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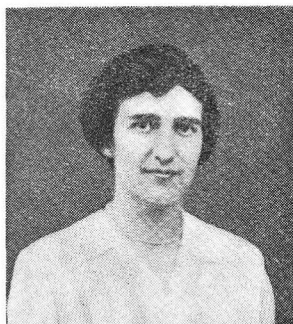
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## LEILA COOKE OF LISULAND



LEILA COOKE came from Colorado Springs, U.S.A., where her father was a physician and her mother, a woman greatly beloved. Early she learned to make the doing of God's will the supreme motive of her life.

With study at Los Angeles Bible Institute, she continued her musical education, becoming an accomplished pianist. But there was no piano in Lisuland. The long, long mountain trails over which she travelled into that country as a gospel messenger were hazardous enough without any but the most essential burdens. For Christ's sake Leila made her choice, but how many hundreds throughout the mountains and valleys of the Salween will join in heaven's music because she was willing for sacrifice.

Under the direction of J. O. Fraser, Alan and Leila Cooke laboured in the gospel among the Lisu Tribe. Long periods of separation from her two boys proved a trial to be cheerfully borne for His sake as all who knew her can testify. Hardship and loneliness only served to beautify that life yielded to God. She herself made frequent and distant itineraries for evangelistic work and many months were spent in translating the Scriptures into Lisu.

These labours, including the continuous care of many sick and needy, filled the large part of her twenty-five years of missionary career. In her final illness she was carried back from the village where she had gone to teach, and on May 7th, 1943, from a rudely constructed Lisu shack God's missionary heroine went in to see the King.

It is no wonder that many younger missionaries declare that in Leila Cooke they see their "ideal missionary".



A LISU VILLAGE]

[Drawing by E. T. Frey

# FISH FOUR

and the  
LISU NEW TESTAMENT

by LEILA R. COOKE

LONDON  
CHINA INLAND MISSION  
Newington Green, N.16

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## FOREWORD

L EILA COOKE was our neighbour for several years in south-western Yunnan. She lived just over two mountain ranges, three days' journey from us. On many different occasions we visited back and forth. First we knew her as a missionary. Then we learned to see the artist beneath the outward and coming to the surface in the daily life of the missionary. An artist may choose any profession. We usually think of them in terms of musicians or painters and allied activities. I remember seeing Mrs. Cooke sit down to a piano for the first time in ten years and hearing her play Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* without a note of music before her. She could probably have become a great musician had she devoted her life to it. She chose rather to develop her artistic character dealing with the souls of God's greatest creation, man. She limited the field of her work to western Yunnan. Her subjects were the tribespeople of the hills and mountains of that land. The more one became acquainted with her and saw her in action among these people, especially among the Lisu, the more one realized that she spent herself in love. As she knew the love of the Master for herself so she revealed His love to these simple hill folk. The civilization of the land is semi-barbarian; the conveniences were nil. Yet in the midst of this crude and harsh environment "behind the ranges," her life of love was an artistic contribution to the people who were the trust of the Lisu missionaries. This little book was found in note form posthumously. Allyn B. Cooke, her husband, has undertaken the task of putting the notes into manuscript form. As the one most intimately acquainted with her

artistic and loving nature he is the most fitting one to do this. He has done it well. We who knew Leila Cooke would think she were speaking and telling us the story of Moses, the interpreter. He and his people are revealed with an artist's soul and through the eyes of love. The good and the beautiful live before us only as the artist and the one who loves can portray. The harsh and the crude are given the touch of love that eliminates the unlovely and sees the souls for whom Jesus came to die.

The friends of the Cookes appreciate the labour of love that Mr. Cooke has completed for us. As we read this true story of Lisu Christian life we realize anew that Leila Cooke still lives.

RAYMOND B. BUKER, D.D.

CHICAGO.

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## THE OFFERING

YEARS before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock, high in the wild mountains of Lisuland, southwest China, lived a wrinkled old man and his grandson. One evening the old man sat smoking peacefully beside an open fire which crackled merrily on the earthen floor of their bamboo shack, while the lad squatted opposite him, popping corn in the ashes. The only light in the shack came from the flames of the fire which blazed brightly, chasing the smoke toward the blackened rafters and the thatched roof. There was no chimney, so the smoke swirled up under the drying-rack which hung about five feet from the ground, and eventually found its way out through a small triangular opening under the roof at the end of the house. Particles of soot had clung to the cobwebs hanging from the beams, and in the years had formed festoons of rich, black velvet. The old man and the lad both seemed contented enough, but suddenly the boy asked, "Grandpa, why don't we Lisu have books? Last market day I saw a Chinese boy with a book written in his language, but I have never seen a book written in Lisu."

"It is this way," said Grandpa, clearing his throat and knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "Once upon a time there were three brothers. The eldest brother was the forefather of the Shan, the second brother was forefather of the Lisu, and the youngest was the forefather of the Chinese. One day those three brothers each found a piece of deerskin and wrote on it the words given them by Mother-God. When

it was all carefully written, they laid these skins out in the sun to dry. The two younger brothers were careless and became occupied with other things before the ink had properly dried. The chickens came and walked over the youngest son's writing, so that is why the Chinese writing looks like chicken tracks. A dog came and ate up the second brother's piece of parchment, so that is why the Lisu have no books. But the eldest brother watched his piece carefully and it dried nicely, so that is why the Shan books look so pretty and even."

Poor little grandson looked very sad, because he wanted a book too. Grandpa comforted him by saying, "Laddie, dear, don't look so sad. You know my great-grandfather once told me that some day a man is coming from a far country. And he said that man will not be like us Lisu, who have brown skin; he will have skin that is white and beautiful. And when that man comes from the far country, he will bring books in the Lisu language."

Years passed and little laddie grew up, but still the man with the white skin had not come. When laddie was old, he sat by the fireside and told his grandson the same story, and in this way the Lisu legend was passed down from generation to generation.

\* \* \*

The scene changes. It is the year 1938, and a man stands as it were beside a golden altar of sacrifice. In his hand he holds a Book, the book the little grandson wished for, a book in the Lisu language—a translation of the entire New Testament. Then we see the white man lay the book on the altar. Sweet incense fills the air and the voice says, "bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar"

(Ps. cxviii. 27). Bind with what cords? Ah! that is your part, dear reader, and that is why this story is being written. *What cords?* Hos. xi. 4 reads, "I drew them with the cords of a man, with the bands of love." May we not infer that the sacrifice should be bound to the altar with the cords of love? Will you who read this book bind the New Testament to the altar and into your hearts with cords of love and of prayer?

The Lisu New Testament represents sacrifice which only eternity can reveal. In fact, it could not have possibly been written without the greatest Sacrifice the world has ever known, the body and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. It could never have been written but for His death. Dr. Campbell Morgan considered the words, "bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar," to be part of the hymn which our Lord sang before going to Gethsemane. The first sacrifice, then, is the body of our Saviour.

Before the Book could be translated it was necessary that another offering be made on the golden altar, a sacrifice made by another white man. Twenty-eight years earlier he had come to China as a young man, and had been appointed to work among the people of Yunnan. He fell in love with the Lisu people. Many of the Lisu had never seen a white man before that time, so they were at first afraid of him. But he was so gentle that prejudice was soon broken down, and he was able to win their confidence. When he saw these mountain people coming in to market, he bought brown sugar and gave it to them, and they invited him to their village. He travelled about with them and lived as they did, until he could speak their language. Then he told them of the Saviour in their own tongue. And praise God, those dear mountain people opened their hearts and believed. Just

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at that time, when those firstfruits of the Lisu tribe were being brought in, the white man looked up at the heavens from that lonely mountain village, and there was a beautiful sign in the sky. It was Halley's comet. The white man who witnessed this work of grace was Mr. J. O. Fraser.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The story of J. O. Fraser among the Lisu is told by Mrs. Howard Taylor in *Behind the Ranges: Fraser of Lisuland*, price 9s. 6d.

## THE PRIZE-WINNER

SEVERAL years passed, and no great number of the Lisu believed the gospel. Mr. Fraser was on the point of leaving that field and going to another tribe where a work of grace had already started, but he determined to make one further circuit of the Lisu villages. Special prayer was made for the Lisu by friends at home in England and Mr. Fraser himself spent many hours in prayer for their salvation. With this preparation the trip was made. Then God struck His match and the Lisu forest burst into flames. There were no evangelists, yet firebrands sprang up on every side. "I know the first page of the catechism," said one. "I'll teach you and then we'll go across the canyon together and teach those people over there." Men were doing the same in all directions. No one gave them a penny to go. They just caught fire and the wind blew them. The wind swept the fire nine days' journey to the south, six days' journey to the east, and thirty days' journey to the north. It even blew in the empty space and dropped a live cinder down near Hsipaw in Burma where we found it burning years later. O mighty Wind that bloweth where it listeth! Thus in all directions the Lisu threw wide open their doors, and the breath of heaven blew in and set their hearts aflame. Meanwhile the white missionaries watched and worshipped.

The time came when the fire needed more fuel, so we suggested a Bible school. "What is a Bible school? How do you do it?" they asked, eagerly.

We told them what to do: "Send a message to all the villages. And each one who wants to come must prepare enough rice to last two weeks. Pack it with some salt in your back-basket and carry it here to Stockade Hill. You will be expected to get here on the tenth of the next moon. In the morning of the eleventh we'll ring the big gong and you will all come to the chapel. Then we'll tell you what to do next." By that time the Christians were numbered in hundreds. There were no paid evangelists and no schools. In their evenings, after the day's work, they had gathered around the open fire and studied by the light of its blaze, and had learned to read in that way.

At the appointed time on the morning of the eleventh we rang the brass gong, and a crowd of young folks rushed to the thatched chapel. The young women carefully took their seats on the saw-horse benches at the left and the men at the right. When the hymn was announced, everybody found the place in the hymnbook and all began to sing. They swayed with the rhythm, and the volume of sound was inspiring. At the close of the song, Big Brother<sup>1</sup> said, "We'll spend the first session in prayer." We knelt on the ground, with our elbows on the narrow benches, and as many were leading in prayer. I began to shake for I realized that God wanted me to pray in Lisu; whereupon, with much trembling and stammering, I managed to utter my first prayer in the new language.

That day we had Bible classes, a writing class, and a singing class. Before the end of the day Big Brother announced a contest. He said he would give a prize of a rupee

<sup>1</sup> My husband, Allyn, being the eldest son of his family, was affectionately called "Big Brother" by the Lisu, and I shall refer to him by that name in this booklet. I was the eldest child in our family, too, so they called me "Big Sister."

to the first person to memorize the whole chapter in Mark's Gospel which tells about the Crucifixion of the Lord Jesus Christ. The next day he asked the students how they were getting on with the memory work, and one after another repeated the few verses he had learned.

Then a young man stood in the back of the room. He was dressed in dark blue clothes with white leggings. Instead of an overcoat, he had wrapped himself in a bright red blanket, yet he was barefoot. Big Brother nodded for him to recite. He smiled and began at the first verse and repeated correctly through the tenth verse. I expected him to stop there, but no, he went steadily through the twentieth and the thirtieth. By that time the class was listening almost breathlessly. Yet he went on through the fortieth verse and on through the full forty-seven to the end of the chapter.

"Who is he?" I whispered. "I never noticed him before."

"His name is Fish Four," they said.

"Well, that is an astonishing piece of brain work," I said. "He has memorized forty-seven verses in one night."

There he stood, a wild man of the hills. His tribe had had no written language a decade earlier. He had never seen a schoolroom, yet God had given him a mind worthy of competing with any white man.

That year at Christmas time hundreds gathered to worship the King. Between the services we had another contest period. This time it was games. We set up a target and had the Lisu shoot at it with their bows and arrows. Among others, Fish Four took an arrow from his quiver and shot, and hit the bull's-eye. Big Brother gave him a prize. Then we had them jump, and Fish Four took the prize again; and so on through every contest until Big Brother said, "Fish



Four, this time you had better give someone else a chance. Please do not enter the next contest." The crowd cheered and Fish Four stepped back.

We who were watching had prayed for skilful workmen, "men in whom the Lord had put wisdom for the service of the sanctuary." For we felt that God was building himself a sanctuary in Lisuland, and we needed to find His Bezaleel. Hence we watched and prayed for the man in the red blanket. We saw his wisdom and his skill, and we kept these things in our hearts.

## FISH FOUR'S PREPARATION

ONCE, while Fish Four was still a boy, Mr. Fraser came to his village late in the afternoon. He and his fellow-villagers had never seen a white man before, so his appearance caused great excitement. Fish Four's relatives called to the white man in the huge rain hat, "Brother, come to our house. There is food here and room to sleep. We are fond of guests."

The tall white visitor started towards the house, but was unable to enter until Fish Four's father drove off the dogs. Mr. Fraser had to stoop to enter the doorway, but once inside he found it necessary to stand a moment, as the smoke and lack of windows made him unable to see. They pointed him to the block of wood which in Lisu homes serves as a chair. With some difficulty he lowered his nearly six feet of body to rest on the six-inch seat. Then they handed him a wad of tobacco with betel nut and cutch.<sup>1</sup> "No, thanks," he said. "I do not chew." They laughed and showed their two rows of black teeth, well-enamelled with betel nut.

Sister came in, carrying long bamboo tubes in a basket on her back. She had been to the spring to fill these tubes with water for cooking. Soon the family were all busy about supper, and Mr. Fraser had time to unpack his kit and spread out his bedding on a few strips of split bamboo.

<sup>1</sup> Cutch is a kind of root which is mixed with lime, tobacco, and betel nut to be chewed, making the saliva a bright red colour. Betel nut is a green nut that grows in the tropical jungles. The constant chewing of this mixture makes the teeth black.

Fish Four sat down and began to whittle arrows while he watched the white man unpack. Mr. Fraser was attracted to the lad, so he asked him. "How old are you, laddie?"

