ASCENT TO THE TRIBES

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Pioneering in North Thailand

By

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LONDON
CHINA INLAND MISSION
Overseas Missionary Fellowship
AGENTS: LUTTERWORTH PRESS

First published 1956

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN FOR
THE CHINA INLAND MISSION, NEWINGTON GREEN,
LONDON, N.16, BY THE CAMELOT PRESS LTD.,
LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON

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Breaking of the Dawn

I ROLLED over on the bamboo platform and opened my eyes. There was no wall to the east end of the sala, so I could see out over the edge into the night. All seemed but a sea of bumpy darkness, except the far horizon which was rimmed with translucency. That far reach of distant mountaintops was black against a streak of dark crimson. Slowly the whole eastern edge of the world flamed, and as the ruby colour spread, the "sea" paled to grey, and the bumps resolved themselves into the shapes of mountain ridges in the close foreground. *Dawn was breaking*—breaking through the stillness of a long night, and I seemed to be the only one privileged to behold its pulsing beauty. Redder and redder flamed the horizon and whiter grew the grey world. Little shanties took form on the opposite ridge and on our ridge close at hand: shanties with the curling smoke of a breakfast fire festooning each roof. Then through the scarf of crimson light, up sprang an unbearably bright spot. It shot golden gleams of glittering splendour right on to our sleeping platform, and pierced the muffled forms of the recumbent coolies stretched out there. At next glance, the spot was a half circle, too dazzling to engage the eye directly. Then with a burst, the sun rose in fiery brilliancy, a complete ball, above the distant mountain range and—*day had come.*

How I found myself sleeping in an open bamboo shelter with native coolies, on a wild mountaintop in North Thailand, is quite a story. And like every respectable story it has a beginning: a beginning that, like the dawn, arose out of darkness.

Dawn "breaks," we say. And the first sign of it is that rim of translucency. And so the first chapter of our story must be of the darkness, and then of the coming of that little thin edge of translucency.

The years 1950-51 were dark with grief and uncertainty

for the China Inland Mission. Communism had taken over our beloved Chinese church and our work in that land was finished. Denominational missions could transfer their missionaries to their work in other lands—we worked only in China. Was the China Inland Mission to be liquidated? Each one of us was involved in the same uncertainty and the same inward grief for spiritual children left behind. To pinpoint the focus, our own case was this-wise.

In 1950, I had felt it necessary to get our little six-year-old son to school in America even though it meant leaving my husband behind in China. At that time we were told it might be possible for me to return to him; subsequently, it was obvious that the opposite would happen—he also would have to leave China. So Danny and I had refugeed out over The Hump, through Upper Burma's jungle land, and thence to America. The communists had already conquered, and I felt in my heart that I would never see our beloved Lisu again. Although I believed that "still reigns my Lord beyond these curtained skies," my heart was torn with human grief.

In January, 1951, came the news that the C.I.M. had decided to evacuate completely. Our presence in China had ceased to help and had become a danger to any who loved us. What we had thought was our lifework had finished. Now what would we do? Especially we, who were old? I was approaching fifty. If the Mission liquidated, we must look for work at home, so I began to "send out feelers."

Then, for the Mission, came that "rim of translucency" —the call of China's Doorstep. And the Word came, "If it be thou . . . bid me come!" And He bade. The Overseas Missionary Fellowship of the China Inland Mission was launched, committed to evangelize the unreached tribes and Chinese of the countries around China in the Far East.

But that was far from comforting to me. It would all be pioneer work. Well I knew the physical toll that mountain pioneering takes of even a young body. I had done that kind of climbing work for more than twenty years, and of late had been conscious of an inner wistfulness for something a little easier. Begin a new work at fifty years of age? I felt like collapsing at the very thought. That should be left for the young. And then, as if to pat me comfortingly on the

back, came a tempting offer for Christian work in the homeland. Surely *this* must be God's plan for us! So I wrote to my husband at Hong Kong, where he crossed Liberty Bridge in July, 1951: "Please do not offer for the new fields until you get home and we can discuss everything together!" He did not yet know of the homeland offer.

And so I tried to feel comfortable about the breaking of our dawn, but I had no peace.

"Who is among you . . . that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? . . . Behold, all ye that kindle a fire . . . walk in the light of your fire. . . . This shall ye have . . . ye shall lie down in sorrow" (Isa. 50:10, 11).

A little Voice within said warningly, "Beware of kindling your own rim of translucency. Remember what the Lord said to you on the ship coming home."

I had been reading to Danny that little book of profound truths, *Sir Knight of the Splendid Way*. We had reached the place where Sir Constant was coming to the end of The Way. He had fought for long years, valiantly and steadfastly, and now he was old and tired. Suddenly at a crossroads he met a fine-looking knight named Sir Plaudio, who urged him to take a certain path which would lead to the comfort and ease which was his due after these long years. Sir Constant was about to do this when he beheld a man, trudging along the opposite road, loaded down with a heavy burden. His knightly heart urged him to his duty—he must yet be a lifter of burdens as long as strength was granted. And so Sir Constant refused Sir Plaudio and turned after the toiling labourer. Only then was Sir Plaudio's disguise revealed, and the old enemy of Sir Constant, *self*, shone out plainly. It was a perfect picture of what was happening to the Mummy-reader.

To hear the truth of divine guidance criticized gives one a feeling of helplessness sometimes, because only God and the person concerned can know if in seeking guidance he is being perfectly honest with God. "The Lord my God will enlighten my darkness" (Ps. 18:28). "Darkness was *under his feet*" (Ps. 18:9). That is all true, and may be any Christian's experience at any time, through any darkness. But we must be honest, and we must obey light as it is given. We must be willing to be enlightened. It is not our Father's

purpose that we remain in the darkness, be it grief, or insecurity, or whatever it is. Departed loved ones may not come back to us. Youth certainly cannot return, and sickness may not be healed, but the darkness *is* under His feet. The dawn *will* break into blessing of some kind prepared by Him. Light will come just as surely as we put our hand of trust into His. You know that beautiful quotation which King George VI presented to us all one New Year:

I said to a man who stood at the gate of the year:
"Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown."

And he replied:
"Go out into the darkness
And put your hand into the hand of God.
That shall be to you
  better than a light
    and safer than a known way."

So I went forth
and finding the hand of God,
strode gladly into the night,
and He led me
  toward the hills
    and the breaking of the dawn
      in the lone east.

MINNIE L. HASKIN

It is, of course, only Christ who can help us find the hand of God, but my own hand had long been surrendered to His. That step was taken. I only awaited the Light as to where to move next.

When John came out over Liberty Bridge in July, a message from Mission headquarters asked him to defer immediate furlough in order to survey the tribes of North Thailand for a month or so before coming home. He wired me he was going, then added, "I have not promised anything. I note your desire that we confer together first, and truly no decision would work out satisfactorily if we were not united in heart about it." Praise the Lord for a good husband who saw so clearly! So my heart was at rest about the North Thailand trip.

In the meantime, I had been given a book by Amy Carmichael, called *Figures of the True.* It contained a picture of a bleak snow-blizzard mountaintop, and she had a crisp comment: *Climb or die.* That picture made me shiver; it was so like the Hpi Maw Pass (10,998 feet) over which Danny, the carriers, and I had had to climb in our escape from China. We had left the last human habitation (a tribesman's log cabin) in the early morning, and by noon found ourselves in a snow-sleet storm crossing the pass. It was very cold and the wind was driving the snow so that the slight trail would soon be obliterated, if we did not hurry on. Other travellers had crossed into China an hour earlier, and their deep footsteps were our only guide. If they got covered up we would perish. It was *climb or die* very truly. Sitting on my mule, I saw the snow change to sleet as it hit me, and then run down my raincoat into my galoshes; my feet were in ice water for several hours, and all feeling left them up to the knees. *Yet we had to press on.* Climb or die! It was death to stop. From half-past seven in the morning until six at night none of us had a meal, for it would have been fatal to delay long enough to eat. And so the picture pressed the truth, physical and spiritual, home to me.

For there is a spiritual counterpart. The Christian needs to press on continually, even if it seems unmerciful. Miss Carmichael is very right. Spiritual death begins to set in when a Christian slackens his pace and begins to look around for ease.

"We don't have prayer or grace in our house and nothing has happened yet," said a girl to her minister. He answered sadly, "No, dear, nothing has happened but deterioration . . . prayerlessness means slow rot, not sudden calamity." That slackening up was the pit into which King David fell. I was reminded that he was probably about fifty years old when it happened! "At the time of the year when kings go out to battle" David elected to stay home for once, and the one terrible stain of his life was the result.

So the Lord was trying to prepare me for my husband's proposal, before he arrived home.

North Thailand? The mountains are plentifully sprinkled with tribespeople (aborigines from China, Burma, and Indo-China)

who have no one to tell them of the gift of God. That is, most of the tribes had no one. As a matter of fact, in 1951, the American Baptists had one couple for the Sgaw Karen. And in the eastern side one couple of the American Siam Churches of Christ had a station among the Yao tribe, but no converts, and they were preparing to leave for furlough. Our own Lisu tribe, numbering some five thousand, was utterly unreached. "Moreover, Belle," said my husband, "we can use the Chinese language in contacting almost all of the Thailand tribes. I always found someone who understood me. And Orville and I were even able to point some souls to the Lord in the short time I was there. The field is before us. The door is still open. The government is friendly. The tribes are approachable. The time may be short. Missionaries have been in Thailand a hundred years, and yet have not been able to reach past the Thai to the aborigines of the mountains. If we don't pioneer, they may never be reached."

But still I hung back from committal.

"But John, we are old. It is a young man's job! And we would have to leave the children again!" And then I did the wrong thing. I let my imagination examine all those difficulties. We would have to learn a new language, for you cannot live in a land if you cannot answer questions from police and government officials. We must learn some Thai. (A tribal worker in the C.I.M. is required to pass two Thai language sections before he begins to study any tribal tongue—this will explain future references to Thai language study.) Then there was rough mountain climbing with no clean Christian homes to welcome you, once you arrived. And so on. Of course my heart fainted. In counting the cost before we build, we must face the fact of difficulties, but, as someone has wisely put it, "Don't look at God *through your difficulties.* Look at your difficulties *through God.*"

Once I stopped contemplating the disagreeable things that might happen and turned single-eyed to the Lord, He counselled me: "Of course there will be hard places. What of it? To choose ease rather than effort is to choose slow decay. Do you think your children would benefit by being with parents who made such a choice? You and John are needed out there. He has been appointed superintendent. You two can

hold the fort while younger people are studying the languages. Your experience of nearly a quarter of a century of missionary work will benefit the others. The younger ones may have faith, courage, and strong bodies, but they don't have *experience.*"

And so the night of uncertainty broke. We knew we were both to go.

2

"The Lone East"

THE dawn will never break in the souls of those to whom we long to minister until it has first broken in our own hearts. And the first herald of the dawn is *not* beautiful crimson streamers, but merely an edge of translucency. The colourful part comes later, in spiritual experience. Maybe much later.

That little thin clearing off of the night had said to us, "Go to North Thailand." And we had come.

Now our boat was slipping up the Chao Prya River, and Thailand—unknown and unexperienced by us—was spreading out before us on each bank. "The Lone East." It felt lonely. It was not teeming with human beings, as China had been. The jungle was thick to the very river's edge, here and there broken into little clearings. Flimsy bamboo shanties on stilts huddled together in the midst of these cultivated spots, but human life was seldom visible at first. A flat thick land, it appeared—thick with tangled jungle in which lurked cobras, scorpions, and tarantulas: things that made one's skin crawl to imagine. Would it be a friendly land? What awaited us here?

Gradually villages became more numerous, and a brown-skinned people were revealed. The women wore straight slim skirts and blouses, or more often, in the villages, just a camisole top. Both blouse and skirt were freely splashed with colours, making them bright spots against the dark green jungle. The men mostly were in simple trousers and shirt. Busy with fishing or farming, they scarcely glanced at our stately ship slipping silently up the river, farther and farther inland. Ships must be a daily sight not to inspire more interest. Now we came to a place where the Chao Prya divides into two tributaries. Looking up one of these tributaries we saw other ships the same size as our own, and the spires of a temple. Yes, our boat chose that channel too, and soon we cast anchor by a town silhouetted against a wonderful sunset

sky. Little teakwood houses on their high stilts were softening into black shadows. Palm trees, like long-stemmed fans of black lace against the flaming heavens, stood guard over the sleepy little houses. But right in front of us was a structure exotic in appearance. The corners of its roof were curved upward, and all of delicate tracery and little mosaic mirrors. It gleamed jet against the ruby clouds. And beside it, a low bowl of a structure with a high tapering spire.

"What is this?" I asked John.

"It is what they call a wat," he answered. "A sort of monastery, temple, and school combined. Buddhist."

As we stood looking, the shadowy objects became darker, but the heavens were alive with changing colour, almost as if they were breathing. Crimson at first, then changing to bloody orange, then to yellow gold, to jasper, to amethyst, finally into pearl. And all the time the black silhouetted wat remained motionless and stolid. Blacker and blacker it grew, ominous in its immovability, its dead beauty.

It symbolized the sinister forces which have long held Thailand in their merciless grip. Yet over it, the heavens quivered and glowed with all shades of lovely light. To the missionaries standing at the rail watching, questions inevitably arose in the heart. What awaited us in this land? So beautiful at surface glance, but out of sight such deadly things ever present on its jungle floors.

What did we think we were bringing to Thailand?

Civilization? They already have their own. The dainty mosaic of their temple roofs is the most beautiful I have ever seen in any land. Their intricate, fascinating orthography is surer, for the reader who has conquered its rules, than even the unchanging Chinese character.

Education? They have that, too. Schools everywhere along country roads, and universities in Bangkok. Government hospitals are many also.

Religion? The stolid black outline of the wat before me seemed to say, "I'm deeply rooted here. Do you know what will happen to *you*, if you try to touch me?" Instinctively I recoiled. Until I looked up and saw that living, breathing sky of glory. Buddhism says there is no God.

"And darkness was upon the face of the deep. *But the*

Spirit of God was brooding upon the waters" (italics from Rotherham's translation). Someone has said that there are four factors in this verse, three of them leading to utter despair. It is the presence of the fourth that changes the picture. "Without form. Void. Dark." *But* the Spirit of God was there. From that fourth factor springs all hope. Rotherham has a footnote: "The beautiful word *brooding*—an exact rendering of the Hebrew—is most suggestive, since it vividly describes the cherishing of incipient life as a preparation for its outburst."

There, O wat, is your answer! We bring you nothing in ourselves; we would but add to your chaos if we tried that. But the Spirit of God is brooding over you. He sees the incipient life. He is cherishing it, and He has called us to be hands, feet, and loving human heart for Him. We bring you the Christ, the Atoner for your sins, the only One who can bring you nigh unto God.

Beautiful, calmly entrenched Buddhist wat! The Light brooded over you, and the more glorious it became, the blacker you grew and the *deader* you showed up, until you faded out into the enveloping curtain of night, and God's stars appeared, turning man's thoughts away from you and up to Him.

The lone and dark East, but—the Spirit of God is *brooding* there.

3

Strategy

NOW for the practical outworking of the problem. Visions inspire, but they do not map out one's procedure. "Ideals are like stars: you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but like seafaring men on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides and, following them, you reach your destiny," said Carl Schurz.

We had arrived in a strange land, deeply embedded in old religions. What are we to do now?

When it is a mission, not an individual, that is planning to enter, there is a certain amount of missionary statesmanship needed. The forming of strategy—that is where experience is useful. The Captain of our host is the Lord Jesus Christ, and He does our planning for us. We do not forget this, nor would we have our friends forget it, but experience teaches us that there are certain *ways* of which He approves.

> He made known his ways unto Moses,
> His acts unto the children of Israel (Ps. 103:7).

Those Christians whose centre of life is their own affairs and to whom Christ is merely on the circumference, so to speak, recognize His acts. But to those who make Him the centre of their life and thinking, there comes gradually a knowledge of His ways—quite a different thing.

What is *the way* in which He is most glorified? At our historic Bournemouth Conference in England in 1951, the China Inland Mission discussed this matter in the light of its eighty-six years of experience. It was the unanimous decision of our leaders that the indigenous church was the method that glorified Him most. It was that kind of church in China which stood, when other churches crumpled. The indigenous church, of course, is that which is self-governing, self-supporting, and self-propagating. And so the decision was prayerfully made, that the newly organized Overseas

Missionary Fellowship of the China Inland Mission was committed to the indigenous pattern.

This immediately bound us to certain methods. We would not be able to establish ourselves in a big city and hire native evangelists to go out into the mountains and make contacts with the heathen. The indigenous plan necessitates doing that rough initial work ourselves, and that binds us to the hard primitive living which will be evidenced in the pages that follow. Why is this necessary?

In the early stages of evangelism it is important that the Gospel be presented by messengers who are obviously not gaining anything from it. A hired native has sacrificed nothing, really; he is accustomed to the native food, and the bamboo sleeping floors are ordinary Thai style. The hireling is being paid to preach, and the tribes will inquire into that matter from the first contact. Remember, they have never met anyone, not only in their own personal lives, *but in all their racial memory*, who climbed to their village just in order to help them and with no desire to make gain out of them. That the purpose in coming is only to love and help them —that is a weapon the missionary pioneer cannot afford to lose. And so we are committed to difficult living conditions. "I sat where they sat" (Ezek. 3:15) must be our beginning. We shall be well repaid for it later on in the spiritual gain of our people. Amy Carmichael has well called it: "The working out of the law of pains for the pioneer. Was there ever one who was not tested to the uttermost, beset behind and before, crushed and milled till nothing was left for the eye of man to find beauty in, or any power? And so it is when the work is accomplished the excellency of the power is shown and known to be of God and not of us."

Now let us return to this matter of strategy. How are the tribes to be reached?

I would like to draw a parallel with Sir John Hunt's, *The Conquest of Everest.* That book must mean more to the pioneer hill-missionary than to others, because the difficulties besetting the climbers are so similar to our own. The mere planting of one's feet on Everest's slopes and climbing to the top was the simplest part of Sir John Hunt's expedition. His real difficulty was keeping men alive while they climbed.

Men must breathe, eat, and sleep. How to get oxygen, food, fuel, bedding and tents up those heights along with the men? Supplies. Miserable, mundane, headaching, time-consuming business for pioneer missionary or for famous mountain climbers. The matter of supplies must take a real place in the forming of strategy.

Sir John Hunt preplanned this expedition while he was still in England. He had each step, and the supplies for that step, and the time consumed in hoisting those supplies to that step, all carefully mapped out before he left England. In all they had nine camps, by which to feed, sleep, and nourish climbers to the top of Everest. With apologies to him, I am going to borrow some of his camp language: *Base Camp*; *Advance Camp*; *Summit Camp*. We, too, used them all. Of course he was working at superhuman altitudes and we weren't. But he had only to get two of his party to the top, and then return home. We were there to stay until a self-governing church was established. And so our supply-headaches silently continue.

As the Mission faced the unexplored (from a missionary point of view) mountains of North Thailand, it was apparent that first they must select a spot for Base Camp: a place not too distant from the tribal habitats, yet where supplies could be obtained easily, where telegraph and postal communications with headquarters were reasonably fast, and where there were banking facilities. The old city of Chiengmai, situated at the end of the railroad, and yet hub of many motor roads leading to the mountains, north, west, and south, was obviously the spot. So Chiengmai became Base Camp.

We could plan that in America, but entrance was not quite so easy! The Thai government would not permit a new mission to enter unless a previously established one sponsored the newcomer. Who would sponsor the O.M.F. of the C.I.M.? In North Thailand were five different missions, all telling the Thai government that they were Christian. The American Presbyterians had been longest there—some seventy years. Then came the Roman Catholics, the Seventh-Day Adventists, the Jehovah's Witnesses, and in 1951 one couple of the American Baptist Mission arrived. With the exception of this latter couple, the Rev. and Mrs. Alfred Vanbenschoten,

who were to work exclusively among the Sgaw Karen tribe, none of the others was making any attempt to reach the mountain peoples.

It was the American Presbyterians (A.P.M. for short) who kindly sponsored our Mission. They invited us to enter with the understanding that we would not be working among the Thai, who are their field, but that we were set for the unreached tribes in the mountains. This explains briefly why, though Chiengmai is Base Camp for us, we have no work there.

Now! We are properly sponsored. Who is going to spearhead for us and find a house for the O.M.F. in Base Camp city? John and I were still on furlough. But Mr. and Mrs. Orville Carlson, failing to secure residence permit from the Burmese government to work where many of our Lisu had gone as refugees, were seeking further direction. Orville spoke Chinese and Lisu, and they were young enough to get other languages easily.

So behold, in early 1951, Orville, Hazel, and baby Mary Sue Carlson sailing up the Chao Prya, their eyes eagerly searching the northland. They were to establish Base Camp in a strange country. What would it be like? Who would receive them? Would the Thai language be difficult? Would it be a long time before they could contact some of the tribes?*

Peak of Everest, where are you?

*I learned later that Orville Carlson set out to seek the Lisu the second day after his arrival in Chiengmai.

4

Base Camp

"TAKE my beautiful baby to a Leprosy Colony to live? Oh! Is it safe?" Such may not have been Hazel Carlson's reaction when she learned that they were to go and live with Dr. and Mrs. Richard Buker of McKean Leprosy Colony, but it would most certainly have been the reaction of most of us American mothers. It was the O.M.F.'s first experience of the generous, big-hearted hospitality of the Bukers, that they should throw open their own home to our first missionaries, and lend us every help in getting established. But they lived in the Leprosy Colony.

Now I do not know how you picture such a colony! My own private mental picture had been that of a kind of stockade in a desert filled with emaciated human beings, who came to an appointed Lodge at the gate to receive injections from untainted doctors and nurses!

How Dr. Buker hoots at my old conception! "Leprosy is not transmitted so easily as some people think. It can't leap through the air and seize on you. Nor would you be likely to get it even if you sat next to a leper patient on the train—you probably have done so in Thailand and not known it! We think it is contracted only by close contact over a long period."

And a more beautiful place than the Presbyterians have built at McKean Leprosy Colony it would be difficult to imagine.

In the middle of Maeping River (which divides the old city of Chiengmai), to the south of the town, is an island. The Colony has been planted here. There is a short, covered bridge with closed gates, which is the entrance. Two leprosy patients are usually doorkeepers, but they are not deformed people, and they open to the honk of your car with a smile of welcome.

As you slip past them and on to the island, you are faced

with well-kept roads. The one to the right, leading through trees and flowering shrubs, will take you to the houses of the well children (themselves in perfect health, but whose parents are patients).

The circle-road, directly in front of you, will lead you up to the doctor's residence. It is a large, stone, two-story residence, American style, gracefully shaded by beautiful trees and shrubs, and has a neatly trimmed lawn in front.

The road to the left is an avenue of tall straight palms and tropical growth. You traverse it quite far before you come to where the patients are. And the first building you see is an ornate entertainment pavilion. Past that stands a still more beautiful open-air chapel. Beyond both, nearer to the other bank of the river, are the neat little separate homes of the leprosy patients. Little Mary Sue was quite safe!

The whole island is full of wonderful banyan trees in whose great spreading branches the patients cultivate the insects which make stick-lac (used in making sealing wax, dyes, varnishes, and lacquers), for Dr. Buker is striving to make the Colony self-supporting.

So it was to their own beautiful home and warmhearted hospitality that Dr. and Mrs. Buker took the Carlson family, strangers in a strange land. While studying the language, Mr. and Mrs. Carlson were also able to do some house-hunting and eventually secured an old unused place belonging to the A.P.M. After some three months with the Bukers, it was necessary for the Carlsons to move here and establish Base Camp, for other workers were arriving.

Now for a glimpse of Chiengmai city—once the capital of the old kingdom of Laos. Let us go back to the railway station and see it from the newcomers' point of view. The end of the Royal Railway Line is a lovely modern station, with landscaped garden plots. Leaving its tall clock-tower behind, you turn left and find yourself speeding between stores of the new business section. Maeping River divides the old and new markets and there are three Christian missions on each side. On this side are the Presbyterians, the Jehovah's Witnesses, and the American Baptists. On the other side, at time of writing, are the Seventh-Day Adventists,

the Roman Catholics, and the Overseas Missionary Fellowship of the China Inland Mission. Out of sight, to your left, is McKean Leprosy Colony. Towering to the west is Chiengmai Mountain, locally called Doi-Su-Thep. It is a dramatic bumper for monsoon clouds! Chiengmai is photogenic.

The impulsive, generous hospitality of the Bukers has really had far-reaching results. (Or *was* it "impulsive"? Did that clever doctor foresee what might be gained?) It gave Dr. Buker, ever an enthusiast in leprosy, his own speciality, the opportunity to lay the burden of Thailand's thousands upon the hearts of the O.M.F. But of that, more anon.

In 1951 Orville and Hazel Carlson found themselves living in the oldest bungalow of the Presbyterian Mission in Thailand. It was built by Dr. MacGillvary, who came to Chiengmai in 1867, and some of the teak floor boards measure about eighteen inches across. It is difficult to get teak as large as that now. When we speak of our *former* Base Camp, we will mean this beautiful old place. But in 1954 we had to move, as the A.P.M. needed that house for their own people.

We combed the city for a place large enough to accommodate the O.M.F.'s swelling needs, and yet stay within the rent ceiling our headquarters had given us! There did not seem to be a place anywhere that would answer both together.

"The Lord must have some special place for us. Let's ask Him for it," suggested one of our number. And prayer was made that way. The answer came, but not through any of us!

Allan Crane, who lived at Hweiphai, happened to come into Chiengmai on business. When in the market he accidentally ran into a relative of someone he knew in Hweiphai.

"Oh, Nai Crane!" smiled the young man. "What are you doing here?"

"Well, at the moment I was looking or inquiring for a house that has several bedrooms—a house big enough for our Mission to use. Know of any?" Allan laughed back, on the chance.

"I know of one that is not on the market yet," said the man astutely. "If you promise not to tell it was I who put you on to it—it's the house of my boss!"

"Where is it?" said Allan.

"A bit far out. You go down the road the British Consulate is on, pass the Roman Catholic's Montford College compounds, right on to the city limits, and just beyond is a tall white gateway. 'Garden of Peace' it is called. Hop into a *samlo* and I will tell the driver where to take you. But don't tell on me!"

And so Allan found just what we needed. It is a Thai house, with eight possible bedrooms. It is quiet, for it is set in the midst of a *lumyai* orchard, and the grounds extend to the river so that we have our own "swimming hole" and river sand-bank for picnics! The Government Revenue Officer and his lady own it. Their children were grown up and they were thinking of building a smaller place just opposite —a modern bungalow. But who had told us the thoughts of their minds? It was the Lord who had done it, we were sure, for the amount asked was just under our rent ceiling. And the size was stretchable! In fact, just while I am writing to you, a letter has come from Garden of Peace with this laughing word in it: "The British Consul's wife calls this 'The Elastic House' and gasps at every new deluge of people that fills it! Suffice it to say that we are many (nineteen at last count). But tomorrow the exodus will start."

What do we do at Base Camp?

The superintendent of O.M.F. work in North Thailand has to live here. He is the man we will call on in emergencies.

One morning, two Karen runners came in with news that Don Rulison was seriously ill with a high and unknown fever, four days' journey into the bush. You may be sure it was not long before John was off to the rescue.

The American Consul walked in one morning. We thought it a casual visit from one whom we much admire, but it turned out to be very serious indeed. A guest, staying at the O.M.F. (though not of our Mission) had been overzealous in exhorting a Buddhist priest, and a great to-do was being stirred up by the Buddhists. It was headed for the newspapers and feared that it might be reported to Washington, D.C. —and that would go hard with all missionaries in Chiengmai! Immediate, tactful handling of the situation, and, you may be sure, *much prayer*, caused it to fade out of public light. Our Consul received high commendation from Ambassador

Donavan for quick and wise action, and Base Camp heaved a sigh of thanksgiving to the Lord. We never know what is going to happen, and Base Camp usually has to find the solution for it.

Base Camp is the place where new workers study the Thai language. If you come in any morning, you would see on our veranda young heads bent over language study books with a Thai teacher. New workers stay here until they have passed their required Thai language examinations. Basic things are taken care of at Base Camp.

Watch that ancient red jeep whirling off to the railway station! Who is it now?

An Ethnological Conference was held here in 1952. . . . The O.M.F. Medical Survey Team was received and helped onward. . . . O.M.F. Christian Literature Survey came through. . . . A Visual Aid Team. . . . Gospel Recordings Team came and captured language after language in our mountains. We continually use the result of their work. . . . Distinguished World Tour of Mission travellers come our way, every now and again. We have welcomed Dr. Harry Stam, Mr. Norman Grubb, Mr. Gordon Welch, and Dr. Frank Torrey. . . . Then Chiengmai has two really *cold* months of the year in which to welcome and "vacationate" tired missionaries from Central Thailand. Our tribal workers do not take holidays then, as it is the best time of the year for mountain travel. But this journeying often gives an opportunity to let the guests go along for a peek at one of our Advance Camps or even Summit Camps.

So behold, very early in the morning, the jeep loaded to its eyelids! Human beings tucked in between huge baskets of supplies for Summit Camps. Or it may be an exploration trip is under way. We, who are being left behind, usually gather for the final handshakes and sing, as the jeep pulls out:

My Lord knows the way through the wilderness,
All I have to do is to follow. . . .
Strength for today is mine alway,
And all that I need for tomorrow.
My Lord knows the way through the wilderness,
All I have to do is to follow.

Once, when a jeep-load was pulling out on a not-too-important trip, we did not sing. But little three-year-old

Danny Heimbach was alarmed. Pulling my skirt he said, "Auntie! You did not sing *My Lord Knows the Way*!"

Truly we have needed that He know the way for us, as the pages that follow will abundantly prove. And Danny was right—no trip is unimportant. One morning we waved off Leon Gold. Leon was going with Mr. Vanbenschoten, merely to bring Van's jeep back, after Van and his party had reached the hopping-off place for the Karen hills. Leon was to be back for lunch. But it was *the next evening* before he walked in! Search parties were out looking for him! The road was so corrugated and broken that, as he was coming back alone in the wilds, the jeep stuck on an incline so steep and jagged that the petrol all ran out of the tank! Leon had to walk back. . . . Yes, little Danny. Ours is wilderness work. No journey is too sure *not* to claim that the Lord knows the way for us.

Often the young workers look up from their books to see the old red jeep snorting his way out the gate on less thrilling matters. A mailbag has just come in. It requests us please to purchase the following groceries for them, up in the mountains. And would we register this letter at the post office, please? And there are films to be developed. And if you are near the hospital, will you kindly ask one of the doctors how to treat a case like this—(followed by a list of strange symptoms in a poor tribal body). Perhaps someone writes in that they need a blackboard made! Or they have had a gift and would like to purchase a reed chair with a back to it—sitting on boxes gets wearisome. And so this matter of procuring supplies keeps us on the run, especially as our Summit Camps increase in number.

And always if you buy for a person, you must render an account of the money spent. So the keeping of accounts is no small part of Base Camp's busy life.

At Chiengmai only can we get in touch with our consuls. This is important to Britishers getting married! A church wedding is not legal here, for Britishers. They must be married at the British Consulate—always reckoned temporarily as English ground. Yes, twice over, Base Camp has had romantic heartbeats! Wedding bells rang twice. This is great fun, of course. Imagine the excitement of the bridegroom's arrival for the event. Coming from the mountains he cannot tell the hour of his arrival, so when a hoarse bus-honk is heard, everyone

piles out of the house to haul him off and express his joy. No one ever gets off a bus after a trip without being well coated with dust, and grimy with the heat and cramped quarters. After shaking everybody's hand (especially *somebody's*, if *she* happened to get to Chiengmai first!), he suddenly realizes that he and the shower have need of a date together. He disappears into the bathroom loaded with his clean clothes and his pack. Oh, how good it is to get clean and cool again and see one's hair return to its natural shade!

The wedding safely over, Romeo and Juliet departed for their honeymoon. It was only after they were gone that the superintendent happened to discover Romeo's shaving gear lying forgotten in the bathroom. And they were to be gone where you could not borrow! Gone for two weeks to a nice cabin high up in Chiengmai Mountain. You can imagine the family's hilarity; jokes about Juliet's dismay when her nicely groomed bridegroom arrives at the breakfast table with a bristly chin; and the speed with which bristles grow during two weeks! Suffice it to say, it was once more a case of—family to the rescue!

It is never hard to find someone to go and visit newlyweds, not even when it means a mountain climb. So the shaving gear was sent up and—Juliet's face was saved.

Cheer up, Romeo! Forgetfulness runs in the best of blood. Hardly any bridegroom gets through without *some* sign of his excitement. And if you only knew it, under a similar trial, your own superintendent years ago had arrived at another Base Camp for the same purpose as yourself and found he had forgotten—the wedding ring!

Family laughter is born, on such occasions, that will never die out! And this all brings us to another matter that those at Base Camp must make a decision on.

In every civilized city of the Orient, there is a thing called The White Community. The colour of your skin elects you to its membership, whether you like it or not. In Chiengmai it will give you a Welcome Party—just merry games and nice refreshments, and get-to-know-everybody. For those who are tied down all day to busy schedules (the secretary's desk, the schoolroom, the hospital beds) it offers relaxation. If you embrace it warmly, you will soon find yourself in a social whirl.

It may seem harmless, and everybody is so nice you hate to refuse; you seem like a piker to refuse invitations, but nevertheless there it is—The Whirl. Very soon John and I had to face the question: How much time were we going to spend at parties and pink teas?

Speaking from the mere relaxation-question side of it, we felt that O.M.F.ers did not need it. We were none of us institutional workers and our lives were far from monotonous. We had plenty of variety.

But there was another angle to it—the indigenous pattern to which we were pledged. This suggests that relaxation times be spent *with the nationals.* Do we need a game of volleyball? Call in the Thai neighbours to take part with you. They will love it and you incidentally have made a contact. The same holds for parties and picnics—Thai friends are always available. This does not mean that we never went to a party; it means that this was the pattern to which we felt committed. Or, as Miss Carmichael put it, "We march to a different drumbeat."

But was there, then, to be no relationship with other missions? With the Roman Catholics, Jehovah's Witnesses, and Seventh-Day Adventists of Chiengmai we had none.

There remained the Presbyterians, Baptists, and New Tribes (the latter moved in about 1952). We very definitely needed to work together with these. The divisions in Christianity were much used by the Buddhists against us. "Buddhism is united," they said proudly.

Personally, I had never encountered this before. In China, we had the blessed privilege of living so far out on the edge of the world that "sects" never visited us. The nearer you live to physical comforts, the more your small prickly problems increase. I used to say, "Physical hardship and spiritual luxury," and I still think they are related.

Shortly after my arrival in Chiengmai, I was witnessing one day to a city merchant.

"Do you agree with the Catholics or the Jehovah's Witnesses?" he flung at me.

"Neither."

"Well," he said, a bit contemptuously, "each of you says you are the one in the right. How are we to know who is?"

At another store, a young clerk accepted a tract from Don quite respectfully, then asked in all innocence, "What *Day* are you?"

As we prayed together about these matters, John and I felt that for the honour of the Lord Jesus and His great Gospel, we must unite with all other Christians with whom it was possible at all. Socially we felt we could not. Was there any other place where we could? There was.

On Sunday evenings a vesper service was held for the whole White Community, in Prince Royal College Chapel (A.P.M.). The speakers were drawn from the different missions in turn. (This does not include the R.C., J.W., or S-D.A. groups.) At first, when we began attending, we did not see any English-speaking Thai present, but, we were told, they were welcome. About the time we began to invite our language teacher to come, other Thai appeared also, and we are all very happy when they do join with us. We have had blessed times together; one German and several American and British business people often join with us, and members of the consular staffs. It is a very worth-while gathering.

Then there was a midweek prayer meeting, mainly Presbyterian, but the rest of us were urged to come. It is held every Wednesday afternoon and rotates to the home of the speaker on that occasion. Sometimes they had had book reviews at that hour, but as the O.M.F. always held to the pattern of a short Bible message and then prayer on mutual needs, the others courteously accepted this unvoiced preference. In fact many of them shared it with us, and especially the Vanbenschotens and Bukers. Each leader is free to do as he likes, but the meetings became more and more Christ-centred, and I personally received a lot of blessing from them. *I was surprised to discover how much real unity there was among us upon the principles that mattered most.* Book reviews do not reveal this, but Bible messages usually show where a man stands.

Just here I would like to quote a message on Christian differences, given by our late Mr. Fred Mitchell. Our own Mission is interdenominational and international, and there often must be divergences of opinion among us. Mr. Mitchell, our Home Director for England, put it this way:

"I think we should distinguish between *principle* and *preference.* From the principles of the Gospel we can never budge.

That Christ's death was to atone for our sins. That He is the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. That without Him all men are lost. These are principles upon which we can never compromise or keep our mouths shut. But there are other doctrines which are matters of *personal interpretation.* The exact period in which the church is raptured, for instance. One soundly saved man may believe it is before the tribulation. Another equally born-again man may sincerely hold that it is after the tribulation. *Those are preferences of opinion.* One prefers this interpretation, another that. On our principles we must be adamant. *On our preferences we can be silent;* if to speak is to sacrifice the unity of His Body." Unity *is* possible, if love decides to discipline its personal preference.

Just here we might touch on the deepest and most sacred part of Base Camp. Expeditions to scale Everest, previous to Sir John Hunt's, successfully got food, fuel, and shelter up to their men, but failed to get enough oxygen. Hunt planned his oxygen supplies very carefully. There is a spiritual parallel possible here. A Base Camp that merely forwards supplies to its missionaries is missing its most solemn prerogative.

Said Charles G. Finney: "Probably on the Day of Judgment it will be found that nothing is ever done by the Truth used ever so zealously, unless there is a spirit of prayer somewhere in connection with the presentation of the Truth."

At Base Camp we have an O.M.F. family prayer meeting each Friday, besides of course, morning, noon, and evening prayer times. Wrote one young missionary, roughing it alone in the mountains in a hard place: "I had a wonderful blessing the other afternoon. It was so specially given that I wondered about it. Then I remembered. It was Friday afternoon and you in Chiengmai were praying for us."

We had a Family Prayer Book at Base Camp. Each member was privileged to write his or her prayer burdens in it. Some drew maps. One (our artist, Otto Scheuzger) illustrated with pen-pictures. Some gave snapshots. Each early afternoon John and I (sometimes others also) brought these requests before the Father. This was what I meant by a "noon" time, also.

Then a few of us kept the first Tuesday of each month for a morning of prayer and fasting for the work, and our own

soul's needs. This began away back about 1933 in China. A challenge had come from Miss Ruth Paxson that we join with others the world around in prayer for revival, on the first Tuesday of each month. It was such personal blessing that we found life under fire is not to be faced without it. I did stop it for some eight years after my little son was born, when I was left alone so much and felt there would be no one to watch over him if I took time out. But I think I was wrong to drop it, even so.

Anyway, beginning things anew in Thailand, it had to be brought back again. Under the orchard trees of Garden of Peace is a little tile house that we set aside and named The Sanctuary. Any member of the family wishing for some hours alone with Him is sure of it there. And in January, 1955, our Field Council voted to ask *all* the family to take the second Tuesday of each month as a day for drawing apart with Him.

> Do you think He ne'er reproves me?
> What a false friend He would be,
> If He never, never told me,
> Of the sins which He must see.

These things we do not like to talk about, but as they are the heart of Base Camp, they cannot truthfully be left out.

"Helpers," that is what we like to call them, for we do not think of them as servants. But we could never do without them. Three different breakfasts in one morning, for those leaving at unearthly bus and train hours, is not unknown. Five telegrams in one morning was our record, I think. But the hostess must be ready at any moment to drop what she is doing and take care of a crisis. It may be an immediate visit to the consul to straighten up papers needed by a person who had already started on his trip in ignorance that his visas were not yet granted. It may be the unexpected visitor. Never have we forgotten the hilarity caused by a telegram which read: HONEY ARRIVING FRIDAY AFTERNOON. What honey? Barrels? Or a person? Whose honey? Did it require a place in the storeroom or a bed in the house? The mystery was only solved by John's return. "Oh, I forgot to tell you. It is a young Christian architect named Honey, from Malaya." We got the bed ready just in time.

To have a cook who can carry on if one is delayed at the consulate or market is heart rest—and stomach complacency —for the house full of guests and language students! Let us come out to the kitchen and behold its queen. A slight willowy Thai woman in her thirties is unhurriedly busy there. You would not look at her twice in a crowd, but once you have tasted her delicious coconut curries you would begin to think about a second meeting! Her serene smiling manner covers very deft fingers, a quick intelligent brain, and a heart of gold. She never knows when she will suddenly be asked to enlarge a meal. Buses that promised to leave at ten in the morning may not arrive for passengers until after noon. Guests, whom we had not planned to have for lunch, then have to be invited after all. Or guests may arrive before their telegram to say they were coming has been received. But I have never seen Madame Curry angry. Sometimes I even had the audacity to say: "The sun has come out. Can we change supper and have it picnic-fashion on the river sand-bank?"

Always a cheerful reaction. A moment of thought, then a quick smile and the right solution.

Maybe you think Madame Curry has no private worries. She is married, with three children, and they live on our premises. She is as deft at sewing as at cooking, and makes all their clothes and her own. She is a Christian, but married, under family pressure I think, to a man who was for years a Buddhist priest. He is a clerk in the city, courteous to our face, but adamant in refusing to let his children come under Christian influence. He never allows his wife to go to church, nor may she attend our Sunday evening singsong. We made attendance at Thai family prayers compulsory, so as to insure her this little time each day in His presence.

Several of the helpers were nominal Christians when they first came to us, so each takes a turn at leading prayers. When they said they couldn't, I subscribed for a Bible magazine in Thai, and they were allowed to read a message out of that, if they could not get one for themselves. All can read. Several times I caught Madame Curry's eldest child, Nit, a girl, eagerly reading these messages. But if her father caught her doing so he was furious. "That isn't the Word of God," he would rage. "Christ isn't the Son of God. You are not to

believe that." As I quietly watched him, I began to suspect that the communists might be influencing him. Buddhists do not get nasty over merely listening to the Christian message, but communists would. Moreover, I never saw him perform any Buddhist rite, or make trips to the temple. He is a very kind, firm father and the children are beautifully trained; he is a faithful husband, but he shows no sign of any religion. There must be some reason for his furious opposition to the Gospel in his own family.

Only once did I ever see Madame Curry when her inner heartaches were too great to conceal. One morning it was Madame Curry's turn to lead prayers, and she chose Acts 12:1-6. She was very sober as the verses were read, and silent at the end. Then she said, "Herod *thought* he was helping the people by killing James. He *thought* he was doing good."

Again a silence. Then, abruptly, "Let us pray." She, who was normally so poised, was so agitated that she could hardly control her voice, get through the prayer, and dismiss the meeting.

I pondered this strange happening and remembered that the night before our Thai banker and his wife had come to dinner, and she and Nit had been asked to help serve. Maybe Nai Curry had betrayed his feelings about "capitalists" and she had found out what I had long suspected. I still do not know for sure. But I bided my time until everyone else was away about the daily work, and then I called her in to render accounts. After we had finished, I detained her and spoke about Communism. I did not make an accusation; I just took it for granted, and tried to point out the way of victory through Christ. She said not a word, but her eyes overflowed with tears. She is a rare soul—one who can be wisely silent. Wiping her nose and brushing the tears away, she listened. At the end she said simply, "Thank you, *Mem.*" But all that day she was sad and preoccupied.

My position as hostess, and sometimes errand-runner at Base Camp was, at first, a bit of a cross to me. I so longed to be up in the Lisu villages in the thick of the spiritual fight. Sometimes a kind fellow missionary would substitute for me, and I could make such a trip. But when I had to stay among the "miserable comforts" (so styled by a dear fellow worker

who also loved the hilltops despite their hardness), the Lord had trained me to watch for recompensing blessings, which He always provides. It is a spoiled child who refuses to look at the toy proffered when a dangerous one is being removed. Madame Curry was a "recompensing blessing" to me, a "secret ballast." "The gracious ways of God whose secret ballast is such a steadying thing"—(A.C.).

She had been saved when a girl, in the home of former Presbyterian missionaries. A Buddhist, of course, she was attracted by the fact that all in that home loved one another. Then the missionary dealt faithfully with her and brought her to the Scriptures. Having experience of both religions, she desires that her three children should have Christ, too. When you come across the story of a live human being like this little Thai woman, when her deep need is presented to you, do you make it a habit to stop right there and pray for her? You should. These human hearts are not laid bare to you for your entertainment, but for your sympathy and prayer help.

In my husband's account book was a short item which always made me chuckle. "Wash I . . . salary . . ." Wash I was our laundress. She is as old as I am but the best laundress, considering the crude facilities, that I have ever known. I was first burdened for her because of her sad, sad face. She was supposed to be a Christian, but never had I seen her smile. She spoke Lao and not Thai, so fluent conversation was never possible between us. But I made inquiries into her history and learned that she was a widow of many years. Tragedy had visited the little home she strove so hard to keep together. One day her two sons quarrelled and one in anger hit the other so that he killed him. No wonder she had a sad face! Yet Christ is equal to any situation. She had a Lao hymbook and although I could not read it (Lao has a different script from Thai) the titles of the hymns were given in English, and from that we worked out the numbers of her hymnbook which corresponded with the Thai hymnal which we used in family prayers. So often in the morning she could croon her own words along with our singing. And in various little ways we tried to make the Lord more real to her. Gradually her face relaxed and the return of her smile was one of my comforts.

We had promised the Presbyterians not to initiate a new

work among the Thai; that is, not to set up a separate Thai church. But the missionary must witness. Woe betide him who settles back content to be mere errand-runner for his brethren. Such little tasks are time-consuming, and Satan can easily lead us to think that we do not have opportunity for soul-contacts. But a sea that has no outlet soon becomes dead; and a Christian with no channel of endeavour for Christ will soon become critical of others, bitter and unhappy. Reaching out to help someone else is the best way to grow. I have never forgotten the lesson the Lord taught me long ago in my early missionary life. I was inwardly grumbling about lack of opportunity to get out and preach, tied as I was to language study and household duties. "What is that in thine hand?" He asked me. Servants, peddlars who come to the back door. There is always somebody in our hand. Start with them first.

Wash II was a second laundress, pert, with boy friends often hanging around her ironing table. Kasem had been taken as an orphan by Presbyterian missionaries and brought up in the faith. Glib of tongue, clever of wit and hand, she is never at a loss to do anything—not even to lead Thai family prayers! Yet we saw little sign of her really *possessing* Christ.... Little Kasem, there is something wonderful which we think you haven't found yet! And that is why morning prayers were often prepared with you in mind.

June (she went by another name) came to us first to help look after the Heimbach children while their parents studied Thai. When the Heimbachs left us for mountain work, our maid had to leave also, so June fitted into her place very easily. She was always honest, courteous, and willing, but her young face was dark and had the unlit heathen look. As I did not speak enough Thai to present Christ to her efficiently, I whispered to Lamduan (the Christian maid who was leaving) that this was a little work for the Master she could do. At morning prayers we went over the way of salvation from this angle and that angle. And it was a thrill to watch the dark young face begin to change as the Truth wrought within; like the gradual incandescence of a pressure lamp. At first you merely know the light has "caught," then there is a growing brightness, and suddenly the dazzling whiteness.

Do the angels watch for this dawning luminosity in *our* lives, I wonder? Up in the mountains where we have to use these gas lamps, sometimes the incandescence does not brighten as it ought, a fleck of dust may have got in where it shouldn't. Then we have to pump the pressure gadget until the desired light comes. Maybe that is why pressures have to come into some of our lives. But how satisfying when the lamp glows as expected!

At first little June flickered. She believed in Christ, but the Buddhist family at home would not approve. It would mean persecution. We quietly prayed, and loved and taught and sang the Truth to her. We have much singing at Base Camp. And gradually the young life glowed, asked for baptism, and became radiant. Then came a day when a friend said to me, "June has grown pretty, don't you think?" I had been thinking just that. But it was His beauty shining through —a much more satisfactory kind.

All our helpers, including the language teacher, chose to go to the Presbyterian Church. There is a break-off little church led by a fine man of God, Boon-Mi and his godly wife. They and their little group were set on fire by Dr. John Sung in 1939, and are still earnest soul-winners. They said that they left the A.P.M. because it was so modernistic, and they would expatiate on this subject if encouraged. We did not encourage criticism, for in our day we knew that most of our A.P.M. friends were as loyal to the basic doctrines of the faith as we ourselves. But personally John and I went more often to Boon-Mi's on Sunday, for we felt at home there, though none of our helpers chose to go.

There is one other figure at Thai family prayers. It is important to have a man about the house! Water-carrier, coolie, gardener, and *samlo*-driver (our ancient jeep was in the garage for repairs so often that I purchased a pedicab, called a *samlo*, for emergency trips to market, etc.) was Mr. Gold (surname translated). He is a nominal Christian but not incandescent. When you call to him he will usually answer with a scowl. That is an outer defence for an inner qualm of conscience! He has probably been curled up in a secret corner sleeping; or another reason for the scowl may be the half-hour he spent in another hidden nook, combing his black hair into

that glossy shine before the mirror! When he finds that you are not calling him to remind him that he is being paid for his time, but merely because you want to ride the *samlo* to market, he is very nice immediately. *Samlo*-driver is a higher social status than coolie, and he does not object to this at all. Thailand is the Land of the Lotus Eaters, and Mr. Gold has partaken rather heavily of the national diet. Alas, for the mistress, when gold does not glitter! And alas, for the gold when it has no desire to be what it might!

"Our individuality is to be rendered incandescent by a personal relationship to God," said Oswald Chambers. Oh, what the Lord would do for us, if we would only co-operate with Him!

And so the heartbeats of Base Camp are varied. The emergencies bring many a quiver. The little tile-house Sanctuary sees many a heart-throb the world does not.

"The key to the missionary problem is . . . praying, not work . . . because work may mean *the evasion of concentration on God.* The key to the missionary problem is not the key of common sense, nor the medical key, nor the key of civilization, nor education nor even evangelization. The key is prayer. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the Harvest."—Oswald Chambers.

The guests who arrive, often so weary from the battle, are in need of His dew. "Quietness and absorption bring the dew. At night, when the leaf and blade are still, the vegetable pores are open to receive the refreshing and invigorating bath; so spiritual dew comes from the quiet lingering in the Master's presence. Get still before Him. Haste will prevent your receiving the dew. Wait before God until you feel saturated with His presence. . . . Dew will never gather while there is either heat or wind; so the peace of God does not come forth to rest the soul until the *still* point is reached."—Unknown.

