by side. We made smoky-fire out of dead wood around the four quarters of our encampment to keep poisonous snakes from attack.

At dead of night, there orchestrated a chorus of voices from insects, birds and wild beasts to the sighing of the wind and the gurgling of mountain brooks. They formed





Our jungle hotel.

themselves into a natural band striking up a melodious note with such perfect precision, that you must say it was a hilarious performance! Who says travel is lonesome? At midnight the mountain rains pattered down. One was obliged to behold the heavens weep till daybreak while embracing a bed of sleepless night.

During our journey we met with a rain pouring for two to three days. The road became muddy and slippery. Fortunately each one was clad with the peace of God. There was only one case of a slippery fall causing a sprained foot. This was the lot of the wife of that zealous witness. She had brought two children along, the older a girl of three and the younger a year-old boy. With one in front and the other on the back plus baggage on her hand, she trod on drenching wet. Over-fatigued, unawares, she tripped! At that time I was the only one lightly laden. The rest were weighed down. So I shared her burden of responsibility. I carried the three year old girl on my back. In one stretch we went over hill and dale, through thick spear-like undergrowth over a once-beaten track, in the slashing rain. We were all reduced to drenched fowls, head to foot, while the raindrops on the eye-brow made us appear all tears. Most unbearable was that little girl on my back who sobbed all the way. This experience stirred up a hundred feelings in my heart. It made me recall that famous rhyme of a psalm, "Tearful sowing, happy reaping."

We had run our course. We had reached our destination. Had we in vain gone through all those bitter hazards? Our blood and tears shed for nothing? No, no! "Labouring for Christ is not in vain". If we know our Bible verse, we know the Lord's promises are true and solid: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." A few hours after our arrival at the village of Benangin at the riverhead of Teweh, the news spread to the several neighbouring villages. Messengers from several places came to invite us, some sending as many as two or three emissaries. Merely receiving them kept us busy the whole day. They brought presents in humble measures, like a handful or rice, an egg, or some sticks of tapioca — expressions of their great expectations in and respect for us.

Quick as a twinkle, a busy and tense situation came upon us — getting the gospel out in this campaign, day and night, personal counselling and praying for the sick.....so much so that we had neither time to eat nor sleep. For two months we were hard put trying to cope with such a welter of events, with many a sleepless night. Often we were kept up till dawn. Because they were thirsty for the Truth, they unceremoniously got us out of bed for several nights. The fact was it was the Dyak's custom to stay awake all night for any big occasion. Forgetting we were not Dyaks, they so requested us. On my part, I saw what an opportunity was before us. Overtaken with joy, I became oblivious to reality. In the prime of life, I could stand up to several nights, but not for long. After all, man is made of flesh and blood, not to speak of engines of steel which need supply of water and lubrication. So, I fell ill after one month. Not willing to let slip the opportunity I dared not slacken. Though the sickness persisted, I continued holding the meetings or baptisms. Each baptism got us into water several hours, for each small session took in forty to fifty persons, and for a big one, up to two hundred and fifty. This got us occupied for another month. During the two months we held meetings in five places. We baptised a total of six hundred and thirteen.

There were several more villages that requested us to evangelise, when suddenly I received a letter from the paramount chieftain. It said co-worker Paul Lenn was very ill and had to be carried back. Paul being my junior, and stronger, was an amateur boxer. He seldom got sick. Now he had become so sick he could hardly walk. So much so it was rumoured he would soon die. I felt deeply disturbed. I felt miserable that he should grope alone in this sick condition. This news got me started to race back. The fact was I was quite indisposed myself. I could not go on in my own work. For the time being I had to conclude this programme. Arriving home I learned that Paul Lenn had contracted some malicious disease and was in coma for many days. He was taken by boat to hospital at Samarinda. I pressed on to Samarinda to see him but ended up in the same hospital there. Though Paul had fallen ill, God blessed his labours. Several hundreds were also baptised. This





Paul Lenn among the brave.

evidently showed that our labours in the Lord were not in vain.

Let me describe a little how we led them to Christ. The method we adopted was different from that in China. The method would neither be suitable to overseas Chinese settled in towns. Nor can the method be used hereafter. It is "first take, then teach". To use this method on our Chinese compatriots would be very dangerous. For our people have a high degree of knowledge inasmuch as they are exposed to temptations of the cities and more prone to sin. But not with the Dyak situation. They are a straightforward people. Moreover they are a docile people with a simple mind but sterling faith. Unless they do not understand what is the good of it and are still in doubt — else when they have got it, they will persevere to the end, little wavering. So, what we wanted was to get them understand some basic doctrines of salvation. And should the foundations of faith in their hearts be shallow or limited they could still persevere in the faith as ever.

Another factor was Borneo's unopened interior with a most inconvenient transport system. Though we were located in the mountains not far from there, owing to blocked communication, we were so near and yet so far. Owing to travel hazards and hardships of livelihood we could not remain long with them. Thus, were we to adopt the method of "teach first, then take", we would not, primarily, be able to do this ourselves. Circumstances forbade us to live a Dyak's life for long. Secondly, these were surrounded by heathen religions. Unless we adopted the method of opportunely receiving them into the fold, we had to face up to the traditional-old enemies of Christianity who were most likely to spoil our work by preventing them to come to Christ. And so, if we did not grasp the opportunity to baptise, we would have made the trip for nothing.

So, in the first two to three years, we baptised almost three thousand. A steady stream of baptisms flowed in through the succeeding years. No doubt there were not a few who "retreated from the faith", especially those of the Japanese occupation. The reasons for backsliding were: First, lack of nurturing. In the early days we had no

assistants. Later the Makasar Bible Institute sent us students "to do their practical". These were not only insufficient for fielding, but also inadequate in standard.

Second, the "disciples of a heterogeneous faith" kept up their attacks on us. Kutai, being once a Sultanate, was populated by "heterogeneous" disciples. Basically opposed to Christians, no wonder the progress of our work came under their fire of jealousy. This incited serious conflicts to their great pleasure. They went into the mountainous interior to trade. Exploiting the Dyaks' ignorance they often cheated them. They knew that when the Dyaks became Christians they would become wiser. This would spell the end of their profiteering. Hence all the efforts at disruption.

At first they spread all kinds of weird rumours. By becoming Christians they were to be taken to China to be made cannon fodder for the Japanese. By joining the Church they had to drink a cup of medicine from the pastor's hand. Then they would be taken out to sea and have their bellies split for the gold in them. "Don't you believe? How come so much money from America?" These rumours had made some inroads into the Dyaks until the paramount chieftain received Christ and was baptised with his subjects. They automatically fizzled.

However, a new style of malice was manipulated by stirring trouble amongst the Dyaks with money and politics. A little gift here, an added threat there. They tempted the believers to take concubines, gamble or indulge in other sins. They got them involved in religious litigations. They struck up a "snake-and-mouse" alliance with a power gang with the purpose of confronting us. This led to a serious persecution four or five years after the establishment of our work. In spite of this, the bulk of the Dyak Christians, though weak and fearful, stood — kept safe upon the Rock by His protection. Those who persevered in the Faith were the majority. This baptism of persecution came to the Dyak Church as a blessing in disguise.

Now, enemies without are easier to deal with than traitors from within. Without assistants we were like performing one-legged stunts, unable to cope with the many-sided tasks of nurturing. Though assistants were found, these being not born again were incompatible. Rather they became

stumbling blocks. Among the eighteen learner-students, some were quite adequate to the task, but were liable to temptation. Some were virtual traitors, renegades, who disrupted and spoiled our work. Others were simpletons and no better than the Dyaks. Of course there were those who, despite their limitations, did not do a bad job at all. Now, all these situations gave me not a few headaches. If they lacked technique in the work, that would not matter. At the worst they would finish a little late. The worst, indeed, was their irregularity of character. The majority of these learner-students were of little help to me and rather a burden. Truly one's gains were no recompense to one's losses. So there was a time when I was sunk in utter pessimism, like descending a deep valley, hemmed in on all sides by the enemy. Satan's offensive and oppression upon me was hurled with the objective of downing the shepherd — in order to scatter the sheep and devour them.

A student who lost heart in his work got into a craze to become a ringleader. Striking partnership with a primary school teacher of the "heterogeneous faith" he made the Church to rebel over a little incident. The storm broke out at Long Puti, the home village of the paramount chieftain, and it began right inside the palace. Conspirators were the chieftain's son-in-law and son, pillars of the Church. You see how ferocious was Satan's attack, how subtle his tactics! At that time the chieftain had died for some years. When he died I was at Samarinda, from whence I was summoned to officiate the funeral. When the deceased was put into the coffin his cousin spoke to the people. "Our Chief is gone to heaven. Fortunately, his brothers are here (referring to us in compliance with the recognition given us by the chieftain in his lifetime. Hence his village-subjects, old or young, addressed us as grandpas). Henceforth you must follow Grandpas' leadership to a bright future." Although we restrained ourselves assiduously from getting involved in politics, not willing to take part in anything not connected with the Faith, lest we be misunderstood by the Government officials, these people would pay us the respect and regard us truly as "royal uncles". Although the chieftain's son succeeded his father, we were still regarded as officials. We were consulted for any important matter affecting the people. When the chieftain's son ascended his father's throne it was through





A Dyak Christian Chieftain's funeral.



us that the blessing was given at a grand ceremony. Notwithstanding, the work we did was smashed by Satan in a few years. Alas, what bitter reminiscences!

But, praise be to the Almighty God, "For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." And I was "confident that He which had begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." So God gave me wisdom, and I quickly had to trouble-making students sent back to school. Later it was reported how these were expelled from school for theft. These students drifted about like vagabonds to their own destruction. Later those abettors, viz., the chieftain's son-in-law and son, were gradually awakened. They came personally to apologise and confess their mistake. We became friends again when the storm that finally broke subsided. But I had gone through this ordeal with a great sweat. My health had taken a good beating.

It all started with the Christmas celebrations that year. Whenever the Dyaks have any celebrations they love to slaughter a cow. The custom of slaughtering cows is by the hand of a Muslim, without which they cannot eat. Now slaughtering the cow is according to Muslim religious rite. This involves saying a prayer which I regarded as adversely affecting our Christian faith. It was better to lose friends than lose part of our faith. Involved with this rite there were many other rules which they also respectively kept. So practice became habit. But while that learner-student had purposely broken our church regulations, he would not submit to censure and even incited this storm. But God, in order to keep His Church pure and its laws inviolate, gave us the final victory. However, we can learn from this incident how Satan attacks us in every way possible, in the minutest circumstance, getting us trapped unawares. As leaders of the Church our lot often is to fight him face to face, a hard job by ourselves indeed! At any rate, we are absolutely never to shift our position nor compromise and bow ninety degrees to Baal, no not for any excuse nor for any reason.

The Lord Jesus says, "The kingdom of heaven is to be entered by violence." Paul also says, "We must through

much tribulation enter into the Kingdom of God." These statements are true. Christian pilgrims journeying to the Celestial Kingdom cannot always expect a smooth-sailing trip. It is in these troubles that the saint's mettle is tested.

When we first put into practice our "First take, then teach" method we were still rather apprehensive. Wasn't this method too hazardous? Through testings, however, we have obtained a good report, proving the method we've adopted to be correct. Henceforth were our misgivings dispelled.

During the decade past, the Dyaks had gone through not a little testing, especially from the threats and cajoles of those of the "heterogeneous faith". Once, there was the religious persecution, and another time, the Japanese southern invasion — these were evidently their great tribulations. In the Kutai sector, the Church at Suwakong was the first-established and most numerous, because the whole village became believers. But, they came through a raging plague once in which some deaths occurred everyday. At that time my wife and I chose to risk the plague to live in their village until the pestilence subsided. Praise the Lord, in the midst of tribulation, songs could still be heard inside the village.

Here is a beautiful testimony related by the village headman. During the plague he became so scared by the deaths that he tempted some dangerously ill with the prospect of giving up their faith or of secretly exorcising the evil spirits and demons. No one would accept such offer. Instead came their forthright reply, "Our lives are in the Lord's hand. Life and death are predestined. How could we take such unconscionable and unreasonable measures for the sake of our temporal bodies and sin against the Lord — to drop out half-way, to lose the everlasting bliss of our souls? We are getting nearer heaven now. Please don't disturb us, lest we be found wanting." So, many of the believers died in their faith. And there were many who were healed through prayer without any medicinal aid. The headman was converted through these testimonies. He gave up ever the thought of relinquishing his faith.

As to Banjermasin, we had over a thousand baptised believers, scattered in about ten villages. These villages originally came under the Banjermasin administration and were within the parish of the German Basel Mission. It is said the Basel Mission has had a hundred years history under the Banjermasin Government. But very few preachers ever came to the Teweh basin. If they did they were of itinerant nature. According to the aborigines, when they came with the gospel they came with a tirade against their superstitions. This rather scared them from acceptance of the doctrine. So the Basel Mission had long relinquished their responsibility to these village folks. Now that this news came to their ears, they picked up a row with us. Involuntarily we transferred these thousand odd believers to the Basel Mission's supervision. But several of these villages resolutely refused to come under their supervision who, on their part, had not the barest resource to supervise.

This stalemate lasted several years. During these years a vacuum of non-supervision prevailed. Logically such a state could not remain for long, for their faith was not strongly grounded. Surprisingly, they kept their faith as at the first, though the Basel Mission thereafter took the initiative to return four hundred of the believers to us. How did they, under no supervisory care, stand firm in the faith? No other cause than in God who showed Himself in this situation. That this parish should yield such a result today, truthfully, was wholly the work of God. Whether the Dyaks being converted came to be baptised in troops with no one excepted, whether the believers were consolidated and preserved in their faith, whether they be abandoned for a few years with neither teaching nor supervision, whether they stood firm after going through every trial, all these events revealed God working a mighty work in their midst. More so, they prove that Christianity is the only religion with abundant life, like the grass and flowers of the field that naturally grow with neither cultivation nor irrigation. This was of God. We must praise Him, all glory be unto Him.

Truly, truly, this foolish and good-for-nothing me, what is he in the sight of God? What I had, before God's eyes, were nothing. Placed in God's balance I would be lighter



than dust. But God who was with me showed His mighty works. And because the Lord Jesus kept the word of His promise according to Mark 16:20 we obtained those marvellous results. Jesus has said truly, "Because you have left me, you can do nothing." Whatever there is that I can do is entirely the work of the Lord Jesus. I recollected the several mighty works the Lord Jesus had done while labouring in Banjarmasin, without which, how could the thousand people come to Christ?

My work obtained results in the early stages of commencement when two hundred were baptised. This brought invitations from villages near and far to go to them for gospel meetings. Sweeping into their country like an army we incited the jealousy of disciples of the "heterogeneous faith." It first began with a village headman conspiring with a primary school teacher. These gathered a bunch of the "heterogeneous" disciples who planned to bring an accusation before the district officer of Muara Teweh. To do this they bought over a few Dyaks who went with them on a day-and-night forced march. The accusation stated that a Chinese from Kutai State was holding meetings in the mountain villages. He was a charlatan who got many villages into his net. Their future was jeopardised. Hearing this the district officer, like one "shrouded in five li (Chinese mile) of fog," chimed to their tune, "If that's the case, you can go back first. I will join you to get him arrested." The few of them returned elated, announcing to the villages en route the district officer's coming to make arrest.

At that time I had spent all my travel funds and had to take boat to Banjarmasin to wire Makasar. (Not knowing beforehand I had gone to Banjarmasin, Makasar dared not remit the money requested, fearing the request in my name was a fake. But I met a friend on the way viz., the captain of the boat I took. He supplied my needs. Now he and family are turned to the Lord.) This trip down and up that I took lasted ten days. So, when the district officer went up, I was on my way back to Banjarmasin. But, wonder of wonders, the little motor boat used by the district officer hit a rock and sank. He and his retinue were saved with the clothes on their back. The baggage, documents, type-



writer, long and short guns were captured by the river gods! When he got to the village with the most converts and began to investigate from the headman (who is called a "Singa", meaning "lion") he already saw the light. He did not make any noise.

On a second visit he was again accompanied by the Muslim headman and teacher, self-appointed mischief makers, and actors in a hoped-for arrest drama. No sooner had they seated themselves than I was back from outside. Seeing me entering, the district officer rose to his feet and gave me his hand, waiving any mutual introduction. He said, "Good brother, thank God for this opportunity of seeing each other." Actually he was a Christian, a reader of the Indonesian edition of **The Bible Magazine**. He had known the name of Dr. R.A. Jaffray the publisher. Without reiteration, the Christians gathered on this occasion were highly elated. The odd ones were the headman and teacher, self-appointed mischief makers, whose face now found nowhere to hide. Thus, without a sound, they slid away. Henceforth it was wonderfully reported amongst the Dyaks that the district officer was a careless fellow who would make arrest on the one-sided allegation of our enemy. Now he had himself found out the so-called charlatan was no ordinary person, but God's ambassador. No doubt the district officer was admonished in the boat mishap.

A certain village headman had sent three messengers to invite me specially to preach. En route they passed through a Muslim village where they stopped at a tea kiosk for a rest. They reached a point separated only by a river from our meeting place. But, being misled by the Muslims' threats and lies that some district officer was about to make arrest (who dared to seek the charlatan's help?), and making no inquiry, those messengers returned. The sequel to the three turning back was that they became dumb upon reaching home. This continued till the matter of arrest was cleared. The village headman again sent men to invite me to preach. The three listened to the Word and believed, whereupon their mouths opened as they testified, praising God.

Once, at a preaching service at the house of a certain village headman, all forty-odd members of the village willingly turned to the Lord. The headman was in throes of sickness,

unable to move, as reported, for six months. In the course of baptism I said to him, "Let me take the brethren into the water for immersion. After this I'll return to sprinkle you, since you can't move." Said he, "No, Sir! Unless the One you introduce me is not the True God, He can surely fulfil my desire for baptism. I am their headman in physical matters. I must also be their leader in spiritual matters. The gospel was first preached in my house. So I must be first to enter the water for baptism." I said, "Since you have this faith, I can pray for you." After my praying over him with laying on of hands he did get up and enter the water. When he got up from the water, he was also healed. On the other hand, his son absolutely refused to be baptised. The headman and his wife exhorted him all night, but in vain. The next day after I left, the son suddenly contracted a big boil on his back which put his life in jeopardy. And it was through his recently-recovered father that he was sent to hospital at Muara Teweh. This saved his life.

In another village there was a hard-hearted fellow. I spent three successive days there baptising, but he remained adamant. One night he saw me in a dream standing before him, reprimanding him with angry stare. Then with one hand I plucked a tall coconut-tree, root and all, and dashed it on the ground. I said to him, "If you remain stubborn without believing, God will similarly punish you." This dream frightened him for several days until I returned from Banjermasin. Whereupon, he spontaneously requested baptism and gave testimony before the congregation.

I held meetings in another village. As a result the village split into two camps. The village chief led two hundred people together to Christ, but his secretary headed the rest in defiance of the Word though he came with them to the meetings. On the day of baptism, the village folks gave a big feast with joyful songs of salvation. After prayer was offered we began to dine. My retinue of brethren and sisters sat on either side, not daring to stay apart. Now in a Dyak feast each guest would get his share, but I had received a special one. Feeling I could not eat it all, I offered to share with them on my two sides, but they refused. Unsuspicious,

I thought they were ceremonious. So, stretching my abdomen, I ate and ate. After dark we held another meeting. I taught them singing and preached into the night before we retired. A peaceful night, I got up next morning as usual. I conducted meetings again. After lunch we left for another village. Suddenly, a brother asked me, "Sir, how was it you were not dead last night?"

"Why should I have died?" I replied in astonishment.

"You had taken poison," he wondered as to why I had not known it.

"How could it be?" I believed not his word.

"True!" he explained, "When we were eating last night did you not want to share the chicken with us? We dared not eat because the chicken skin looked a suspicious colour, but we could not be sure one way or the other."

"Then why didn't you alert me?" I interjected. I was unhappy they were so irresponsible in respect of another man's life.

"We dared not tell you before so many people," he said. "We were truly scared of them, whilst we were not sure if the poison was real. Not until we went to bed in the dark when I heard them whisper you had eaten their poison. We were really afraid. If you died, how could we return to Kutai, to report to 'Grandpa'? So we prayed all night for you."

"Then," I pointed out to them, "you must believe what Jesus said, 'And these signs shall follow them that believe..... and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them.....' This Word is a thousand, yea, ten thousand times, sure."

The Lord being with me, miracles followed to authenticate my preaching. This was the reason why many were led to Christ. Many events proved the sincerity of their belief. Theirs was without guile, not for jumping on the bandwagon, not for protection, not by duress, not for greed or other reasons. Maybe some were of such a motive: As wood, hay, and stubble, these would not stand the fire test. For instance, at first they thought Christians were Americans and

feared to have anything to do with us. Having joined the Church, their reasonings were cleared—they felt a raising of their status, and now they were become "tuan" (masters). In the South Seas only white men were addressed "tuan". "Tuan" means not only "Sir" but also "Master". We overseas Chinese seem not worthy of this term either. So normally we are called "towkay" or "proprietor" by the aborigines. But during the Japanese occupation, they were afraid of unhappy entanglement. They felt that becoming "tuan" was a hard job, and so withdrew from the faith. This was due to the non-Christians scaring them, "When the Japanese come, they'll look out for Americans to kill them."

I've discovered that an evangelist tastes a whole gamut of flavours—from salt, sour, sweet, bitter to pungent, fragrant, stringent, rank, yes, none of these escaping him. This is especially true living among the Dyaks. Here life is kaleidoscopic, and full of surprises. Sometimes he is exalted like a god, at other times despised like dung. Our antagonists treat us like dirt and garbage but amongst believers we are addressed as grandpas or fathers, so attached by them as paint and glue.

Whenever we came to a village they would receive us way ahead of the approaches, calling and crowding around. Whenever we said good-bye they would send us off en masse men and women, old and young, singing at every stage. This was no less than showing courtesy to their Sultan. They did not know what an evangelist was nor could they differentiate between a minister and a missionary. Nor did they know our names and surnames. They simply called us according to their needs and expectations in us. So they called us "Tuan Selamat," (Mr. Salvation) or "Tuan Salib" (Mr. Cross).

Living in Dyakland was a laborious life. We travelled either on foot or by canoe. This often took us over hills and through rivers and fords. Mountaineering brought slippery hazards, while on the rivers, dangers of capsizing lurked. Sometimes we spent a night in jungle, sometimes we halted at a sank bank. Sweat, sweat, sweat was the order of the day. When we arrived at a village, no sooner was our luggage unloaded than we were swarmed with a hundred items of business. Whether in asking for prayer or medicine,

in private counselling or solving some problem, I was become a Dr. Everything. I was not only preacher-pastor, but also doctor, nurse, teacher, judge, cook, attendant, even their parent, a hundred offices rolled into one. To meet their needs I was obliged to study many medical books to fortify myself with the common medical knowledge and to prepare some common recipes. Owing to lack of funds we had no means to buy the more expensive drugs. So, we got them from the forests after the arts of Shen Nung (Chinese progenitor of medicine). We learnt the effective use of many herbs and from the mountains we discovered a full range of them. Someone has said, "Man is not afraid of poverty. Poverty adapts and adaptation resolves." This is a true statement. Praise the Lord! What we must more praise the Lord about is that the believing heart of the Christian is better than many medicines. Though they get quite sick, they can be healed by prayer with anointing if they have faith.