"I do not know how to reckon my age, but I belong to the snake year," said the boy. Mr. Fraser quickly counted the cycle of twelve animals by which the Chinese reckon years, and told the lad he was twelve years old.

By that time the fire was blazing merrily in the middle of the room on the ground, and the father was cleaning a pot ready for cooking. When the rice was thoroughly washed and cleaned, he placed the pot on the tripod, but alas! this caused the fire to start smoking, and it did not cease pouring forth black fumes all evening. Mr. Fraser was used to it, however, and when the meal was served he seemed to enjoy the menu of rice and fat pork.

When supper was finished, the villagers crowded in to see the stranger, and Mr. Fraser began to ask them questions about their language. How little did they realize that the Creator of the earth had looked upon them with pity and had sent this servant of His to reduce their language to writing. They liked the white visitor, and asked him his rank in his own family, whether he was the oldest, second, third, or fourth son. He said, "I am the third boy in my family. I want you to call me 'Brother Three' just like you call your own people."

"Yes, Brother Three, that's a good name," they said, and warmed up to their new-found, big, white friend.

Before going to bed Mr. Fraser produced a strange box which seemed to be able to breathe. He pulled its lungs in and out and it wheezed. They were bewildered, but burst into peals of laughter when suddenly the box began to pour out music.

"What is it?" they all cried.

"It is an accordion," said Mr. Fraser speaking in English, whereupon they all roared with laughter at the strange sound of the English language.

"What is the Lisu word for it?" asked Fish Four. There was no Lisu word for "accordion" then, of course, but now they call it a "push-pull box."

They appreciated the concert and went to bed with their hearts thrilled. Next morning they loaded the white visitor with bananas, eggs, sticks of sugar cane, and other good things to eat. In fact, they gave him so much that they had to send along an extra man to help him carry them.

After Mr. Fraser left, life in Fish Four's village resumed its ordinary routine of ploughing fields, planting corn, hunting weeds for pig feed, and driving the birds from the corn. Fish Four's father chewed his betel nut and drank whisky. One day he got so drunk that he tried to kill Fish Four's older brother, so the two boys fled and slept in the woods for a few days.

One day several years later visitors arrived again in Fish Four's village. This time they were Lisu, but they had strange loads. "What are you carrying in those baskets?" Fish Four asked.

"We have Lisu books," they answered.

"What?" exclaimed Fish Four's father. "Come in, come in!"

The two young men were bathed in perspiration, for the books were heavy and Lisu mountain trails are very steep. They lifted the carrying-straps from their foreheads and swung the back-baskets to a resting place against the wall. Then they stepped over to the rack made of deers' antlers and hung up their crossbows, quivers and machettes.

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"Who made these books?" asked Fish Four's father. "Our grandfathers told us that some day our Lisu king would come, who would not be like us, but would have a white skin instead of brown, and when he arrived he would bring us Lisu books."

"Yes, we know," said the two visitors. "We have the same legend too. And we have really found our Lisu king, but he is not the white man; He is the Lord Jesus from heaven. These books were made by a white man, though, and his name is Brother Three."

"Oh, we know him," they cried excitedly. "He came to our village once and asked us how to say everything in Lisu. Well, well! So Brother Three made us these books!"

Yes, Mr. Fraser had travelled around the Lisu villages for ten years. He had disciplined himself to eat their food and live as they lived, for Jesus' sake. Sometimes he even shouldered his own load and travelled like a Chinese coolie.

After leaving Fish Four's home he had gone down to Myitkyina in Burma, and found an educated Karen evangelist who spoke Lisu. Mr. Fraser and this evangelist reduced the Lisu language to writing. God seemed to give them special wisdom, for the script they evolved was so simple that many of the Lisu afterward learned to read in two weeks. They used the Roman letters of the English alphabet, but as the twenty-six letters in our alphabet were not sufficient to express phonetically all the sounds of the Lisu language, they turned some of them upside down to make enough characters to go around! A reduced facsimile of a page of the Lisu New Testament is shown on the preceding page. Mr. Fraser and the Karen evangelist, Saw Ba-thaw, translated a catechism with a few hymns, also the Gospels of Mark and John.

The books were printed by the American Baptist Mission Press in Rangoon, and were shipped by rail and river steamer up to Bhamo. From there pack mules took them about five days across the border into China to the city of Tengchong, from which point the Lisu had to carry them on their backs to the various villages. Years later some were carried twenty or thirty days' journey to Lisu villages along the banks of the Salween River, near the border of Tibet.

But that was not the only offering that Mr. Fraser made at the golden altar. He also offered his tongue to speak the Lisu language, and his life in service for the Lisu people. Mr. Fraser was true to that trust, for, even after he accepted the heavy responsibilities of superintendent of the China Inland Mission work in the province of Yunnan, when other missionaries had completed the translation of the New Testament, he went over their work carefully and made suggestions for changes as far as the Book of Hebrews. Before the Testament was printed, God accepted his offering at the golden altar, and called him Home.

## FISH FOUR'S CALL AND APPOINTMENT

NOW these precious books had arrived in Fish Four's village, which was soon astir with excitement. As soon as supper was over, torches appeared in every direction, converging on Fish Four's home. "We want to see the books," the people said as soon as they arrived.

The visitors carefully took every package and untied the string. "What queer packing," someone said, handling the wrapping paper. "We always wrap our parcels in banana leaves, but this is something different!"

"Who is going to teach us to read these books?" someone else asked.

"We can read a little, and will teach you what we know," said the visitors modestly. Fish Four reached up to the sooty rack above the fire and pulled down some fat pine chips. These he placed one after another on the edge of the cooking tripod, which now served as an improvised lamp stand. The burning chips gave forth a bright light, so the crowd could see the books and examine them.

"Who made the world and all that is in it? . . . God made it!" said the wonderful book through the lips of the visitors.

"Oh, yes, we knew that God made the world, but we always spoke of Mother-God instead of Father-God," they said.

The visitors patiently pointed out the strange new letters, and smudgy, greasy fingers tried to follow the reading.

When God starts a work, it is not too difficult for Him to teach even wild, unlettered men of the hills. Within a



few weeks Fish Four and several others were reading well toward the end of the book. Not only so, but the marks of demon worship had disappeared from the entire village. Every family had made a bonfire of its demon shelf and incense cup, and the whole village was worshipping God. From time to time other Lisu believers visited them, and even Brother Three came to live in the Lisu village of Stockade Hill, only two days' journey away. During those years Fish Four was only one among hundreds who were growing to know the Lord and His ways.

Before Mr. Fraser left for furlough we were appointed to Stockade Hill. Mr. Fraser charged us very carefully not to spoil the Lisu with gifts or money, and that we should not pay even for the services of a language teacher, as the work was to be entirely self-supporting. We got around the difficulty by asking different ones to give a month each to teaching us, and count it as work done for the Lord. We had a few pocket knives worth about ten cents apiece, and gave one of those at the end of each month as a token of appreciation for the voluntary service rendered. When Mr. Fraser heard of this he wrote us saying, "Please do not reward them even ten cents' worth. Let their labour be entirely for the Lord."

About a year later Mr. and Mrs. Carl Gowman joined us in the work. As Mr. Gowman was the sixth child born to his parents, the Lisu called him Brother Six. Mr. Gowman seemed to be especially gifted in organization. Big Brother suggested that at Harvest Festival time the Lisu bring in a tenth of their crops for the Lord, and use this money to support an evangelist. He and Mr. Gowman completed plans for the first Harvest Festival among the Lisu and toured the district holding meetings in central villages.

The people responded nobly, and carried their offerings over the mountains and valleys to the place of meeting as gifts to the Lord Jesus—baskets of corn, rice, and buckwheat, by the hundreds of bushels.

At one of those services which I attended, our stupid young goatherd came to the front. He pulled out his offering, and counted it into Big Brother's hand. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—nine rupees, and several annas. I looked at him in amazement. "Fish One, in money you get only thirty-six rupees as wages for the entire year, and here you have brought almost one-fourth of it to give to the Lord." Here was a lad so dull that everybody teased him. He used to say, "I am going to be an evangelist some day."

The other Christians laughed at his aspirations, and on one of those occasions the horse-boy said, "What! you be an evangelist? Ha, ha! Why, not even I am clever enough to teach the gospel, much less you!"

Tiger Three also surprised us. He stood at the back of the crowd and said, "Big Brother, my crop was a failure this year, but I want to be included among those who give to the Lord. Would Jesus be pleased if I gave him my cow?" We sat and marvelled at the sacrificial giving of these poor despised wild men of the hills.

On the closing day of the Harvest Festival, Mr. Gowman asked their wishes concerning the use of the money and grain they had brought to the Lord. They decided to choose five men to give their entire time to the Lord's work. Mr. Gowman suggested that one of the five be set apart as a language teacher for the missionaries, adding that this man would eventually make more Lisu books and translate the Bible.

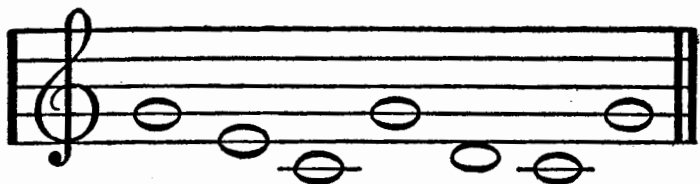
When the Lisu heard that one man should be chosen to make books, they were thrilled, and agreed, "Yes, by all means let the money and grain be used for this purpose."

Mr. Gowman turned to us to see if we had a suitable person in mind. We had been watching and praying for Fish Four, who was then about twenty years of age. When we pointed him out to Mr. Gowman, he looked at the young man for a moment, with his prominent cheek bones and high and knobby forehead; then he laughed and said, "I wonder if his hair could be properly combed. It stands up like so many wires." Fish Four certainly did not look very promising!

On being approached, Fish Four said he would be glad to enter the Lord's work, but the family had a debt which they could not pay, and they would not let him come to us until that was taken care of. We were perplexed, in the light of Mr. Fraser's advice about money, but after prayer we decided to lend the twenty dollars needed to pay off that family debt.

So Fish Four came along. It was very precious to see how he fitted into the work. His nature had found the true aim of its existence, and all his being seemed to fall into perfect harmony with his responsibilities. He taught Mr. and Mrs. Gowman half the day and ourselves the other half, and often spent the evenings writing out the results of that day's work. He helped Mr. Gowman to compile a Lisu-English dictionary, and assisted us in the translation of Old Testament Bible stories. At first we found the construction of the language very complicated. Mr. Gowman, who spoke four other languages, said that this Hwa Lisu was the most ambiguous language he had ever tackled. The speech is tonal and the same sound has several meanings,

according to the inflection. For example, the word "ma" spoken in a high tone means "to teach," while in a low tone it is the negative, "not." The two words "ma-ma" together mean "woman-teacher." The bar of music printed below will show how the tone affects the meaning.



**Ma. ma.. ma: ma. ma., ma: ma.**

This is an intelligible sentence and means, "I will not teach anything except what the woman teacher teaches." The tones are designated in Lisu books by periods, commas, and colons: *Ma, ma.. ma: ma. ma., ma: ma.*

Word for word, John iii. 16 in Lisu goes like this: "Who-soever Him believe if, not perish and eternal life receive in order to, God His Son only one gave to the extent world people heart want."

Fish Four had a very observing mind. I was often amused at the little things he did while we were working together. One day I saw him putting pieces of paper on the draught holes in the damper of the stove, and asked him what he was doing that for. "Oh," he said, "we Lisu do not have stoves, so I was experimenting with the force that keeps the paper from falling when I cover the holes." I often saw him sighting down his pencil as if it were an arrow, to see if it was straight. One day we had stopped our work for a few minutes to entertain some guests with phonograph music. I noticed Fish Four watching the phonograph very closely.

When the record stopped he remarked, "That record went around 210 times!"

Fish Four was remarkably patient and a restful kind of person to have around. He did not seem to mind interruptions when I had to get up to look after our first baby, nor when I used to jiggle the baby carriage with my foot while writing down his suggestions with my hand. He was able to read the Lisu script either side up, and sometimes he would even reach over and correct my page, writing wrong-side-up to him, but right-side-up to me! He had the precious stewardship of words, and was faithful in ministering it as God gave him wisdom.

## THE GROWTH AND ESTABLISHMENT OF THE LISU CHURCH

IT was gratifying to see how well our work was accepted by the people. They would sometimes come to our home for several days at a stretch to copy by hand the Bible stories and hymns we had translated. Before leaving they would place these precious copies carefully in their shoulder-bags and come to shake hands with us and Fish Four. Shaking hands is the sign of a Christian in Lisuland, but a black record means that one can neither take Communion nor shake hands with his fellows. After saying goodbye they would climb the tiers upon tiers of mountains and spread the precious Bible stories in the distant villages.

No sacrifice seemed too great for these people to make in order to obtain the precious books. One day a little girl came to buy a catechism. She looked shyly at me and said, "I want to buy a catechism, a hymnbook, and half a pencil." (We cut the pencils in two to make them cheaper.) She handed me the money to pay for those things. Her mother came up behind her and said, "Daughter, this is all the money we have. Wouldn't you rather buy a new dress?" I looked at the child's clothes. They were ragged all over, with scarcely a handbreadth without a hole or patch. She had no shoes, no stockings—but only that one garment and no change for wash-day. Yet she smiled sweetly and said, "I would rather have the books."

The manifestation of God's power was amazing. The station at Stockade Hill was opened in 1922, yet in 1926

the total fellowship had climbed to 1,338. There were 44 chapels all built with no financial help from a white man. There were 40 village leaders—one would hardly dare call them pastors, for they had no training, but they were responsible to hold five meetings a week in the village where each lived. There were 60 deacons who managed the business of the church. The Lisu had already won 112 families to the Lord from among the Lahu tribe and 6 families from the Liti tribe. There were 5 evangelists supported entirely by the Lisu church. These evangelists were something like the old-fashioned circuit-riders except that they did not ride—they walked over those mountain trails. Each of these five was supposed to learn one of the many other tribal languages, so as to reach other tribes beside the Lisu. During that year Mr. Gowman travelled extensively and held 12 short term Bible schools with total attendance of 562. There were 300 baptisms that year.