The purchasing of supplies for those on the front line is a heartbeat.

> There your workday toil shall mate
> With your prayer, nor desecrate.
>
> HENRIK IBSEN

The sharing of burdens with other missions is a heartbeat we would not miss.

. . . the close coiling chain
That strengthens the heart; the burden
that weighs on the wings
That would soar . . .

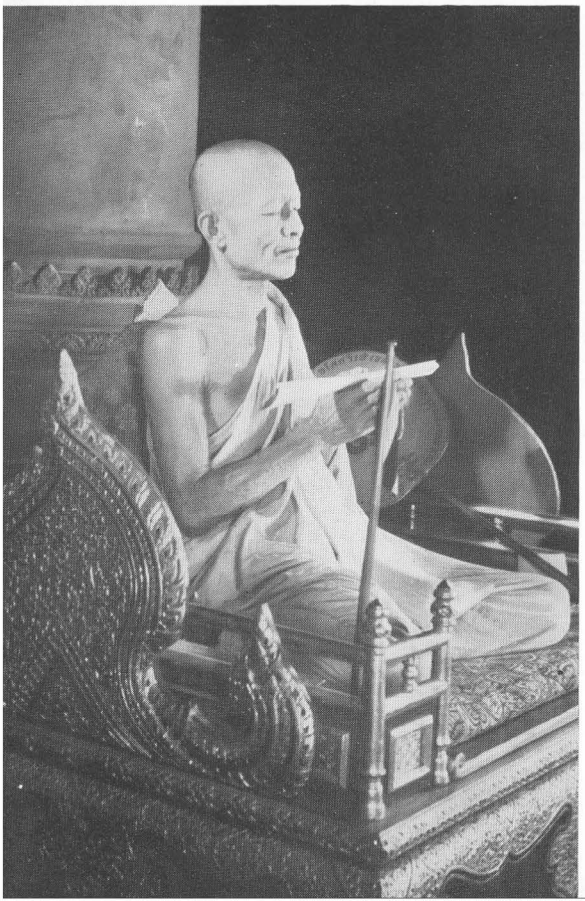
The Thai around us involve heartbeats. One of our helpers, whom we shall not name, was discovered to be living in a cesspool of immorality. The outward show was fair. If there had been no personal interest in this one, it would never have been discovered. Christ as Saviour was presented, and the last I heard, there had been deliverance.

The joy of initiating new missionaries is a heartbeat.

For the eastern skies are glowing, as with lights of hidden fire,
And the hearts of men are stirring, with the throb of deep desire.

Ta-Ngo village, with the "Rim of Translucency" on the skyline

A Buddhist wat

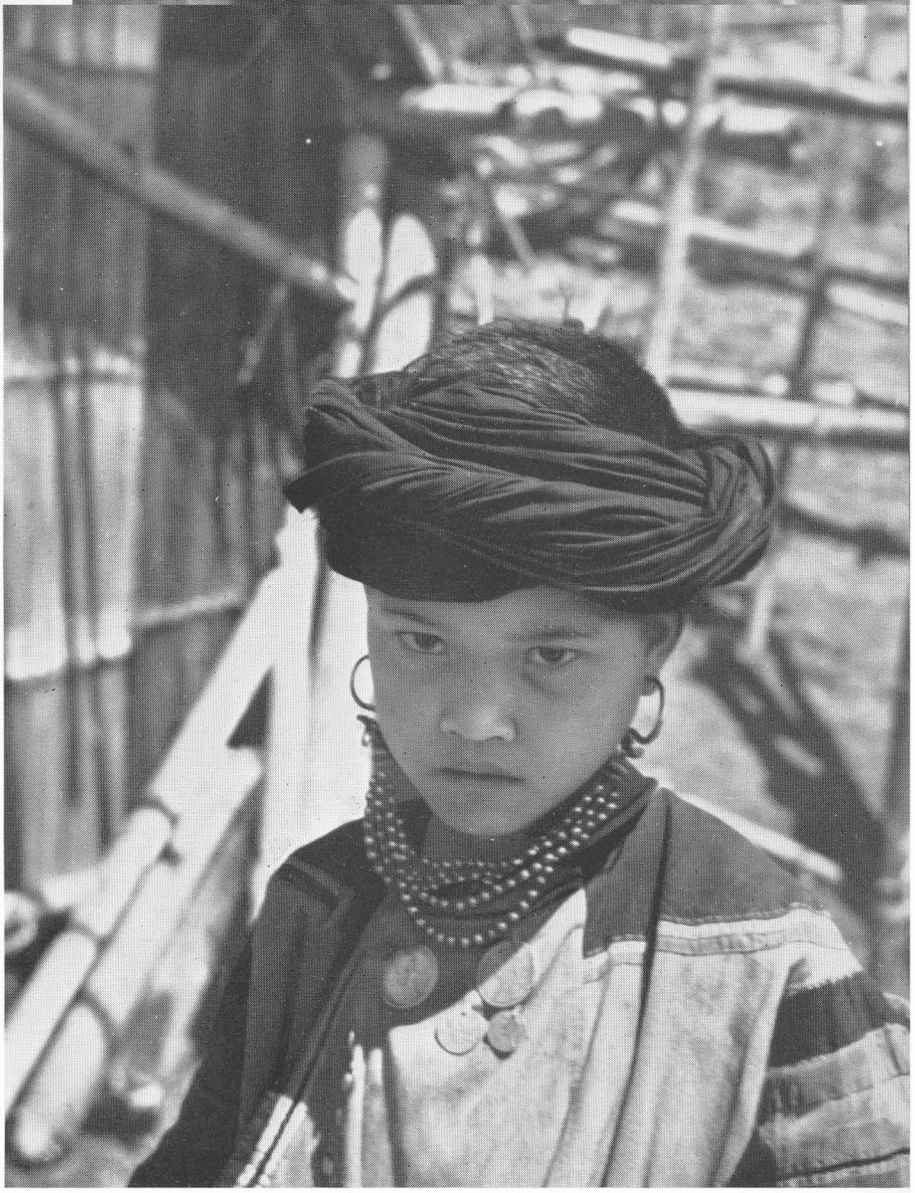


Priest in a Buddhist temple in Thailand

A Lisu tribesman of North Thailand

The Doll House. The tribes must pass the fence to cross the river

A Miao hunter in North Thailand



A Lisu child of Ta-Ngo village

Don Rulison helps to burn the idols of the first man in a tribal village to turn to God

Lisu children

"Clinic" in a Lisu village. Edna McLaren (*back to the camera*) and Eileen O'Rourke

A Christian Karen woman

In the Yao chapel—Christian students

5

Exploration

GOD'S messengers are coming! But up in the mountains, the spiritual night of centuries shows no evidence yet of a breaking dawn.

"What of thy darkness?" (Matt. 6:23, Knox). And before we go on to tell of the coming of the Light, let us first look at the spiritual darkness of these children of the hills. It is like that mountain dawn which I described to you at the beginning: "All seemed but a sea of bumpy darkness."

The tribes are all animists—worshippers of demons; worshipping directly, they do not use idols or images of any kind. But their spiritual night is "bumpy." Just as in that predawn the mountain ridges before us loomed indefinitely out of the night, so the tribes vaguely apprehend a few outlines of things supernatural. The Lisu tribe have a word for God, *Wu-sa.* He is a Supreme Being who is true and upon whose righteousness they call when quarrelling. "*Wu-sa jo! Wu-sa jo!*" I have heard them cry, meaning, "God is my witness, I speak the truth." Maybe they are *not* speaking the truth. But that cry seems the ultimate appeal in swearing to their guiltlessness. That they can reach Wu-sa, that He will help them when they cry, is not in their thoughts. It is all very vague—mere bumpy outlines in the darkness.

Closer to them, terrifyingly real but yet unsubstantial is the demon world. These demons "bite" you, if you do not worship and do sacrifice to them. The demons do not have all-knowledge—they can be fooled by man. Hence you find children with animal names or worse, such as "Cow-dung." A name like that is believed to trick the demons into not recognizing that the owner is really a human child. So they strive to outwit these evil powers.

But to them the demons are all-powerful. They know of no power greater, and release from this terrible bondage is one of the attractions of Christ. Their lives are dominated by this

fear. Trees, rocks, everything, anything may be the haunt of a demon.

Another dimly perceived truth is that of *blood atonement.* An offended demon may be placated only by the sacrifice of a life. "Without shedding of blood is no remission" needs no explanation to the tribes. They know it. That was one bump in their night which was well outlined to their vision. Yet *why* a blood sacrifice is needed they cannot tell you. That the demons demand it is all they know. Fear, cruelty, and suffering rule their universe. "Now the earth had been waste and wild and darkness was on the face of the roaring deep," translates Rotherham. Do you think it is far fetched to say that this is a true picture of the spiritual night of the tribes?

Just this morning a letter came to me from Lilian Hamer, one of our missionaries living among the Yao and Lisu tribes. In the chronology of our story we are still very far from Summit Camps, but I want you to see the answer to that question, "What of thy darkness?" Listen as Miss Hamer tells her story:

Before dawn on Saturday morning I was suddenly aroused by the sound of gunfire, the loud reports shattering the silence of the sleeping village and echoing around the hills. I thought at first that perhaps a leopard had slunk into the village and someone was firing at it, so I did not feel disturbed, neither did I get up. Drunk at the time, a certain Lisu man in this village ten months ago had shot a man to death and had knifed the man's son, though not fatally. After ten months' hiding in the mountains he had come back, as he had two Lisu wives and several children in this village. A Chinese Christian named Li-Cho had brought this murderer to my clinic, asking me to give him medicine and to let him listen to Gospel recordings. I did not like the look of the man, but he listened to the Gospel and came back a few times for that purpose. Sometimes I saw him prowling around my little shack, trying to open my door when it was fastened. It did not occur to me that this man was the centre of the excitement and the gunshots that had awakened me.

Soon I heard the sound of running feet, the voices of men as if in pursuit, and the barking of the dogs in the village. Someone ran past my house, and I heard a voice, trembling with fear or excitement, call out in Lisu, "Is he still alive?"

Another voice replied, "Yes, he is!"

I thought, calmly enough, that my two doors were locked and I was comparatively safe, whatever was happening. Several more shots cracked the still morning air, drowning the noise of barking dogs and shouting people. Then I wondered if the communists had come; if so, being a foreigner, I would be the first one they would want to see. So I dressed hastily.

A voice called at my back door. It was Khun-ba, the Lisu Christian headman, who handed me a blood-stained note, written in poor Chinese. Khun-ba explained that the relatives of the murdered man, with two Chinese and three Yao men, had stolen into the village and had captured the fugitive. Armed with guns, the posse had surrounded the house of the murderer, who tried to escape but was wounded in the attempt. His captors bound him hand and foot, and when he tried to resist them they kicked and beat him until blood poured from his head and arms. These gory details were told to me with relish by Lisu women neighbours later on.

The note was to say that justice was going to be done, and that these Lisu, Chinese, and Yao had come to see that the punishment was meted out. They apologized for the early morning disturbance. That day the murderer was beheaded by them.

Two Lisu were sent next day to the Nai *amphur* [magistrate] to tell the story, and to announce that the magistrate need not bother himself about finding the murderer, for the people themselves had captured him and administered the punishment. I did not hear the *amphur's* reply to this taking of the law into their own hands!

A later letter tells of the terror of the village and their almost wholesale flight to another place. Crime, fear, suffering. It is their constant diet. Morally they are as degraded as one would expect.

As someone wrote of Genesis 1:2, "The apparently useless and hopeless mass was not really so, because God was concerning Himself about its condition."

"The roaring deep"—but the Spirit of God was brooding over it. And He had called forth some of His army from far-away places. "The drumbeats of His army are the heartbeats of our love." The little nurse who wrote about all the violence just recorded comes from England. Others come from America, Switzerland, Australia, and New Zealand. God is concerning

Himself about the condition of these tribespeople. But He needs more recruits for His army. He needs more young men for this work. And always more to pray. Nurse Hamer closes her sad little tale with these poignant words:

> Oh, could I tell, ye surely would believe it!
> Oh, could I only say what I have seen!
> How should I tell, or how can ye receive it,
> How, till He bringeth you, where I have been?

They were originally used in a different connection, but they express her "throbs of deep desire" for the black night which she has seen among the tribes of the mountains.

Orville and Hazel Carlson opened Base Camp, and there soon arrived Don Rulison, Otto Scheuzger, Adri Bloemdahl (later Mrs. Scheuzger) and—temporarily lent to the Presbyterian hospital—Nurse Edith Schlatter.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul (Hap) Holsinger, passing through Thailand on their way home from China, joined them for a while.

I do not know who made the first trip, nor who saw the first tribesman. I do know that both Miao and Lisu come down to Chiengmai market. In fact, just over the crown of picturesque Doi-Su-Thep was a Miao village! All these O.M.F.ers spoke Chinese, while Orville also knew Lisu. The Miao understand some Mandarin, so they could be reached as far as a simple question, "Where is your village?" is concerned. I do know that it was not long before Hap and Orville started out in search of the tribes, and we may listen to Hap's own account of it:

. . . In nearly two months we saw enough to fill a book! Travelling on elephant paths, over opium routes, up mountain ridges, and through steaming jungle depths, we contacted tribes and villagers who had never before heard the glad Good News. Through physical exhaustion, scorching heat, hunger, and thirst, we painfully crawled over mountain height and valley depth. As we trampled paths where tiger whelps had crept, I was reminded of the verse, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace." (Later he wrote to his mother, "I never knew the beautiful feet could be so painful!") I was never more impressed with the significance of that statement than when I hobbled along on my blistered feet while overhead a passenger

plane flew like a great cool, silver bird. In the midst of the Twentieth Century, the wonder age of history, with jet bombers travelling faster than the speed of sound, automobiles with undreamed-of speed and luxury, radio, television, and electronics creating strange new worlds of wonder and amazement—with all these, *old-fashioned foot-work* is still the unsurpassed method of taking the Gospel to the lost.

Now as you picture the scene, the night shadows are falling and the wild beasts come forth to seek their prey. A breeze blows, giving voice to the trees and bushes. Horses, cattle, pigs, and chickens are carefully locked in their enclosures to secure them from marauding denizens of the dark. Just another day of an unending chain of heathen monotony. Then a twig snaps, the village dogs leap, barking, and rush out in a snarling pack with fangs bared and hair erect; the bushes on the trail part, and into the clearing step two foreigners. We are weary from walking and carrying our own packs. We wonder if we shall spend a night in the brush, or has the angel of God gone on ahead to prepare a heart and a home for His weary, dirty messengers? Then doors open, voices are hushed, children awake, and curious eyes bore through us as we drop exhausted to the ground. In this Lisu village, miles from civilization, a foreigner has appeared who speaks their own language. In wonder, consternation, and amazement these wild mountain people look at each other. "Who are you, and what do you want in our village?" they ask.

"We are messengers from the one true God, the Creator of the great sky and earth. We have books in Lisu words that have His message, and songs that sing of His love," Mr. Carlson answers. If we had materialized out of the blue smoke of a bamboo fire like the genie at the rub of Aladdin's lamp, we could not have surprised these people any more than we did. They look at each other, adjust their black turbans, motion the women back, call off the dogs, spit out the blood-red betel-nut juice, and awesomely repeat the words of announcement: "The God of heaven and earth! Special words? Lisu books? Impossible! Lisu books! We must see them. Come into my house. Come! Come! Come! Lisu books!"

And so entrance is obtained and supper is provided. But news has spread and others want to hear. The dogs bark again; the bamboo door opens slowly, and into the firelight step the men of the mountains—of fine physique, with dark, copper-coloured skin, black, flashing eyes, and broad shoulders. They

have come to hear if the rumour is true that there are really Lisu books and songs, and will the great teacher sing and read these books of the God of Heaven? Then for the first time in all their tribal history, the songs of salvation break the stillness of the night. Hymn after hymn is sung, punctuated by sighs and exclamations. Phrases are repeated and commented upon. Then Mr. Carlson closes the hymnal, opens the Catechism, and brings to them the Words of Life. "This is the message that we bring: the message angels fain would sing."

The fire burns low, the figures slip silently out into the darkness; the moon comes up and tints the purple mountain and valley with liquid silver; the dogs bark ferociously as they drive off one of the big cats seeking some of the villagers' stock. Soon all is silent in the mountain village. In a few short hours . . . a bowl of rice, and we shall be on the mountain trails to another village.

But while the two weary white men were sleeping, in many a little shanty on that hill, Lisu were grouped around their fires talking. Is this message true? What will it cost to accept it? Can it be that there *is* a Power greater than the demons' after all? How wonderful if it proves to be so, and that Wu-sa really loves them as much as the white man says! The young men of the group lean forward, the firelight gleaming on their bright eager eyes, as they urge their elders to accept the message. Eternal life? It is surely worth a try! But always, the older men, faces hard and seamed with sin, held back. "There's a catch somewhere. Be careful. If you pull down demon altars, you know the vengeance the demons will take. If this story is true, *why weren't we told of it before*? Have you ever heard of a foreigner, Thai or Chinese, who came all this way to our high villages to love us? No, they all come to exploit us. There must be a hidden motive. You young fellows are too inexperienced. What we do we must do together. Let us do nothing for a while; just watch." And so long into the night, the Light struggled with the Darkness. Everywhere it was the same. The young responded exuberantly. It was their fathers that scowled and forbade them. But from mountain to mountain a thin edge of Light was piercing through the century-old black pall. Ignorance was breaking, and gallant youth was beginning to struggle with its chains. How we thank God for youth and its courage!

Another team was working in another direction: Don Rulison (American), and Otto Scheuzger (Swiss), and his bride Adri (Dutch). They had been in China only two years and their knowledge of Chinese was bookish, perhaps. But they were studying Thai and picking it up in its local colloquial, and they found the tribes understood this better than their Chinese. Here is a quotation from their experiences:

On our last trip, Adri and I, accompanied by Don Rulison and two Lao carriers, visited several Lisu villages; we slept in one, and preached to a goodly number of Lisu men. We climbed high mountains, walked over hot roads where there is no water, and descended to the jungles where monkeys laughed at the weary travellers. We slept in dirty houses where we shared the bamboo mats with opium smokers. We waded through dirty water and through clear mountain streams; we fought a bloody battle with leeches and thorns and high grasses. We slept under the open sky on the riverbank, with three fires giving us warmth and some protection. And we felt and saw much of that dark power which keeps this lovely, friendly Lisu and Yao people in bondage. Oh, how our hearts bleed and weep for this people! And yet how we rejoice in the fact that we are privileged to go and tell them of our wonderful Lord. Adri and I do not know where we are going to start tribal work. It will be a needy field anywhere, and a most difficult field as well. But for Jesus' sake . . . well it is wonderful!

But other more experienced workers were beginning to arrive. I was to find out that I was not the only one whom Sir Plaudio met and tempted to stay at home. When I heard the stories of some of the others I felt like the least in my Father's house.

By the end of 1951, Allan and Evelyn Crane had arrived, beloved Ma-pa and Ma-ma (Lisu titles for missionaries) from Gospel Mountain Church in China. That meant that these two could also speak the Lahu tongue! For that one district of the Lisu church included also a Lahu church, and the missionaries had learned that second tribal language. Evelyn and Allan were both proficient in Chinese, too, and, like all the rest of us, were eager to contact the Lisu and Lahu tribes of Thailand.

Arriving at Base Camp they were not long in making

inquiry as to where tribes were to be seen. They learned that to the south of them was a market town named Bandak, and that tribesmen often went there. So, early in 1952, they took the morning train down the line six hours to Lampang, where they stayed overnight in a hotel (for there are several good ones in Lampang). Early the next morning they caught a bus south to that little place where the tribes come to buy rice and cloth.

Bandak is a typical Thai market: one long street, stretched out casually along the bank of a river. None of the houses appears to have front walls! Oh, yes, they have walls, but these houses are shops, and in the daytime the planks of the fronts are removed so that the passers-by can look in and be baited. Is it a shiny new cooking pot he wants? There they are stacked, and attractive enamel washbasins beside them. A new bright skirt for the "her"? There they hang, temptingly displayed so that the red or orange flowers or those gorgeous peacocks may strut right down into her vanity and give her no peace until she acquires it! But maybe you are hungry? This is a food shop! Canned sardines (the Thai love fish) in all varieties, packed in olive oil, mustard, or tomato sauce. Just walk in, sir! We have that for which your mouth waters. Or maybe you are a tribesman from the hills wanting to buy a red blanket? Or a fascinating silver belt? Smiling clerks behind the counter will help you select—and see that you pay highly for it, too. Ignorance is not to be pitied; it is natural prey to the cheerful Thai shopkeeper. The climate isn't so enervating but what he can match his wits with yours! And

Jack be nimble
Jack be quick
Jack think lively
Or you'll be licked!

may be your swan song!

But it is a very friendly atmosphere—on the surface. Evelyn and Allan felt at home, despite the heat, as they walked down this country Oriental street, in among the chicken, dogs, or pigs—or whoever decides that the middle of the street is just for him! For only one will they make way—the huge, ugly, honking truck-bus! It fills the narrow space

so completely that unless you want to lie down and let it go over you, you make way. But it does not come often.

Allan and Evelyn were looking for an "inn"! There isn't such. Allan, a quick linguist, tried out some of his new Thai on them. The word "hotel" comes in the first lesson in the primer! Smiling negatives were all he received. But if travellers want to stay all night, where do they go? Why, to the temple, sir. Thai village life is built around the temple. Anyone can camp out there in one of the salas. And so Ma-pa and Ma-ma become part of the public life of this long-stretched-out little market place. For a week they camped in the sala, black eyes watching every move, from dawn until midnight. After a week they acquired a room beside a shop on the street, and were able to rent it for a month.

But it was not long before they received the one thrill for which they had come. Down the street one morning they perceived splashes of colour which looked familiar. Turbaned heads. Lisu! Let's go! Oh, the thrill of contacting a relative of your spiritual children! How little could the tribesmen guess the deep affection and yearning that is making this white man and woman's pulse beat so high! Will they understand the Salween dialect? Even there, in the Salween, we had four different kinds, and Bible translators had to find a common denominator.

"*A li kwa je lo?*" calls out Allan, and a Lisu whirls around and stares. A white man asking him in Lisu where he is going. But on the Thai market there are many wonders.

"*Nhi cir jee jya. Mo-to-ka hwa jya. Nu ba ja da ma seh?*" "We're moving house. Want to hire a truck. Can you speak for us?")

"*Ba ja chir lo,*" replies Allan, making quick mental note that the man had said *jya* where we say *dya,* and that he had not yet used the verb-final, *lo.*

Then followed fun. To be interpreters for a whole horde of strange heathen Lisu who wanted to charter a Thai truck! Of course, the Lisu spoke some Thai trade language. They were moving as a group to some new village site and had their big black sooty iron pots and tripods, chickens, cats, dogs—everything but bullocks went piling into that bus!

It was a gold-mine contact, linguistically. Spiritually the Lisu minds were too anxious about the disposal of their

earthly goods, and the price the bus driver wanted, to have any interest for a story about God. They did learn that this Ma-pa and Ma-ma—they laughed a bit at those names, and preferred to call them uncle and auntie—had come to their country with an important message from Wu-sa. "Come and see us at our village!" they said. "We haven't time to listen now. Thank you, thank you." "*Ngwa nu jai dseh shya laa. Ha-meh na na ma meh. Bo-mo bo-mo.*"

After the truck pulled out, Allan and Evelyn probably compared linguistic finds. The Thai and Lisu do not use the Salween *kwa* for *at, to,* or sometimes *in.* At first they do not seem to use *at,* or *to,* at all! They infer it. They don't use the verb-final, *lo.* They say *bo-mo* for thank you, and the Salween Lisu says *sha-mo. Ha-meh* was obviously our *a-meh* for *now.* And so on. Their expression for village is not Lisu at all, but the Chinese word for market. But was it not a thrill! And at least a glimmer of Light had been given. Sitting on top of their household piles, as they sped along, maybe they would become curious that Wu-sa had sent white-skinned people with a message for them! And they would take this word to the new mountains where they were going. Orville had made one trip in this vicinity—maybe they had met him or heard of him. Light was sown, anyway.

Now for plans for ascent! They had learned that there were Lisu villages about two days' journey from Bandak, and their general direction. They could hunt for Thai porters on the market there, for Thai sometimes went up to those villages. And after a time they found two men willing to carry for them. Dark, heathen faces they had, but they said they knew the way to the hills.

So the morning of departure came. They were going to a heathen village where they knew no one, so they might not risk a non-friendly reception. They had better take food, sleeping bags of course, a mosquito net, and a few medicines. The weather was now very hot but the climb was gentle, gradual and lovely. Green jungle, golden sunlight, dark blue mountains, pale sky with flossy white clouds—Thailand is a beautiful country. "Only man is vile"—how often the missionary quotes that ruefully. Everything was so happy, except for these two evil-looking carriers. Every five minutes

they said they must stop to sit down and rest. The loads were the usual weight; native porters are accustomed to them, so why this need to sit?

"Allan, we'll never make our destination tonight, at this rate!" said Evelyn decisively. "And that one man especially looks like such a rascal. I don't like it."

They were on their first trip to help evangelize the tribes of Thailand. Do you think that Satan was not aware of what this invasion of his centuries-held domain would mean? He is never caught napping. And he had it all planned to end these two precious lives, right on this first journey. But someone at home was praying. Who was on prayer guard for the Cranes in March, 1952?

At length on the gradual ascent they came to a Lao village where the people were friendly and gave them coconuts to eat. Here the two porters took a new attitude.

"We can't go on unless you give us more money," they announced to Allan. And they thought they had the Cranes trapped.

"Why Allan, if we give it, it will put a price on every stopping place!" Evelyn said to her husband. "And the way they delay we will not make it in three days. The very idea! And that fellow has such a bad face. He thinks he has got us where he can dictate terms, but the Lord is with us. Let's go over and ask some of the villagers if we can get horses!" Allan agreed.

And yes, they found one friendly woman who said she had horses to hire, but they were out working right now. Would tomorrow morning do? All right. The bargain was made and the Cranes returned to tell the two "strikers" that they could go home; other transportation has been arranged. Were those men furious! It is good sometimes not to be able to understand the language, but black scowls and threatening voices speak a lot. These missionaries had previous experience in China dealing with unreasonable coolies, however, so they just ignored their ugly words and began to arrange their loads. The angry shouts had been heard by the villagers, though, and not a home opened to them for the night. The men doubtless told lies about the strange white people and their motives in coming. So Allan and Evelyn took their things to the riverside and camped

out there. The thwarted porters must have maligned them to the horse-owner, too, for the next morning the Cranes found the woman had changed her mind—she would not hire her horses and did not wish to talk. Hour after hour they tried—no one would help them go on.

> The trials that frown, though not understood
> But plait me a crown, and work for my good.
> In praise I shall tell, when throned in my rest,
> The things which befell, were always the best.

This trial was "not understood." Try, and pray, as they did, they could not go forward—and unknown to them it saved their lives. For those two evil men had planned in a place further on to murder Evelyn and Allan and steal their things. But of course our dear missionaries did not know it. Frustration is one of the hardest of missionary trials, and not always are we allowed to see, as in this instance, that it *has* worked for good. Satan aims to quench ardour. If we looked at what seems to be mere waste in our lives, he would be successful. We must just remember the wise words of an old C.I.M. missionary who once said, "Where there is building there must be rubbish." Rubbish is waste. Part of our work may include wasted footsteps because this is *battle.* The Cranes found it difficult even to get someone to help them go back to Bandak! But at length an old man hired his buffalo cart to them, and back they walked.

Two days gone, and back in their little room in Bandak! What does a missionary do then? The weather was so hot it would have been easy to do nothing—wait for a cooler time. But the Word is our refuge at all times, and it has many quiet things to say about spiritual warfare.

"We are up against the unseen power that controls this dark world, and spiritual agents from the very headquarters of evil. . . . *Resist evil in its day of power*, and that even when you have fought to a standstill, you may still stand your ground. . . . Take faith as your shield, for it can quench every burning missile the enemy hurls at you!" (Eph. 6:12, 13, 16, Phillips.)

"Resist evil in its day of power." They tried again to get carriers. Buffalo carts. Or even elephants, for elephants sometimes went up those mountain roads for logs to drag down. Eventually they had to go to Raheng, a larger town to the

south, and hire horses. This time Evelyn could ride. I might point out here that she was not a young bride like Adri, but had experienced some twenty years of missionary life already, though nothing as "tough" as Thailand. As the first day's climb was drawing to a close, they reached a shady place in the woods. Their muleteer turned around and said, "This is where those two fellows had planned to kill you!" Evelyn and Allan looked at one another. They had not told that story to these men! How did he know? But—thank God for the stops He orders.

So all things are working for the Lord's Beloved;
Some things might be harmful, if alone they stood;
Some might seem to hinder, some might draw us backward;
But they work together, and they work for good.
All the thwarted longings, all the stern denials,
All the contradictions, hard to understand,
And the Force that holds them, speeds them and retards them,
Stops and starts and guides them, is our Father's hand.

ANON.

The last half of the second day the climb was almost perpendicular. Evelyn's knees came near her chin as she climbed, and the perspiration poured from every pore. But they hoped to find Lisu at the top! Wearily they struggled over the rim, and yes, there before them was a large village—the old familiar shape! Bamboo shanties raised on stilts, just as in China. The dear Lisu! How a visit from these two missionaries would have been appreciated in scores of villages now behind the curtain! How the different homes would have vied with one another for the honour of entertaining them! The nimble brown fingers that would stoke up a quick fire to make a cup of tea, or honey water for the thirsty Ma-pa and Ma-ma. But such memories were weakening. One must press them back into one's heart and firmly clamp them down. *The present must be allowed to challenge us!*

But the Lisu just stared and turned away. Or went in and banged their doors! No one was interested. No one wanted to "glimpse heavenly blue"—their lives were tied to their pigsties. "Say, that big fat hog didn't eat this morning! Think there's anything wrong with it? It's the first sign of sickness when a hog won't eat—anybody know what to do

when a hog refuses food?" If they had been selling hog-cure they would have been almost pulled into shanties! In vain Allan poured out his beautiful Lisu (they said in China that if you did not see his face you could not tell he was not a Lisu, his speech was so perfect). They could not get any response and no one even offered to let them put down their loads and come in and sit.

Do you think it is a glorious thing to be a missionary? Did you think you would be *wanted*?

> Eager eyes are watching, longing
> For the lights along the shore

you sang at home on the missionary platforms. Now you are here. Where are the eager ones? I have been a missionary for twenty-seven years, but have never met a heathen tribesman who was looking for salvation (though Aristarchus, a Christian Lisu worker in China, told me he had found one once). They do not know they are lost, but they do know that they are unhappy most of the time. They are playthings of an evil, capricious power, with no hope after death. But they don't know enough to reach out a hand for heavenly aid. Their eyes look not up but down—down on the earth and upon their bodily appetites. We have to look upon them as the Lord looked upon Simon. Simon was rash, headstrong, changeable, but Christ said gently, "Thou shalt be called Peter." A rock-man thou shalt become. And he became it. These Lisu are all Simons. In themselves they are not lovely. Simon does not know he is Simon, much less that there is a possibility of his becoming Peter! He has been grubbing along on the earth all his days—how should he know that there is a Heaven within view? In order to love them, the missionary has to *look* at the Simons and *see* the Peters. Because it is not easy for a refined man like Mr. Crane to be scorned and treated contemptuously by a dirty ignorant heathen Lisu. The pioneer must preach *by faith*! And he need not expect any better treatment than his Master got.

"He came unto his own, and *his own* received him not."

"The dear Lisu" did not receive the Cranes. Weary, hot, grimy, they at last turned and descended the hill for about

ten minutes where, they were told, there was a Lahu village. (The Lisu despise the Lahu.) Here they must switch their language, of course, and begin their message all over again. But here, praise God, they were invited in!

A little bamboo shanty it was, its walls so thin you could see through the cracks; an open centre fireplace; the only stove is the iron tripod. Hot and tired, they were pressed in on all sides by Lahu tribesmen. As to the physical—but you must forget the physical, it is too overpowering. The tribes do not bathe, and in hot weather a hut-full of them pressing close against you—well, you must forget the physical. As to the spiritual—ah, here is your focus! Evelyn watched these faces as her husband poured forth the Gospel message. God our Creator *so loved*; that He *gave*; His only *Son*, Jesus; who *died* for our sins; and who *rose* from that grave; and *He promises resurrection to all those who accept Him as Saviour*! Black eyes were glued on the face of the speaker, as this never-heard-before story was presented in their own tongue. As it reached the climax of His death, they forgot to chew their betel nut in amazement; and then, as the Lord's victory over death was made clear, face after face gleamed with a light beyond that of the fire's reflection. One old man especially held Evelyn's gaze. Understanding dawned there, and a radiance broke forth that transformed his grimy features. There *was* a life after death, and he, so near the grave, might have it! In her heart, the missionary just praised the Lord, and worshipped. There *is* none other Name under heaven given among men, by which we must be saved. That old man's look of wonderful hope, love, and gratitude was worth all the climb and sweat.

That night they had to make their bed on the same bamboo floor as the Lahu. Everyone in full view. Allan rigged up their mosquito net over their sleeping bags, and Evelyn had to change her blouse under its cover. That was all the "change" possible for a woman. But she was the first white woman ever to have been to that village. She had fulfilled her Lord's last command: "Ye shall be witnesses of me . . . to the ends of the earth." She turned over and slept happily.

Early the next morning, as they sat by the side of the crackling fire, two Lahu men came in. They approached Allan and said they wanted to believe in this Jesus, Giver

of eternal life. And as proof that they did, they both cut their demon strings off from their wrists and threw the filthy things into the blaze. All the tribes wear these never-washed strings. They are tied around wrists or neck, with demon incantations, *to keep their lives in*! So to cut them is a big step.

Hope rose high in the missionaries' hearts as they said good-bye that morning in order to push on with their message. This was exploration time—a search party to find out where the tribes were located. A thin scattering of Light, like that rim of translucency, which precedes every breaking of dawn.

Had He not come!
What hope beyond the narrow berth
Of bare six feet of mounded earth?
We hear His words with bated breath
"I am the Life; I've conquered death."
For He *has* come!

AVA L. WRIGHT

After the Cranes, the Allyn Cookes arrived, and from then on reinforcements poured in. Don Rulison had now begun to do a great deal of itineration, the Scheuzgers were also travelling and Allyn Cooke (much the oldest of any of us) did very valuable survey work. In addition to spreading the Light in a thin edge all over the mountains, these fellow workers did some anthropological research also. Sitting around the little tribal fires at night is a splendid time to inquire into their origin, motive for coming to Thailand, and such. Tribal memory is usually only five generations in extent, although we have known a case of nine generations, with an old Chinese document as heirloom to prove it. But in general this is what our workers found.

The Sgaw Karen tribe affirm that they did not migrate in from Burma, but that they came from China originally. If we unite the Sgaw and Pwo Karen as one tribe, they are by far the most numerous. The population of each tribe is still guesswork, and to print a number is to have it challenged, so I will not try. But everyone knows the Karen are the most numerous.

Many of the Miao say they came from Indo-China one hundred years ago, but that migration is still continuing, as

our workers in Summit Camps report. The fighting in Indo-China has brought many just these last three years. Other Miao have declared that they came from Kweichow province, China, fifty years ago.

The Lisu tribe have always inhabited the banks of the Salween River, and as the Salween borders Thailand at one point, that would explain their presence. But in a Lisu village, I myself met one so-called Lisu who told me proudly that he was Tali Min-chia—five generations back. The Min tribe inhabit the Tali plain, as we ourselves know, having lived among them in 1930.

Many of the Lahu tribe have come over the mountains from Burma just since the C.I.M. pulled out of China. War again was the reason; peaceful Thailand luring them over the borders.

The Yao tribe said they had come from Indo-China, although they speak and read Chinese. The unrest due to war again was a reason given.

And so, under the providence of God, the disturbance wrought by the communists thrust the missionaries out, but also sent the tribes pouring over the boundaries and all landed in the lap of North Thailand, more or less at the same time!

There is another, a civilized tribe, called the Shan, who have come over from Burma in large numbers. To these tribes, along with the Akha, who live on the Burma-Thailand borders, the O.M.F. is pledged in evangelization.

The tribes are so degraded morally that it is most inadvisable for a woman to go unaccompanied by her husband until that particular village has been visited often enough by men missionaries that they comprehend that the Gospel is *holy*. Allan Crane said that the filthy things said to him by Lisu heathen were worse than he ever heard in China.

In another part of the mountains where Ernie Heimbach and Don Rulison went, the second day their host sent word to the other villagers: "Come and see these white men! They have been in my house twenty-four hours and have not got drunk nor touched our women. Come and see!" Truly their darkness does not bear contemplation, except as we gaze at Him who is Light.

Much had already been done when John and I arrived

at Base Camp on October 6, 1952. Four Advance Camps had been established and were calling for the superintendent to visit and advise. Orville and Hazel kindly continued to run Base Camp so as to free us for these visits and also give time for any language study that was possible. I might say here that neither John nor I "got" Thai. I got enough to lead Thai family prayers but not enough for conversation, which, as you know, hops all over the place, as far as vocabulary goes.

It might be of interest to hear of our first trip in search of the Lisu. Otto and Adri Scheuzger had been doing extensive travelling in the southern area, using Thai as a medium, but they wrote asking if we would go with them for a short trip to find the Lisu. We brought along Nurse Frances Bailey and Edna McLaren. These two were still Thai language students at Base Camp, but had been plodding along with their noses in primers so long that John thought a break would be beneficial—and incidentally they would gain some experience of mountaineering methods under senior workers.

We had to go to Advance Camp first, of course. There the Scheuzgers had engaged four pack horses and along with them went two Thai muleteers. The first day's hike was spent in getting us across the plains to the base of the hills. Afternoon brought us to a Thai village where we cooked our meals on three stones beside a stream and slept on the teak floor of a kind villager's house. The second day took us through high, dark forests, tangled jungle, and across a rushing mountain torrent. A hurricane had been blowing through there just a few days before us and the road was almost obliterated in spots by torn-up trees, broken branches and dead leaves.

Climbing, the path became narrower; the lefthand side straight up the mountain; and the righthand side dropping away from the path straight down. Turning a rocky curve, we saw only three of our horses and—an empty pack!

"Where's the horse?" cried Frances, and even then we heard the dull thud-thud of a heavy body crashing through the underbrush below.

"Oh, John," I cried, "is it the horse that is falling?" He turned and nodded affirmation in grim silence, for the dull thud-thud continued.

"O Lord, keep it from being killed or breaking any bones,"

we prayed, and He answered. The hillside was covered with long juicy grass, so the animal just rolled over and over to about fifty feet down. Otto and one of the horseboys precariously climbed down after it, and soon we saw them, far below us, pull the pony to its feet, where it stood, shaky but whole! The problem then was to get it back up to the trail. While they were battling with that, we women pulled tender bamboo leaves for the other animals to eat.

For five or six difficult hours that day we climbed—difficult because of detours necessitated when the path was blocked by fallen trees and debris. Halfway to the villages the horseboys announced that we must camp out for the night—they would drive the horses no further that day. The prospect was not very pleasant. High trees met overhead, so we were in a damp gloom below them. The wood was wet and, of course, the fire smoked. We spread our sleeping bags on the moist earth, rigged up our mosquito nets to bushes and prepared to pass the hours until morning. Thailand jungles harbour many dangerous animals and reptiles, so the men tried to keep the fire going all night. I am very timid about snakes and would never have the courage to kill one, so I had frequently wondered what I would do when asked to walk through jungles in Thailand. Often one has to go alone into raw thick jungle, seeking firewood and for other reasons, and although I often heard rustlings on every side, I did not encounter any cobras or scorpions. Other of our missionaries have had adventures with them, but a discarded snakeskin across the end of my bed one day was all I ever experienced personally.

The next day's climb was back and forth over a rushing mountain torrent. This was most annoying, as the sharp rocks on the bottom were too much for bare feet, and yet if you walked through in your shoes, your wet feet become so tender that the skin peels and blisters. Coming back we counted those crossings and we crossed twenty times in thirty minutes! You cannot plunge straight up the bank, if there is no path cut, for the jungle is too tangled and thick; you have to follow the path, no matter how labyrinthine it is!

The horses began to slip and fall again and finally we gathered for prayer. We were going up to search for lost souls

—in the case of four of us, for the first time in Thailand—and we realized that "spiritual agents from the very headquarters of evil" were battling to hold us back. I might point out that it was on this very trip that I accidentally received the blow, which, in time, began the trouble which ended my work in Thailand. The Devil is no creature of the imagination, and those who doubt it are simply victims of his own skill in deception. But praise God, Christ was manifested to destroy the works of the Devil, and He is still able to allow him seemingly to defeat a missionary, and then turn it into overwhelming victory—"Take spoils from the enemy." We need not dread him, but we are fools if we are not alert to his methods! So in prayer we covered each member of the party with the precious blood, and then laboured on.

Personally I was very eager to try out my Lisu on the Thailand part of the tribe, and see if they understood me! Occasionally we had been meeting people on the trail, the simple black trousers and coat might equally indicate either a tribesman or a Thai trader. The conventional mountain greeting is, "Where are you going?" The first day they answered only when I spoke in Thai. The second day, when I asked the question in Lisu, a trader stopped and stared at me, then went on, laconically calling back the answer in *Thai*! So, though he would not speak it, he had understood my Lisu! We must be getting nearer.

The third day about noon we came upon fields with the grain newly harvested. And farther along, up an ascending trail, we beheld a man working in one of those fields dressed in the simple black pants and jacket of any tribe. I could not resist calling out to him in Lisu:

"What are you doing?"

"Working here," came the nonchalant answer *in clear Lisu.* But when he saw it was a white woman who had used that tongue, he stopped his work and gazed at us.

"Is the Lisu village far from here?" I asked.

"Yes, it is way over there"—pointing with his chin over his left shoulder.

"Are you a Lisu?" asked John.

"No, I'm a Lahu," he answered. "Our Lahu village is over the hill."

A Lahu who spoke Lisu! Trade Lisu, probably. Trails were criss-crossing now and we must follow the horses closely or we might take the wrong path and get lost. But the thought came to me that he might never have another opportunity in his lifetime to hear the Gospel, so I stopped to say: "We are messengers of God, the Creator of Heaven and earth. He loves you and wants you to know that His only begotten Son, Jesus, has died for your sins; and if you believe on Him, you need not go to Hell but you will go to a happy place to live forever." Then I wondered if his Lisu was extensive enough to understand the word for God.

"Do you know *Wu-sa*?" I asked.

He stood there on the trail, looking thoughtfully off over the mountaintops. Obviously no one had ever turned his thoughts toward heavenly matters before, and he was solemnized. Then turning to look wistfully at me he said, "*There has never been anyone to teach me about Him.*"

Oh, what a rebuke to the luxury-loving church at home! "For some have not the knowledge of God: I speak this to your shame" (I Cor. 15:34). How painful it is to the missionary to have to leave a human soul like this! There *must* be a widespread sowing of the message, and (as Dr. Oswald Smith says) every man has the right to hear it once, before another hears it twice. But it tears the heart to have to press on. The rest of the party were now out of sight so I had to go, but first I tried to tell a little more. I spoke of God's judgment on sin and urged that he make a decision soon. "We are going to preach in your village tonight. Come and listen," I said, before passing over the hilltop to catch up with the rest of the party.

But I never did see that Lahu man again. We divided into two groups that night. Maybe he went to hear the Scheuzgers play Gospel records on their phonograph. He never came to our house, and in the visitation I did not see him. But two little gleams of light were left in that heathen-dark soul: "Wu-sa loves me," and, "Some day Wu-sa is going to judge sin."

Are the heathen ever saved by hearing the Gospel just once? Certainly not many. And yet in China, Lu-seng said that he was saved the very first time he heard.

And Don Rulison had told the following:

About twelve years ago a Thai man, not a Christian, brought a copy of some Scripture to Hui Lyang and read it to the people. There are some Miao, including Grandmother Sing Shua, who say that they have wanted to be Christians since that first hearing of the Word of God.

And again from another letter:

On our return trip to Chiengmai, we stayed for two nights in the White Miao village of. . . . The Lord remarkably directed me to one family where there were hungry hearts. This family, belonging to the Wang clan, professed to believe in Jesus but they had not yet destroyed their demon paraphernalia. I well remember the dear little old mother saying, "I don't want to be a demon slave any longer. I believe in Jesus!" A few weeks later two young men from the same village and the same Wang clan (probably a different family) came to our Mission Home in Chiengmai and asked Mrs. Kuhn for a Bible to read. One of them helped in the moving of our Mission Home in Chiengmai, in pay for which he was given a Thai New Testament which he was able to read.

So the Word was sown over the mountains of North Thailand, and the black night began to yield to that thin rim of translucency. Hardly enough knowledge to be saved by. Certainly not enough to apprehend the ways of holiness and the comforts of communion with the beloved Lord. Not enough to throw off the shackles of fear and bondage to evil spirits. Insufficient to break them from the awful opium traffic and personal addiction. But still enough to make the thoughtful ones aware that *something new is dawning*! To scatter a Name lightly as a wind-blown feather from mountain range to mountain range. To make the Devil worried enough that he has picked up that lovely Name and tried to incorporate it into worship of himself—but I am getting ahead of my story.

Exploration is not finished. In the winter months there is yet much scattering of the Light necessary. This from Allyn Cooke's circular letter dated February, 1953:

Eric Cox, Brother Six and I, together with three Yao carriers were on our way to visit the Yao of Elephant Mountain district. . . . When we left, the Yao said, "You can't find the way. You must have a guide, and besides, there are wild elephants and tigers in the jungle along the trail."

"Will someone go with us to show the way?"

"We're sorry, but we are extremely busy now and no one has time to go. But don't think of going without a guide."

"If we met wild elephants, what help would a guide be? We'll pray to God to show us the way and keep us from meeting elephants."

"Well, if you will go, all right, but we are sorry for you. There is a Lahu village on the way. They will guide you if you pay them wages."

We had reached the Lahu village and had been received like one of the family because we spoke the language.

"Come right in. You are just like our own brother," said the Lahu young man, reaching out and shaking my hand warmly. I had never been taken in and received so warmly except in a Christian village. We went into the house, got out the phonograph, and played a Gospel recording in Lahu. . . . But we felt we must press on and not spend the night there. "We are going to Elephant Mountain. Will someone show us the road? We'll pay wages," we said.

"No, we are too busy in the fields now. If we had time we would not want wages. But do not try to go without a guide. There is a Lao down in the fields. Maybe he will go."

We again said, "We'll pray to God and He will show us the way." Brother Six was quite pleased to put the Lord to the test and strike out without a guide, so we made careful inquiry and started out. The people going to their fields went with us until they came to a fork in the road. They turned to the left and told us to go to the right and watch for blaze marks on the trees.

"But we're afraid you'll get lost or meet the wild elephants," they said. "You go down the ridge here until you come to the place where it starts up again and wait there. We'll ask the Lao to meet you there if he is willing to go."

Soon we reached the place mentioned and sat down to wait, but the time was passing and the Lao did not appear. Finally Brother Six said, "Let's go. God will take care of us. We do not need a guide," and off we went. For hours we trekked through dense jungle, up and down, often having to stop to get under the bamboo poles which had fallen across the trail—if it could be called a trail. After a while we came to fresh elephant tracks. The bamboo was broken down and twisted into all kinds of fantastic shapes as the elephants had broken them down to feed on the tender leaves at the tips. In one place we came to

a huge pond-like bog wallow and there the trail ended. We had got off the trail and followed the elephant track which ended at their bathing pool, but on retracing our steps for about five minutes we found the blazed trail again and resumed our journey. Brother Six pointed out places where tigers had slept, but nothing worse happened to us than to get bitten by leeches. And finally we emerged at the ferry which crossed the river, and we were in a Yao hut near the river by their fields. Our reception by the Yao was friendly and we feel that with more teaching there will be a harvest. But they are so inaccessible! *Only young strong men ought to go into such a country.*

At another time a Lahu carrier said to Mr. Cooke, "There are many Lahu villages near here. If you should travel for a month and spend each night in a different Lahu village you would not have visited all the Lahu in a month!" No wonder the task appals, at times.

Don Rulison, travelling for months on end, alone except for native helpers, became sick. He was seriously ill far from Base Camp, and when he did recover he found his strength slow in returning. Lying there on his sleeping bag on the bamboo floor, with the beautiful mountains on every hand, and the little tribal villages tucked here and there all over them, his soul was moved within him at the ripened harvest and the few gleaners! When he was able, he wrote to his prayer partners:

Now I am well again and, although not as physically strong as before, I am thankful for His enablement to continue in this needy harvest field. The doors are open now, the needs are so great and urgent, *especially for men.* We men are so few out here, even for pioneer work in mountain tribes; there are some doors where it seems God requires *men* to go first. Many ladies offer their lives for this sacrificial service. "*Where are the men?*" As for myself I simply cannot understand it. It seems to me to be such a clear path of obedience to our Lord's commission. And what other passion can rival in a young man's heart that consuming desire to please his Lord Jesus that He may see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied? Can it be that Christ enlists young men for His service, but they don't respond, or get sidetracked? Don't let this unhappy state be yours, dear fellow soldiers of Christ. Don't worry; just obey and follow. He takes all responsibility for the aftermath of obedience and He supplies every need of those who follow in His train.

"*The drumbeats of His Army are the heartbeats of our love.*"

Have you not felt the heartbeats?

Do you not hear the drumbeats calling for young men, who will offer their strong young bodies and courageous souls to Christ?

Is the drumbeat not calling for you to lend your heart-throbs with ours in intercessory prayer for these lost tribes in their century-old darkness?

Is the drumbeat not calling parents to give up their children to come and help? Sweethearts to wait a bit for marriage in order that the man be single for this pioneer work?

There's a hush of expectation, and a quiet in the air;
And the breath of God is moving in the fervent breath of prayer;
For the suffering, dying Jesus is the Christ upon the throne,
And the travail of our spirits is the travail of His own.

6

Advance Camps

BASE Camp is now running. But the tribes are still too far away to reach! It is evident that intermediary stations, such as Allan and Evelyn Crane made at Bandak, are necessary—some place that is a market to which the tribes come down, but at the same time is within reach of a post office, stores, and stalls selling fresh meat and vegetables. Thai language students can finish their course at such places and still be able to get an introduction to tribal mountaineering. The Cranes could not rent a house at Bandak—there were none to be had. This is often a guiding factor as to where God wants us to establish an Advance Camp.