When I first arrived in their midst what made me squirm within was their non-understanding of common physiological knowledge. For instance there was a woman in labour. Now they did not know if the time of delivery was come. In her agonising, they would summon a few old women who came with callous hands and briskly squeezed and pinched. Such artificial inducement of birth with a view to reducing labour pains was a dangerous process. But they had not believed the Lord, so I kept clear, lest through a slip by a ten-thousand-to-one chance, this might become Satan's handle of attack. When they believed the Lord and were counted our people, naturally and psychologically they should conclude I would not harm them. I told them that the one and only to be trusted was the Lord Jesus, while I helped alongside as best as I could. Thanks be to God, I got a secret midwifery formula, and with God's unseen help I have not only had an expeditious record, but also an attainment of seeing all my deliveries each one grow in health and loveliness. For this cause my business was not a little multiplied, so that a call might come at mid-night to get me one or two hours through some crooked wild mountain path to a padi-field hut.

Looking back, those ten odd years of work and livelihood seemed to be a craze, especially the first couple of years.



With high spirits one could little practise self-restraint. In the prime of life one was reckless. This brought about irregular hours of sleeping, rising and eating. This irregularity affected the harmony of every phase of living, breaking its law. In addition to this, we lacked the physical provisions in the mountains. Undernourished, my resistance lowered each day. The mountain country, in a word, was a sick kingdom. My energy and strength being spent, my health came under great wear and tear. Although this was the case, my furlough was delayed. I asked Dr. Jaffray several times for transfer, but my successor could not be found. By 1935 my bodily strength sank to its nadir. My inner organs not functioning properly, I was forced to tender resignation to Dr. Jaffray, irrespective of his granting or not. I was prepared to return to China, on my own. It was then that Dr. Jaffray was coerced to let me go, though requiring me to promise to return, with health restored. After my departure, Dr. Jaffray sent Mr. Chan Wing Sun to the South. Not long after he commenced his language study, Paul Lenn also left the field—and that during my furlough—to return to China to marry.

During my convalescence back home, I made lantern slides of our work and life. I also edited a "South Islands Calling" special to report to our people the condition of evangelisation in the South Seas. It happened that co-worker Rev. Chang Tou Hang had also returned on business. So I joined him on a deputation tour of Hong Kong, Canton, Shanghai, Nanking, Wuchang, Hankow, Changsha, etc. Thereafter I was invited to Swatow to hold meetings. I planned to tour all-China to awaken the Church to her responsibility of "overseas evangelisation". Owing to shortness of time, the Netherlands Indies visa running out, I had to prepare "going south," and my original plan fell through. Wherever we went, we found the Church's interest in "overseas evangelisation" greatly stirred. Liberal offerings were given while some resolved to offer their lives to labour thus for the Lord. At several places prayer bands were started to support us. When I returned to Shanghai, I drafted a proposal to Dr. Jaffray to reorganise the Chinese Foreign Missionary Union, to revamp and strengthen its sinews, and make this missionary band an all-China team. Personnel

should be pooled in order to a greater outreach, and a liason body established in Shanghai and Hong Kong. A general secretary should be appointed and a regular magazine published to propagate the work. In every big city a promotion council should be formed through each local church council who should be responsible for its organisation. "Overseas Evangelisation Day" should be instituted for one Sunday every year at which the subject of overseas missions be preached from every pulpit. At this service an appeal should be made for workers and an offering for the work taken. All this was to intensify the overseas ministry, especially towards overseas Chinese, with the view of consolidating the Missions financial structure away from relying on foreign funds. Maybe my ideas were too naive, for my proposal got no further than Dr. Jaffray's waste-paper basket. At this juncture Dr. Jaffray's attitude seemed to have taken a turn. The initial inspiration and determination seemed to have dissipated in him. What was known as the Chinese Foreign Union to some eyes was the embodiment of an empty name.

On September 30, 1941 I wrote a Report on the Dyak Church of Borneo. This is now reproduced in synopsis. That the condition of the Church there was an encouragement to many and a thanksgiving to God may be seen as follows:—

A first common phenomenon of the Church of this district is that whether men or women, old or young, they know prayer and love to pray. For they all find prayer not merely as a kind of religious rite, but a kind of action that braces the daily livelihood. Without prayer they simply could not exist. So they must pray to cope up with anything. Children of four or five would pray at meals and bedtime, and that not confined to one or two bright ones.

Once a Western missionary went with us to visit the Churches. Seeing that the believers would very naturally and unaffectedly pray in every undertaking, he breathed a sigh to me, "Such spirituality on their part puts me to shame."

There was an eight-year-old girl who went with me in my preaching tours. Running ahead, she unfortunately kicked against a stump. Uninjured, she naturally said a quick "Praise the Lord!" Before our preaching band returned

I said to the girl, "Beautiful, I love you very much. You've helped me very much by singing. Since you follow me wherever I go, why not be my daughter? Else, when shall I see you again?" At this, a five-year-old girl spontaneously chimed, "Never mind, Sir, we can pray for one another." Such phenomenon cannot come out of the blue.

Through their love for prayer and earnest trust in God, God had shown His loving-kindness upon them, with miracles, so that on every Wednesday evening many new and beautiful testimonies were given. Every prayer meeting was a long drawn affair often till midnight by reason of their many testimonies. They had no medicines, but prayer was their only method of cure. In regard to prayer-healing and their faith, four dispensations of such may be observed.

In our visitations at the very beginning, the sick family would only ask for medicine; then, as time went on, they would ask for medicine plus prayer; subsequently prayer and, by the way, medicine. Now, they asked for prayer and no more medicine, unless it was given by you. If some of them got sick, they would pray themselves immediately or come together in group prayer without anymore relying on the evangelist. From these developments you can see what spiritual progress they had made.

The second general phenomenon about them is the love for singing. A musically gifted people, even old grandmas keep singing ceaselessly. Optimistic by nature, all their woes and difficulties disappear in song.

Once an old man fell from high ground and twisted his bones. While many rushed about to give him first-aid his old wife, however, took her sweet time to come home. When bystanders rebuked her for not hurrying back to render help she smilingly replied, "Why worry? With Jesus here wasn't it better than with me?" She then picked up her song.

Recently a five-to-six year old girl and her mother accompanied me out preaching. Unawares, she fell and broke her arm, a compound fracture. Evidently a serious case, I asked her at time of applying medicine if it hurt? With a little smile she said, "With Jesus, no pain," while her mother sang happily.

Whenever I went on a trip I would prepare eight or ten new songs to teach them. Although the songs were lengthy, up to four or five verses, they could retain them in mind without missing a letter. For they would rehearse up to four or five hours, never feeling fatigued. At every meeting we would spend up to an hour's singspiration. Everyday, outside their siestas, you could hear the happy salvation songs issuing out of their mouths — in the village, in padi-fields, by rivers or on the road.

A third general phenomenon was their love for the Word, "as the hart panteth for the water brooks." Before this they had their primitive religion. After hearing the Word they knew that from their ancestors to themselves they had been defrauded by the old religion. So they resolved now to seek after the new religion of Christian Truth. Whatever they had obtained, they clung fast to it, never relenting. Between Kutai and Banjarmasin there are four villages with about four hundred believers. Being out of our bounds, we could not visit them again. Now since they refused to accept the leadership of the Church there they declared, "Every man has his father, every tree his trunk." For this reason the case stood pending several years while they remained unvisited by evangelists. During these years this region became an evangelistic vacuum. The most that evangelists had visited them totalled not more than three or four times. Every time the visit lasted at most three or four nights. This shows that they did not receive much of the Word. Such a lonesome, under-nourished situation was pitiful indeed. But they astonished you in the degree of their keeping the Faith. From their receiving the Word and baptism to this day, eight years have elapsed, and all the opportunity they had of listening to the Word was during the three or four nights. But they knew prayer, and everyone knew how to sing.

I just now related the story of that girl. Well, she belonged to that district. From whence did they obtain these? Who had been their succourer and shepherd? The fact is they knew that we had a resident Dyak preacher in every village on the Kutai side. So their young people have been coming over successively to learn from these preachers. After three months or so they returned with the knowledge received to teach the village folk. They knew that we were

prevented from visiting them or from sending workers to them by the boundary problem. So they have sent young men to come and learn the doctrines. How assiduous is such pursuit of knowledge!

There is a village with a four-year-old Church, but never visited by any evangelist. In my recent visitation, I came here for the first time in order to baptise a group of ten. Such a Church, like one with neither father's upbringing nor mother's nurture was no better than a forsaken orphan. It began with several from that village hearing the Word at a neighbouring village and receiving baptism. These went back and gathered a group to hear the Word. Those who first heard the Word and were baptised became preachers to them. They led a group of unbaptised believers to worship God, keep the Sabbath, attend prayer meetings like any other Church.

Some waited in vain for the evangelist to come. Impatient, they crossed mountains and rivers for several days, a rugged journey to Kutai this side to seek the Word and be baptised. Such an effort is repeated many times. I have baptised two hundred white-haired old men who have taken such a rough journey. I felt deeply moved for having caused them to come at such odds.

At Christmas year before last that zealous and faithful believer again brought a party of friends over to keep the festival and get baptised. Whereupon I ordained him deacon of that Church. This is how that Church was born and bred. Truly, they have never been nurtured by human hands nor taught through man's enterprise. This all the more manifested God's great power that Christ's Church is full of vitality. The founding of this Church was like Jesus' conception, being entirely conceived by the Holy Spirit, absolutely devoid of any human power entering therein. Praise the Lord!

Recently our Church launched a popular Read-the-Bible movement. Everyone would regard knowing how to read the Bible and having a copy in hand as glory. Through such a movement was born a literacy movement—men and women, old and young, all sought diligently to study. Suddenly, the Beginner's Reader and the Bible both became best sellers. There is a village, Berong by name, with the fastest progress record. At every meeting the majority had



their Bibles and songs complete with exercise books and pencils. These would take notes while the sermon was preached, like theological students in class. This made me forget I was in Dyakland.

They are in unceasing pursuit of improvement. They are soon completing a central church building. In the rest of the villages church buildings are under planning. There are no more districts for evangelism. They are become organised Churches. One by one things are falling in line, decently and in order, according to the Word — no more that old life of the mountain aborigines. They sought in all things to follow the rules of propriety, etiquette, and culture; whereas adultery and fornication were open secrets, now they were deemed most shameful. They regard mass wedding as the most glorious event in life, so much so some old men said, "Let us have a new chance at it." They admire the present day youth for their blessing and happiness. Every Christmas they hold an inter-district conference and united revival meeting to promote the simultaneous progress of church work and spirituality.

At this point, let me include "A Record-breaking Conference" that we might visualise what sort of a Conference the Second Inter-District Conference, 1940 was. (In December 1941 the Pacific War broke out. The state of emergency there and thereafter put a stop to such a Conference): "I have been coughing for nearly three months and suffering from sleepless night. Before the great work approaching, for a week I have been lying as it were in the water. Every night I perspired profusely, changing clothes seven or eight times. These clothes were so soaked through that you could wring out the water. I know this is Satan's work, but, this is none other than the darkness before Light. I prayed with all my might. Nevertheless, I must press on to the end. The great work is before me. I cannot drop out. I must fight for final victory. Praise God, in the darkness, I have sought and found the light. A few days before Christmas I set out cumbered by illness to break through this dark surrounding to accept the responsibility entrusted to me. The Second Inter-District Conference has come. During eight days meetings we have assembled with forty to fifty Dyak Church leaders and delegates.

We discussed and determined the doctrines and regulations to be observed by the fourteen Churches of this district. Henceforth they would take on the proper image of a church-district and no more remain an evangelism-district — a new image of organisation and order. During the conference the people seemed to have awakened to a new reality as they spontaneously exclaimed, "This is it!".

On Christmas Eve we held a big welcome meeting. The next morning was the Christmas Service. Every Church was represented by a choir, properly dressed and attired. The atmosphere of the Service was solemn. After service we baptised twenty-nine men and women. In the evening we had a Christmas party at which 50 items were lined up on the programme, including some well-acted plays. This was a first in the history of the Dyak Church.

In conjunction with the Christmas celebrations we held a combined revival meeting, another first. Believers and non-believers from twelve or thirteen villages, totalling 400, assembled. To feed the people we consumed ten buckets of rice a day. This went on for eight or nine days, three long meetings a day. We had launched out into battle, but this poor me was so weak. Yet the conference required my personal direction since it was a "first". Thanks be to God, the eight or nine days passed without a hitch. God's power had overshadowed my weakness and His glory was mightily manifested.

The meeting ended in a solemn mood. In this revival we exposed the sins of cold-heartedness, backsliding, theft, adultery, concubinage, robbing of another's wife, polyandry, witchcraft, intent to murder, evil-speaking against God's servants, breaking of Church laws, gambling, double-dealing — indeed all the hidden sins in everyone's heart. To give the people time for prayer and confession the evening meetings were lengthened to midnight. Some wept bitterly for their sins, some danced for joy for God's forgiveness. Open confession was made of sins, a thing deemed impossible with the Dyaks before this. Praise the Lord, this was the Holy Spirit's work!

The following statistics were arrived at from the several reports of preachers and delegates from the Churches. Apart

from the members and Churches transferred to the Basel Mission, the total baptised membership for 1939 stood at 964. Baptised in 1940: 77. Recanted 13. Repented 36. Births 27. Deceased 14. Married 10 couples. Including children the total membership would be at least 3,000, not counting catechumens. From past experience we gradually changed our policy. During the last few years, we have stressed on quality than quantity. Now that the Church was established we need to lay good foundations with every care.

In the matter of contributions, the Dyaks could only give in kind and work. Whenever the missionary visited they would come in flocks to carry his baggage. At the beginning of harvest they would offer their firstfruits. They build their own Church or meeting house, including the missionary's lodge. Now they also practise cultivating of the Church's land. Their produce is plentiful, covering every hillslope. If each member would spend just one hour gathering the produce once a month, the reaping would suffice support of the preacher for the whole month. On top of the ground produce, they rear cows and sheep, fowls and pigs, without capital outlay. A little offering from each person would suffice the Church's upkeep.

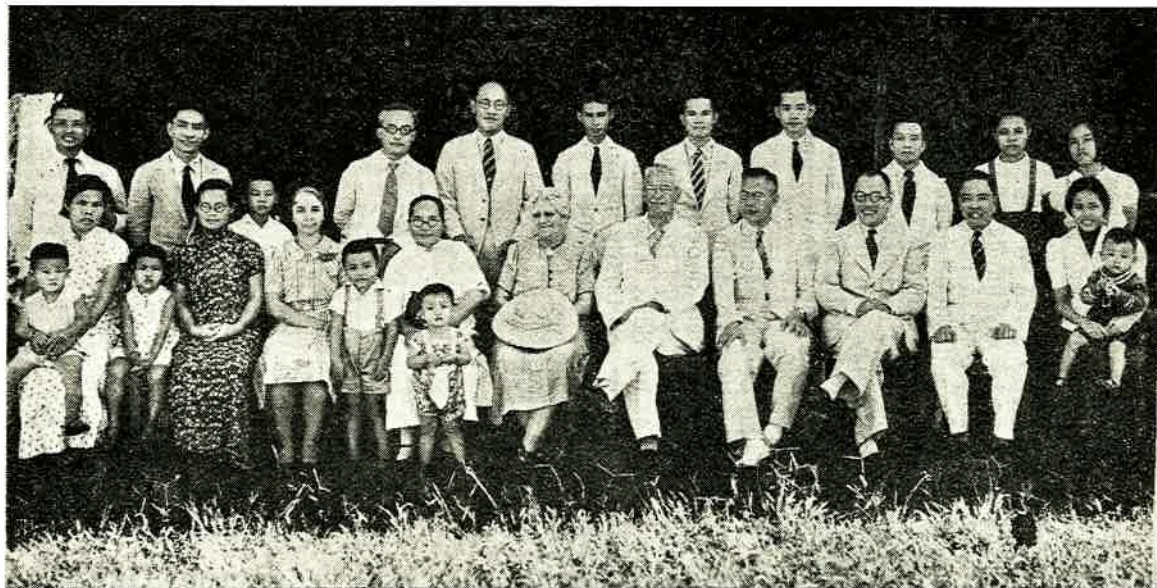
The six young people who dedicated their lives were now under practical training. Soon another twenty would join the Bible School. Amongst the trainees was one from Teweh now sent to work with his people. So they don't feel lonesome any more. Several young people after training in Makasar would soon return and lead those Churches over there. At that time the so-called problem of territorial division was changed from being a heavy burden. Yes, they have awakened to their own responsibility to go and save their own kinsmen."

When I penned the Report above on the Dyaks, I had worked with them for over a decade. I was preparing to leave the field because I was getting on in years and my strength was diminishing. These indicated to me I should no more linger in those surroundings. Since the Church's founding it had taken form and shape. But though I held on till the year's end, no suitable successor was in sight. Suddenly the Pacific War broke out! (Co-worker Rev. Chan

Wing Sun went to Makasar that year to marry, and left our field altogether). The reason why I stayed put by this helpless flock against bitter odds was to guard against the wolves, lest all the lifeblood given to this work be spent in vain. The situation faced by my family at this hour was like some wild vine crushed beneath a boulder, trying to wriggle out. We planted, herded, and traded to keep our family body and soul together, and to help out our co-workers. Our two years of a struggling existence had gone by. Those sons of perdition excepted, my family and those ten-odd Churches with several Indonesian co-workers, were saved by the Name of Christ. My heart overflows with thanks and praises to the God whom I serve all my life.

With the conclusion of the Pacific War, that jungle life I had led for over a decade also came to a close. In 1946 I officially left this field. I said goodbye to those lovable, innocent children of nature. As I retrospect with bowed head I can say I had done my duty. I had fought that head-on battle, through every thorny and bristly situation. That once-upon-a-time wild country is now become a fruitful field.

This bovine pioneer in me, shouldering heavy plough, made a turn to another field.



The last workers conference of CFMU presided over by Dr. Jaffray at Makasar, April, 1941. A few months after this the Pacific War broke out, and the CFMU went into hibernation. Dr. Jaffray was called home at the end of the War, while Mrs. Jaffray also went into glory shortly after her repatriation.



## Chapter Seven

### BRUISED REED AND FLICKERING LAMP

#### 壓傷的蘆葦

馬太十二 20(來四 15)

蘇佐揚 John E. Su

First system of musical notation in E-flat major, 9/8 time. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The time signature is 9/8. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes.

E♭ 9/8 3#2 3 | 1 • 5 • 1 4 • 1 | 3 - 3 5 4 | 4 • 2 • 7 5 2 | 1 - |

壓傷的蘆葦，祂不折斷，將殘的燈火，祂不吹滅，

Second system of musical notation in E-flat major, 9/8 time. The melody continues on the treble clef staff, and the accompaniment continues on the bass clef staff. The key signature remains three flats. The time signature remains 9/8. The melody ends with a double bar line. The accompaniment ends with a double bar line.

3#2 3 | 1 • 5 • 3 5 7 | 6 - 1 7 6 | 5 • 3 • 2 6 7 | 1 - ||

耶穌肯體恤，祂是恩主，祂愛我到底，創始成終。

*A bruised reed shall He not break,  
And smoking flax shall He not quench.  
What wayward child can Grace forsake?  
O come to Jesus, the sinner's Friend!*

(Matt. 12:20; Heb. 4:15)

In Chapter Three I gave a brief description of the painful sorrows brought upon me by the Japanese, more than I ever suffered in all my life. Though the Japanese had not hurt my body nor scolded me, I almost lost my life by reason of my clerical title. As a minister of Jesus Christ I had honestly revealed my identity to them. Once I was indulged in a conversation with the manager and his assistant of a Kabushiki Kaisha (a limited trading company). The assistant manager very unceremoniously said to me, "You pastors are all running dogs of the British and Americans!" "No, Sir, you are wrong!" I retorted sharply and openly. "A true minister of Jesus Christ has nothing to do with politics. He stands in a superb position, with neither back-drop nor backing. He has the God of Heaven only." The manager being more understanding tried to help out. He told his assistant to look at the facts properly and not to take the exception as the rule. Did the matter end at that? Not so simple, it began to grow into a tangled mess.

The raging waves of the Pacific War were a sequel to the rainstorm of the July Incident (outbreak of Shanghai War, 1937). These raging waves had swept away lives and properties, and above all many precious souls. In this Great World War heavy losses were sustained not only in the material but also in the moral and cultural. The latter had suffered very gravely and mercilessly. Mankind's material and spiritual culture had almost sunk in bankruptcy. Mankind's physiological and psychological well-being was stripped almost to nothingness. As one looks back painfully after the event, one could tear to pieces those international tyrants! But, Lord, have mercy on us! Mankind was lying under the hand of the Wicked One. Mankind was like a silly little cricket, that was all!

June and July, 1942 were the darkest and most distressing days of my life. Both of us, husband and wife, suffered worse than imprisonment. We were like locked up in the city of sorrow and sitting on a carpet of needles. For, Satan had not only cast us in the midst of enemies, without and within, but also put us into such an impossible situation as to be deserted by kith and kin. We went through what Paul in earlier years had undergone (II Tim. 5:16). Were it not for God's protection, I had long ended this frail life.

At that time, the Dutch-Indonesian Army surrendered, but the Japanese Government had not sent officers to take over. The mountain districts came under a vacuum. The Christians in the interior were afraid and the native preachers, being deficient in common knowledge, were unable to hold the Church and the hearts of the people together. For this reason we were obliged to move to stay with the believers in their village to accompany them for the duration till the Japanese officers came to take over. At the same time I took advantage of this period of calm to visit the whole parish to still the hearts of the people. But the step I took was like a false move in chess. I was taken for a fearful fugitive. Yet, this would not bother me. What followed was Satan's open assault.

The District Officer made a grand tour of the villages and exhorted the people to submit to the Japanese. But when he came to villages with Christians he strongly assailed the Church, accusing the deacons and leaders of the Church for taking too much power, so much so that the Church had subtly become a government within a government. He accused that the taking of offering of rice and first-fruits of harvest was no different from a form of taxation. Furthermore he upbraided the Christians for their self-importance and their unmerciful regard for non-Christians. This amounted to cutting themselves from their own tribe. He declared that he had received piles of complaints. It was no joke for Christians to be so unruly. Such unintelligent talk might have ensued from their misunderstanding, but he had put such a burden upon us that we could little afford to be easy. But we did not believe the Japanese would be such fools. More often that was the lot of the Christians. They were really scared this time by the wild rumours from outside. Of course those disciples of a heterogeneous faith and the petty government officers could not have wished less to make trouble at such a time as this to bring our downfall. In this way the Dyaks' livelihood would deteriorate and give them a free hand to swindle their goods and molest their women.

Just at this time the Government had notified the village headmen by letter to cease all meetings during the period of change in order not to give the enemy a chance

to query. Everybody knew this was an act of administration by the Government during any political crisis. There was nothing unusual about it. Owing to the Dyaks' illiteracy they were cheated. Those disciples of a heterogeneous faith declared that the Japanese hated Christianity most and prohibited the Christians to assemble because Christianity was propagated from America. (The fact was all religious meetings were prohibited including those at the mosques). Furthermore they said anyone daring to confess himself a Christian before the Japanese could hardly keep his head.