With so much to be done, Fish Four applied himself to anything he could put his hand to. He often helped with the medical work. Sometimes he would come in the middle of the night and call out, "Big Sister, So-and-so's baby is sick. Can you come and help?" Then I would get up and dress, and he would go with me to look after the little one. One time he called me about midnight to care for a woman in convulsions. Her husband had just died of smallpox, and the woman was expecting a little one. She had tried to shoulder the burden of the family, and had gone out into the rain to look after the crops. That night she fell unconscious and later became so violent in her delirium that three or four men could hardly hold her. I went with Fish Four and tried to help, until I saw I could be of no further use—then I went back to bed. But not so with Fish Four. He



THOMAS AND HOMAY





A LEOPARD CAUGHT. ALLYN AND LEILA COOKE WITH THE LISU HUNTERS  
A MEETING OF LISU. MR. GOWMAN AND MOSES ARE ON THE PLATFORM

stayed all night and helped hold the raving woman to keep her from dashing herself into the open fire. Fish Four loved the flock, and he found that to sow heavenly seed, he must take time by the bedside of the sick ones.

In order to keep some time free for translation work, without unnecessary interruptions, we tried to make some regulations concerning our medical work. We asked the people not to come for medicine before breakfast. One morning I happened to step out of the dining-room in the middle of the meal, and saw a lad waiting outside for medicine. I noticed his frightened expression, so asked what he wanted. He said, "My little brother fell on to a knife and it went into his temple." Just imagine a poor child waiting until after breakfast for treatment under those circumstances!

One day, when a Lisu came in with a basket of mail, Big Brother opened it and found a letter from Shanghai saying that Mr. W. H. Warren, one of the Mission's Directors, was coming to visit us. He told the Lisu and they were delighted. "He is an old gentleman and is the second son in his family," I said.

"Uncle Two, that's what we'll call him," they said.

I looked out into the garden. "Uncle Two coming, and there is tobacco growing in the garden," I reflected ruefully. We had never told the Lisu that they must not chew tobacco, yet we had refused to buy it for our servants. They solved the problem by planting it in the garden themselves. The old Lisu nurse saw I was distressed and asked what was the matter. I had to confess that I was ashamed of those tobacco plants. The nurse said nothing, but a few days later I noticed her teeth were white instead of ugly black. After my confession she and another dear old Lisu woman had decided together to give up their cuds of tobacco.

Soon the young folks began to notice these two old women and said, "This will never do. You two old people have been chewing for many years. If you are willing to give up tobacco for Jesus' sake, we young folks who have not chewed so long are ashamed of ourselves."

Before long many had thrown out their tobacco bags but the stuff had a way of tempting them to go back to it again. Besides, the Lisu had no way to make a guest welcome without offering him a chew. Fish Four did not give way to temptation, but threw his tobacco out and never touched it again. How we praised God that as evangelist he was able to adorn the doctrine by a faithful, blameless testimony.

It was not so with our goatherd, Fish One. He tried to give up tobacco, but fell five times before he finally got rid of it.

At length some of them came to my husband with a queer request. "Big Brother," they said, "almost everyone wants to give up his tobacco, but he cannot, because one and another tempts us and we find it hard. Won't you set a date, and we'll all give it up together. Then our villages will be rid of the stuff." Big Brother paused thoughtfully for a minute before answering, then said, "No, I hardly think it is best to set a date to break off. That would make it a matter of law, and I think it ought to be a matter which every man decides for himself with his own conscience."

The Lisu did not want to take no for an answer, so they went to Mr. Gowman and asked him for his opinion. He felt differently about it and thought their first plan was a good one. Eventually the date was set, and everybody stopped chewing tobacco at once. After that, the deacons refused baptism to anyone who either chewed or smoked it, and they would not allow anyone to shake hands with a

person who had once promised to give it up but afterwards chewed or smoked.

When the Lisu first became Christians, they threw out their whisky and smashed their earthenware wine pots. In one village they threw out so much liquor that all the village pigs got drunk. They also destroyed all their native musical instruments, but now are copying our violin and making instruments of their own. They also make Christian flutes—that is, flutes which play our octatonic scale and can therefore be used for playing hymns. The native instruments play only the five notes of the pentatonic scale. The Lisu say that all their native love songs are heathen. They were terribly shocked one day when, in search for a fuller Lisu vocabulary, we suggested unearthing some of their tribal poetry. "Oh! how can we repeat that now? It is all heathen," they remonstrated.

I was so desperate for suitable words to talk about the Lord Jesus that I persisted, until they told me the names of two Lisu poetesses. The Lisu said that although they used to have no writing, yet in almost every village there are those who can repeat poetry from memory from sunset to day-break, all night long. Well, these two poetesses were old women. They sought a secret place and, after many blushes and shamefaced giggles, the two started in. "Stop a minute. What did you say?" I asked. The language was so rich that I could not understand it.

But alas! the two old songsters could not repeat. They did not know how to back up, so we had to get our evangelist to come and help. The result was that hymns soon began to appear in Lisu poetry. Fish Four's mind took to it like a duck to water. But the deacons came with grave faces and protested that the new hymns had a heathen flavour. For once

the missionary won out, however, and the hymns were later included in their hymnbook.

Lisu poetry is very similar in style to that of the Psalms of David. Each thought is repeated with the same number of words, and companion phrases to express it. This poetry has strange uses. A heathen law case is supposed to be stated in poetry and not prose. Common language is beneath their dignity.

The following poem is an example of Lisu poetry which is used in seeking a wife:

*Friends of the man:*

Uncles, I beg a silver word of you.  
Aunties, I beseech a golden word from you.

*Friends of the girl:*

Go and hunt at the source of the river,  
Go and seek at the mouth of the river.  
At the source of the river we have kith,  
At the mouth of the river we have kin.

*Friends of the man:*

I have hunted at the source of the river,  
I have sought at the mouth of the river.  
At the source of the river they are only outsiders,  
At the mouth of the river they are only barbarians.  
I don't know the outlandish language at the source of the river,  
I don't know the barbarous words at the mouth of the river.  
Having been to the source of the river, I return here,  
Having searched at the mouth of the river, I return here.

*Friends of the girl:*

Where the rats don't gnaw at the roots of the bamboo clumps,  
Where the birds don't peck around the roots of the thatch grass,  
Go and cast lots at the bamboo clumps:  
Go and make divination around the roots of the thatch grass.

*Friends of the man:*

I have cast lots where I have cast lots,  
I have travelled where I have travelled.  
Although I have cast lots at the root of the bamboo clumps;  
Although I have made divination around the roots of the thatch  
grass,  
There I didn't have any luck;  
There I didn't have any fortune.

The time came when there was news from our beloved Director, saying that he had completed the long sea journey from Shanghai around by Singapore to Rangoon, and was now in Burma and would arrive on horseback in a few days. The little village of Stockade Hill swelled with pride and wanted to give honour to Mr. Warren. Fish Four said, "Let's rig up Big Sister's wicker chair with poles and go after Uncle Two and carry him down the mountain on our shoulders." He looked well able to carry his end, for he was the most athletic man in the village.

The children went out to gather flowers, and the others helped them make a lovely archway of green boughs and rhododendrons at the entrance to the village. Fish Three (Six-fingers, they called him) got some sulphur and made gunpowder. The riding-chair completed, they climbed up the hill for half-a-day's journey. Toward evening Mr. Warren arrived. The whole village was out at the archway to meet him. Guns banged and their sharp reports echoed and re-echoed through the canyon. Finally, their dear Uncle Two came in sight. He had lovely white hair and a white beard, but his face was flushed with excitement. The carriers stopped just outside the village gateway and the village folk sang a song of welcome.

Mr. Warren climbed down to the ground and the villagers lined up to shake hands. I was at the head of the

line, and Mr. Warren greeted me with the words, "I've never had such an exciting ride in my life. These fellows carried me pell-mell down this steep grade. I expected to land on my head any minute!" He went on down the line shaking all the dirty hands graciously. When we were safely in the house I hastened to get hot water for him to wash from his hands any germs he might have picked up from that long line of welcomers!

Mr. Warren seemed to love the Lisu at once and entered into the life of the village. He found the paths a bit difficult and needed a brown hand to steady him, especially when crossing the one-log bridge leading to the chapel. He seemed to enjoy the crude service, but on the way back he felt concerned about the clothes out on the line and sent for me. "Mrs. Cooke," he said, "I believe you have forgotten to take in the washing."

I laughed and replied, "Oh, no, we always leave it out all night. We do not even bother to close the door at night."

"Well," he said, "if this were a Chinese village, not only the clothes, but the clothes-line as well would be gone in the morning!"

"Don't worry!" I told him. "There are no heathen in this village."

Mr. Warren remarked that the girls of that village wore no earrings. I had noticed that too, some time before, and had once asked the girls why they had given up wearing them. They looked up simply and sweetly said, "Big Sister, you don't wear earrings; we want to be like you." I almost trembled at their words and longed that they would look to Jesus as their pattern, for "no light of ours can lead them safely Home."

Mr. Warren was only able to stay with us about a week, for he had to visit our other stations in West China. After he left, Fish Four and ourselves buckled down to hard work and were able to finish the book of Old Testament stories before time for furlough.



## EARLY DAYS AT STOCKADE HILL

ONE day Fish Four surprised us by requesting that he might send for the deacons to witness while he spanked his wife. She had been quite unmanageable, and ended up by trying to run away to her mother. The deacons duly came and the spanking was administered. After that ordeal was over Fish Four said to his wife, "Now, if you want to leave me you may go home. But remember that I love you." To show that he really did love her, he bought a good piece of red cloth and made her a present of it. She decided to stay with him, and from then on until the day of his death she was a faithful wife, making him no trouble. We were delighted because we had found a Lisu who knew how to exercise the tender compassion of real love toward his wife.

At length furlough time came. The farewell was more tearful than musical, though the Lisu tried to sing with us, *God be with you till we meet again*. We were comforted to know that Fish Four and several other Lisu were to escort us as far as Bhamo. From there on we were to travel by river steamer.

The first day we climbed to the top of a ridge, and made our camp under the open heavens. Though Fish Four bore the honour of being evangelist, he still carried his woodsman's knife, and went out with the others to gather firewood and to carry water for supper.

We had our two children with us. It was so cold that little Joseph's bib froze on him, but Fish Four kindly

strapped him on his back with a blanket, and let him get the warmth of his big, strong body. David, then five years old, did not mind the cold, but was thrilled with all the experiences of camp life. That night we spread our bedding on the ground and slept soundly, with the twinkling stars to keep sentinel. It was delightful to awake in the morning to the consciousness of our Father's presence with us in a new place.

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,  
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;  
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,  
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

The next day we went down, down, down into a beautiful canyon where tree ferns grew, and purple and white orchids blossomed. Fish Four decorated my saddle with these almost priceless flowers, and they bobbed their lovely heads with the motion of the horse. No wonder God set my heart to singing, and I tried to sing His praise in Lisu, while Fish Four walked close beside me and helped. When a little later I dismounted to nurse the baby, Fish Four pulled out paper and pencil to jot down the words of the hymn we had been singing. He tucked those notes away carefully in his pocket for the new hymnbook we hoped to publish.

When we stopped for lunch, I was charmed at the ingenious way the Lisu make tea. They cut some bamboo sticks, the long sections of which are hollow. These they trimmed to a sharp point at one end. Then they put tea leaves and water inside and pressed the sharp end into the ground by the fire. By the time the tea boiled, the stick was unburned, so each one had his own individual pot. That

night we camped in a place some distance from our water supply. The canny Lisu said, "It will be dark when we want to cook in the morning; let's get the water now!"

"You have nothing to put the water in except the pots, and they won't hold enough for our use," I advised them.

Fish Four smiled and began digging a hole in the ground. I said nothing, but thought, *You don't expect that soft earth to hold water, do you?*

Fish Four went about his work as though he knew what he was doing, and when the hole was large enough to please him, he lined it with banana leaves. Then several of the men went to the stream and came back with water to fill the hole. I looked on doubtfully, and was sure they were wasting their time. But next morning, sure enough, there was the water in the hole with no appreciable loss.

On that trip the Lisu saw surveyed roads for the first time. Fish Four said, "The white man had so much money he didn't know what to do with it, so he laid it down on this road." Though the road twisted and turned like all mountain roads must, this was so wide and level in contrast to the monkey trails in Lisuland that our companions conceived the idea of seeing how far they could go with their eyes shut. On reaching Bhamo, Big Brother took them aboard the foreign steamer, and showed them for the first time those wonderful electric lights which turn on at the pushing of a button, and water that runs from a faucet at a twist of the wrist. When they saw the beautiful white cabin, they exclaimed, "It is even more beautiful than your home at Stockade Hill." (Our Lisu home is a mere thatched shelter.) But on leaving the boat their chief remark was "What a smell!" The boat had just been painted.

Soon after we left, Fish Four's father took ill and died,

and for a time it looked as though Fish Four would have to leave the work because the family needed his help after his father was taken to be with the Lord. The church leaders were anxious to have literature, and Fish Four's gift was more and more proving to be along the line of producing the literature in conjunction with the white missionaries, so eventually the leaders won out and persuaded Fish Four to go back to his post, working with Mr. Gowman.

As there were several men named Fish Four in the village of Stockade Hill, it was decided to avoid confusion of personalities by giving the evangelists Bible names. Our Fish Four was given the name of Moses, and we shall refer to him by that name from now on.