Chiengrai would obviously be the next place to open. Our O.M.F. North Thailand field can be pictured like an old-fashioned tuning fork, two mountain corridors corresponding to the prongs of the fork. Fang is at the end of the left prong, and Chiengrai is at the tip of the right one. At the joint of the V-prong lies the railway town of Lampang, and the end of the handle is that hard little place, Tak.

Base Camp is halfway up the left prong. But to get from the Chiengmai corridor to the Chiengrai corridor is impossible most of the year, unless you make a long detour by coming down the railway to Lampang (the prong joint) and going up to Chiengrai by bus. To Chiengrai market come different tribes—Karen, Lisu, Lahu, Yao and Akha, so there is some contact possible. The American Presbyterians have a good work at Chiengrai—Overbrook Hospital, a school, an agricultural farm, and a church, all of which gave the O.M.F. a hearty welcome.

The Advance Camp at Chiengrai was opened by Otto and Adri Scheuzger, who were in charge until they turned it over to Allyn and Esther Cooke. The A.P.M. had a lovely old house vacant and this they rented to us. As it was roomy and a good Thai language teacher was available, some of

our new workers went there for language study: Mary Baldock, Sylvia Lombard, Lilian Hamer, Eileen O'Rourke, Larry and Verda Peet, and Georgette Molland.

Dr. and Mrs. McDaniel of the A.P.M. were kindred spirits (theologically and in every other way) and the O.M.F. will not soon forget their kindness and hospitality. Mr. and Mrs. Travaillie, who lived out on the farm project were equally kind and hospitable, and Mr. Travaillie kindly acted as our oral examiner in Thai. Fellowship with these dear friends was delightful, and when the McDaniels, leaving for furlough, requested the O.M.F. to lend them a doctor to help fill the gap at Overbrook, our Mission was glad to respond. Dr. and Mrs. Anderson were sent for six months, and then Dr. and Mrs. John Toop.

The mountains around Chiengrai had been visited by the exploration teams (Orville Carlson, Don Rulison, and Otto and Adri Scheuzger) but a scattered first presentation of the Gospel is not evangelization. So to Allyn and Esther Cooke (Allyn speaks Chinese, Lahu, and Lisu fluently) fell the arduous task of knocking until a door opened.

Was there no significance in the fact that some three weeks before the Cookes arrived, Overbrook Hospital had its first Lisu patient? Dr. McDaniel, keen evangelist that he is, brought out some Lisu Gospel records and had the phonograph put beside this man's bed and played to him. The patient did not believe on the Lord at that time, but at least he was given an opportunity to understand the Gospel message.

And now our "Caleb" was ready to climb Thailand mountains in search of Lisu as he had climbed the mountains of China. It is not our purpose or desire to praise any of our workers, but sometimes an example can be a lift to someone else. Allyn Cooke was nearer sixty than fifty, and this was rough pioneer travelling and living. Many could belong to the race of Caleb if they would only believe that when God calls, He will enable. You know that Caleb at eighty-five years of age asked Joshua to assign him the mountain where the giants lived, the Anakim who had frightened his own generation so that they had to turn back and wander for forty years in the wilderness. "Give me this mountain!" he cried. "There are Anakim living on it in strong walled cities,

and I would fain see if I cannot drive them out, with the Lord at my side, and claim his promise." Caleb got it, and he conquered it, at an age when most of the human race are talking of fireside leisure!

Now, in the Lord's ordering, as Allyn climbed toward the Lisu he had to pass through a village we have since come to call Maesalong, though that is not its correct name. This was a village of Yao, not Lisu, but its white-haired genial headman (the Brother Six previously mentioned) spoke Chinese (Yunnanese). He had emigrated from Indo-China some years before, and in his former home had been visited often by French officials, who liked his jovial hospitality. Hence a white skin not only did not bother Brother Six, but it even attracted him. So when the tall, spare white man passed by, he was warmly welcomed and urged to come back again.

It was April, 1951, before Allyn managed to get back to Maesalong. He was greeted with the question, "Why didn't you come back sooner?"

Though delayed, this visit was timely, for visitors from other villages were in the house. A child in the home of a second headman, named Old Two, was ill, and the villagers were set for a three-day orgy of demon worship, hoping that by appeasing the spirits they could assure the healing of the child. Allyn was invited to spend the night in Old Two's house, where the crowds hung around until late listening to the Gospel message and begging to hear him sing Gospel choruses in Chinese.

One young man seemed particularly attentive, and thrilled Allyn by saying, "I understand from what you have told us that Jesus will take all my sins away if I believe in Him. Is that correct?"

"Yes, that is true," Allyn assured him.

"Then I believe it!" the young man said.

Using John 5:24, Allyn showed the young man that if he really trusted in Christ he was saved and had eternal life. But the young fellow, apparently afraid of committing himself further, refused to say another word. "How careful we must be," Allyn wrote, "not to force things, but to let the Holy Spirit do the persuading!"

Full of apologies, Old Two told his visitor, "You may stay here in my house tonight, but in the morning my son will escort you to another house. We are holding three days of demon worship, and no one but members of our own family can cross the threshold during that time. You could stay with us, but no one would be allowed to come in and talk to you."

Encouraged to see some measure of conviction for sin in the headman, Allyn next morning moved to the house next door. Old Two came to see him from time to time, and people came and went all day long asking questions. There was a feeling of excitement, as though something were going to happen, and about four o'clock Old Two came in and announced that one family was ready to accept the Lord.

"Apparently they had talked it over," Allyn wrote at the time, "and many wanted to believe, but all were more or less afraid of the demons. This was to be a test of the Lord's power over the evil spirits.

"The family who made a profession seemed to be very happy over the prospect of deliverance from the powers of darkness which had so long held sway over them. Had we been able to remain longer, I feel sure others would have joined Chao Wan-yin and his wife and little girl in profession of faith in Christ, but we had promised to hold a meeting for Chinese on the border on Sunday, so had to leave the next morning after Chao Wan-yin believed. To us their selecting one of their number to make a test savours of tempting the Lord, but it was their own choice."

It is interesting to follow those old circulars of that time and watch the struggle in the soul of Brother Six. As political headman he had gained much money by taking bribes (they all do) and many an unjust and perhaps wicked decision had been made by him because of the money that entered his pocket. Most of the headmen became so seared in conscience that one does not see any evidence of a conviction of their sin. C. S. Lewis, with his customary shrewd insight, put it well: "When a man is getting better he understands more and more clearly the evil that is still left in him. When a man is getting worse, he understands his own badness less and less. A moderately bad man knows he is not very good: a

thoroughly bad man thinks he is all right! . . . Good people know about good *and* evil: bad people don't know about either."

The Gospel reached Brother Six before his sins had seared him into that inability to recognize his sin; praise God that His messengers did not dally on their way!

July 22, 1952. "If I become a Christian and cast out all of my demons and my ancestors are you sure that Jesus will want me? When I die and go to Heaven's gate, will He let me in? My sins are so many, I'm afraid He will say, 'Go away, I don't want such a sinner as you are.' Are you sure Jesus will receive me?" Brother Six asked.

Allyn replied: "The moment you believe, your sins will be under the Blood, and when Jesus comes back you will be raised from the dead and will stand in Christ's presence with no fear of your sin ever being mentioned again. But if you refuse to believe, even if you die, you will be raised again and will have to stand before God, and He will ask you about everything you have ever done that is wrong. You cannot hide anything from Him. He knows just what you are thinking in your heart. When He has finished judging you, He will send you away to the lake of fire and you will have to suffer torment there forever.

"When we are raised from the dead, will it be our bodies that are raised?" Brother Six asked.

On and on he went with most intelligent questions, until many had been discussed quite at length. In all of this Allyn turned up the relevant passages in God's Word, and let God speak to him from the Chinese Bible. Brother Six's wife, who had opposed at the start, became interested and entered into the discussion. "I'm afraid that I could not be a Christian," she said. "I get angry with the children and beat them. I have too much sin to be a Christian."

The young men in their late teens and early twenties began to gather around, hanging on every word. Frequently Brother Six would enthusiastically interpret the message into Yao and they would discuss it among themselves. Previously the young men had kept somewhat aloof, as though they considered this Christianity good enough for the old folk, but now they were keen to search it out for themselves. A young

man of about twenty seemed especially interested in what was being said. He and Brother Six seemed to be having some sort of discussion in Yao. Suddenly Brother Six turned to Allyn and said, "This boy says he will be a Christian right now. He does not care who believes or who does not. He is going to believe."

"Praise the Lord!" Allyn said. "Do you really mean it?"

"Yes, I do," the young man replied. "Pray for me that I may be successful in business. If I am, then I will surely believe."

"But that is not believing in Him," Allyn protested. "That is trying to see if He is trustworthy. You can't believe in Him unless you are willing to believe, whether you are successful or not. Would you be willing to believe even if you had to die because you believe?"

He thought a minute, then said, "I am going to believe now, no matter what happens or who else believes or who does not. Pray for me."

It was late that night before Allyn could crawl into his bed bag on the bamboo platform. Even then he was given no rest, for he had not fallen asleep before a Yao man came in with a flaming torch and said, "Teacher, you'll have to get up. The Lisu are here. They want to hear the phonograph."

The Lisu had consistently declared that the Lisu records are not really Lisu, and they cannot understand them. So Allyn said, "What shall I play, the Lahu record?"

"No, we want to hear Lisu."

"Shall I put on talking or a hymn?"

"Put on talking."

Allyn found a sermon on John 3:36, put that on the machine, and played it through.

"Can you understand it?" he asked.

"Of course. It is our own ancient Lisu language. Play some more."

It was about a month later before Brother Six made his decision for Christ.

The Cookes' circular letter of August 26, 1952, gave this good news:

Brother Six is a Christian! . . .

On my previous trip he had offered to go with me to visit another Yao village to exhort them to believe. I told him I was planning to go to the Lisu the next day and asked him if he would go with me . . . and he said he would. (But when Allyn returned he found Brother Six with an urgency of spirit upon him.) He had decided to go to Chiengrai with me to break off opium. He would not even wait for me, but left the following day and waited for me at the market. (I had promised the Lahu I would spend a night with them.) He said he was afraid to wait because his friends would try to dissuade him if they heard he was going. This decision to break off opium was actually his decision to make a definite break away from the demons and to believe in the Lord. On the way here on the truck, without any word from me, he removed from his wrist the string which is supposed to tie his life in his body and protect him from the demons. Later he made arrangements to sell all of his opium, at a loss. . . . How important it is that all of us keep him covered by prayer, lest the fact that we are writing about him expose him to the attacks of the Evil One.

Peak of Everest! How sweet is the perfume of thy rare air: There is no thrill on earth can rival it. How far the view from thy lone heights, reaching even into eternity itself, where the toil of the way will be forgotten as seeker and sought sit down together to fellowship with the Beloved in The Unhurried Land!* The primitive children of the hills cannot be expected to understand what it costs to climb Everest, and the missionary often feels his labours are unnoticed by them. But we ourselves can never know what it cost to climb Calvary! And yet the "beyond what ye . . . think" is often given to us. Just as I have been writing this, a letter has come from one of our Lisu Christians whom we taught in China. Escaped from behind the bamboo curtain, the writer had found himself free but in a strange and civilized land. Penniless, tongueless—he did not speak their language—he was delighted to find some were speaking English—business people, probably. In his simplicity he thought, of course, that anyone who spoke that language would love him as Ma-pa and Ma-ma had done! His letter is dated March 9, 1955, and this is how he closes:

*A name given to Heaven by a beloved prayer partner and donor.

In this country educated people hold us Lisu in contempt. But in ways these educated heathen do not comprehend, God is doing His work. In the days of the Lord Jesus, the children's crumbs which fell beneath the table, the dogs might eat—now that treatment has come upon us. How can we ever forget you, who opened our spiritual eyes? Our great thanks to the White Man's Church who sent missionaries to us. Please give them my greetings. If they had not given of their money, you could not have come to us. If you had not been willing to come, they would have had no one to send. *We know now the offering of your lives for the Lisu church.*

I never expected this side of Heaven that any of our Lisu children would ever be able to write a letter like that—that they would ever know the cost of the offering. Not that it matters. The offering was joyfully given unto Him, without thought of human appreciation. But gratitude is a very sweet perfume. In The Unhurried Land it will bind us together and help us to understand better how to worship Him, to whom alone real gratitude is due. It would never have entered our hearts to offer our lives if He had not pressed the thought upon us, patiently, persistently. It is a thrill to know that the Lisu will know enough, some day, to appreciate Him more.

A very faithful prayer partner of our Lisu was Miss Frances Brook, who wrote more beautifully than I can express it:

> . . . There are fairer things
> Than human pleasure couched in ease would win,
> And there are lonely summits near to God
> And narrow paths that lead us unto Him:
> O Holy Guide, great Spirit of all Truth,
> Take Thou our hand and lead us by Thy Way.
> That we may stand upon the mount with God,
> And catching all the glory of His ray,
> May win some timid shrinking, ease-bound soul
> From paths that lie near earth,
> To heights near Heaven.

When the Cranes could not find a house to rent at Bandak, they decided to try to locate an Advance Camp at Fang—jumping-off place for many Lisu and Lahu, unreachable from Chiengrai. The bus Allan was riding broke down, and he

had to change to a road truck. This was all in the Lord's planning, unknown to him. On that second truck he found himself near a friendly passenger named Bun, who spoke some English. Kru Bun discovered Allan was hoping to rent premises and tried to tell him that he had a fine house available, but Allan did not understand him clearly. Allan did ascertain, however, that houses in markets on that motor road would be available and tenable, and that the tribes came down to those markets as well as to Fang.

The *amphur* at Fang was polite, of course, but quite adamant in his insistence that there was no house to rent in that town. But he did suggest that Allan "look down the road somewhere." The Lord's guidance does not always come in a straight line, and this was one such occasion. Searching and inquiring, Allan met a schoolteacher who invited him to stay in his aunt's house, and it was while there that Allan heard of and rented an old empty house in Maeka market.

Then he went back to Base Camp to get Evelyn. Anyone who knows meticulous housekeeper Evelyn knows what a scrubbing that old house received! But even at that it was very dingy, and when the rains began they found it leaked like a sieve. To get it properly repaired was impossible; in despair they began again to inquire and it was only then that they discovered The House by The Side of The Road and The Trail—the house that Kru Bun had been trying to tell Allan about, but, Bun's English being rusty, Allan had not understood—a beautiful Thai house, practically new, on the motor road at Hweiphai (supplies and mail dropped at the door) and at its side the Lisu trail down which the tribes come to market! Day by day (in the few days they were home) a Lisu voice would interrupt their correspondence with "*A-wo-pa* (Uncle), what are you doing?" Contacts were perfect. More of The House by The Side of The Trail (Advance Camp Hweiphai) in the pages ahead.

Meanwhile Otto and Adri Scheuzger had moved south.

The two mountain corridors were now taken care of: Advance Camps had been established on the tips of the two prongs of the tuning fork. But how about all those tribes at the end of the handle of the fork? And those tribes around

Bandak? They heard that there were many Miao among them. "Something lost behind the ranges"—always that call pushed our young pioneers on to fields that no one else was working.

In the hard little town called Tak, the Worldwide Evangelization Crusade has been working, and Mr. and Mrs. Overgaard of that society were most helpful in every way to our missionaries. Otto and Adri Scheuzger were invited to live with them until they found the exact spot and house for a jumping-off place for the hills. Across the river from Tak, sprawling under great banyan trees, lies the pretty little village of Pakhui. Through this village pass Miao, Lisu, and Lahu tribesmen on their way to the tempting shops in Tak. Here in Pakhui, Otto and Adri found a house available, right on the riverside. The house was frightfully dirty in those Swiss and Dutch eyes, but the young couple set to work and scrubbed even its walls. There was no toilet, but Mr. Overgaard, a good carpenter, came over, and he and Otto built a neat little bathroom at one end of the veranda. When we visited Pakhui later we found the house, though retaining its native style, was so attractively fixed up that we nicknamed it "The Doll House." A long veranda overlooked the water, and the river scene was a continual drama of Thai life. Best of all, the ferry-landing was right at the foot of their garden fence—the place where the tribesmen must wait if they are going to Tak. Contact was unavoidable.

I always remember The Doll House by an early morning scene. I had gone out on the veranda and there, against the rosy-tinged half-light of dawn, were silhouetted gigantic black shapes that looked like massive creatures with tails on both ends! *Elephants!* Black against the ruby sunrise. Later at breakfast (the house was so small that the veranda was dining-room, study, and reception-room all in one) I told Otto.

"Oh, yes," he said casually, as one to whom kings of the zoo were as commonplace as horses, "they come constantly. They drag teakwood logs down to the river to be made into rafts for sailing down to Bangkok." The missionary aim is not elephants, of course, but the glamour of the East accompanies the heat and sweat of pioneer living.

From Advance Camp Pakhui, Otto and Adri continued their trips to the surrounding hills, visiting village after village, preaching in Thai and carrying their Gospel Recordings in Lahu, Lisu, and Chinese. Otto filled his diary with clever sketches of tribal life, and their stories were just as thrilling as anyone else's. They had to "knock" for about a year before at last a door opened. But it was the hospitality at The Doll House, and the chance for more private personal talks, that played quite a part in opening hearts to invite them to establish a Summit Camp.

One other young pioneer was looking for a field "where Christ is not named." Don Rulison saw the Cookes take over Chiengrai, the Cranes set up in Hweiphai (near Fang), and the Scheuzgers working in the Tak area—but where else was a man needed? To the northwest of Base Camp is the most remote tribal area. In the autumn of 1951, Don had made a trip with Orville Carlson to this area and had seen its need. Let us listen in, while he tells of this to his prayer partners:

. . . Over the ridge we went, and down through the forest. Suddenly, beside the trail we saw two children, one of them standing about ten feet above the ground on a pole which was leaned against a tree from which he was cutting off bark with his big knife. (Incidentally, I later learned that this is also the technique they use for felling large trees, leaving very high stumps. Standing barefooted on a pole leaned against a tree, they chop the tree from three sides, felling it exactly where they want it and leaving a very smooth stump.) Friendly and unafraid, the children told us of their village, not far away. Down the trail we went, and through the trees we soon caught our first glimpse of the Miao village of Little Water Falls, carved out of the tall hardwood timber on the opposite hillside.

Entering the village, we saw pigs and chickens, high stumps of trees, old logs, and thatched-roof windowless buildings built on the ground with wood-stave walls. The people were mostly out of sight when we appeared. We inquired our way to the house of the headman, who came out and invited us into the dark interior of his home.

The first thing that caught my eye was the demon-shelf on the wall opposite the door. Under it was the latest offering—

the bloody head of a pig which had just been killed. Near the centre of the room smouldered an open fire, the smoke finding its way out through the many cracks of the walls and roof. On the walls were hung implements of various kinds, such as axes, cross-bows, and Miao organs. On a bench along the wall nearest the fire sat several men in the shadows, one of them smoking a large bamboo water pipe. Wearing their hair in long queues, they looked like Chinese of the nineteenth century, when the Mongol dynasty held sway.

Orville spoke to the headman in Yunnan Chinese, and was happy to find that he was understood. We soon found out that there were seventeen houses in the village and that the main family name was Wang. A few of the younger men also spoke a little Chinese, so they could understand Orville as he talked to them about the Lord. Mr. Wang, the headman, immediately stated why they could not worship God and believe on His Son: the barrier was that they worshipped demons. Later he mentioned addiction to opium, and we began to realize how heavy are their chains of sin.

About this time we prepared and ate our dinner.... Suddenly the elder son of Mr. Wang arose, picked up his big knife from the table and put it in the hip sheath hanging from his belt, took his axe down from the wall peg and hung it over his shoulder. Then he unslung his Miao organ from its wall peg, gave it a trial blow, and strode out of the door playing this reed instrument with five pipes.

Curiosity impelled me to go outside, too, and see whatever was to happen. Playing the instrument as he went, the young man danced his way down the hill to a large log, a small boy following him. Giving the axe to the boy, he leaped on to the log, playing his instrument all the while. There followed a dance upon this slippery peeled log, including several whirls, the music still continuing, punctuated by axe blows as the boy struck the log. Never breaking the rhythm, the actor leaped to the ground and glided gracefully down the hill, across the stream and out of sight in the timber on the other side of the valley. By this time several young men had joined the procession, carrying their knives, axes, and other implements. When they disappeared into the forest, I went back into the house. After a short time we heard the crash of a big tree falling; evidently this had been the reason for the ceremony. Before long, young Mr. Wang returned to the house and replaced the organ on its peg.

How the Yao tribe also attempt to control the demons who molest them was told by Sylvia Lombard in *The Millions:**

It is night in the headman's home at Kui-Kang-Pa, and the only light in the house is the flickering flame of a wood fire. Were it daytime it would still seem like night in the house, for there are no windows to let in the light of day.

Mother and daughter are busy at the back of the house preparing a chicken for an offering to the demons. The wizened grandfather squats near the fire, fiddling with a smelly opium lamp, getting it ready for his evening smoke, but he keeps an anxious eye on the proceedings. Fear of demons is all he has known throughout his long life. The ceremony soon to be performed is a very real business with him, for at all costs the demons must be propitiated to prevent any ill befalling the family. The son is busy with his long knife, cutting coarse home-made paper to the proper size for use in the rites.

A neighbourhood medium has been called in to perform the incantations—a man who is completely demon-controlled and able to work himself into a trance at will. His face is a mask of sin and darkness and fear.

In front of the family demon-shelf a table is set up with the necessary paraphernalia: several little cups of wine, the chicken (now ready for offering), a tiny lamp (a wick dipped in a pool of oil in a greasy tin can), a pile of the cut paper, and a roll of new cloth that is to play an important part in this ceremony.

The medium sits down, mumbling and wailing repeatedly in a ghoulish voice that has become falsetto and weird. His knees jerk involuntarily and he appears to be in a trance. Hatchet in hand, he hops on one foot up to the table, going through the motion of chopping at something, and making incantations at each step. He repeats this many times, and then reverses the process, facing the door that is always opposite the demon-shelf. Each time he reaches the doorway he swings the hatchet as though striking at a foe, giving a wild and weird yell as he does this. During this performance he uses several other household implements as well as the hatchet, each in its turn—a tray for sifting rice, a ladle, a stick.

The cloth is spread out on the ground, the medium lies down on it and one layer is brought up to cover him. He extends one hand and beats the ground with the hatchet, still muttering all the time.

Others in the house now begin to search carefully with little

*Monthly magazine of the China Inland Mission.

lamps, at the direction of the medium, peeking and peering, up and down, seeking to find the troublesome spirits. They came over to the corner where I was sitting, but "found" nothing and continued their search in another corner. After the medium was satisfied he told them to stop looking. But had he succeeded in exorcising the demons? No! Satan and his hosts are still there. Fear remains. Sin is ever present. The medium has failed, but what else can he do? He knows no other way.

While the search was in progress, a round-faced, happy-go-lucky boy, poking the fire with a stick, said, "*Mai kam zir mein!*" (Don't fear the demons!) This is now a familiar phrase to many of the Yao tribe, for the Gospel records in their own language exhort them not to fear demons. Has the message reached their hearts? We believe it is penetrating the minds and hearts of these people and that deliverance will come. Often the young boys take part in demon worship as a matter of course, or for something to do. After years of watching this ritual in their homes, however, they become bound by demon worship, just like the old grandfather.

The power of darkness is very real, and we can see that these things cannot be taken lightly. We know that if the Son shall make them free they shall be free indeed, and it is this freedom we long to see in the Yao tribe.

A ceremony to appease the demons was held in the home of headman Wang of the Miao tribe the day Don was there, too. Of the night watches, Don wrote:

We spent the evening in the house, talking with the people as opportunity was presented. They cooked their supper in a big pot over the open fire and ate it with large wooden ladles as they sat by shifts around the small table.

About nine o'clock we went to our room and lay down to sleep on a large pelt, which Orville said was a Sambar deerskin. During the night there were several disturbances. The dogs barked occasionally at either real or imaginary creatures of the forest all about. Conscious of deep, heavy breathing very close to me through the night, I later found out that it was not one of my companions in the room but a snoozing pig, whose head was just the other side of the loosely placed boards that formed the outside wall of the house! When morning came I recognized his snout only a few inches from my face.

Thousands of Karen and Miao live in this section to the northwest of Chiengmai, but they could not be worked from

that Base Camp. Don needed a springboard some four days into the jungle from there. If only he could get an Advance Camp somewhere in those hills! The only way was to hire a native porter and go himself and pray and explore. So we find him writing of that sixteen days of

suffocating heat of the valleys in this, the hot season, and the refreshing breezes on the ridges, the parching thirst one day when we climbed for hours after our water ran out, and the blessed reviving when we found a little spring of water in a ravine beside the trail; the thrill of climbing over the shoulder of Mt. Inthanon, Thailand's highest mountain, and the sight of clever Karen fishermen deftly casting their fish nets into the cool waters of the Maechang.

But I will mention some of the results of this trip. I found the Christian Karen village of Khunjem (American Baptist Mission) is well located to reach about a score of Flowery Miao villages and a smaller number of White Miao. Arrangements were made for the repairing of a small building where I can live, and for the hauling of my belongings from the motor road. . . .

Khunjem is Sgaw-Karen village, and all of the one or two hundred inhabitants are professing Christians who meet regularly for about five times a week for services. The work seems to be quite indigenous and a missionary from another mission visits them when possible. He hopes that the Karen Christians may also get more of a missionary vision for their heathen Miao and Karen neighbours. So let us pray to that end. . . .

From Khunjem one must walk three or four days to see an automobile, a bicycle, a store, or a doctor. But to be able to bring Christ to the many Miao in that area will more than balance any seeming difficulty.

Don was writing for his prayer partners, but I know he would never want to pass this point without public acknowledgment of how much we all owe to the generosity of "the missionary from another mission" mentioned above. That was, of course, the Karen's own missionary, Mr. Alfred Vanbenschoten. To allow a missionary of another mission (O.M.F.) to settle right in the middle of one's own territory takes a largeness of heart and a consecration to the spread of the Gospel that is rare. It ought not to be, but it is, rare. The

nationals among whom one lives in the hills get to love the white man who has come into their midst. That affection might have been weaned away from the missionary who was over them in the Lord, but who could only pay them occasional visits, even though he held them so fervently in his heart. Don was very careful that this should not happen, and that Khunjem's loyalty to the A.B.M. be preserved. But the graciousness of Mr. Vanbenschoten (and his devoted wife, Ruth) in trusting us will never be forgotten.

The "building" that was repaired for Don was just a Karen nipa-leaf hut! It had a raised bamboo floor on which Don slept and was as simple and primitive as one can imagine. Here Don lived alone, learning a bit of Karen perforce, but taking trips into the surrounding Miao hills continually. The Karen church helped Don get carriers to bring food supplies in from Base Camp, along with mail and medicines.

Don's letters from Advance Camp Khunjem are mainly lists of people and villages for whom prayer is requested. Now and again there is a little picture of the pioneer at work. I will cull a few:

August 4, 1952. Last week I had an opportunity to take a four-day rainy weather trip and make my first visit to the Miao village of Hoy-Ge-Bong. I was accompanied by two Karen Christian men, named Bu-ka and Pa-le-bu. Bu-ka was most helpful in interpreting the Thai Gospel records into the Shan language which the Miao men could understand. Some of them also understood Chinese, so that I was able to use the Chinese records and converse with them in Chinese.

After negotiating the "greasy" trail, we arrived at their hillside village about twilight. Making our way through the sea of mud (of the barnyard variety) we found the house of the headman, Mr. Han, where the crackling open fire soon began to dry out our wet clothes. But before they had hardly begun to steam well, the strains of a Chinese gospel duet from our record player had attracted about twenty-five men, women, and children. Then for more than an hour, the blessed Good News was proclaimed, using the Chinese, Thai, and Shan languages, after which there was a recess for supper. I do wish you could have been in my place then. Karen Bu-ka and I were sitting in the corner, on the little bamboo sleeping platform, with the record player and the *Two Roads* Chinese gospel poster.

Crowded around us, as close as they could get, were some fifteen children, the little tots in their birthday suits, and the older ones more fully clothed in proportion to age. The adults were in the background. There was one little girl about ten years old with vari-coloured pleated skirt, narrow blue apron, black blouse, and long black hair arranged in a knot on top of her head. She had such shining bright eyes and sweet smile that one would hardly notice that her little ring-encircled neck had probably never been really washed. She was interested to hear everything and would occasionally reprimand her noisy little sister with a word of explanation. My heart was touched as I heard her repeat the name of Jesus. It may be your prayers that will be answered in bringing this little lost lamb into His fold.

The adults, too, were interested, but I cannot say that I saw any evidence of conviction of sin. I was much impressed by the many questions that headman Han put to Karen Bu-ka, who has been a Christian for eighteen years. Here was a Christian Karen testifying to a heathen Miao of the saving and keeping grace of God! This experience . . . opened my eyes to something which I had not so fully realized before. The Karen church here may most probably be either the stepping-stone or the stumbling block . . . for the Miao to turn to Christ.

My professor of Dendrology, back in Forestry College, used to say, when teaching us tree-identification, "One seeing is worth a hundred hearings." What the heathen see in the daily lives of the Christian Karens may have more influence than what they hear from a foreign missionary. [Then Don pleads for prayer for the Karen church.]

September 9, 1952. [Feeling that he should describe and name certain villages for prayer, Don continues:] First, pray for the chain of villages extending from south to north for about forty miles in the mountains west of here. In the valley I had much difficulty obtaining a guide for this trip. I was told no one knows the trails and no one goes to the Miao villages except opium smokers and opium traders. The result was that the guide who finally went with me (though I thought better of him at first) also turned out to be an opium addict. . . . East Me-Suk . . . West Me-Suk . . . Meo-Lan . . . Khun-Me-Nai . . . Me-Sa-Thaup. Here the headman's house turned out to be a veritable opium den, where the leading men of the area were smoking all night. They seemed astounded at my coming and very suspicious of my intentions. However, they wanted to hear

the records. So, after a bamboo mat was spread on the dirt floor, they were soon listening to Gospel messages on Romans 1:16 and 3:23, and John 3:36. Some of the men understood well. After about an hour, the headman, after understanding plainly, I believe, said, "That's all. You can close it up now!" Let us pray that he may not keep the many people of this large village from hearing and believing.

Later in the evening I was invited to play the records for another hour, before making my bed on that same mat. When I awoke during the night, I saw men still smoking opium and heard their animated conversation, though I could not understand what they were saying. The whole experience frightened my already nervous and imaginative guide so much that, on the next afternoon, rather than go to another Miao village, he ran away from me out into the wilderness and went back to his home. There, to save his own face, he reported that I had been killed by the Miao and he had escaped only with his life. Many people heard this rumour and it was weeks before they knew it was not true.

After my guide abandoned me, I went on alone with a double load, his and mine, meeting two traders and finally reaching the little Miao village where the hospitable headman took us in for the night. I could speak with him in Chinese and he listened to Gospel records. Formerly a policemen but now a slave of opium, a Thai man lived in that same Miao hovel. The following day this man guided me to the village of Meo-khong.

And so Don plodded on for three days carrying a double pack.

In January, 1953, he travelled two hundred miles on foot, taking John around his district.

In March, he repeated that evangelistic trip, walking for twenty-five days, averaging ten miles of mountain road a day, this time with his Karen cook, Dee-gay-tu, a boy who will appear in our story again.

One out of every three nights during April and May he spent in Miao villages.

Though June and July were the rainy season, in those months he walked 350 miles, preaching as he went. With all this devoted and rough living, with all this knocking on Miao hearts, there was no door opened to this missionary. By that we mean no Miao village asked him to come and live among

them, promising to build him a house. Individuals were brought under conviction and believed, but the "door" Don was praying for did not open. Another door in another district did open, and when that happened Advance Base Khunjem was closed.

Before we leave the work among these thousands of Miao on the northwest hills, let us listen to John's report of their trip together. As Superintendent of our work in North Thailand, my husband of course had to visit each Advance Camp shortly after it was pitched.

A leaf hut in the midst of a great pine forest is Brother Don's house in Khunjem. . . . While we were "at home" in the hut our major occupation was cataloguing our current findings in the Miao tribal tongue. The material in hand now comprises over eight hundred words, a working basis for learning this language.

Hiking together over the hills of the area, Don and I would first seek for the elder of each village we entered, for here is a Miao feudal system—feudal with a vengeance. The governing hand of the village elder permeates all his living, even to the disciplining of the villagers' own children. If an anathema is to be pronounced on anyone, the elder must do it. Hence they say they may only turn to God if the village elder says they may. "When once we turn, we will all turn, not merely our own village, but all the villages!" they say. Their reasoning being only in the realm of the natural, it is not surprising that they should think in bulk fashion. We desire to see the power of the Spirit to convict individually, to narrow down the challenge to personal salvation, to the "whosoever" of the Gospel invitation.

One thrilling, never-to-be-forgotten experience for me was our meeting an Indian. In one town, as we were presenting the Gospel at a rest house connected with a Buddhist temple, I noticed a strange face outside, that of a man listening intently. After the dispersion of the crowd, he lingered behind and introduced himself, speaking to Don in Thai. He said he was a Sikh, and an adherent of three religions: Sikhism, Hinduism, and Buddhism. Suddenly I discovered that he also spoke some Chinese, and Yunnanese at that! He seemed just as awe-struck as I, and in demonstrating his pleasure he fairly hugged me and shook my hand ever so often. An Indian in Thailand, who had learned Chinese in Burma, a follower of three eastern religions, meets an American ambassador for Christ who tells him the

grand old story that God so loved the world—in the Chinese tongue!

Another memory is of saffron-robed monks of the Buddhist temple asking us for the loan of our Gospel records in order to play them on their own superior player in the temple proper! You can imagine our inner jubilation when we heard the glorious message of saving grace resounding through those courts—the seat of idolatry and a den of Satan.

It is interesting to note that when Don and Dee-gay-tu went back again to this Thai town in March, Don gave the head monk a copy of the Gospel of Mark. (Don sold some two thousand Bible portions in just a few months.) When he returned on his itineration of this district, he found that the head monk had died, and that he had asked for Don on his deathbed! We do not know whom we shall meet in Heaven, and we have no right to label any effort to make Christ known as "fruitless."

Why did the Miao around Khunjem not respond more? Was there not enough prayer made for them? Does God want the Seed sown to lie fallow for a while? Or is it His plan for the Karen church first to be revived and quickened to witness to their Miao neighbours? After Don had left, he heard of some Miao to whom he had preached, coming down on Sundays to a Karen church and apparently worshipping there. But I would have you hear the heartbeats of a faithful missionary who, though he has toiled devotedly, has not yet been granted the results his heart longs for. Oswald Chambers has said: "The test of the life of the saint is not success, but faithfulness in human life as it actually is." In Chinese Turkestan, for example, George Hunter laboured unremittingly, never taking a furlough, and died at over eighty years old without seeing much result. Yet today there are thousands of believers where he scattered the Seed in loneliness.

In Lomsak, again we were helped by missionaries of another society. Far to the southeast of Base Camp, some Finnish missionaries had been working. They had seen Miao coming down to their market and had taken them on their hearts for evangelization. They had made one trip up into the mountains, visiting the homes of those Miao they had met, and found them very responsive. In fact, several families had burned

their demon altars on that very first hearing, but Mr. Raassina and Mr. Heinigienen were middle-aged men. They saw that physically they could not endure the hard mountain travel and living, especially in addition to carrying the burden of the little Thai church God had given them in Lomsak. So when they heard that the O.M.F. was working the tribes they sent a message to Otto Scheuzger, asking our Mission to take over the Miao in Lomsak area and promising every help they could possibly give.

At first we had no one to send. Don was more than busy at Khunjem, and the Scheuzgers themselves were just about to open a Summit Camp—they most certainly could not go. But Otto wrote that request in the prayer book at Base Camp, which now lies before me. "Pray for the six large Miao villages in Petsaboon province where we have contacts. . . . We have not been there."

Toward the close of 1953, Don had that severe fever in Khunjem which we have mentioned before, and it was advisable for him to come out to Base Camp for rest and medical attention. Then the Scheuzgers urged him to come and visit them in their new Summit Camp, and while there the needs of Lomsak district were laid before him. By this time, Don could speak quite a bit of White Miao, and the Scheuzgers had hoped that he would be enabled to reap a harvest among some White Miao of their mountains who had asked for a visit from missionaries. Don writes:

When we visited the White Miao village (in the Scheuzgers' district) we found that this door, which had seemed wide open only two months before, had closed. A Satan-inspired demon doctor had moved in from another area, telling most hideous lies about the missionaries and their intentions, so that many people who had formerly been receptive were now afraid.

When this door closed, time permitted Dee-gay-tu and myself to accompany Ernie Heimbach on a further survey evangelistic trip to the Petsaboon White Miao area farther east in Thailand. Here we found many open hearts prepared to receive the Good News—prepared by God by means of the heavy satanic oppression under which they have been existing. We stayed six nights in the large village of Nam-Khet (Crocodile Creek) and seven nights in five other villages of the area. The days at Nam-Khet are never to be forgotten, as we were

privileged to minister to dear White Miao people with sick souls and bodies. From the beginning many professed to believe our message of Jesus, and before we left, three families had taken that step of cleaning up their homes for Jesus by burning their demon shrines and other objects of demonolatry. . . . Oh, if I could only picture to you the pathos of these dear people who for generations have been the helpless prey of the Evil One, without a glimmer of hope! Once a man interrupted my preaching to ask wistfully, "You don't mean that God loves us Miao, do you?" They could not conceive of anyone loving them, much less the God of all creation. And I recall overhearing the first waking words of one of the sons in the headman's house where we slept the last night. An hour before daylight when he arose to begin his morning duties of chopping food for the horses, he burst out with, "Oh, I truly believe in Jesus!"

The Miao there urged us to return soon to teach them more about Jesus and to bring medicines to help them in their many sicknesses. So we are vigorously applying ourselves toward meeting this most urgent call. Tomorrow I expect to leave for Khunjem to say good-bye and to bring out my belongings. It will not be easy to leave my little leaf-house there and the dear Karen people who have helped to make it such a happy and blessed home for me for almost two years.

In April, we three (Ernie Heimbach, Dee-gay-tu, and I) hope to return to Nam-Khet. "For a great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries" (I Cor. 16:9).

The Ernest Heimbach family and Peter Nightingale were now Thai language students at Base Camp. The Heimbachs had been called of God to the Black Miao in China, but had only one month among them before the communist movement put an end to their labours there. Now they were in Thailand laboriously working on the required Thai language, so Don's knowledge of Miao was a great help in the opening of Nam-Khet. We will tell more of that in the section on Summit Camps.

Our first worker to live at Advance Camp Lomsak was Nurse Frances Bailey. She had helped at various places while studying the Thai language, including some time at the Leprosy Colony, but when those language exams were behind her she was keen to get as near to the Miao as possible. So was her

partner, Nurse Dorothy Jones, but just as Dorothy was about due to proceed to Lomsak, I fell ill and had to be flown home to America. Dorothy was asked to take my place at Base Camp until other arrangements could be made, and her selfless service there will never be forgotten by us. She and Frances joined forces again when Orville and Hazel Carlson moved up into Base Camp—but that is far ahead in our story.

The Finnish missionaries fulfilled their promise to help us in every way. No one could have done more. But after living some months with them, Frances was able to secure a little house of her own, where she lived and further helped our missionaries in their journeys up and down, forwarded their mail and supplies. There, at Lomsak, she also made contacts with Miao at the market.

To reach Lomsak from Base Camp one must travel down the railway for some distance and then take a bus or jeep across country. On one of these train trips Frances, travelling alone of course as Dorothy was not free yet, met with a harassing but not unusual adventure. I quote:

On the train from Lampang I got mixed up (unwittingly, of course) with an opium gang, and before long I found the stuff pushed under my skirt without any explanation, or so much as an "if you please"! I acted quickly and gave it back, only just in time as, after the first search, the policeman got suspicious and went to call his men. They came in from both ends of the coach and searched well, but didn't find it, due to expert passing. When I got off at Tapanhin, the woman begged to come with me, though her ticket read Bangkok. I tried to avoid her; but she left her young six-year-old child on the train to go on to Bangkok alone, and eventually traced me. My light was out, however, and I wouldn't open the door. I think she wanted to bribe me to keep the opium overnight, because the customs inspectors do not search foreigners. Had she stayed on the train she would have been caught.

And if Frances had reported that woman, the lives of all of our workers in the mountains might have been endangered. All the tribes, excepting some of the Lahu, plant opium and, in the course of our work, we cannot help seeing and hearing things which, for the sake of keeping the mountain door open to our preaching, we may not report. We take no

part in it, but neither may we act as government spies. We are as much opposed to it as the government is, and any tribesman that turns Christian is dealt with on this matter of smoking, as well as planting and trading in opium.

From hot little Lomsak, Frances wrote:

The Lord gave me the wonderful joy of seeing a Miao soul born again in my house. The man had a gunshot wound in his arm so severe that the doctors in Petsaboon hospital wanted to amputate. He refused this and came pleading with me to do something. "If they take my arm off I'll only go back home and smoke opium till I die," he said. He is only about twenty years old and such a nice boy—married, but no children yet. His wife is a dear. Here was another one who did not know as yet the Fountain of Living Water. But as we talked (I asked a Thai Christian student to speak in the native dialect to him for me) he began to thirst—and then he drank of that life-giving steam. I went into some detail to explain that Jesus had already died for his sins, and that we did not accept Him as Saviour to escape sickness. He grasped the truth and wanted Christ. Thinking he would not know how to pray, I asked the Thai boy to lead him. They had not gone far when the Miao lad said, "I want to pray in my own language!" and he started off alone. His prayer seemed to be all "*Jesu—Jesu—Jesu,*" but isn't that just how it should be? "Jesus, oh, how sweet the Name!"

I prayed much about how to treat him and felt led to put his arm in plaster of Paris, leaving a place for drainage, but after three days there was no drainage and he was responding to sulfa and penicillin and liver shots. In less than a week he was able to go home. His face, so sad when he came, now is aglow. But he returns to the home of his father, who has two wives and smokes opium. Things will not be easy for him. Before he went he asked me to cut his spirit-strings off. Praise the Lord!

"And now I've got a new worry!" playfully wrote a young sweetheart to her lover, her first letter after their engagement. "Every time you go out into the rain without your rubbers, I'll be seeing you sick with pneumonia!" This is a real truth in life. Every new ecstasy has a new pain tied to its tail. And the young tribal convert, trudging up the mountainside on his way home, has no idea of the ecstasy and the pain he has left behind him in the missionary's breast. Will he have the

character to stand? Will he be willing for obedience? Will Satan lay him low with sickness? (This happens so often to new converts that the tribal missionary foresees it anxiously.) Will he be a "joy and crown of rejoicing," or a Demas who turned back, having loved this present world? When he is your first convert, ecstasy probably prevails. After some years the thrill will be tempered with spiritual alertness on his behalf. But no matter how long your experience, the joy of having pointed a soul to his Saviour no man can take from you. And the joy of seeing a "break" come into the century-long night cannot be dimmed.

When Orville and Hazel Carlson came into Thailand to be trail-blazers for the O.M.F. they had already spent a strenuous term of service and were needing furlough. They kindly ran Base Camp for us for about six months, as I have said, and then we felt they must really get a rest. So in April, 1953, they left for the American continent. Prayer partners were so ignorant of the needs of the new fields that the Mission extended their furlough for further deputation work, so that they did not return to us until July, 1954. And to them was assigned the thrilling privilege of opening one of our biggest tribes—the Pwo branch of the Karen.

Mr. Vanbenschoten was the one who had the most knowledge of all Karen work, so we conferred with him as to where he thought most of the Pwo were situated. Following his advice we made several trips in different directions hunting for a springboard, and also making inquiries about the locale and numbers of the Pwo Karen population. After this had been accomplished, John felt that the Advance Camp should be established at a small market town called Wanglung, the end of a motor road to the west of Base Camp. Like Bandak, it was one long street of shops sprawling out from the river bank, and situated in what was obviously a hot, sandy place. No fresh vegetables or meat were to be had locally, and taken in all, there would not be much "fun" for missionaries stationed there.

In this regard I would like to quote a young soldier, who, on being asked if he liked being in the army, replied, "I am not in the service to enjoy myself, and the military officials

are not interested primarily in my comfort or pleasure. There is a war to be won. That is why I have been called up along with others, and until victory is proclaimed I shall have to forget about ease and delight!" We knew that the missionaries sent to open Wanglung must have this spirit; they must "forget about ease and delight," and the Carlsons were ready to accept the appointment without flinching. For Wanglung was obviously the strategic springboard for Pwo Karen work. In fact, a fair-sized village of Pwo Karen was only five minutes' walk away! And the first hour that John and I were in Wanglung we counted four different tribes on the market! There would be daily contact.

But by this time the Carlsons had two children—Mary Sue and Rachel—and as I looked at that busy, hot little place, I felt that their mother should have some help. It was obvious that Hazel, besides having to learn the Pwo Karen language, would be besieged with visitors at all hours. Water, to speak of only one difficulty, must be hauled from a distance, and living would be primitive at the best. So I began to pray for a helper —it would probably have to be a Thai to begin with, but no Thai servant wanted to go to the end of nowhere and work among strangers! But God was listening to our prayers and chose His own way to send the answer.

Shortly after their arrival, one morning I had shopping to do for the house and Orville had shopping to do for their moving to Wanglung, so he offered to drive me down-town. He grimly shook his head as the old jeep started and sputtered and refused to respond to treatment. We just had to stop now and again in order to make our purchases, because no one place had everything we needed, and each time we stopped the jeep behaved more obstinately about coming to life when asked to! We pushed it to a start once, but that was on a back alley. Then on a main street, where all the town could watch us, the jeep went dead. We got out and pushed—with the nationals grinning from ear to ear at us—pushed and ran with it, and it ran quite gaily as long as we did! But it stopped dead as a stubborn mule whenever we stopped. Red in the face from more than one reason, Orville and I discussed what to do. I told him of a garage I knew where help might be found, but as the already purchased things had to have a guard, I sat in the jeep

in the noon hour, while he chased for help. Little did I dream that what seemed like an everything-gone-wrong situation was really the Lord's manipulation to answer our prayers! The jeep had stopped where parking was illegal, which made me all the more conspicuous, and the very publicity of my position brought a young girl running up to me. She had once worked for Evelyn Crane, and wanted to ask about the missionaries at The House by The Side of The Road. Quite casually I asked if she were still working at the factory where she had been when last I saw her.

"Oh, no," she replied, "I am out of work at the moment; the factory has just closed down." Didn't I jump! Here was a girl accustomed to small town living and already trained by that super housekeeper, Evelyn. She had left the Cranes' employ to run away and get married, but her worthless husband had deserted her, and that is one reason she was in Chiengmai.

"The Carlson family are back from furlough and going to live at Wanglung," I said to her. "How would you like to go and help them?"

Her eyes sparkled. "I'll come over tomorrow morning and discuss it, shall I?" And so it was settled.

The matter of a house had seemed even more impossible. Twice I went down in the jeep with John and others, and each time we canvassed the town. A rickety little hut next door to "a crazy man, but he was not violent" was one possibility. A small one-room bamboo house at a busy crossroads was another. It would have been suitable for a childless couple, but there was absolutely nowhere for the children to play except in the street. No other place could we find. Yet when Orville, Hazel, and John went down, the Lord had prepared a small house for them. It was just one in the row of shops, but it did have a fenced-off garden at the back where the children could play in safety, so they rented it on the spot. The Lord had chosen it for them, not for their comfort, but for the privilege of bringing fruit for His kingdom, as we shall see.

We knew that Buddhism was very strong in Wanglung, a large temple being the first thing to meet your eye as you come down the motor road. More than that, on our first

trip we had noticed that they were building a colossal figure of Buddha right near the road—it must have been fifty feet high. It was finished by the time the Carlsons moved in.

As we had foreseen, the Carlsons were besieged with visitors. For the different tribes they had Gospel Recordings in several tongues, and this novelty added to the crowds. Of course, the two white children were a great attraction and one tribesman offered to buy Rachel from Orville! He was a bit dubious of Orville's sincerity when told that no price would buy Rachel. Was Orville playing him for more money?

In the meantime Hazel was making friends with her neighbours. Next door was an old Thai grandmother named Bua, who was sick. Hazel gave her what medicines she thought might help and preached Christ to her. Bua listened with great interest, but as her attention increased, persecution made its appearance. Buddhist priests began to visit Bua also, and on the street one day someone spat in little Mary Sue's face. Christian tracts were torn up and left conspicuously around, but the missionaries quietly continued their testimony. Orville went from house to house preaching and explaining the reason for their presence. Many received him cordially but he too began to feel the effect, on the populace as a whole, of Bua's interest in the Gospel. Daily Hazel found time to go next door and read from the Thai New Testament to old Bua. The granddaughter, Phim,* was obviously interested also, but as the priests and relatives began to threaten them, Phim was not always cordial. One day Hazel returned home despondent. Bua had argued with her that Buddhism was as good as Christianity and quoted a nun who had been visiting her daily to persuade her that a Buddhist should not be afraid of death. Bua asked why she could not go to the temple and worship, for God is there.

For answer Hazel quietly opened her New Testament and read Acts 17:24; then she turned away and went home, discouraged. How could one lead a soul out of darkness when immediately so many hands were stretched forth to pull it back again? She did not know that even as she yielded to these depressing thoughts, the miracle had taken place.

"God that made the world and all things therein, seeing

*Pronounced *Pim*; the *h* is merely an aspirate.

that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands . . ." The words ran in the sick woman's ears, and the Light shone into her soul. Why, of course, the temple and this huge figure of Buddha were of no use to the Creator of mountains and rivers and the emerald green plains! Bua believed it, and with it accepted all that the Word of God could say to her about eternal life. The next time Hazel visited her it was to find her a new babe in Christ, thirsty for the milk of the Word!