Until now the Dyak Church had entered a period of hibernation. Henceforth, she was confronted with the crisis for survival. The believers in the mountainous interior became restless. They felt they could not cope with the situation. They urged me quickly to go down to the Japanese to get a permit to preach. Yet they were afraid I might run away. Like dragons without a head they were unable to face up to any eventuality. My many explanations and consolations to them were of no avail. Fortunately, they were schooled by the Christian faith, and their untameable wild nature had now somewhat been repressed, else under tension there could have resulted an insensible loss of human life. So, it can be said, we had come to a dangerous situation, on the brink of death. This page from my diary says:

"Friday, 3rd of July, rain and humid heat. Today the weather is dark and depressing, like the condition of my heart.

As I look upon my own future, it is dark and mirky, like the cumulus clouds in the sky. Simultaneously, I also think this bank of dark cloud will disperse some day. I do not believe man can prevail against God. I do not believe God's work can come to nought. If the worst come to the worst and I be sacrificed, I believe the Church here will not be destroyed. Rather, through the sprinkling of my blood, it will grow up more gloriously. For, should I be killed by a plot, this is not my failure but my victory.

Under all the stresses and strains, the waves of unrest within me could hardly be contained. But, I must preserve calm at all costs. I must plan my own release from

incarceration in this city of sorrow, lest I lose the faculty of action. The troubles ahead should not allow me to dissipate my énergies. The more important thing is rather that I should build and produce....."

Thanks and praise be to God! The events through which I now passed were greater than those during the ten years of work. The Lord taught me the lesson of patiently coping with eventualities, of knowing the human heart, and to sweep away all the dross of encumbrances from myself. On several occasions I wanted to run but could not. So I lingered on till now. Who could tell if this was not God's will to keep me here to go through this crucible experience? So, this change of circumstances had been wrought for my sake and I am here for these events. The will of God is perfect, Hallelujah!"

I could little bear up to all that I went through, but Satan would not relax and further put on the pressure. It was like a wave-after-wave attack. Satan and temptation followed hard upon each other's heel.

It seemed God was forcing us to leave the mountain district. Through many situations and connections, it seemed He would not allow us to stay on. But where could we go? We had returned our house to the owner. We were like a bereaved family's dog. Later on we were invited to stay by a former Hokkien neighbour. Although the house was very small we were obliged to stay on while making plans. In this way were we delivered from that cage of a situation darker than painful imprisonment. Happily it was God's liberation, else we would have perished in that cage. Both of us were down with illness, and on top of that we had the added headache of facing up to the situation. Every evening I experienced profuse perspiration and other symptoms that affected my body.

In the wild mountainous country where we lived we were cut off from relatives, medicines and good food. As things got worse each day I became like a drifting rudderless boat. My heart all confused, I was resigned to Heaven's call. Were it not for God's moving upon some believers, especially a young couple, to supply us, we had ended up with an empty



larder. Especially, Mei Chan a young lady, how she would send us things wrapped in words of faith and wisdom that moved us to tears. She looked upon me as her father and begged me not to leave her. But now I have left her eight or nine years, and shall I ever see her again before we meet in heaven? As I look back to those times how my heart yearns and vexes.

I must praise the Lord for one thing. During those days when I was most beset with uncertainty, fear and distress, God still gave me an inspiration to write. Under the roar of a hundred heavy planes overhead, the booming of cannons and sniping of rifles, I buried my head in the composition of my "Bible Silhouettes." Many of my poems were written at this time. At present, the writing of this book is reliant on much of the diary material I put together in those days.

My wife was left for a season at the house of the Hokkien brother. I went to Samarinda to get the preaching permit. At that time communications were most inconvenient. All shipping came under Japanese control.

It happened there was a Hokkien family removing, which enabled me to hitch a ride in their little boat. This trip took us nine full days. At Samarinda I stayed with a Mr. Chung. Since I made the application I had to wait for the news, which took quite a long time. Considering the overseas Chinese Churches at Tarakan and Balikpapan were under my superintendency, I thought it would be good to visit and comfort the believers. A second consideration was to find out the situation: in case the Government had any question about my application, I could give a factual reply. But as to money? It cost to travel! Penniless, how could I go? God opened a way for me this time. A friend had come from Tarakan. He said, "Before the Japanese landed the whole town was burnt down. With a grave shortage of goods, anything coming into port there, even rubbish, would sell." With the help of some friends I got some goods on credit. Then with much trouble and through many difficulties I got a permit. Thus, I became a "towkay" (proprietor).

A green horn of a trader, this was no easy business. The bitterness cannot be described except to one who has gone through it. But success on the first occasion begat much enthusiasm. At the same time I thought, "With no reply to my application and no preaching permit, what's the necessity of returning to the mountains? Penniless, how could I live even a day? So, I must be determined to go into business."

Fortunately, as I slowly learned the trade and succeeded each time, I got more backing from my friends who would advance me the capital. My business expanded day by day. I was away from the mountainous interior for eight-and-a-half months.

The second time I came to Tarakan I was accompanied by a Chinese Christian village headman and we got the permit from the Japanese officer. We resumed our services on a Christmas Day. But the village headman later got arrested for hoarding a radio set. Fearing implications and troubles we ceased to meet.

Eight-and-a-half months of sailing easily slipped by. If all went well, I thought of continuing on. Anyway, as application for the preaching permit fizzled without even an acknowledgment, I thought I might as well take this opportunity to get a few more military currency. First, to solve my own problem of livelihood; second, to support co-workers in the mountains. I knew our co-workers in the mountains must be hard up. If I had no money, I could not make a way for them. Especially during such chaotic times, without money on hand would find you cold shouldered wherever you went. But, suddenly, several letters from my wife came to hand urging me to return. The fact was, since I left the mountains, the disciples of the heterogeneous faith had been working mischief against several of our native co-workers. They had falsely accused them, so much so two of them were arrested. It was after my return and intervention that the matter was peaceably settled.

After this I made it clear where we stood with the Japanese commander and the Government. Then I went visiting co-workers in every village, consoling the believers,

and giving the workers their funds and paid for their hire-tax. I advised them to keep calm and plant and to cease holding religious meetings for the time being. Then I returned to Samarinda to resume being "towkay" again.

When I got down to Samarinda I found reunion with my son! Oh, what joy, in time of trouble! Before the war he was studying at Makasar. When the Japanese came, every school was closed. He had now crossed the Makasar Straits with a friend in a little sail boat to return home. I sent him back to the mountains, and set out for Tarakan with the goods.

My days of trading were short-lived. They lasted only for a year. The Allies were counter-attacking in earnest. Sometimes Allied submarines would surface during the night and ride abreast with our shallow-bottomed motor boats. I felt this was no joke. At this time God enlightened my understanding, and I closed down the business. I returned to the mountains. Thereafter, someone told me that the boat in which I was sailing hitherto was sunk when it went out to sea after my departure. Thanks be to God, my life was saved. Besides I was reunited with my wife and son.

After returning to the mountains I could not remain staying in the home of the Hokkien brother, for we had increased to three mouths in the family. At the same time that brother had commenced to trade with the Japanese by collecting mountain produce. So, with several scores of military rupiahs, I bought an old dilapidated hut opposite theirs. We mobilised ourselves and got the same repaired. We stayed here contented. At this time the Japanese Army ordered all the people to increase production. So we decided to cultivate the vacant plot before the house. In fact, without their order, we would have done the same. With the War raging overseas and communications between the islands blockaded, we could not get any supplies from outside. We were obliged to self-help. So, I gave up trading for farming and redoubled production. We made a garden out of a jungle plot beside the house. We planted melons and vegetables. We kept poultry and duck. At the back of the village we cleared another plot to plant padi, and made quite

a good show of it. The Japanese trading company, in order to gather the local produce, extended its operations to the mountains. At our port there were four or five of their officers, as more Japanese came. Their main items of food were rice supplied by the Dyaks, and large quantities of pork and vegetables which were airlifted even to neighbouring towns. The latter items were what the Muslims could not supply or produce, and became a Chinese monopoly.

At that time there were only a few scores of Chinese in town. The Japanese gave us awards for our work. So, my family joined up with the Hokkien family to rear over a hundred pigs. We became experts in the prodigal son's business. For the sake of elevating their Hoggish Majesty, we willingly condescended to be their slaves. Daily we rowed around to look for feeds. We fed and washed them. We swept their pens and gathered their dung. Sometimes, we became jealous of the pigs and could hardly suppress a long sigh, "Man is not equal to the pigs. Alas! I'd rather be a wartime pig than be a man of turbulent times." Once, the Japanese held a Farm-produce Exhibition for the whole town. I got a first prize for vegetable-growing, an embarrassment or an encouragement?

In fact, we knew beforehand that the Japanese victorious advance southwards would be short-lived. We saw this from the behaviour and attitude of the Japanese, for they had no heart to go through a long occupation. So, we went along with them to produce more food, not merely for maintaining our livelihood, but rather by force of circumstances. We overseas Chinese are best in stock-taking. Should we close shop for a few years we would not starve to death. But this was impossible, for if we did not do as we did we would not be cooperating. This would be tantamount to passive resistance to Japan. Though we would not starve to death we might die all at once. So, those short-sighted people who looked askance at us would take the opportunity to retaliate.

There was another matter that forced us to serve the Japanese. It was the supply of daily necessities like salt, oil, sugar, petroleum, soap, coming under absolute Japanese control. These commodities were distributed to their trading

companies which bartered them with those who served them or supplied them with necessities.

But things changed. These goods that came to the hands of the rationed or the employees of the trading companies made their way into the market. With money in hand one could buy without worry. This situation deflated the zeal to produce more food. Truthfully, whether Chinese or native, no one had the heart to work for the Japanese. This angered them, which brought on an order that everyone must have an occupation. In the circumstance, those impersonating scoundrels and mischief-makers thought to bring trouble on the Chinese. Anti-Chinese activities took place openly and public speeches were made. The whole district embraced over two hundred Chinese, but these were little educated and were helpless to cope with this persecution. According to their scheme they would drive the overseas Chinese to desperation—to hard labour or to death.

What is termed "overseas Chinese," naturally, included myself. While several of our native evangelists were at this time like sheep waiting for slaughter, a great tribulation seemed about to break over our Chinese heads. As for me, I was doubly implicated. I also knew I was come to a dangerous situation bordering on Death's city. I could only commit to God, asking for wisdom not only to save my family from the ordeal but also two hundred compatriots and several evangelists and our parishes. I realised deeply this was a responsibility I could not shirk. But, praise be to God, in our extremity came the opportunity of salvation. That Hokkien friend of ours got a job in one of the Japanese trading companies. Although this trading company was not as big as the others in capital, the manager of this branch at Samarinda was an influential officer of the army. He was a man of learning and we found it a pleasure to converse with each other. He trusted me. Originally I worked as a small member of the staff under him. Because he trusted me, I could plan assistance to my despised compatriots and Dyak co-workers. This flock of lambs awaiting slaughter now found a peaceful rest in the sheepfold until the storm blew over and that officer was taken to internment camp, until news of victory of the Big Five reached us.



Before the victory news, however, my destiny brought me once again to Death's valley. When the Allies began to press their counter attacks, Japan had already adopted a "scorched earth" policy, to offer their Allies a burnt earth upon their landing. So they ordered people everywhere to dig trenches with the view of mass-burying them after killing them by batches. The worst come to the worst, they would do that to themselves. Now they had a black list. The first on the list consisted of the intelligentsia, leaders of societies, officials, capitalists. I naturally belonged to this list. Before the day of public execution, however, not a few of the suspects had already disappeared.

At the most crucial hour, however, God's salvation appeared. On that morning, the 4th of June 1945, while we were reading the Bible, a Japanese military man suddenly appeared. He asked me abruptly, "Are you Mr. Linn?" Thereafter he introduced himself as a minister of the gospel, come from Banjermasin. He gave me a card. Actually there were three of them who came together and I went to the District Officer at noon to call on them. One of them gave me a card whereby I was notified of his status and position. According to their request they came to my house the next day for a service, and the one who was a minister of the gospel preached. The day after, they left westwards to the upper reaches of the Mahakam, a Roman Catholic district, to visit and console the parish there. They also arranged with me to meet them at a certain place one week after in order that I might guide them overland to Banjermasin. (The seas were blockaded by Allied submarines).

When we met again I saw only one of them. The other two, it was said, had gone into the interior of Borneo and would not return after two months. My itinerary this time lasted a month. For two weeks we were together on the boat or on foot, eating, sleeping and bathing. I had much time to converse with him. Our topics centred most on the problems of the Church. At first he did not know me and so was very cautious in his conversation. When he realised I was a straight-forward pastor, he talked on very subject. From his talk I knew his origin and history, and from his mouth I learned much from his experience in building up the Church. Though rather advanced in years, his ideas were quite new and sharp.

He related to me the condition of the Japanese Church. He was a strong advocate of the Japanese Christian Movement. The independence movement of the Japanese Christian Church was already over twenty years old. Japanese Christians were unwilling to have Japan regarded an evangelistic field, ever under the control of Western missions, as the missionaries had fancied. After America had frozen all Japanese assets, all the Japanese Christian Youth mobilised and within one year, through their efforts, the Japan Christian Kyodan was born. Since then, Christianity in Japan became the Christianity of Japan, and the White people took an inferior position. Western missionaries could only go to the farming villages to evangelise. They could not be the presiding pastors. Now the Japanese Kyodan was what this Japanese Church needed, for she was wholly independent and she was the equivalent of what China also had for decades been advocating — a national Church.

Talking about the national Church he had his own ideas. For example, in regard to "filial piety," he said, "This doctrine is an important one with us Orientals". For "filial piety" stems indeed from theology, and is one of the questions of religion. Theology may be divided into two main streams: doctrine of God and doctrine of filial piety. The doctrine of God is directly linked to religion whilst filial piety belongs to the nurture of human relationships. The doctrine of God leads man to worship the Deity. Filial piety leads man to respect his ancestors. Both doctrines teach us to return to our distant origin.

Mankind should not and cannot forget its origin. To worship God and to respect ancestors are actions of a kind, to pay (respects) to our origin. As to sacrifices, these are a kind of expression of filial piety and cannot be equated with idolatry (Translator's note: Ancestor worship is copied from China, a Chinese brand of idolatry!) If it is said that they bear traces of superstition we could well make improvements. We cannot "forgo the food for fear of choking". We cannot deny it. The White people resist this without understanding. That is a mistake of Westerners."

At this, I felt aroused by the Rev. Yasumura's mighty discourse and spontaneously chimed in, "These many years I have felt a very great difference between Orientals and Westerners. Orientals are inclined to spiritual culture while Westerners are inclined to material culture. Orientals stress on the family system, Westerners on the individual. Since it stresses on material culture it has neglected the spiritual. Hence none of the great religions of the world has originated from the West, but rather all have come from the Orient. Since they are individualists, the Westerners basically do not understand filial piety, nor pay respects to their origin.

In general, what is religion, is not well understood by them. The mystical element in all religions is not well understood by them. From this standpoint it seems Westerners are not worthy to talk religion. But now it is the Westerners who are propagating religion to us Orientals, truly an unusual business. For this reason, we must do a great thing, that is religious revolution—to emancipate religion from Western hands, to recover anew our own heritage. (Translator's note: The author's mind at this time was under stress).

My proposition was well approved by this Japanese minister. Thereat he continued to discuss the many faults of the Church today. He said, "The greatest mistake of the Church today is her taking the reverence of worship lightly. For, our so-called Lord's Day worship today is simply a preaching service. The Lord's Day worship should be as it is called. Worship is its objective. In the main service, worship is it and no other thing to it. So all singing and Scripture reading should be orientated to worship, the centre of the service. If it is a quest of spiritual knowledge, some other time should be sought. In the main worship service time should not be spent on other items. Time should be given solely to worship.

In regard to the question of worship-time he had another new idea. The one-day-in-seven for worship is possible for the city but seems not suitable for the village. He said, "Life in the city is fixed, and regulated, but not life in the village. For example, there are the times of sowing and harvesting all related to the weather and seasons. Now, while they are busily engaged in planting, if they are to

hold worship one-day-in-seven according to set practice, would they not be affected in their agricultural enterprise? Now that the custom has been as heretofore, it would be difficult all of a sudden to change. But for the welfare of the farmers, both materially and spiritually, it is necessary to give thought to this problem. Nor is the city not without such a situation. Every man in relation to his work might have a different livelihood from his fellows. For example, some are working as servants. These (male or female) might not get a Lord's Day Sabbath. Then there are those on a long journey who transgress the custom of worship one-day-in-seven. However, a worship day without regularity would be a problem too. This is an exasperating situation. Howsoever we solve this problem, I myself have always regarded the minister's responsibility a heavy one. A pastor must bear the responsibility of the spiritual well-being of the believers at great length.

A resident pastor should not run about and leave his parish too far or too long. He should live in the Church's immediate neighbourhood, be an instant leader to the believers in devotion and worship. For example, some believer might be going on a long journey. He need not wait till Sunday. He can come any time to the Church and commune with God. The pastor, being ever-ready to receive believers, can lead him in giving thanks or confession of sins, or pray for the sick or for any emergency. Many believers being thirsty and hungry for the spiritual could not wait for such a long period as seven days. The pastor must be there to satisfy their needs in the nick of time."

As to whether the clergy should wear "uniform," he was all for it. He said pastors should wear them not only in Church but at all times. Present day pastors, unless they are known by those who know them or make themselves known, will not be recognised as such. Pastors are servants of God, holy, and should so manifest themselves outwardly. He even discussed with me the pattern and colour of the pastor's attire. Whether this minister's ideas could be wholly practised and his views adopted is another question. At least they could be material for study in building up the Church. Indeed, he is one with a heart of concern. He is a modern day Church thinker and statesman.

When I met with these ministers of the gospel and thought of the object of their visit, I was somewhat enlightened within. I ceaselessly thanked God that this was God's answer to my prayer, in sending them to help me escape from the impending final tribulation. So, when this minister requested me to take him to Banjarmasin, it fulfilled what I could not otherwise have wished. At first he was in a hurry to get to Banjarmasin in two hops. For, as a result the Allies' counter attacks gathering momentum, the Japanese had begun to retreat and retreat. During our journey we were climbing a high mountain when the booming of guns was heard. He pretended to hear thunder and pointed in the direction of the noise to ask what that place was. I said, "Balikpapan" (port of East Kalimantan, and naval station). Being confused within, yet suppressing his feelings, he conversed on with me as before. In fact he was quite scared that any delay might see Banjarmasin taken back. This meant the cutting of his retreat and flight back to Makasar. But I had my own plans. In order to seek my own salvation I could not help but drag my feet a little along the way.

I could only pray silently to the Heavenly Father to do a double good job. I purposely took him to visit and stay at several villages with Churches. At every place we lodged one night. Every night we held a meeting. He preached and I interpreted. In this way I could make this Japanese minister understand me whilst comforting the hearts of the believers. The believers could also know if all the Japanese were hostile to Christianity. I obtained my objective, but I had made it quite hard for him, which worried him. He afterwards understood why I took him to see the Churches en route and sympathised with me. Finally he said to me, "Mr. Linn, I have known you. I have visited quite a few places, and your work here is best."

I sent this Japanese minister to a village under Banjarmasin's administration. Here twelve years ago I had baptised several hundred. The village headman now was the one who got bribed by non-believers, who with several others accused me. Now he was not only become a Christian but also a deacon of the Church. We shook hands with mixed feelings. I heard that since this Church was taken over by the Basel Mission, for long there was no pastoral supervision and it was now at its lowest ebb.





**Christian Dyak women.**



A chieftain's house turned into a Church.

I left the Japanese pastor to the care of the village headman, instructing him to prepare a small boat and crew and deliver him safely to the authorities of Muara Teweh for transport to Banjarmasin. My responsibility herewith ended. Taking leave, the Japanese pastor gave me a letter to the superintending officer of Samarinda. He said, "You should quickly send this letter which guarantees your good conduct." Naturally, I would not let this letter sit idly by, since it was to me like an elixir vitae. He gave me also a visiting-card on which he certified my occupation as a pastor. He wrote in Japanese and asked me to annotate in Indonesian that it might serve as a pass for my journey. On top of these he gave us some medicine and money for travel. Finally he gave me his home address and prayed, and we parted company. Now the world has been at peace for many years. Whether he is alive or not, I do not know. As I write about him, he seems to haunt me. Reminiscences of those days make me see myself, as it were, on the stage or going through dreamland. Ah, life's like that.

On my return journey I went about comforting the Church as before. When I got home the morale of the people was shaken. Allied planes zoomed low every day. News of Allied victories gravely disturbed the situation. The Japanese in our town feared death more than we by far. How we pitied them as fear wrote across their faces. What a world of difference between now and yesterday when they first stormed upon us. For over a month we lived a helter-skelter life until the afternoon of August 25 when the local Government broadcast this fearful news: "Japan has accepted the demand of the Big Four, China, America, Great Britain and Russia, and has surrendered. From the 18th of this month she has ceased all hostile actions." The World War heretofore had reached another stage.

The moment the War ended, the Government immediately announced the abolition of Japanese military currency and required the complete surrender of the same. This reduced us at once to bankruptcy. Fortunately, we had some rice stocks and unsold fatted pigs. This helped us to get along for a while. Thereafter, I managed to get a small boat to take me down to Samarinda to ascertain the news. At that



time inter-island communication depended on Allied military aircraft. I hastened to send several letters to Makasar, but no reply came from the Church nor from friends even after a long while. Finally a Christian brother, Consul Lee Tsu Hwai, wrote to break the news of Dr. Jaffray's death in internment (Mr. Lee was a co-internee). Yes, Dr. Jaffray had been released from his labours. Thenceforth the whole Chinese Foreign Missionary Union became fatigued and was panting on the heaps. But, thanks be to God, the Lord Jesus Christ our Commander-in-Chief lives forever! He is leading thousands of his faithful sons and daughters in an all-victorious warfare with Satan.

While waiting at Samarinda for Makasar news, I saw the Chinese townsfolk at a loss with the advent of a new post-War era. By chance I entered in a discussion on this matter with a friend. We felt that since our country was elevated in her international status, we as Chinese overseas should buckle up in our contacts with other races in order to live up to our name as citizens of a major power. We must rise up to the occasion and purge all degenerate influences. We must become new eyes and ears on the international plane. But such work could not depend on an organisation, nor could it succeed without a man to lead. So, I and my friend jointly overtured the Chinese Association to hold an immediate meeting of all leaders of the town. We requested that the Chinese Association be put on an enlarged organisational basis, that its status be raised to supreme body of the town's overseas Chinese, superceding parties' sub-organisations and local chapters of the Chinese Association. With a general association organised we could bring our talents together and train them to serve. From this, their strength would be further developed by sending members to the scores of Chinese townships around and in the upper reaches of the river. We should inquire after their welfare, organise them, and guide them to be further built up to manage their local affairs. Grave matters could be brought to the General Association at Samarinda for decision. All business of local associations were to be coordinated with the General Association. In this way the whole Chinese populace of East Kalimantan would become

organised. Unity is strength. Through unity we could not only self-defend and survive, but also promote social-welfare and contribute towards a flourishing education and culture, while gradually eradicating the riff-raff of the people. In this way we overseas Chinese would naturally be established and enhanced in our international status.