Until Mr. Gowman was called to be with the Lord, Moses and he were busy revising the Gospel of Mark, and translating the Gospels of Luke and Matthew. Mr. Gowman was called Home when he had finished Mark and Luke, and eleven or twelve chapters of Matthew. Mrs. Gowman went on with the translation of Matthew and finished it.

## HIS TRIP TO CHEFOO

WHILE Mr. and Mrs. Gowman were working with Moses at Stockade Hill, we returned from furlough and took up work at a new station named Gospel Mountain, about six days' journey to the south. We applied ourselves to the translation of Acts while they were working on the Gospels. When the translation of those books was completed, we read their manuscript and they read ours, and together we put the finishing touches on all the work we had done.

The printing of the Gospels and Acts, as well as a new Lisu hymnbook, would require our personal supervision. As there were not adequate printing facilities in Yunnan, it became apparent that we would need to go to the coast of China for this work. After praying about it, we decided that Moses should accompany us to Chefoo to help us with proof-reading and to advise us in case any question of Lisu grammar or terminology should arise. When Moses was asked if he would be willing to go, he said, "If the Lord can use me, I am willing; but may I go home for a few days and make arrangements for my wife?" Consent was gladly given, and a date set for his return to Gospel Mountain.

At his home, the heathen relatives and those weaker in the faith tried to persuade him not to go with us. "We told you so," they said. "That's why the white men wants you to be Christians. At first they are very kind and friendly, but they will take you down into their country. If you go you will never come back. Down at the mouth of the river

there is a big dragon, and they are taking you down there to feed you to the dragon. They exhort you not to smoke opium or chew tobacco because the dragon wants to eat you—and the meat of opium-smokers and tobacco-users is not tasty. If you go you'll see we are right!"

But Moses had lived and worked with us long enough that he only laughed and replied, "You are to be pitied that you believe such silly stories."

We were not without misgivings about the trip—but not for fear of the dragon at the mouth of the river. Our fear was that Moses might be puffed up—that he might be spoiled by the attention shown him. But the only real question in our minds was, *Is it really God's will?* We prayed, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water" (Matt. xiv. 28). So when His Word came to us, bidding us come, we plunged into the unknown like a child leaping into his father's arms. What though the waves were high and the waters dark, "having received the promises of God, we embraced them" (Conybeare and Howson). Indeed, there were many times when we might have turned back. For instance, where was the money coming from? How were we going to get a passport for Moses? Would he be homesick, and lonely? But what were difficulties to our Lord? Nothing is too hard for Him, so, as happy, homing swallows we took our flight all unafraid.

Moses returned to Gospel Mountain according to schedule, and we set out on our long, overland journey. Our son, Joseph, was riding a horse, and Moses had rigged up sticks on the front of the saddle so the little fellow could hold on with his hands. Moses led the horse so that it would not run with him. One day we were jogging along slowly when something frightened the horse and he shied. Joseph

lost his balance and would have fallen, but quick as a flash Moses had him in his arms, safe and sound.

Our route took us through the Wa States and into Burma, where we reached the railhead at Lashio after about two weeks' travel. It was most interesting country, and the trip filled with memories of the time when my husband had been prisoner of the Wa Queen.<sup>1</sup>

Now we were travelling unmolested, visiting the Lisu and Lahu leaders and even accepting the hospitality of the Mohammedan official one night. We arranged our daily stages so as to spend Sunday in one of our larger Lisu villages. They received us there in true Wa-country style when we arrived on Saturday night. Before the village came in sight we heard the beating of gongs, the boom of a big brass one followed by two blows on small treble ones. This kept up until we were nearly there. On approaching the entrance to the village, we were nearly deafened by the roar of guns fired in welcome. A long line of people stood inside a flower archway waiting to give a welcoming handshake after the song of welcome had been sung. When the handshaking was over, they led us to the chapel, where a large prophet's chamber had been built for us in the loft. A rather shaky bamboo ladder led up to our quarters, but once up we found the place quite comfortable, and knew it would be clean because no one else had ever slept there.

About four o'clock one afternoon we reached the stretch of motor road which runs the forty or more miles to Lashio, hoping we might find an automobile there and not have to walk the rest of the way. A car was just pulling out when we arrived. We ran after it, waving our arms, and the driver stopped to see what was the matter. He had a full load and

<sup>1</sup> The story of this adventure is told in *Honey Two of Lisuland*.

said it would be impossible to take us that day, but promised to come after us in the morning. Early the next day our carriers left us for Lashio with the horses, and we were left behind with only Moses to help us. All our loads, including bedding, had gone on ahead.

We watched the road to Lashio anxiously, for if the driver had not come for us, it would have been very awkward. It was nearly noon before he came driving up in front of the shop where we had spent the night. Imagine our horror, though, on seeing a man covered with smallpox sores come staggering out of the car! Whatever could we do? We had no bedding, no cooking utensils, and no food. It might be a week before another car showed up, so our only course seemed to be to take the chance and go in that car. We had all been vaccinated, but it had been several years since Moses had been done.

The driver bought a new blanket and pinned it to the seat where we would be sitting, and we took our places gingerly, trying to keep from touching anything. We planned on being vaccinated in Lashio, but on arriving there found the doctor had no vaccine and it would take him a week to get some. We decided that the best thing to do was to go on to Rangoon and be vaccinated there, for we could get there in less than a week. Meanwhile, we committed our way unto the Lord. It was a relief when we were all finally vaccinated, and the incubation period safely passed. Our vaccinations did not even take!

While at Rangoon we thought Moses would be thrilled to see the press where the Lisu books had been printed, but he did not seem to be greatly impressed. Later on, in writing to his Lisu friends back in China he said, "When I went to the print-book-place it was not pretty at all, and



I thought, 'What a place in which to have to work and spend one's life!' But then I remembered that the Word of truth went out from there to many people all over the world. It is just like believing in Christ: unbelievers cannot see anything in it, but we believers find life through believing." So apparently the only thing that impressed Moses was what he had already seen—the books produced by the press.

It was different when we went to the Zoo, however, where Moses saw a barking deer coming to him boldly, and was so surprised that it would eat out of his hand. He could not get over the wonder of it, that a wild thing like that could be tamed. Often he had gone hunting for barking deer in his own Lisu mountains, and knew that it was almost impossible to get near to one—but here they were unafraid.

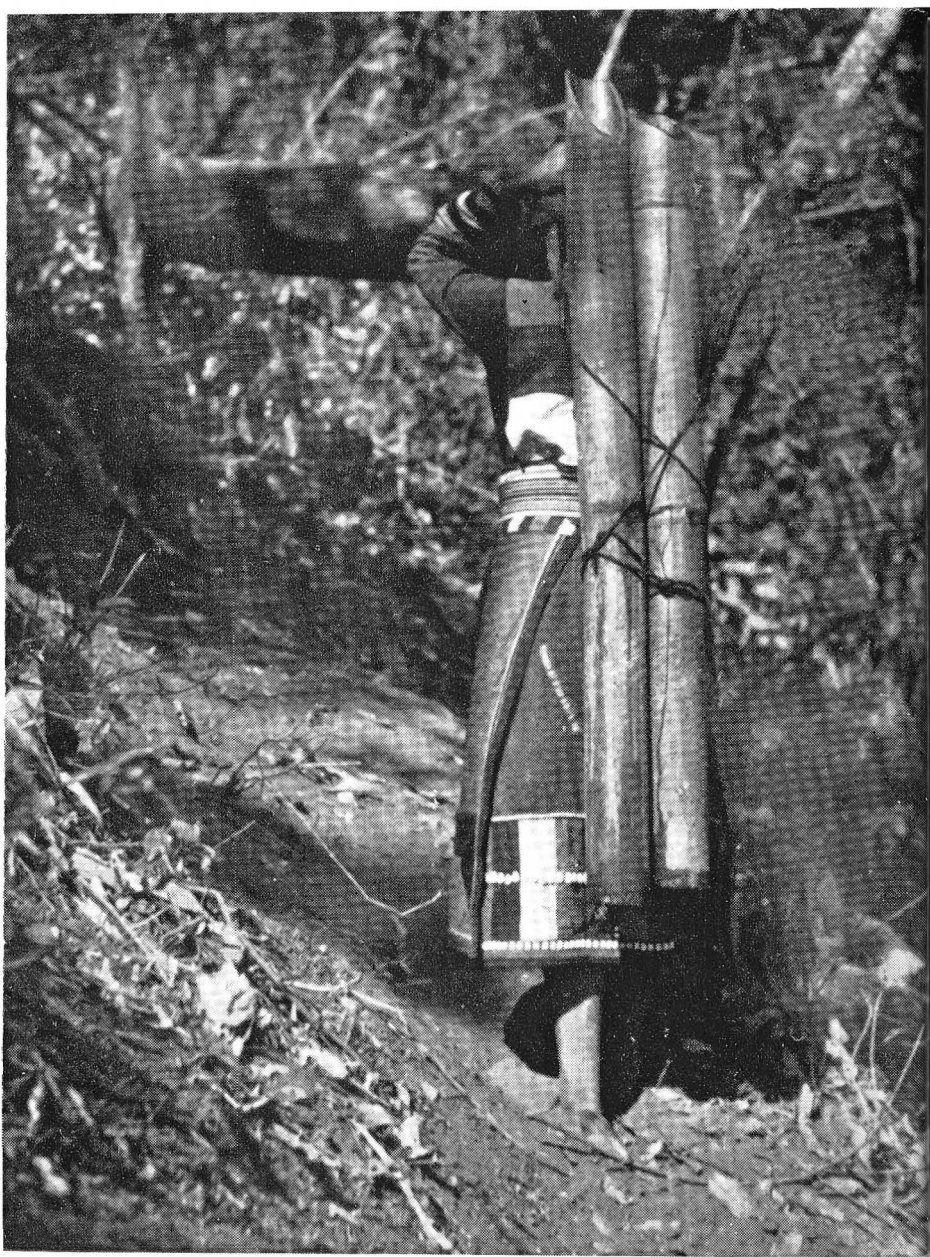
It did not take us long to make the necessary arrangements for leaving Rangoon. We had feared that it would be difficult to get a passport for Moses, but evidently it was only a matter of paying the fees at the Chinese consulate. Neither was there any trouble in getting passage for him with us on the steamer as our servant, and the fare was quite reasonable.

Boarding the steamer was comparatively easy for us, but not for Moses. He was herded with a crowd of deck passengers into a fenced-in enclosure. Although he had been recently vaccinated and had his certificate, he had to submit to re-vaccination. At the same time we showed our certificates and filed through past the doctor in no-time.

Both Moses and ourselves were greatly relieved when we were again together on board the launch which took us out to the steamer several miles down the river, but



A LISU WOMAN GETTING WATER



THE SAME WOMAN CARRYING TWO BAMBOO TUBES OF WATER

again when we went on board the steamer it meant another separation. My husband and I were allowed to go up at once, and we found a place on the upper deck, from which we could watch Moses. The deck passengers were let aboard with a wild scramble which resembled the Klondike rush, for everyone spread out his bed and staked his claim of deck space. The first ones aboard got the best places. Moses was about the last one and there was no place left for him until we went down to help.

One meal of Indian food convinced Moses he would have to do something about it, for it was so hot with curry that he could not possibly eat it. It was a simple matter, however, to arrange with the Chinese compradore to give him Chinese food at a very reasonable price, after which Moses lived on the best.

We had to tranship at Singapore and Shanghai. Moses did not like Shanghai at all, and was glad to leave there, but he was very happy at Chefoo, and was soon comfortably settled there, where all of the missionaries were kind to him. A dear old Chinese lady, who was also a missionary, took him under her wing and was a real mother to him. He had a standing invitation to have dinner with her twice a week. Before long he was singing praises in the Chinese church choir and also in a male quartet, and was even asked to direct the singing.

Thinking it would be a special treat, we once gave him some ice-cream, but after tasting a spoonful of it he refused to eat any more, saying, "Please don't waste ice-cream on me. I don't like it."

A quiet little room where we would not be disturbed was set aside for our work. Every day after breakfast and morning devotions we went to our room to do the proof-

reading, compare manuscripts for new hymns, or rewrite some pages which needed revision. Generally Moses was there and already at work when we arrived. It was a special joy to be together with our two boys after school dismissed each afternoon. We had not seen David for four years, as he had been all that time in Chefoo attending the China Inland Mission School for its missionaries' children. He had forgotten all the Lisu he had ever learned. Before he went to school he would talk nothing else, and it was not long before Joseph, too, had forgotten Lisu and would not use it even in speaking to Moses. Often we went bathing in the ocean, for there is a splendid bathing beach at Chefoo. We tried to teach Moses to swim, but he never learned. Later on, when the weather was cooler, we tried to teach him to ride a bicycle, but again he failed. He was so athletic and good at Lisu sports, we had expected him to learn easily.

The printers found the Lisu script hard to set up, so we were detained in Chefoo about nine months, and even then we had to leave before the work was completed. Two of our missionaries, Dr. F. H. Judd and Mr. Albert Lutley, undertook to do the proof-reading after we had given them some instruction in the Lisu script. We gladly turned our faces southward again, though it was hard to leave our boys behind.

## HIS FALL

WE were glad to be on the way again because cold weather had set in and Moses was not used to it. It was even colder on the water between Chefoo and Shanghai, but when we got to Shanghai it was more comfortable. We stayed there only long enough to get passage back to Rangoon. As far as Singapore we procured passages on the same steamer as the one on which we had come, and again Moses went as our servant. At the gangplank, as he went up from the lighter, Moses was again stopped and the Company agent would not let him go on. He said abruptly, "You are not a passenger; you may not go aboard." My husband pushed back through the people coming up the gangplank and asked the agent to let him come aboard as his passage was paid for as our servant. The agent roughly ordered my husband to get on board and Moses was kept back, but after everyone else had gone ahead he was allowed to follow.