The rest was all joy, to teach dear Bua each day, even though there was the sadness of seeing disease conquer her poor old body, for Bua got worse, but before she died she had declared to Phim and her relatives that she was trusting in the Lord Jesus for salvation and that she knew Jesus was going to take her to the many mansions of His Father's palace. When the end came Bua was in a coma. She had not eaten and did not respond when Phim called to her. But Hazel, longing to know how her soul was progressing through the Valley of the Shadow, had an idea. Bua had loved to hear little Mary Sue sing her sweet songs of the Saviour, so Hazel bent down and whispered to the child to sing "Jesus Loves Me." As the pretty childish voice trilled through the silence of the death chamber, a wonderful thing happened. The unconscious form on the bed stirred, and then as the sweet little voice soared to His Name, the dying woman sat straight up, smiled, lifted up her hands and placed them together in the position of the Thai salaam. For two days she had not recognized anyone, but the Name on which she was leaning through the dark valley called forth a desire to worship Him, and her Thai body reacted to its accustomed salute to royalty. Two days later, His rod and His staff her comfort, she passed into His presence.

She had wanted a Christian burial, but her Buddhist relatives would not grant it. Let us hear Hazel's description of what happened, and how the Buddhists treat the entrance into eternity.

Bua was given a heathen funeral. As soon as she died friends were notified and a hundred people must have gathered in the house and stayed there for two nights and a day. Accustomed to weeping and wailing at the time of death in China, we expected the same here, but raucous laughter fell upon our

ears instead of weeping. The guests gambled and joked. We got very little sleep. The second day after Bua died they took her remains out into the jungle and there, on a stack of sticks closed in on two sides by cement walls, they placed the body and cremated it, as is the custom in this country.

All her days Bua had worshipped strange gods. Only at the end of life had she heard of Jesus Christ and His power to save. She was saved like a brand from the burning. . . . As we watched the pyre, how glad I was that the Lord had given us the place of His choice in Wanglung, the wee shack beside the house of Bua!

All this time, Orville and Hazel had not forgotten the main purpose of their Advance Camp. The Pwo Karen of the nearby village were not at all responsive—possibly they had been privately threatened by the overshadowing temple and its priests. But Orville had managed to engage a Pwo Karen from the hills to teach him the language, and later, with the help of Dee-gay-tu for a few months, he made survey and evangelistic trips into the surrounding hills, while Hazel and the children continued at Wanglung.

Orville was getting to speak Pwo Karen fairly readily by the time we were faced with leaving. When I came home for medical treatment, John was asked to go to Singapore, and Orville Carlson asked to act as superintendent of North Thailand. That necessitated the Carlsons leaving Wanglung and moving back to Base Camp. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cooke, however, were just finishing their Thai language examinations and accepted appointment to the Pwo Karen, with Wanglung as a springboard. (Joseph is the son of Allyn and Leila Cooke, much beloved missionaries to the Lisu tribe in China.)

One more tribe remains unopened (of those assigned to the O.M.F.)—the Akha. Most degraded of all the tribes, these strong virile people have been allocated to Peter and Jean Nightingale. Peter and Jean were married in March, 1955, and immediately set out to find a place from which to work the Akha. Each has had a short trip to an Akha village, and been impressed with their great need and also their lovableness.

Once when I was visiting in a Lisu home, my host—Father Wood, we called him—was asking about God's love for every

man. He marvelled greatly at it and then said with a half-embarrassed chuckle, "But He does not love the Akha, of course."

"Yes, indeed He loves the Akha," I made answer. "Why do you think He wouldn't?"

"They aren't human, are they?" came the astounding answer. "The Thai say that when God created the Akha man, He scraped the dirt off the soles of His feet and made him. But the Akha man had no wife and was lonely.

" 'Go find yourself a wife,' said God [Father Wood continued with the Thai legend]. So the Akha man went out into the woods calling for a wife. A demon heard him, broke off his tusks and hid them in his matted hair, shaved off a bit of his chest, and came out of the woods grinning. 'I am your wife,' he called back, and that is the origin of the Akha woman. So whenever an Akha woman dies, she turns back into a demon and goes around biting people."

That is the Thai opinion of this tribe, and it is the opinion of the Lisu tribe! But do you think the Akha are humbly longing to be delivered from their despised degradation? It is just as C. S. Lewis said, they are so degraded they think they are quite all right.

Hear now the Cookes' report of a visit to the Akha.

Allyn was overjoyed to find that the Akha could understand and also speak Lahu. Even the children were able to converse in that tongue. He found them friendly and interested in the message, but they evidenced no conviction of sin. On the contrary, they seem to be the most self-righteous of the four tribes. They say that they worship the God of Heaven and do sacrifice to Him.

"Who is your middleman by whom you approach the God of Heaven?" Allyn asked.

"We do not need a middleman," was their answer.

"You cannot do sacrifice to the God of Heaven without a mediator, for God is holy and you are sinful."

"We are not sinful," was the reply. "We neither steal nor kill."

The flagrant immorality among the Akha makes it plain that their claim to be without sin is utterly false. It shows

their absolute ignorance of what sin is. And the Thai deem them so filthy that I have been told Thai shopkeepers will not allow them into their shops, although men of other tribes are allowed in.

"The Scrapings from His Feet" is what the Thai legend calls the Akha. Will some of you pray for an entrance into this needy people? Can you hear a drum beating, calling for intercessors, calling for those who will go forth strong in faith to challenge the darkness?

Doubt sees the obstacle,
  Faith sees the way;
Doubt sees a long dark night,
  Faith sees the day.

Doubt dreads to take a step.
  Faith soars on high,
Doubt thunders, "Who believes?"
  Faith answers, "I."

7

"Entering the Lists"

"IT is not against flesh and blood that we enter the lists . . ." (Eph. 6:12, Knox).

Every war presumes casualties, and in the spiritual fight we may expect even more kinds of mishaps because the enemy is able to attack spirit and soul as well as body. An American general once said, "We won the war because our soldiers were expendable." That word was discovered by Mertie Heimbach at a time when she was called upon to go up with her husband and little children and set up a Summit Camp. She had been full of questions as to what she would do if the children became sick there on the mountains, and God used this word from one of her country's military leaders to settle her. If the war is to be won, missionaries must be expendable also, she concluded, and that word from her was a blessing to all of us.

Our first casualty occurred at the end of 1952, when Allan Crane had a bad heart spell. He and Evelyn had spent very strenuous days searching for Lisu and evangelizing in the hills behind and above Advance Camp Hweiphai. They had found large Lisu villages and some Lahu, but at such a distance from one another that hard travel was necessary. So early in 1953 Allan came into Base Camp for a medical check-up at McCormick Hospital, and his cardiogram indicated a condition so serious that Dr. Buker and Dr. Guyer forbade any more mountain climbing. Evelyn could not blaze trails alone, so that meant two pioneers struck from the lists. In this spiritual thrust and parry, it was wonderful to see God silently overrule for good. The Cranes continued to live at Hweiphai but applied their talents to language helps instead of mountain pioneering. Allan tabulated the complicated language rules in a little book which he called, *Thai without Tears*, and which has been a great service to our new workers. They also set themselves to translate the Pentateuch into Lisu and established a bi-monthly magazine in Lisu, called *Spiritual Food*, which is

mailed to refugees outside the bamboo curtain whom we could not otherwise reach. And incidentally, they made a wonderful contact with the Lahu tribe, as we shall see later.

The Cranes falling out of mountain Lisu work brought me into it for a while, but I must back up and give a little explanation first.

Before we knew of Allan's condition, one day at Base Camp word came that two Lisu boys were in McCormick Hospital and that I might visit them if I cared to. John was out on a trip at the time and Frances Bailey had gone temporarily to Pakhui, so I took Edna McLaren with me, she being the only single worker available. Only one of the two boys was sick—the oldest son of the headman of Ta-Ngo village, suffering with a tubercular bone in his leg. The other lad had been sent to keep him company in a strange land. Although only fourteen years old, both boys were hardened and unresponsive. We took them taffy popcorn balls, which they grabbed with hardly a thank you. The headman's surname was Honey, so this sick lad would be Big Honey, or Honey One, for the Lisu tribe do not use given names very much, preferring to number their children according to their sex and place in the family. If the second child were a girl she would not be Honey Two but Sister One, and so on.

I had brought pictures of our Lisu Christians in China, and while I showed them the lads were interested, but as soon as I began to speak of spiritual things they turned away with a cool, "I don't understand you." I saw by their answers that their dialect was different from mine (although the Cranes, living so much farther south than we did in China, did not feel that Ta-Ngo Lisu differed so much from their dialect), so I did not know if it were really true that they did not comprehend the spiritual terms, or if it was just an excuse. We did not feel we had gained much, but we had been friendly and kind, and had to leave it at that. We little dreamed that in a few days we would both be up in the home village of those two lads!

For it fell on this wise. John had told me to get ready to go with him and Don Rulison on a long hiking trip to the Miao tribe. When we first came to Thailand my husband had said to me, "Now remember, this time you are not going to

the Lisu. You are going to help me. In China we had to be separated often, but in Thailand we are going to stick together. Where I go, you go too." Knowing my deep love for the Lisu who called me *Ma-ma*, he feared I might be partial to them, and was determined that the superintendent and his wife must love all the tribes equally. I had acquiesced and honestly meant to put aside personal affections, so when he told me that we were going to walk to Khunjem, and from there tour the Miao villages, I was not adverse to giving myself to the Miao work at all. But I wondered how I would ever keep up to it physically, for it would be a two-hundred-mile walk of uphill and down dale and no privacy from beginning to end. However, if the Lord calls, He enables, so I just talked to Him about it, said nothing of my doubts to my husband, and went ahead with preparations.

One morning, a couple of days before we were to leave, Orville Carlson appeared at our outer door. "John!" he called. "Is it two or three porters you wish for your trip?"

"Only two, thank you," I heard my husband reply. "Isobel does not know it yet, but she is not going. I decided in the middle of the night that I will send her, with Edna, up to Ta-Ngo instead. The Cranes feel that Ta-Ngo needs immediate visitation."

Inside of me I turned into a small girl. "Whoopee!" I wanted to shout. "Lord, how did You do it? Many thanks. *And to the Lisu!* His Majesty Friend Husband decides all by himself that I am to go to the Lisu! Only You could have done that." Outwardly of course I had to show some decorum —it is expected after fifty years of age.

Every commander who finds that unexpected casualties have left a gap in his front line must readjust his troops and reinforce the weak spot. That was all that John had done. I was the only one who spoke Lisu free to go. The Petersons had not yet arrived, and Edna McLaren was the only language student on the near horizon at the moment. So it was decided that Isobel and Edna should go.

I was thrilled and appalled, delighted and frightened to a chill. No party of just women, as yet, had gone up to a totally heathen village. (Women missionaries visited Brother Six's family from time to time. Incidentally, as the sixth son

he was known as Old Six in his own family; but now we called him "Brother" Six, for he had become a brother in Christ.) And three things were a drag and a dread to me. I am not a quick linguist, I do not have the evangelistic gift, and I was a woman. Regarding all three I had been accustomed to shelter myself comfortably beneath the overtowering rock of my husband's fluency and skill in dealing with souls. Now I was to be thrust out into the open and take leadership. Edna, of course, did not know Lisu; she was still learning Thai, but she knew more Thai than I did and that would be a help to me when we ran into Thai nationals. As time proved, the Lord could not have picked a better companion for me. Absolutely fearless, she was ready to follow me right up to the hilt of anything I felt led to attempt. She was very quick, and learned to read the Lisu script before she left Base Camp. This meant that she could sing with me, even though she had not yet learned what the words signified. And she had a keen sense of humour which emphasized the funny rather than the grim side of events. Our chance partnership grew into a very dear friendship, and although she does not appear very often in these pages, the knowledge that she was there praying for me helped more than is apparent.

Pioneer work among the tribes is a man's job. It should never have been relegated to women. But when a gap in the ranks appeared, only women were there to fill it. The reason I tell the following story is that I hope these pages will fall into the hands of young men, prepared to offer to their Lord hearts as willing as those of Adoniram Judson, David Livingstone, and the less known but equally brilliant and devout James O. Fraser of our own century. For there is still a crying need for *young men* in the work of the Overseas Missionary Fellowship of the China Inland Mission.

Edna and I had a lovely bus ride to Advance Camp Hwei-phai. As our bus honked to a stop in front of The House by The Side of The Road, Allan and Evelyn came running out to greet us. "Why, here are some of the Ta-Ngo Lisu riding on top of this bus!" Allan exclaimed. Then he called up: "*Eh, nu wa bu, teuh ma nya, Lisu Ma-ma tee ro nga. Shya geh nu wa cai dseh jee ngo. Nu wa daa ma geh ngo.*" ("Say, you fellows.

This is a Lisu lady teacher. She is going up to your village tomorrow to teach you!")

In China that would have brought smiles even from heathen, so I glanced up, eagerly hoping for some glint of kindliness in return. But all I saw were black scowls that shrivelled my soul. No welcome there. They made no answer, and Allan, after chatting in his genial way for a moment longer, urged us to go inside and have a cup of tea. The cordial hospitality of the Cranes was always a blessing.

> Let me live in a house by the side of the road
> And be a friend to man

was not their objective, but it tagged along anyway.

We had a grand talk after supper. Allan had secured three Thai boys to carry our things and stay with us while we were up there. They would haul our water, hunt our firewood, and cook for us. There was a sala in the centre of the second ridge, Evelyn said, where strangers could sleep and we could stay. Ta-Ngo village was on three ridges separated by deep ravines, and the headman, surnamed Honey, lived on the second ridge, just down from the sala. The Cranes had preached to them often, both in visits to their village and when they came down to market. Remember that The House by The Side of The Road was also by the side of the trail. Allan felt that headman Honey was under conviction; a man named Ah-lay had been in often to ask questions; and a family by the name of Wood had shown interest. Chinese New Year was due in a week, and if we did not return before it began we would have to stay for three days. No one is allowed out of the village for three days after the exorcism commences. Both Allan and Evelyn advised us to return as the drinking and carousing are terrible during those days. The devil's dance at Ta-Ngo is famous, and that year some of the consular staffs had sent word they were coming up to see it—men only. This would be a help to our safety on this trip, and together with the knowledge that the Cranes were watching out for us, it was felt we would not be in danger.

Despite all this comfort and the still greater consolation that the Lord had ordered our going—we certainly had not worked it ourselves—I could not sleep all that night. The vision of those evil heathen faces scowling down on me from

the top of the bus had done something to my nerves. I had never experienced such looks from Lisu before, and memories of their atrocities to women haunted my pillow. In vain I prayed, lectured myself, and "counted sheep." The Cranes had a clock that struck the hours, and I heard each hour ding-donged out in the darkness until five in the morning, when it was time to arise. But, as we all know, courage is not a necessity for action. Someone has said about Columbus and his crew, "If seasickness or terror were sufficient reason for turning back to the port from whence they sailed, America would still be in the hands of the Red Indian."

So, after an early breakfast and a sympathetic prayer by Allan Crane, we started up the trail by the side of the house. Two weak women accompanied by three strange Thai carriers made up the small procession. David's pebbles could not have looked more ridiculous to Goliath than we two women looked to the host of evil at Ta-Ngo. In fact we nicknamed ourselves just that, *David's Pebbles*, fortifying our hearts with the memory of that wonderful victory granted to a mere boy because he came in the name of the Lord of hosts.

For the first hour we threaded our way through rice fields and passed a couple of little Lao villages. At a turn of the path we suddenly encountered some Lisu women coming to market. Quickly I called out, "Where are you going?" leaving out the *kwa* and *lo* as Allan had instructed me. To my joy they answered back immediately, "Market"—with the casual indifference of those who do not know that a linguistic feat had just been performed on them! I had been so afraid that no one would understand me. (Being married to a language-wizard can produce a complex.) Gathering courage, I tried a second sentence on them. "Are you coming back tonight?" I called out. Again they understood for they shouted over their shoulders, "Coming back!" which is the Lisu way of saying yes. Then they added, "*Shya shya jee!*" That was new to me. I said to Edna, "Now what did that mean?" In China we said, "*Ah-zra-zra jee*," which is "Go slowly—take it easy!"—a common farewell to departing friends. But at least they were polite to us, which is more than the men on the bus had been. "What could *shya* mean?" I wondered. "It must be the *shya* of *clear. Go clearly!* In the precipitous Salween if you did not go

slowly you would be apt to slip over into the abyss; and in the jungle thicket of Thailand, I suppose a *clear* path ahead is a good wish. Hm! Very interesting!"

The Cranes had told us that it was about a four-hour trip, and we had left early so as to get to the village in plenty of time to pick our place to sleep and get settled. We would likely be mobbed with crowds wanting to stare at us, so we wanted to leave plenty of time. But those porters just wouldn't keep up with us. My diary has it: "The carriers are named Sidi, La, and Nu (Rat). Two of them are lazy. Walked fifteen minutes and rested ten. Got here at three in the afternoon." The frequent rest periods were annoying when we wanted to get there and see what we would have to face. But as we did not know the road we could not forge on ahead in safety. So we decided to utilize our rest periods for prayer. In the quiet of the mountains, with the great treetops above us catching any stray breeze and sheltering us from the hot sun with their lacy green foliage, the prayer-rest was so pleasant that we adopted it for a permanent part of our climbing programme thereafter. We prayed unhurriedly for every member of our North Thailand family and for the inquirers in the different tribes.

Just as the path began to climb upward, there was a cleared space in the woods and a tiny stream. Evelyn had packed a delicious lunch; crunchy crisp lettuce in a plastic bottle, sandwiches, and a wonderful cake, baked in her own style. A vacuum bottle of hot water added to powdered coffee or tea made it like a picnic. But from there on, we climbed steadily. Thailand mountains are like billows: after you climb to the top of a hill, you dip down again and push up the next crest and over. After ascending for about an hour, we crossed the crest of the mountain and began the billow-walking. Wondering how much farther it could be, we suddenly came to a crest, and there before us lay the final dip. On the top of the opposite crown were some little bamboo shanties on stilts! Ta-Ngo village, Ridge One.

On our side of the dip was a sala where we sat down to get our breath and have our last prayer time before the great moment of arrival. Would they receive us? Would they understand the message? Would any believe? Oh, the heartbeats of the pioneer!

Rested and refreshed, eagerly we pressed on. Some women were sitting on their porch, which is a roofless stilted bamboo platform approached by a notched pole-ladder.

"Oh, Auntie has come!" I heard a voice say. Women. Lisu women! I did not feel afraid of them. My heart eager to love them, I turned to climb their porch and sit with them. But with a scurry of panic they jumped to their feet, exclaiming in alarm, ran into the house and closed the door! Then men drifted around the corner and asked what I wanted.

"I am a Lisu teacher," I replied. "I have come to tell you a message from God."

"Well you can go to the next ridge to sleep," they responded gruffly, as they saw the Thai porters coming over the crest carrying our things. "Headman Honey lives over there," said one, indicating the Second Ridge. A ravine, some eighty feet deep, separates the two hills, but standing where we were, we could see the little black shanties outlined against the sky on that next crest. Not a house offered to receive us, and it was disconcerting to behold all the women run away from us. I did not want to talk to the men. I had come for those of my own sex. But anything strange in the village is always dealt with by the men first—another reason why this missionary pioneering is a man's job.

So on to Second Ridge we went. The sala was in the middle of the slope. It proved to be a flimsy structure with a grass roof. Half of it had no floor, but just bare earth, and it had obviously been used as a stable lately. The other half had a very high floor of bamboo matting, which we call a platform, and this is reached by the notched pole-ladder. Most salas have no walls, but this had two, one across the back and one at the farther side of the platform. A bamboo-mat partition extended from the back of the sala toward the ladder, making the third side of a corner at the back of the platform. This corner we chose for our sleeping space. Placing the carrying baskets from the end of the partition to the side wall, we barricaded ourselves in—not securely, but so that we did not sleep side by side with the porters. The porters slept on the other side of the baskets, which were so low that raising myself on my elbow, I could see over them. The sala faced the east, which was one of the open sides,

and it was from here that I saw the sunrise described on the first page of this book.

While we were arranging the baskets and getting out our sleeping bags, the Thai porters were sweeping out the straw and manure and setting up three stones for our stove—for we must cook there. Then they disappeared into the village to hunt for firewood and water—the water had to be carried up that eighty-foot embankment.

We had hardly fixed our baskets in place before Lisu men began to saunter up and children came running to look at us, but did not dare to come too close at first. One young fellow in his early twenties opened the conversation. I had no sooner explained the purpose of our visit than he said, "Good. I am going to believe in Jesus some day. I know Mr. Crane."

"What is your name?" I asked, greatly encouraged.

"Wood Six," he replied. "My family live over there"—indicating the end of the ridge with his chin—"but I don't live with them. Some of us have split off and moved over there"—again a chin gesture to the direction from which we had come. "I live in New Village now. Come over there and preach to us, will you?"

Thrilled, I readily assented, but of course urged him to decide for Christ immediately. It is Satan's own snare to whisper "tomorrow," thus easing conscience of its convictions. Wood Six nodded his head as if half decided to do so, and our hopes rose high. We had yet to learn that the reason Wood Six did not live with his family was that he was too lazy to work, and that his word was utterly untrustworthy. Part of the heartache of all missionary work is the bright promising convert who turns out to be a mere puff-ball, crumbling like a macaroon under the least pressure. Our Lord warned us that one-fourth of the Seed would fall into rocky soil with no depth of earth, but does the missionary ever get accustomed to it? "Give us the hope no disappointments tire" must be our daily prayer. And it is right to hope, for some of the Seed will find good ground. My heart was drawn to Wood Six because in outward appearance he resembled our Junia, mentioned in *Nests Above the Abyss*,* but in character he was not like him.

* By Isobel Kuhn, China Inland Mission, 1947.

At dusk the villagers come home from their fields, some driving their cattle before them. Ta-Ngo had no stables. The men let their cattle loose at night. There were two big bulls who were anathema to one another, a white one and a black one. Whenever these two caught sight of each other they would rush at one another and push with their horns. Of course the animal who was standing on the upper grade of the hill had better foothold, so the one on the lower slopes would have to yield. Often during the night Blackie and Whitey would have a fight, rushing furiously at one another and bumping into our flimsy sala with a force that threatened to knock it over. But they never did actually harm it.

Before dark many people had gathered around the sala, and someone called out, "Play your phonograph."

"I did not bring it," I answered, "but we will sing you Lisu hymns." I deliberately had not brought my Gospel Recordings. The Cranes said they had played them often to the people of Ta-Ngo, so I felt I wanted to introduce something else. Choosing gospel songs not yet recorded in Lisu, I first carefully read the words and explained the message of the song. When I felt they understood the spoken words of the song, Edna and I sang it together in soprano and alto. This was deliberate, too. I had heard no Lisu singing since I arrived in Thailand, and the lack of it astonished me. Everywhere along the Upper Salween in China one can hear the heathen yodel their songs, and part-singing has formed a most attractive part of Christian community life. Why didn't the Thailand Lisu sing? Would musical harmony attract them or repel? I was told that in another part of the Far East, part-singing was neither understood nor appreciated. On hearing a choir sing beautifully, a national was asked how he liked it. "All right," he answered, "but it would be better if they would all sing the same tune!" To him singing should be confined to the melody only. Were the Thailand Lisu like him, or were they like the Lisu of China? So, after reading and explaining, Edna and I sang together, "Men of the Household, Repent," and as our voices blended together I saw some of those hard evil faces soften, and some eyes even grow moist! They were the same race, sure enough!

In the East, for unmarried women to sing is usually taken

as a bad sign, but the Cranes had explained the Lisu hymnbook and sung a bit to them, and the explanation of our songs made our purpose clear. I never found singing any hindrance, and often it touched hearts to invite us into their homes. Music deeply stirred them, and they asked for it again and again.

When it grew dark we stopped and announced that we would not sing or talk any more that day; so we retired to our corner and to our sleeping bags on the platform floor.

No good Lisu woman would be outside her home after dark, and although the idle evening hours were the best opportunity to talk with the men, the women listening in the background, we had to forego it because there was no married couple with us to chaperon such a gathering. Here again was proof that tribal pioneering is a man's job. Night teaching in China had played a big part in the growth and development of the church.

My experience on arrival had shown me that there was no use calling to the women and then expecting an audience. I must catch them by craft. So right after breakfast Edna and I went over to First Ridge, leaving the porters to guard our things. The women began to run from us again, but I ignored them, and addressing the first man I saw I called out, "Where can I buy a crossbow?" People appeared as if by magic, for bargaining is one of their passions.

"How much will you give for it?" someone called out. I had no notion what one was worth, but really did want to get one for Danny, as he had been so disappointed that we could not bring his own beautiful polished walnut bow from China. Quickly I reckoned what it would have cost in the Salween Canyon of Yunnan, mentally exchanged the amount into U.S. money, and from that into Thailand ticals.

"Ten baht," I answered.

"You can have this one for fifteen!" called out a man, holding out a cheap bamboo model. If he only raised my price by half, then my price had been good!

"No," I replied in a firm voice. "I cannot pay more than ten." But some girls had slipped up behind the men and were listening—I was going to get an audience after all! "I have a little boy in America, who was born in Lisuland, and I want to buy it for him. He is praying for you folk that you

will soon come to know the Saviour of the world . . ." and from then on I got in a little message. As soon as they showed signs of tiring I shifted my position and went toward a lad whom I had seen slip into a house and come out with a bargaining look on his face. Two girls were sitting behind him on a porch, sewing.

"Fifteen baht is too much for that—it is only bamboo. In China we had beautiful polished hardwood crossbows. I won't give more than ten." And I made as if to return home. The lad edged up to me quickly and said, "Wait a moment, I can get you one," and disappeared back into the house. We smiled up at the girls, one of whom was his sister and so would be anxious to help on the family trade. I said, "Sewing on your New Year's dress?" They looked at one another and then the sister said impulsively, "Yes, come on up and sit with us!" Just what we wanted! So up the notched pole we went and sat down with them.

Young brother shortly appeared with a polished teakwood bow, much finer than that bamboo one, and I gave him ten baht very cheerfully. It had bought me more than they realized. We admired their pretty new dresses, for every Lisu has a new suit or dress for New Year, and talked back and forth for a while. Then the girl who was not the sister reached forward and stroked my skin.

"How white you are!" she murmured. "It is beautiful." Here was my chance.

"Little girl, there is something still more beautiful. It is more beautiful to have a white heart, and the Lord Jesus paid the price to give you one." Then I made the way of salvation as clear as I could. They looked at one another meaningly, but turned the conversation.

"Do you know anything that would make my teeth white?" asked Miss Fish, the one who admired white skin.

"Yes, but not as long as you chew that betel nut." (This filthy habit was such a trial to our flesh. They spit the dark bloodlike red stuff all over their floors; it makes their teeth black and their lips like tar.)

"Oh, I'd stop chewing if you gave me something to clean up with!" she said merrily, so we promised that on our next visit we would bring her something. On a later trip we brought

her a toothbrush and some paste, and the laughing bargain was made. She had never heard of nor seen a toothbrush in all her life!

In later visits I only had one more contact with this girl for her family moved away and she with them. It was on this later visit to Ta-Ngo I felt an urge to try to find Miss Fish, so Edna and I went one afternoon up to First Ridge to look for her. We found her at the edge of the crest where the trail drops down, down, down, and through green treetops you can see the plain stretched out far below you.

There she was at the door of her shanty, her teeth almost white now, and her lips a natural pink. But quickly the men of her clan gathered around to prevent our influencing her. "Sing something!" she called out. So, standing on the ridge top, looking off to the cloud-flecked sky (which brought Him whom we love very near, for the clouds are the dust of His feet), and with my arm around Edna's neck, we sang together, "Men of the Household, Repent!" When we turned to her again, her eyes were moist with tears. "It pierces my heart," she said, wiping her eyes in embarrassment. "It makes me love-long." But her father began to scoff and we felt it better to leave. I did not know this would be our last contact with her.

A longing for whiteness. Tears at the music of His call. Do you wonder that the pioneer missionary's heart beats high with hope and also with compassion? Where would you or I be today, if missionaries had not come to our ancestors at great cost to themselves? There is no other way for His salvation to reach lost men.

But now back to our first visit again. After procuring the crossbow and visiting with the two girls on the veranda, it was noontime, and we wended our way back, down to the water hole in the ravine bottom and up that steep eighty-foot climb to the sala. Here we mixed a bowl of noodles and cheese, stretched out for a few minutes on our sleeping bags, and then had our prayer for North Thailand. When I opened my eyes a few minutes later, a man was crouched silently watching us on the other side of the baskets. His face lit up, as his eyes met mine, and he whispered, "Now I know how to worship God!" and he went through a pantomime of bowing with folded hands and eyes closed—evidently mimicking

what we had been doing. He leaped down the ladder almost immediately, saying as he went, "Now I know! Now I know!" and every few minutes he would put his hands together and bow to Heaven. He was simple in his head, and because of a later hilarious experience with him, we finally nicknamed him Mr. Cabbagehead. He is younger brother to headman Honey. But all that we learned later. This little experience reminded us that we were being watched all the time and our every movement was important.

After our prayer time we decided to visit Third Ridge. Allan and Evelyn had warned us that there was an old witch-doctor in Ta-Ngo who liked to involve the missionary in useless arguments, and they warned us to beware of an old man with an earlobe stretched to twice the usual size, probably by having worn heavy earrings. But as yet we had not seen him.

On Third Ridge there were women on their porches sewing and children playing around, but as usual, as soon as they sighted us they gathered up their things and fled indoors. The only way seemed to be to take someone by surprise. So we slipped up behind a shanty, skirted it quietly, and then without warning suddenly turned the corner, walked up the ladder and sat down beside the seamstress. We blocked her way to her door, so had a very short chance to speak lovingly and kindly before she could get inside. In the meantime, men appeared from nowhere and surrounded us. A circle of them stood on the ground watching us, others clambered on to the small porch until we were pressed against the wall, so to speak. I noticed two old men on this veranda with us, and *one of them had a big ear.* But it was the other old one who spoke first: let us call them Big Ear and Old Sly.

"Wu-sa Ma-ma," began Old Sly. "Who is this? Your daughter?" pointing to Edna.

"No, she is just a friend," I answered.

"Is she married?" These questions were always asked me everywhere, and from people who knew the answer quite well.

"No. She has given her life to telling God's message. Married women cannot leave their homes and children."

"Are you married? Where is your husband?" And so on.

On a later trip, when John came too, I took him around and introduced him to all these people.

Then Old Sly leaned forward, and indicating Edna said, "Sell her to me. I will give you a thousand dollars for her. I want another wife."

"She is not available," I replied. "We are here to tell you that God, the Creator of Heaven and earth, loves you and sent His only Son to die for your sins." And then I presented the Gospel. But I was not allowed to say more than a few sentences before Big Ear interrupted.

"We don't understand you," he jeered. "You speak *sha sha* words. We are Lisu here. We don't understand *sha sha.*"

"That man over there understood me when I said I would not sell this girl to him," I replied, "and there are others who understand if you do not."

"Oh, no, they don't! They just try to guess what you mean. We aren't *sha sha* here, we are Lisu." And the listening circle of men snickered.

I saw that he was trying to prevent me from giving out the message, so I ignored him, raised my voice, and addressed that outer circle.

But Big Ear did not intend to give up the centre of the stage. "*Sha sha* words!" he jabbered. "We don't understand! We don't understand!"

"Well, suppose you be quiet a moment and let us see if those over there can understand," I replied.

A man in the crowd laughed, and said audibly, "He can't get the better of her!" This infuriated Big Ear. He grabbed hold of my arm, pushing his face into mine, and hissed, "I know people on the plain who would kill you!"

Now I knew that it is Lisu custom that a man may never handle a woman, so I became indignant. Temper is not courage, but it can make one reckless. "Take your hands off me!" I cried, unhooking his skinny fingers one by one from my arm. Then in desperation that the message might get out in some form, I turned to Edna and said, "Let us sing." A movement behind the bamboo wall had told me that the women and children were there, listening. So we sang, "Jesus Loves Me," which I felt had the simplest words and would be understood the easiest.

With a growl, Big Ear got up and jumped off the porch, muttering furiously all the way to his shanty. Old Sly had gone when the crowd laughed, and in a moment we were deserted—alone on the little porch. Yet the consciousness that there was an unseen One with us, who knew all about the jeerings of men, was very sweet. And He gave me a little gift. As the crowd was dispersing, I heard one man say to another, "She *does* speak Lisu."

We sang and talked to that hidden audience for a while, and then we got up and wended our way to the sala on Second Ridge.

But news of the encounter must have spread, for that evening as dusk was falling a group of young men pressed into our kitchen, almost surrounding the sala. They looked like the town rowdies and I knew they meant to make sport of us. The afternoon's experience had taught me that it would be better for me if I could control the conversation and that meant taking the initiative, so I went forward and sat with my feet on the top notch of the ladder, Edna sitting behind me on the platform. This lifted me above their heads and also barred the way to our sleeping quarters. I had taken up our pictures of the Christian Lisu in China, each of which was pasted on a piece of cardboard, and I used these to manipulate our talk.

"It is very nice of you boys to come and see us," I began with a friendly smile, and spoke as graciously as I knew how. Polite manners cow the boorish as much as anything. "In these parts you have never seen Lisu turn Christian, but in the Upper Salween, in China, thousands of Lisu have accepted the Lord Jesus and would never turn back to demon worship again. I have brought some of their pictures here for you to look at," and forthwith I held them out. They were rudely snatched from my hand and grabbed from one another, while they called out a word I did not understand. That was what had been my greatest fear—that I would not understand them. Then someone shouted, "Ho! Look at their clothes!"

"Yes," said another, a thoughtful boy, "but they *are* Lisu!"

"The women's dress is nearly the same as your women's," I said quickly, knowing that the men's was not. And in truth, of the three distinctly different Lisu costumes with which I am acquainted—those of Luda, Oak Flat, and Muchengpo differ

greatly—the Thailand Lisu women's dress is almost exactly like ours at Oak Flat. But one young fellow did not intend to be ingratiated. "Ha," he jeered. "Listen to what she says for *picture*!" and again he used the term I had found unfamiliar, which showed me in a second that that was their term for photograph.

"Yes," I maintained stoutly, "but your word is not *real Lisu* and mine is! Listen: *Tso-byeh. Tso* is the *tso* of *la-tso* (man) and *byeh* is, of course, *image. Tso-byeh*—a *man image.* Isn't that what it is?"

The thoughtful boy turned around with an air of authority. "She is right. She knows more Lisu than we do."

From there on they stopped baiting me, and we had a friendly talk about what it means to be a Christian.

When it grew dark, I had to put an end to the interview. I explained that as it was night now we must retire, but that we would be glad to see them in the morning. With that Edna and I turned and went to our nook between the outer walls and the kitchen partition, and we began to put up our mosquito nets.

Then I heard a voice behind me. The cheeky fellow had sprung up the ladder and, pushing his way behind the baskets, was in our "bedroom." This was what I had feared most, and I grew cold inside, but scowled the more fiercely at him to cover it up. "What are you doing here?" I growled.

"I've come for medicine," he answered with an impudent grin.

"You know we do not give out medicine at night!" I bluffed. "You get right out of here. You know perfectly well you have no right where we sleep!" Then I turned my back on him, as if of course he would leave. And to my amazement, he did! What I would have done if he had not, I do not know. Let me say again, this pioneering is a man's job. But we never had any more trouble with evil intruders after that.

Early the next morning, while we were eating breakfast, I heard a low voice call, "God's daughter! God's daughter! The baby has cried all night. Have you any medicine for him?" There on the ground, her eyes coming to the level of the platform, stood an old Lisu woman with a big goitre on her neck.

"Surely," we answered. We had prayed that God would order our steps that day, so very gladly we packed a bag and set off with her. . . . This woman we later nicknamed Martha Washington, and she turned out to be the mother of Wood Six. There are so many families of the same clan or surname, and so many people of the same number, that it grew hard to distinguish them. She started out as Goitre Wood, this was shortened to G.W., and then Eileen O'Rourke suggested that G.W. were the initials of George Washington, so George and Martha they became! . . . Martha poured out her pitiful story to me as we walked over to her shanty, the last one on the ridge to the south.

Her daughter had died, leaving a lovely baby son only a few weeks old. Martha could not get a wet nurse—the Lisu do not have that custom—and she did not know how to feed such a small baby, but she was passionately devoted to him. Could we help? Rice gruel had been given, but now he would not swallow anything. We took an eyedropper and some canned milk, and showed her how to feed him with the dropper, and left it with her. Of course her shanty filled with villagers, wondering what the strange white woman would do to an infant, probably expecting a sort of incantation such as their own witch doctors would try. This was an excellent preaching platform, and so we began to speak. George and Martha had six sons, as the name Wood Six would signify, and the twenty-four-year-old-one, Wood Four, was especially cordial to us.

"I would like to believe in Christ," he said, "but I am an opium addict. I smoke a lot every day. Could you help me break it off?" Even as he spoke he was preparing a pipe, and while we continued our service he lay down in an adjoining cubicle and puffed away at the drug. "Please sing for us," someone requested, and this we did, always reading and explaining the words first. Wood Four (later nicknamed Taddie) especially liked the song, "Now None But Christ Can Satisfy," and punctuated our singing with remarks, like this:

"I tried the broken cisterns, Lord," we sang.

Me, too, came Taddie's comment from his opium couch.

"But ah, the waters failed."

That's right, they do!

"E'en as I stooped to drink, they fled."

Exactly!

"And mocked me as I wailed."

How true!

and so on.

We left, finally, thrilled with the hope that Ta-Ngo was a ripe field, just waiting for harvest. But hope soaring, hope dashed, the fate of the pioneer awaited us. Later that day Taddie sought me out and spoke to me alone in a low voice. "I know fifteen families that want to believe," he confided to me. "If you will give five dollars apiece, I can get them for you right away." The quick swing-down of hope almost nauseated me, but gripping myself, I looked him straight in the eye and answered, "We never pay anyone for believing in Christ. We get nothing out of it if you turn Christian. The gain is all yours if you accept God's salvation, and the loss is yours if you don't."

He looked a bit ashamed, and answered quickly, "Oh, I intend to believe some time. But I must break off my opium first." Saying this, he slunk away.

Deep under this disappointment, how glad I was that we were working with indigenous methods. If that proposition had been put to a hired native preacher, one who knew that the missionary down in the big city was expecting to hear of quick results, and that the said missionary would probably never do more than pay a hurried visit to such an uncomfortable place (they can dress folks up and coach them to put on quite a good appearance for the visiting missionary just over night) would it have not been a temptation? "These poor families need five dollars to help them get started" would produce such a small sum quickly. I was interested to see, in the biography of Walker of Tinnevelly,* his own estimate of this matter, after seventeen years of ministering faithfully and fervently to the Church in India. He said, away back in 1902, in a letter to the Church in England on the subject of "Spiritual Life in the Indian Church," that one of the causes of weakness had been "the evil of financial dependence." He goes on: "From personal experience I do not hesitate to say that our most living congregations are those which have received the least

* *This One Thing*, by Amy Carmichael, pages 135-143.

financial aid; and the converse is also true." In that excellent paper, this scholarly man puts first on the list of causes for the weakness of their native church, the use of hired evangelists, many of whom, he says, are obviously not godly, perhaps not even converted. I quote: "Are we never influenced by what the world would call 'the exigencies of the case'? We have a vacancy to fill, and we appoint the best applicant available, perhaps, though the applicant in question may be an utter stranger to the life of Christ." What would such a one do, with an offer like the one Taddie made to me in secret? It is hard for the white person to live among these people and do the initial evangelizing. But it is the only way to obtain a real work of God, and we are not interested in the mere appearance of Christianity.

We spent all that day on Second Ridge, going from house to house. Where they would not invite us in, we stood outside and preached and talked. But our medical help and the previous work of the Cranes had softened the hearts of the people on this ridge and doors were open more. We visited every house but one, and that house, being near the sala, we left for the next day, but the morrow's events unexpectedly precluded our visiting there. Yet it was in that house of the Wood clan that God worked first, as we shall see.

All this time we had not met the headman, Honey. He was not home—he had gone to Chiengmai to bring his son back from the hospital, people told us.

And all this time we had not seen Wood Six again. So the morning of our last day there we decided to accept his invitation to New Village and go over and look him up. If he was sincere in saying he wanted to be a Christian, why had he not come to see us again? Incidentally, it would be an excuse to preach in a new place. We had to go back over the billowy road almost to the spot where we thought we had reached the top of the mountain. Right there a slight path slipping through the grass to the left is the only indication that there is a new village being planted on the other side of the crest. It was a lovely walk through the tree-shadowed mountains, and a little sala is invitingly placed near to the road branch, so we could sit a moment and cool off. Altogether the walk to New Village took us almost an hour, and to have the little

path end in a newly hewn glade was a pleasant surprise. There the shanties were, a shiny golden yellow against the dark green forest. Bamboo houses are yellow when new, but the bamboo gradually fades to a dirty grey, then into black with soot and dirt.

We had learned not to blurt out our message first thing, so when the women jumped up to run away at sight of us, I called out, "Where does Wood Six live? He asked us to come and see him." That brought them back and his dwelling was pointed out to us, right near the top of the village. He was staying with a relative and he was sick—that is why we had not seen him again. The house filled after us—women, children, and men providing a good audience. Wood Six's symptoms were easy to diagnose; it was malaria, and we had fortunately brought some atebrin with us. The American government furnished this free to Thai medicals, so we explained the goodwill gesture of our government when we administered atebrin. When it was our own drugs we used, we asked the patient's family to pay either in money or vegetables or firewood. This was not for our advantage, but to instil self-respect in them. And for their spiritual protection. To use Walker of Tinnevelly's words: "The poverty of many of our Christians is a fact beyond dispute. And yet it seems clear, on careful consideration, that financial dependence upon others is to a large degree *detrimental to real spiritual life* (italics mine). It teaches Christians to lean upon the arm of flesh instead of depending directly upon God. How many eyes in India are looking to the Mission, which ought to be turned, in living faith, to the hills from whence cometh our help. How much energy is paralyzed because foreign subsidies obviate the necessity of its active expenditure." From the very beginning we wanted to teach that they must not lean upon us, and no family was so poor but that they could go out and gather us a little firewood. But they usually gave us vegetables from their gardens. In China, the custom was an egg for a pill, regardless of the value of the pill! But in North Thailand the hens often die off from a paralyzing disease, and eggs were almost impossible to procure at Ta-Ngo.

As Wood Six felt a little better after the aspirin and atebrin had taken effect, we asked him to lead us to other houses in the

village. In this way the women did not run from us and we secured the audience we wanted. Reception was not cordial, but neither was there any unpleasantness. And then we came back home to our camping place.

As we climbed Second Ridge to the sala, a Lisu woman sitting on her porch beckoned to us and called out, "Come and sit with me!" It was our first spontaneous invitation from a Lisu woman in Thailand, and only the Lord knows how our hearts were beating with gratitude as Edna and I mounted the notched ladder and sat down beside her.

She was alone, so I lost no time in telling her of God's love for her and the salvation offered in Christ Jesus.

"I'd like to enter your church," she said, "but I may not, unless headman Honey gives me permission. I'm his second wife, you know, and he will beat me if I displease him. Oh, Ma-ma, you don't know what trials we Lisu women have." She now began to speak with emotion. "We were two sisters, left orphans; I was the elder. Little sister was married to a man at B. . . . He treated her cruelly and I could do nothing to protect her. We had no relative to whom I could flee for help for her. And just last year her wicked husband beat her to death. My little sister!" The tears were now streaming down her cheeks, "Oh, my little sister! And I could not help her." After a few minutes' pause to gain control, she continued: "I was married, too, but my husband died and left me with a young son. Then Honey took me as his second wife. I don't want to be his wife. His first wife hates me and tells lies about me and then he beats me unmercifully. I have begged him to set me free, but he won't. He has power and I am unprotected. If he wanted to beat me to death he could. There is no one to stand up for me or call him to account. I would like to be a Christian, but if he says I may not, I would not dare."

This gave me a wonderful opportunity to present One who is Saviour and Kinsman-Redeemer as well. She listened wistfully but shook her head when we urged her to decide for Christ. "I will pray to Him in my heart," was all she would venture. And she remains thus to this day. Her name is Ah-ka-me-ma.

At length we felt we ought to get back to the sala and get a bite to eat, as it was long since we had taken any nourishment. Once we were stretched out on our platform, we pulled

off our shoes and cooled and stretched our hot and aching feet. It was a luxurious feeling, for often our feet blistered. "Ah, this is what Tiggers like!" I sighed in satisfaction and fun. Edna looked at me questioningly so I said, "Don't tell me, Edna, that you have not read the *Pooh* books?"

"No," she admitted, "I have not. Tell me about them."

So that began a delightful source of relaxation that no one can enjoy as much as the pioneer whose emotions are stirred so deeply, all the world's anguish pressing one out of measure. Prayer is the only outlet for that, but after having committed it all to Him to turn to a good book relieves tension. Intensity of soul needs relaxing, even as violin strings must be loosened between use. To swing into the clean, sweet, funny world of a child's fancy is a splendid change and we merrily recognized Pooh, Piglet, Tigger, or Eeyore in ourselves on various occasions. Another companion was *Wind in the Willows*, especially the smell that Muskrat could not identify at first, but acknowledged that it conquered all other smells. When he got that scent he just had to drop everything and follow it; then as he got closer he suddenly knew what it was; why he had had to leave his first purpose and answer the call of this particular smell. "Oh, I know now," he told his complaining companion who had wanted to go in the other direction. "I know what the smell is now! *It is the scent of home.*" Whenever, on our returning journeys, my pace unconsciously quickened, Edna would tease me, "Is the smell getting stronger, Ma-ma?" The other end surely had a pull, especially the times when John had not been able to accompany us.

As we were drinking that wonderful cup of tea which also accompanies "what Tiggers like," two familiar boyish figures bounded up our ladder and stood facing us with the sudden bashfulness that overtakes the young male of the species when he is actually face to face with his desire. It was Honey One and his cousin. "Oh, so you are back?" we greeted them warmly. "Is your leg all better?" And then, with friendly chatter about the hospital we again told him of the Lord Jesus who loved him and wanted to lead him into life abundant. But even while we were talking, suddenly from a large wooden house below us appeared an apparition. A man in his early thirties dashed up the hill toward us and began cursing and

scolding the villagers. His handsome black eyes flashed with anger and his hands gesticulated excitedly. He was obviously lashing himself into a fury and there was real power and tyranny in his every movement. He never glanced at us, had apparently not yet seen us, but he was directing his fiery tirade on some men villagers who had been loitering around. His angry orders had something to do with the care of his horse, and with sullen but subdued looks the men began in obedience to move toward the animals.

"What is all this about?" whispered Edna.

"If I am not mistaken," I replied, "this is an exhibition put on purposely just for you and me, to show us who is the boss in this village! I reckon this is headman Honey."

Even as I spoke, the firebrand "happened" to look our way and saw us. The transformation was impressive. He started, looked very surprised, then melted in a second to such a nice, gracious host. Bowing to us, with still an air of hauteur, he advanced up the hill and spoke pleasantly.

"Oh, Auntie, you have come!"

"Yes," I replied steadily, "we have come to tell you God's way of salvation."

"Oh, yes, yes," he replied as if anxious to get a necessary evil over quickly. "Are you related to the Cranes down on the market?"

"Not related, but we are friends, fellow workers. You, I take it, are the headman here?" Oh, what a beaming smile I received!

"Yes, I am the father of Honey One; it was nice of you to give him candy in the hospital—he told me about it." Then, with one of his lightning changes, he turned on that boy and said sharply, "Go down and get Auntie some meat and vegetables!" Maybe he suspected that I knew it was the duty of the headman to entertain strangers. The son shot us a sullen, angry look, but not daring to disobey, shunted off slowly down the hill.

"That is my house," continued Honey, flashing his brilliant smile at us, and indicating with his chin the house from which he had issued. "Come down and sit awhile. If there is anything I can do for you, let me know!" And with an affable nod of the head, he was gone.

"Hm!" I remarked in English to his retreating back. "Quite a show you gave us. If I were an unscrupulous person, wouldn't I pull the strings of that vanity for my own purposes!" The whole pantomime had revealed quite a lot. Honey was very definitely a powerful character. He had a natural charm and warmheartedness about him that was really very winning. If he had only offered himself to the Lord Jesus what a lovable human being God would have made of him! As I remembered what God had done for Me-do-me-pa in China I shook my head with longing over this man. The very power and influence he so thirsted to obtain, God gave to dear Me-do-me-pa who had begun, just like Honey, as heathen headman over a very few villages; but ended up as a byword for wisdom for many days' journey all over the canyon. Truly Honey saved his life and—lost it. We can but weep over him, for despite his evil ways, we all of us like him. We saw generous impulses as well as greed; gentle wistfulness at times, as well as vanity. When Honey wanted to be nice, nobody could be nicer.

Allan Crane had had many loving talks with him as Honey dropped in to the house by the trail on his way to market. Besides his vanity and love of power, he had a great greed for money. In our later visits we watched that greed warring with the Holy Spirit for his soul. As Allan had told us, there were moments when you literally watched him melt toward the message. He would ask questions and his heart seemed tender and yearning. He would never deign to come and listen to us women preach, but often after speaking in a house in the village we would turn to find him with that gentle look on his face, listening at our elbow. There was a time when we had hoped that he would accept the Saviour. But there must have been a day when in his soul he definitely said No, for gradually he became, not just indifferent, but hard and inimical toward the Gospel messengers. When he worked himself up his temper was frightful; I myself believe he became demon-possessed. No wonder poor little Ah-ka-me-ma felt she could not face being clubbed to death by him.

That afternoon we had planned to visit the one remaining house, the home of the Wood family, which we had not managed to canvass the previous day, but an unexpected event hindered. As we were about to start, suddenly we saw a long

file of men carrying small oblong packs each the same size and obviously very heavy, because the size was much less than the ordinary manload of grain. They had armed guards with them who strode right into the house of Father Wood.

"Who are they?" whispered Edna to me, for we were frozen to a standstill.

"I don't know. I am afraid they are opium smugglers. Only opium would weigh what those small packs must," I whispered back. From the sala we watched; the armed men stood while the carriers filed past them, and the guards shouted orders in *Chinese.* On and on came the carriers, who were Thai in the main—twenty, thirty, forty, fifty we counted and still some came. The guard standing on Wood's porch ordered them to scatter to the various shanties on the hill, and in a surprisingly short time they were all gone. Melted out of sight! Then the Chinese head guard saw us, scowled, and began advancing toward us. Inwardly I prayed for wisdom, but the Lord was guarding us. Up the hill came headman Honey, who eagerly called out to them, and a conversation in Chinese (Yunnanese) followed.

"Who are these?" asked the chief guard grimly, nodding to us.

"Only missionaries," answered Honey. "Don't be afraid of them. They have good hearts."