Our detailed statement bore fruit indeed. It was received by certain Chinese leaders. Several days thereafter a general meeting of overseas Chinese was convened. I was requested to present a verbal explanation which resulted in the passing of a resolution. A pro-tem committee was elected which included me—an ideal had materialised! Brisk action was taken. The Chinese schools began to employ teachers in order to resume study. This Mr. "Live-by Religion" that I was, this left-in-the-lurch nonentity, suddenly burst forth into the limelight. They earnestly begged me quickly to "move down" from where I was that I might help out in this work of new organisation as well as teach in the Chinese school, for there was a shortage of higher qualified teachers. They said, "The man who hung the bell is the man to bring it down!" They were inexperienced hands at this new organisation. Since I was the proposer I must have had the plan well-conceived. Actually I was greatly exercised by their request. I considered this matter in prayer for days on end. I was a pastor, with the work of the interior still on my shoulders. How could I change my form by a sudden twist (like the Monkey-god) to join in this social work?

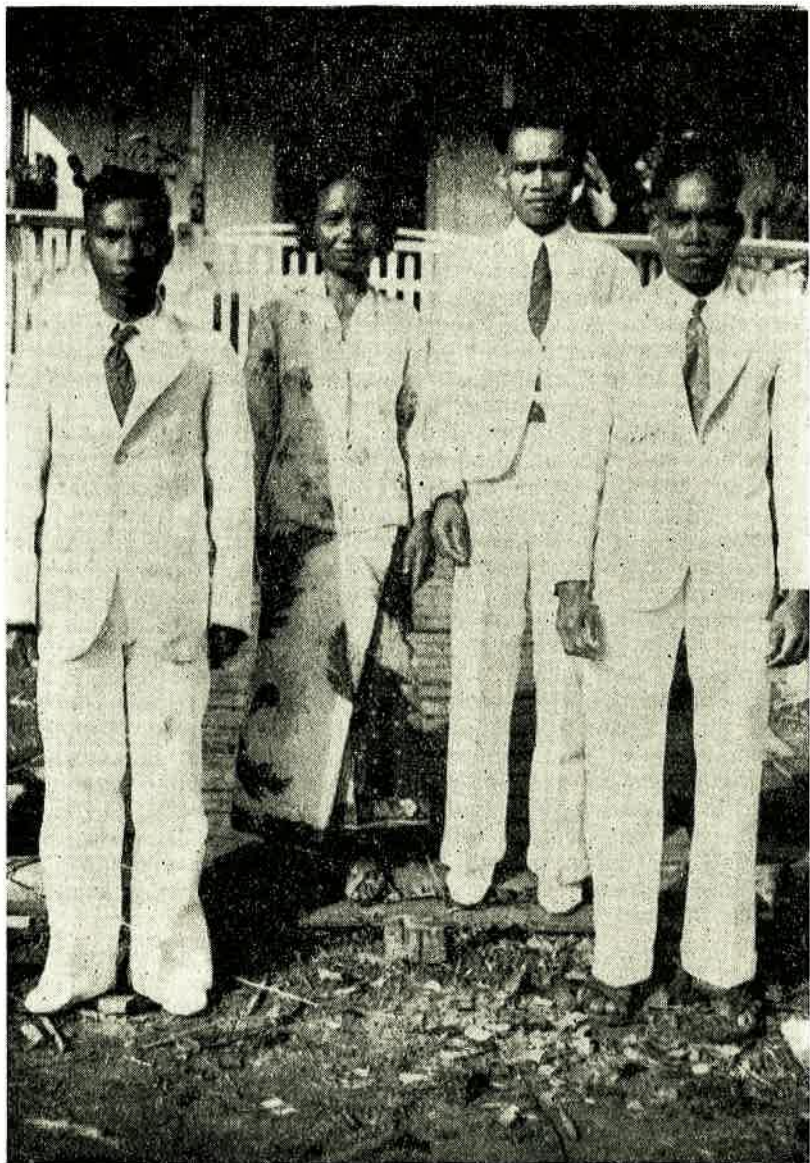
After this I received news from Mr. Lee about Makasar. He wrote, "Although the Church has rehabilitated, it is still in confusion. Our co-workers have to eke out a living as small vendors. Although I have written several times, I got not a word of reply from them." I thought, "Dr. Jaffray is dead. With no head to guide, each man is a government to himself. What about me? Return to the mountains? Return to such an unruly life as before? Now times have changed. A new plan of action is needed. But, like an unarmed fighter, what could I do? Wouldn't it be a better proposition to accept their kind offer and find a temporary shelter? I could still wait from Dr. Leland Wang our President to come with a new mandate. I could wait for them to make



new decisions. Although I wouldn't be in direct preaching work, if I did a good job and got the confidence of my compatriots? If my plan for social improvement was smoothly implemented, even if not to the whole, I would still make an impression on the overseas Chinese. Would this not be clearing a way to Chinese evangelisation?" Also, I thought, "I have worked fifteen years with the Dyaks. With this change of events, maybe it was God's will for me to turn to Chinese work." So I was determined to return immediately to the interior to visit the parishes and get the preachers together for a conference. I would tell them the immediate situation, and urge them to stay on their job to lead the Church anew and restore that which was to be restored while waiting for new instructions from Makasar. Also I would exhort the Christians of every village to be responsible for the preachers' livelihood. I would also tell them of the necessity of my removing to Samarinda which being nearer to Makasar facilitated news communication. However, unless new changes occurred, I would remain their moderating pastor. In internal and external affairs I would never relinquish my duty during this period. I consoled them further with the promise, "God willing, I will come again. Nevertheless, the Mission headquarters would never abandon a parish founded on such profuse labours. Should I not return, someone bearing my original duties would surely come in succession." I distributed to each co-worker a little for living expenses, and in January 1946 I said good-bye to the Dyaks. I moved from the mountainous interior to Samarinda. Henceforth, I doffed my battle uniform, and giving up the pressured-life of a warhorse, I earned a peaceful livelihood as a leisurely chalk-in-hand school master.

A half-year went by. Suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, came a letter to hand from our Makasar office, giving me the sack. It was brief and terse. Without ceremony, it stated I had relinquished my field service (actually, all East Kalimantan, including Samarinda, was my parish) and taken a job with the Chinese Association, and feared I might not be able to take care of the Church on the side.

After due discussion by the co-workers it was felt the parish should not be left without supervision. Therefore



Dyak preachers.

it was decided to commission Rev. So-and-so to take over. This was their special notification. It was dispatched by a Western missionary acting for the Chairman. Now that our parish had a supervisor, logically, I became released from its burden. So, my severance from Dyak work may be counted from that date. From that date also I was deemed to have severed relationship with the Chinese Foreign Missionary Union. A few months after Dr. Leland Wang arrived at Makasar, he tried to retrieve old territory, and revive the old enterprise. It was like trying to build a new mansion over the debris, a difficult task indeed. In pursuance of the faithful labours of the fathers, Dr. Wang pressed on through many hardships. So, he convened another workers conference to discuss the grand strategy and its implementation. At that time I was considered a deserter, and my services terminated. Logically, I was not invited.

In all my "history of fighting", the battles fought inside the mountains during the fifteen years though most intensive were most satisfying. In the first ten years I had Paul Lenn at first and later Chan Wing Sun as my co-workers, fighting shoulder to shoulder whether in advance or retreat.

But since the tidal wave and cyclone of the Pacific War invaded, I had stood alone and this sapped my strength. In this battle it was a hopeless task facing attacks from every quarter, from visible rifle to invisible arrow, enemy outside and within. Not only the enemy fired at us ferociously, there were also the jealousy of compatriots and allied troops, the obstruction of juniors, the stupidity of individuals, the misunderstanding of the bystanders, the non-understanding of higher-ups. However, thanks be to God! I felt I could mutter after St. Paul the words of this father of faith, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." But I could not boast and I dared not boast in the least. Before me was yet a new and long-winding road. May all glory redound only to our Commander-in-Chief, the Lord Jesus Christ!

以賽亞 五四 10 THE MOUNTAINS SHALL DEPART  
ISAIAH 54:10

蘇佐揚  
John E. Su



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大山可以挪開，小山可以遷移，但主的慈愛永不離開你；  
The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee;



3 | 5 . 3 2 3 | 1 - 1 | 1 . 2 1 6 | 5 - 5 | 6 1 5 1 | 1 4 3 2 | 1 - |

大山可以挪開，小山可以遷移，但主的慈愛永不離開你。  
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1985.5.7  
山，降似

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And the hills be removed;  
But my kindness shall not depart from thee;  
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And the hills be removed;  
But my kindness shall not depart from thee.

## Chapter Eight

### BRUISED REED AND FLICKERING LAMP

(continued)

*Behold my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth; I have put my spirit upon him; he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles. He shall not cry, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street. A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench: he shall bring forth judgment unto truth. He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for his law. (Isaiah 42:1-4).*

Since the end of this World War, the whole mankind, from whatever angle you might look at, seems to exhibit an image of "bruised reed and smoking flax." The desolation of the land, the anarchy of society, the ebbing of economics, the slump in trade, the restlessness of heart and a gloomy spirit, etc., have sapped courage and decision. Depression has enveloped the whole world. In times like this when men's hearts are wavering, neither could the Church claim exemption from these evils. As stated in the previous chapter, this war has brought low morality to its nadir and reason to vanishing point.

When news of the Japanese defeat came to Dyak ears, they immediately recalled the privations and troubles brought on them by the Japanese. The fires of their anger burned irresistibly resulting in massacre of the Japanese everywhere. A band of erstwhile earnest brethren and sisters at Suwakong village danced to entice three passing-by Japanese. These



were stripped and bound for execution. From head to foot they were slowly skinned under a tirade. Cries of agony could be heard for furlongs. Who can stand to hear such cruelty?

After I arrived in the city, I observed there were few among the races who were not mentally affected. The imbalance in the physiological and mental far exceeded that of pre-war days. It had now become a widespread phenomenon. Yes, because the prince of this world was come, henceforth our evangelistic work would meet with difficulties, a thousand-fold. But, thanks and praise be to God, there is another side to what we see. That's right, when we look down to earth, we can only see the fearful waves, darkness and trouble. But when we turn our eyes to heaven, we can immediately see God's grace and glory, the radiance on the face of that Holy Jesus. For, "a bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench: he shall bring forth judgment unto truth. He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for his law (the Gentiles shall hope in his Name)."

Now that I had left the mountain interior I could not help but recall one who went through thick and thin with me over a decade. He is mentioned in the previous chapter, the Hokkien brother, Mr. Gui Beng Kim and his wife. This young couple was the first to receive us when we first entered the interior to preach. We became neighbours from the very first. By the Lord's moving, they all turned to Him. Because they took care of God's servants, God did not let them suffer loss. Not only did their business prosper day by day, his wife who had several miscarriages and weakened, became stronger. Mr. Gui himself was often sick and depressed. We gave him medical advice. By God's protective grace he was not only healed, but henceforth there were born eight sons and daughters, "like olive plants around thy table" (Ps. 128). During our stay with them we regarded both husband and wife as our own brother and sister. We not only unceremoniously chastised their children as our own, but also themselves. A strange thing, in all the world there was this brave fellow who treated a friend with such frank-

ness. In all the world there was only this young couple who could receive correction from one of another province with such indulgence and obedience. I felt if I should treat anyone the rough way I treated him, we would become enemies before long. Another virtue of this brother was this: his loyalty and sense of righteousness, his respectful treatment of others. During the Japanese regime, that is, during the days of our trials, we looked after one another, friends in need and friends in deed.

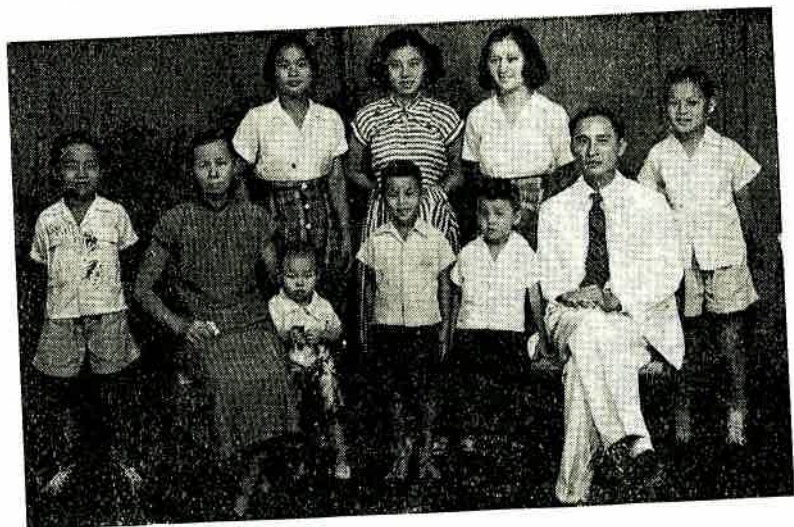
But, time, heaven, and earth, are relentless. After twenty years' friendship we were separated. Now he remains in Borneo but we are in Java. So near yet so far, our yearnings for each other are in vain. It was so easy to part but so hard to meet, until we go to the sea-less world (Rev. 21:1). We have parted company for several years, but it seems like a watch in the night. Last year, I received his third daughter Guat Ngo's letter informing of the growing-up sisters now in school. A petit girl, she is mighty in her epistolary style. After careful perusal I felt my past labours were not in vain. Thus she wrote:

"It is five to six fleeting years since we parted. During these long years and months, I've many a time thought of writing you, but owing to pressure of school work and my natural laziness I've not lifted this heavy pen until now to put these few words on this white paper. I hope you all will excuse me. How are you? Many thoughts of you! Our whole family is all right here. Please do not worry about us.

When Mr. Yu Teh Hua returned from Djakarta to Samarinda, he brought us a box of fruits and a recent photo of your family. From the photo I see your wife is healthy and strong. We are very happy, especially myself.

As I silently study the photo, I recall the past. When I was a baby you spent yourself to bring me up. When my mother was busy you both carried me. When I was hungry you fed me. When cold you clothed me. When sick you looked after me. So I grew up from babyhood very happily, which I did not know, but Mother can tell me all this. These things happened to a baby with no faculty of understanding.

"FRIENDS IN NEED AND FRIENDS IN DEED"



The Gui Family of interior Borneo.



Mrs. Linn with the women's prayer fellowship.

At five or six, you took a lot of trouble to teach me. You taught me the Chinese characters and good manners. You loved me as your child, spending the same energy as you would on your own, without which I won't be as I am today. I remember all these things very vividly. How shall I show my gratitude to you? Your lovingkindness makes me remember to the bones. I do not know how to compensate you. I am thinking, thinking, but I don't know how. I can't give an answer. I can only pray silently to the Heavenly Father to take care of you. May you have richer health."

During my teaching days in Samarinda I spent not a little time serving the community. For example, the founding of the Overseas Chinese Youth, library, sports club and "Wall News". Especially through the "Wall News" we stepped on many toes. Because we tore away the mask to expose the hidden inside. But we gained a greater sympathy especially from the youths who were imbued with a sense for righteousness. "Like new-born calves not fearing the tiger" they were spirited opponents of every evil force. Thus, slumbering Samarinda suddenly was awakened by a band of zealous youth. Even so-called community leaders, big towkays (proprietors) were happily obliged to comply. The least they could do was to lie low or disappear. In every revolutionary development there must first be a breaking down before any building up. Our working spirit was so positive and our attitude so straight forward and open that certain elder compatriots could not help but accord the youth their respect and follow suit. It needed the youth to do a proper job beyond reproach before the whole Overseas Chinese Community. I continued directing the work of the Overseas Chinese Church, though in name I was no more with the Chinese Foreign Missionary Union. I also conducted an Indonesian Bible class. Before I was to leave I baptised twelve young Chinese men and women.

During my year-and-a-half of teaching in Samarinda I thought incessantly of my old mother back home. Subconsciously my heart yearned like an arrow to return. I had left her for ten years. I believed she had tasted and undergone not a little desertion and bitterness during the occupation. Was she still alive? This was a question. Fortunately, when





As a school teacher after World War II.



the Allies landed, I immediately sent a telegram to Canton, to my teacher Rev. Calvin Lee, to find out. Thereafter when I got a reply that Mother was all right, I became more settled. Now that communications were re-established, I decided to return north with my family. First, we could have a family reunion and second my son could go for higher study. So I resigned from teaching in June 1947 and headed for Makasar to take a boat back to China.

In Jesus' parable of "who is my neighbour" there is a text often eluding our notice. When the man was robbed and beaten almost to death in his journey and laid by the road side, He says, "By chance there came down a certain priest that way....." (Lk. 10:31). Yes, the Lord Jesus said, "By chance". But was this "by chance" one without a cause, devoid of any meaning? This "by chance" was outside the pale of a plan, one of a mere coincidence? No! I categorically say no! Likewise, in the many, many affairs of men, what we regard to be "by chance", what we regard to be "coincidence", are under the profound control of a mysterious power. Were it not for the priest and Levite appearing on the scene "by chance" with only the Samaritan acting a one-legged show, you see, this story would not be so gripping. But the priest, this servant of God, in regarding this event to be one of "chance," forgot the charity he owed to do and shirked his duty. Every day he was in the temple teaching the people and offering sacrifices before the altar for many to atone for their sins. But though he had seen with his own eyes someone now in trouble, a man on the brink of death, he would not help, choosing the easier course. He passed by "on the other side." He had missed a God-given opportunity. He had brushed aside God's predestined perfect will.

During these few years I have met with several events "by chance". Should one of the events "by chance" be missed, I would have lost my God-given opportunity. This I say not because I have any special spiritual perception, but rather from my many decades of experience — many defeats have made me completely to give up self-will. In every matter I dare not take the active part but rather let God teach and guide. During these years God has given me

light to see through all. If I walk on the path of obedience, that path is a sure path. But when I decide to go by myself, that road would be a wrong one, fraught with danger and many side-tracks. Thereon I would be led to where the prodigal son was.

Before leaving Smarinda I received a letter from the Truth Magazine of Java requesting an article for their Republication Number. I wrote an article on "By Chance" which attracted a friend's eye in Java. Knowing that I was still alive, he wrote me to pay Java a visit. This request aroused within me the desire to go. Now, when I went to Makasar to tranship to China, "by chance" that vessel I was to board had to drydock. This delayed our sailing for one full month. During this period I became indisposed. Thought I, "If I return and will not immediately take up my duties, my livelihood will be affected. If I should work immediately, my ill-health will not permit." These considerations fanned my desire to see Java.

At this juncture, Mr. Faithful Luke, having completed his ministry in Bali, "by chance" came to Makasar to hold meetings. In our conversation, I learned that the people in Bali were thirsting for the Word. He agreed I should first visit Bali and Java, if the Lord willed, before returning to China. By his further encouragement, I returned the China boat-ticket. When my family sailed north, I made my way to Java alone.

Upon arrival in Batavia (now Djakarta), on the second day, the Dutch Government took police action for the first time against the Indonesian Independence Army. Though we who lived in Djakarta were out of gunfire, those in the country not far from us went through a grave ordeal. The Dutch suffered mostly material losses, their big and small farms were burned. But the Chinese suffered the worst. They lost their properties wholesale. Their families were massacred.

The whole of Indonesia is a Chinese world. Without the Chinese, whether big cities or small towns these would not have been what they were. After this sacking, many cities and towns prosperous before were now rased to ugly shambles. The Chinese were robbed, stripped, burned, killed,

scalped, ripped, and their corpses reduced to ashes. Even innocent mothers with little children did not escape. It was a hideous massacre never heard of, as if the Japanese plunder before this was not enough, and what remained must be rid of to the last trace. Such a tragedy of tragedies was caused by a sudden emotional error, a blot on the enlightened history of mankind. We would not think this to stem from national hatred, but rather from the acts of some ignoramuses. We sincerely wish that such a mistake of history be not repeated. The sufferings from the recent World War have been terrible enough. Who has not father and mother? Who has not brothers, wife and children? O mankind, let love dispel the hatred in our hearts. Let love come and fill what we lack of a good conscience.

On the second Sunday of my arriving in Djakarta, the Mandarin Service of the Chinese Christian Church invited me to speak. Then the deacons caught hold of me and constrained me to be their pastor. Though I explained that my Djakarta visit was for the sake of my health and I should return to China in three or four months, they prevailed upon me to stay. This reception impressed upon me how sorely the Indonesian Chinese Church was in need of workers. Later on I learnt that in Java and the other islands there were many other Churches without ministers. So said they all, "We have no theological school here. The ministers needed by the Church here are drawn from China. Since you are here, how can you go back?" This call again "by chance" entered my ears and moved my heart. Reluctantly, I agreed to do what I could, day by day, as a matter of dutiful service.

At that time I received a new appointment as well. My former colleague, Rev. Ho Liang, had charge of a Church of the local-borns. He wanted to hand over this charge to me because he had received Rev. Timothy Dzao's call back to China to supervise the East China Theological Seminary. Though I declined five times, he bought his boat ticket regardless and showed it to me. Thus I was unwillingly conscripted. This sick man, a visitor in transit, now became saddled with the responsibility of two Churches.

Not long in Djakarta, I received a telegram from Canton offering me a pastorate. The representative of the Church having heard somewhere of my return quickly despatched his wife to Hong Kong to find me. When she got there, however, all she found was my wife and child. So he rushed this telegram with a letter explaining in detail, hoping that before I took the voyage back I would give my acceptance. But I had to disappoint him, for in my prayers I could not see a way out. So I had to reject the offer. I took this attitude towards the Church because my desire to return home seemed to dissipate. It seemed an invisible force had gripped my heart. How strange, I had at first planned to stay in Djakarta for a month, and then to Bali where there were two new Chinese Churches very much needing help. Besides, the brethren there had worked hard to get my visa to Bali and my travel fund was ready. But the way to Bali was barred. The Dutch authorities there for whatever reason refused me entry. After this a messenger from a Church in Makasar came to get me over there. But I did not receive light to return there to work. To please them I merely stayed there a month and helped them draft their constitution. After this I returned to Batavia.

Batavia seemed to have taken hold of me by a mysterious power. Though the capital city of the Dutch Government which later became Djakarta the capital of Indonesia, my impression of her was she simply was not a place for habitation. There was not one spot that would attract you. The city government was corrupt. The face of the city was ugly. The roads were in a mess. Rubbish heaps piled up at every street gave forth a stench to heaven. The drains and canals were blocked with no one to clean. The houses were dwarfish and haphazardly constructed. In the city perhaps there were one or two big buildings. Djakarta was like an old woman of the 18th century clad in an unfitting modern garb. Apart from a few passable roads, all the rest were pock-marked with holes and puddles. Human faeces clogged up drains. No health measures were taken. Under the heat of the season, many became sick. The least qualified doctor made a roaring business. Even the Chinese physicians here were highly esteemed.