Soon after we left port, we met some missionaries going to Burma. They had two small children and it was very difficult for them to manage at meal-time, so we arranged for Moses to watch them for that period. This made it possible for him to be on deck and in the second-class room for most of the day. At Singapore we changed to a smaller steamer and our missionary friends went into first class, where Moses again acted as nurse to the children. When we arrived at Rangoon they gave him a gift of money for his wife, so he was paid to travel first class, while we had to pay to travel second class!

The rest of the way back to Lisuland was uneventful. After a visit at his home, Moses went back to work with the missionaries at Stockade Hill and we went to Gospel Mountain.

We had been a bit concerned lest Moses be puffed up over his trip to Chefoo, but he scarcely mentioned his experiences there. It was very difficult to get him to say anything about the trip. As far as anyone could see he was just the same as he had always been. Yet there was imperfection in Moses, and incompleteness, as F. B. Meyer has said: "In all men there is a fatal incompleteness. Have you not often wished to take the characteristic qualities from the men in whom they are strongest, and put them all together in one nature, making one complete man out of many broken bits, one chord of the many single notes, one ray of the many colours? But this that you wish to do is done in Him, in whom the faith of Abraham, the meekness of Moses, the patience of Job, the strength of Daniel, the love of the Apostle John, blend in one complete whole."

So if in this book, instead of drawing too much praise for a Lisu man, I might direct your hearts to the One and only Perfect Man, I would feel this is not written in vain. Fish Four is but one note of His great chord, but one drop of His soul-delighting river. Of Christ alone is it said that "in him should all fulness dwell" (Col. i. 19). "A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" (Isa. xxxii. 2).

Not long after our return from Chefoo, the missionaries at Stockade Hill began to get messages from Moses' family. "Moses must come home. His younger brother is going to get married and he must come to help with the arrange-

ments." At first they tried to persuade him not to go, and he tried to get out of it, but the word from home became more and more insistent, until finally he said that he would have to leave. The missionaries felt that the matter had gone beyond their authority. Moses was engaged and supported by the Lisu church. He had agreed to give his life to the Lord's work. To go home would not mean just a few days' leave, but several months, and possibly leaving his work permanently. The deacons were called in and the matter was put in their hands. After discussing the problem at length, they discovered that the wedding would be against church regulations, and therefore they not only could not give their consent for Moses to help with the wedding, but they would not even allow him to attend it.

The Church ruling was clear, but the situation could not be settled as easily as that. The family insisted that Moses must come as the arrangements had gone so far that they could not turn back. The wedding must go through. The deacons ruled that if Moses helped in his brother's wedding he could no longer be a teacher. Much time was spent in exhortation and in travelling back and forth, and Moses' work for the church suffered. Eventually the family won out and Moses went in spite of everything that could be done to stop him. He was automatically discharged from his position in the church.

Now Moses was in disgrace. The days which followed were days of darkness and struggle. For a season he was "in heaviness through manifold temptations." He was borne down by sorrow, for, as someone has said, "Our life is Thine unclouded face, and in Thine ungrieved love we live."

And what of the missionaries who were looking to him



to help with Lisu study and translation? Not only were they sorrowing because of his fall, but it seemed that the devil had taken their right-hand man away from them, and the work was greatly hindered because of their not having Moses' help. Was he to become a castaway? Would they have to find someone else for the work he had been doing? There was no one with like gifts—at least, we had not found any other with a like ability to express himself in the Lisu language, and at the same time work as hard as Moses did. Others there were who might have done it, but they were not able to stand the long hours of concentrated study. One of our evangelists whom we had tried was excellent as far as his ability to understand the shades of meaning was concerned, and he was quick to put it into good Lisu, but he was utterly unreliable. Sometimes he would be working on a difficult passage with us and would appear to be deep in thought. A few moments later we would ask him a question, and look up to find him sound asleep. One day he would come, the next day we would wait, but the morning would go by, then the afternoon, and still he had not shown up. He disliked to be called, but when we would finally send a messenger in desperation, the word would come back, "He is sick," or "He has gone hunting," or "He has gone to another village to teach." Moses, on the other hand, was always faithful and dependable. As a preacher he was, if anything, a little too deliberate in his delivery. He was so careful to choose just the right word that he lost his audience, but it was just this trait which made him so good as a translator. He was also too deep in his thinking, so that his addresses were dry and over the heads of his hearers, but that made it easy for him to put long, involved sentences into Lisu and hold the thoughts

in his mind clear to the end of the sentence. So it was a very real loss to the work to have him laid aside.

On returning from Chefoo we had gone to Gospel Mountain long enough to hold a Bible school session, and then we had packed up and moved to newer work in the upper Salween Valley, so we were quite unconscious of the disgrace which had come upon Moses.

The purpose of our move was twofold. First, the new believers up there were without a missionary and badly needed teaching. We had always felt the call to open up new fields, and here was a large district with thousands of Lisu who had never had an opportunity to believe—the largest and most densely populated Lisu field in the world.

The second reason for our move was that we thought there would be no better place in all Lisuland to get an adequate knowledge of the Lisu language, uncorrupted by Chinese influence. It had often been difficult to get the real Lisu word for something we wished to say, because the Lisu where we were often put Chinese words into their conversation without knowing it. At times, when we pointed out to them that they were using Chinese expressions, they would say, "Oh, no, that is really Lisu. The Chinese have taken it from us!" This was obviously not so, and for that reason we desired to go where the people would speak pure Lisu, which would help us to make a better translation of the New Testament.

It soon became apparent that we could do no efficient work without the help of Moses, so in fear and trembling we wrote to Mr. F. J. Fitzwilliam, who was then in charge of Stockade Hill, asking him to let us have Moses to help us again. Fear and trembling, not because of Moses' fall, for we had heard nothing of it, but because we had already

taken him from the Fitzwilliams for nearly a year when we went to Chefoo, and we were almost certain they would not want to part with him again so soon. But the very greatness of our need made us bold to make the request.

As we waited for the answer, we prayed that the Lord would remove every difficulty in the way of Moses' coming to us, if indeed it were His will for him to come. We felt it was not selfish to want him if God had chosen him and fitted him for translation work. Besides this, the finished work would be for the benefit of all the Lisu and all the missionaries working among the tribe.

At first it seemed that the way was closed. How could Moses be sent as a missionary to another district when his own church had ruled that he could not work as evangelist at home? But there was a door of hope. Had not the Lord said, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness"? Moses was much exercised in heart and all his joy had gone. It was hard to come to the place where he was willing to say that he had been wrong, even though he had shed tears of remorse. But the Lord had a work for Moses to do and He was not going to let him go. "His compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness" (Lam. iii. 22, 23).

But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe; here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

So at last Moses bowed before the Lord in submission to His will in humble confession.

Restore, my dear Saviour, the Light of Thy face,  
Thy soul-cheering comfort impart,  
And let the sweet tokens of pardoning grace  
Bring joy to my desolate heart.

He looks! and ten thousands of angels rejoice,  
And myriads wait for His word;  
He speaks, and eternity, filled with His voice,  
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

Yes, God spoke and the light burst forth. Moses rolled his way on Jehovah (Ps. xxxvii. 5, R.V. margin) and the Lord lifted up the light of His countenance upon him, and there was peace.

## A NEW FIELD

SINCE Moses had been restored to fellowship there was nothing to hinder his coming to work with us; indeed, it was much better for him to be in a new district where he had not been known. We welcomed the news that he was on the way to us.

Before long he and his wife joined us in our new field. When he first arrived, we were living at Pine Mountain, so it was arranged that he should be appointed by the church as evangelist in that district. It was truly a needy field, ripe, and ready for harvest. On every hand were those who wanted to believe, but oh, the darkness in the hearts of the unbelievers, and the need of teaching among those who professed salvation! Moses found it difficult to be patient with all their superstitions, and he kept coming to us to tell of some new absurdity in their thinking or inconsistency in their life.

He arrived just about Chinese New Year time, so we were often invited to meals in the homes of believers. Big Brother found it difficult to eat their food unless there was plenty of soup, but once he was invited to a meal in a home where no soup was served. A day or so later Moses told us why. They say it is unlucky to have soup or gravy on New Year's Day because that would make the whole year rainy. They also eat two days from unwashed dishes, because if they are washed, the rats would make nests in their fields that year, so they believed. For the first fifteen days of the year they dare not eat any greens or leafy vegetables, lest doing so would cause weeds to grow in the fields.

Moses' gift was for translation and not to be a shepherd. He would rebuke the people for their mistakes and then take it all back lest he hurt their feelings. He himself was straight and had no sympathy with their strange ideas, but he hated to make enemies. There were plenty of opportunities for loving sympathy in his dealing with the flock, and he made full use of those opportunities.

The local official, a hereditary chieftain, was jealous of the influence of us foreign missionaries, thinking that we were seeking to usurp his position and authority. One night a zealous believer from Plum Flat Village came to Moses. "Teacher," he said, "what are we going to do? The official says we must all plant opium or he will put us in prison and beat us."

"Don't be afraid. He won't dare put you in prison. If you believers all stand together and refuse to plant, he cannot put all of you in prison. And besides, the Government of China has commanded you all not to plant opium. It is wrong for Christians to plant it and it is wrong for loyal Chinese citizens to plant it," said Moses.

"Yes," they said, "but this official cares only for his own interest. He makes money if there is plenty of opium grown. When the Government sends a man to investigate, he reports that the Lisu are unruly and cannot be kept from planting opium, so he charges a fine to all who do it. To the Lisu he says, 'The Government orders you all to plant opium and I must collect a tax on your crops. If you refuse to plant it, you must pay double tax, and this tax must be paid in opium.'"

The Christian presented his case hopelessly, for there seemed to be no alternative but to obey the local official.

"Well," said Moses, "that is pretty hard, but even if you

should have to pay, the Lord is able to give you much more than you lose. The Lord will not be a debtor to any man. We will pray for you." With much more exhortation and words of comfort, Moses strengthened the hands of the believer, and the man from Plum Flat returned home, cheered, and determined never to plant opium.

The magistrate opened a school which all children of school age were compelled to attend, and again a tax was imposed. That might have been good, had their teacher really taught them, but he spent most of his time smoking opium. When the children failed to make progress, a "too-stupid-to-learn tax" was charged, and they were sent home. We had ample proof through our contact with the same children that they were not too stupid to learn. About that time the official put on a programme of road improvement throughout his district, and again the believers were made to suffer. The order was given that everyone in the district must come to help build roads. Very few unbelievers turned out for this forced labour. The Christians, on the other hand, responded honestly. The magistrate forced them to work especially hard on Sunday and then gave them time off on Monday. The believers then tried to have a meeting after the day's work was done, but they were forbidden even that privilege. The official said roughly, "You can't even sing hymns. If you can pray and make a tree fall or move a stone out of the way, then you may pray! Otherwise you cannot pray or have meetings on my road."

All of these stories, and many more like them, were brought to Moses, who always had time to listen and a word of comfort or sympathy for each one. The church seemed to thrive on persecution. The more the official tried to

hinder, the more the people in the district turned away from idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven.

One day two men in strange clothing appeared at Pine Mountain. They wore long gowns of white hemp with a black stripe and their long, dishevelled hair was not covered with hat or turban. They had come from a district eight days' journey to the north of us, where another official ruled the people. "Where is Big Brother?" they asked eagerly. On being led to the room where Big Brother was studying, they produced two big, heavy rolls of silver half-dollars and a bunch of letters; then, without waiting for further preliminaries, one of them broke out, "Big Brother, help us! What are we going to do? Teacher Job has been put in prison."

"What is the matter? What did he do?" Big Brother asked, anxiously.

"He has done nothing. At Christmas time we all decided to hold a Harvest Festival and bring in offerings to the Lord. The official heard about it and has accused Teacher Job of extorting money from the people. We have brought you the silver which was given, so you can keep it safely for us."

Big Brother looked at the rolls and counted the money. "Two hundred dollars. Is that right?"

"Yes. That's right. There was a lot more promised, and some of the gifts were in grain, but that is all the silver."

"So they have put Job in prison!" Big Brother looked serious. "Well, what has the church done about it?"

"We all went with him in a body and told the official that we gave the money because we wanted to, and not because he tried to make us. We did not wait to see what happened, but came right to you. We were afraid the



official would try to take the money away from us, so we have brought it to you."

"I cannot go up there now," Big Brother explained, "because I have arranged to go south to-morrow and will have to go, but when I return I will go up to see you all. In the meantime, we shall pray that Teacher Job will be released."

Teacher Job had been located in that northern district ever since the beginning of the work up there. His other name is Fish One, the goatherd whom we had met back in Stockade Hill, the lad who was so stupid that no one thought he could be an evangelist. Sure enough, he had stuck to his determination to be a preacher of the gospel and had been used to win hundreds of Lisu to the Lord Jesus Christ. He had made his centre at the village of Luda, and was one of our best workers. These men who brought us the message of his imprisonment were believers from Luda. They were a bit disappointed that Big Brother did not pack up and go back with them, but they started home the next morning quite pleased to be able to take the promise of a future visit.

Big Brother went up to Luda as soon as possible after his visit to the south, and learned that Job had been questioned by the official and released after being detained for only one night. The people had testified that the gifts had been given willingly, and, since there were no witnesses to prove the charge against Job, he had to be released. Perhaps the official would not have hesitated to detain Job, anyway, but Job's friends outnumbered the soldiers and people with the official ten to one, so he did not have the courage to stand against them.

The believers nevertheless feared to oppose the official,

so they talked it over with Job and together decided to report that the gifts were very small, and only five dollars had been given. On hearing this, the official said to Job, "You must return every penny of it to the donors," and gave orders to release him. But Job's conscience began to bother him. It was not true that they had collected only five dollars, so the next morning, with his heart pounding, and trembling for fear of reprisal, he went to the official and confessed that the gifts had really amounted to two hundred dollars. The official said, "Pay it back to them! If you do not, we will learn of it and then you will be put in prison again."