The guard continued to scowl as if he would not trust Honey's word too readily. But a companion guard came up. "Have they any medicine?" he asked Honey. By this time they had approached our sala and were leaning on its fence, staring at us, who were seated on the platform. I felt I had better speak up.

"Yes, sir, we have a little medicine. Are you sick?" I spoke as politely in Chinese as I knew how. Honey's eyes opened with surprise. "Oh, Auntie, you speak Chinese, too?" he said.

The second guard smiled with pleasure, came up to me and spoke almost reverently. "Madam, two of our men have malaria. Do you have any *paludrine*?" and he used that name in clear English.

"No, but I have atebrin," I replied. Remember, no one had said they were smugglers, and besides, malaria, if it is not checked, will spread to others of the population.

"Atebrin is just as good," said this Chinese courteously.

"It is the American drug, is it not, and paludrine is the English?"

"I do not know," I answered, and gave him enough pills for two men, as he had asked He held out a five-baht note —much too much in any case, but of course I had to tell him it was not for sale, but the gift of the American government to help stamp out malaria in Thailand.

"Never mind, you just take it for yourself," he urged, and seemed very impressed when I refused. He appeared to be an educated young man and I explained the Gospel to him in his own language. He listened respectfully and would have asked questions if the head guard had not called him away.

That head guard's evil look showed definite animosity. As there was not a shanty which was not hiding these men, we felt we should not attempt any house visitation but confined our ministry to preaching to the crowds who came to the sala.

That evening, under cover of dusk, Honey One slipped up on to the platform by himself. "If I became a Christian, will God heal my leg?" he asked wistfully. We assured him that God would, if it were best for him, but that God sometimes uses sickness to give us other gifts instead. He knew his leg would likely break out again with the poor diet of the mountains, and, having experienced countless cases like it in China, I knew we could not promise miraculous cure. Then as it was dark we turned to our sleeping bags.

But I could not sleep—life had been too exciting that day. It must have been about midnight when stealthy footsteps approaching startled me into a chill. I had been pondering the head guard's scowl; we did not know who the opium smugglers were anyway. Were they fifth columnists for the communists? Were they only greedy for trade and money? What was happening under cover of night in this village? So when I heard that sinister approach I was frightened. Edna and the Thai boys were sound asleep, to judge by their breathing, but every bit of me was alert. Then I heard a voice growl in Chinese: "Where are these foreigners sleeping? I want to see—here!" And a powerful beam from a flashlight was directed on us. I lay quietly as possible but my heart was thumping so loud I wondered if he could not hear it. The light lay on us for a moment, then it was flashed off with

a grunt of relieved disgust. A moment later the same voice called out: "Ho! Old Chang—have you any lard to sell?" Our next door neighbours answered back sleepily, then I heard the smugglers enter his house, and a muffled conversation followed. Relieved that we had been passed by, I relaxed and finally fell asleep.

The next day was the last day before Chinese New Year celebrations shut the village in for three days, so we had to return home. The Lisu were incredulous that we would deliberately miss seeing the famous devil dance.

"How could I enjoy seeing you worship the Devil? He has been no kind master to you, ever," I pointed out.

"Oh, well, just stay, Ma-ma, and we believers will dance to God!" said one of the would-bes.

"You cannot mix up Devil worship and the worship of God," I answered. "We shall come back again when it is all over." And so we left.

No one had been converted, but the Seed had been sown. . . . The women's fear of us had been broken. From then on they came to us, especially with their sorrows. . . . Certain of the young men had been taught respect for us. . . . Just a weak little wedge had been thrust into one of Satan's strongholds.

But God was kinder to us than we expected.

One morning after the devil-dancing days were completed, down in The House by The Side of The Trail at Hweiphai, an awkward, slow-witted Lisu youth pushed in through the doorway. In his excitement he had not noticed the sill and, almost falling headlong into Evelyn Crane's arms, he blurted out, "*Ngwa nu nu wa du la ni shih!*" (We want to enter you!) It was the ignorant way of saying that they wanted to enter the Christian religion. Evelyn and Allan could hardly believe their ears. The lad was Wu-be, good-natured but phlegmatic son of Father Wood of Ta-Ngo. He spoke the truth. A break in the Lisu tribe had come at last!

Weary was our heart with waiting,
And the nightwatch seemed so long,
But His triumph day is breaking
And we hail it with a song.

God's child does not enter the lists in vain.

8

Summit Camps

STRICTLY speaking, we establish a Summit Camp only when converts in a certain village invite a missionary to take up residence among them and offer to build him a shanty. It really costs the tribes very little labour to put up what they call a house, and it is a pledge of their real interest in the missionary who must sacrifice so much of human comfort in order to dwell among them, minister to their sicknesses, instruct them in the Gospel, and teach them to read and write.

The tribes are nomadic to some extent, and the fact that they discard their own houses so easily, frequently moving to another place and putting up new ones, is proof that a shanty is not a thing of great toil or worth to them. It is not imposing on them for us to expect such a small pledge that they should house the missionary they are inviting. Since I began to write this book, two of our Summit Camp villages have moved! One village dissolved entirely, different families moving to different points; the other village moved en bloc, a whole day's journey away. So the Summit Camps mentioned here must be regarded as typical of what forms the tribal missionary's life, rather than a work of permanent continuance. The work continues, but the village sites may be deserted.

Our first Summit Camp was not formed within the principles we hope to reach, but it was set up with the best use of facilities, personnel, and circumstances within our grasp. It was not a pattern for other Summit Camps to follow, but rather the exception which has proved the rule is wise.

It was a full week after Edna and I had returned to Chiengmai before we learned that a family by the name of Wood (surname translated, of course) had sent word that they wished to become Christians, if only someone would come up and show them how. Allan and Evelyn felt that the time element was important, for if we delayed, the Woods' neighbours might persuade them to change their minds. So while

the Cranes sent word to us to come, they themselves set out to try and hire horses, so that Allan could go up in person, and his heart muscles not be overstrained. They obtained them immediately. Note that fact, because on later occasions when they tried to get horses they were unable to do so. But this time there was no trouble whatever, and off up to Ta-Ngo they went.

Down in Chiengmai this unexpected news arrived before superintendent-husband had returned from his long trip among the Miao. We could not consult him, but it was obvious what the Lord wanted us to do. So, prayerfully, we made our preparations to go back up to that same Lisu village. Who would be appointed permanently to the Lisu was a matter the superintendent could decide later.

This time, in preparing, Edna and I knew better what to take. Among other things we included some Gospels and other literature in Chinese, a few Lisu catechisms, a small supply of paper and pencils for those who might want to learn to read and write their own language, and a wider variety of medicines than we had taken before. When we reached Advance Camp Hweiphai, Evelyn and Allan had already returned and had a thrilling story to tell us.

"The Wood family have burned their demon altar!" they called out to us shortly after we had clambered down from the bus. Can you imagine how this news thrilled us? And the high beating of our hearts? Early that morning (my diary tells me), before we had left Base Camp, the Lord's word to me had been from Exodus 34:13, "Ye shall destroy their altars." I had known nothing of what happened up the hill. Among the Yao, Brother Six had already believed in Christ for some months, but his demon altar was still up in his home. Though he did not use it himself, others in the family did. So we had no reason to think up such a word by ourselves. It is wonderful to have God talk to you like this, as Person to person, in the holy stillness of your heart's sanctuary. And when you see the fulfilment, you just retire there and praise Him. Oh, it is wonderful to belong to His army and to share His counsels!

After we had washed off the dust of bus travel, we all sat down to Evelyn's snowy white table for a cup of tea, and to hear the rest of their story.

Wu-be had told them that his father sent him to ask Allan and Evelyn to come up and help them get rid of their evil spirits. They had headman Honey's permission to do so. Note this point, for it concerns all the tribes. Honey never would give permission to any other family to destroy their demon altar, and the tribal economy is so interwoven with the headman's power, that for one family to break away is social suicide. We will see this principle working in the Wood family as our tale proceeds.

Allan and Evelyn rode up to the village and made their camp in the sala. The Lisu family on the kitchen side of the sala we have named The Blind Honeys (to distinguish them from the headman's family—they had a little daughter who went blind). The family on the platform side of the sala had shown much promise, and the father's name was Ah-lay. Both these families had half promised to turn Christian. Down the hill from Blind Honey's house was the bamboo hut of Father Wood. (We called him Father Wood to distinguish him from the many other Wood men in the village; it was a long time before we found out that he had another name, which no one ever used.)

Down to this shanty sped the eager missionaries. They knew it well, for they had been here three or four times before, and Father Wood had seemed to be on the point of believing. He had arthritis and was an opium addict, and anything but a promising object for the Lord Jesus. Even now, as Allan and Evelyn entered at his own invitation, he looked nothing to be proud of. So crippled that he could not walk, he sat beside his fire all day and night, or lay down beside it to smoke his opium pipe. Dirty, unkempt, old and crippled—who would want him? Surely only the Lord, who died on Calvary for man's sin, would ever give such an object a second thought. Yet his face lit up when he saw the two white people, and he asked them to sit down. Villagers crowded in and the Cranes had a wonderful opportunity as they again made clear the Gospel message, and what was involved in becoming a Christian. Long into the night they talked; Allan being present, Evelyn might stay with propriety.

Father Wood was a thinker, and, confined to his one spot on the floor, he had pondered over the new message and the

old bondage. He and Mother Wood had had nine children in all, but now only two were left. Wu-be was twenty-three years old, and there was an older married daughter named Ah-mee-do. For every sickness they had sacrificed their pigs, chickens and animals, but even with such propitiation to the demons, their children had died. And now this disease had settled on the father himself. Paying sorcerers for many costly incantations, they had been reduced to poverty but had received no profit. Serving the demons was of no avail.,

Would this Jesus Christ prove more powerful? Father Wood had decided to try Christianity, and it was obvious that the whole village looked upon it as a test case. Many doubtless expected immediate calamity the moment his ruthless hands might touch the demon shelf. The missionaries said that Christ was more powerful than the demons—was that true? Could anyone be stronger than the evil spirits who had ruled their race from time immemorial?

To make the healing of Father Wood's arthritis the test of the efficacy of Christ's blood to atone for man's sin was not our desire. We know that God can and does heal miraculously. But these tribes need their *sins* dealt with much more than their bodily infirmities. None of the tribes have any sense of sin or of the holiness of God. To them, no sin matters unless one is caught doing it, then of course the ensuing punishment matters. The tribe cannot be lifted out of their degradation until they are made to know what is sin, and what is sin's remedy. So Allan carefully put this to Father Wood as the real issue. Yes, the old man said that he believed that Christ died on the cross for his sin, and that he wished to receive Him as his personal Saviour from sin. Whether he got better or not, he was going to be a Christian, and tomorrow they would do it. Now let us hear Allan tell it in his own words:

The next morning, before breakfast, we all gathered in his hut again. The whole village, except Honey, was there. The strange thing about these gatherings in the hut, both the evening before and that morning, was that the other villagers, although they crowded in, kept clear of Father Wood's side of the fire, and all remained on the other side and near to the door. It looked like a Great Divide! I read some verses from the Gospels and explained them; read also from the catechism and

explained; Evelyn and I sang a hymn or two and explained. We prayed, and then Father Wood prayed. It always amazed me the way he could pray, right from the beginning; he just talked to the Lord, but his language was classical Lisu, if one might use that term. It was full of those four-word expressions which abound in and enrich Lisu poetry; they just seemed to flow from him, the Lisu language at its highest and best. Then Father Wood hitched himself around on that dirty old pallet of his, for the demon shelf hung up on that side wall right behind where he sat, and he called out:

"Go away! We've had enough of you. We have served you faithfully, we and our forebears have nourished you all these years, and I the best of all, because of our many troubles and sicknesses. But did you cure us? No. Now we have heard the words of God and the Lord Jesus. From now on I, Father Wood, Mother Wood, Ah-mee-do, Wu-be and Be-be (the grandson) are turning to God. We do not want you here any more. Be gone!"

He then turned around toward the central fire again and prayed, asking the Lord to help and keep them from all evil. I think at this moment a cloud of horrible fear came over him, but the Lord helped him to do the right thing. Everybody was watching, and after his prayer, Mother Wood and Wu-be got up and tore the shelf down, as Father Wood told them to do. We did not touch a thing, except perhaps when Evelyn helped carry a piece to be burned outside. It was all sent up in flames out there in what was almost the centre of the village. The company was very solemn and I think they really expected a calamity. They stole out of the shanty and were very quiet all the rest of that day. Evelyn and I had to come back with the horses, but of course the family needs teaching now, and so we sent for you two to return.

This little story kindled our hearts, as you may imagine, and we arose to prepare for our second visit to Ta-Ngo with joyous expectancy. Early that next morning as we were arranging our loads for the porters, Evelyn came up to me and held out a much-bethumbed piece of paper, covered with laboriously printed Lisu letters—the first attempt at writing, of the first Lisu Christians in Thailand. "It makes me cry," I said to her, wiping away a tear. Her eyes brimming over, she replied gladly, "Me, too." Both of us were thinking of the little smudged notes we used to receive from new converts in

China, delighted to have a way of telling out their heart's love and gratitude to their esteemed missionary, even when distance separated them. Was God going to give us that again, in Thailand?

So it was with very thrilled hearts that David's Pebbles went up the hill again. My diary tells us that two of our Thai carriers this time were surnamed Kam, and the third, Kiaw. Kam means *gold* and is as common as our Smith. Again we camped in the sala, but as soon as possible made our way down to that one shanty which we had not visited: we went in and met—*Father Wood.*

Every Lisu shanty, on stilts or on the ground, has a central, open wood fire; and with it plenty of ashes constantly deposited on everything within sight. In China, the Lisu slept on low planks for a bed, but in Thailand they copy the Thai, who curl up on a mat spread on the floor. There was no furniture but a low circular table which was hung against the wall when not in use, and grain bins or sacks. A Lisu house usually looks like the worst of junk shops! Sitting on a dirty pallet on the other side of the fireplace was an unkempt, unwashed man of about fifty years of age. He was hugging his gnarled knee, for the right foot could not be straighened out due to an enlarged arthritic joint. Soot and dirt were caked in the wrinkles of his hands and neck, but he smiled when he saw us and ordered his wife to give me their only seat—a small square of wood about two inches from the floor. Mother Wood was a round, kindly faced woman, fat in an unhealthy, flabby way. She was probably swollen with beri-beri, from which she had suffered a lot, and consequently she, as well as he, was a heavy opium smoker. Of course none of them could read or write. Until the missionaries came no one had ever heard of a Lisu being able to read or write his own language! Such a possibility never seems even to have entered their imaginations.

The hut was immediately filled with heathen neighbours who wanted to see what we were going to do now. Always the *sub rosa* whispers were sent around that these white people had a hidden motive and purpose which would only gradually be revealed and which would mean tragedy for the ones who had received them. Why else did they come? Just for love of the Lisu and to help them? Who would be such a fool as to believe

that? They meant to steal their children and carry them off to America to make soldiers of them—this press-gang report was a common lie spread about all the mountains. It was told also among the Miao and other tribes. I could not help suspecting that its origin was communistic. In China people had lied about the pioneers, too—said that they had come to steal their land, that they wanted their children's eyes with which to make their strange medicines, and so on. But to make them into soldiers in America was too *red*; that propaganda did not come from the Thai or the tribes. And so the missionary battles an unseen foe all the time.

Then there was the question of what to do next. Here was the first convert—a dirty, old, illiterate opium smoker. Where are you going to start? The pioneer's heart sinks before his difficulties many a time. But a potent word from Campbell Morgan has often helped me. He said: "The whole difference between faith and fear is that of the difference of putting our 'buts' before or after God. God commands, but there are difficulties. That is paralysis. There are difficulties, but God commands. That is power." So we shook off our paralysis and deliberately placed the *but* before God.

First we must get acquainted with them all; so we chatted away, asking about the family history, the reason for their burning their demon altars, how old they were, and so on. This was pleasant. The tribesman is a frank, genial body with the simple, open curiosity of a child. He loves to tell you about his family and his history as far as he knows it, and never ceases to be thrilled to hear about that Alice's Wonderland called America. But we only use such to relax tension and put folk at their ease. My diary records that on that first visit we went over the great fundamental truths of our faith, feeling for the amount of knowledge that had been assimilated by these poor opium addicts. We also tried to explain the joy that the Lisu Christians in China had received from learning to read and write, urging them to attempt it also. I had little hope of Father Wood learning to read, but young Wu-be, even though he was obviously dense, should certainly be able to. All of us who have used the Fraser script with simple tribespeople would never use any other. There are other scripts that are more intricately

worked out, but to my mind they are far too complicated for the tribesman to learn. Wu-be had already made a start at the Lisu alphabet, under the Cranes' tuition, so we began to build on that. Remembering stories from Mr. Fraser's own experience of the unlimited patience the pioneer missionary needs in these initial steps, I gritted my teeth, and the next day we began to teach. Here Edna was able to help and carry her share, for she could read Lisu now, although she had not yet learned the meaning of the words nor the structure of the sentences.

Father Wood proved to have a keen mind, though you would never have guessed it to look at him. Not to be outdone by his son, he also began to go over the first lessons, and as he had plenty of time to spare, not being able to do anything else, we did not discourage him. In China we had known only two men of fifty years of age who had learned to read, and none older than that. Father Wood was fifty-three.

But there was another very obvious place where they must be helped—in their health. Right from the start we spoke gently but firmly about the need to bathe and keep clean. This was usually greeted with chuckles, as a funny idea! But it was a great encouragement to see Father Wood, the next morning, heat some water, pour a little into his small teacup and dribble it over his hands until the soot ran off in black rivulets and the colour of human skin once more began to appear. Besides this good advice, we gave them medicines. Neither Edna nor I had taken any nurses' training, but any educated white person knows that vitamins, liver and iron shots or pills will build up health, and aspirin helps relieve rheumatic pains. Then, too, I had learned that every Lisu has some malaria in his veins, so we added atebrin to our pharmacopoeia. Experience had taught us that the tribesman will not obey medical orders. He reasons like this: If two pills every four hours will help you, then twelve pills all at one dose will make you well six times as fast! It is no use trying to explain our dosing system to them. They will smile sweetly and nod in wonderful understanding and even repeat the words after you—but as soon as your back is turned, likely as not, down go all the twelve pills at one time. So I laid the burden of remembering on myself, and every few hours I placed the pills in Father Wood's

hands and stood over him until he had swallowed them. At the end of that week, while Edna and I were seated in the sala eating our lunch snack, one of us cried out, "Say, do my eyes deceive me? Is that Father Wood below his house picking up firewood?" It was. He, who for so long had not been able to stand up or walk, at the end of a week of such simple remedies was able to take a little stiff-legged stroll along Second Ridge! Hope of a cure, when real medicals could come up and care for him, soared high in our hearts.

Every day we taught him to read the catechism, pointing his fingers at each of the words (he was really memorizing it, of course, but that was what we wanted—to get the truth into his heart and mind). Every day we preached new truths to him, and from time to time we made excursions to other ridges to preach and evangelize. We were astonished to find that no one wanted to learn to sing! Wu-be and a friend tried one afternoon, but that was all, and Wu-be soon gave up learning to read as too difficult! He was obviously being ridiculed at his slowness by his fellows, and he could not endure it. Old Father Wood laboured away, but was constantly held up by the little words *to*, *at*, and the verb-final *lo* which his dialect did not use, and which were so hard to explain, as the *lo* has no meaning in itself. The patience of his teachers was sorely tried, and we wondered if we were wasting time trying to teach him.

The weather also became a trial, for it clouded over and began to rain. The sala roof leaked, and everything was sopping wet. We had to spread plastic sheets over our sleeping bags and pull the basket lids over our heads in order to keep dry at night, and the Thai porters just picked up their blankets and moved into Father Wood's house, leaving us alone after dark. As I lay there, cold, and feeling the dampness all around, I recollected a similar experience in China which had given me lumbago, and I knew if that recurred I would never be able to walk home. I would be marooned up there! So I said dismally to Edna, "If this keeps up, I wonder if we should not cut short our visit and go back for this time."

"O Ma-ma," she said immediately, "run away because of a little rain and discomfort? Oh, we couldn't do that!"

And then I knew she spoke the truth. It was once more a

case of *the whereabouts of BUT*! It was raining, *but God. . .* ! The courage and faith of a young worker can often be a blessing to an older one. So we stuck it out.

We had other adventures, one of them not at all pleasant. The tribes do not use or make toilets. The shelter of a tree in the nearest copse is the most privacy you can hope for, and in the heavy rain it can be miserable. It was during this time that I had an experience which, although I came to no actual harm, entirely unnerved me. When I got back to the sala I said to Edna, "We must pray the Lord for a shanty of our own. If women are to come and live here, they must have the protection of a little privacy now and again. If we had our own shanty we could arrange it—I am going to pray for a place of our own." This was the reason that Summit Camp Ta-Ngo was established before the people had invited us, or were prepared really to help us. It is again, basically, because we were women, not men. Men would have been in no danger from the above circumstance. But I am getting ahead of my story.

Sunday afternoon the weather cleared—we were due back in Base Camp on Tuesday. As we were eating supper, looking out over the beautiful mountain ridges in that eastern expanse, I noticed a man in white come up over the crest of Ridge One. "O Edna, look!" I cried. "A white man is coming. Who could it—*John*!" In two jumps I was down that ladder and waving enthusiastically to the approaching traveller! Only two people in the world have that walk—John Kuhn and his son. The Lisu, hearing my shout, gathered around curiously, so I had great pleasure in telling them that this was the person they had been asking about—my husband. On returning from his Miao trip, he had learned the good news from the Carlsons, and immediately started out again to visit the first Lisu convert. Oh, what fun it was to greet him as he pushed up the steep slope toward our sala! He was a lot thinner—had lost some twenty or thirty pounds on that Miao trek, but felt it had been good to get down in weight to better hiking trim.

Oh, how the tongues wagged in the shanty as we told our story and he told his! We had not seen one another for thirty days. Then there was the joy of taking a *man* down to Father

Wood's house, and once more basking in the uncomfortable shadow of my husband's easy Lisu and watching the two of them get acquainted. John slept there that night. Whenever he came to Ta-Ngo he was very particular not to sleep where the single women were, as the tribes must be taught chaste living, and they would not have believed it otherwise. Second or third wives are quite common with them.

So, after a time of prayer with the Wood family, and a promise from John that the two Pebbles would be allowed to return to them in a week or so, we took our departure.

Here I would like to give you a translation of the first prayer I ever heard Father Wood make. I had jotted part of it down when I got to the sala. Remember, these words came from one whose body was still in its grime and soot, but whose soul had just been washed in the blood of the Lamb. He prayed: "O Thou who dwellest in the High Place, we have *entered* Thee. I and my wife, my son and my daughter, and my grandson, have entered Thee. Spread Thine arm over us, brood us under Thy wing as a mother hen her chicks . . ."

"And such were some of you: but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." Dare ye then despise those of earth's dust who have never had an opportunity to be washed? Ye feel yourselves justified, the élite of the universe; do ye not owe a debt to your poor earth-bound brother, who could love his Creator as gratefully, as devotedly as you, *if he were told how*?

We sped down through the woodland trails, on our way home, and we made them ring with our song:

From the glory and the gladness,
  From His secret place,
From the rapture of His presence
  From His radiant face:
Christ, the Son of God, hath sent me
  Through the midnight lands;
Mine the mighty ordination
  Of the piercéd hands.

The ideal thing, at this point in the work, would have been to have a single man to make periodic journeys up to Ta-Ngo and teach the converts. We had none such available.

Charles Peterson spoke Lisu but he had not yet arrived in Thailand, and after arrival he must learn some Thai. The next best thing, as John saw it, was to send Edna and me up to instruct them from time to time. There was no other young worker who had passed her Thai examinations and was ready for an appointment to the Lisu tribe. We were all of us so new in this land.

It was fifteen days before Edna and I were free to go again. Then John took a survey trip with Orville, and I was allowed to make a trip to the Lisu. It was at the end of this third visit that headman Honey came to us and told us that he had sold the sala to a Chinese refugee, a Moslem—four of such had recently moved into Ta-Ngo. When we came back the next time we must sleep at the Woods'; there would be no sala. This precipitated my desire for a shanty of our own. I began to make inquiries if I could not buy a shanty on the Second Ridge. To sleep at the Wood house meant sleeping with heathen men, side by side on the floor, for there was almost always a trader staying with the Woods. For us women, it was not desirable without a missionary man present. I had not inquired long before a bright young fellow popped up the ladder and offered to build me a new shanty for some four hundred baht (about sixty-five U.S. dollars). Under the indigenous policy no such move should be made without consulting the local Christians, so I took the matter down to Father Wood and I saw in a moment that he was troubled—the price was too high. But to my astonishment I had an unexpected offer! In the corner, not noticed by me, headman Honey lay smoking his opium pipe, and he had heard all we had said. Suddenly he sat up and opened his mouth: "Ma-ma, I will build you a shanty free," was his astounding offer. "Can you vaccinate?"

Yes, we had often done it for our Lisu in China.

"You vaccinate the children of this village free of charge, and we will build you a shanty of your own—just wherever you want it—*free.* Why, last year a Thai came up here and charged us four or five baht a child, and it was no good—never took at all. Now you bring good vaccine, and we will build for you, as a thankoffering."

Perfectly thrilled at the idea of a little place of our own, on our return Edna and I presented the matter to Superintendent John. He was not enthusiastic.

"That is not the indigenous way," he said quietly.

"But we are not paying anything for it!" we replied, astonished.

"But that is not the point," he continued. "To get something for nothing is not our purpose. A Summit Camp should not be established until the people feel their *spiritual* need of the missionary. You are really paying for this hut with work and vaccine instead of money. I do not think it will turn out happily —they are not asking you to come in order to learn of Christ and the way of salvation."

"That is true," I made answer, "but if you must have the perfect indigenous way, then give us men to go! If women have to go, there must be some place where they can be private occasionally, and that is only possible if they have a room to themselves with four walls around it! There is no such place unless we accept this offer! And if girls are to be the Lisu tribe's only hope of a missionary, they have to live somewhere until they learn the Lisu language—do they not? They cannot learn Lisu living among the Thai—that does not work out well, as we have experienced."

"All right," said Mr. Superintendent. "Since the situation is as it is, go ahead. Just remember you are not building according to our pattern. I hope it will not be so with the other tribes." And it was not.

So we sent back word to the Cranes, who were to relay the message to headman Honey that he could go ahead and build us a shanty, and we would be up to vaccinate by a given date.

It was three weeks before we were able to go again, and this time John planned to go with us and investigate this planting of a possible Summit Camp. But when we arrived at Hweiphai, we found that Esther Cooke was there and ill. She must get to medical care in Chiengmai, and the only person able to escort her was John, so he had to turn right back and take Esther, leaving us to go up the hill alone again.

Edna and I will never forget that day. We had the vaccine with us, but would Honey keep his word? Would there be a shanty for us? And a little outhouse which we had explained must be included? We could not sleep at the sala this time—that Chinese Moslem was in it. What awaited us?

As we reached First Ridge and the Lisu called out to us—for they were friendly now—we asked them if our house had been built. "Yes, it is going up," they shouted back, and our hearts beat high with joy.

As we turned the corner from where Second Ridge would be visible our eyes eagerly searched out the hillside. Yes, away off to the left of the cluster of shanties a new one was going up. It was not quite where we had asked for it, but in an even better site, as time proved. The walls were up but the roof was not on. Ah-ka-me-ma was one of our nearest neighbours, so we went in to talk with her for a while. Headman Honey was not long in coming over.

"I've built the house for you—have you brought the vaccine?" he asked. Yes, we had brought it and, more than that, we had brought an enlarged snapshot of himself and also one of the Wood family, each framed and ready to hang on the wall. Didn't his eyes glitter with vanity as he beheld himself, a good likeness, and framed in silver-painted moulding! He was exceedingly friendly and warmhearted that visit. But he had gone back on his word that the shanty would be free. He said that as headman he must "tax" us for this new place—four hundred baht. Father Wood was furiously indignant. "There is no such tax," he growled. "His underheadmen planned this. They are three, and with Honey they will each get one hundred baht. I told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself."

No one will ever know the joy we experienced that night as Edna and I climbed into our sleeping bags, with four walls around us (no roof yet, it was true, but God's own brilliant stars twinkling down on us). A place of our own, where, whenever we had to come, we might be sure of occasional privacy—it seemed the height of luxury. Our dear Lord had given us more than He had allowed Himself—a place to lay our heads.

Lord of night's jewelled roof,
  Day's various tapestry,
Lord of the warp and woof
  Of all that yet shall be,
'*Tis wonderful to me*
  That I am loved by Thee.

AMY CARMICHAEL

How often I whispered that little verse to Him as I snuggled down to sleep.

John had done the valiant again and had made Ta-Ngo in one day from Base Camp; he arrived that night but spent it, of course, in Father Wood's house. The next day the roof was put on our little fifteen-by-seventeen home, and as we surveyed it all, we nicknamed it Higgledy-Piggledy. I will quote from our circular of those days.

We call it Higgledy-Piggledy because of its appearance. How else could you describe a wall that starts off being made of planks (old warped ones) then extends itself with a length of bamboo matting, and finally (that not being long enough either) ends up with bamboo poles stuck upright and strapped together? That is the south wall of our new shanty at Ta-Ngo.

But that is not really the way to look at it! Life is all in the way you look at things. Try this angle! The Lisu built it for us in exchange for our vaccinating their children free of charge. The headman accepted some remuneration ("ate our money" as they would say) but the workmen did their part for nothing, and when they look at the house they will have a feeling of possession—"I got that bamboo and tied on that edge, so that my Johnny would be saved from smallpox." And with the feeling of possession may come an interest in the occupants and their message, for there is still only one Christian family in the village.

Higgledy-Piggledy House is built at the edge of a knoll of grey rocks, where some day flowers are going to grow, and where every stray breeze creeps up and fans us. It has no furniture at present. We sleep on the floor and fold up our bedding in the morning, and the bedding roll is our only chair all day long. Our stove is three stones set upright on mother earth, and we eat out on the veranda with the whole village spread out before us. On clear days, through a dip in the hills of First Ridge we even get a glimpse of the Thai plain far, far below.

Draw from your far-horizons, beauty and ecstasy,
Treasure to deck a palace, housing my Love and me.
And please could you spare one sunset to hang on this grey north wall?
Your brush must have painted millions; you can't be using them all.

I could use some draperies of twilight, in a certain amethyst tint . . .

Far horizons, sunset, amethyst twilight—we have them all. So you see, it is all in the way you look at it—the Higgledy-Piggledy House.

We vaccinated about one hundred people that visit, and almost all of them took. John helped in the teaching of Father Wood, but it was discouraging. Chinese were pouring into and through the village. Four stores had been set up since our last visit, by Chinese Moslems—probably blinds for opium trading. People popping in and out interrupted Father Wood's concentration, and his patience and ours was tried to the utmost. John, of course, was specially helpful in giving Father Wood personal instruction, and discovering the vagaries of his local dialect.

Father Wood was an interesting man after you got to know him. He spoke five languages fluently—Lisu, Lahu, Akha, Thai, and Chinese. He was a good talker and chatted the Gospel to all who came to the house. As soon as he learned a point of doctrine, he would turn and teach it to the man nearest him. He also became very fond of us, greeting us with a wistful, "I was love-longing for you to come back." We have found the Lisu Christian to be a person of deep affections, although he does not show it on the surface. I have been much surprised to discover loving loyalty where I had not even suspected much interest. In China their deep-rooted love for their missionaries often humbled me; they would pray with such tenderness for missionaries whom they had not seen for a decade or so! Never forgotten. Father Wood would not appear to you to be one such. He had a gruff manner, and when his pains hurt him and discouraged him with thoughts that he would never be well again, he could be really grumpy. Yet on visit after visit he would let loose occasionally some of those sweet little tender remarks which a Lisu uses only when his emotions have been deeply touched. His arthritis returned with the rains, and cleared up partially when the weather was hot and dry, but it never really left him.

On this particular visit, with John present, we instituted a Sunday service in Father Wood's house. We also paid a

visit to Ban-Nai, on a mountain range behind Ta-Ngo, and preached, though there again the people ran from us.

All this time there were no missionaries who could be appointed to the Lisu tribe for the establishment of a Summit Camp. Edna was under appointment, but had not yet finished her required Thai language study. But the Lord was laying the Lisu tribe on another young heart—that of Nurse Eileen O'Rourke. Eileen had been doing her Thai language study at Advance Camp Chiengrai. But when she intimated that she felt the Lord would have her work among the Lisu, the Mission appointed her to be Edna's fellow worker and moved the two of them up to Advance Camp Hweiphai to live until they should finish their Thai examinations. Here they daily saw Lisu and from here they were allowed to make occasional trips to Higgledy-Piggledy when an escort who spoke Lisu was available. This continued through 1953.

It was not until February, 1954, that Edna and Eileen were free to move up to Ta-Ngo village, and thus really establish that place as a Summit Camp. We arrived just before the Chinese New Year celebration (for I was their escort) and possibly you would like to read the letter I wrote on returning home.

I have just returned from helping to plant two precious corns of wheat on a mountaintop, and had to leave them there to "die," according to our Lord's directive word in John 12:24.

Do you wonder what I mean? The first of February I escorted Eileen O'Rourke and Edna McLaren (Nurse Lilian Hamer also went along to confer with Eileen as to possible treatment for Father Wood, but she returned with me), our two girls who were moving up for permanent residence among the Lisu tribe at the village of Ta-Ngo. It is a hard assignment. Physically their home is only a small shanty, fifteen by seventeen feet, divided into four sections. Their bedroom, one section, is so small that when they pull out their mattresses at night and spread them on the floor, the mattresses almost fill that section. And Eileen is six feet tall. Living conditions are so primitive that it hurts to think about it. Another section of the house is for dressing, bathing, study, and a medical dispensary. (They put a second inner wall around this so it could not be peeked through.) Their kitchen is the third section, where they cook on a wood fire on the floor. (Later they used charcoal.) Worst of all, the

only water supply is down a steep eighty-foot embankment. I tried in vain to get a Lisu to promise to draw water for them, even though we offered a good wage. You see, heathen are not co-operative, and the only active Christian in the village is an arthritic cripple. There will be plenty of daily dying for our precious corns of wheat, and the "dying" is not at all romantic —smoky fires, sooty hands, crowds of people pressing in to watch you, and the oppressive atmosphere of demon bondage.

The week we went up was Lisu New Year, when the famous devil dancing takes place. It is a worship of Heaven and earth, the sun, their headman, and their necromancer. Each family cuts down a tree and sets it up in front of their house. As they offer food and liquor to it, the dance commences. The inner circle around the tree is of men, who do a heavy stamping two-step, leaping into the air and shouting as the drink inflames them. The outer circle is of women, who, hand clasped in hand, walk around them sedately with a very simple polka step. A native bagpipe sets the time—there is no tune but a catchy rhythmic *throb-throb, throb-throb*, which somehow quickens your pulse. All are dressed in brilliantly coloured clothes which flash in the sun—red, blue satin, yellow bands, aqua and pink, silver-studded black satins and even velvet jackets! (Lisu in China were too poor for such.) The gleam of colour, the spell of the rhythm, the occasional shouts and spasmodic gunshots have a strong lure for the flesh. The dance went on night and day. Tired dancers falling out were immediately replaced with fresh ones, so that the dance itself did not stop for two days and two nights, and then three days and part of the night. At day-break there was a short intermission, so it was not a full twenty-four hour stretch. The steadily rhythmic figures in the dim starlight were eerie to watch, and the cattle of the village herded uneasily around our silent shanty. The two corns of wheat were a little pool of quietness in that sea of drunken, demon-led human flesh.

But the girls did not call themselves corns of wheat. Eileen is of Irish extraction, with all the fervent devotion yet witty sparkle of the Celtic nature. She and Edna tackled their hard living quarters with a spirit that was a joy to watch. They organized that little bit of space to an amazing degree of comfort. And when it rained and the earth flooded, or any other calamity befell them, one of them would cry out, "Hi, E—, take a snap of this missionary martyr, will you?"

A pantomime would ensue which never failed to bring laughter. And as they set themselves to learn this new tongue—remember, neither of them could speak Lisu when they came; Edna had some phrases but had not had time to give herself to Lisu—the element of Irish proved a good asset. Of course the Lisu poured in to see them, and in regular tribal style, talked away to them as if Lisu were the universal language of the whole earth. Eileen's friendly soul could not endure to wave them off, so she would pretend to understand and chatter back in English, with such a loving sympathetic smile and nod of the head that the speaker was encouraged to go on. But what she really was saying was convulsing to her fellow worker. It is too bad that no one took down verbatim one of these early clinics of Eileen's, but here is a type of the charming nonsense she produced. The word for *rain* in Lisu is, roughly transliterating, *mih-ha-ha*; and the phrase for *my bones ache* is *wo-do na.* Behold then, the scene!

An old Lisu woman: "*A nyi mih-ha-ha taa, ngwa go-deuh pah leo. Ha meh au . . .*" (Yesterday when it rained I got wet and now . . .)

Eileen, smiling warmly: "Yes, yes, come right in. I've heard of Minnehahah."

Old woman: "*Mih-ha-ha taa wo-do na.*" (When it rains my bones ache.)

Nurse Eileen: "And Wodin comes after Minnehahah? You don't mean it!" looking very sympathetic and concerned. "And here I've been thinking they lived a whole ocean apart!"

Old woman, not understanding the reply, thinks it is because Eileen is a bit deaf, so she begins to shout: "*Nu naa-tsi ma jo wa? Wo-do ah-keh na!*" (Don't you have any medicine? My bones ache terribly!)

Nurse Eileen, nodding her head with compassion: "Shocking indeed! Just a moment until I report it. Edna, what is Wodin after Minnehahah for?"

Edna, not daring to laugh, as the old woman is watching her, answers briefly: "Rheumatism; she got wet."

Old woman yells at Eileen: "*Wo-do teuh ti to na!*" (My bones ache here)—pointing to her shoulder.

Eileen (consolingly): "I'm against Wodin, too. But don't

you worry. I have complete confidence in Hiawatha and I am sure that he is going to send Wodin packing! Here!"—and she pulls back the woman's dress and rubs a liniment into the shoulder indicated. Maybe also gives her aspirin or such and indicates that this is to be swallowed.

Eileen, with her loving smile and a kindly final pat: "Now run along, dear, and next time Wodin annoys you, you just bring him to me! We'll settle him!"

Old woman departs muttering: "The Big One talks the funniest kind of Lisu I ever heard, but she does seem to get the point if you yell loud enough! Ugh . . . that shoulder feels better already."

And so life at Higgledy-Piggledy rippled as well as rumpled.

Those first few days, the nurses' fame spread so fast that the small hut was crammed with visitors, well ones along with sick ones. The male sex were not absent either, and the simple-minded brother of Honey took a fancy to these white girls. There being no florists in Lisuland, and "roses are red, violets are blue" not having been translated into their tongue, his admiration took the form of vegetables. Early in the morning when they opened their door, there would be this nitwit Honey with a foolish grimace and holding a bunch of greens or a cabbage in his hand which he immediately thrust into theirs, and stood beholding their charms. They would thank him politely and after a while he would disappear, but only to return shortly with a new offering. As their stack of vegetables grew, and also their desire to have a quiet time with the Lord, they finally locked their door and had family prayers in the dressing-room section of their fifteen-by-seventeen mansion. It was the only section that had an inner lining and could not be seen through; but alas, they had forgotten that Higgledy-Piggledy's walls did not reach to the roof. And their ardent Honey, searching for his charmers, traced the low murmur of their voices, in prayer, to that side of the house, and the first thing they knew, a cabbage head shot through the opening where the wall did not reach to the roof and descended upon them. Maybe a turnip followed that—I forget the details of his offering that morning, but at least he, like Sentimental Tommy, had *found a way*. And that was how he earned his name of Mr.

Cabbagehead, although I think his rightful one of Honey was not inappropriate!

With all the admiration they had excited, the girls still could not get anyone to promise regular help, such as hauling the water up that eighty-foot embankment! They had to trust the Lord for such help all during the year and more that they were in Higgledy-Piggledy. Study of the Lisu language and medical calls as well as their primitive housekeeping occupied much time, but they were also able to teach Father Wood to read and gathered the children around them whenever possible, teaching them Gospel choruses and simple verses. They also helped Father Wood, and later, Mother Wood, to break off their opium, and their fame for this spread around the hills. But we will leave them at their task until a later chapter.

Now let us go back to the Yao tribe.

* * *

In December, 1952, Mr. Cooke escorted John and me up to see the first convert of the Yao tribe—headman Brother Six. Perhaps a quotation from the letter of that time will tell the story more vividly.

Two white men and a white woman were labouring wearily up that last hill climb, when a new believer (with the marks of an opium sot still recognizably upon him) casually turned a corner of the trail and then stopped in open-mouthed amazement. The astonishment changed to joy—"Oh, Brother Cooke, you've come! Do you know, last night I had a dream you were coming today! Going to Brother Six's? I'll go too. Yes, I dreamed . . . —eh? Oh, yes, Brother Six still believes. He is going to build a house for you, you know. He has given orders that everyone has to help, heathen and Christian both. And . . ." —so flowed the village news as we followed the billowy trail after this man. He was chattering happily, quite unconscious that the Holy Spirit was guiding his garrulity to inform us of things which we needed to know before we arrived.

We looked at one another. So the promised shanty was to be built by forced labour! Brother Six was going to use his political office as headman to gain this for us. That was, and is, a common heathen practice; but "be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind"—Brother Six must be informed that the

standards of his new Master were different. Maybe we had just arrived in time—and we had.

But first we must be friendly, for the dear man meant well. Maesalong looked like a rather squalid village, but the tribal shanties were larger and roomier than the Lisu build. The wood fire on the mud floor was familiar, though, as was also the very low stool which Brother Six pushed toward me as I was introduced to him. Familiar also was his first question concerning myself: "How old is she?" This to John, as if I could not hear. But I was delighted to find that I understood his Chinese (tribal Chinese is frequently so garbled that I can't).

"Suppose you guess my age?" I answered for myself. Then didn't he laugh! Oh, he wouldn't dare do that. "Yes," I insisted, "you guess mine and I will guess yours." So the ice was broken and we had the same merry fun as we used to have in Lisuland. Incidentally, I won the guessing match; he politely guessed me far too young, but I placed him at forty-five or forty-six the first try. Grey-headed, this visible even though he shaved his head, his face was round and unwrinkled, and he had the tribal love of laughter. This does not mean he had no depth, for the conversation swung easily into deeper channels with that childlike straightforwardness which is one of the lovable traits of the tribes. "It was my sins which brought me to the Lord," he told us gravely. "I could not get away from the burden of them. . . . Mine was the hardest heart of any in the village, at the beginning, yet I was the first to believe!" To me this was a marvellous thing, for although I have known hundreds of converted tribesmen, Brother Six is the very first I have known, personally, who came to the Lord because his sins bothered him.

We had three nights and two days at Maesalong that time, and three more men expressed faith in Christ. At this date Brother Six's wife and sons were still heathen, so the demon altar had not been removed. But Brother Six had cleaned up his own life and had broken off his opium smoking.

Gradually the men folk talked around until they came to the matter of a house for a missionary to be permanently resident in Maesalong. Brother Six was quite crestfallen that his beautiful scheme of forced labour would not do! He felt he could not build a shanty by himself, yet he also felt the need of daily help with unexpected situations which constantly arose.

The result of our visit was that Brother Six enlarged his own house, putting aside a room for women missionaries to live in. Then our women folk, two at a time, came up and stayed for two weeks, instructing him through Chinese or Thai while they strove to learn the Yao language, the only media through which the children and the women of a tribe can be reached. Brother Six's wife—we'll call her Sister Six for clarity's sake—could speak some Chinese and Thai, so fellowship with her also was possible. Esther Cooke, Lilian Hamer, Sylvia Lombard, Mary Baldock, and Eileen O'Rourke were all living at Advance Camp Chiengrai, and took turns in coming by twos. This arrangement was followed for some months. During that time, Eileen was called to go south and fill in during an emergency at Advance Camp Pakhui; she never got back to the Yao work, for she felt called to the Lisu during that time away. Sylvia and Mary became more and more convinced that the Yao were the tribe to which the Lord wished them to minister. But a call from another direction, of which I shall soon tell, took the Allyn Cookes into Lahu work. Thus the Lord gradually sifted workers and revealed the places of His appointment.

All this time reinforcements were coming steadily. Older workers who had been in China felt the Lord leading them to Thailand, and a few new workers were also apportioned to us. Among the China workers soon to arrive were Mr. and Mrs. Eric Cox, who were sent to Chiengrai for Thai language study. Both of them speak Chinese, of course, and Eric also had some tribal experience, so it was natural that he should accompany Allyn Cooke on a trip to Brother Six's home.

Living right with the new convert was not working out too happily, because the rest of his family continued to trade in opium and do heathen things, which the missionaries, being on the spot, could not miss observing. Sister Six began to change in her cordiality, especially after the pig incident.

Pigs. What have pigs to do with the Devil? Evidently quite a bit, as in olden time the demons preferred to be sent into swine rather than to the abyss.* It is a queer thing, but on that first visit, as I was being shown over the place, I noticed a huge sow which was the prize pig among many

*Mark 5:12.

that Brother Six was raising. He was pondering this economic question. If a Christian should not trade in opium, which is the principal crop of the tribes of North Thailand, how then would he make his living? The trade in pork is good, so we had suggested that to Brother Six. Maybe this was in the back of my mind, but that afternoon as I stood in front of this enormous sow of which the Six family were so proud, and remembering the demon propensity for pigs, I had a premonition that the Devil was going to use this particular mountain of fat to try to uproot Brother Six's faith. So, as I stood contemplating the sow, I prayed inwardly, committing it to the Lord for protection. I did not tell anyone, for even my fellow missionaries might have laughed at me, especially the inexperienced ones! Yet the struggle for the Six family centred in that particular sow! Away back in Base Camp we heard about it:

Driving his pigs to market, Brother Six had the misfortune to lose his big sow, the most valuable of them all. It ran into the bush before he could stop it, and though he has searched and prayed, and we have all prayed, the pig remains lost. Sister Six has become almost hostile toward us since and says that only demon worship will bring it back. Do pray.

Well, of course, we did pray. Imagine groups of missionaries, in this city and that (for those in Chiengrai were equally concerned) down on their knees praying for the safety of an old sow! But that is only seeing the surface. Satan knows the Achilles' heel of every one of us; and their pigs are a very tender spot with the tribes. So we prayed, and the Lord *apparently* did not answer—even though I had covered that fat sow with prayer long before!

Sister Six was furious. Ordinarily she would sacrifice to the demons in her own house, but here were these missionaries all casting anxious, reproachful looks at her! Besides this, the demons do not like the presence of Christians—they will not be exorcized if Christians are present. So Sister Six trots herself off to a neighbour, and has an incantation to bring back the pig. *And the pig was found immediately afterward!* Now what is the missionary going to say? And what was the use of all that prayer the missionaries made? There is a seeming defeat allowed at times, which God quietly erases later. It was Hugh Redwood

who said: "Does prayer die? . . . if with all my heart I offer a prayer for some friend or loved one, have I, in fact, not done something creative and linked it on to the immortality of God?" Those prayers about the pig were in essence prayers that it might not be allowed to turn this soul of Brother Six's back into darkness. And that *prayer essence* was answered. I cannot explain it; I may only record it. Considerably shaken for days over it, Brother Six finally righted his ship and set the sail again toward the Christ. And his wife and family later were saved also. So the heart exercise, so important a part of missionary life, was not wasted. The battle in the heavenlies was won perhaps at the price of an earthly defeat.

But it was now obvious that some other housing for the missionary was advisable. So in April, 1953, Eric Cox superintended the building of a long shanty which could be divided into rooms for privacy. He did some of the building himself, the Yao helped, and it turned out to be an ideal rustic dwelling for a small family. It was not wholly done by the people, but it was exigent that the missionary family have some place apart from that room in Brother Six's house. As a matter of fact that room was just an enclosed double bed, so short that when tall Eileen slept in it, her feet protruded into the small hall! Eric is six foot three, so it would have been more hopeless for him. As it was, Eric and Helen were able to move up to Maesalong that spring, and they started to learn the Yao language while teaching in Chinese. They had a spare bedroom too, for the use of the ladies who came up for periods. With his experience of tribal living in China, Eric had the foresight to pipe the water right into his kitchen, with bamboo tubes. (Of course in a place like Ta-Ngo, where the water was eighty feet below them, this could not be done.) Everything was planned shipshape, handy and neat—for Eric holds a sea-captain's licence. Although always flimsy and in constant need of repair, a tribal shanty can be made surprisingly comfortable. The Summit Camp at Maesalong is an example of this.

Four months later, Nurse Lilian Hamer was pushing out into another Summit Camp; and down at Maechan, Mary Baldock and Sylvia Lombard, while finishing their Thai language exams, were also making periodic trips to other Yao villages. Every now and again all the Yao workers met at

Maesalong, for there the important decision of which script should be used for the Yao tribe had to be decided, and language finds were pooled.

Meetings continued. Nurse Lilian's fame as one who could help break off opium was spreading over the hills, and in general there was continual growth. Letters written at my next visit (for John, of course, visited oftener than I) will reveal this, so I quote:

December, 1953. The Lord, and loving comrades at Home Base, suddenly released me for a trip into Yaoland. It was a wedding anniversary gift, for the morning we started out John and I had been married twenty-four years. David Hogan of Gospel Recordings was with us, and the main purpose was not to give the Kuhn family a twenty-fourth honeymoon, but to make recordings in the Yao tongue.

To the home of Brother Six we went, just about one year from the last time I had visited them. But now what a difference! A long airy shanty stood at one side of the village—a missionary's home. (We much regretted that Helen and Eric Cox were away at this time, but they were welcoming their new little daughter into the world—Elizabeth Ann was born in a Bangkok hospital.)

Next to the white man's long shanty stood a large square building; its windows were wire-screened just like the missionary's house, but this was—*a church*! Brother Six's own shanty had bulged out with what looked like a lovely sun parlour—lovely for a tribal house, which is often so dark. How quickly the intelligent tribesman can learn new ways when properly taught! Brother Six had enlarged his guest room and put in wire-screened windows through which the morning sun streamed in clean, golden glory.