In the old city you could see grass huts in clusters. If you had not first visited the Dutch sector, you would think this was a conglomeration of a thousand backward villages. In such a dispersed society of a backward culture, where the human heart was crooked and friendship shallow, any one on a visit would feel its stench. Anyone living in such environment could not deny it. Can the Church be an exception in such a situation? In God's creation, there is the lotus that grows in the mud and yet out of the mud. But, should you compare the Church in Batavia with the lotus, you would be pinning too high a hope on her.

The strange thing is that though I disliked her during the few months I was there, I do not know what it was that bound my feet from leaving. Although in name I was in charge of the two Churches, in fact I had no part in their administration apart from preaching. So I did not feel the burden, though I was inwardly depressed. Depression is a condition of the heart. This uneasiness not only smothered my original intention to see Java, but became a destruction to my health. At this time I had resigned from the Mandarin Church, but my heart was not at peace, nor could a diminution of the depression be found. I was attacked by a cough and sweat day and night. Every night I seemed to sleep in water. When I got up in the morning all my clothes were soaked in sweat.

At that time the legal tender in China kept on sinking, which gave the remittance shops in Batavia an opportunity to make quick money. Those with relatives in China were caught in a dilemma. My family kept on asking for funds but I could not help. I suffered under the attack of sickness and poverty without anyone to unburden my sorrows. I wanted to escape from reality, but reality caught hold of me. I decided to leave Batavia but I found my way out blocked on all sides. God had not only put me under siege in Batavia but placed me in a most morose situation. I felt then I was not far from Destruction City. Whenever I knelt down to pray, my body would be covered with sweat in less than two sentences I had uttered. "By chance" I remembered the Lord saying, "And though the Lord give



you the bread of adversity and the water of affliction, yet shall not your teachers be removed into a corner anymore, but thine eyes shall hear a word behind thee saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left." (Isa. 30:20, 21). But where was the road? Before me there seemed to be a dark shadow and an ocean expanse!

On day, it seemed I had lost control of myself, even my spirits. I went to the house of a sister from our home village whom I had recently met. I told her, "I am leaving. I have decided to leave!" But she replied, "You leaving? There are still my dearest ones here, unsaved!" These words became the voice speaking behind me. This voice called strongly to me to stay. This was the cry of blood, "Where is your brother?" (Gen. 4:9,10). Yes, "There are still my dearest ones here, unsaved!"

One morning, after I got out of bed, I languidly leaned on the door meditating. The sun in the eastern sky was still hiding like a bride in her room. Suddenly, I felt the earth was bathed in light before me, and my body was released from an indescribable burden. In my heart I received two passages of Scripture. First, Nehemiah's reply to his enemy, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down." (Neh. 6:3). Then the other which is Mordecai's word to Esther, "For if thou altogether hold thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed: and who knoweth whether thou art come to such a time as this? Then Esther bade them return Mordecai this answer.....and so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish." (Esther 4:14-16). At this point did I realise why God had detained me in Batavia, and why he gave me the bread of adversity and water of affliction. For several months death had been occupying and entangling my heart, and pushing me on to its frontiers. Now God called me back from my obsession to go forward valiantly to face the reality for the sake of God's greater work. And when I went to face death, death fled away. I became a happy person immediately. I turned around to the table and

collected all my medicines. I was going to do a great work, and I had rejected Satan's threats and temptations. I had ridded my heart of every fear.

After this, that sister constrained me to stay and took positive measures to start a Cantonese Church. In Batavia there were over a hundred thousand Chinese and amongst them one tenth were Cantonese. Now the Cantonese are called Kwongfu people here. Of the ten odd Chinese Churches there were those that spoke Indonesian amongst the local-borns. Others were Hokkien, Hakka and Mandarin speaking, but none in Cantonese. It was said that several pastors of the Chinese Churches were Cantonese and that on four or five occasions a Cantonese speaking department was attempted but without success. It seemed that the Cantonese here were destined not to be saved. At present several Hokkien speaking Methodist Churches in Sumatra are said to have originated from Cantonese-speaking Churches.

The Cantonese Churches having backslided, the Hokkien-speaking took over. A Cantonese service was started also in the Chinese Church in Bandung but was closed down for lack of numbers. It seems the Cantonese service of the Chinese Church in Surabaya has maintained the longest up to this day, though lacking in independent spirit. We had established a Cantonese Church in Balik Papan twenty years before, but it lasted for only two years. Now, the Chinese Foreign Missionary Union had four Cantonese pastors, but none of them could speak the dialect of his own village. In Djakarta there were three Cantonese pastors, but only one who could preach in his own tongue. The other two used Mandarin. In my case I had to take charge of a Hakka-speaking Church apart from the Cantonese Church. As for the Cantonese Church the people could not use Cantonese exclusively. Without adding Mandarin or some dialect other than Cantonese, the number of listeners would surely dwindle. This hard fact lay before me: to preach to my Cantonese compatriots was no easy matter. As Paul had criticised the Israelites, they are "a hardened lot!" So, when I announced the formation of a Cantonese Church there were those who predicted failure. But I did not believe their word not because of conceit or of any talents of my own.

I knew it was God's will. God had commissioned me to this work by a vision. My support was God, and with God was there anything impossible?

I had spent twenty-five years in the South Seas now. Apart from the first two or three years directed at our Cantonese compatriots, for over ten years thereafter I preached to the Dyaks. During this period I had contact only with Hokkiens and Hakkas. In Batavia I found my acquaintances most amongst the local-borns, Hokkiens and Hakkas. I came to know only a few of our Cantonese compatriots, and that only through the Mandarin and Hakka Churches. If I were not the Lord's chosen servant (for the Cantonese work), I could speak any of the other dialects easily in social intercourse, and none would discover I was Cantonese.

Humanly speaking, I would not acknowledge myself a Cantonese. This was not pride or contempt of one's ancestry. I was ashamed rather of the deeds of my compatriots that I wanted none of their company. Before the War, the Cantonese of Batavia had already given me a very bad impression. The Cantonese Girl Incident became the talk of the town. It seemed that such vices as gambling, opium, brothels and other shameful things could not be separated from the Cantonese. Amongst the natives, they were called by a special name: "Orang Macao," or the "people of Macao". Now if you know what Macao is you know such a term used on the Cantonese is out of contempt. But, for the sake of God's commission, for the needs of their souls, I could not but let go my fleshly considerations. Valiantly, I had to carry my cross. I not only acknowledged before me I was Cantonese. I called the Church I established Cantonese all the more. Hitherto I was never a provincialist. My affections for the Hokkiens and Hakkas were the same. But I purposely named the Church a "Cantonese Christian Church" to tell others not all Cantonese were bad, that they also have hope in the new life. On the other hand it was to tell our Cantonese compatriots their need of salvation, and this Church was established specially for them.

After many prayers we received two verses of Scripture from God. They were I Tim. 5:8 and Mark 5:19. Being

persuaded this was the Lord's will, we began to work. Apart from that sister my co-villager, there were three or four others and one or two brothers to begin with.

Since we decided upon starting a Church, we borrowed the Chinese Kindergarten for our meeting place. Our first service was held on March 7. We invited as many as possible to come and visited diligently. Now, when we had just made the decision among the few of us, and did not tell others about the project, a certain Hakka sister to our wonder came to ask if we were planning on starting a Cantonese Church. For she knew many Cantonese friends and would be glad to give her help. I asked her who told her the news. She said, "No one, but I just came to ask. If it is the Lord's will, this good work should surely start." I said, "I have so decided, and it's on this Sunday. Thank you for your kind concern and we hope you'll help us much!" Our faith then was very weak. We prayed to God, "If 15 would come to the inaugural service we would be sure God's work was begun." Thanks be to God, He gave more than we had asked. Twenty-eight came to the service, about double of what we had prayed for. Our joy that day was truly indescribable. The first message I preached was Mark 5:1-20. I said to them, "We Cantonese compatriots are like the maniac possessed by a legion of demons. We live in the tombs everyday. We are in the company of the dead and the skeletons, and we live an unreasonable life of self-injury and hurt. Now whoever receives the Lord's salvation, whoever comes to a right mind when the Lord calls, must listen to the Lord's command, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things, the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee". Today we inaugurated this save-our-compatriots movement. We must, as pledged by an oath, cleanse our shame and call our sin-crazy compatriots to come to their senses."

After two months we had a first batch of twelve for baptism unto the Lord. Thereafter, others continued to join the Church. As the congregation grew this was evidential of God's blessing upon us and His own work.

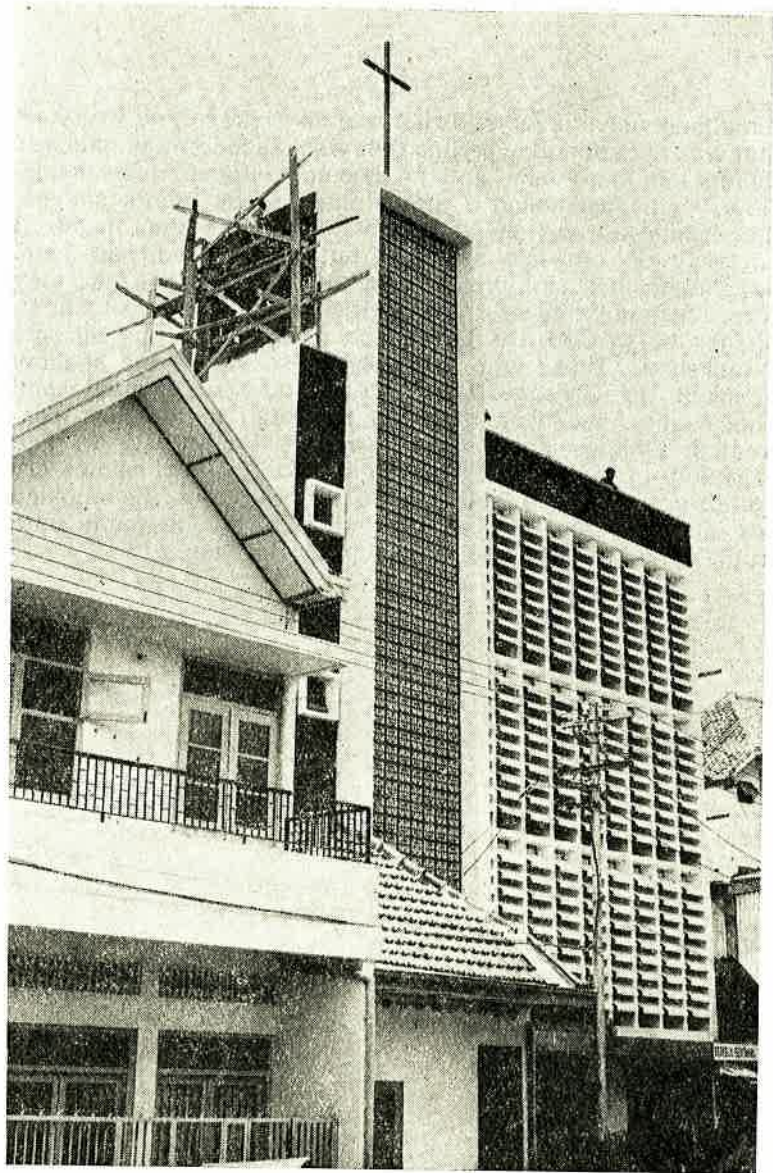
Not long after this Church was founded, the Church of the local-borns under my care, the Ling Liang Church, had a young pastor, the Rev. Moses Chow of Shanghai, to take over. Since he needed to learn Indonesian, I worked with him for another seven months before I resigned from my charge, to give full time to the Cantonese Church.

Batavia was in great shortage of houses and a suitable time Batavia was in great shortage of houses and a suitable building was difficult to find. If there was, buying the property was out of the question. To rent would require a sizeable sum for taking over the tenancy. With a few score members consisting mostly of the labouring class our income was limited. With this problem before us we could not solve it on our own. But thanks be to Abraham's God, Jehovah Jireh! At that time I came to know a Hakka couple just come from Singapore. They were zealous for the Lord. They had just bought a big house in Djakarta and needed someone to keep it from encroachment. Just as we needed a house they happily offered it for the Lord's use. This big house not only could serve as a meeting place, but also provided us quarters and had room to spare to receive God's servants passing through. We met in this mansion temporarily until last year when our new Church was inaugurated on May 30. We used it for three years. The landlord Mr. Fan not only offered the house fully for us, but also paid for the electricity and water bills. When our Church was a-building they helped us further. But God was not their debtor. During the time we were in occupancy of that big house, God specially blessed their business. It shows that those who serve the Lord zealously serve Him not in vain.

Our new Church cannot help but praise the Lord! That our 110 members from the labouring class should build a church costing 200,000 rupiahs (H.K. \$100,000) at a time of recession was a miracle of God, beyond expectation. All glory and praise be to the most high God!

When I thought of these new converts, I could see myself in David's circumstances as described in I Sam. 22:1,2. Since the Church was established, this showed God had disapproved my return to China. So I began to apply for my wife to come, as David's family came to stay with him.





The new Cantonese Church, Djakarta.

Simultaneously, "everyone that was in distress and everyone that was in debt and everyone that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became captain over them." Now, I am assembling a group regarded by others sinners, the shameless and the bad eggs, and I am their head. I not only do not feel ashamed but rather proud of them. For though their sins were red before like crimson, now they were washed white as snow by the precious blood of Christ. Thanks be to God, the Cantonese Church thus has become established. These who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, our Cantonese compatriots, now see a great light. These who have been harassed by Satan to the near destruction of their souls have now the opportunity to find salvation. "Behold, the servant of God! He shall not cry nor lift up. A bruised reed shall be not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench. He shall bring judgment unto truth." The Gentiles shall look up to His Name.

## Chapter Nine

### **"KINSMEN ACCORDING TO THE FLESH"**

*"I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." (Rom. 9:1-3).*

When Paul talks of "my kinsmen according to the flesh," of course he refers to the Israelites. But Paul's idea is not circumscribed within the narrow limits of nationalism. If we read further we know that the whole mankind comes into purview. So, Paul's choice as apostle to the Gentiles is based on this premise.

One day while Jesus was speaking to the multitude someone reported His mother and brothers' coming to see Him. But, He said to that man, "Who is my mother, and who are my brothers?" Pointing to His disciples, He cried, "Behold, my mother and my brothers. For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister and mother". (Matt. 12:46-50).

This Scripture tells us one thing: it sets a principle for the Christian's view of his relationship to mankind. "All mankind is one brotherhood." But we must add this explanatory note: "God has made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." By this one blood no matter to what tribe one belongs, one should be regarded "a kinsman according to the flesh". Alas, man having rejected himself through sin and having fallen short of the glory of God is separated from the life of God. So

he has lost the relationship of a "kinsman according to the flesh." But God, in order to restore mankind to this relationship, made a salvation plan that those trusting in the saving grace of Jesus might be called "His people who were not His people, and God's beloved who were not beloved." Thus, in the will of God, man can be restored to the relationship of "a kinsman according to the flesh", and properly become "brother or sister" as Jesus has said. According to this concept Paul was willing to sacrifice not only for the Israelites, but also for the Gentiles, whom he has also recognised "kinsmen according to the flesh."

When Dr. Jaffray sent me to Indonesia he decided to commit to me the hardest job, which was to preach to the semi-civilised tribes in the jungles. First, this work had not been attempted before nor was it likely to be attempted. Secondly, I was 25 years of age at the prime of life and could well rough it out in the jungle wilds. Also I could easily learn the native dialects. Nevertheless, I later became a bone of contention between Dr. Jaffray and Rev. Leo T. Chow, president of the Alliance Kwangsi General Conference. Upon my graduation Rev. Chow had wanted me to assist at the alma mater. But since Dr. Jaffray intended me rather to go to the South Seas and it was thought I was to expand the Chinese work there, I was permitted to go. When it was reported I was sent to the Dyaks, Rev. Chow strongly resented. The difference in view-point between Jaffray and Chow may be seen in this contention which revolved around the question "Who is my kinsman according to the flesh?" To this day I have felt the working out of God's perfect plan. My fifteen years spent with the Dyaks, on one hand, opened a gospel door to them in Borneo. On the other, this gave me a clearer understanding of the meaning of "kinsmen according to the flesh."

After World War II, although I changed my field of work to that of the Chinese, I felt I had an equal burden for the salvation of all the races of Indonesia. Also, it was after I had left the Dyak work and come in contact with them again that I began to perceive their defects and the need of a great revival. Such a work seemed to be a responsibility of the Chinese Christians.



Dr. Jaffray was a pioneer missionary. He held the traditional concept of the Alliance to speed the gospel to every unevangelised field. Therefore he adopted a high priority policy towards pioneer soul-saving work. He felt that soul-saving is like fire-fighting — it cannot be delayed.

Perhaps, it was for this reason that he neglected the Chinese work. He thought the Chinese were concentrated in the towns and cities, where Churches were already established. This therefore did not require more of his time and energy. Such a judgment was not based on a deep study of the situation. That Indonesia has had Chinese Churches established was not due to the work of missions but rather from a self-organisation of Chinese Christians settled there. The object of their organising into Churches was unity and nurture of the believers' spiritual life. So, most of the Churches were without pastors. They had neither resources to nurture, train or extend in the life of the Church. Had we grasped the opportunity of free immigration under the Dutch to send many young Chinese missionaries, they would have been heartily welcomed. The economic strength of the Chinese being considerable and the Christians being forward in giving, a self-propagating Church could have been established from the beginning. Not only would they not require missions support, they could on the other hand become a source of finance to pioneer work and the extensive preaching of the gospel. The support of the Chinese Foreign Missionary Union's work in Indonesia, however, relied mostly on Dr. Jaffray's American relatives and friends and on individuals. Three years before the War, owing to a global recession, our monthly salaries were reduced to twenty or thirty per cent. After the War when Dr. Jaffray had gone to be with the Lord, the support of the CFMU came to a standstill. Today, the organisation of the CFMU has ground to a halt after a history of forty years.

Since the Indonesian Chinese Church is made up of emigrants from China, these have come from different denominations. Hence in Church administration it is impossible to conform to a fixed pattern. In a conglomeration of different doctrines, the members' faith was shallow and



their spiritual life immature. To work with such Churches was pioneer mission work. Now, the Church under my charge is founded by me. Our members are new believers, so ours is purely a pioneer work. But, thanks be to God, the Churches in Indonesia are generally thirsting for the truth. If the leadership and support are not of the right kind, the end would be dangerous indeed.

So, a resident-pastor has a difficult and demanding job. It is impossible to describe it in a word. First, there is the difficulty of the pulpit. This difficulty arises from his knowledge of members, good or bad, which applies also to the volunteer workers. A preacher unfaithful to his trust would avoid speaking out. But if he avoids this there will be no sermon to preach. Unless what you speak is some placid platitude perfunctorily purveyed, else those who feel an uneasy conscience would accuse you of pin-pointing them. For this reason I have received some hard knocks during the last decade. Unless I have been unconcerned and irresponsible with the spiritual life of the believers, else I would speak out and speak all out to their edification. For this reason, troubles have cropped up. If dissenting members leave the Church spontaneously the Church could still preserve her peace. But to step on the toes of some influential member would create problems indeed. For this cause many Indonesian Chinese Churches are overtaken by strifes and splits. A pastor in such a situation truly has his life-blood taken out of him.

Next, with regard to a pastor's manner of life. The pastor, being a man, is also encumbered by short-comings and weaknesses. Since he lives always with the believers, the cynosure of all eyes, he can hardly conceal his defects. These are his constant stumbling stone. The bad in others is easily passed by, but not in the pastor. The members do not excuse him. It is good if you do not offend others, but if you do your defects will be magnified sky-high. If the pastor does not examine himself daily, he will have a harder time to stand up, but if he is always on the look out, neither will he get into the congregation's good books. How true is the saying, "Familiarity breeds contempt."

A resident pastor has the busiest and hardest lot. Not one minute of the twenty-four hours of the day is his. Sometimes I hear such criticism, "You pastors enjoy a high life. Apart from preaching on the Lord's Day, all you do everyday is to visit here and there at leisure. At times you take trips to other countries. What an easy life!" Those who say this do not know our occupation. To visit here and there is indeed a part of our job. Going out, we make calls, or transact our business. Coming in, we pray and prepare sermons in the room, write articles or letters, and plan our work. At all times we are ready to receive guests, or interview members. If some get sick and knock on your door at midnight you have to get up to answer the call. When someone dies you have to spend at least three full days to attend to the job. For the attendance to his ministry the pastor's mind is like a clock ticking every second, eating or walking. While driving he might be so bombarded with problems that were it not for the Lord's protection he could be overtaken by an accident.

A resident pastor to the believers is like a parent to his or her children, without favour. In showing love to his or her children a parent makes the decision and the child has to submit though sometimes not without a word or two of complaint. As to believers, sometimes their subjectivity and selfishness might so overwhelm the situation that the pastor is put in a quandary. Indeed every pastor can only regard every believer as his "kinsman according to the flesh" without favour to any. However, a pastor in his intercourse with believers is faced with a tension between sentiment and logic. The Chinese often resort to sentiment, and this is where he spoils things. Making a wrong decision under tension between sentiment and logic, he will be faced with a storm of trouble and headaches.

One great problem facing the pastor is the giving and receiving of gifts. Should a pastor receive no gift at all? That would be impossible. Paul had received gifts from the Philippians. But, under this principle, "Not because I desire a gift: but I desire fruit that may abound to your account." So the gifts he received were "an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing to God." Paul had a

clear understanding of the giving and receiving of gifts and he also dispensed this most carefully. He would not do so haphazardly or selfishly, just as he told the Ephesians, "I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel". Now, the gifts brought to the pastor by brethren and sisters of the Church are surely given out of a spirit of love and respect and seldom from a baser motive. In the circumstances it is for the Lord's servant to accept them. However, whether in giving or receiving, let it be done from an open and proper "starting point". Let the giver give to the Lord's servant first because he loves the Lord and let the receiver regard these gifts as "offerings of sacrifice" from the people's hands, as a gracious gift from God (Lev. 7:34).

I am not making a complaint. A resident pastor can hardly escape the many problems that exist between man and man. It is hard to describe a pastor's difficulties. Nevertheless there is in his bitterness a sweetness and a great consolation. When you see the fruit borne out of your bitter labours you will be happily and fully satisfied. What a pastor hopes of the members is that they have a heart of obedience. If they will humble themselves to be taught, they will see miracles.

Soon after the founding of the Cantonese Church, a widow suffering from mental depression was brought to the service. Hitherto she had to rely on sleeping pills every night. Her eyes had become abnormal, bordering on insanity. This made the situation very serious. Later I went to visit her, and after giving her some Scripture passage we knelt down. Anointing her with oil, I prayed and taught her to pray a simple prayer. I told her to pray whenever she felt restless within or became sleepless. Several weeks passed when her sleep slowly lengthened. After three weeks her sleepy eyes took a good turn. Henceforth she needed no more medicine. Suddenly, she was cured!

She had two children, most hostile to the West. One of them burnt the gospel tracts we had given to the mother (fortunately not the Bible). After half a year's prayer for the two children, however, they spontaneously believed the Lord. The sister who was healed was before so ill-tempered that

she used to quarrel with her mother. Now that God had restored her, she brought her children to Him. And now that she had become a Christian she needed to be reconciled with her mother. She led her to the Lord. So she asked the Weekly Prayer Meeting to pray. After some months her mother also received the Lord as her Saviour.