Job was not bothered during the month that elapsed before Big Brother finally arrived. In the course of conversation with the official, Big Brother said, "Perhaps you did not know, but it is the custom of the Christian church to make freewill offerings to the work of the Lord. Many Chinese all over China make regular offerings."

The official replied, "Oh, yes, I know. I have given money to the church in Kunming myself!"

"The Lisu church here has made a donation of two hundred dollars, and it is in my hands. We plan to use it as the church leaders direct. I am sure you cannot possibly have any objection to that," Big Brother announced.

"Oh, no, it is theirs. They may do as they like," the official conceded. "I was only concerned lest the Lisu turn against you. To-day they are your friends—to-morrow they will stab you in the back. Especially are they apt to turn against you when anything touches their pocket-books."

When it became apparent that the matter was to be dropped, Big Brother went on to Luda, where the people had built a house for him. After a visit around the district

it seemed that the pillar of cloud and fire had settled over Luda. Big Brother had not been convinced that Pine Mountain was a good place for a permanent mission station, so he had gone from village to village trying to find the best place. Now the search seemed to be ended. Luda was the place that the Lord had chosen for us, so carriers were sent to Pine Mountain asking for Moses and me to join the work there.

After three attempts we finally arrived. I went first, and Moses followed with his family later on.

Moses had quite a bit of difficulty on that trip because of rain. Just a few miles from Luda he stopped to cook lunch, but the wood was so wet that he could not get the fire to burn. While he was struggling with the fire, trying to get a blaze big enough to boil water, a young man wearing a home-made straw hat came up and shook hands.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"We're going to Luda," replied Moses.

"Oh, are you the new teacher who is coming?"

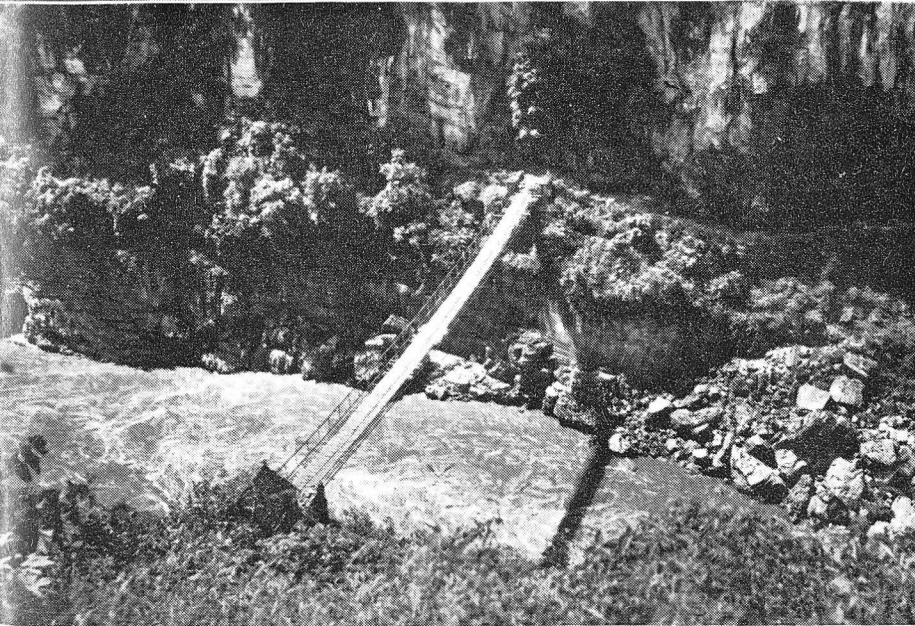
"Yes, my name is Moses."

"My name is A-chay. I live up there," he said, pointing to a village a thousand or so feet above them, which seemed to be hanging right over a precipice. "You are having trouble with your fire," he continued.

"Yes," said Moses, "the wood is so wet it will not burn."

"Here," said A-chay. "Let me help you," and he emptied all the arrows out of his quiver and stuck them into the feeble flame. As the shafts were dry, well-seasoned bamboo, the fire was blazing in no time and soon the pot was bubbling merrily.

After lunch Moses and his family resumed their journey and soon arrived at the ferry where they had to cross the



CROSSING THE SALWEEN ON A BAMBOO RAFT  
A CHAIN BRIDGE NEAR THE BURMA BORDER



IISU ARRIVING AT A RAINY SEASON BIBLE SCHOOL. THE FLOUR THEY CARRY WILL SUFFICE FOR THE WHOLE PERIOD

Salween River before the last steep climb up to Luda. The ferry was hardly worthy of the name. It was just a few bamboo poles lashed together with vines. The oars were bamboo poles with a small piece of wood at right angles. The pole was about an inch in diameter and the stick which served as a paddle only six inches long, an inch and a half wide, and half an inch thick. Two of these oars were all they had to pull the raft through the swift current. Moses and his wife and two of his carriers stepped out on the raft with their loads on their backs. Would it hold to take them across? The raft sank with their weight until it was about two inches below the surface of the water. Moses had his hands full, so he put his crossbow down on the raft. Then the men all started pushing the raft upstream along the bank. They continued this way until they came to a place where the current came close to the bank, then they swung out into it so as to take them nearly across to the other side. As they hit the current the raft was turned as by a giant hand and started for the opposite bank at a tremendous speed. All hands manned the paddles and worked furiously to get out of the current again on the far side. Just as they were in the swiftest part of the river, Moses' crossbow floated off the raft and was carried downstream. They all were so busy paddling that they had to let it go. At last the raft was tied safely to the bank and the passengers stumbled up through the deep sand to the rocks above. There they rested for a few minutes before starting up the mountain. Up, up, up the trail they went until it seemed they must reach the sky. The river below became a thin ribbon of yellow which looked as if a man could span it with his hand. At length, when it seemed they could not climb another step, they reached their new home, and we had our Moses with us again.

## LIFE AT LUDA

WE soon settled down to work on the New Testament, but there were many interruptions. Moses was now pastor of a church of several thousand members. Besides taking services in the Luda chapel when his turn came, he also had frequent calls from other villages to pray for the sick, hold weddings and funeral services, examine candidates for baptism, and to attend to the many duties connected with his office. It had been arranged for Job to go to Pine Mountain to be pastor there, so that Moses could be near us to help with the translation.

At first we all had difficulty with the language. Though the tones were practically the same, there were certain differences in pronunciation which were confusing. For instance, many of the *b*'s became *j*'s. It is as though one would say, "Please bring me the *jook*" instead of "Please bring me the *book*." There are two *u* sounds in Lisu, represented by different letters, but in the Luda area both of these are pronounced alike. For example, if in English you were told to "Put it in the coop," you probably would not know that the speaker meant, "Put it in the cup." Moses also was confused at first and many laughable mistakes were made.

One day a little baby died at Luda. The father was broken-hearted and called for Moses to conduct the funeral. All went well until they took the body to the grave, when Moses refused to go on with the service. We could not see why he should refuse to bury a little baby, but we trusted

him and left everything to him. We had noticed that it was rather a strange location, but had not thought very much about it. The little grave had been dug just where two roads crossed, so that any person travelling either road would have to make a detour or walk right over the grave. The idea was that the first person who walked over the grave would take the bad luck from the bereaved family. Moses was firm, so at last the grave was re-dug in a spot where no superstition could be attached to the ceremony.

Little Esther, Moses' daughter, was growing up into a sweet little girl, and was beginning to learn a bit of the Catechism, though she was only three years old. Moses would ask her, "In whom do you trust?"

"I trust in Jesus," she would answer.

"Where is Jesus?"

"Up there in heaven!"

"Who is our Father?"

"Our Father is God."

We would listen to her and think of God's word to Abraham, "For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord."

About this time, back in America, my mother was praying for Moses, and messages began to go from her to Moses and from Moses to her. He used to speak of her as "White Grandma." First it was just a little word in a letter to me, or a word in my letter to mother, but later on there were whole letters to be translated. One of those letters told of my father's having gone to be with the Lord. The day after that news came, Moses came to the house with a load of corn on his back. He followed this with another, and another, load after load, until there were eleven bushels.



“Please send White Grandma these eleven bushels of corn,” he said simply. “White Grandma has lost her mate, for White Grandpa is dead. I know this eleven bushels of corn will not be worth much in white man’s money. Please tell White Grandma to use it to feed her birds.” He turned and would have gone, yet he lingered a moment with something on his mind. Presently he said, “Yes, take ten dollars too for White Grandma. She must be lonesome without her mate,” and he laid the ten dollars in my hand. Then he said, “Please write to White Grandma and tell her, ‘Thank you whites for pitying us yellows. Thank you for raising your daughter to give to us Lisu that we might know about Jesus.’” We translated his letter from Lisu into English, sold the corn, putting the proceeds with the cash, changed it into United States currency, and sent it all to White Grandma, an odour of sweetness. I was greatly touched by this offering. Was it not just a little bit like Mary’s alabaster box of ointment? It was this gift that prompted the writing of this book. Another time Moses came with a large gift of money which he asked us to send to his own mother, and at the same time returned the money which we had given to help their family when he first came to us as an evangelist.

At Harvest Festival time one year some of the believers decided to bring gifts of pumpkins and other produce as well as grain. As they brought these pumpkins in, Moses watched them for a while with a queer expression on his face, then he slipped out the back door. In a few minutes he returned with a dozen or so of the largest pumpkins he could find. “This,” he announced, “is the tenth of my pumpkins.” Pointing to those brought in by the local believers, he added, “But these tiny ones are an insult to God. Why, the people who have given them could give

twice as many as I have given and still it would not be a tenth of the crop. Each one who has given has brought only one or two of his smallest pumpkins. God is not pleased with such gifts!"

During our first days at Luda, we often wished that Moses might be our cook instead of one of the rough-and-ready local people. When A-chay put jam in a dish to place on the table, he would invariably get some on his fingers—and then the simplest, easiest thing to do was to wipe his fingers on the wall. Of course—what else would one do? Training such a man was not easy and took much patience, but he was good-natured and had lived a hard life before he came to us. He was willing to take correction and was most kindhearted—you will remember he was the man who burned his arrows to help Moses start a fire.

Our floor was made of woven bamboo, so when water was spilled it just ran through to the ground. The obvious thing to do with dirty dish-water was to pour it on the floor. That might have been all right if the dish-water had been all liquid but, as anyone who has washed dishes knows, there are solids in dish-water as well—so when it was dumped on the floor, little greasy particles of food were left to gum up the floor. These were not nice to clean up, so they were left to be swept out the next morning.

Eventually A-chay learned to be neat and clean, at least in comparison with other Lisu, though he never quite understood our ways. One day someone had given us a muskmelon, and we told A-chay to serve it for dessert at dinner. What was our surprise when he solemnly served us the pulp and seeds! He had thrown the rind away.

Moses continued to work faithfully on the translation of the New Testament, but his strength was not what it had

been. He began to show signs of being tired. In the days at Stockade Hill and at Chefoo he seemed to be untiring, but now, had we eyes to see, we would have known that he needed a rest. One day he went up to the mountains to get bamboo to make a coop for his chickens. On the way home, the end of a big load of poles he was dragging fell down over the steep side of the road, pulling him after them. In the fall he apparently injured himself internally, for he continued for some time afterwards to spit up blood. From then on he was not able to give more than part time to the work, and eventually his life also was to be laid on the golden altar beside the other offerings which had to be made before the Lisu New Testament could be completed.

About that time the Lisu in the district to the north of us rebelled against the oppression of the Chinese official and killed him. For a time they had the upper hand. Lisu men went about dressed in the silks and satins which had belonged to the official. His wife was made to pound out grain for the Lisu. She had never done a stroke of work in her life and had tiny bound feet, so found it most difficult to work the foot-power grain-pounder. The Lisu stood over her with a club and made her keep at it until she dropped from exhaustion.