Saturday night prayer meeting revealed a further difference. A group of seven or eight men, with Brother Six leading, were grouped together. All of them had broken off opium smoking, or were in the process of it, except Brother Six's son, and all of them had stories to tell. A year earlier we could not get the women to sit down at such a meeting; they would have dissolved into giggles at the suggestion, tittering around the rim of the prayer meeting and finally making a dash for the door in a jumbled exit. This time they entered of their own accord, and at Brother Six's order sat down quietly. A group of girls coming in later, on discovering that someone was in the midst of

praying, stopped where they were, drew their aprons up to their faces, and stood in reverent silence until the one praying had finished.

All this training spelled patient, hard work, and how sorry we were that the crowning joys that we were given to see were not beheld by the dear Cox family, who had sown the seed! The year before, Sister Six had been politely evasive, inwardly fighting surrender to the claims of Christ. Then came the pig incident when she turned almost hostile for a short period. But that Saturday night, when John gave an invitation to publicly confess the Saviour, out came Sister Six to the front of the meeting, her old mother and four other women with her. They knelt down and audibly expressed their faith in Christ. As a matter of fact they had been trusting Him for some time, but had not publicly acknowledged it. So now she is Sister Six, not only as the wife of Brother Six, but herself a sister in Christ.

That brought up another matter. As John told them of our gladness at seeing the great progress they had made, their faces beamed with joy until he said, "But there is one thing about which I am not happy. You who are Christians, have old demon altars still up in your homes. Maybe you do not use them, *but they are there*. 'If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.' Why don't you get free completely?"

"Oh, we will, gradually," said Brother Six.

"You told me that last year! You say 'gradually' again this year! Will you be saying it next year? And the year after? Come—*let's get it down now*!"

It was only the Spirit of God who could have brought them to decision, for you cannot know the inward fear, bred of centuries of faith in demon power, that binds the heart of every tribesman. I thought of the prayer of all the friends at home which have been piling up, so to speak, apparently unanswered all these months. Yet not so. They were gradually gathering force, and on that day, Brother Six was pushed over the top. I had a septic toe, and was not going to attempt to walk to his house, but Nurse Lilian would not have me miss it. Quickly she grabbed a pair of old shoes, slashed out a hole for the bandage to stick up through, and helped me walk it. I am ever so grateful, for it was the only burning ceremony I have ever seen.

San Ching, the Sixes' clever young twenty-year-old son, had not then taken his stand for the Lord (he has since then), but he had agreed to let the altar come down. So had Sister

Six, who stood in a back corner, none too near. A younger brother of the headman, a big burly fellow who was contemplating turning Christian, sat down opposite the fireplace. Lao Kung, a Chinese married to a Yao in another village, and who had but lately become a Christian, was also present. He had burned his altar himself, so he said.

The demon altar was simply a high wooden shelf nailed to the wall opposite the door. From it dangled some paper charms, a few bones from old offerings, smoke-blackened eggshells into which the spirit of a sick member of the family had been called back by incantations, a few arrows, and shapeless bits of dusty junk. To strengthen their faith, John wanted them to tear the altar down with their own hands, so Brother Six went up to it and pulled it from the wall. San Ching sprang forward and wanted to salvage something on it, but when John shouted, "No, all of it must go," he sank back and nodded his head in consent. Down it came with a crash, and John indicated the fireplace as a good place to dispatch it. "Not here, not here!" cried Younger Brother, springing to his feet, his face white with terror. "Don't burn it here, or *they* will be left behind!"

At this point everybody seemed so nervous and uncertain that John called out, "Lao Kung, you are not afraid, are you? You have burned your demon altar—won't you help Brother Six's family take this stuff outside and kindle it?"

Lao Kung immediately grabbed the broken boards, Brother Six helping, and together they took the demon shelf outside and Lao Kung set a match to it. John, anxious to get all of it into the flames, jumped on the strong wooden stick which had supported the shelf and smashed it into small pieces; and so it went up in flames.

As the mysterious bits of paper, arrows, and what-not caught fire, the old grandma caught me by the hand in tense excitement "To my house," she cried, pulling me up the ascent to her shanty. I thought she meant to burn her altar, too, but she said that must wait until her grandson came home. She was trembling all over, but aglow too, and just wanted the protection of my presence for a while. We sat and talked together in Chinese, while the men went with Old Nine, another brother, and burned his demon altar also. Oh, what a glorious moment, when the Son of God really sets these slaves of centuries *free*! Although I have seldom felt demon presence in the homes of young converts, I have heard so many testify that the demons must leave when the missionary comes, that I believe it is true.

I was told that in China by Lisu who had never met one another, in points far distant from each other, and now in Thailand there is the same word. How little we know what Christ has done for us! We do not know that there is an aura of His holiness enwrapping us, all unseen and unconscious to us, but keenly felt by demonic powers. We are *free indeed*, unless by deliberate disobedience at some point we lay ourselves open to their malicious entrance. *Free indeed.* As Robert Murray McCheyne put it:

> When I stand before the throne
> Dressed in beauty not my own,
> When I see Thee as Thou art,
> Love Thee with unsinning heart;
> Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
> Not till then—*how much I owe.*

After the excitement had subsided, the serious business of capturing the Gospel message in the Yao tongue began—the purpose of our trip.

Brother Six was chosen as the one whose voice should be recorded.

There is no privacy in Yaoland, so of course Brother Six's neighbours stopped in to see this miracle of a Yao voice being captured on a narrow tape, and then from its unwinding spool the sound of his voice being thrown out into the air! Behold a circle of them around Brother Six, with a microphone in his hand, beaming but slightly embarrassed, waiting for the first sentence. David Hogan had written it out in English for John, who turned it into Chinese. While Brother Six was mouthing over the Yao counterpart, opposite to him sat his only son, this San Ching of the foregoing paragraphs, almost on the edge of his seat with eagerness to have a try at this thrilling new experience. He is quick as a flash and had the sentence thought through before his father had hardly grasped its meaning, for San Ching knows Chinese and can read and write it. It was a delightful scene. Brother Six was conscious that this was an exceptional honour, to be the first Yao tribesman to have his voice recorded, so he beamed into the microphone, his prematurely silver hair making him a picturesque figure. His live-wire son leaned forward, eagerly telling him how to say each phrase, and the outer circle of neighbours

nodded their heads as, sentence by sentence, the message was framed in clear, lucid Yao terms. When a story-illustration came into the script, John insisted that Brother Six speak it vividly, with feeling, and not like a schoolboy reciting his lesson. Was it a dialogue where neighbours jeered at the new Christian? John sneered out the words with such realism that the circle fairly doubled up with laughter. After some ludicrous efforts to imitate, Brother Six suddenly caught on to the idea. When he had practised a few times the switch was turned on, the tape reels began to wind, and the recording was made. But the real excitement came when his voice came out of that box just the way it had gone in! No one enjoyed the playback more than San Ching. He simply itched for the privilege of hearing his own voice come out of that box. His microphone technique might have been better than his father's, and certainly he would have put more sparkle into the recording—he has so much character and is bound to be a force wherever he is and whatever he does—but we were adamant in our refusal to record his voice, for he was not a Christian. What would the heathen say if they heard *his* voice coming out of that box, counselling them to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, when he had not yet done so himself? He must wait until his life matched the message.

And so we had to come away. San Ching is now a Christian, but not a consecrated one. He is tempted by a heathen widow much older than himself, whom he thinks he wants to marry. We fear also that he is giving way to the temptation to make easy money in opium trade on the side.

A year later I had been invalided home, and John went up to Maesalong for Christmas, taking some other workers with him, so that in all there were ten missionaries and the two Cox children present for the celebration.

John added that he had noticed real growth in the work; the Yao were now conducting services in their own language, whereas a year ago it had to be in Chinese, which not everyone could understand. A Lisu Christian had come for the festival this year and, some Lahu also being present, our missionaries had an interesting audience with the various tribes.

Two months later, Miss Joan Wales on her yearly vacation paid a visit to Summit Camp Maesalong and wrote me her impressions:

We had scarcely arrived at our destination before I heard strains of hymn singing coming from the wee bamboo chapel. It was the Saturday evening prayer meeting in progress—thirty-two present, and not dependent upon whether a missionary was there or not. Sunday morning at half past nine the bell rang for church, and my heart sang for joy as I saw Yao men and women, and boys and girls, literally running from all directions, the wee chapel being the focal point. The service was in Yao, but Mr. Kuhn preached in Chinese on "Abiding" —which incidentally Brother Six passed on to the folk in Brother Two's village the same afternoon. After an early lunch we set off for Tsa-Ba, and the afternoon service, of course, was in Lisu.

Miss Wales, having served among the Nosu in China* was much interested in tribal work.

The Yao tribe had nothing in their own language of Christian literature, of course, so the missionaries will be busy for a long time getting the New Testament and hymn-books translated and published. The Bible Society, some years ago, had sent a native evangelist to the Yao tribe to learn their language and translate the Scriptures. He worked on the Gospel of Mark in Yao, but died before it could be printed and no one could read his manuscript. He had used Thai symbols which are not adjustable to represent all the Yao sounds. This same thing occurred among the Miao also. So with both these tribes the missionaries are faced with a monumental translation task.

Now we ought to explain how one lone Lisu Christian attended the Yao Christmas in 1954! This brings us, by a very roundabout route, to Summit Camp Tsa-Ba.

During the days when Sister Six was feeling elbow-pinched in her heathen practices, a chance word she let fall sounded as if she were provoked at Lilian Hamer. Those were the days before Sister Six had turned to the Lord, and while the girls were living in her home.

As soon as Lilian heard of it, although she could not understand how she might have offended, she made a special trip up the mountain to apologize with tears to Sister Six. That lady's heathen heart was touched, for genuine humility is never practised outside of Christianity, and Nurse Lilian

*See *Strong Man's Prey*, by Dr. A. J. Broomhall, C.I.M.

and the Six family became close friends. Spurgeon once said, "The man who never makes a mistake, never makes anything." It is not the mistake that makes him, it is what he does with his mistake! When God wants to do a new work, He often puts the worker through a self-crucifixion experience; we have seen this again and again. And part of that agony is that the suffering one has no inkling that God is going to use that very trouble to bring a new blessing! As Oswald Chambers points out in his book on Job: "Job is suffering because God and Satan have made a battleground of his soul, without giving him any warning or any explanation." It would have been no test at all if God had explained to Job that this was only a trial and that afterward he would receive twice as much as now he lost! The point of the battle was that God should not explain His purpose to Job until it was all over. My husband has often said to me, "There is a baptism of suffering for every new work that God is to begin." We have had personal experience of the truth of that, but it does not follow at all that the worker has not really made a mistake. The hardest test is when you know you were wrong, and that it is your own fault, because that brings the temptation to despair. But even if the self-crucifixion has been brought on by oneself, the way out and up is *down.* Down into humble confession. It may not always result in the other's heart being touched, as was Lilian's good fortune; but it does lead *out and up.*

So this friendship resulted in Brother Six offering to build a shanty for Lilian if she would come up and live among them and heal all their diseases! Summit Camp Maesalong was not entirely Yao work but Summit Camp Middle Ridge was, for Middle Ridge came before Tsa-Ba. I told you it is a roundabout story!

Some twenty minutes' walk uphill and down dale from Maesalong village is a second Yao village presided over by headman Lao Erh. This village was heathen, but friendly to Brother Six, and it was here on the brow of their ridge that the Yao built Lilian her shanty. We called it Middle Ridge because it was accessible to both villages. Lilian wrote us:

I have been in my new home, built by the Yao, for just over a week. I stayed a day or two in the Coxes' house before moving over. The water supply has been installed—the bamboo pipe is

just outside my front door and I keep a bucket under it—when the pigs do not knock it over!

The house is really just a one-room shack, with open split-bamboo walls and thatched roof which at present lets in the rain. The floor is mud, and I have lots of ants and rats to keep me company. I am very happy in my own little place. I have divided the room into two by using a rug and pieces of plastic. This does not mean that I have any privacy, for everything has been examined with minute care by visitors from all over, including Lisu and Lahu. I have hung my one and only remaining rug in front of my bed in an effort to get some sort of privacy and make a bedroom. This half of the room is used for cooking, sleeping, washing, and eating, and everything is in a jumble. The other half I use for a dispensary. The bamboo table is convenient for spreading out my few medicines and equipment. I am glad to have this place of my own and have fixed up a bamboo seat at the end of the room where patients have to be treated. The patients are increasing daily and it is good to have contact with the folks of Lao Erh's village. . . .

Please do pray for several who have asked me to help them break off their opium. I have the necessary medicines but am stipulating that I shall help only those who are believers. . . . Yuan Wang and another have begun today. Please pray them through. . . .

I was lost in the jungle for two hours on my way up, two weeks ago. The trail was a sea of mud and I somehow missed my way. When I got out, I could only get to Tea Village before dark, and I had nothing with me but a tribal bag. I stayed there overnight. I did the climb alone and met the carriers coming down the next day.

A three-foot snake hung over the beam above my bed in the Coxes' house the two nights I was there. I did not know what it was, thinking the noise was made by rats. Then I saw the biggest snake I have ever met at close quarters. Brother Six and the others came and shot arrows at it, killing it after a wild chase up and down the roof. How the Lord protected me when I was oblivious of its presence for so long! Here come my two opium patients so I must close. . . .

Lilian had been one of the nurses in our Tali hospital in China, and she had helped Dr. Powell when that skilled medico treated opium addicts until they were cured. Lilian had learned the technique and put it to use now, so that her opium patients suffered as little as possible. Her fame spread

for this as also for her midwifery skill, and we could fill pages with her errands of mercy up and down mountains to other tribes as well as Yao.

One of her opium patients was a Chinese who was married to a Yao woman but lived in the Lisu village of Tsa-Ba, about two hours' climb beyond Maesalong. A rough transliteration of his name would be Li-jo. He was so impressed with Lilian's skill that, unknown to her, he persuaded the Lisu village where he lived to build her a little shanty and invited her up among them! Li-jo had become a Christian, and he urged one of the leading men in Tsa-Ba, named Khun-ba, to confess Christ also and break off his opium. Others too were interested, so down the mountain trotted a delegation to invite Nurse Lilian up to preach to them! Not suspecting their hopes, Lilian consented and went.

Imagine her surprise when they led her along the winding path into their village, and there by the side of the trail was a tiny house on stilts. "This is yours!" they told her with delight. "It was built just and only for you, and we want you to come and live with us. Many are wanting to break off their opium and become Christians!"

Well, to a white woman, a house to herself at night, rather than lying down on the floor side by side with heathen, is a tempting luxury. It would not tempt her away from her duty, of course, but Lilian saw no reason why she should not occupy both houses, and have a ministry among two tribes! She speaks Chinese well, some Thai, and had quickly picked up Yao medical expressions and did not mind starting on the Lisu language. It was true that all they had provided was a tiny house on stilts, with a fireplace in the centre. It was so low-roofed that she could not stand up straight much of the time, but Lilian was thrilled with the opportunities it presented. There were Lisu villages and Lahu villages all around, and some Akha.

That first evening everyone wanted to crowd in and look at her (by the way she is not at all hard on the eyes! Naturally curly hair, nice skin and features.) While she was in the process of playing one of the Gospel Recordings in their own tongue, she was startled by a rending noise! She looked up from the phonograph horrified to feel and see the whole floor descending

toward the hard ground. For one horrible second it was terrifying and then as they gently came to rest on mother earth's broad and substantial bosom they all broke into laughter. Everybody else had looked so funny! Lilian's gaze had fallen on a young fellow leaning against the wall in front of her, nonchalantly strumming a native guitar. His drop-jawed amazement as he felt himself sinking, his fingers still raised for another twang, was too funny for words. And actually no one had been hurt. The crowd had been too much for the bamboo ties, but the descent was only some three feet, and there they all were, still on the floor but the house up around their shoulders! "Oh," they laughed, "we can soon fix that. Don't you worry!" That is one thing about Tribesland—house repairs are not expensive!

Their cordial hospitality was a heart-warmer to Lilian, for though Middle Ridge was besieged with people from dawn till dusk, it was mostly for what they could get from her, and the spiritual response she had hoped to see in Lao Erh's village did not appear. She remained in Lao Erh's village for some six months, and then, as those requiring to have her skill in breaking off opium at Tsa-Ba seemed more promising, she moved up there.

Months of hard work in that tiny shanty where she could not stand upright were passed by Lilian, all alone. The Coxes, two hours' journey away, did everything they could to give her help, and always she was welcome to come down and share their spare bedroom if she became too tired or too lonely. But one day Lilian had joyous news for us. The Lisu were building her a new and bigger house! At first they offered to let her choose the site, but there was a great fuss over that when the heathen found out! Twice the beginnings of a shanty had to be torn down and carted over to another spot because the witch doctor of the village said that the demons were not pleased! As most of the village was still heathen, the Christians and inquirers could not insist on Lilian's choice, so she had to be content with what she got. It was, however, a great improvement over Tiny House. And the latter was left up for her use, as a storeroom, or guest room, if needed.

Come up and see my new house! [she wrote us eagerly]. It has four little rooms, all high enough for me to stand upright.

I cook in one, sleep in another, will put you in the second bedroom, and dispense medicine and teach in the fourth! They have built me a couple of benches for the children to sit on while we have school each morning. Khun-ba and Li-jo both come to school, and many others, for various periods of time, shorter or longer. Li-San brought me a big gong, which I beat to let them know when school starts and when Sunday service is about to begin. Lahu and Yao also visit me, and I have been invited to Akha villages, which they say are not too far distant. I think if Mr. Kuhn came, maybe Khun-ba would burn his demon altar. I am learning Lisu as fast as I can but have so much to do in medical and teaching lines that I have not got very far with it yet.

About six months after Summit Camp Tsa-Ba had been established, John and I were able to go together and pay them a visit. Coming and going we had to pass through Summit Camp Maesalong, and this time the Coxes were home. I will quote from a letter written at the time:

The first time I made this trip was in 1952 (this was written July, 1954) and before we had reached Maesalong we had met Lisu on the trail. They were surprised to see a white woman who could speak their language but were also proud and indifferent. I, who for so many years was always so lovingly treated by Lisu, cringed inwardly before the callous hardness of their faces. Now, on this third trip, we again met heathen Lisu on the trail; heathen still, but what a change! Their faces lit up at the sight of us and they smiled warmly at Ma-pa and Ma-ma. Only their witness of missionaries' Christian living could effect such a change in the attitude of heathen.

Helen and Eric did not know we were coming, for, of course, telegrams cannot reach them quickly. When we appeared over the brow of the hill, and *coo-eed*,* Eric was in the chapel teaching, but Helen heard us and ran out and gave us—oh, such a welcome! It was all joy that night to see the progress that had been made, with a group of fine young people daily studying to read and write their own language and learn to know the doctrines of their Lord.

But early the next morning, with two Christian carriers to carry our bedding and some tinned food we had brought for Lilian, we started up the hill to the Lisu Summit Camp. Up, up through the silent trees and woods we climbed gently, and

*Australian bush-call.

after about two hours John called out, "There it is, Belle!" Sure enough, to our right the brow of the opposite hill fell away in the familiar slope of cleared ground, with bamboo houses clustered at the top and also scattered over the slope.

My heart beat fast as we turned off on to the trail that led to the village. There, somewhere, was an English girl, living all alone—except for a loving Presence of course, for "where there is one, there are Two." What was Lilian doing? We gave the Australian bush-call which we have always used in the mountains, and soon a short, curly-haired figure, with a very fair skin appeared in the doorway of the new long little shanty at the end of the trail and waited there beaming at us!

It was a very happy meeting. Lilian was thrilled to have us and we were thrilled to be there. Her new little house was just about ideal, despite the fact that another snake had the same opinion and had tried to share it with her, lacing itself along her roof! Water was piped in bamboo tubes to a short level distance from her door; a little outhouse was down the hill; and Tiny House, stored with rice and pumpkins, carrying baskets, and so forth, stood in between. She even had some furniture! The Lisu had built her two bamboo beds, one for each bedroom. Cupboards and a desk were brought up with our party. She had a food cupboard, a little Thai stove-basket, a table to eat at, and even was able to find us a chair or two. I was put in the bedroom and John slept at Li-jo's house. These were beginnings and we are always very careful to prove that the single girl worker is not a second wife. Li-jo's was just next door, so when we called, "John! Supper!" he came—well—in time!

We stayed for the week end and John preached several times. Maybe you would like to hear what a "raw" congregation is like! I quote from the letter on that visit:

Sunday morning the congregation begins to gather. Quite a few heathen come too, to see what it is like, you know! And they were wandering around, in and out on impulse, when John stood up to speak.

"Now," he began, "I do not want any running in and out during the message. Those who wish to be outside, go out now, and don't come back in. Those who wish to be inside for the meeting, please sit down and don't go out until it is over. Does

everybody understand?" Several rows of faces solemnly nodded that this was quite reasonable.

"All right," says the preacher, "I have written on this paper the words of Jesus. He says . . ."

Up jumps a small boy on the front seat and dashes violently for the door, outside which he could be heard getting rid of mucus from his nasal passage with loud noises. Almost instantly he dashes in again and sits down with such an awed and reverent expression of countenance that the preacher really cannot scold him. The lad was utterly unconscious that he had broken the rule as soon as it was made. When a fellow's nose needs to be blown (with the fingers, correct tribal custom), what else can he do? And, of course, the faster he gets out, the sooner he gets back! Pastor ought to appreciate that, certainly!

So the preacher heaves a sigh and goes on: "Jesus said, I am the way, the . . ."

Mrs. Khun-ba sits scowling at him. She had turned Christian because her husband had. He had been an opium sot for thirty-seven years and had just been delivered, so of course one must show gratitude, but she has no sympathy with this new-fangled idea that you must stop work one day in seven! Lay off work for a whole day while all the heathen were getting ahead of you? She has come to the service because Khun-ba said she had to, but the scowl on her face says plainly, "I'm agin the government!" And here she was to sit and listen to a white man say that Jesus is a road. Ridiculous. A person is a person and a road is a road. She waits for no explanation, but turns to the woman next her and declares loudly, "I don't understand his meaning! Say, I've got a lot of work to do at home. I can't stay here all day!"

John hears her and quickly slips in an illustration on her level, with a bit of fun mixed with it, and before she knows it she is sitting on the edge of her seat enjoying herself.

Then Khun-ba stands up and begins to stretch his back and arms luxuriously. A farmer is not accustomed to sitting still for an hour. John, still preaching, eyes him. Should he stop and deliver a lecture on church etiquette, or just ignore it? What's a fellow to do when his muscles need stretching? Animal instinct wins, and the message goes on.

Two Yao women, heathen, appear at the door and declare loudly that they have condensed milk to sell. There is a scuttle as one of the heathen decides his life depends on purchasing milk immediately. And so it goes.

As they finally troop out the door, the missionaries pray inwardly, "Lord, it is the Incorruptible Seed; cause it to bring forth."

Oswald Chambers says: "You can never give another person that which you have found (spiritually), but you can make him homesick for what you have."

The results of our visit, humanly speaking, were not much. The two men who had talked before about burning their demon altars if a white pastor came to help, took panic, and one of them turned back. Khun-ba said he would burn his altar after he "escorted his ancestors" in the seventh month, and, although we thought it only a delaying excuse, he really did so and gave up ancestor worship. We were able to help Lilian with the Lisu language and with some suggestions for teaching children, but that was all. You cannot force growth in any species and get a strong plant. But the tribes especially are timid children who take fright if they think you are pressing them to break with old customs. It must be the pressure of the Spirit of God within them to do it before a break is successful. Maybe this is one of the hardest things for the missionary to do—to give the new convert time to grow. Indeed, if we think back on our own experience, it took us plenty of time—did it not?

So we came away, leaving Lilian at her front line outpost. John was determined to secure a fellow worker for her as soon as possible.

It was quite some weeks before anyone was available. Jean Chalker had finished her Thai examinations and had several months before her marriage to Peter Nightingale would put her under a new appointment, so she was sent to Tsa-Ba to be companion to Lilian and learn a bit of tribal language. The Akha tribe understand Lahu, and perhaps some of them speak a bit of Lisu, but really to reach anybody's heart you must speak the language of his hearth.

Of course Peter, stationed at Summit Camp Ban-Wo, became intensely interested in surveying the territory between Tsa-Ba and Ban-Wo! Allyn Cooke was smilingly sympathetic, and so it fell out that upon a morn he led Peter out over the trails in the direction of Jean, and the search for Akha was really

under way. They found and preached in several villages; but the end of their trail, in Peter's eyes, was of course Tsa-Ba! We shall let Jean tell about it, because if you are to listen to our heartbeats, that includes a wide variety!

Last Saturday, while my arms were deep in the wash-tub after breakfast, we heard some strange tongues floating down the trail. I put my head out of the back door, and while my mouth was still open Mr. Cooke got a quick click of his camera! Not really fair play—but never mind, he was followed by Peter and four laughing Lahu. The latter had apparently teased Peter for days about *this* stop on the way. It was a real surprise —we had not expected them until days later. They all sat down to gallons of tea, fresh bread and apricot jam—with a large, interested audience of Lisu. Their second great need was for a wash! I didn't like to ask when the last had been—but we installed them in the kitchen, with basins, soap, and water, where they fished clean clothes out of their carrying daskets. Lilian and I sat very obviously in the clinic so that all the Lisu could see us. I heard Mr. Cooke say to Peter, "I hope no one can see through this plastic curtain!" So did I, but I didn't dare look to see.

Li-jo gave them his sala to sleep in, and the Lahu boys slept at Khun-ba's house. They cooked their own food, but Peter and Mr. Cooke ate with us, in the open, in the clinic; there we ate, talked and prayed all week-end with an interested audience. Mr. Cooke took the Sunday services and Peter and I spent a romantic Sunday afternoon—not romantic by the worldling's standards, but I decided it *was* quite romantic for the missionary. We sat on the steps of the sala, surrounded by a crowd of Lisu children, *and planned our wedding.* There *is* something to be said for a language barrier! It was the only time we could get, for at dusk, of course, the men retired to the sala. The Lord prospered us greatly and we got a lot talked over—a good thing, because we probably will not meet now until just before the wedding. . . .

Mr. Cooke and Peter had a very happy trip and met with friendship among Akha, Lisu, and Lahu. . . . Among the Lahu with them was their Ban-Wo language teacher, a rather sad man that particular week-end, for he had a heavy cold and an eye infection; he was wearing a distinctive pair of purple silk trousers. . . . Mr. Cooke said that Peter and I are to complete a section in the Lahu language before we start on Akha, and he

apparently spent some midnight hours trying to plan how this man of the purple garb could give some time to teach Jean a little Lahu!

Where to get a language teacher is one of the difficulties that beset all our mountain workers, for with the one exception of Allyn Cooke, none of them could speak any of the tribal languages. Evidently the solution did not occur to Mr. Cooke until the party had already departed, for after describing their farewell, Jean goes on to say:

On Friday morning, I was sitting in the sala, with a Lahu primer, trying to produce glottal *k's* and fricatives and wondering if they were anywhere near right, when I suddenly saw upon the trail a familiar pair of purple trousers, and a much happier face above them! It seemed as if he had just dropped from Heaven. It was the Ban-Wo language teacher, accompanied by one Lahu boy. He will be here until December 6th and I am to study five hours a day with him. They are to meet Mr. Cooke on the way back to Ban-Wo on the 6th. Larry Peet has gone to Lahu villages in the Wing-Ba-Bao area with his two lads. Peter has left for Bangkok (he had to substitute for the Mission's local secretary, Mr. Fred Hatton, while the Hattons took their vacation). Mr. Cooke reminds me of a general sending out his forces, but I am surely thrilled with the two that have come here.

This is Peter's account of his journey:

I was thrilled to enter my first Akha village: twenty grass-roofed houses nestled around the perimeter of a bare, desolate ridge. Shortly before noon we emerged from the tropical jungle through which we had trudged all the morning, since leaving the Karen village where we had spent our second night out of Ban-Wo. For an hour we marched along the smooth level trail through tall grass before the track dropped suddenly to reveal a gateway of rough timber festooned with tokens of demon worship, and beyond this lay a patch of dry, red soil. A bamboo platform outside the headman's house proved an ideal base for a phonograph and for the audience which quickly surrounded us.

But we must back up in time, now, in order to tell about the founding of the third Summit Camp among the Blue Miao tribe farther south. Strictly speaking, that was founded

before Tsa-Ba, but the latter is so linked with Maesalong that we felt you would see it more clearly, if we just followed Lilian's movements.

ADVANCE CAMP PAKHUI

We must now return in thought to the end of the tuning-fork handle, to Advance Camp Pakhui. Lisu, Lahu, and Miao tribes came down beside the doll house which was home to the Scheuzgers, and while waiting for the river ferry to pull up it was natural for them to climb the steps to the veranda of the white young people, where they were sure of a welcome. Adri and Otto had each spent two years in China, but they felt that the tribes of these more inland parts of the country did not understand so much Chinese, so they have used Thai as a medial language, finding it more successful.

The sound of the phonograph was almost sure to bring a tribal group up to their veranda for a chat and to listen to the Gospel records. Friendships were formed which led to invitations for Otto and Adri to visit tribal villages in the hills. One of these friends was a clever young man of the Blue Miao tribe named Du-sang. They discovered that this attractive young fellow could read Thai, a rare accomplishment among the tribes, so they gave him a Thai New Testament, which he read eagerly and professed to believe. It was he who invited them up to Yellow Creek, his home village. The only data I have for the opening of the Scheuzgers' work are the notations for prayer in our Base Camp prayer book. They made trips repeatedly into the mountains around Pakhui, and although the Lahu tribe were very friendly, and begged them to come and live in their village, the Scheuzgers felt more and more that God was calling them to work among the Blue Miao. I suppose the fact that Allan Crane and Allyn Cooke both spoke Lahu, while none of our members spoke Miao, might have influenced them. But merely to read these early prayer requests will give us an idea of the thrilling reception this dear young couple had at first.

Village of Pha-Phong. Young Phang believes in the Lord Jesus and is reading his Thai New Testament daily. He has

taken upon him the burden of teaching his relatives and fellow villagers. He has had wonderful answers to prayer and is continuing in the Lord. Other men and young people believe and are very helpful in the work.

Village of Maelamao. The Lo family is making a good stand in the Lord. Pray also for Re, who reads Thai and seems to witness to his faith. Pray for Lo Six who knows much about the Gospel and helps us a lot in making Christ known.

Village of Pa Kha. The new headman is a younger brother of Lung who was killed by the Chinese a few months ago. People generally indifferent.

Village of Lao-Yang. Some men are interested in the Gospel.

Village of Ang-La. A very large Miao village with many people professing faith in Christ.

Village of Umpiam. Twenty houses and a poor population. Very friendly people and great interest in the Gospel.

Village of Qi. Headman Qi has not yet made a confession of faith and, although a number of people showed interest in the Gospel, none have made a stand.

Miao visitors to Advance Camp Pakhui. We have had visitors from the Miao villages in the Mae Kon district. Some took the Lord by simple faith and went home to burn their altars and tell others about Jesus. Du-sang went to that district, taking along posters and Thai literature.

Some visitors from Wangcao, a distant place, heard the Gospel while with us and confessed faith in Christ.

The Kao family of Konsamat have a Thai New Testament which the father and one of the sons can read. They got it when the young man visited us in Pakhui. The other day the father visited us and asked many intelligent questions on what he had been reading. He tells us that he and his family truly believe in this Good News.

A White Miao village seems to have turned to the Lord. We have good contact with some of the leading men there. They promised to burn their demon shrines as soon as we can go to their village again. There are real signs of new life in some people there.

The Village of Yellow Creek. Headman Ying is a nice friendly young man, interested in the Gospel, professing faith and of great help in the work. His father, La-nang, is a dear old man eager to help us and to witness to Christ.

Du-sang is the young man who has read the New Testament through twice and is helping us much. He is very proud and

lazy but willing to help and eager to make others know the Gospel.

Thao and his family are truly believing and have marked their change with a poster which he bought and is preaching to all who come to his house.

Shu-ki and his family. He has made remarkable progress in the knowledge of Christ and in transformation of life. He also has marked the change of heart with changes in his household. He teaches us whenever he has time and helps us in translation work.

Pang Tshang with his family has made a clear break with his old life. He is the man who made our door, and he comes every day to help us in the spoken language and advises us like a father. La is his youngest son and is able to read Thai. He is very nice and has a very good testimony.

Pray for Yellow Creek, that soon all will break off their opium smoking and burn their demon altars. [This was written in July, 1953, and by November five families had done so.]

These simple items cover an immense amount of work and hardship; they reveal that all these villages, scattered over the mountains, had been visited and witnessed to. Especially for the white woman is it difficult to walk in the heat and then have to sleep in the same room at night with heathen men, even if her husband is beside her. The apparently warm reception which they received, however, made up for the difficulties. But of all the villages which had invited them to come and live among them, Yellow Creek impressed them the most. For one thing, it was geographically strategic, the gateway, so to speak, to mountain trails which led to other Miao villages.

It was also strategic linguistically. The Scheuzgers had to learn the Miao language and they felt they should do it through the medium of Thai. Eight or ten years ago, a Thai government school was set up at Yellow Creek and continued for two years. Several young men learned to read and write Thai, making this village unique among the Miao of Thailand.

Third, the Miao of Yellow Creek were prepared to build the Scheuzgers a house, if they would only come. In June, 1953, that shanty was completed and the Scheuzgers had established a Summit Camp. This was the first *ideal* Summit Camp we had. As previously pointed out, Higgledy-Piggledy was not our ideal, and Maesalong had not been exclusively

a tribal work. Summit Camp Yellow Creek was entirely built by the Miao, Otto lending a hand and expressing how he wished the house planned, of course, but the material was all given voluntarily. It was a one-room shanty with a little corner partitioned off for a small bedroom, and in this shanty Adri had to cook, wash, administer medicines, and study Miao—and they had to teach in that same little place, of course.

They could get no one to help them. They not only had to cook over an open wood fire, but they also had to find their own firewood and haul their own water. Meanwhile they were trying to learn the language of the people. Both are quick linguists, and when they had been there only about six months they had learned enough to compile a simple catechism. Then came the vexed question of what script they should use.

Years before, the evangelist sent by the Bible Society to learn and reproduce Yao had also learned Miao and translated the Gospel of Mark, using the Thai script. But the Thai symbols had not proved adaptable.

Now it happens that there are many Miao converts in Indo-China, where some brilliant linguists under the Christian and Missionary Alliance have worked out an orthography for their Miao Christians. As there is travel back and forth, Otto and Adri felt that they should use the same script as the Miao in Indo-China, so that is being used. And the two young people, among their many other duties, set themselves to put this Gospel of Mark into the Miao orthography.

In all this work, Shu-ki helped them a great deal, and rose in the affection and estimation of Otto. Du-sang was so proud and so lazy that he was obviously not going to make a satisfactory Christian; but Shu-ki had ability too, and was much more hopeful.

After the Scheuzgers had been some six months in residence (an imposing word for shanty-life!) among the Blue Miao of Yellow Creek, there came a climax. Up to this point, all these people who professed to believe in Christ still had their demon shrines, and most of them were opium smokers. The Scheuzgers had quietly been pressing the claims of Christ. "How long are ye hobbling at the two forks of the road?" is one free translation of Elijah's potent challenge to apostate

Israel. Another scholar puts it: "Will you never cease to waver between two loyalties?" And that was the substance of the missionaries' charge. There can be no virile Christian life, trying to serve two masters. There is no satisfaction in it, let alone regenerating power. But to pull up the roots of a centuries-old custom is a shattering thing! It tears a lot of other things down with it—heathen festivities, licentiousness, and all the pleasures of the flesh. No wonder the tribesman hobbles between the two forks of the road! But he has to make up his mind, and the cleaving time had come.

Don Rulison tells of that day:

There were several meetings of householders and influential village members to decide whether or not they would become Christian. Finally some humble folks broke through traditional barriers and stepped across the line by burning their demon worship gear. Others followed, until eleven homes had taken their stand. It was a climactic hour, with excitement throughout the area.

It was a moment long prayed for and waited for by the devout young missionaries. How could they ever have expected it would also bring them heartache? And yet it did. The Devil used that handy instrument of his, pride of life, and mowed down the most promising of the converts. Shu-ki had been away in his fields the day when the humble ones pulled down their demon shelves. When he returned and heard it, he became angry that his "noble" family had not been given the privilege of leading the van in this new departure from old ways. Dear old La-nang also was smitten, because he had made up his mind that he was going to be the first one to do it, and now one of the "humble" ones of the village got ahead of him. He did, though, tear his down, but later it was put back up. Du-sang and La-nang also joined the wing of resentment. All the clever ones of the little group of professed Christians turned upon the humble ones because they had taken the lead, and with a fling of pique they aligned themselves on the side of heathendom again. This just broke Otto's heart. His dear Shu-ki, fellow worker on the Gospel translation, and amiable language teacher—to turn the Lord down out of mere jealousy! Otto went into their little alcove bedroom, flung

himself on his bed, turned his face to the wall and sobbed out his heartbreak.

Did you think the missionary path was all glory? Then you have never read of God's greatest Messenger to earth, who sat and wept over Jerusalem, crying out, "I would . . . but ye would not." There is a filling up of the sufferings of Christ, for the pioneer. It was Carlyle who said: "On the beaten road there is tolerable travelling; but there will be sore pain, and many will have to perish in fashioning a pass through the impassable."

Shu-ki, Du-sang, headman Ying, and others of the village leaders grouped together to form a barrier and cry, so to speak: "Impassable!" From then on, the missionaries had to pass through, on their knees, and with sore pain of heart. But there were true ones left to them. A widow, Grandmother Sing-shua, with two young daughters, and various menfolk—seven families in all. To these Otto and Adri patiently ministered, setting aside their own eager studies on the language and translation whenever one of these converts found time to come over and try to learn to read and write his own tongue. And so the little group continued until May, 1954. Otto and Adri had not been home for six years, and their brave sufferings for the Gospel's sake had taken toll of their health, so it was decided that they should leave for furlough on the Continent.

Their farewell was an occasion for unexpected fun, among their tears. Those lies had reached this part of the mountains too, that the white missionaries' secret purpose was to carry off tribal children to America and make soldiers of them. Some of the heathen at Yellow Creek also had believed and circulated these lies. So when the Scheuzgers were leaving, it was an admirable opportunity to prove the falsity of such stories. The Christians could not resist the temptation to make the most of this.

"Say, Mother X, I thought you said that the white people were going to carry children off with them to their homelands! Better look sharp. Maybe she has your daughter in her pocket!"

"Hey you, Old Three, better investigate those saddle-bags! Did you lock your baby up at home? I'd look in the saddle-bags

just to make sure anyway!" And so on. The heathen grinned and looked sheepish, for the Christians had the laugh on them; though truth to tell, they were not feeling like laughter, to have to bid good-bye to their beloved teachers. The women had made Adri a most beautiful Miao costume; a real love gift, for such takes months to embroider and cannot be bought for money.

And so the Scheuzgers went away. But a year later, their furlough over, they went back to Thailand, taking with them a new little gift from God, a bonny small son named Hans-peter!

They had asked Don Rulison to leave his work at Advance Camp Khunjem and come over and shepherd the little group of Christians at Yellow Creek until their return. This was the call which caused Don to shut down Khunjem. But the Lord had given him a helper there, a Christian Karen named Dee-gay-tu who acted as cook, fellow traveller, and evangelist with Don in his journeyings. Dee-gay-tu offered to go along to Miaoland and went with Don.

To Don, who had spent some two years touring the mountains and preaching to heathen Miao, it was a real thrill to have Miao *wanting* to learn of the Lord. Let us listen to his prayer letter, written a couple of months later:

Another day at Yellow Creek is ending. Old Grandmother Sing-shua has just gone home across the valley by the light of her glowing bunch of hemp reeds, after her hour of study and prayer with me. Dear old soul! She can "read" pages in her little catechism primer, but can scarcely actually recognize a single word by itself. In other words, she can memorize better than she can read. Praise God, for her zeal and patience. Her two teen-aged daughters, Ku and Ga-Ving, are among the few children who can come daily for an hour or two of study. That they may be truly saved and kept from sin is the main burden of that dear widowed mother's heart.

Yesterday was the Lord's Day. The heathen Miao here had a big annual affair called "killing the demons," with animal sacrifices, feasting, and spirit worship. But praise God for the testimony of one who spoke for the Christians: "Previous years we have always participated in this affair, but this year we are going to the teacher's house and praise our Lord Jesus instead." So we had several blessed hours together, feasting on

the Word of God as it so perfectly fits the needs of these recent Miao converts.

Before the service, they helped me to translate into Miao the chorus:

I have decided to follow Jesus,
No turning back, no turning back.
The world behind me, the Cross before me.
No turning back, no turning back.

The emphasis of the day's teaching was concerning what it means to follow Jesus. Now that they have taken their stand on His side and have been born again into His family, I can ask no more urgent request than that these Yellow Creek Christians may go on with Jesus, step by step. They have come out of the darkness into the light, but the darkness has not yet all come out of them. Pray that God will give them a conscience sensitive to sin—both a recognition of sin and a hatred of sin, along with a greater love of God and His Word. A fellow worker remarked, "A Miao village is a cesspool of iniquity." This is a mild statement. I hope I do not shock you too rudely with an incident from yesterday's church gathering. When pointing out sin, I asked, "What about promiscuity between men and women—is it sin?" One of the leading Christian men answered, "For married people it is sin, but for the unmarried, it is not sin." According to Miao standards, adultery is sin, but fornication is not. Perhaps this will give you a greater burden for the Miao young people and for us who teach them. "The world behind... the Cross before" is obviously the only way of deliverance for them.

Don and Dee-gay-tu, two young bachelors, lived on at Yellow Creek among these dear ones just issuing from their life-long darkness. About six months later, Don writes:

This evening Dee-gay-tu is teaching reading to those who come to study, while . . . I just relate to you some of the happenings of one day; and today will be as typical as any, I presume.

After breakfast this morning, I was on my way out to some of the homes to see if the children were coming to study when I was met by Njru-seng and his children; they were bringing us a present of two nice big, freshly boiled turtle eggs. Yesterday, as he and Dow-xhay were out setting traps for jungle fowl, they came upon a big turtle which they brought home. It must have

weighed one hundred pounds and furnished a good deal of meat, as well as about three dozen nice big eggs. Incidentally, turtle egg is very delicious, as I found out by this, my first taste. Later three folks came to study for an hour or two. Most of those who have been studying are now busy finishing up the threshing and hauling home the rice crop.

Two boys today finished the last page of their primer so well that I let them start reading I John [which Don had translated into Miao] trusting that they will press on in this, at the same time hiding God's Word in their hearts that they may not sin against Him. Incidentally that chorus (Ps. 119:11) is one of their most recent favourites.

Then Vang-vu came in, having just returned after eighteen days' visiting in other villages where his wife's relatives live. He had taken my little record player and Miao Gospel records with him to three villages which had never been visited by a Gospel messenger before. And, according to Vang-vu, the message was favourably received, with request to know more. Vang-vu professed faith in the Lord in December. He told me the record player didn't work just right, so it was the desire of all present that we investigate the trouble. Open it came, to find that the thin steel springs of the governor had broken. After one futile attempt to substitute strips of old razor blades, Njru-seng furnished the needed technical advice, that we should take the temper out of the blades first, in order that the steel would not be so brittle. He performed this operation in the fire, which was smouldering there on the floor, and it was with cheers of success that we soon were listening to the Gospel in Miao over the old record player, with untempered razor blade steel for the governor springs!

Today I did not get help to refine any more translation because of the phonograph interlude and because Njru-seng spent the afternoon out looking at their traps, but I was able to finish a rough translation of the rest of Mark 7 by myself; so it is now ready to read to the Miao who will help me make the necessary corrections and fill in the gaps. I have not mentioned the several calls for medicine, the opportunities to pray with several, nor Dee-gay-tu's rapid progress learning to read, write, and speak Miao.

At five o'clock, with my axe over my shoulder, I headed for the jungle, for my favourite recreation, chopping wood. Again today I was thwarted in felling a tree where I intended because of the vines which had the top tied fast to other trees. I had

to cut three trees to get one down, but they will all make good fuel.

So the growth of a church goes on, a day at a time. Someone has said: "This day was so precious that it was just given to us a moment at a time." And this is how a little church grows—a day at a time.

The best way to teach converts is to live before them. How we ourselves meet trouble is a much more potent lesson to them than explaining from the pulpit how they should meet it. I have never forgotten an illustration of this which I heard from the lips of a Chinese Lisu. It was Aristarchus, preaching a Sunday sermon to a chapel full of Lisu Christians. When we left for furlough, Aristarchus was just a servant—the mail boy and gardener. When we returned to the field he had applied for the ministry and attended Rainy Season Bible School to get training. During that sermon he explained why.

While we were on furlough, he had been acting as carrier for J. O. Fraser, and heard that wonderful man preach many good sermons, echoes of which he passed on in his own ministry later. But none of them stirred him to desire to pour out his life for the Lord. It was an affliction which did this. Mr. Fraser and several Lisu carriers were travelling through lonely parts of the Salween to visit a southern station, when at a turn of the road they met robbers who stripped them of money, clothing, and bedding. Mr. Fraser himself had nothing to sleep in that night, for the robbers allowed them to keep only the clothes they wore. But after the robbers had fled over the mountain crest, Mr. Fraser gathered the frightened, distressed Lisu around him and said simply, "The Word of God tells us to pray for our enemies; let us do so." And there on the trail, with their empty carrying baskets flung on the ground around them, he offered up a prayer to God for those who had despoiled them. Then they went on their way, without food or the money to buy it, and the missionary station still a couple of days' journey away. Aristarchus said, "Up to that moment I had been thinking only of my own personal loss. My blanket, my better clothing, and my money were gone. But after that prayer I thought of the Lord, and how He had suffered to bring salvation to us, and in my heart I decided to

give my life to the ministry." He never thought of telling Mr. Fraser that! He never thought to tell us. I merely happened to be in the audience when he made this plea for others to consider dedicating their lives. But as I sat there I thought again: our most potent lessons are unconscious ones; they are, in actuality, allowing the Lord to live out His life through us. What Mr. Fraser lost that day—and it was a goodly sum of money—was well worth it, when it gave birth to such an evangelist for the Lisu church.

Don Rulison sums up the needs of the Blue Miao this way:

As to the needs of the Miao church in the Yellow Creek area, many could be enumerated, such as:

—conversion of young men;
—raising up of responsible spiritual leaders for the flock;
—more interest of adults in learning to read, so that it may be a Bible-nourished church;
—missionary reinforcements for an expanding field with a score and more of unreached villages.

But I personally feel that our need can be well summed up in one word; this word being one of the oft-occurring metaphors of Scripture. We need *fire*. Not wild fire, of course, but that pure, illuminating, consuming, energizing, propelling, propagating, healing unction that is the church's rightful inheritance from the Lord. Calvary fire that will burn out the flesh, leaving the church for God to fill. Illuminating fire:

—illuminating the Word of God in our hearts;
—giving vision and direction to us, Miao Christians and missionary alike;
—making us lights, like John the Baptist, who was a "burning and a shining light"; that we may all become "pyromaniacs," in the sense that we shall set Holy Spirit blazes wherever we go; detonators, setting off Holy Spirit explosions wherever we go;
—fire that will illuminate God's face to them, imparting faith that will enable them to turn their backs on former ways of doing things, counting on the Mighty One who is their Saviour.

By this way there will be:

—deliverance from evil habits, such as opium, wine, and so on;

—deliverance from evil traditions associated with courtship and marriage, and in regard to home life and relations to others.

The above prayer requests will stand as needed for many years to come, for evil traditions are not uprooted in a day. But now we must go on to the establishing of another Summit Camp.

* * *

About 1952, a band of Lahu Christians living in a remote corner of Burma escaped over the border into North Thailand and put up their flimsy shanties at a place called Ban-Wo. Persecution was the reason for their flight. A pleasant hilltop in the Land of the Free was the site of their new village, and from it one can look down to the plain of Fang, far, far below.

At first their thoughts were consumed in putting up shelters for themselves, and clearing out rice and corn fields for themselves from the jungle mountainside. But there came a day when their leader, a grizzled, middle-aged man named Bo-mo, stood on that hilltop and sent up a prayer to the blue heavens above. All around him, unseen to a stranger's eye, were other tribal villages, tucked into folds of the mountains, hither and yon, and they were all heathen. Down on the plain at the foot of their trail was a little Thai market town named Maesao. On that market they had met Lisu and Lahu, but were told that there were no tribal Christians in Thailand. That was 1952. In that straggling little town there was a Thai church, but no white missionary had ever lived there, and seldom, if ever, had a missionary even visited them. As the physical side of their lives began to take comfortable shape, Bo-mo's thoughts had turned upon the spiritual. He had three fine sons, the youngest about fourteen, the oldest married. What was going to happen to them, with the pressure of heathen life all around them on those mountains? None of them knew very much, for in Burma they had lived in too remote a spot for even a native teacher to visit them frequently. They did have a few hymnbooks and New Testaments with them, and some of the young men could read these and sing. But the younger generation had never taken Communion nor

was there anyone to baptize them (so he thought)—what was to be the spiritual future of his children? Concerned, he turned to the ever-present Refuge, who, praise His Name, had not been left behind in Burma. "O God," he prayed reverently, "please send us a missionary!" He had never heard of the Overseas Missionary Fellowship of the China Inland Mission, and of course he did not know that we had entered North Thailand. He just had committed his heart's burden to his ever-present Refuge in times of trouble.

About this time, the Allyn Cooke family were arriving in Bangkok. They had never been in the land before, but somehow Allyn felt his heart stirred toward that place on the map called Fang. He could not explain it, but he said to Esther, "I think we ought to settle at Fang." God answers prayers directly, but often the manifestation of the answer cannot appear immediately. Brother Six in the Yao mountains was also upon God's heart, so the Allyn Cookes were sent first to Advance Camp Chiengrai.

But there was a second man who also spoke Lahu—Allan Crane. You may remember it was just at the time of this unknown prayer that the Cranes were not able to rent a house at Bandak, and turned their endeavours toward Fang.

God made the connection by means of the Thai church. At Advance Camp Hweiphai there is a very small Presbyterian church, and of course the Cranes attended there. Now the old elder's son had business at Maesao which kept him over a week-end, so he attended the little church there, and behold! tribesmen appeared at the back of the hall with hymnbooks. They could not understand the Thai language that much, but the tune of "Jesus Loves Me" or "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" caused them to turn hurriedly over the leaves of their books and soon they were singing joyfully in this unknown tongue! Dear old Bo-mo had urged his boys to attend Christian service down at Maesao, even if they could not follow the Thai sermon—and these were they.