There was another sister who believed the Lord through a dream. After receiving the Lord she witnessed constantly for Him. Later, for the sake of livelihood, she shifted with her husband to a neighbouring island. During these years she would return to her home Church for Christmas and bring several others for baptism. These were her fruits. Later I went to her abode to preach and baptise. This resulted in the formation of a Church in her house. As it was difficult to engage a pastor, we left it to her to lead. Being rather illiterate, she naturally could not preach. Every Lord's Day she would look up an article in "The Bible Magazine" to be read in lieu of the sermon. She even invited a non-believing teacher from the Chinese School to lead singing. Is this not proof of the need of the gospel by the Indonesian Chinese?

Leading souls to Christ is every Christian's responsibility, but how this duty has been shirked! A certain sister had prayed seven years for her husband until he believed. She had a little girl who joined the Sunday School as a little child. When she grew up she was led by friends astray from the Church, and her thinking became dangerous. That sister prayed for this daughter also for seven years when she returned. Then she became the pillar of the choir and youth fellowship. She repented during a summer conference and with over ten others was baptised. What I would like to point out is that that sister prayed diligently for fourteen years to save two lives. So Paul has exhorted us to be steadfast and unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know that our labour is not in vain in the Lord.

I know by chance a young friend. When I first knew him he was already in the process of returning to China. He went to Bandung to say good-bye to his relatives and friends when I happened to be there. I spent four hours on the train to speak to him about the Lord, and a whole

day sight-seeing Bandung. Through this contact he was changed. He dismissed the idea of going away, came to the youth fellowship and believed in the Lord. Hitherto he lived a profligate life without a proper job, wasting his father's money and loitering in the streets. He had quarrelled with his father gravely over money, and was even taken to the police. After this he was chased out of the house by his father not to return. After he came to trust the Lord his whole life was changed, but was at a loss to gain his father's confidence. He needed a suitable go-between to restore his father's broken heart and his filial relationship. When he told me the story and requested my offices, we prayed for sure success. Thanks be to God, we won. When this young man repented in tears before his father, the angry man began to calm down. Father and son shook hands. As the saying goes, "the broken mirror was restored." The father spontaneously gave half of his business to the son that he might not just keep a stall by the roadside. "A prodigal's return cannot be measured by money" — a beautiful picture of life indeed!

Jesus says, "Signs shall follow them that believe". Whoever believes and obeys will find miracles following. Preaching one Sunday, I told the story of a miracle that happened in China. A devout old women seeing how others had money to offer to the Lord while she had none was troubled in her heart. So she earmarked a mother hen to offer to the Lord. Every Lord's Day she would bring the eggs laid by this hen to Church as her offering. One day the hen was stolen. So she ran to the pastor to ask him pray. However, the hen remained astray. Not a shadow of her could be seen for the next few days. She went to see the pastor again and the pastor said, "Many days have passed, so it seems there's no hope. Let me give you a dollar to buy another." "No", she replied, "not that I have no more hen. This hen was given to the Lord and God will not allow her to be stolen". Reluctantly the pastor knelt with her again to pray, and she prayed most fervently. She felt a great relief as if the Lord had answered. So, thanking the pastor, she took leave of him.



On the way she saw a man with a hen coming towards her. Recognising the hen to be hers, she sought her return. Of course the man refused. But, in the ensuing altercation, many villagers came upon the scene. The village headman also came to ask the cause of the dispute. Whereupon the woman bowed her head and prayed for wisdom to the headman to judge the matter. As both parties submitted to the headman's decision, he sent a boy to bring some rice which he divided between the two. The village headman then took over the hen and squatted at a distance. He let the man first to call the hen, but there was no reaction for a long while. The man dispassionately conceded defeat. When the woman's turn came to call the hen, she at once dashed forward to peck at the rice. This decided who the owner was. It was a small matter, but it proves how God answers prayers.

This story has remained in the hearts of the hearers because they believe in a living God, trustworthy and reliable. As miracles can be seen today also, they believe on the Lord.

There was a brother who bought and sold in the market. One day he cycled there to buy two cases of eggs to be transported home on a tricycle. As he rode behind he suddenly lost track of the tricycle while going through a crowd. He spent an hour looking for it without avail, so he came to Church to ask me to pray for him. He left the Church to return home when at the bridge where three roads met he came face to face with the tricycle. The cyclist had changed his clothing at some secluded spot, and here he was attempting to escape. However, the two boxes of eggs were recovered.

After this incident, there was a brother returning home from work with a valise containing documents and bank notes which he left behind in the tricycle. He turned back to search for it but the cyclist was gone. So he prayed silently by the roadside. He told the Lord that since he had shown His power in the case of the stolen hen, He could do the same for his valise. He had hardly finished praying when the tricycle appeared before his eyes. The tricycle took this brother back to the cyclist's house where the valise was returned to him.

Some years after these incidents I received a letter from a brother who had returned to China during Indonesia's persecution of the Chinese. He gave me a fine testimony. It was a warm winter when he took off his cotton-pad gown to dry on the flat-top. When he returned from the field in the afternoon, the cotton-pad gown was gone. What to do? He had no money, and if he had, he had no permit to buy another. How could he pass the long dreary winter? With his wife he knelt down to pray, fully trusting the Lord. It was thus that God began to work. At evening the thief brought back the gown of his own will to return it. He was joyful beyond words. Thanks be to God, brothers and sisters who imbibed the sermons seriously and applied them to themselves, and in time of need knew how to find God's grace, are a precious lot.

To revive a Church, prayer cannot in any way be neglected. The members of the Cantonese Church regarded prayer a priority. They asked the pastor to pray for big and for small. In practice, however, we had much to improve, there being many temptations so that the work could not progress as desired. Nevertheless, God is a God who answers prayer and He gives us according to the measure of our faith. So during these over ten years, we have never stopped praying and we have seen the results of prayer.

A sister suddenly got sick, not able to attend prayer meeting. She asked her husband to come to prayer and be anointed on her behalf. That night she got well.

There was another Christian lady whose sister was sick in Taiwan, though attended by many doctors. The sick sister was instructed by letter to kneel and pray on a certain night at nine o'clock. On behalf of her sister the Christian lady received the anointing, and thereby the patient in faraway Taiwan was healed.

A married woman had suffered from headache for fourteen years with a regular monthly recurrence of several days pain. This pain so shattered her that she had several times attempted suicide. Medicine Western or Chinese had no effect and sums of money were spent on consulting Buddha. After this she was introduced to our Church. She believed,

and after receiving the anointing was prayed for. She recovered immediately. She gave her testimony, "Should you point a pistol on my chest I would still wholeheartedly trust in this living and almighty God." This led to the conversion of her husband and uncle. God is ever unchanging, and He manifests His power today as before. It is impossible to recount His mighty workings during these ten years in this Church, but I can testify to one thing and that is: God's workings go on the same, unhindered by the passage of time.

I had served with the aborigines of Indonesia for over ten years. Now God has specially put me to work a period with my compatriots, "kinsmen according to the flesh". But through me God has given the principle that "kinsmen according to the flesh" are not limited to compatriots. So, the changing of my frontiers of service was directed to my compatriots not in the absolute sense. After founding the Cantonese Church, I gradually enlarged my borders of service. At first I served some Chinese Churches on the side. After that I paid the more attention to Indonesian-speaking local borns and to the aborigines. Generally speaking the Indonesian Chinese Churches are not mission Churches but rather self-governing local Churches. Accordingly these could well be united into one under "kinsmen according to the flesh". Though they should unite for action, sad to say, the opposite is true. First, the deep racial differences and especially the non-communication in speech has resulted in many barriers. Second, the difference in doctrine has drawn them aside from one another.

There are two great factions: The "Christian Churches" and the "Holy Spirit Churches". Members of the Christian Churches say those of the Holy Spirit Churches are mad and would not stand to reason. Those of the Holy Spirit Churches accuse them of the Christian Churches for not having the Holy Spirit and so they are not saved. The so-called Holy Spirit Churches are the Pentecostal Churches, but in Indonesia they are so advertised as to stress the power of the Holy Spirit. A different ideology within them, however, gradually caused a split. A group of them gave up the signboard of Holy Spirit and in its stead hung up

"Jesus Church". These "Jesus Churches" while diverting from the Holy Spirit Churches, however, maintain a distinction from the Christian Churches. Apart from these are the "Little Flocks" who put up the sign "God's Church" to differentiate further. Henceforth by such divisions the Indonesian Chinese Church have not only rendered the concept of "kinsmen according to the flesh" quite meaningless, but also made God an object for dissection. Such dismemberment and such painful misery! To save the Chinese Church from such a deepening crisis I felt that a thoroughgoing solution must be made from the doctrinal standpoint. But I had no desire to press them into one doctrinal mould, which was an impossibility. I merely wished there would be a mutual understanding lest they fall into a state of hurtful, intolerable expulsion of one another outside the door of Christ. The Lord has said, "He that is not against us is for us". How much more must this principle be applied to the members of Christ's body. For this cause, I worked reconciliation between Church and Church and accepted their preaching invitations. When an opportunity arose to hold spiritual-nature and evangelistic meetings, I invited every Church to participate. Later, I realised that a more important work needed to be launched and that was the holding of Bible classes. I had founded an "Olivet Bible Institute" which lasted three months each term, based on the short term Spiritual-Nurture Institute in Hong Kong. In this way more volunteer workers were trained. With increased spiritual knowledge, the lines of doctrinal differences were torn down. So were the fences erected against one another naturally demolished.

Once, a student from the Holy Spirit Church asked me a question after class, "Do you also talk of the Holy Spirit?" I had just expounded the question on the Holy Spirit, but I was pastor of the Cantonese Christian Church. I said, "A faithful servant of God can only teach what is from the Bible. I am one who exalts the Truth of the Bible, so whatever is recorded in the Bible, that I teach. But I do not specially emphasise one part of truth (against another)". This was the misunderstanding of the brother of the Holy Spirit Church against the Christian Church. Similarly there

were brethren of the Christian Church who misunderstood the Holy Spirit Church. This shows there were outstanding problems in the Church as a whole that needed to be ironed out. The middle wall of partition separating us from God has been broken down by the blood Jesus shed on the cross. Now, inside the Church between brothers there is a man-made wall, and a thick one, waiting to be demolished.

The Lord put me in Djakarta the capital of Indonesia to start the Cantonese Christian Church to do something for my compatriots, "kinsmen according to the flesh", but God needed me not to confine my work to this little group, but rather to extend it to all the overseas Chinese. Yet my work extended not simply within these limits. Sometimes the Churches in other islands which had no preachers invited me and I went to help there as well.

There was a Cantonese sister of Pontianak, West Kalimantan (West Borneo) who was married to a Hakka. Her husband died in a massacre under the Japanese, and she was left with half-a-dozen children and a business. In her distress she heard the gospel and trusted the Lord. She gave of her substance to preach the gospel and witnessed her best to others. As a result over thirty believed. This woman came to Djakarta to invite me to preach and baptise. This I did and a total of over sixty were baptised. The expenses of this campaign were borne entirely by her.

On another occasion I was invited by the Methodist Church in Sumatra. Between three and four hundred young people believed. But, seeing there was no witness to the Cantonese my compatriots, I exhorted several Christians among them to start a Cantonese service. In two to three years two to three hundred believers were gathered who affiliated with the Methodist Church.

On my second evangelistic tour to North Sumatra, I exhorted a group of young people to found a Church at Siantar, which has now attained over a hundred membership, all young people. This town of Siantar has been called "Little Yenan" (Yenan was once Red China's capital) but the Word spread mightily there, truly a manifestation of God's power.



Apart from this, there were numerous Churches in numerous places who made me their invisible adviser. Moreover, from many outlying towns and islands had been received letters of inquiry or messengers to get my answers to many doubtful questions. The questions concerned Churches, families and individuals. The farthest point from which they were sent was British North Borneo (now Sabah, East Malaysia), and the inquirers were brothers and sisters unknown to me. These letters were requests not only for solution of problems, but also for transaction of business. Thanks be to God, though I am no scholar and my knowledge very coarse, I have been looked up to as a sort of encyclopaedia. The questions posed covered a wide range and God has used this humble instrument to meet their needs. The scope of my ministry thus enlarged, I have become a servant to all. In writing these things I am not boasting of my talents or exalting my prestige. Rather it is to reflect the needs of Southeast Asia, particularly Indonesia's Chinese Churches. O how they need the help of many more wise and faithful servants of God. It is because they have found none that they have got hold of me a stop-gap. As the Cantonese saying goes, "When no ox is found to plough the field, make use of the dog".

Let me take this opportunity to tell something of my family. My family is a small one. Our economic burden is light. Used to a frugal life amongst the Dyaks, we have become accustomed to simplicity. So, in material things, we have little that we need. But thanks be to God, during the last decade the Lord has provided my family beyond our dreams. This is more than compensating our hard life for over a decade amongst the mountain tribesmen.

I had an old mother. When I was about to go to the aborigines, my wife took her back to China to live with relatives. Unexpectedly, the Japanese Pacific War brought them many sorrowful days. This went on till 1951 when I found opportunity to bring her back to Indonesia. After ten short years she was taken peacefully to heaven at the age of 82. During her days on earth she went through more bitter than sweet. A widow at thirty-odd, she attended

to the deaths of her children one by one. Few had gone through such a lot. Though she never went to school, she knew the importance of education. Under any circumstance she saw me her only child through school. That I am in the Lord's service, no doubt, is by God's choosing, but I cannot forget the merit of dear Mother's nurture and upbringing. What makes me feel real bad is that during her last days I had not "served by her side". At that time I was teaching at the Southeast Asia Bible College in East Java. I did not fly back until the day after her death to officiate the funeral. Henceforth, I found no more opportunity to show her my filial love. This has stabbed an indelible wound of regret in my heart.

We have one son born to us at a time we thirsted for spiritual milk, and so we gave him the name "Mo Ling" (meaning "yearning for the spiritual"). After graduating from the university he went on to serve the nation. But we both were deeply concerned for his spiritual life. Separated as north is from south, we could do little apart from praying for him. But, trusting God is better than anything. The God who hears prayers ultimately brought us parents and son together. This son is now grown up and married, but more to that is his restoration to his childhood faith. This has made us both well-satisfied. Now I can look back across the long years when for my work's sake and his education, he was separated from home at an early age. All in all, the days he spent by my side did not exceed five or six years. For the sake of others I had to leave home and child for several decades. And now for the sake of souls, the true kinsmen, I had to leave my son again. But under God's perfect time-table we are reunited again.

We have also a daughter, named Mo Wan (meaning, "yearning for the cloud"). Yes, who do we hope for still? I love only that life with Moses in the clouds, speaking face to face with the Lord. I love that transfiguration of Jesus on the high mount, and I also wish to ask, like Peter, to make a tabernacle there. So I have of late years desired to get away from the crowded and busy city to some solitary mountain to build my altar and to write, and thereby to extend the gospel. A sort of mini-living producing the maxi-

life. If the Lord be willing, there we would wait for the Lord's appearing by cloud, and be raptured into the sky by that cloud under His feet. There we would join with other saints in the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

The Alliance Church is now seventeen years under my charge. I have often desired to let her attain total independence, but without success. Now I have decided to retire back to China, and I have ordained five elders from among the brethren and committed the Church to them.

After my decision to retire, the elders and deacons unanimously requested me to be their life-long bishop. They have presented me with a gold-plated baton engraved with the words, "highest director", to express their faithfulness to the mandate. They have also given me a gilded scroll with the words, "Kind shepherd and good teacher", for remembrance.

At last I have left my parish of the last thirty-seven years to return northwards to my home. Circumstances demanded this. Though God had sent me to far-off Borneo for years, there is work yet to be done. God-willing, I would live and die there. My mother and little daughter were laid to rest there. How shall I not be willing who received the commission? Unfortunately my body has steadily weakened and contracted an incurable disease — cataract. I know that this illness has come from the Lord in chastisement. God has dealt with a quick-tempered fellow like me by blinding his eye. This is to teach him not to overwork. In work and duty that he could "shut one eye", to give some leeway to others. But God still has a work for me to do, so he has kept one eye open to let me continue in service. I am sixty-five this year. God has given me this responsibility. Psalm 71:17,18 seems to be penned for my sake. The first part of verse 17 bespeaks my early years, the period of my training up to the age of 25. From 25 to 50 (when this book was first written) is the period of my preaching the gospel. Logically my second period should be concluded at 50, but it was not possible. Six years after that I went to teach at the Southeast Asia Bible College in East Java, forcibly leaving the ministry of this period. Since

there was no one to succeed me in the work I founded, I had to return after one-and-a-half years. The result of this diversion was the lengthening of the second period of my life by twelve years. It was in 1965 when one of my eyes became blind that God prepared Mr. John Chang to take charge of the Church. Then did I find peace to leave the work and conclude that period.

Now I have entered the third period of my life. My work henceforth is "to shew Thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to everyone that is to come."

I have kept a diary from seminary days. From this diary I see myself a sick man. I have been ill and have been complaining of illness for several decades, from student days to the present. I have lived and worked in a state of illness, yet God has used me in such a situation. I would find myself suddenly with burning ears and a disquieted heart. To groan daily in illness is not glorifying to God! Since God is pleased to use an invalid, then let Him do it. Why should I grumble? Most of my anointing of the sick and praying for them has been effective, but I have been bound by sickness. This indeed has been by the Lord's permission. O let us glory in our infirmities, for God's strength is the more manifested in man's weakness. Yes, man's extremity is God's opportunity. Give up yourself and take hold of God's promises! Because "the foolishness of God is wiser than men."

God has purposely put a thorn in my flesh to keep me from self-praise. But God is true and His love reaches to the infinitesimal. He knows my weakness, and in order to sustain me in time of temptation, he specially gave me a prudent wife to be my partner. To this day she continues to serve me, so that in the bonds of sickness I have been enabled to work without stoppage.

Let me lay aside my pen awhile to praise my God who loves me, and to offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving, for He has given me a happy family. Apart from us and a son and daughter, we have a daughter-in-law added since last year and a grand-daughter lately. As a result of our prayer over a long period for our son, God gave us a daughter-in-law of the same mind in spiritual things.

We hold a prayer meeting simultaneously with that of the Alliance Church in Djakarta every Tuesday evening. So I feel that our little family is at one with the big family in Indonesia. To this date the congregation of the Alliance Church continues to regard me their supreme leader. They write me on many matters, even concerning their family problems, as if I were their patriarch. Although some naughty children during the last twenty years have caused trouble leading to family squabbles, God has solved every problem. During these months, although the Devil has raised storms within our family with all suddenness, under God's loving care we have for the kinsmen's sake surmounted every trial and temptation.

The Devil's dark schemings are truly mean to the extreme. He has attacked the Cantonese Church time after time and from every side. He has done so not only by stirring up dissension between brothers and sisters, but also in rousing a co-worker to plot taking over the Church when it was beginning to flourish. By God's protection this Satanic machination failed flat. The little Judas went the way of Demas and to his self-destruction, like Judas in the end.

However Satan did not give up at that. Fanned by the fire of jealousy at the progress of the Church and the increasing love of the Lord by the believers, Satan took a dastardly step on July 7, 1967 against the Church. Using a firebrand from a neighbour he consigned the Alliance Church to flames, leaving not a tile to the roof. Then he followed up by trying to wreck the rebuilding construction work. His object was to completely destroy this one and only Cantonese Church in Indonesia. However, this firebrand could bring loss to the Church only in the material. In the spiritual the Church was greatly benefited. The members of the Church increased in faith and unity, while the Chinese Churches everywhere were fired with love for us. They helped us not only financially, but also inspired the Hokkien and Hakka-speaking brethren and sisters in neighbouring Bandung to start Cantonese mission stations to save souls from the Cantonese-speaking. Hitherto, the Chinese Christians had rather held to a narrow, provincial outlook. If a matter



did not concern a fellow-villager, it would not get full attention. Now, by the arson incident the hedge of parochialism was burnt down. Hokkiens and Hakkas regard Cantonese as "kinsmen according to the flesh". Behold, how Satan's jealousy has rather worked out to the perfect will of God!

May the fire of revival burn brightly in the Chinese Churches throughout Indonesia, that there might be no division on account of language and geography, that they might become one, united in one purpose of heart to strive together for the faith of the gospel.

## Chapter Ten

### THE CALL FROM BEYOND THE SEA

*God speaks, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" (Isaiah 6:8).*

David Brainerd replies, "Lord, Here am I, send me. Send me to earth's end. Send me to the uncivilised and aboriginal tribes. Send me from every complacency and comfort, if it is to serve Thee, to extend the Kingdom of Heaven, yes, I am willing even to death."

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." This is the Great Commission of the Lord Jesus. It is the greatest challenge to the Church today. But the Church today is regretfully suffering from a grave disease. It is the slovenly neglect of this sacred responsibility. At the Berlin Congress on Evangelism Dr. Billy Graham gave this provoking advice: "Our greatest tragedy today is that this so-called Christian generation lacks the willingness to share with others our salvation experience." Dr. Scott of Edinburgh Theological College said, "The real question facing Christianity is not atheism or agnosticism, but Christians who do not witness for the Lord, but only hope that their souls will be stealthily transported into heaven." Dr. Billy Graham more lucidly pointed out the greatest error of the Church as follows: "A greater and greater pressure is compelling the gospel message to be adapted to men whose hearts have been blinded by sin — putting the materialistic and carnal needs in the first place, and subduing the individual's basic spiritual needs. The interchanging of positions between the important and unimportant has turned the True

Word of Christ into a kind of new humanism." So he is waking up the Church today to turn from being mislead. He says, "I fully believe if the Church will return to preaching the gospel and leading men to Christ as her major work, her influence on nations and social organisations will be greater than her devotion in any other work". He continues, "To preach the gospel and reap the harvest are urgent matters. The future of the individual and of each country must be decided by this. Every age heads up to a climax that determines the outcome of the future. Though we may not be responsible for the past generation nor need we be fully responsible for the next, God will examine us before the judgment seat of Christ whether we have been responsible to our own generation, whether we have fully used our opportunity to preach the gospel. The harvest we are to reap is greater than that of any generation before this. The reaping instruments on our hand are sharper than any before our time. Our Lord has warned, 'To whom much is given, much will be required'. We cannot refrain from accepting the challenge of this age."

"Foreign Missions" has become a non-questionable question with forward Christian nations, because they have understood and long practised it. Almost everyone of their Churches has a "foreign missions department". By our nomenclature, these are the "Missions". A missionary society is essentially established on the basis of an orthodox faith. Its object is entirely based on Jesus' words in the Bible, "I have chosen you that you should go and bring forth fruit." That being the case, the Commission belongs to any Church in any country, not only to Europe and America, but China as well, without exception. Only it is required that there should be no confusion or change to the original aim of the preaching of the gospel.

Since to every Church has been given the Commission of preaching, and this Commission is not limited to any district, frontier or race, as the Lord has said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature", then why do we seem to stop our ears and pretend to know nothing when confronted with this Commission? Our attitude to this great work has been one of inert ingratitude,

nonchalance and irresponsibility. Can we thus run away? (I Cor. 9:16, 17). This phenomenon is not peculiar to China but to all countries in the Far East.