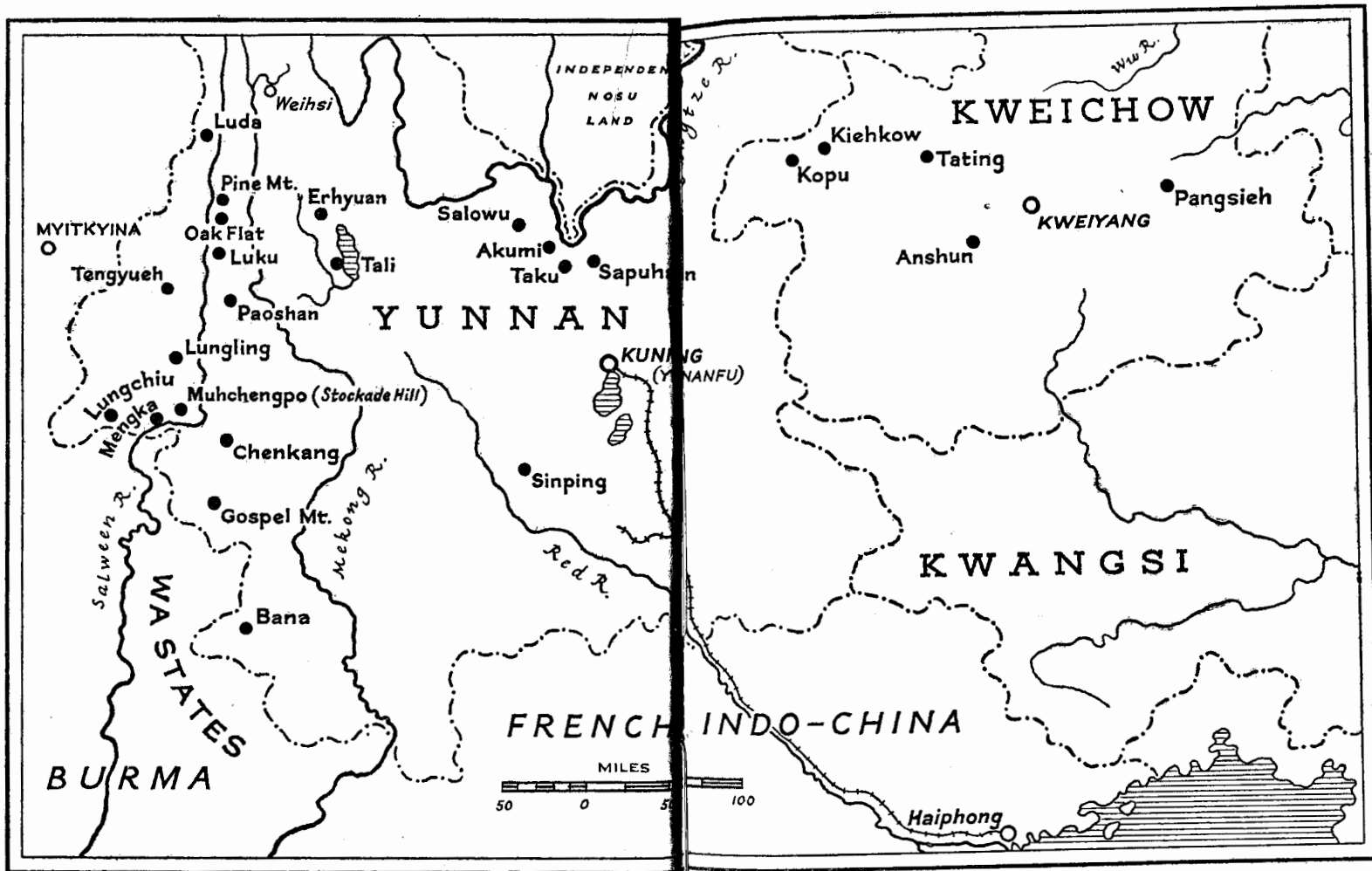
Two lady workers of another mission in that district feared to stay with conditions so unsettled, so they asked permission to stay in our home until things were quiet again. We had no alternative but to take them in. Miss Sylvia Ward, one of those two, grew to be very fond of Moses and he of her. He taught her Lisu every day and she was making progress in the language. She was not afraid to make mistakes and be laughed at, so would have made a good speaker in time, but the Lord had other plans. After

only a few months with us she was taken ill with typhus. In her delirium she thought she was busy preparing a meal for Moses to show him her gratitude for teaching her. Then one day, as I was bending over her, she said, "Oh, don't stand there. There is such a beautiful light and you are in the way." As I stepped aside she exclaimed, "There is a great throng coming and the gates are opening for me!" A few moments later she broke into a radiant smile and said, "There is Jesus coming!" That was the last word she spoke, though she lingered for some time, but eventually the weary spirit took its leave from the body and she joined the Lord whom she loved. Her companion, Miss Elsie D. Reese, was broken-hearted, and refused to be comforted.

When Miss Ward was buried, Moses himself took a hoe and helped to prepare the grave. Even then he was beginning to suffer from the illness which eventually took him. He was weak in body, and Miss Reese said his digging the grave was like God's benediction on Miss Ward's life.

There was still trouble between the Lisu and the Chinese in the district to the north of us. In fact, the Lisu there began to threaten those in our district, telling them they would kill them if they did not join up against the Chinese. The official over our district was so afraid, that there was no persecution of the Lisu all that year and no taxes were collected from them. But we felt the wisest course would be for our people to be loyal to their Chinese overlords, so we sent out letters all over the district exhorting our flock to stand with the Chinese. They accepted our advice, and, since the Christians were in the majority in the district, all remained peaceful in our area.

Before the trouble to the north was settled, the time came for us to go to Kunming to meet our two sons for Christmas.



A MAP SHOWING THE TRIBES' COUNTRY OF SOUTH-WEST CHINA. THE 10,000,000 TRIBESPEOPLE ARE FOUND CHIEFLY IN THE PROVINCES OF YUNNAN AND KWEICHOW, THE LISU INHABITING THE SALWEEN CANYON IN WEST YUNNAN AND THE COUNTRY BORDERING THE YANGTZE IN THE NORTH-EAST OF THIS PROVINCE.

We did not like to appear to be fleeing and leaving the flock in time of danger, so we called the leaders in and asked their advice. A number of them had taken stores of grain up to the mountains and had cached this food in the caves. They all were quite concerned as to what might be the outcome, as the Chinese were very slow in sending help. Because of the danger, they were relieved to have us go; at the same time we had stayed long enough to make it obvious that we were not running away.

## HIS ORDINATION AND HIS ILLNESS

WITH the advent of autumn came the time when we had to leave in order to get to Kunming in time to meet our boys. As no other white man was in the Upper Salween Valley at that time, it seemed best for Miss Reese to leave also, so we made arrangements for the work and started our long journey of thirty-seven days on horse-back, taking Moses with us in the hope that he might be able to get medical help. After the first two days, Miss Reese left us to go to another station of her mission.

Fourteen days' travel brought us to the Chinese city of Paoshan, where our Mission had a station with a flourishing Chinese work. We remained there a few days, awaiting some of our other Lisu workers who were due to visit Paoshan. Since so many Lisu workers were to be gathered there, it was decided to have a conference, and arrangements were also made for an ordination service for Moses, who had served so long and so faithfully. It was refreshing to meet together, and the ordination service was a long-to-be-remembered event. At the close we asked Moses to choose a hymn and pronounce the benediction. His choice of a hymn was, *Naught have I gotten but what I received*. In his closing prayer Moses told the Lord how unworthy he was, a sinner, to be a pastor in the church.

We had planned to take him on with us to Kunming, but he seemed in better health in Paoshan; and Dr. Stuart Harverson, who was at Paoshan at that time, decided to go up to Luda to remain until we returned. With a real doctor

to treat him, we felt Moses would be better off in Lisuland, so he was sent back with the doctor. His testimony was, "Dr. Harverson loved me as if I had been his own son." Surely he spared nothing in the way of medicine so that Moses might recover if it were the Lord's will. But in spite of all that could be done he grew steadily worse.

In the meantime we were with our boys in Kunming enjoying a real holiday and rest. More than that, we were having much-needed spiritual refreshment. Mr. Fraser was with us for a conference of all the missionaries in eastern Yunnan. He was the superintendent of all the China Inland Mission work in Yunnan at that time. In the meetings and in private interviews with him the Lord spoke to us, and the power of the Holy Spirit was very real. Those days were among the most precious of our lives. But such times of blessing could not continue for ever. At length we turned west again and made our way back to Luda. This time we did a thirteen days' journey from Kunming to Tali in three days. Ours was the first party of missionaries to travel over the newly completed motor road from Kunming to Tali. The last bridges had been completed only a few days before we went over this first section of the now famous Burma Road.

After a few days in Tali, we resumed our journey by mule caravan, eight days to Paoshan, and as far again to Luku. From there on Lisu carriers took us north, up and down the steep grades, for the road dipped often due to the many tributaries flowing into the Salween. Two or three times in a day we climbed to the tops of ridges, two or three thousand feet above the Salween, only to plunge down almost to the bank of the river again. In one place we actually waded in the water at the edge of the river where



the road followed along the bank through the sand for about a mile. Just after that the road climbed to the highest point on our way from Paoshan to Luda. We were about 8,500 feet above sea-level there at seven o'clock in the morning. At half past eight we were down again to 4,500 feet at the river's edge. Huge cliffs towering thousands of feet straight up from the river made it impossible to keep down by the river all the way. I had a horse to ride, but for fully half of the way it was all the horse could do to get through himself without carrying me on his back. Big Brother went along on Shanks's pony, feeling much safer and more at liberty on his own feet.

Eight days of this kind of travel brought us back to Luda at length, and after resting and getting unpacked we started to work on the translation again. While we had been gone the trouble between the Lisu and the Chinese had been settled. At first a few Chinese had come to negotiate. They were kept about twenty miles from the headquarters of the Lisu rebels and the Lisu were very suspicious. The Chinese promised to be lenient and forget the offences of the Lisu, admitting that the murdered official had also given them plenty of provocation. They said they would give them a good official and see that nothing happened to the murderers.

The Lisu were getting desperate for salt, having had none for several months. All the salt they eat comes from Chinese territory, so it is essential for them to go periodically to a Chinese market for that commodity. At last the Lisu agreed to negotiate and a few Chinese were allowed through the lines. Messages went back and forth frequently, and each time a few more Chinese were entrenched at Lisu headquarters. All went well and the Chinese invited the Lisu

leaders to several feasts, giving them plenty of salt and lots of whisky. In time the Lisu were completely won over and were assured of the good intentions of the Chinese. Then the trap was baited. The Chinese called the leaders to them and said, "You have been completely forgiven and everything is as it was before. In proof of our good faith we are going to allow you to go to market for salt. We will give you letters and soldiers to go with you for protection." So the simple Lisu started out for market all unsuspecting. At market they were allowed to make their purchases and go around freely for a time, but on a given signal each of the leaders were taken into custody and shot. Only one escaped and got back home alive. The Chinese did not dare to molest them in their own country, but the Lisu had had enough, and they also feared to try for revenge again. So the country was quiet once more.

Moses, however, had grown much worse during our absence. We tried to go on with the work, but most of the time he was too ill to help us. We prayed for his recovery; we used all the medicines we knew of and were able to procure; we allowed him to spend much of his time resting, in the hope that he would gradually recover; but all of this seemed to be of no avail. Why did the Lord allow this long illness? Paul had a thorn in the flesh, but he was able to go on with his work in spite of the thorn. Moses was definitely set aside and the work on the Lisu Testament was delayed because of his illness. We thought of the Bible Moses, when the Lord said to him, "Lo, I come to thee in a thick cloud." Yes, He was coming to our Moses too in a thick cloud. Neither he nor we knew the reason.

As the days passed, it seemed that Moses was to be tested even more severely. One night he called me to come and

help because his wife was ill. When I got there I found another baby was on its way, but it was born dead. Moses, who loved his little Esther so, and was so fond of children, and had so looked forward to having a son, now had to prepare a grave and bury his last hope of a son beside Miss Ward in our garden.

Again the question came, *Why?* and then Moses' tender conscience began to work. We had come to the time of our annual day of fasting and prayer, and Moses also observed the day. As a result of his waiting upon the Lord it seemed that He was leading him to make a confession of his sins. Feeling that the Lord may have been punishing him and leading him to repentance, Moses called the deacons together and publicly confessed to them, "My example has not been what it should be as a teacher. I went to cut bamboo when I should have been working on the translation. I have not spent the time I should in Bible study, so my testimony has been marred."

Oh, friends, God help us every one not to neglect time within the veil.

Within the veil, for only as thou gazest  
 Upon the matchless beauty of His face  
 Canst thou become a living revelation  
 Of His great heart of love, His untold grace.

Yes, we always have to record failure when writing of a man. Moses went on to tell how he had eaten some of the meat when a cow had fallen over a cliff and had been killed. Afterwards the deacons prayed for him and Moses thought he was going to be healed. For a few days it seemed that he had returned to his old vigour and strength. Again he went at the translation work as he had done in the past, but it was

only for a few days before he began to fail again. Soon it became apparent his time on this earth was nearing its close.

But the work on the New Testament was drawing to an end as well. If he could only hold out to the finish! We had done the work, but wished to revise it before the final printing, and our desire was that the Lisu's beloved Brother Three should have a part in the work—that Moses and Mr. Fraser should work together with us on the final revision.

After much correspondence, our superintendent made the long journey up to Luda and we had the desire of our heart as far as Mr. Fraser's help was concerned. He spent several happy weeks with us at Luda and we covered every verse as far as Hebrews, working with him daily. But his help with the translation was not the only help we received. His daily messages for morning prayers were an inspiration, and we fed daily on heavenly manna. His capacity for work was astonishing, but with it all he always seemed fresh and full of life, always of an even temper, always considerate of others, and a perfect gentleman. Moses came when he could, but was able to do very little.

When we had nearly finished the revision, Mr. Fraser wished to go to our station at Oak Flat and spend a few weeks there with his wife and children while the final touches were being put on the work. We still thought that if we could get Moses out to a hospital he might recover, so plans were made to take his wife to her home and him to where he could get the best possible attention. By that time he was unable to travel on foot, so the church voted to pay carriers to carry him out.

After packing was completed and farewell gatherings were held, we set off down the canyon again. The first day away from Luda we were delayed and did no more than



A LISU COUPLE. THE OLD MAN IS EIGHTY-SEVEN



A MEAL BETWEEN MEETINGS

A BIBLE STUDY GROUP

get across the river. It was rather a tearful parting. Moses did not expect to return at all, and we, not for several years, if at all. Many of the Lisu clung to us, weeping, and a word of comfort or exhortation was necessary, so it was nearly noon by the time our party had reached the sandbank where the raft which was to carry us across the river was tied. Practically the whole village of Luda was gathered there on the sand. Preparations were already under way for taking the loads across, and for driving the horses in to swim across. Waiting our turn, we sat with the people, giving a parting injunction to this one, or trying to cheer that one. Crowds of people were trying to get close to us so as to hold a hand or in some way show their affection. Charles Peterson and Earl Carlson, who were to remain behind, followed us as far as the ferry, but as it began to get late, they said goodbye and turned to climb the hill again.

Our party was large, and only four could go on the raft at once, two of whom had to return to bring the raft back. The current was swift and the boys who rowed were soon weary, so that by the time we were all safely across, the sun had gone down. We made camp right on the sandbank where we landed. Many of the Luda folks, when they saw we were staying there, came across and spent the night with us, and more followed over early the next morning before we left, so that we had the farewells to go through again the next morning. It was really a relief to be on the way at last, and to leave the last party of young women who followed us down the road a bit farther than the rest.