The elder's son had been acquainted with the Lisu of Ta-Ngo only, so he hurried back to Hweiphai and made a point of visiting Evelyn and Allan. "There are Lisu at Maesao!" he exclaimed. "And they have books in their own tongue! And they can sing our hymns!"

Well, bless his heart, he did not know what a flutter such news would be to a Lisu missionary! Evelyn and Allan had been trying to get in touch with their former fellow worker, Teacher Joshua, whom they knew had fled as a refugee into Burma. Of course they thought it might be Joshua, for affection can send hope shooting up in wild directions. The result was a quick packing of baskets and the Cranes setting off for Maesao, up to Fang by bus, and then across the hot wide plain to the little market town at the foot of the trail.

Sunday service in the little chapel, where everybody sits on the floor, brought the "Lisu"! One glance at their costumes and the Cranes knew the mistake that the Thai had made. These tribesmen were Lahu! Lahu from the A.B.M.'s big Lahu work in the Shan States. It was Lahu books they had, but the finding of white missionaries who could speak Lahu was miraculous in their eyes. "Oh, you must come up to our village! Bo-mo has prayed for missionaries," they said.

And so up the thirteen-hill-billow climb went Evelyn and Allan. They could see that the little group were very poor. They had left Burma secretly and could not bring many things with them. Their shanties were hastily constructed shelters, but their welcome to the Cranes was as warm as ever Lisu had given them. "Why, they insisted on giving us chicken or meat every meal," said Evelyn. "We knew they could not afford it, and expostulated with them. We told them that we were only too happy to eat just rice and vegetables. But it did not matter what we said, at every meal we sat down to meat of some kind. So we felt we should cut our visit short until we could return and make other arrangements for eating. I am sure that when we left, there could not have been a chicken left in the place! But oh, wasn't it good to be so loved and wanted again!" Only the Lord knows how good that was. Only He who was shunted off the Samaritan village and ordered out by the Gadarenes knows what the love and welcome of a Martha's home means.

"But you will come and stay and live with us, and teach us?" they cried. "We will put you up a house."

"Put up a chapel first," said Allan, "and then we will see. We will be back! And you come and see us—we are on the motor road at Hweiphai!" And with that they left, but they

were not able to go and live there; Allan's heart condition came after the finding of the Ban-Wo group.

When the Cranes found that mountain travel was forbidden to them, they built a little bamboo shack behind their house by the road, and invited Bo-mo to send his young men to live there so they could teach them. Two came. I will never forget our meeting with these dear Lahu Christian boys. Their faces lit up in the shy, sweet glad way like the Lisu we remembered so fondly, and then they turned to Allan. "Why are these two going up to Ta-Ngo to the Lisu? The Lisu do not care! We would give anything to have missionaries—why cannot they come to us?" It was a difficult question, and painful for us. I have never lived among the Lahu and did not speak their language. I was only a filler-in in the Lisu work anyway. The Lisu tribe had to be reached also, and there was still Allyn Cooke who spoke their Lahu well. Allan explained about Mr. Cooke and even sent (or took, I forget which) two of the lads over to Advance Camp Chiengrai to meet Allyn. How often the missionary wishes he could double himself and go to two places at the same time!

It was September, 1953, more than a year later, before the Cooke family were free to go to Ban-Wo. It was still the rainy season and they had their little son John, of pre-school age, but the Lahu had waited so long that the Cookes bravely attempted it. Esther tells that story:

"O Mamma, I'd like to live here forever!" were John's last words before he fell asleep as I tucked him in his mosquito net the first night after our arrival. That was a week ago today.

The dear Lahu people came down, about thirty or forty of them, to meet us last Monday morning. Even little boys John's size came, with their carrying baskets for a load to carry. We got off just after noon with a little flurry of rain to try to scare us, but after ten minutes or so it blew over, and the rest of the climb was a dry one.

We had stayed over Sunday in the Christian Thai home of Elder Dang. Allyn attended all the three services at Maesao with John, but I rested in the home, as the six-hour trip from Fang the day before had been a bit strenuous for one as out of practice as I was. I do not know whether I shall ever be in practice ploughing through mud above my knees, and water in many places up to my thighs. At one time, for a whole hour we

were not out of the water. We went barefoot two-thirds of the way; it was easier.

In spite of the difficulties of travel this time of year, by coming now instead of Christmas time we shall be able to get three full months of teaching in before then. It's worth it, praise the Lord! If study progresses as it has begun, we shall have much to praise the Lord for. The sight of the blackboard, chalk, and eraser, and an armful of slates and slate pencils inspired the young fry. The blackboard was put up and they began work.

The Lahu alphabet of forty-two symbols was written on the blackboard in large letters and using a long bamboo to point out each letter Lahu Daniel pronounced the sounds with eighteen boys and girls bawling them out after him. Six of the older boys tried out the slates and wrote out the alphabet, bringing the finished product for examination and correction. I have never, anywhere, found children more eager to learn. They are here at sunrise and go on all day until four o'clock, when they have chores to do. (Later: That was the first week only; since then they have been coming only in the morning as we were not able to continue such long hours.) In the evening all the village comes for Bible study and singing class. The children spend the time memorizing Scripture verses in the afternoons. Today marks the fifth day of school. Saturday and Sunday were not school days. They all came Saturday evening for singing and prayer. There were three services yesterday and a singspiration last night, when a crowd of heathen Lahu from one of the lower villages came in to listen.

Three heathen Lahu from Burma came on Saturday and stayed for all three Sunday services, listening with marked interest to the message of life. Every day last week heathen Lahu from round about visited us. Since Wednesday we have had Thai visitors from Maesao as well. For the benefit of Thai visitors we have posters displayed on the wall of the chapel, tracts to offer them, and records to play, all in their own language.

I have been amazed at the children's concentration on their lessons. No one and nothing seems to distract them from the steady bawling out of the letters they are learning. Much as they like the phonograph they don't stop their lessons to listen to it. The visitors likewise seem oblivious to the school children, and hear only the phonograph! If one of the children bawls out the wrong sound, all the others jump on him and scold him, and

the Thai visitors or heathen Lahu, whoever they may be, unconscious of the opposing noise, ask for more records.

You may be wondering what our house is like. Well, as we came before the people could build a house, they added another part on to the chapel and partitioned off half of the building for us to sleep and bathe in. To the side of the chapel they had a good start on a shack that will serve as kitchen and dining-room. This is going ahead fast today, and by tomorrow or the next day we should be able to set up our cook stove and put up a sink arrangement with a bamboo drain. Then we shall be using the chapel only for sleeping. After the rains, the people will build us a bedroom so that the whole of the chapel will be free again. . . . We are happy to let them make their own arrangements.

Their new, early rice is harvested, so we have rice to eat. There are cucumbers, melons, and squash in abundance, and some eggplant. They have brought us a kind of wild chestnut, wild ginger, garlic, and wild figs, all of which help out in the diet. The Thai visitors brought us gifts of pomelo, and today I was able to buy a bunch of bananas from some Thai peddlers. So far we have not had any fresh meat, and only a few eggs. This whole village of Lahu is a refugee village from Burma and they need their chickens and eggs to set, just now. Corned beef being the cheapest canned meat, we serve it in different ways and manage all right. We should be getting some wild game soon.

The village of Ban-Wo is high on a long ridge overlooking the Maesao-Fang plain, which stretches right across to Elephant Mountain. Behind us rises ridge after ridge of beautiful mountain country, all populated with heathen Lahu and Lisu. To another side is a beautiful bamboo ridge and a lovely stream. From every direction, we look out upon magnificent scenery. [Then Esther proceeded to ask prayer that they might be able to inspire these Lahu Christians to go out and witness to the thousands of Lahu heathen scattered throughout North Thailand.] How easy it would be, in the warmth of this Christian fellowship and the hunger for the teaching of the Word, to evade the Cross. Pray for a mighty moving among us.

The village finally decided to build another chapel and let the missionary family have the whole of the original building. Allyn Cooke is a master craftsman at using native materials and fixing up a comfortable home; he is also an excellent

gardener, so Ban-Wo soon became a model tribal station to which we liked to send the young workers, in order that they might note just how the work could be done! Not only did the Lahu build another chapel-schoolroom for themselves, but they also built a tiny guest house beside the Cookes' shanty. One window of this lovely rustic nest opened out over an abyssal ravine, the green mountain slopes off the opposite side being Burma. That was how close they were to the border. Off the one bedroom was a tiny bathroom with bamboo-pole floors, so that the guest could just pour a pail over himself and the water would run between the poles, thence to the ground some three feet beneath, and from there merrily off down the hill! And its being at the very edge of the village, and raised on stilts, no black eyes peering through the mat walls were likely to dismay the occupant. Bamboo beds cost next to nothing and were very comfortable. Everybody liked to have an excuse to visit Ban-Wo!

I find a little notation about Christmas at Ban-Wo (1953):

The Lahu Christians wanted to make their missionaries a Christmas present. "Silver and gold have I none" was true of them also; but they had—what? Love, which thought up a way. Toil, which counted not the sweat drops. Willing backs, which bore patiently the ache and strain of carrying a heavy load up a steep hillside. And that Christmas season the Lahu Christians each brought in a load of firewood and threw it on their missionaries' woodpile. A gift it was, and their own idea.

By January the chapel was finished and ready for dedication. John and I had the privilege of being the special speakers for the occasion, with Allyn interpreting. It was a memorable visit, and we were thrilled with the whole set-up. The new building, golden and sweet-smelling in its freshness, was built at the back of the missionaries' home, still leaving them at the end of the village, for their "front" faced the Burma border mountains and that deep valley. Again I quote from Esther's letter:

The Saturday evening meeting was one of praise and expectation. Mr. Kuhn spoke at the Sunday sunrise service and again at noon, the noon service being followed by a Communion service at which the deacons officiated. At sundown there was another meeting when Mrs. Kuhn spoke, and this service

closed with the dedication of three new babies. The parents of the babes were so happy to know that God was pleased to have them present their children to Him in this way. It was a new thing to them, but when asked if they would like to dedicate their babes, they had responded gladly. A Sunday service in a Christian tribe's village is so unconventional and unpretentious, but refreshing indeed. In the evening the time was given to testimonies and songs of praise. Thus closed the happy dedication day.

Early the next morning, just as the sun was coming up, the villagers all turned out of their homes to bid farewell to the visiting teachers. A pig was being skinned in the middle of the ridge as a parting memory for John and Isobel! They boarded an oxcart at Maesao, after descending the mountain, and reached Fang, where the jeep was awaiting them, and thus reached Chiengmai that evening.

For those of us who remained, the daily routine began with school at nine o'clock. Allyn appreciated the larger schoolroom which the new chapel afforded, with three big blackboards to work on. The week of study progressed nicely until Friday morning, when Philip slipped into our house early before breakfast to announce his brother Daniel's wedding. "It is to be today and we want you to marry them!"

"Well," says Allyn, "this is rather sudden notice. Are they to be married this evening?"

"Oh, no, right after breakfast! The wedding is planned and we want a Bible wedding. We have never seen one."

"How were the rest of you married if you didn't have a wedding according to the Scripture?"

"Oh, we didn't know how, so Ca-k'aw just said something he thought up, and it was over," said Philip. "And it is time we learned to get married as a Christian should."

Allyn heartily agreed to this last remark, but wished they'd given him a little more time for preparation. After a hasty breakfast, he translated the Lisu wedding ceremony into Lahu, and swished through a shave. But before he'd had time to change his clothes, the gong was sounding forth and the bride was entering the chapel in a purple silk skirt and a red and black jacket which was half hidden by a big white bath towel. The latter she wrapped around her head and shoulders, completely hiding her face. The school children had already roamed the hills and returned loaded with wild blossoms and greenery, which Philip used to decorate the chapel.

Allyn sent word to hold everything until he got some clothes on. When he finally arrived, the chapel was full, but no bridegroom was in sight. No one seemed to dress up for the occasion and when asked the reason one of the girls said, "Oh, there's no feast today. The pig isn't fat enough yet!" So that was it!

By this time the wedding was well under way, and the teacher was reading the exhortations from the Word, to husband and wife respectively. All went in order and everyone listened attentively until the question was put to the groom, "Do you take Neh-la to be your wife, and do you promise to love and care for her in sickness and health, in poverty and riches, until death do you part?" But the groom sat on in stony silence and it was only after being urged repeatedly by the father and Philip that he finally answered a feeble "Yes." The bride, from behind her towel, quickly answered a muffled "Yes" when her turn came.

At last they were pronounced man and wife, and everyone rose up to shake hands with the newlyweds. A very red-nosed Neh-la appeared from beneath her turkish canopy and offered her hand in turn to each guest. According to Lahu custom, Daniel had to go to her home for two years, and they immediately began to do honours to the respective families by carrying in loads of wood. They carried and carried wood for the rest of the day—Daniel for his wife's family, and Neh-la for her husband's parents. The following day they went fishing with all the young folk of the village. We are still waiting for the pig to get big enough, and when it does we shall have the completion of the wedding, when all the guests will come in their best clothes.

The past month has seen about fifteen young people baptized and partaking of the Lord's Supper with the rest of the believers. Allyn is about to make another trip to try to reach the Lahu in a big heathen area. Three of the villagers will accompany him when they plan to meet Larry Peet and proceed together on a seven-day trip. . . .

Stop Press! Snowed Under! Sixty-eight Christian Lahu have just arrived as refugees from Burma. They have come to stay! Our school has doubled itself over night. Details next letter. Pray for them and us.

And so the day-by-day work went on. The Cookes found the villagers really very ignorant of scriptural teaching and Allyn had a wonderful teaching ministry. There was also a considerable medical ministry carried on by the Cooke family,

and as their village site proved to be right across a mountain highway into Burma, they had constant streams of visitors—traders and such like—to whom they witnessed, and if there were those who could read Chinese, Thai, or Lahu, they received Christian literature in the indicated language.

Almost a year later we find a new departure. Again Esther writes:

The Christian women made their first advance toward reaching their heathen sisters last Sunday morning. They went right to the witch-doctor's home of the nearest heathen village. There, surrounded by the drums and beeswax paraphernalia used in demonolatry, we witnessed for Christ. We expected only women for our audience, but all the village men who could crowd into the house joined the female audience. The witch-doctor sat out in front. We asked him if they all would like to hear us sing in Lahu. He said: "Yes, go ahead!" The women had chosen "Take the Name of Jesus with You," and as their voices rang out in that demon-worshipping place, my heart just thrilled, especially when they came to the chorus, "Precious Name, oh how sweet, hope of earth and joy of Heaven."

When we finished singing, one of the young women wanted to testify for her Lord, but struggle as she would, no words got past her lips. She felt the opposition of the Evil One, for this was to have been her first testimony. We suggested that perhaps the friends would like to hear us read in Lahu. Each of the women opened her little catechism and slowly, in union, we read questions and answers on the doctrine of God. When we reached the question: *If God is our Creator, is it right to worship the demons?* and the reply: *No. Since God is the Creator of Heaven and Earth it is not right to worship demons,* I wondered for a second if the demon-worshipper would allow us to continue. But as no opposing voice was heard we proceeded to extol the Name of the Most High God and defy the powers of Hell to question it. As we read on, the young woman who had struggled to speak previously without success broke forth with liberty and victory, going over the points which had been read, and urging all the listeners to hear the Word of God. We sang in closing a simple hymn set to Chinese music, proclaiming the Gospel in words which all could understand. Need we urge you to cover this witness with your prayers?

The Cookes were with these dear villagers for more than a year before they went home on furlough. Mr. and Mrs.

Larry Peet were appointed to Summit Camp Ban-Wo as new workers who, with Thai exams behind them, had to tackle the Lahu language. Peter Nightingale also spent some months there before his wedding, as we have seen. But shortly after Verda and Larry took over, the whole village decided to move to another site. They claimed the heathen were persecuting them; also, being on that mountain highway, they had one constant stream of guests whom tribal hospitality required that they feed without payment. Being only refugees themselves, this was a difficulty no one cared to voice. So the whole village moved a day's journey north. They moved the missionaries' shanty and furniture also, Larry and Peter helping them. But they had not been established on their new site very long before an unforeseen circumstance occurred.

The Chinese Nationalist guerrillas who had refused to leave Burma when others of their number had been repatriated to Formosa were being attacked and bombed by the Burmese. They were thought to have backed into Thailand, and Thai troops were sent to drive them out. So the American and British consuls ordered all missionaries living on that particular stretch of mountain to come down to the plains until the trouble ended. Now it so happened that this nest of guerrillas was planted only a few miles from the Lahu Christians' new village site, and this prevented Larry and Verda from returning there.

* * *

The story of Summit Camp Nam-Khet begins with a heart prepared. Let us picture the scene as best we can with the brief details given to us.

It is a rainy, dreary night in a little Miao village tucked away in the folds of almost unexplored mountains in North Thailand. From the thick forest which still closely encircles the little shanties, one had proof that human beings have only recently hacked out a clearing from primeval growth. Big jagged stumps jutting up amidst the shanties, still fresh looking, tell us where they got the materials for their wooden huts, with their long shaggy grassed roofs. But a scourge has struck the little settlement and all day long the *gong! gong!* of demon exorcism has been going on. Not a house in the village but is calling on the demons this dismal night. Let us look into one.

A young Miao man and woman sit on opposite sides of their little wood fire, cooking something in a big iron pot. In the corner of the floor lies a small figure, moaning. The wife anxiously addresses her husband: "Aren't you going to call on the demons for him? Can't you see how sick he is? Everybody is dying—aren't you going to propitiate the evil spirits?"

The young man shifts uneasily and answers with impatience, "What good does it do? Didn't they offer sacrifices for all those children who are now lying out in the forest in their graves? It does no good, and only kills off our animals. We are poor enough now. There must be another way"—and he broods on, gazing into the fire.

"But he is our only son! We cannot lose little Toong. What other way is there, anyway?" The Miao knows no other way than to propitiate demons with sacrifice.

"Be quiet," growls her mate. "I'm trying to think. There *is* another One whom the Miao in Indo-China are learning to know. I can't think of the Name. Let me see. They pray to Him without animal sacrifice. I don't remember all. I wish now I had listened. But if I could remember the Name . . ." Deep concentration while the little figure on the mat in the corner moans with misery, and outside, the wet night drips its tears ceaselessly in soft splashes.

"Ah," cries the young father. "I have it now. The name is *Jesus*!" And then in his ignorance, he probably seized the gong and beat it with the regular *boom! boom!* which the tribes use to call the demons down. "Ho! Jesus!" he would cry, "Come down and heal our child! Jesus! I don't know how to talk to You, but please come down and heal our son."

He did nothing else. He had reached out in desperation and in little faith, using the Name that does not require animal sacrifice, the only Name given among men under Heaven whereby we may be saved without our shedding of blood, because His most precious blood was shed once for all.

Once for all, O sinner, receive it,
Once for all, O brother, believe it;
Cling to the Cross, the burden will fall,
Christ hath redeemed us, once for all.

Yes, done in ignorance though it was, his burden fell, for the child was better the next morning. Those over whom demon incantations had been made died, but little Toong over whom the Name had been cried lived on. The father did not forget that.

But we accept our gifts easily. Sunshine and life returning, the little family went on their busy way, and thoughts of spiritual things were pushed back out of sight.

Now, down their trail and around over another mountain, and down that trail to the plain you may go, and you will come to a little Thai market named Lomsak, where two Finnish missionary families have been living, witnessing, and labouring—the Heinigienens and the Raassinas. These devoted missionaries had noticed Miao coming to their market to buy rice or supplies, and they decided to hire guides and go and preach to these Miao villages hidden in the hills. It was about 1952 when they made a trip and found a cluster of five villages up there in the mountains above Lomsak. They preached the Word and were given a warm welcome. Some Miao families burned their demon altars at that time and Mr. Heinigienen and Mr. Raassina returned to their homes full of joy and hope. But they had seen what a physical toll mountain travel and life among these primitive people would take, and both being middle-aged men decided that they could not add that to their already full days, with a little church coming into existence at Lomsak. Somehow they heard that the China Inland Mission had entered North Thailand for tribal work, and they had written to the Scheuzgers, telling them of this wonderful opportunity at Petsaboon district, and offering the Miao work there to us. Otto and Adri were not able to go in person, but they wrote to Base Camp and asked if someone there would not go and investigate this promising and open field. Ernie and Mertie Heimbach were already at Chiengmai studying Thai, but with the Miao tribe definitely in mind. Peter Nightingale was also a Thai student, so when the urgent request came, John suggested that Peter and Ernie take a short recess from language study, go down to Petsaboon district, and make a preliminary survey of the White Miao villages there. They went in November, 1953.

They returned to us full of enthusiasm. The mountains

were virgin forest, prolifically fertile and beautiful beyond description. Sure enough, there were six or more villages of the White Miao (Yellow Creek is Blue Miao, you remember) tribe, only three of which they were able to visit. But they felt that the White Miao population comprised two to three thousand people—quite a sufficient parish for a missionary couple! Ernie's brief notes in the Prayer Request Book run thus:

Tham-Bugs is a village of about twenty houses. The people were friendly and hospitable. We stayed one night and they listened well to the Gospel. [Ernie speaks Chinese very well and Peter would have to manipulate in Thai, never having been in China.] Some gave verbal assent to the message but none gave evidence of saving faith, although this was the village where the Finnish missionaries had reported some shrines burned. [Of course no one had visited them since, after almost a year.] The headman was not at home, but we found no houses without demon shelves, as far as we could see.

Pa-Ya has about forty houses. The headman, Mr. Yi, seemed aloof the first night we were in his home but was more responsive after we had given his child some medicine. Many heard the Word with interest, but a Mr. Lo, perhaps fifty years of age, seemed most responsive, asking intelligent questions in Chinese. In private conversation he expressed his desire to believe, but he fears the headman and others.

Khi-Tao also has about forty houses. We were here only about one-and-a-half hours, but were in the home of a Mr. Hsieh who said that he and a few others had believed the Lord since the Finnish missionaries came. He knew almost nothing of the Lord. We tried to instruct him further but cannot say whether or not his faith amounts to saving knowledge of Christ. Further contact will reveal that. Pa-Kho, Hung-Ka and Nam-Khet are large villages not visited as yet. [And in Nam-Khet was the father of little Toong, who had reached out and prayed to the unknown *Jesus.*]

All along, the hearts of C.I.M.ers have felt the urgency of a possible short time in which to work—for obvious political reasons. This has precipitated us into pushing up into the mountains before the time was fully ripe, I feel. But we can only echo the cry of the psalmist of old, "O Lord, remember how short my time is!" In any case, the preaching of the Gospel

is an urgent matter, so it was decided that the Petsaboon opportunities should be followed up again as soon as possible. So in February, 1954, Ernie Heimbach, accompanied this time by Don Rulison and his Karen helper, Dee-gay-tu, went back to the Petsaboon White Miao, to the villages as yet unvisited. Don, by now, could speak quite a bit of White Miao, and Dee-gay-tu had been learning some also. In all these journeys the Finnish missionaries at Lomsak were kindness itself and their fervent devotion to the Lord and earnest interest in the work was a blessing and inspiration to our workers. It was they who found carriers and guides for all these early trips.

The prayer notes record the visit to the village of Pa-Kho first. I quote:

Here there was great friendliness and warmth of reception. We stayed two nights and a day, and part of two other days. Li Nieh-sung and his friend, Wang Nchai-ong (our host), both expressed faith before we left. They talked of burning their demon shelves, but we did not over-encourage this and they decided to wait until we return.

The reason for this caution was, of course, based on the experience of what had happened to those who cast out their demons when the Finnish missionaries had visited. With insufficient knowledge as to what was involved in such an action, our men feared a repetition of Matthew 12:44, 45:

Then he saith, I will return into my house from whence I came out; and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept, and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first. Even so shall it be also unto this wicked generation.

The notes go on:

Here we met Fei-shoong, a man who says he has been worshipping Jesus for about eight years, along with his wife, as a result of a vision. The spirit-shelf was prominent in his home but was apparently used differently, that is, in worshipping "Jesus."

When they told us this experience, Ernie said it reminded him of the Goomoo incident, told in *Nests Above the Abyss*.* It is astonishingly similar.

*By Isobel Kuhn, C.I.M.

Just as the Gospel was being pushed toward their community, a family of demon worshippers received a vision in which they are instructed to cast out other gods and worship only one, named Jesus. In the Goomoo incident, you may remember that those who received the vision had never, consciously or unconsciously, heard that Name before. It was a direct revelation from demons. The Petsaboon case I have not been able to investigate in this one matter. Fei-shoong evidently recognized the matter as just a different and a more powerful demon, named Jesus, who was asking for his worship, so he continued to use the demon altar and paraphernalia. This new demon, calling himself by the precious Name, promised freedom from sickness and calamity—the greatest drawing card that can be offered to ignorant tribespeople who have no medical help or knowledge. The demon's assumption of the Name caused confusion, the obvious object of the Devil's purpose. Under the demon Jesus, human life without end is promised you, with freedom from sickness, and—*you may sin all you like.* Wallow in fleshly pleasures if you wish. Just keep up your demon worship, that is all that is required. One can easily see what a subtle snare this is.

For those of you who have read *Nests* and have often wondered about later developments, I would like to say that dear Mark has finished his course. But before he died, he had deliberately learned to speak Maru-Kachin in order to win that neighbouring tribe to the Lord. And when he passed on in 1946, he left behind him one thousand Maru-Kachin Christians; these in addition to the many Lisu of his own tribe whom he won! I do not believe that the Devil can see into the future, but he must have sensed a large defeat ahead of him, in order to take such pains to try confusion regarding the name of Jesus. Many of the dear prayer partners, who helped pray the Goomoo group through to victory, are now in Heaven. Will not some others among our readers take up the cudgels in this terrific unseen warfare for souls?

CAMP NAM-KHET

And now we come to Nam-Khet, the largest village of the Petsaboon group at the time of this visit. Don, Ernie, and

Dee-gay-tu entered this clearing in the forest with their carriers and, as always, wondered what home would be open to them. They had Gospel posters with them, and putting these up at the first convenient place they began to preach their message. Somehow word came to Tsung-ma, father of little Toong, that white men were in the village preaching about one *Jesus*, the very same Name which had raised up little Toong from a deathbed. Our men did not know that, of course, but they were very pleased when a fine, warm-hearted young Miao said to them, "Come to my house! You must stay with me. I want to receive this Jesus. Come, come." So, inwardly rejoicing, they made Tsung-ma's shanty their home for that visit. He was truly a soul prepared, it seemed. He assented right along, and kept saying, "I believe, I believe!" and by the second day he was calling his neighbours in to listen to the message.

They accepted the message so eagerly and so readily that our men were apprehensive that possibly they did not understand that this meant a complete break with heathenism. They obviously were very ignorant. For instance, asking one Miao man, after they had taught them carefully, *Where is God?* "Oh," came the unexpected answer, "He lives down on the market at Lomsak." Carefully the missionaries backed up and began their teaching all over again. Who God is, Jesus Christ, His death on the Cross for all men—they went into it thoroughly. But still Tsung-ma and others smiled and said, "We believe; we will burn our demon altars." After teaching them, Don, Ernie, and Dee-gay-tu began to question them to find out how much they had comprehended; when an answer was incorrect, they again went over the point which had been misty, and then they questioned again. They did this until the answers came forth like crystal. "Where is God?" they questioned again. "He lives in my heart," came the answer with such sweet confidence and simplicity that the missionaries' eyes grew moist. It was only then that they countenanced the burning of demon altars.

Three families burned their altars, Tsung-ma being the first. Cho-sang was second, and Ba-chu third. Then came the urgent invitation to the white teacher to come and live among them and instruct them more perfectly! Others indicated that they too wanted to join the Christian group. In short, the three

missionaries came back to Base Camp feeling that they had been allowed to step into the pages of the Book of The Acts for a brief few days.

Who was to go and establish Summit Camp Nam-Khet? Don had promised to oversee the Yellow Creek work while the Scheuzgers were on furlough, so he could not go to stay. The only others under appointment to the Miao tribe were the Heimbach family, so they gladly accepted the post.

It was more than a month before anyone could get back to the new babes in Christ. Then Don once more accompanied the party. He wrote of that trip:

After the transfer of my belongings and residence to Yellow Creek, Ernie Heimbach, Dee-gay-tu and I kept our promise to return to White Miao at Nam-Khet the first part of April. We found that the three Christian families had been held up by the Lord through severe testings in the form of sickness, accidents, slander, and rumours.

One had suffered a severe axe wound in the back. He told me he would have turned back and called the demons had not his older brother's faith been strong enough to keep him from it. There was serious sickness in another family, but prayer to Jesus alone availed. The Evil One circulated a rumour that we missionaries were in prison. Yes, Hebrews 7:25 was true for them: "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

Ernie stayed a week, during which time we completed tentative plans for the house which the Miao agreed to build for him and his family to come and live in. During that week two more families burned their demon stuff. Then Ernie left us, just after Dee-gay-tu had passed the crisis of a fever that sent his temperature up over 104. His convalescence was slow and is now being completed in Chiengmai. . . . The following three weeks were among the richest and fullest in my experience, with daily ministry to the needs of dear White Miao people, giving them the precious Gospel and also aiding them in their many physical distresses. Easter Sunday was a memorable day, two families (totalling nineteen people) taking that first outward step with the Lord by burning the implements of their old religion. The largest of these families later was severely tried through the physical relapse of the elder son, but God brought them through it.

There were also days of labour on the new house—felling trees, grubbing out stumps, and levelling ground—then a grand day of house-raising when thirty men and boys helped. All the labour was freely given by the Miao without any pay and the materials came from the surrounding magnificent jungle forest.

Evenings were spent sitting on the bamboo mat (which was my home) on the dirt floor in Tsong-ma's home teaching some of the young people the Miao script; the first step in teaching them to read the White Miao Bible which does not yet exist! We also sang choruses in Miao and prayed. What blessed times! As I told Mr. Kuhn, who came back with Ernie for a few days before we left Ernie there, "The hardest thing for me the whole month was *leaving*." But how blessed to leave some souls trusting Jesus and leaving them in His care. He who saved them will do far greater things there and in that whole area through their testimony, as they are led on to know their Saviour as Lord, through the life and labours of Mr. and Mrs. Heimbach and their children, Danny (4) and Ruthie (2) who will soon be making Nam-Khet their home.

But the transfer was not made so easily. "For a great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries" is true now as it was true in the days of Paul, all the more true because these adversaries cannot be seen with the physical eye. You never know where and when they will suddenly spring upon you and throw you down.

To take a little family up to a raw mountainside, far from stores and medical help, is no small matter. Living would be primitive in the extreme and the Miao will not act as servants; they would not even guarantee to carry food supplies up and down the mountain. Not living on such themselves, they cannot conceive why this is a necessity to white people. Their children do not drink milk, for instance. They nurse from the mother as long as possible—I have known a tribal child of six years of age, still nursing!—and the undernourishment of their children would be attributed to demon power, if to anything. The pioneer must battle with native ignorance as well as superstitions. So preparation took the Heimbach family longer than anticipated.

When at length they arrived at Lomsak, they were cordially received by the Raassina family. There was no extra room in

their little house, so a portion of the long dining-room was screened off and the Heimbach family of four slept there.

Ernie had decided to go up to Nam-Khet before his family. It was now well into the rainy season, and he must make sure that the house had a roof and walls on it. It had not been entirely finished when Don left. While Ernie was gone up the mountain, little Danny fell ill with a high fever, a strange fever. By the time his father returned, he was a bit better, but then Ernie came down with it and was very, very ill. Ruthie also contracted it, and there in that tiny space behind the curtain Mertie had to minister to them; the Raassinas, of course, were kindness itself, but they too were being cramped for space. And it was *hot.* During that miserable sickness God spoke to Ernie of the price of pioneering.

Again and again we have turned to Amy Carmichael's words:

> The working out of the law of pains for the pioneer: was ever one who was not tested to the uttermost, beset behind and before, crushed and milled till nothing was left for the eye of man to find beauty in, or any power? And so it is that when the work is accomplished, the excellency of the power is shown and known to be of God and not of us.

The law of pains for the pioneer. When Ernie at length got up from his sickbed he knew that he must spend more time in prayer and fasting, for "this kind goeth not out" by anything else.

Our circular of that summer of 1954 reads: "The Heimbach family moved up among the White Miao on July 31. There they found that the Devil had been busy with an epidemic of bad dreams of death and disaster, forebodings which worked on the simple tribal mind until one family went back and put up a demon altar again. And Tsong-ma himself was faltering."

The only person who does not believe that the Devil is a person is someone who has never attempted to combat him or his ways. Such a one is easily hoodwinked into believing that he is a myth; or as C. S. Lewis has so clearly pointed out in *The Screwtape Letters,* he whispers to such a person that he is too intellectual to believe such a thing, and thus lullabies

that one's mind into inertness. The simple tribesman going through his animistic incantations is wiser than such a drugged intellectual. He, at least, knows there is a Devil; and he has ways to appease him temporarily. The drugged intellectual is the fool in such matters. These are not mere words.

Once when I was a young missionary in a far corner of the earth, I received a note from a stranger asking for shelter for a few nights. He was a young American news reporter, since become so famous that I dare not now mention his name. We opened our home to him, of course, and he felt he had to tell us why he had appealed to us for hospitality. He had been travelling through those parts with one of the world's famous intellectuals—a man with many university degrees, a contributor to *The National Geographic Magazine*, a scholar who told himself and the world that he was studying animistic demonology just from an anthropological point of view. As one of our modern intellectuals, he of course laughed at the idea that there was a personal Devil. This is what the young reporter said to us. "As Dr. X knows many languages, I asked to travel with him, but *the man is haunted*! He sleeps with two pistols under his pillow every night. He sees demons or men or something approaching his bed every morning at about four o'clock and outs with his pistols and shoots at them! I see nothing, but boy, I don't care to have pistols blazing around my head before I'm properly awake in the morning! I made up my mind that I'd appeal for help to the first white people we came across, and I heard of you. That's why I am here. I'll never share a tent with him again, you can bet on that." Here was "a drugged intellectual" who had come to the Devil's domain with the intent to pry curiously, and perhaps sometimes laugh. But it was the Devil who had the laugh on him—a very grim one. After that, when we heard Dr. X's name mentioned in missionary circles, we asked questions, and found out that others had had the same experience with him; that he was really haunted, and did continue to sleep with pistols and shoot them off in terror in the early morning hours. But, of course, his magazine articles never breathed of such things.

The pioneer missionary must take the power of the enemy of souls into consideration. He is going to meet with opposition on grounds where he cannot get hold of the trickster to grapple

with him. Dreams of foreboding. Dreams are very important things to primitive animistic people, and to many educated people, too. Charlotte Brontë relates that Jane Eyre always met with misfortune after dreaming she had an infant in her arms—relates it, as if she herself believed it. So the dreams of bad luck in the mountain, and the knockout sickness that came to the missionary at the foot of the mountain, just as the little family were about to climb and enter in, were related to each other and they all came from the same source. Ernie and Mertie recognized their enemy and faced him in the Name from which he always flees. Not so the poor terrified tribespeople. They recognized the source clearly enough, but they had as yet no experience of the power of the Name. So they backslid and put up their demon shrines in frightened re-allegiance—at least one family did. The other waited, wobbling. Prayer partners, you should always cover the dreams of new converts, until they are established.

Frances Bailey, down at Advance Camp Lomsak, wrote how her heart was moved to watch the little family start off with their Miao carriers on their trek to establish a Summit Camp in the middle of the rainy season. And then silence enwrapped them. The rains flooded down and the intervening streams swelled so that contact was impossible. For a month it was not possible to get word down to us, or to get new supplies up. But as soon as she did hear, Frances wired us at Base Camp of their safety and well-being. Oh, the throbs of the work!

When young workers are brave and devoted, we thank our God, but it is always with moist eyes. We do not take lightly the sufferings of the flesh, not if we have ever known how the flesh can suffer. We do not let our eyes or thoughts dwell on that, for that cannot help and is very weakening; but no commander should call his soldiers to suffer, to toil, to bleed, with his own eyes dry or his heart indifferent. General MacArthur said he wept over the dead of Korea; and when the brave commander of Dien Bien Phu was released to freedom, he entered it with the tears streaming down his face.

But our little family in Summit Camp Nam-Khet did not weep over such things. Mertie set to work at the primitive housekeeping of the long wooden shanty, and Ernie kept the woodpile in stock. Both had to begin to learn White

Miao, using what helps Don—himself just learning—had been able to give, and otherwise to fall back on Chinese or Thai. For food, other than tinned goods, they had to depend daily on the Lord to send it in. There was no variety, but the tribes plant and eat mustard greens, beans, and corn, and sometimes they killed game in the forest and shared it with the missionaries. The two children loved roaming over the village with the Miao children as guides, and of course they were soon chattering in the same tongue as their playmates.

The real heartache of the pioneer is the lapse of his spiritual children. Soon rumours drifted to Ernie that Tsung-ma had not been faithful to his wife. That, of course, is common among heathen; polygamy is common also. But Tsung-ma had accepted the sacrifice of Christ's death for the atonement of his sin, and he could not continue in sin and expect to have the benefits of his faith. He must be taught, and Ernie had to do it. Dear sunny-faced Tsung-ma, who had welcomed them with such love into his shanty, and had opened his heart to the dear Name with a child's simplicity and trustfulness had been ensnared through his affections. Satan does not always attack our weak places; he knows how to turn our strong points against us. Tsung-ma had a fleshly affection for a girl in the village and did not wish to give her up. He would not say that to Ernie's face; he probably did not even acknowledge the sin; but from that time on the light left his countenance, and it was only a matter of time and a different excuse until he too had backslidden.

Dr. Eric Sauer says: "Throughout centuries God spoke the word 'Repent' into the history of salvation—this is the meaning of the law of Moses. Through one thousand five hundred years it was an education in repentance."

"Someone has believed!" thrills the pioneer to his prayer partners. Then to himself, "Now what do we do?" Now begins the education in repentance. The tribesman has to be taught how God looks at human life and behaviour; he has to learn what sin is. "Oh," says the child of centuries of Christian background, "that is very easy. His own conscience would tell him what sin is." Oh, no, it won't! Conscience is trained by background, until it is yielded to the Holy Spirit. One of our difficulties in Thailand came when

we found out that the Thai had quite a different conception from ours as to what that word *sin* means. Buddha taught that to take life is sin; killing a chicken or a snake is *sin*. Promiscuous living, such as Tsung-ma was guilty of, is just unwise; I even heard a Buddhist argue that fornication should be classed as entertainment, but not sin. And so the education in repentance must begin.

The teacher can educate nobody. He can only point the way. Education is attained when the way pointed out is accepted and the feet walk it. So with the missionary. He can convert no one. Like Evangelist in *Pilgrim's Progress* he can point the way to the Wicket Gate, and he can depict the burning of the City of Destruction, but his power ends there. So dear Ernie had to watch the very man, whose heart God had prepared by that miraculous healing of his little son, choose darkness rather than light because his deeds wanted to be in the other camp. This is heartbreak. Now you may watch the pioneer weep.

Why did God allow it? Maybe we can find an answer from the camp of Satan himself. Screwtape (a demon) writes: "The enemy (i.e., Christ) allows this disappointment to occur on the threshold of every human endeavour. It occurs when lovers get married and begin the real task of learning to live together. In every department of life, it marks the transition from dreamy aspiration to laborious doing." Every pioneer must learn that blood and sweat of our own are not in themselves payment enough to redeem souls. No souls are won without them, but they are not in themselves the payment. Redemption is God's gift. The glittering peaks of Everest look beautiful in a magazine, with its dazzling snow crest and the blue, blue sky above. But the climber has to tuck that vision in his heart and climb on when there is no beauty visible, only the bitingly cold blast whipping against him, the slippery ice imperilling his foothold, and only tinned food in his stomach. *From dreamy aspiration to laborious doing.* The *doing* of the pioneer is to go on enduring privation, and preaching when the preaching of the Gospel seems foolishness. C. S. Lewis says in another book: "It is just the people who are ready to submit to the loss of the thrill, and settle down to the sober interest, who are the most likely to meet new thrills in some quite different direction."

The pioneer has to come to the place where he is willing to go on without thrills. And the drumbeat of the Lord that calls to that monotonous plodding is also challenging prayer partners at home. Can you be faithful to go on interceding for these lost tribes without the thrill of glamorous reports?

"*For the drumbeats of His army are the heartbeats of our love.*"

The last word from Summit Camp Nam-Khet is that only two families of the original nine are standing fast in the Lord. But Nurse Bailey and Nurse Dorothy Jones have moved up to join the Heimbach family in their ministry of love and pleading for Christ. They too must have a place where they can learn the White Miao language, but of course their hearts beat high with the hope that more than just that will be given them.

Am I saying, then, that we should not look for glamour in our missionary lives? No, it will be given, even as Mr. Lewis says, in an unlooked-for direction, when the path of duty is soberly chosen. And there is one species of glamour that is ours to hold fast to our hearts through everything, even as the climber of Everest held the vision of the sparkling peak tucked out of sight in his plodding body. I can best explain it by telling you a story from my first days in China. Fraser of Lisuland, my superintendent, was taking me somewhere through narrow Chinese alleys at night. Little hovels lay in kindly muffled shadow on either side of the street, and through their poor cracks twinkled little lights—the centuries-old oil lamp of Bible days, a saucer of oil with a lighted wick floating in it. Mr. Fraser said to me, "Miss Miller, never lose the glamour of your calling! I have been in China some twenty years but I still thrill all over when I tell myself, on nights like this, *I am in China for Christ.*"

The glamour of comradeship with Him outweighs the toil and tears, the disappointments and frustrations, the sickening of hopes deferred, and steadies our life.

Above the din and hurt of war and strife,
To hear through storm His voice which bids you
"Fear not,"
And take from Him the gift of steadied life.

R. W. WHEELER

9

Into His Marvellous Light

DR. ALEXANDER MACLAREN once said: "If we put our poor trust in the Eternal Light that was manifest in Christ, then we shall walk in the sunshine of His face on earth, and that lamp will burn for us in the darkness of the grave, and lead us at last into the ever-blazing centre of the Sun itself."

This chapter is to be about Father Wood, the first convert in the Lisu tribe of North Thailand, and the first tribesman of any tribe (in the C.I.M.-O.M.F. work) to burn his demon altar. I would like to use Dr. Maclaren's words as outline headings for this little story.

"Our Poor Trust"

"Our poor trust"—this expression was used by a white man and a scholar; and he wrote it, not out of mock humility, but because by coming close to his Lord he had learned that it was the truth. Another fine scholar testifies to the same thing. C. S. Lewis said: "The real test of being in the presence of God is that you either forget about yourself altogether, or you see yourself as a small, dirty object." Mr. Lewis was not trying to be humble, either. One of the disconcerting things to the saint of God is to find out how weak his faith is. It is always easy to recognize when the other fellow's trust is "poor"! It is soul-shaking when you find that your own is. But bless the Lord, He does not test the strength of our faith before He accepts it! As soon as we reach out to Him, we are His.

To those of us who watched Father Wood emerging from animism, there were no heroics of faith; each step was wobbly the whole way out. But as George Müller once said: "Strong faith in a weak plank will land you in the stream. Weak faith in a strong plank will carry you safely over it." Father

Wood had laid his "poor trust" in One that is mighty, and so he was carried in triumph.

He was tested severely. True, during the dry season, with Nurse Eileen's good care, he was helped in his arthritis so much that he was able to make one trip to the plain and back again. He also broke off his opium under her guidance, and paid for the medicines voluntarily. But when the rainy season returned and his joints ached again and gnarled up, he saw clearly that he had not been granted a permanent cure, and he started to smoke an occasional pipe of opium to numb the ache, and perhaps, to cheer himself up. To the young missionary who had seen him through to a cure, it was a sore trial to see him return to the drug, even though he smoked only lightly. But let us think into the keen disappointment of the man himself, that his new Lord had not given him a perfect cure. Yet his "poor trust" did not switch masters; doggedly he went on after the Christ.

Another bitter disappointment was the failure of his neighbours to join him in his new-found faith. Four other families had said they would become Christians too if he would lead the way; but, headman Honey threatening them, they did not dare to do so. So Father Wood found himself on a lonely pathway.

"The Christian life is rather tasteless, isn't it?" he said to me one day, as he sat in his crippled condition, unable to move outside and join in the general life. "A fellow gives up smoking and drinking and the heathen festivals and—well, there isn't any fun in being a Christian, is there?"

I was pierced to the heart for, of course, the normal Christian life is the most joyous on earth. The Lisu church in China was full of laughter and good times, and its joys were a magnet that drew the heathen around. But they found their pleasures in singing, reading contests, and the festivals of the church. I am speaking now of earthly pleasures. Father Wood knew and acknowledged the peace of heart which fellowship with the Saviour had brought him; that was why he continued as a Christian, but he had no comradeship. No one else was learning to read or sing (later some of the children did, but no men of his generation) and time often hung heavy on his hands. It was a real test for Father Wood. Before we judge him as a weak

Christian, let us think how we would respond if suddenly deprived of all the contingent blessings that God heaps upon us.

So it was with much rejoicing that I heard of the very happy Christmas which the Wood family spent in 1954. I shall quote from Eileen and Edna's letter of those days. John, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hatton, and Dorothy Jones had gone up for the festival. The men slept at Father Wood's house, while Higgledy-Piggledy had to stretch its walls to go around Dora Hatton and Dorothy, as well as Eileen and Edna. Edna wrote of how she and Eileen stole out, after everyone else was in bed and

that night we carolled and tea'd Dora and Dorothy in bed, and then went up and carolled the men at the Woods'. The village wondered what had struck us.

On December 21 [the day they called Christmas, as they were going on to Maesalong for the 25th] we ate the noon meal with the Woods—lots of fat pork. And in the afternoon had games. There was a good group of both adults and children, with Father Wood hovering in the background, chuckling as he watched them progress. [He was well and walking around again.] Half the village gathered to see us eat. . . . Then for the games. Wish you could have seen headman Honey and Wu-be competing to eat bananas strung on a pole! And the kids ready for a three-legged race and going with inside legs up and hopping with the outside legs! And Father Wood lighting a candle as many times as he could with a match! And Ah-ka-me-ma and Ah-mee-do jigging cardboard frogs along on a string!

The whole village had a lesson in the possibility of clean fun, and Father Wood was as happy as anyone. At the close of the uproarious game session he warmly invited all to come to his shanty for the evening meeting.

The girls had prepared a beautiful flannelgraph of the Nativity and also had material for the shepherd scene.

Eileen put a chuckle in parenthesis about this in her letter to me; John and Mr. Hatton had tried to set up the flannelgraph by themselves, and Eileen says, "I wish you could have seen them. There were pigs clinging to the walls of the stables and angels in very unangelic positions! But everything got sorted out in due time and the service went on. Father Wood made a good attempt at singing for about the first time, and he read the Christmas story from Luke." (Note the progress he

had made through endless monotonous hours of trying to put letters together.) John brought the message in Lisu on "Immanuel, God with us," and "the day ended sweetly and triumphantly."

So Father Wood had a taste of "the sunshine of His Face on earth" and what Christian fellowship could mean. Mother Wood also had broken off her opium smoking and professed to believe in Christ as her Saviour. Wu-be was always aloof and acted as if he feared we'd lay hands on him if he got too friendly. (Remember those lies circulated about our wanting to kidnap the children for American soldiers.) The married daughter, Ah-me-do, is the cleverest in the family, but extremely fickle, and although she had accepted Christ under my own leading, and prayed very intelligently and clearly, I saw little things in her conduct from time to time that made me doubt that she was rendering much more than lip-service to the Lord. Her heart delighted in the fleshly part of heathen festivals, and I believe she tried Christianity as a mere novelty. So Christian fellowship in his own family circle brought Father Wood nothing very satisfying.

The happy Christmas over, Eileen and Edna shut up Higgledy-Piggledy and joyfully went off with John and the others for a Yao Christmas at Maesalong. Who could think what would happen before they returned?

The "Lamp Will Burn for Us in the Darkness of the Grave"

The night of December 25, Father Wood awoke with a "stomach-ache." Only Mother Wood was in the shanty that night; Ah-mee-do had gone down to the plain and Wu-be was up watching her house for her. "I believe I am going home to God," Father Wood told his wife. "Now don't you put silver in my mouth when I die! Or kill a pig! Or any of the old heathen practices!" Later, as another sharp pain struck him, he called her by her name and said, "Pray to God for me!" and then he fell asleep in Jesus. The valley of the shadow had been mercifully shortened for him, but his "lamp" had burned so clearly that he had recognized he was passing through it. "Weak faith in a strong plank" had carried him

over the stream! In those few minutes his "poor trust" had kindled into steadfast flame. In those dark hours he must have faced the belief of his old life—that the demons must be placated with a pig sacrifice; that his welfare in the next world must be paid for with a silver coin between his dead lips. He must have faced the sneers of the Thai traders who had visited him with their Buddhist explanations of life, who had told him (for he asked me about it) that life was just so much energy and that the soul returned after death into some other form of life on this planet. They had told him that eternal life was a lie of the white man, that there is no God, and that transmigration is the only hope after death. Father Wood knew he was dying, he was able to talk with and advise his wife; therefore he must have faced all these theories of life and death and he made his choice. That "lamp will burn for us in the darkness of the grave." With no white missionary around, and only his rather feeble wife in the black little hut, Father Wood must have had a clarifying of life's issues, and he chose the Christ.

Off in Maesalong for the happy celebration of Christmas among the Yao, his girl missionaries had no idea of what was happening at Ta-Ngo.

December 30 saw them happily climbing the hill to Higgledy-Piggledy again. As they returned over the crest, the old sorcerer of New Village met them on the trail and roughly shouted, "*Ma-jyao! Si-pa yi meh leo A-wo-pa ma jya, shih keh leo.*" (He's not alive! The Wood man has fallen asleep. Uncle is not here, he is dead.) Edna writes:

As we went on, our thoughts were in a turmoil. How had he died—triumphant or fearful, quickly or in agony? Did he cling to the Lord? What of the family? Had they buried him as a Christian? Were they wavering? What would the heathen think, straight on top of our Christmas festival? We rested beside the trail and committed it all to the Lord, asking for wisdom to comfort and help the dear ones left behind, and praying that the Lord's glory might come forth through it all.

As we came into the village everyone blared the news at us. We went straight up to their house but they were away in the fields, so we came up to Higgledy-Piggledy and settled in. After supper we went up and found them eating around the little table—Mother Wood, Wu-be, Ah-me-do, and Be-ba.