For example, the gospel has been preached in Indonesia for 130 years. Although Christians number quite considerably — six million, and the ratio to the population is better than that of many other nations, yet, today we still have not established one "missionary society". It has neither considered foreign missions nor cared for the unevangelised races in many districts within the country.

Indonesia has several denominations, such as the Presbyterian, Lutheran, Basel, Methodist and Baptist Churches and the Roman Catholic Church. None of these has any plan for foreign outreach. Most of their present numbers are of natural descent.

It is said that the Church in Thailand has had 120 years of history. But, her Christians total only twenty thousand, or by ratio seven in ten thousand. These have not the slightest interest in evangelism, let alone the sense of responsibility.

As far as China is concerned the Church has existed for 150 years. Forty years ago no body ever mentioned about "foreign missions". It came about when Dr. Jaffray, a Western missionary who had spent twenty years in Kwangsi, started it. It was through him that the Chinese Foreign Missionary Union was organised and vigorously promoted. After some years, as a result of Indonesia news reports frequently appearing in the Tung Wen Pao, the Church began to take note. Many more became interested when I visited Central China and reported in various Churches our work in the South Seas, and began to recognise foreign missions as a new commission. It is a pity that our deputation work in China was too little effected, so we were unable to call the whole Church in China to their responsibility to Foreign Missions. After returning from Central China, I proposed to the Chinese Foreign Missionary Union to organise more efficiently, patterned after the China Inland Mission. I made an effort to get the whole Church in China to look outwards. I proposed that the headquarters be established in

Shanghai or Hong Kong with branches in every province. A general secretary should be appointed to coordinate the work and publish a magazine to propagate it. A day was to be set aside each year to be called "Foreign Missions Sunday" to promote the work further. But this plan received no response. However, when God's hour strikes, man can nor more resist but fall in line to His command.

In the early Church in Jerusalem, three thousand, and five thousand, were turned to the Lord in one day. The people gave of their substance, and the Church was a family where all gathered together in warm fellowship, rich and poor alike. They enjoyed the gracious gifts of God to their own satisfaction, never giving a thought to many sitting in wintry cold, shivering and hungry. So God sent an anti-Christian whirl-wind which blew them out of their warm house to other lands. It was then that they put into action the Commission of world-wide missions (Acts 8:1-4). From China there have been many similarly sent to Hong Kong and other overseas sectors who in the last decade have just risen to take a keener interest in missions. In Hong Kong international missionary organisations have increased so much as to become a fashion. However, it seems more time is needed for such a movement to gather momentum. What has made me happily satisfied is: several local Churches, without advertising their names, have in a practical manner put missions into action. This is an event that thrills us. O that God would have more Churches to follow this example in good succession. Such work is most blessed of the Lord. The Chinese Church must step resolutely on to fulfil the Great Commission.

Owing to political unrest in many countries, immigration regulations have made it more difficult for people. Church workers have never experienced such restrictions in going from one country to another. In 1951 graduates from my alma mater, after reading an article of mine in a certain magazine about the great needs of Indonesia, were deeply moved. The whole class of twenty jointly wrote me of their decision to labour in Indonesia, and requested me to apply for their visas. This I did which took over half a year, but the Immigration Office in Indonesia approved entry only



for one man and one woman. But these two alumni who could not wait so long had in the meantime transferred to Vietnam. The result of it all was none went to Indonesia!

After this I returned home to bring my mother to the South Seas. While I stayed in Hong Kong, several Western co-workers and Chinese Church leaders urged me to organise a "Chinese Missionary Team" to promote foreign missions through a fellowship. But there were difficulties a-many and the fellowship became neither dead nor alive. It sent six workers to Vietnam, but those preparing for Indonesia were grounded by immigration restrictions. Not long after this, that organisation folded up because there was no way to extend its work. Although the countries of Southeast Asia are in dire need of the gospel, the door of foreigners entering has been closed. So, "crossing the sea to save souls" has almost become an impossibility, "making one to sigh as one looks on the ocean".

But my heart beats too hastily as I look at the world situation. I see the opportunity for work shortened day by day. The coming of the Lord is near, the days are few. I wish I could take hold of every good opportunity to do a bit more to save souls. Whenever I read Isaiah 26:15 in which is mentioned the increase of the nation and it is removed to the ends of the earth, and it comes to me like a voice calling, my heart burns within. How could I enthuse others to promote the sacred work of saving souls?

My vision began to broaden, from Indonesia to all of South-east Asia, and perhaps in the future to all the world. I was like dreaming as I told my ideas and plans to many, hoping to find a chorus of support from them. And maybe we could unite our strength to expand the gospel enterprise.

I planned to organise a Christian Stewardship Foundation whereby all kinds of talents in the Church might be pooled, using every kind of modern devise and method for the spreading of the gospel.

We would pool the economic resources of believers to start agricultural and industrial projects so that the Foundation might become self-supporting, doing away with the practice of getting subscriptions to maintain the work. I

had made a draft of the project and chose Singapore as the base of the Foundation. At that time I found support from several co-workers and gave them a share of the business. I also found a brother who contributed his utmost for this enterprise, \$200,000 (Hong Kong) for a start! So we bought a sizeable piece of land in Singapore and built a big building on it with a view to starting a kindergarten as a preliminary measure. We were registered with the Government as a legal body in order freely to expand our work. That brother who gave us the money moreover bought two rubber estates in Malaysia and that also for the purpose of supporting the work of the Stewardship Foundation.

But what was my dream turned out to be a dream, indeed. The result was that "as it is hard for a good dream to come true", we soon met with a turn of political events. The dream burst like a bubble. Owing to my inability of taking up residence in Singapore, that big piece of land with its building was freely donated to a Church for the spreading of the gospel. On this piece of land today there are two congregations of different languages worshipping, as well as the running of the original Zion Kindergarten. Since I could not carry out the project and there are others to take over the job, I can say I have not abused the loving kindness of the brother who financed it. After the failure of this project a co-worker said to me, "You are too naive!" Yes, this is a true evaluation. I have not spent much time in the cities and have buried myself in the Dyak tribes for over a decade. I become "an adopted Dyak", a novice not knowing "the immensity of heaven and earth". I aspired to do a great thing. Only Heaven could tell if I would not fail. There were many factors in this failure, but my naivete was the main cause of it. There is a saying, "The new-born pup fears not the tiger". But when little doggie is grown up and meets the tiger more often, he also learns not to play with him, and he guards himself from the tiger's terror.

Though I have gone through this failure and have learnt to be good, I continue as ever to be naive. My eyes have seen how many a fruitful field gone to seed, waiting for the farmer's plough again. There are lost souls to be saved. If I had not tried out this project for God, my heart would never have been at rest. But, after one failure, I met with another.

After God blocked my project in Southeast Asia, I returned to Indonesia. I decided to do something for Indonesia according to the light God had given me. Indonesia is an archipelago of 3,000 islands. With an area of 1,900,000 sq. kilometres she is one-sixth of China in size and one fifth of Europe's. With the incorporation of West Irian she has become bigger. It has a population of one hundred and ten million of which three million are Chinese. The Indonesian language is Malay which is the spoken language in Singapore, Malaysia and the Philippines, a sizeable region indeed.

If the Indonesian Church is revived and becomes a sending Church she could spread the gospel in Southeast Asia using this one language. But, according to past history, I feel the work of reviving the Indonesian Church must be done through the Chinese Church. Then there are the Indonesian Chinese and aborigines who need the gospel. To meet this boundless need we must recruit more missionaries. In order to satisfy the spiritual thirst in all the Southeast Asian countries, the best way is to train workers in Indonesia. Since Indonesia has closed the door to Chinese immigration, where can we find the workers as desired?

At first I selected young people and sent them to Hong Kong for training. Their number has exceeded ten. But the Government soon barred the young people from going abroad to study. What could we do? I decided to change our policy to one of training on the spot. I planned to establish a theological seminary in Indonesia's capital, Djakarta, using both the Chinese and Indonesian languages. Graduates from this school would be sent to the aboriginal tribes. Such a programme would first diminish the racial suspicions between Indonesians and Chinese. Second, it would help to revive the aboriginal Church.

The year I had these plans formulated, the principal of the Alliance Bible Seminary, Dr. Newbern, came to Indonesia to preach. So we held a triumviral meeting with Dr. Newbern and the chairman of the Missions Committee of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. We decided to start this as a branch of the Alliance Bible Seminary in Indonesia. We obtained the approval of the headquarters in New York. The personnel

was also decided upon. Nevertheless, in the course of preparation, we were overtaken by the political situation which forbade us to positive action. After this I developed eye trouble which precipitated my leaving Indonesia for the north. This plan of mine became another empty dream. God has all along been blocking my plans. Maybe it is because the time has not yet come, or because I am not equal to the task. Nevertheless, I believe God will ever turn his face to the thousands and ten-thousands of precious souls. God will accomplish His salvation plan upon them according to His will.

At this point, I am suddenly overwhelmed by a flood of gloomy emotions. It makes me sigh ten thousand times to think of Joshua in his old age when the Lord said to him, "Thou art old and stricken in years, and there remaineth yet much land to be possessed" (Joshua 13:1). If we compare the Church today with those times, are we not the same? When God spoke these words to Joshua in his ears, how overwhelmed his heart must have been. So he gathered all Israel together and issued them an urgent call, "How long are ye slack to go to possess the land which the Lord God of your fathers hath given you?" (Joshua 18:1-3). We remember how when God promised Abraham to give Canaan for an inheritance to his children, He had said, "Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art, northward and southward, and eastward and westward: For all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever." Now, although Abraham's children had set foot on Canaan's soil, they kept on delaying, day after day. There were seven or eight tribes who had not received their inheritance. How anxious Joshua was for he was now an old man. In the evening years of his life he felt no more strength to conquer land for the Israelites. "Old"! What a fearsome word! God gives the Church today another call: "Increase the nation, and extend the borders." (Isa. 26:15). But has the Church heartily responded to this urgent cry? We have procrastinated time after time until all opportunity is lost, and by our default forfeited God's grace. I have criss-crossed Southeast Asia for forty years and my eyes have seen the countless souls with outstretched hands desperately crying out for help.

Were it not for my old age binding me I never would have relinquished that great field of work. But now I am an old, weary warrior. My strength no more avails me. But my old age is inconsequential. If the Church as a whole manifests this senility, what great disappointment it would be to God!

What breaks God's heart today is that the Church regards the Evangelism Commission, the saving of souls, no more as first and highest duty to God, but as some secondary and unessential thing. With a topsy-turvy view, it runs after materialistic and carnal things, neglecting the basic, spiritual needs of man, with an unbalanced emphasis on social welfare projects. Thus, countless perishing souls who daily follow after their carnal lusts are tragically drowned in the abyss. Let us review a few examples:

1. The gospel has come to Thailand for 120 years. There is no organisation for outreach of a missionary nature formed in the country, let alone internal evangelistic work which is not able even to lift its head. The Christian population in the whole country numbers but twenty thousand in a total population of thirty million. Such a ratio of hopelessness!

2. The gospel has come to Indonesia for 130 years. Although statistics impressively show six million converts, there are quite a few more unevangelised tribes. She has never formed any missionary society nor manifested any spirit for evangelistic outreach nor responsibility for soul-saving work. Fortunately, after the coup d'état in 1966 the Church seemed to experience a revival. Evangelistic bands were formed in several districts. By the Spirit's working, thousands were turned to the Lord. (It is said that a team recently visited Pakistan with good results. This is something truly phenomenal). May this flame leap forth like a prairie fire to start a revival, making Indonesia the base for evangelisation of Southeast Asia.

3. The gospel has been preached to China for 150 years. Not only has China not regarded the unevangelised peoples of her neighbouring countries, she has also neglected her own sons struggling in despair overseas. Has she ever thought awhile of the needs of her own "kinsmen according to the flesh", yea even those living in so many districts



within her own borders? Today we hear the despairing cries of our very own and regret over our sin of procrastination in earlier days. After God has meted bitter sorrows to us during these long years we begin to wake up a little as the early Church in Jerusalem (Acts 8:1-4).

To preach the gospel beyond the seas is the imperative task of the Chinese Church today! We must at least bear up the responsibility of saving the 17 million overseas orphans. Next, we should go to all nations in all the world. We should assume our role in history and morality. Since God has of one stock made all nations, ethnically speaking, we should regard their souls as precious. And how much more as the Day is approaching, the Day of God's appointed judgment! Chinese Christians have no excuse for not saving the lost souls. Let us rise up! Let us with grateful hearts and bowels of mercy go to the brink of the abyss and pluck them from destruction!

God has specially blessed the Chinese. He has given us an opportunity to emigrate, a spirit of hard work and endurance, especially of peaceableness and tolerance. We are gifted in peace-making between the races, in learning foreign languages. In a word, we have been excellently endowed to be messengers of the gospel. Chinese youth of today, why won't you give yourselves whole-heartedly to the Lord, that in these very last days you might be counted upon to fulfil His salvation plan for mankind? Yes, let us who are God's children wake up, with one heart and soul to receive this Great Commission to preach the gospel to the whole world!

## Epilogue

### I RE-VISIT THE OLD FIELDS

Singapore and Indonesia are the writer's old fields of service. That I have had the opportunity of visiting them again after a number of years fills me with an indescribable elation.

From Hong Kong that is far from what her name "Fragrant Streams" means, I arrived in Singapore the clean and beautiful city. How I felt like leaving hell for a visit to heaven! In order to launch a Clean-Up Campaign, Hong Kong has sent a delegation to Singapore to investigate and study. I hope that when I return to Hong Kong I might see some results!

My main business in coming to Singapore this time was to discuss the publication of the English translation of my book "Pioneering in Dyak Borneo". The Chinese autograph since its publication has found a wide readership in Indonesia, Hong Kong, Taiwan and elsewhere. Not a few young people have been moved to dedicate their lives to pioneer gospel work. In Singapore a number of English-educated young people, after hearing my testimony, became mightily interested, but regretted their inability to read Chinese. Fortunately, I found a ready translator in Dr. Timothy Tow, president of Far Eastern Bible College, despite his "hundred items of business". He has finished the translation after three years' labours. Now, the English version has gone to press. I earnestly hope that this book will move many more youths to give their lives to the Lord's service. May "Pioneering in Dyak Borneo" be penned again and again!

In Singapore I had another work to do and that was preaching. Apart from speaking at three theological schools I have also preached the Word in a number of Churches. I spoke at the First Missionary Conference of the Singapore-Malaysia Council of Christian Churches. There has arisen a new awakening to Churches in the Far East in recent years. From Hong Kong to Taiwan, Singapore to Malaysia, a good number of Churches have organised missionary societies to send the gospel beyond their shores. This is a good sign.

When I previously had the ambition of starting an international work, I chose Singapore as my headquarters. Later, when the times changed and my endeavours were thwarted, I presented the property I bought to the Bible-Presbyterian Church. Today there is a thriving, continuing work of a kindergarten and clinic with the two congregations of Zion and Faith Churches. For these I thank God. Although this field of my labours has changed hands, Rev. Tow of Life Bible-Presbyterian Church and Far Eastern Bible College has surprised me by offering his premises as a centre for my work. Alas, age has crept in upon me! What can one do when one feels like a candle flickering in the wind? On the contrary I see the Church and College under Pastor Tow's leadership youthful and vigorous, with a long, long way to go.

The Church I founded in Djakarta was twenty-five years old this year. I went there to join in her Silver Jubilee celebrations. Coinciding with my seventieth year the Church also gave me their felicitations. Under my successor Rev. John Chang, the Church is on the ascent like "the Spirit of the Morning".

When I arrived in Djakarta, I heard that many Churches were plagued with internal dissensions, with some going even to court. So I held a three-day conference for lay workers of the twenty-odd Chinese Churches in order sincerely to point out their mistakes and bring them out of this tangle. I hope this might contribute somewhat to putting out the flames of ecclesiastical strife, lest the Lord's Name be taken in vain.

After the Second World War, I changed my strategy in the spiritual warfare. I turned from aboriginal work to our Chinese compatriots. This took me away from my field in Borneo to Java. Henceforth my field of service widened to the whole of Indonesia, while my footsteps trod through one-half of the realm. Thanks be to God the Father, an opportunity was given me this time to revisit old friends in my Kalimantan Timor (East Borneo) field, which I have left for twenty-six years. Alas, many of them have left this world! Some who were babies and delivered by my wife at birth have now become fathers and mothers. Those who were young people before have become grandpas and grandmas. This spontaneously made us realise that old age had encroached upon us.

In recent years a great number of pastors and evangelists from America, Hong Kong and Taiwan have called at Java, and the farthest up at Medan in Sumatra, but none has ventured to Indonesia Timor. Hence my preaching tour this time to Makasar and Samarinda was welcomed like sweet dew in a long drought and as a timely refreshing shower.

Samarinda is my old field of service. It was here that I hung up the first "Gospel Hall" signboard when I arrived in Indonesia in 1929. Three years after, when I decided to enter the interior to open up work with the Dyaks, the Church here was suddenly left without care. For a time she went into hibernation. After the War when I left the interior I shifted back to Samarinda. At that time communications between the islands were not yet restored. Since I could not contact with the headquarters, I joined the Chinese School as a teacher. This gave me the opportunity to restart the Church. When Rev. James Chen later on came officially to take over the pastorate, it began to revive. Although the believers there today number less than a hundred the Sunday School has over two hundred with not a few young people, one of whom has dedicated himself to the preaching ministry. While there is only one Chinese Church in Samarinda, there are four or five of the natives. Thus, when I spoke at the evangelistic meetings, we had three to four hundred filling up the hall.

I spent only a few days at Samarinda. What made our hearts glad was this: The Chinese families who were our neighbours in the interior have believed in Jesus. One brother who had believed on the Lord many years ago is now the chairman of the deacons of a Church in Surabaya. After the War when I became a teacher at the Chinese School I taught a class, several of whom also have believed the Lord. Their sons and daughters are members of the youth fellowship and choir, while some are serving as Sunday school teachers. They came to embrace me, and tears flowed for joy. Thanks be to God that we have had this opportunity, after twenty-six years, to see the fruits of our labours.

The interior of Borneo is a gargantuan jungle. In recent years, ten nations, such as England, U.S.A., Japan, West Germany, Taiwan and Malaysia have established business here to harvest the timber. Samarinda is the timber port, though their offices are located at Balikpapan. There's an international airport at Balikpapan with daily flights. So both Balikpapan and Samarinda are prosperous and booming! Balikpapan is a short distance from Samarinda. They are separated by two hours of motoring up to the estuary of the Mahakam River, from where one needs only an hour more of travel by speed boat.

Balikpapan is an oil-refinery centre from which petroleum is exported. In the past we had established a Church here. When the times became bad later on and the believers were dispersed and we gone into the interior, this Church was obliged to close. Today the Samarinda Church has a desire to open a gospel station here, but owing to the lack of hands the matter is shelved for the time being. The fact is that a brother here has a piece of land and is willing to build a house for the gospel work. We spent two nights in a hotel run by this brother. We were not only well entertained but also presented with air tickets to fly us back to Surabaya in Java. From Surabaya we flew to Bali in half an hour.

I had made a wrong calculation this trip. Thinking that communications with the interior was time-consuming like twenty-six years ago, I made no plan to go inland. I really



missed a great opportunity. Though times have changed, my ideas remained bogged down in the 19th century! As to communications with the interior, there are now modern speedboats, automobiles and planes (the Alliance Mission has an air-strip construction programme) to replace the erstwhile shallow-bottomed boats, canoes and one's two feet. We taught them ABC and simple choruses before, but now they can write and sing in four parts, and some are in Government service. I met a Dyak brother this time who has become a representative of his tribe. He is on the staff of the Department of Religion. What a promotion from an illiterate Sunday school scholar! Now the Dyak Churches in the interior, like the city Churches, have their own pastors. The wheel of time has turned, pushing these uncivilised into the society of the enlightened. No more do they eat their chilli-salt and decomposed pig's head, but rather toast bread and sardines. But, will they come, queuing up by the hundreds to be baptised unto the Lord?

I visited the Church in Bali this trip. We held meetings at the Balinese Alliance Church. The gospel first came to Bali through Rev. Chang To Hang some scores of years ago. At that time the believers were greatly persecuted. Irrigation water was cut off from flowing into their padi-fields. Some died for their faith, and even had their bodies dug up from the grave and strewn before their own door-steps. Though undergoing such trials, batch after batch of believers risked their lives to be baptised in the Name of Jesus. Now the persecutions are over and there is freedom of religion. Bali has also had a face lift. There is now an international airport drawing in many tourists. There is even an international centre for hippies. There are fashionable restaurants and hotels, and people enjoy eating and put on the finest. Life has become much easier than before, but it is much harder to lead one to Christ.

With many mixed feelings I conclude this report on my visit to the old fields.

— as published in the *Bible-Presbyterian Weekly*,  
Singapore, May 19, 1973.

## TRANSLATOR'S ENTREATY TO THE READER

Dear Reader,

I am sure your soul has been gripped by what God has done through the life of Jason Linn.

If you are a young man or woman, may I in the words of the Apostle Paul beseech you also "by the mercies of God" to present your body "a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service" (Rom. 12:1). God called the early disciples, all young men. God called Jason Linn in the prime of his life. God is calling you today, with all your youthful ardour and radiance, to carry on the "Unfinished Commission" (Matt. 28:19,20).

The gathering of souls is plenteous,  
The labourers are few!  
Pray ye the Lord of the harvest  
To send forth men anew!  
O Lord, I've heard Thy gentle voice  
That calls me to the field.  
There's none before me, but Thy choice,  
My heart to Thee I yield.

Secondly, I would have a word with the father or mother. What is your ambition for your son or daughter? Did you ever wish that one of them should serve the Lord fulltime — even as a missionary to some far-off land where the gospel is not preached? My mother offered me to the Lord and He accepted her vow. I can testify that there is no greater joy and blessing than serving the Lord fulltime. So has Rev. Linn, in every page of this book.

Thirdly, some advice to the aging rich. Now in the waning years of your life, with all the wealth and properties God has bestowed you, what is it that you return a good portion to Him? To whom will you leave your properties? Often gospel-work in the field is bogged down, as the China Foreign Missionary Union has experienced, for lack of funds — and that due to our selfishness and callous nonchalance?

As I conclude to read the Epilogue, I feel a great heaviness of heart! For, while we rejoice with the souls now turned to Christ as a result of Jason's earlier witnessing, we cannot but sigh for such a big town as Balik Papan, still without one Chinese Church! Rev. and Mrs. Linn were here in the early days. When they left it to enter Dyakland, the Chinese Church, as Rev. Linn puts it, "went into hibernation". Won't it be wonderful if a movement is started by our Readers to raise up the Gospel Banner here again? A Christian Chinese hotelier in Balik Papan has land and is willing to put up the Church building, provided some servant of the Lord is willing to serve with the people here. Is there no young couple recently graduated from Bible College willing to give their lives for East Kalimantan?

He who has heard the Master's call  
Must true disciple be,  
And bear his cross with heart and soul  
From now till he's set free.  
O Lord, may never I return  
To seek the world so gay.  
Since Thou hast my salvation earned,  
With what shall I repay?