All that day we kept meeting people who came down from Christian villages along the way, some bringing presents, some asking us to pray for their sick, and some just to show their love. One girl brought us a three-pound

fish dripping with blood. Others brought little bags of rice or grain. The problem was how to carry the things when our loads were already up to weight. Our carriers were on ahead and we had no bag or utensil of any kind. We could not very well carry a bare fish in the hand, even though it was good to eat! But neither could we offend the kind people who were trying to show their love in this way, so Big Brother went off down the road with the slimy fish hanging from a string tied through its gills, until one of the company following us took pity on him and carried it for him. Rice or corn was not so easy to carry. Bags were not given with the grain, so bags had to be found. After a little delay each time someone in the company would produce a bag, the grain would be emptied into it, and we would again resume our journey.

The third day we entered heathen territory and it seemed strangely quiet and lonesome, yet we were able to make much better time and on the eighth day quite early in the morning we arrived at Oak Flat. There we spent several happy weeks again, first continuing the work with Mr. Fraser and later holding a Bible conference with the Lisu. After a few days Mr. Fraser decided to ask his wife to come up and join us, and then their family was complete. How the children did enjoy the freedom of the hills! And how good it was to see Mr. Fraser with his children! But all good things have to come to an end while we remain on this earth, and Mr. and Mrs. Fraser had all too soon to leave us to return to his work as superintendent. Those happy days have long been treasured in our memories. Little did we know as we said goodbye that we were not going to see Mr. Fraser again.



## HIS HOME CALL

**B**UT what of Moses during this time? It began to be apparent that he would never reach a hospital; we saw him daily growing thinner and weaker. Teacher Thomas from Stockade Hill was his nurse, and a most faithful one, too. Toward the end Moses became fretful and impatient, so that much patience was required in his nurse, but Thomas was the very one for the job. Again the question came, *Why should Moses be taken from this work, and why should another teacher be taken from his duties to nurse him?*

“Now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness” (1 Pet. i. 6). Perhaps, as someone has said, it was “because to sow heavenly seed takes time—time with God alone, time by the bedside, and there are after all, only twelve hours in a day. It is good that we should leave the question of how those hours are to be filled to the Healer and Lover of souls.”

Think through me thoughts of God.  
 My Father, quiet me  
 Till in Thy presence, hushed,  
 I think Thy thoughts with Thee.

Perhaps it was that He might make “His own image in his breast.” He the Captain of our Salvation was made perfect through suffering.

As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean,  
 The image of the morning star doth rest,  
 So in the stillness Thou beholdest only  
 Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Suffering is necessary to fit us for His presence. Someone has said, "If God should kill the devil, who would polish the stones of the New Jerusalem?" It takes a lot of polishing too!

Finish then Thy new creation. . . .  
 Changed from glory into glory.

We should not be brittle and useless, but tempered like steel.

Rutherford says, "Why should I start at the plough of my Lord, that maketh deep furrows on my soul? He purposeth a crop."

It was during the time of Moses' sickness that God was drawing me closer to himself and giving me precious food from heaven. Miss Amy Carmichael's books were a great blessing to me, and I tried sometimes to pass it on to Moses, who was most grateful. One of our last days together, I read the twentieth chapter of John and told Moses how the Lord gently revealed Himself, not in a startling way. He did not frighten with His glory, but revealed Himself by the same old miracles with which His disciples were familiar.

As I passed these messages on to him that day, he said, "I wish you could stay near me. I'm not afraid—but—" and he did not finish.

Speak, Lord, in the stillness  
 While I wait on Thee.  
 Hushed my heart to listen  
 In expectancy.

Like a watered garden  
 Full of fragrance rare  
 Lingering in Thy presence  
 Let my life appear.

There was not much we could do for the poor body save to put a little medicine on the bedsores and keep him clean. But his mind seemed always alert, yes, too alert—for night and day alike he could not sleep. There were so many things he wanted to arrange, and it was hard for him to lay down his responsibilities.

Toward the end he called me to him and said, "Please see to getting my wife and baby home." So we got carriers and made all arrangements for her to go back to her own people, and then one day he said goodbye to them. It must have been hard to see them go off, knowing he was never to see them again on this earth. He could not have lived until he reached his home with them, so we all thought it best for him to remain there with friends. As we were telling him how sorry we were to see him suffer so, he said, "My body does not matter. I only want His will."

Oh, lightest burden, sweetest yoke!  
It lifts, it bears my happy soul.  
It giveth wings to this poor heart.  
My freedom is Thy grand control.

A month or two before, he had given me the words and music of a Lisu hymn which he had composed himself. These are the words:

Lord Jesus, Thou art my road!  
Lord Christ, Thou art my way!  
Oh, what joy when my journey's done!  
Oh, what happiness when I've arrived!

My hope is up above.  
My trusting-place is up yonder.  
Because of that my joy is full.  
For that reason my joy is complete.

When this house of flesh falls over,  
 When this tabernacle falls down,  
 I hope for the Great House,  
 I think of the Great Home.

My trusting place is secure.  
 My hope also is sound.  
 May God's will be done.  
 May the Lord's wish be accomplished.

Did he not have a premonition that his journey was nearing completion? But he had a sure hope as an anchor to his soul. As the days of his pilgrimage on this earth grew shorter, Moses began to look forward to his release and his only concern was for those whom he was leaving behind. He planned every detail of his funeral. He gave pages and pages of written instructions for the care of his wife and baby, his fields, cows, sheep, water buffaloes, and pigs. Some of his animals were to be sold and fields purchased for the support of his wife. He knew the cupidity and covetousness of his brother and wanted if possible to see that his wife was cared for. When I had written all the instructions out as he had desired, he sat up with a great effort and signed every page.

After he had rested a short while he said, "Tell White Grandma goodbye for me, and tell Mrs. Fitzwilliam goodbye." As I looked at his thin, wasted form, I thought of the young boy who took all the prizes in the athletic contests, who did two days' journey in one on his way to his home when we lived at Stockade Hill. I seemed to see him playing Lisu duck-on-the-rock, whirling about on his hands with his feet in the air flying like windmills. Truly, "all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof

falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth forever."

As Moses lay there suffering, the leaders of the church were gathered in the chapel singing a new hymn that Big Brother had just translated into Lisu. The Bible conference was going forward and the Lord was blessing. Moses' feet were swollen, and as I bathed them for him he lay there listening to the strains of the new hymn, *Jesus! what a strength in weakness!* and tears came into his eyes. He said, "I am very much in love with that hymn. May I see it?" So we showed it to him. Nothing would do but that he must make corrections and suggestions; so, between gasping for breath and groaning with pain, he corrected his last hymn.

Jesus! What a Friend for sinners!  
 Jesus, Lover of my soul.  
 Friends may fail me, foes assail me,  
 He, my Saviour makes me whole.  
 Hallelujah! What a Saviour!  
 Hallelujah! What a Friend!  
 Saving, helping, keeping, loving,  
 He'll be with me to the end.

Jesus! *What a strength in weakness,*  
 Let me hide myself in Him;  
 Tempted, tried, and sometimes failing,  
 He my strength my vict'ry wins.

The last morning I went in and laid a carnation on his pillow. He smiled and said, "I don't feel any pain to-day. Maybe I am getting better." As he seemed so much easier, I slipped off to attend a prayer meeting which was being led by Dr. Harverson. It was both a solemn and a happy occasion, and the Lord was near. Thomas and A-chay were with Moses, and during that hour the tired spirit took its

flight. After the meeting I went back to see how my patient was, but he was not there, for God had taken him. I lifted his hand and thought of how much of the Bible he had copied with that hand. Yes, "all flesh is as grass . . . but the word of the Lord endureth for ever."

## HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH

THAT evening I stepped outside, and there, just setting over the mountains was Sirius, the most luminous star in all the heavens, and I thought of the bright shining over there where the precious spirit had flown. It is all light there, and you and I will see Moses in that shining land when our Saviour folds up all shadows in light. "At eventide it shall be light."

We had the usual Lisu feast for those who helped with the funeral. The dear Lisu Christians provided the coffin and dug the grave, and we put carnations and pine boughs on the grave and marked it with a wooden cross on which was written, "He being dead yet speaketh." For is he not still speaking through the words of the New Testament in Lisu which he had so large a part in translating? And when you and I have joined him in that land to which he has gone, the Lisu New Testament will still be read by thousands of people.

"Moses my servant is dead." Moses has gone to be with Jesus, yet I keep on writing about him! Yes, the body, the shell, is dead, but we have the manuscript of the New Testament in his handwriting. That was something which could not pass away. "The word of the Lord abideth forever." Yes, Moses is dead, but his work is not dead, and he still lives in the presence of the Saviour. His offering has been added to the other offerings on the golden altar—those offerings without which the Lisu New Testament would never have been placed in the hands of the people.

But work on the Book was not yet finished, and more offerings were still necessary. Mr. Fraser had made so many suggestions that it had been impossible to get the opinion of the Lisu regarding all of them, and furthermore it was necessary to type all of the manuscript carefully without mistakes so that it could be photographed for reproduction. At the same time a new field had been offered to the China Inland Mission. At least, it was a new field for us, though it was a large, well-established piece of work of another mission, with thousands of baptized believers. We were appointed to visit that field and report on the conditions, so that our Mission's executive might be guided as to whether or not to accept the responsibility for that area. After we waited on the Lord, His Word came to us that we should go, and try to finish the work on the Lisu New Testament at the same time. But who was to take Moses' place? We missionaries alone could not possibly pass on Mr. Fraser's suggestions without the help of a Lisu teacher to give his opinion. In the providence of God we did not have to look far. Luke Fish had already come up to Oak Flat to be evangelist there, and we had tried him out. While he was not as expert as Moses, we saw that with training he would be a good man for translation work.

Again we asked the Lord to give us Luke and make it possible for him to go with us if He had chosen him. It was a long journey to make—twenty days on foot or horseback, by automobile, by train, and again by automobile and horseback. But when the Lord calls, distance must be forgotten. It was not easy for Luke. His wife had come all the way up to Oak Flat with him, and his children were still small. We knew, too, that another little one would come while Luke was with us, too far away to get letters



back and forth in less than six months. We felt almost guilty in asking him to come with us; but Elizabeth, Luke's wife, was not going to stand in his way. When approached about Luke's going with us, Elizabeth said, "I did not marry Luke to hinder him, but to help him in the Lord's work." She was not a weak Christian, but one who was willing to pay the price for her Saviour. The Lord had been preparing her beforehand, even as He had prepared for David generations ahead when He called Ruth out of Moab. Elizabeth was not a third or fourth generation Christian, but her father was one of the first to believe on the Lord in the Stockade Hill district when the fire first began to burn.

So it was decided that Luke was to go. Dr. Harverson agreed to let us take his brand new Lisu typewriter with us so that we could have the best possible job for the manuscript, and the best quality paper and typewriter ribbons were procured.

Not knowing what sort of household help we might be able to find in the new district, and not wishing to have to spend time training new helpers, we took our servants with us. We wished to give as much as possible of our time to completing the manuscript for the printer. Homa, Nathaniel, and A-chay all accompanied us as well as Luke. During the time we were in Bana Village—nearly a year—we had more than one occasion to be thankful for our faithful band. The Baptist missionaries who remained on in the station with us were most kind, doing everything to make us feel at home, and we had very good fellowship with them as well as a very happy ministry among the believers. No doubt we would have been able to find suitable helpers in time, but for the short time we were there it certainly was best that we had our old friends with us.

Homay was taught to use the typewriter. While we were wrestling with the problems which Mr. Fraser had given us, she was working away, producing the copy that has since been photographed and which is now being read by the Lisu in western Yunnan—all the way from Tibet to the borders of Siam, in Burma, and even over to the borders of Assam. During our stay in Bana she typed through as far as the middle of Acts.

A-chay was our cook and made it possible for me to devote my whole time to the work without concern about what we should eat.

Luke was most faithful and conscientious in his work. He was truly a man of prayer. Oftentimes when out for a walk, I would find him standing alone on the top of some rock, facing out over a deep valley, with his eyes closed, and calling upon God for the work in which we were engaged. As far as I know he never saw me as I passed by and slipped away without disturbing him.

Sometimes Mr. Fraser's suggestions were accepted, sometimes Luke preferred the way it was translated before, and sometimes he had an altogether new suggestion. As there were three of us, whenever there was a difference of opinion, two were almost certain to be of the same mind. It was very rare to have three different opinions, but there were enough of such occasions to make it difficult.

Just then, when we were wondering what we should do, the Lord brought a Lisu evangelist down from Gospel Mountain to help us. He was our ordained Pastor Paul. Paul was truly the most gifted man we had, and would have been used for translation before, but he had proved quite unreliable, being the one who came to work when he felt like it, and often going to sleep at the job; but at Bana

he was at his best, and helped us over many problems and difficulties, as well as casting a deciding vote when necessary. True, there were times when the vote was two to two, but Paul had a way of persuading people to come around to his views, and he was so logically minded that he could show why his way was best, and everyone would be quite happy to accept his suggestion.

At length the work was done. We escorted our Lisu brethren and sisters back as far as the Stockade Hill district and stayed a few days in the station where Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwilliam were working. There we saw Moses' elder brother Aaron, and he worked with us on a page or two with which we were not satisfied. Aaron was so much like Moses that we sometimes had to pinch ourselves in order to realize that it was not Moses working there with us.

When we had said goodbye to Aaron and our group from Bana, we sailed around to Shanghai. There was still some typing to do and we worked daily for weeks until the last page was done and the printer had the plates finished. Then, our task on the Lisu New Testament completed, we spread our sails to the wind, and started for America.

But even then the work was not completed. The books were printed and bound, and had been mailed to the people, but days, weeks, and even months passed and none of the books had reached Lisuland. Friends all over America were praying that the books might not be lost. Every letter from Lisuland was watched for with concern to know what had become of our Lisu New Testaments. Men and women of faith were holding on to God, praying the books through. Some prayer-warriors were rebuking the devil and commanding the forces of darkness to step aside and allow the books to reach their destination.