Sincerely,

T. Tow.

## Appendix One

### REVIVAL COMES TO THE CHURCH IN INDONESIA

The archipelago nation of Indonesia has become the focus of attention of the whole world because of her political upheavals in recent years, and because of her size and population. Although Indonesia is a new nation she has become a power in Southeast Asia that must be reckoned with.

Indonesia's soil is rich, her produce abundant. But her culture is backward, her people are slow.

Buddhism, perhaps, was the first religion to penetrate Indonesia. There is a Three-Buddha Temple in Sumatra that has become a world-famous Buddhist Mecca. In Central Java there is another world-famous Three-Buddha temple.

The next religion to enter Indonesia is Mohammedanism. The latter became the first, for under the impact of Islam, Buddhism was relegated to the little island of Bali.

In regard to the coming of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, these have been introduced by the Portuguese and the Dutch. It is a pity that these did not pay heed to spreading the gospel. They had established the Church only in the midst of several races. The amazing fact is that the vital impact of Christianity, coming as a great light, did not take place until today, after the attainment of national independence. In the short space of two years the revival phenomenon in the Church has shaken up the people of Europe and America. This phenomenon is worthy of our report.

## **Eve Before the Revival**

Indonesian Christianity has been of a traditional and nominal type. I have seen with my own eyes a certain race of people who, being brought up under Western culture, have donned white Western suits, and because they could speak Dutch fluently, gave up their ancestry. They called themselves Hollanders and made themselves equal with the whites.

I have also visited a certain place inhabited by thousands of Christians. Riding in an automobile along a winding highway, I passed village after village and in between sharp-spired Churches. The people here went to Church rather zealously. But, after the service was over, these either went into the city to pickpocket or stayed at home to drink or gamble. No doubt they regarded the minister's Sunday sermon to be some habitual, harmless story-telling, a part of the rituals. I have introduced some Hong Kong revivalists to the leaders of these Churches, hoping that these native Christians might find spiritual help. But what was the answer I got? "We have never needed such a package."

During my thirty years in Indonesia, I have been greatly concerned with the state of affairs of the native Church. I earnestly hope and pray they might have a chance of true revival. I have often tried to find an opportunity whereby they might come to some special spiritual meetings to partake of God's grace. But, until the day I left Indonesia in July 1965, I had not seen the day of revival appear. Indonesian politics had degenerated day by day and the people's livelihood and morals plummeted. I left Indonesia in despair. Unexpectedly, in October 1965 the Indonesian Communist Party attempted a coup d'état that failed. In Bandung City alone 30,000 perished. But this wholesale massacre brought Indonesia an astonishing revival.

## **The Facts of the Great Revival**

By no means is this revival a sudden event. For the revival of the Church there have appeared in Indonesia from the Moluccas in the east to Northwest Sumatra in the west



simultaneously and spontaneously many lay Christians and students. These formed into bands, preaching the gospel everywhere. This was a manifestation of their zeal, but the amazing thing was that not a few were converted to the Lord. As many as one to two thousand upon receiving the gospel were baptised. Sometimes whole villages turned to the Lord. In a certain village there was a population of 30,000 Christians. In a short while it doubled to 60,000.

Bandung has become world-famous from the Afro-Asian Conference. In May 1966 the principal of a native school held an open-air evangelistic campaign with astonishing results. During seven days of meetings, there were between 30,000 and 50,000 in the audience seated on the sides of the race tracks, among whom were many officials and Muslims. It is said that over 3,000 decided for Christ.

Most outstanding and more fruitful were such meetings held on Timor Island in Eastern Indonesia. For example there was a region with a million population of which 450,000 were Christians, excluding Roman Catholics. Before the revival most of the Christians were of the traditional or nominal type. But in six months after the revival there were arisen 80,000 in the southern-central sector who became on fire for the Lord. In Timor it is reported there are now 150 evangelistic bands. These bands are composed of university students, the uneducated and converted ex-convicts.

All were used of the Lord to bring others to Christ. The reason was simple. For the Lord was with them, confirming their preaching with signs and wonders. For instance, there were a number of Communists who mingled in the Church and desecrated the Lord's Supper by putting filth into the cups. Though they were found out and prayed for, these were all killed in a traffic accident not long after this. This act of a righteous God brought fear to many.

In the Hong Kong Chinese daily Sing Tao Jih Pau, dated December 7, there appeared a Djakarta report of the World Tribune. It says: "Since the Communist attempted coup d'tat in October 1965, it seems the Christians have made great progress to win new Christians. Within one year of the coup, about 250,000 have embraced Christianity, mostly Indonesians of Chinese origin.

## **Troubles Brought by the Great Revival**

Great revival in the Church is a spiritual good, but through Satan's envy it is inevitable but that many troubles are introduced. We see this fact from ancient times.

Indonesia is a Muslim country. Eighty-five percent of her population of 120 million are Muslim. Christians are a minority, comprising six million Protestants and two million Roman Catholics. Though a minority, Christians are better off economically. In social welfare and education Christianity has excelled Islam by far. In many enterprises Christianity has often received from abroad economic aid, but not Islam. As success comes to Christians through hard work, new Churches are built one by one, manifesting a flourishing growth. The Muslims naturally became envious, in contrast. The traditional enmity between Islam and Christianity further adds to this envy. Under these circumstances an opportunity was given the Communists to fan up a seditious strife. A tragedy resulted. On Oct. 1, 1967, the first anniversary of the unsuccessful Coup, the "Makasar Incident" flared up. For eight hours on end groups of Muslim attacked and damaged all Christian Churches and schools, short of taking human life.

This was the beginning of conflict. No one can predict the future. From experience gained from history, we believe such troublous incidents are a harbinger of greater revival. We should examine ourselves in our relation to the progress of Church work. If in this hitherto smooth-sailing work we got ourselves thoroughly purged in the membership of our Church, then persecution would not be a bad thing.

## **A Worthwhile Retrospection.**

The great revival in Indonesia at present is closely related to the Church in China. There are so-called Christian districts in Indonesia, such as the archipelago of Timor, Roti, Alor, Sumba, the Ambonese islands, the tribes of Manado and of Toradja in Sulawesi in Eastern Indonesia. In Sumatra there are the Bataks, in Kalimantan (Borneo) the Dyaks, in Java a section of the Javanese. The districts most touched by the recent revival are Timor, the Molucca islands and the land of the Bataks in Sumatra. The fire of revival may be traced directly or indirectly to the work of the Chinese Churches.

For instance, Dr. R. A. Jaffray had established at Makasar, Sulawesi the Kemah Indjil (Gospel Tabernacle) Bible Institute. Many from Timor, Roti, Alor, Ambon, Manado, Sumba, Bali, and even from the Dyaks of East Kalimantan were trained in this Institute. The fire of revival was first lighted in their hearts while in training. During the last two or three decades there have gone forth from Hong Kong Chinese evangelists and revivalists who have greatly influenced their spiritual lives. Especially, Dr. John Sung who had visited Indonesia twice and greatly influenced the spiritual life of the native Christians. The impression he made on them has lasted to this day. In Sumatra during the last few years the Chinese Methodist Church has been holding Summer Youth Conferences. These have stirred up the Church which in turn have greatly spurred the native Church. So, the great revival that has been born in the Indonesian Church is due in no unimportant measure to the Chinese Church.

In saying this I am not claiming credit from the indigenous people, but to tell the Chinese Church that we have inescapable responsibility to preach the gospel and call to revival the natives of Southeast Asian countries. It may be that now is the time. Let the Chinese Church arise and bear up her burden of preaching the gospel beyond the seas. The rest of the world has been taken over by missionaries of the progressive nations of Europe and America. God has reserved Southeast Asia at the doorstep of our country to us, and how do you know it is not for such a time as this?

— from the **Morning Light**, No. 125, Dec. 10, 1967.

## **Appendix Two**

### **THE TERRITORIAL DIVISION OF THE CHURCH IN INDONESIA**

The map on the inside of the back cover showing the territorial division of the Church in Indonesia is prepared by the Council of Churches in Indonesia. From this map we can see the development of the Church in Indonesia.

1. The cross that appears on every Island denotes the establishment of parishes. During the days of colonial rule the Churches in Indonesia were under the complete control of the Government. It could not develop freely, nor were more missions permitted entry. So, under the several Western missions the gospel could be preached in designated areas and only to non-Muslims. Of the Western missions, the biggest were the Dutch Reformed Church, the English Methodists, the "German" Basel Mission, the Lutheran Church, the American Christian and Missionary Alliance. When Indonesia gained independence and the people freedom, they found religious freedom too. The Churches became independent one after another as the missions handed over to the people according to their racial divisions. According to statistics twenty years ago (1948), the total Christian population was about three million. Now this figure has increased to six million. A startling phenomenon! One main reason is the population increase, but the opportunity for evangelism brought about by religious freedom and the hardships of livelihood after the War, accentuated further by political upheavals and the freedom of thought are also causes which drive the people into the embrace of religion.

2. The Ministry of Religion set up by the Government deals with all religious matters. In order to coordinate ecclesiastical matters for better administration and minimise religious problems, all the different Churches got together to organise a council known as the Council of Churches in Indonesia. Of course there are Churches which have not joined the Council, for instance, the Christian and Missionary Alliance, the Salvation Army, the Baptist Church, Overseas Missionary Fellowship, all Western missions. These have co-operated on a friendly basis. The Roman Catholic Church, the Seventh Day Adventists and the Pentecostals are independent. These also have not joined the Council.

3. According to the Council of Churches 1956 survey the membership of its Churches numbers two-and-a-half million, and non-members such as Pentecostals and Seventh Day Adventists, etc. number half a million. According to the statistics of the Ministry of Religion of the same year, Protestants in the whole country number 3,140,000 and Roman Catholics 890,000, making a total of over four million. This number for Christians amounts to five per cent of the total population, while the Muslims number 85 per cent. The remaining ten per cent is made up of adherents to other religions.

4. The district with the highest Christian density is occupied by the Bataks and Nias of North Sumatra, who represent one third of the total Christian population. Next comes the parish of Minahasa of North Sulawesi comprising the tribes of Sangihe and Manado. After this comes the people of Timor and of the small Sunda Island of Sumba, and the Ambonese of the Moluccas and of Halmahera. The Christians of Java number not a little. Taking the Christians of each district in ratio to the total population, we see that those of Minahasa and Batakland rank highest. Almost all of these districts are Christian. If we should divide Indonesia into four big parishes and count the Christians in ratio to the population, the eastern sector and West Irian should rank first, Sumatra second, Borneo third and the last Java. Java which has 70 per cent of the nation's population is highest in density, though its area occupies only seven per cent of the national territory. Its Christians number only 0.5 per cent, or one half in every hundred.



5. In the map it can be seen that there are quite a number of far-flung districts without any cross, showing that no proper parish has yet been established. For instance, northwest and southern-central Sumatra, the waist of North Sulawesi and the central highlands of south Sulawesi are all a virgin jungle land untouched by the gospel. As to Northeast and West Kalimantan (Borneo), and Sumatra Island to the east of Bali and certain parts of West Irian you can see the words CMA superimposed. This means that these are the parishes established by the Christian and Missionary Alliance.

6. Worthy of special note is Bali. This small island has become a Christian district. Under the Dutch regime this island was out of bounds to religious activity. Bali is famous for its scenic beauty and is known as the "Garden of the Orient". The island is full of temples. Beautiful girls go there to worship with incense. Often there are held impressive ceremonies of cremation. The men and women love songs and dance. They make all kinds of exquisite carvings and art work. Attracting many tourists from Europe and America, Bali was a magic dollar-earner for the colonial Government. For this reason no foreign religion was allowed into the island.

Thirty odd years ago, however, Dr. Jaffray was deeply concerned for the souls of the islanders. He prayed for a break-through into this Satanic stronghold that the prisoners of sin might be delivered. He negotiated with the Dutch government for permission to send in missionaries. Unsuccessful, he made a direct approach to the highest authority. As a result he was granted permission to send in Chinese missionaries only. The Chinese Foreign Missionary Union then sent Rev. Chang To Hang as its first missionary to spearhead the work.

In no time the Gospel Door flung wide open. Now, the Chinese and the natives intermarry and through this situation the gospel was preached to the sons of the soil. In a short while, four to five hundred of the natives turned to the Lord. As the Banner of the Cross fluttered above this little Island, the believers could not avoid an oncoming persecution. For self-interests, the Dutch government sided with

the enemy and declaring Rev. Chang persona non grata had him deported. Rev. Chang could not return until Indonesia became independent.

The Island of Bali has a population of one million. Now on this Island there are several thousand Christians and some congregations have their own pastors. That Christianity has come to Bali is deeply regarded by the Indonesians to be a great event. This fact is incorporated in the history text books in schools by the Government. This is a great victory in the history of missions, all glory be to the Father above.

7. According to the present situation, though the Indonesian Church is on the crest of a revival her own strength is small indeed. With many ills she needs personnel and financial support from abroad. Without these she will not be able to cope up. Two great tasks lie ahead of her. The low spiritual condition of the indigenous Christians is aggravated by the addition of two to three millions of new believers. According to the opinion of the Church leaders, these need wholesome nurture and the training of many ministers. The next is that there still exist those without any religion at all—the Sakai tribes of southern-central Sumatra, the Dyaks of Borneo, the mountain tribes of South Sulawesi and Papuans of West Irian. If the missionary societies of each country, especially the Chinese societies, have a concern for Indonesia and would establish contact with the Church of Indonesia to obtain permission from the Government to send workers in, this would be fulfilling an urgent need.

Now the Church of Indonesia is steadily progressing. We are hoping that in the near future a greater and even more astounding miracle might appear before our eyes.

## **Appendix Three**

### **INDONESIA: ITS COUNTRY AND PEOPLE**

Indonesia spells adventure. Like the ancient mariners in search of the fabled spice islands of the East Indies, the modern adventurers on their winged jets will be just as excited with their discoveries.

Straddling the equator and stretching between two oceans, the Indian and the Pacific, this vast verdant archipelago has everything to offer the jaded seasoned traveller in search of the "unbeaten track".

They will discover that Nature has generously endowed Indonesia with unmatched scenic beauty — from brooding volcanoes, towering over their domain of golden sheafs of rice wafting in the wind, to miles of sandy beaches lapped by coral blue waters and fringed by waving coconut palms.

They can fly from their modern airconditioned hotels and within hours, be in the steaming tropical jungles where prehistoric lizards roam. Or when they have a surfeit of the glorious sunshine, the cool air of the mountain resorts are within easy reach.

And everywhere they will find a happy and friendly people in love with life, finding expression of this love in their arts, crafts and dances.

Its capital city, Jakarta, is 3,610 miles from Tokyo, 3,437 miles from Sydney; 8,749 miles from San Francisco; 6,695 miles from Berlin; 5,832 miles from Moscow; 7,305 miles London and 10,123 miles from New York.

## **GEOGRAPHY**

It consists of more than 13,660 islands with a land area of 735,340 square miles. The islands stretch from 95 degrees East to 142 degrees East (about 3,000 miles) and lie between 6 degrees North and 11 degrees South (about 1,300 miles).

Most of these islands lie in a volcanic belt, with a great majority of the 300 volcanoes extinct.

The main islands of Indonesia are Sumatra, lying almost parallel to West Malaysia across the Straits of Malacca, Java, Kalimantan (part of the island Borneo and sharing common borders with East Malaysia), and Irian Barat (the western half of New Guinea).

Besides Java, the islands of Bali and Lombok are the most densely populated because of their rich alluvial soil.

The highest mountains are the 16,000-foot. Puntjak, W. Irian; the 12,461-foot Kerintji, Sumatra; the 12,038-foot Semeru, Java; the 11,314-foot Rantekombola, Sulawesi; and the 7,460-foot Raja Kalimantan.

There are only two seasons. The dry season is between April and October, and the wet (rainy) season between November and March, with December and January having the most rainfall. However, rainfall varies from island to island, with an average of 130 inches in Kalimantan and 40 inches in the eastern part of Nusa Tenggara. Java averages 80 inches in the lowlands and 160 inches in the mountains.

The average temperature is 79 degrees Fahrenheit in the lowlands and about 72 degrees Fahrenheit in the highlands.

Lake Toba, Sumatra, which is about 50 miles long and about 500 square miles in area, is the largest lake in the republic.

## **HISTORY**

Young as a nation, Indonesia has a centuries-old culture and civilisation.

When the Hindus came to Indonesia about 2,000 years ago, they found an indigenous population with a distinctive culture of their own. The people had organised themselves

into village communities, believed in animism, and had begun to play their part in the commercial traffic that had been going on along the coast of Asia.

The main highlights of Indonesia's history are:

- + The rise of the mighty kingdom of Sriwidjaja in South Sumatra in the 7th century;
- + The building of the towering Buddhist monument of Borobudur in Central Java in the 8th century;
- + The rise of the Hindu Kingdom of Madjapahit in East Java in the 13th century;
- + The establishment of the first Moslem kingdom in Demark. Central Java, with the introduction of Islam at the end of the 15th century;
- + The beginning of Dutch colonial rule with the arrival of Dutch traders at the end of the 16th century;
- + The rise of modern Indonesian nationalism in the beginning of the 20th century;
- + The Japanese occupation of Indonesia between 1942 and 1945.
- + The proclamation of Indonesia's independence after World War II, on August 17, 1945.

Pursuing a democratic system of government, the Republic of Indonesia subscribes to the philosophy of Pancasila (the Five Basic Principles). These are belief in one God, righteousness and moral humanity, unity of Indonesia, democracy and social justice.

The highest organ of the Republic is the People's Consultative Assembly which determines the broad outlines of the national policies.

The Assembly appoints the President who, under the constitution, holds wide executive powers.

## PEOPLE

With an estimated 120 million people, Indonesia has the world's 5th largest population. About 65% of them live in Java and Madura.



Basically of Malay and Polynesian stock, the Indonesian has high cheek bones, a short nose, round eyes and a small well-built body.

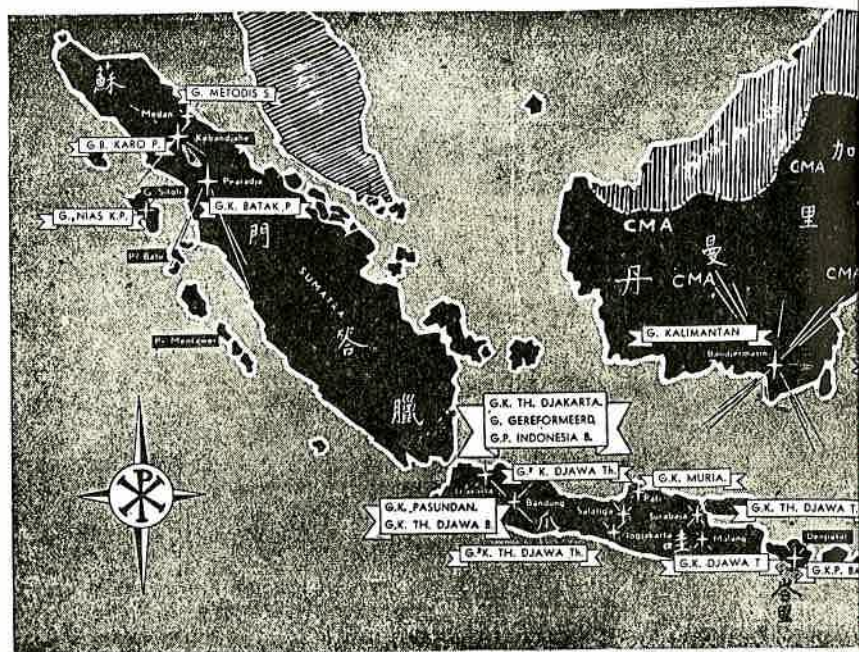
The influx of immigrants from China, Arabia and the Indian sub-continent has produced within the Republic a people of endless variation.

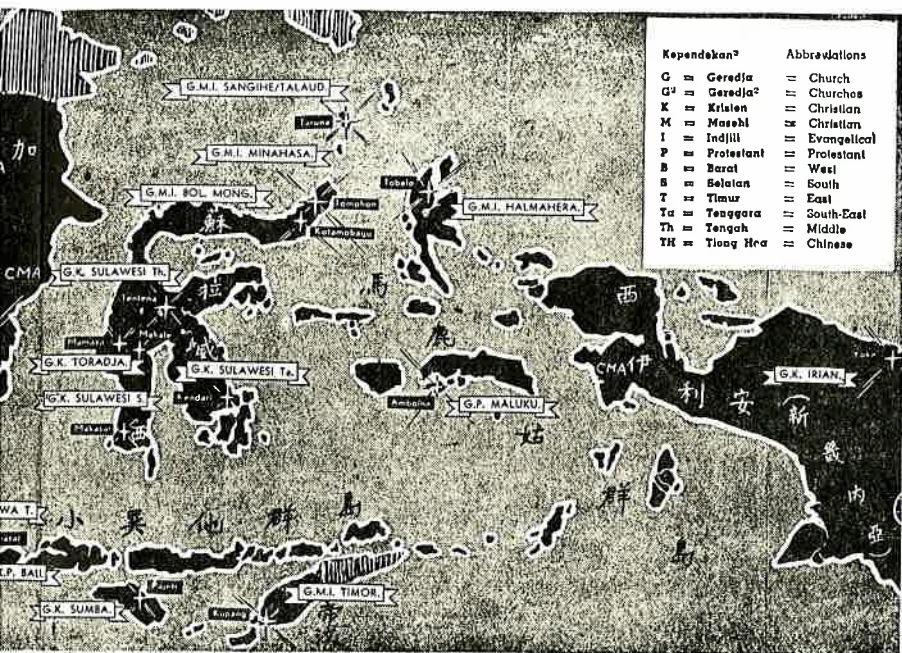
At the same time, there still exists more than 300 ethnic groups who speak more than 200 distinct languages. One can still find the Negroid in the highlands of West Irian and the Dayaks in the rain forests of Kalimantan.

The national language is Bahasa Indonesia but English is understood in most big towns and those in the travel industry. Dutch is also spoken by the older generation.

*(Reproduced from 1973 publication of the Directorate General of Tourism, Indonesia)*







## **"... A COMMENDABLE WORK".**

At a time when Indonesia is never so open to Christian missions, the publication of the English translation by Dr. Timothy Tow of Rev. Jason Linn's "Pioneering in Dyak Borneo" is truly timed of the Lord.

When the translator first spoke of his desire to render this book into English, this writer rather doubted his ability to carry out his intention, he being a man of multiple duties and the task of rendering into English the idiomatic and classical expressions in the Chinese original being a very formidable one. That the translator has completed this laborious task and that equally beautiful in the English, unlike what Lin Yutang quoted as the "sit-eat-mountain-falls" style of literal translation, is a very pleasant surprise. It is indeed a commendable work that has added another milestone in the progress of the art of translation.

Just as hundreds who read the Chinese original of this thriller have been inspired with missionary zeal, so is it expected that equally many who read the English translation will be so interested in winning souls for Christ that through them the cause of missions will be further advanced in the yet unevangelised parts not only of Indonesia, but of other parts of the world.

Rev. Quek Kiok Chiang,  
Moderator, Bible-Presbyterian  
Church of Singapore and Malaysia.