At first they seemed a little distant, and Ah-mee-do said, "What do you want?" We said we had heard the news and had come to comfort them. Then they were more responsive and told us all about it. . . . None of the villagers would help with the burial. I think Wu-be dug the grave and they had to pay men to carry the body out. The villagers said they would not help believers in God. Poor things! . . . Ah-mee-do says the heathen are persecuting, don't want them living in the same village, threaten to burn their houses, and so on. We have urged them to commit it to the Lord and not be fearful, but we can see it is a very real trial for them. . . . Wu-be firmly declared this morning, "I am going to believe all the time." Ah-mee-do seems the most shaken and fearful of the three.

Pray much for them—I know you do—and for the testimony as it goes out to the heathen that the hope and assurance of eternal life may not be without its drawing power. As we talked with Ah-ka-me-ma this morning I asked if she would see Father Wood again and she said, "Yes." We are still not sure where she stands.

This brings us to the effect of tribal economy on new Christians. Lisu custom is to bury the dead in coffins—home-made coffins of course, as they could never afford to buy one in civilization, nor to have it hauled up to the village. Usually someone in the village is trained to make them, but rich tribespeople buy theirs beforehand so that the corpse will not have to be kept waiting for burial until one is made. The Wood family was too poor to prepare beforehand so, the villagers being all arrayed against them now, Father Wood had to be buried uncoffined.

More than that, it is tribal custom for everyone to help carry out the body; they do not charge for this, but do expect a meal. Not a neighbour would touch the dead body of a Christian, so the family had to bribe heathen men from a distance to help carry Father Wood to his resting place. The heathen would not accept money, so the family had to bribe them with opium. The shame and distress and heartache of all this can hardly be realized by us. For some time now the Wood family had been quietly persecuted; no one would help them in their fields. As if that were not enough, headman Honey had openly stolen one of the Wood family fields, and as he himself is the court of appeal in the village (the only one

they know) nothing could be done about it. Mother Wood just stood in the field and cried as she watched his men planting it with his seed. Ah-mee-do was the most upset, as she has no root of the matter within. She kept telling Wu-be and Mother Wood that there was no use in going on with this Christianity. They would be starved and robbed out, she said, carrying all the heathen threatenings to their ears. Still the mother and son stood firm, asserting that they would continue to believe in Christ. So Satan had to attack from another direction.

Edna had to take furlough. It had been more than six years since she had been home and she was very thin and worn. After she left Eileen was willing to stay on alone, but politically things began to boil. Nationalist Chinese guerillas were backing up into Thailand as Burmese patrols bombed and shot at them. Thai troops were sent to drive them off Thai soil, and the mountaintops became a battlefield. Ta-Ngo was always a favourite resort of the Chinese, so Eileen, with others, was asked by the consul to come down to the plain (Hweiphai) until the matter was settled. This probably also precipitated the intention of the villagers to move to different sites. Then arose the problem—where were Mother Wood and Wu-be to go? To remain alone was to invite plunderers. They could have moved to Tsa-Ba where there are other Lisu Christians now, but they did not know that. There was no missionary present with whom to counsel. And Ah-mee-do kept urging them to recant, and repeating all the calamities which had and would befall them if they tried to stand alone. It was too much for their weak faith, and with no help in sight they recanted. The heathen had refused to allow them to move with them in any direction, as long as they were Christian. There seemed to be no other way.

Down on the plain Eileen knew nothing of this, but had a presentiment that she should make another trip up and try and move some of her belongings down. She finally gained permission for this, and her letter tells of what she found. I quote:

I hardly know how to write for my own heart burns, and I can but trust the Holy Spirit to cause yours to burn likewise. Is it true that you at home want to read only the glamorous

stories of missionary victories? If so, put this letter down, for this is a "battlefield where the fighting is not pretty play, but stern reality," and there are defeats as well as victories. Some of you are stout-hearted warriors and I know you will take up the prayer cudgels, realizing your part. Lisuland is a battlefield and battlefields are not beautiful, but for you who so courageously wage the warfare in the heavenlies, I have no sufficient word of thanks. . . . Only He who trained you into His service can ever do that adequately.

But don your armour and trudge with me up the mountain to Ta-Ngo. The political situation seethes, Edna's fellowship is gone, the Lisu are moving, and I don't know what I shall find on arrival. But the lost sheep still wander in darkness and love is the cord that ever draws one back to them, triumphing over danger, loneliness, and uncertainty.

As we near the village only skeleton shapes of the shanties still stand and point out the place where Ta-Ngo stood. Lisu voices are silent and the mountain is left to its memories. Only our shanty, Higgledy-Piggledy, still is intact with its roof in place.

Pulling up over First Ridge, we can see two horses standing at the door, and stamping their feet, anxious to be away. Two men are loading them with the things from our house and the fifteen minutes that it takes to get to Second Ridge gives them plenty of time for escape with many of our household and personal things.

Alas, what a return! The house rifled . . . the village gone . . . but the saddest part is still to come.

The only real tragedies are spiritual tragedies. Things can be purchased anew, moving villages can be located, but spiritual tragedies—ah, there is where the battle of the burning heart begins!

Yes, seeing no way out of their predicament, the Christians had agreed to renounce the Lord in order to live in New Village. The agreement with the heathen goes on to say that they will have no singing, preaching, or missionary in their home. Do these facts stir your heart? Mine burns! Satan seems to have snatched them back into darkness and slammed the door, and now stands leering at the ambassador of Christ. But . . . "to stand steady in defeat is itself a triumph" writes one from India's battlefield. And we endeavour to stand steady—looking unto Him, but attacking vigorously in the realm of prayer.

Eileen wrote to me that she meant to go and visit them in New Village anyway. She quoted: "Love is a stouthearted soldier. She can pick up the cross and trudge on." So, once with Jean Nightingale, and once with Verda Peet as companion, Eileen climbed the mountain to New Village. She found that the Wood family were willing to have her come and see them, but her heart was sickened to find that Ah-mee-do had persuaded Mother Wood to go back to the opium smoking; and she herself is fast becoming an addict. Eileen wrote, "We had street meetings in the village. . . . Some of the homes were curious and friendly, some were indifferent, and some were cool-to-cold, but in none of them was open opposition."

Such is my last news. Ta-Ngo village site is being ploughed up into fields.

Was it all loss? No. The purpose of this particular Summit Camp had been to find a place where the two young workers could learn the Lisu language, and both now speak it. Edna has passed all her Lisu language examinations and Eileen is working on her last.

Another kind of language effort has not been a loss, either. Vaughan Collins and David Hogan of Gospel Recordings had paid us a visit and captured several North Thailand tribal tongues and dialects, one of which is Father Wood's Lisu record. How tender of the Lord to foresee that when Father Wood reached the Happy Land he would be conscious that others had fruit to offer to their Saviour, but he had been a cripple. And though he had witnessed to everyone who came in his door about his faith in Christ, he never saw any results of it. But now that the Thailand Lisu Gospel records have arrived, they are being played all over the hills of that country, for Lisu villages are interspersed with other villages and Lisu guests may arrive at a tribal station any time. So Father Wood's testimony, as speaker on those records, has travelled far distant, where his poor gnarled joints could never have taken him in life. And he, from those little discs, is still exhorting men to leave their sins and seek Him who alone has salvation. And who knows what fruit the poor arthritic may yet have to offer to His Lord?

And Father Wood is safely gathered up into Heaven. As

I thought about it, I saw how tender it was of the Lord to take that poor cripple before he had to face such a terrible decision—tribal ostracism or recant. The other members of the family have been given into the sieve of Satan that they may be winnowed. "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat" (Luke 22:31). His tender Lord would not allow the cripple of steadfast heart to be so winnowed, so tossed up and down, so pressed beyond measure. No, that one was gathered into His garner.

And "Lead Us at Last into the Ever-Blazing Centre of the Sun Itself"

What a transition for this important tribesman of the Thailand hills to find his "poor trust" conducting him into God's marvellous light! To find his Advocate standing at God's right hand to receive and own him, as washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. To find all whispering doubts allayed forever and perfect knowledge of the truth his. To find that Jesus Christ *was* the way to God. To realize fully now his own imperfections, at the same moment as he received the white robe that covers them for always. To gaze on the ever-blazing holiness of God and to know that Christ's love has saved him from its consuming justice! To see the rough ways of his earthly life falling from him and the gentle tenderness of Heaven refining him into Christ's own likeness!

And around the ever-blazing Centre, which will always be the centre of our heart's worship up there, Father Wood found himself in the midst of an inheritance of saints! Me-do-me-pa would not be long in shaking hands. Teacher John, who gave his life in the evangelizing of the Upper Salween, would make welcome this first arrival from the hills of Thailand. Homay and Mary would not be shy to express their joy. He who had been lonely on earth, and found his solitary pathway sometimes drab, has been dazzled with the joys of fellowship from his own Lisu race, his inheritance forever.

If a selfish man like Dives remembered those of his brethren left behind, one can easily picture Father Wood turning to some kind smiling face and asking eagerly, "Is there anything I can do to help the other Lisu of Thailand

to come here also?" We must leave the answer beyond the veil.

Two young corns of wheat buried themselves on that Ta-Ngo mountain for about a year. Was it worthless?

As was once said, "We may lose a battle, or a whole series of battles, and *yet win the campaign.*" Much as a lost battle hurts, it is the campaign we are after!

10

Men Without a Country

AS we watched the spiritual dawn breaking on the mountains of North Thailand, in that blushing half-twilight of gradually increasing light, we discerned certain figures shuttling back and forth, now appearing, now disappearing, never to be questioned minutely, and yet none so perishing as they. Dark and hopeless against the pink of growing radiancy, they pierced our hearts as that cry of human need rang out, "I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul."

My first encounter with these elusive needy ones was so romantic that it has been printed before, but never in this setting, so I will give it again here.

It was the end of the year 1952, just a few months after we had arrived in Thailand, and we were still at that first house which the Carlsons had procured in Base Camp. It was an evening after Christmas, and we were enjoying a hymn-sing with our friends Dr. and Mrs. Buker. Suddenly a young Chinese soldier was standing on the porch outside our screen door, peering eagerly in at us. There was such intense longing on his face, that, never questioning who he was, I opened the door and motioned him to a seat, which happened to be between John and Don Rulison. As soon as the song which we had been singing ended, he looked up and spoke out in Chinese. "Do you folks know where Pastor Yang Hui-yin might be?" he asked, searching face after face intensely.

The Lord quickened my wits to guess that he had the name wrong.

"Do you mean Pastor Yang *Jir-ying*?" I asked, which is John's Chinese name.

"Yes, yes! Yang Jir-ying!"

"Right here," spoke up John, extending his hand in greeting.

"Pastor Kuhn of the China Inland Mission?" the man responded, incredulously.

"Yes, said John in wonder.

"Were you in Yunnan?"

"Yes."

"Oh," cried the boy, grabbing the extended hand with such emotion that John quieted him down saying, "Our guests here will soon be leaving, and then we can talk."

As the boy settled back for another song, Don heard him mutter, "I can't believe it. I can't believe it!"

Dr. and Mrs. Buker took their departure right after that last number, and then we returned to listen to the story which the young guerrilla had to tell.

He came from a Christian family in a small town of western Yunnan, where John had visited and preached just before communism made such trips impossible. The lad had been in school at the time of that visit, so they had not seen much of each other—this being the reason why he had John's given name and that he did not recognize John's face. When the Red régime took over his town, they tried to make all the Christians sign papers of recantation. One man was jailed for five months until he did. All Bibles were collected and burned, he said, except some extra copies which the Christians had hidden in time. "I hid this," he declared, proudly pulling a small New Testament from his breast pocket and showing it to us—it was well worn with use. "After they saw what happened to the man in jail," the lad continued, "some of the Christians signed the recantation papers, but they still believed in their hearts and they are reading their Bibles in secret. Our family met together and decided to die if necessary, but not to sign." Taking this bold stand brought persecution upon them and life became so unbearable that plans were made to flee; they escaped in April, 1952, all but one mother who had so many little children that she would not.

Once they were over the border came the question of how to get a living. Burma would not receive them, neither would Thailand. Only one group offered refuge—the Chinese Nationalist guerrillas under General Li Mi. They are the dwellers in No Man's Land, the Burma-Yunnan-Thailand borders. Determined to die rather than become communist,

they had fled from China, only to find that no other country would have them! "I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me; refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul." These are the people we saw flitting back and forth: now we met them on the mountaintops, now they were gone, and we did not dare question their occupation or whereabouts. *Perishing* was written over them, and yet personal encounters revealed many a brave and lovable soul.

"We all had to join with Li Mi temporarily, and I was ordered to join the group who marched south forty-seven-and-a-quarter days to Thailand," Ruling Power (for so we roughly translated his name for prayer partners) continued.

His brother was in another group, and when they were parting he said to Ruling Power, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could meet Pastor Kuhn in Thailand? But no, that would be impossible."

"Not impossible if God worked it out for me," replied the laddie, turning away heartsick with many sorrows. So, as they came south, he began to pray that he might meet John. John's Chinese surname is Yang—about as common among Chinese as Smith is among English-speaking people. Ruling Power had always called him Pastor Yang and had forgotten to get his Christian name exactly. To hunt for a man called Yang in a country as big as Thailand! No wonder his brother had said it was impossible. Ruling Power had no passport to enter Thailand, he did not know John's address, he did not remember his face, and had his given name incorrectly. But he did have faith that God, who held all these answers, would grant his prayer.

In December Ruling Power became sick. Now next door to that which was our first house in Base Camp was a little hospital, and General Li had made arrangements that any of his men who were wounded might be treated there, if they did not leave the premises. They were brought in trucks, taken away in trucks, and watched all the time. And so God had picked up this laddie, so to speak, and set him down right beside the "needle in the haystack." Yet neither he nor we knew.

Being next door, on Christmas Day he heard us singing carols, and thought excitedly, "Christian white people! Maybe they will know where Pastor Kuhn is!" The night of December

30, he and some pals were allowed out for a short walk up the street, and again he heard the singing. "It is in here!" he said to his friends excitedly. "I am going in here and ask."

"Don't be a fool!" exhorted his companion. "Vault a shut gate after dark? You with a guerrilla uniform on and no passport in this land! Don't be a f——" but Ruling Power was already over the gate. Before him lay the white man's bungalow on high pillars and a railed-in veranda.

"*Wo pa-shang lai-la,*" he announced to us simply—"I climbed up"—and stood at the screen door through which poured the electric light. The rest you know.

But the time was getting late and he must not be caught with us without permission. "Let us have a word of prayer together," said John, and the lad joined in. When it came his turn to pray, he began, "O Lord! For Thy grace, for Thy love, and for Thy providential working I th . . ." then he broke down; again and again he tried to continue but great sobs rent him as all the agony of the last two years surged up and would not be suppressed. We stood wet-eyed and hushed in the presence of such anguish.

Arrangements were made and permission obtained for Ruling Power to come and see us daily until his dismissal. He told us frankly where they were; there were two thousand of them in a deep valley right on the border of Burma and Thailand. The road to their hiding place branched off the Fang road at a certain point which he described to us. We passed it every time we went to Higgledy-Piggledy or to Fang, and always a prayer for Ruling Power went up as we did so.

"Are you the opium smugglers?" I asked him.

"No, we are not allowed to handle opium, nor are we allowed ill-conduct with women; we are very well disciplined," came his simple and straightforward answer. "There are a few other Christians in our outfit," he went on, "and last Christmas Day they met together and had a little meal and remembered the Lord's birth."

"Is there any way we can contact you?" we asked, eager to be a comfort.

"None," he replied, "unless more of my outfit are wounded and sent next door."

And it was so; after he left, silence engulfed him. Out of the night into the glow of Christian love and fellowship for just a few sweet days; then into the darkness again.

> And pray for me, my friend
> When night comes on;
> God's stars look down upon us both,
> Apart—alone;
> Will you, dear friend, before you sleep
> Pray Him my soul, with yours, to keep?
> T.O.C.

We did pray for Ruling Power. And when we discovered the Chinese ward in the hospital next door, where these men were brought and nursed, we often went there and preached the Gospel. Some accepted Christ, and all were cordial. None, however, knew Ruling Power. We did hear of him again, but that will unfold later.

The guerrillas were carefully disciplined, but there was another group in No Man's Land which Ruling Power might have joined, but did not. These were the opium smugglers. Again and again, in our visits to the Lisu of Ta-Ngo, Edna and I ran into these caravans. Of course we did not ask if they were opium runners, but some of them were very frank, once they grew to trust us. Most of the opium traders were Moslems, and undoubtedly there were very wicked men among them. But a large number of them were merely refugees out of Red China. They listened eagerly to the Gospel and we always kept a supply of Chinese Gospels and literature at Higgledy-Piggledy for them. We never knew when they would arrive.

One morning, as Edna and I were clearing up after breakfast, the door was pushed open and two heavily armed and fierce-looking Chinese stamped into the room. "It wouldn't do to be of a fearful disposition, would it?" Edna whispered to me laughingly. We always had to be on the alert, for there were some unfriendly men among them occasionally. This time, the young fellow with the two pistols on his hips turned to me in his rough way and said, "I say, lady, have you any medicine for sores?" and he pulled up his trouser leg to show an ulcer. Luckily we had gentian violet with us and gave him a

good application, whereupon he sat down on the matting floor and began to chat. John was there, that visit, so one of us ran up the hill to Father Wood's and called him down to talk with the two. They nearly fell on his neck when they discovered that he had been to their home towns in Yunnan, and their hearts were very open to the message of Christ as he presented it.

We seldom saw the same men twice. That is why I say they flitted across the breaking of the dawn like shadows; yet for that moment of contact they were hungry-hearted, lonely human beings, responsive and grateful. They paid for everything they bought—not only paid us but paid the tribespeople also—which is more than can be said for the Thai traders. Those moments when they came into the light, showed men who were lovable and honest, trying bravely to accept being pushed back and forth with *perishing* written over their future. When they found that some man did care for their souls, their gratitude was touching.

From the Miao, away to the south, Otto Scheuzger heard the Christians testify, "When the mountain Chinese enter our house and see the Christian poster where the demon shrine used to be, they say, "Are you Christians here? It is wonderful to be a Christian."

And in quite a different part of the mountains from either Ta-Ngo or Yellow Creek, Don Rulison once unwittingly entered a Miao shack and found a group of Chinese there. One young fellow was sprawled out on the bamboo sleeping floor. But when Don began* to preach Christ in Chinese to them, this boy on the floor sat straight up, turned to his companions and said, "Fellows, this is the Truth. I heard Pastor Kuhn preach this message at Ta-Ngo. If I could only read I would enter their religion."

We do not know who he was. Lilian Hamer was in Higgledy-Piggledy only once, but that first night she led a Chinese to the Lord. A refined and courteous young chap, he had come for medicine and was very grateful to her.

My diary records another contact:

*It is difficult to switch languages; Don had only two years in China, then he had to learn Thai; he had picked up a bit of Karen while living at Khunjem; and had been working on White Miao! To feel his way back to Chinese when he had not used it for the intervening years was difficult.

This morning John left for Hweiphai for the Field Council meeting. Opium smugglers are in town and taking up Father Wood's time, so he is not free to study with us. I was left alone a moment on the Woods' veranda when the Chinese Moslem who lives next door to the Woods, seeing the opportunity to speak to me alone, came up and said in a low, confidential voice, "Just why are you here in this rough-living country?" He expected me to smirk in a manner that would show him that I was in the opium business too, in secret. But I looked at him earnestly and answered, "For the love of One who loves you," and then I told him of Christ and urged His claims. The Moslem said nothing in return, but backed away from me with amazement and awe on his face.

That afternoon I had a good opportunity to teach Father Wood—he got through one whole page of the catechism! Then a crowd of opium smugglers gathered around the porch and I preached to them in Chinese. They were from Yunnan, and eagerly asked me what city I had lived in there. On hearing it was Paoshan, they replied, "Oh, we have a fellow from Paoshan; here you, Yang!"—and they pushed forward a boyish-looking member of the gang.

"Are you from Paoshan city or a country village on the plain?" I asked.

"From the plain. My mother is a Christian," he replied.

"Oh, then you know the Gospel?" I asked, handing him a tract.

He drew back with a sheepish look. "No, Teacher, I can't read. I went into the army when I was just a kid. In the Japanese war I was taken as a soldier when I was just twelve. I didn't like fighting, so—I'm *this*. Mother became a Christian after I left home, but I've had no news of them for years now. . . . I am twenty."

From twelve to twenty, knowing nothing but army camps and smuggling! Poor laddie! I leaned foward and told him of the Lord Jesus' death for our sins on Calvary. I was deeply stirred. Many a time in the villages of China, I have talked with a country woman about her children and heard her say, "But my Lao-Er was taken as a soldier years ago and I never hear from him. I don't know whether he is alive or dead, my Lao-Er,"—and she would wipe away her tears with her worn

sleeve. I have wept with them, and yet here was I at the other end of such a story! Here I was with a Christian mother's boy, found, standing in front of me. He assented to all I had to say, but there was no opportunity to deal with him privately. I told him to come down to the shanty and get some medicine for his eyes.

Edna treated his eyes, but more children and parents clamouring for vaccination had gathered. He stood on the outskirts and watched us wistfully for quite a time. Next morning at daybreak I saw his column lining up for a day's march through the hills—lost sons all of them, but many had Gospel messages in their pockets. I saw them turn and look up at Higgledy-Piggledy, the shanty where white people had spoken to them of God's forgiveness of sin, and then bound up their sore feet and put cool medicine into dust-inflamed eyes. Yes, I believe that little shanty looked good to some.

Over in the other prong of the tuning fork, Allyn and Esther Cooke had discovered that there were some of these shuttled-between-the-nations Chinese living at the border town of Maesai. They went to Maesai in their jeep every free week-end they could, and preached to them. Several accepted the Lord, and until Maesai was closed to us for political reasons a little group met on Sundays to listen to the Word and pray together. I will tell the story of just one couple.

Colonel T, a university graduate, heard of the classes which Mr. and Mrs. Dave Harrison of the China Inland Mission were holding among the students in Kunming city (1936-43) but was not interested then. The girl he had married had also had a previous contact with the Gospel. She had lived in a house in Nanking, opposite a Christian church, and often as a child used to run in and listen to the bright singing; but as her people were Buddhist she had never listened to or accepted the Christian message. They met on one of his visits to Nanking and were married. Then he was thrust into the Nationalist army. He was made a colonel and they were both in the fighting when the Nationalist cause was lost. One thousand officers and their wives rode south on horseback in a desperate escape, with the communist soldiers hot on their heels pursuing them. She told me about it one moonlight night after they had been our guests for supper at Base Camp. We were all sitting

out on the long veranda which overlooked the Maeping River, with the moonlight silvering its waters and the coloured neon lights of the town mirrored like emerald and ruby jewels in dainty sprays across the silver. Tall palm trees with their fringy fronds were silhouetted dark against the peaceful waters, and behind all rose Chiengmai Mountain, its crest black against the starry sky. All around us was so gentle and beautiful that I have never forgotten its contrast with the story that was issuing from the lips of this pretty young Chinese girl.

We were riding up the sides of a canyon [she said] and the communists had already reached the opposite bank and were shooting at us with their guns. The officer's wife who rode alongside me had her hand, which held the bridle reins, shot to pieces and she fell off her animal, for all were in a mad gallop. I have never forgotten her terrible screams as she realized we were leaving her to her fate, but it was every man for his own life, with the bullets pelting us all. But her cries still ring in my dreams—it was most horrible. We rode for two days and two nights with nothing to eat and nothing to drink, before we dared stop. And so we came to Thailand.

Once across the border into Maesai they were safe, but almost imprisoned. The Chinese were allowed in that border town, but not allowed to leave it. What were they to do for a living? In these desperate circumstances, they met Esther and Allyn Cooke and heard again the Gospel which each had passed by in the days of prosperity. They knew now they needed a Saviour, and gladly accepted Him and were baptized by Allyn Cooke. They still had no passport and no livelihood, but now they could pray! Now they had a Refuge, so they spread their position before Him who worketh wondrously. And He did wondrously for them. One day there came to Maesai town a Chinese delegation of high officials. Among them didn't Colonel T recognize an old fellow classman at the university! Both were delighted at the encounter, and T put his plight before his old friend. "Sure I will help you," said that old schoolmate. The result was that he was employed to instruct Li Mi's guerrillas in the use of modern weapons, and he was given passport papers to enter Thailand when necessary, and his wife was able to reside with the wife of one of Li Mi's

officers. But note that the tide of fortune did not turn for them until after they had confessed Christ in baptism! Truly He is a Refuge.

When Li Mi was detained on Formosa and the United Nations ordered the evacuation of the Nationalist guerrillas, the Ts were among those flown to Formosa. This was the political move which fenced Maesai off from us, for the guerrillas entered by that town. We tried to get permission to hand each of them a Gospel in Chinese as they passed through, for their concentration camp was right in our Advance Camp Maechan, where Sylvia and Mary were stationed. But the politics of the affair were in a very delicate state and no official would take the responsibility of allowing white people to meet with these guerrillas. So the first few hundreds, including Ruling Power and the Ts, went through without our meeting them. Later, it suddenly occurred to us to enlist the help of Mr. Peter Voth, representative of the American Bible Society and so well known to high officialdom in Bangkok. He obtained permission almost immediately, and from then on our missionaries were informed when a group of the guerrillas were to pass through, and they were allowed to meet them at the airport and give them gospels in Chinese. Many hundreds of gospels were given out this way by Larry Peet, Charles Peterson, Dr. Andrew Anderson, and John.

It was several months later that we received letters from the Colonel Ts, and also one from Ruling Power, telling of their safe and happy arrival in Formosa.

Just one more picture from No Man's Land. One day there walked into one of our Summit Camps a refined, educated young Chinese who even had the English name Robert, as well as his own Chinese names. He was a Christian whose family had been so persecuted by the communists that he, at least, had tried flight and had successfully escaped. On this border land he had heard of Christian missionaries living in the mountains, and with the Lord's help had found his way to their village. Although pitying him from the bottom of their hearts, our missionaries could not shelter him without government permission, and, since he had no passport, that was impossible to obtain. But one of the national Christians in the mountains took him in and greatly profited by hearing him

read and expound the Bible in Chinese. Robert cleared a little bit of land near to this Christian tribesman and built a little shanty for himself, planted some grain, and started to learn the tribal language. Wherever his Chinese tongue could be understood, he witnessed to the power of the Lord to save.

I had heard of Robert, and when I was asked to make a trip with John in the direction where he was living, I hoped to meet him. And we did. Climbing a hillside, through the green boughs of the woods we caught glimpses of a group descending the trail toward us. Soon they turned the corner of the path and we saw four young tribesmen with carrying baskets on their shoulders. All were dressed in the rough homespun blue of the mountain tribes, but there was a taller one who had an undefinable air and poise that marked him as superior. These ingrained refinements of mind and soul are like a perfume; they reach out and stay your attention, and yet you hardly know where to look for them. It may be the quick intelligent eye; it may be the unconsciously graceful posture. You cannot put your finger on what it is, but you know instinctively that this person in rough tribal garb has seen better days. I knew it immediately when John called out, "Ho, Robert!" and broke into Chinese. The lad's face beamed with joy and pleasure at meeting us, and there followed the usual conversation of the mountain path: Where are you going? What is your errand? How long will you stay? and so on.

"I will be back tonight and will drop in and see you!" called out Robert, as finally we pushed on with our journey.

True enough, that evening in Summit Camp just after supper, a tall young Chinese in western style white shirt and bluejeans, hair carefully combed and person shining with cleanliness, walked in. I hardly recognized Robert as the tribal-clad lad of the trail. He was hungry for world news. Obviously his horizons had always been broad and he enjoyed conversation with educated people. As we parted he offered to carry our loads from one point in the mountains to another, and glad to give him the opportunity to earn a little money, we accepted his offer. We pushed on to the next Summit Camp and were immediately engrossed with the opportunities and problems there. At lunch on the day we

expected to leave I heard singing far off along the trail and coming toward us. It was a young man's voice, and it was a song of the church, but the notes were so sure and the timbre of the voice so different from the tribesman who is only beginning to learn to sing, that I was struck with it.

"Who is that?" I asked our hostess.

She paused and listened a moment, for the singer was approaching our shanty. "It sounds like Robert," she said. "Did you arrange for him to carry your things from here to X?"

A few moments later the singer came into view and we saw that it was Robert, dressed in rough tribal working costume. My heart was stirred again as he swung into the shanty with his tribal basket on his shoulder. We mothers will always think, "What if this were my son?" Here he was, with his educated mind and refined background, in the coarse clothes of a primitive illiterate, prepared to do the work of such a mountain tribesman, and yet singing the songs of Zion with a lilt and joy that told of an inner freedom over his circumstances which truly was victory.

He had with him a second carrier, a young tribesman who had only recently been converted, and, as we set out over the trail down through the green woods to the other Summit Camp below us, we heard Robert leading this boy in singing all the hymns which the missionary had been able to translate into that particular tongue. They were not so many, and when they were finished and we still had long stretches of sunlight-flecked green forest trail before us, Robert began to sing in Chinese.

Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe,
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

Verse after verse he sang, and then he began,

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness . . .

I suppose it was hearing the beloved Chinese words again that helped to stir my heart so deeply, but as he sang with such positiveness,

All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand,

I thought of those behind the Bamboo Curtain, and the boy's own precarious and lonely status in Thailand, and my eyes were so moist I could hardly see the path ahead. Truly no man cares for their souls, but their God does. And He had filled the young refugee's heart with song. Let us not forget to pray for the poor refugees all over the earth. The old mystics used to define prayer as the flight of the lonely soul to the lonely God. Let us praise Him that the outcasts of earth are welcome to His loving heart. Elusive shadows they are to the mere onlooker, across the breaking of Thailand's dawn, but if in these brief contacts we can but lead them to Christ, they will find their feet on solid ground, and an inner fellowship will be given them, which will lift them above the depression of their circumstances and give them songs in their night.

He brought me up also out of an horrible pit . . . and set my feet upon a rock . . . And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord (Ps. 40:2, 3).

11

Wanted—A Cure

MCKEAN LEPROSY COLONY request the pleasure of your company at the opening and dedication of the dormitories for Well Children, on Friday, December thirtieth, nineteen fifty-two, at four-thirty in the afternoon."

That little card, printed beautifully in Thai language and script, which greeted us one day a few months after our arrival in Chiengmai, had more to do with us than we could ever have imagined, as we debated the possibility of accepting the invitation. Shortly after we received it, Dr. Buker himself dropped in for a merry chat and to explain this new project of his!

"Hope you can come!" he urged in his genial way. "This has long been on my heart. The Colony was well organized when I took over, but I found that there was no provision for segregating the uninfected children from their infected parents. All were sleeping and eating together, and it would not need a medical to prophesy what would happen to those bonny black-eyed youngsters if that situation continued. So I have worked and scraped to get money for a well children's compound. It is on the island, so they can see their parents in the daytime, but separated as to food and sleeping quarters, wherein is the real danger, we feel. I need all the support I can get, so if you can come it will encourage everybody."

So a jeepful of us motored out for that happy occasion. We were taken through the simple premises first, where the children sat on the floors of their little bedrooms, Thai style, and made us their pretty salaam as we looked in to admire their rooms. It could not but touch the heart to think of what a rescue was theirs—eighty children to begin with, although the number is constantly increasing, of course.

Our interest was thus prepared, when later on that astute

and go-getter leprologist approached John with another proposition.

"Just one more thing I want," he said to John with a twinkle in his eye. We have learned to watch that twinkle; Doc has a way of laying hold of anybody obtainable and pressing them into the cause of leprosy. He believes in the value of his work, not just to heal bodies but as a means of evangelism. A cured leprosy patient, regenerated in soul as well as body, is the most potent evangelist of all—so says Dr. Buker. "I'd like to have two of your C.I.M.-O.M.F. workers come out to the Colony and help us evangelize," he continued. "Great place there for your language students to learn Thai. Conversation lessons free." The blue eyes twinkled again. "I want one for the leprosy patients, and then I want one for the well children! I have segregated their bodies but I have no one to take charge of their souls. Mrs. Buker and I have our hands more than full already. If the C.I.M. will promise me two workers for two years, I will build them a house opposite my own, and until it is finished they can live with us. How about it?"

Our purpose in North Thailand was to reach the tribes, but here was a wonderful opportunity for those who were still on their Thai language studies. Dr. Buker had interpreters in the Colony, so the student missionaries would be able to teach and minister even before they had mastered the language. John, of course, had to refer the matter to C.I.M. headquarters in Singapore but the result was that the Mission lent Frances Bailey, S.R.N., and Barbara Morgan, S.R.N., to the McKean Colony until such time as they were ready for tribal work. Wily Dr. Buker! Barbara got a call to leprosy work and stayed on until her furlough. Frances gave practically one year's service before going to the Miao tribe. And in their place, our Mission lent Dr. Lisbet Schnorf and Miss Georgette Molland, both of Switzerland.

Frances was given charge of the well children, and, as she is a born organizer, she soon had them making vegetable gardens and enjoying it. Dr. Buker is also an enthusiast for the indigenous policy, so any plan to get the inmates of the Colony to make money or support themselves has his full co-operation. After their school hours (for education is provided

in the Colony) Frances had Bible study and memorization with them. This was very productive, we felt, and quite a few of these healthy children have been baptized.

In all the Orient, those sick with leprosy usually turn beggars, so the work is full of problems. The well children constituted problems of a different kind, and the battle against dirty persons and habits was a wearying one at times.

One such time, when Frances was at Base Camp pouring out her difficulties, I said to her, "Give me your worst problem child to pray for." I was not conceited about my praying ability but I wanted to help Frances, and also I had received a real burden for those wistful little children. Frances paused to think a moment. "All right, take B—— R——," she said. "She is a bit older than the others, but we are having such a time with her. She has a dirty habit which is such a trial to us, and she is sullen and lazy and—oh well, I think she is the worst at the moment." So B—— R—— became my prayer project in the Colony. From time to time Frances gave me news of her, and then Frances had to leave; but I kept on praying every day.

A year or so later, Barbara was giving me some news one day about a certain activity in the Colony, and mentioned casually, "B—— R—— helped her of course—she is the assistant leader among the girls of the well children." Incredulous, I stopped her.

"You don't mean the B—— R—— who was such a trial in Frances' days?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Barbara, wondering. "Didn't you know that she got saved? Now she is one of our best leaders."

Was I overjoyed! And what I did, any one of you may do also; that is why I have told this story. From the picture that Frances had painted, I had little faith that prayer once a day would make much difference, but the Lord was better to me than my weak faith merited. He will be to you, too.

Dr. Buker was only too right. The Colony is a wonderful field for service. One day before Frances had left, while visiting the Bukers I noticed some little girls hanging around the veranda and watching the door wistfully. I thought maybe they wanted Frances' help, so I drew her attention to them. She went to inquire, taking them lovingly by the hand and

talking with them a few minutes. Then she returned to me and said, "No, there was nothing they wanted; only to see me. They are hungry for love, poor little things." What an opportunity!

Then there was Barbara's work among the leprosy patients themselves. The Colony's capacity is about five hundred, but they usually had more patients than that. Fifty-four of these were infected children in all stages of the disease. More than one hundred of them were women, and Barbara found quite a few who could neither read nor write. Those who called themselves Christians were sadly untaught in the Word—there was need of Bible study. And when the Bukers had to be away at conference, Barbara had all the supervision of the medical work as well as her usual duties.

She began literacy classes with the women, using the Laubach series. In six months' time eight women were reading their Bibles and others were well on their way to doing so. Among those learning to read the Thai script were two girls of the White Miao tribe, patients in the Colony. As a matter of fact, the first Miao convert in Thailand to be baptized was one of these two girls.

Among the adult Christians, Barbara organized a daily Bible study group, calling on the missionary community to supply volunteer teachers. John went twice a week to teach a regular class, and others did likewise. These Bible study classes proved a feeder for the Leprosy Bible School which the Christian and Missionary Alliance conducts at Khong-khaen. Great was Barbara's rejoicing when six of her own students took the train for further preparation at that school. They were only the beginning, for others have gone since. Can you understand what it means for these hopeless ones of our human race to have such advantages offered to them?

Then there were the leprosy children. Seeing Frances' success with the gardening project among the well children, Barbara found time to organize her little groups also. She wrote in our prayer book: "Children's gardens were started several months ago, and, under the supervision of Nai Tawin, eleven of the older boys and five of the older girls have made a tremendous success of it. I never expected to have to make a firm rule that they stop work at five-thirty each evening!

They were going on until six-thirty and sometimes seven! That was too much, after being in school all day. Now every night they are taking home beans, cucumbers, egg-plant, and squash. In clinic tests we discovered that their blood was not in too good condition and felt that their food should be improved."

Barbara also began Bible memory work among these, as Frances had among the well children. Dr. and Mrs. Buker were delighted and supplied generous awards for these efforts. It was amazing how the memory work grew. New Testaments were earned first, and then hymnbooks, and so on. I happened to be present at one memorable day of awards. Whenever it was possible for us to get out to the Colony for Sunday morning service, we always sat on the platform with the Bukers. This particular time, Dr. Buker spoke of the large number of verses which some of the children had memorized, and said something like this:

"I am delighted to supply these awards for the memorizing of the Word of God; but I have wondered, occasionally, how long these verses are retained in your memories! So I offered an award of twenty baht for any child or adult who can recite five hundred verses at one time. This morning I have great pleasure in presenting the first of these awards. Will X please come forward and receive it."

There stood up a young girl of perhaps thirteen years of age, who wiggled her way out of the pew and came down the aisle. Her face was much ravaged by the disease, and although good medical care might even effect a cure, her beauty was ruined for life. Yet on that disfigured young countenance was a flush of joy as the whole audience broke into clapping, and the American doctor handed her the recognition of her effort. As she turned to go back to her seat, I thought, "What a wonderful thing this has done for that child. It has turned her life into an unthought-of direction, wherein lies hope. Life need not be futile any more; she has found something to conquer and found that she has the power to conquer it. And if the Lord of that Word has revealed Himself to her benighted little heart, she has truly been lifted up into the kingdom of Light!"

Across the aisle from her sat a young man whose face likewise had been ruined for life by this dread disease. I had heard

his story from Barbara and I purposely leaned forward to see him. This is his story.

In her nurse's white uniform, Barbara was getting ready to make her rounds when someone came up and said to her, "*Mem*, there is a boy outside, waiting to be admitted." Barbara glanced up at the statistics board in the office, and saw that it read 550—fifty beyond capacity. But—they always admitted children, so maybe she had better look and see how old he was. She went to the door to investigate.

There stood a boy of seventeen who looked up at her with that eager anxiety which pitifully pleaded not to be turned away. His hands and feet were badly swollen with leprosy, in his hands he carried a bundle containing all his worldly goods—such a little bundle it was. But he had hoped they would take him in.

A few kindly questions unfolded his story. His parents had been slaves in a Chinese family, so he had been born into slavery. But his owners had not ill-treated him as long as he was well; they had even given him a bit of education—enough to whet his appetite. When he was eleven years old, however, they discovered that he had this dread disease and summarily thrust him out into the streets. Human scum—throw it out! What a jolt to a child to have such a label attached to him, and to find himself homeless, out on the tossing sea of humanity, no one caring what opened its jowls and engulfed him! When human beings lose hope they do not care how low they sink, and some human cesspool had sucked him under—Barbara noted the marks of sin on that young face as well as the marks of leprosy. Yet there was a wistfulness, too, as he stood there with his pitifully small bundle, asking for deliverance. What should she do? Dr. Buker was away. Could she classify this seventeen-year-old lad as a child? Would she dare to admit this bit of human flotsam from evil haunts and allow him to mix with the children she was trying to lead into paths of holiness?

"Yes, we will admit him as a child," she decided, "but he cannot go to the school." So in he came. Something within him had rebelled at his foul condition and was reaching out for betterment. Education? Maybe that would help. Three days later this boy approached Barbara and begged that she lift the ban on his going to school. Barbara looked at him earnestly,

then spoke straight about sin and her longings for the children. "If I let you go to school with them, will you promise to forget your past ways, and to be a help and not a hindrance to the others?"

"Yes, *Mem*!" he promised. But could one bank on a promise from one such as he?

To school he went, unknowingly accompanied by *Mem's* fervent prayers. And three weeks later he appeared before her again. This time his request electrified his young nurse-teacher.

"*Mem*," he said, "I have memorized fifty Bible verses to earn a New Testament. May I recite them to you, please?" He went right through them, and then asked for more. Barbara began to watch him hopefully. (Do not think that every case like this turns out to be a joy to the missionaries! They do not.) His face was softening, and under the ravages of disease there began to show a light that is not from earth or from medicines. When he came again to recite, *Mem* Barbara appealed to him to give his heart to Christ, whose pity had first moved white people to begin a work like McKean Leprosy Colony.

"*Mem*," he said shyly, "I already have. I trusted the Lord for salvation while memorizing those first fifty verses. I know I belong to Him."

That Sunday morning, after watching the little girl receive her award for reciting five hundred verses at one time, I leaned forward to catch a glimpse of the boy across the aisle. With the rest of the audience, he was standing up for the next song. Ignorant of my look or thought, he stood straight and purposeful, with an intentness on his scarred young face that touched my heart. His name went down on my daily prayer list from that time forth, as my prayer project for the most pitiful people in Thailand.

But these were not the only opportunities which Barbara found at her hand. Beyond the Colony, so restricted as to numbers, Dr. Buker is reaching out to what we call Leprosy Villages. These are little country communities of segregated infected ones who are also receiving treatment. Dr. Buker oversees twenty-two of these villages and soon Barbara began to yearn over the twenty-three hundred souls they represent. "*Mem*, we will build a house for you if you will only come to

our village and teach us for a few weeks," one little group had eagerly promised. The house was built and finished long before Barbara could find time to go, but she did have a three-week visit with them before her furlough. Literacy classes were begun (six learned to read their Bibles), souls were saved, children's classes were held, and the daily treatment of sores and dispensing of medicines was set in motion.

Dr. Buker also carries on another project, giving a three weeks' course in recognizing and treating leprosy to any missionaries who care to come and take it. During the first week, the missionaries are trained to recognize the disease in early stages. They are taken among the patients of the Colony, and there they learn to treat sores and inject painful ulnar nerves, and some research aspects of the work are explained. Here too the student learns to do simple operations on infected bones in hands and feet—under the close supervision of Dr. Buker, of course. In the second and third weeks lectures continue, but the students are also taken to some of the villages and constantly checked to see if they are able to diagnose and classify both early and advanced cases of leprosy. Dr. Buker estimates that there are about one hundred thousand cases of leprosy in Thailand, and only about fifteen thousand are under treatment.

The C.I.M.-O.M.F. tries to have all its nurses take these courses; some twenty of our missionaries have done so. And in central Thailand especially, these leprosy clinics have proved as fruitful for a means of evangelism as Dr. Buker prophesied they would be.

And so the drumbeat keeps on calling; and none who answer it but are grateful for the privilege of such service.

I am not very wise in spending, Lord!
This small coin of myself is apt to be
  Frittered about on trifles foolishly;
  Or given away on impulse needlessly.
And yet I would not say
"No" to Thy needy; nor refuse to pay
My indebtedness, nor ever any day
Let Thy forlorn go comfortless away.
  Lord, wilt Thou put in Thy purse,
  And spend me, somehow, in Thy universe?

UNKNOWN

12

The Earthen Jar

"But I am keeping this jewel in an earthen jar, to prove that its surpassing power is God's, not mine" (II Cor. 4:7, Williams).

ANY missionary reading this book will have a question in the back of his mind. He will want to ask, "But living in such unhandy primitive quarters, don't your earthen vessels even jar each other? What do you do about personality rubs?"

There is no easy cure-all answer. We would say with Paul, "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended . . . but I follow after." My answer, then, would not be as to what we have apprehended, but as to what we are following; in other words, the drumbeat we march to in this very vital matter. Sometimes a soldier gets out of step with his drumbeat—that is possible in the spiritual realm also. But the drumbeat, or in plain language, the ideal, is important. In the words of Andrea del Sarto:

> A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
> Or what's a Heaven for?

It is possible to stop reaching. Woe betide the missionary who has sunk into contentment with what he has been able to grasp. It is the reaching that sends the juices into flabby spiritual muscles. Dr. J. H. Jowett says: "Our visions always determine the quality of our tasks. Our visions are our dies, quietly, ceaselessly pressing against the plastic material of the lives for which we labour. Our visions of the possibilities help to shape our actualities." So the drumbeats we march to shape our actualities. They pull us back up after a fall. They refuse to let us be content with anything inferior. When we are sinking into the rut of ordinary living, our ideal is like a hand that catches us by the chin and tilts our face upward again.

Our first drumbeat, then, is II Corinthians 4:7. We have a

precious jewel to share with others, but we carry it in only an earthen jar. Our friends at home, who send us off to foreign shores with adulation and tears over our sacrifice, throw us out of step with this drumbeat. They are apt to give us the idea our particular jar is really a vase; less of earth and more of porcelain, you understand. Then the Lord has the unpleasant task of getting us back into step with His drumbeat.

Before I went to China I had a girl friend who was a counsellor with me at a Bible conference. She came from a family of millionaires, but she gave up all that easy life to be God's missionary to the Chinese. I sailed before she did and it was sixteen years before we met again. In talking over our missionary experiences I have never forgotten a quiet word she dropped. "The first few years of my service," she said, "the Lord had to spend in bringing me to an end of myself." I gasped, dumbfounded. I had not told her, but that is what I would have said about my first years in China too! But I had not given up what she had to come.

Before we can show off our jewel, we must thoroughly learn that we ourselves are but earthen jars. And our fellow missionaries must be patient with us while we are learning. Anyone who comes to the field with even a subconscious idea that he or she is someone special is due for a crucifixion experience. That one will not be useful to the Lord until he receives it. The senior worker may see the need of some such humbling but he has no right to give it; our Lord alone is fit to assign to each his own particular clarifying of vision, his crucifixion of self-life. But everybody gets involved, unfortunately, when such a lesson is needed. This brings us to our second drumbeat.

"Bear the burden of one another's failings" (Gal. 6:2, Knox). Or, as someone calls it, the ministry of *bearing* is our second drumbeat. Our mission is interdenominational and international; within those two words alone lie many possibilities of difference and resultant anger. A willingness to yield in non-essentials is necessary to maintain unity. A refusal to be taken up with the puny pricks is another. One of our dear old C.I.M. saints had a little word that has often helped me. When someone had done something irritating or disappointing, she would say, "Oh, let's press on! Press

on!" Refuse to be taken up with the petty and small. We have great issues at stake, let them have our undivided attention and strength. That will mean bearing the burden of another's failings. Forgiving and forgetting in order to press on to the important.

When a missionary is going through a crucifixion experience, it will be a burden to have to live with him; he may be forgetful, morose, and irritable—and always critical. He may even write to the friends in the homeland criticizing the work on the field! That is the hardest to take of all.

I have never forgotten the lesson my husband taught me in a matter like this, many years ago. We had just such a case, and the letter to the homeland folk was pungent because the writer had a natural gift for writing! I was all for sitting down and putting our side on paper too, especially to certain friends whom we deeply valued. But John refused to let me write. Then he said a potent word, which has also become a drumbeat down the years. It was this: "Don't vindicate yourself or the Christians. Trust the friends at home to have wisdom enough to discern this matter. They are not fools." I did not believe he could be right, but he was.

Some months passed before we heard from the homeland about that thing, because in those days airmail was not much used; then one day came a letter from these precious friends. It read something like this: "We are much in prayer for you and John. Although you have said nothing, X writes in such heat of spirit that we feel he cannot be wholly right; therefore you are going through difficulties and we wish you to know we are standing with you in prayer."

That was a moment in our family history when the man said, "I told you so!" Years have passed. X is no longer young, but his zeal and devotion to the Lord all these years have been unremitting. How often, as we praised the Lord for X, I have also thanked Him that I was not allowed to write against a precious brother who was just passing through a needed crucifixion-of-self period, that was all. But it took a little bearing at the time. "We are disciples of clay. And there is still the skill of the Potter," said Peter Marshall. Do we count on that skill? Or do we shrug our shoulders and give up our fellow Christian with a hopeless, "Oh, he is always

that way!"? Such an attitude is surely sinning against the Potter; we should count on His skill and the fact that He cares about the blemishes of the earthen jars which bear His jewel.

A third major drumbeat is "Love covereth" (Prov. 10:12). Bearing is not quite enough. I was taught this by a worker much my junior. A jarring of the earthen jars affair was on, and I was talking with a young worker who was said to have criticized me. "Oh, I didn't mean that by what I said," she broke out quickly. "I'll go right and tell them."

"No, please do not tell them a thing. I meant to apologize to you, that was all. If you go and say you did not say that, it will stir up everything again. Remember Proverbs 26:20: 'Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out.' Don't add any more wood."

"You are right," she replied sadly. "Kill it with love; that is the only way." I felt stunned. I had meant to bear up nobly, but I saw instantly that she was right. Bearing did not go far enough; I should put myself out to do something loving toward the one who I felt had begun the fire. C. S. Lewis has helped me much in this matter of loving one's enemy. He says this: "Christian love is an affair of the will . . . does not mean an emotion. . . . Loving your enemy in the Bible is wishing him good, not feeling fond of him nor saying he is nice when he isn't!" It is wonderful how the exercise of one's will, in a matter like this, will eventuate in the correct emotions. Determining to wish that person's good; deliberately trying to do something loving for them; and praying for them—all this will some day bring about the emotion of love itself. But love, as the Bible interprets it, is an affair of the will, not necessarily of the emotions.

A fourth major drumbeat is found in Psalm 51:17—"a broken and a contrite heart." Brokenness. Hudson Taylor once said, "Hard missionaries are not of much use: they are not like the Master. He is never hard. It is better to be trusting and gentle and sympathetic, even if often taken in, rather than sharp and hard." It is a broken earthen jar which most reveals the jewel within. The Holy Spirit does the breaking through crucifixion experiences, but the outcome of it is confession of sins. A modern saint has said: "In the deep mental and physical pain of humiliation before a brother—which

means, before God—we experience the Cross of Jesus as our rescue and salvation." Then that same one adds a wise word of caution: "For the salvation of his soul let him guard against ever making a pious work of his confession . . . an idle, lustful babbling. . . . Confession as a routine duty is spiritual death." But a holy desire to live without blame and offence toward one's fellows is scriptural.

We were most fortunate in having J. O. Fraser, hero of *Behind the Ranges*,* as our superintendent when we began missionary life. One of his drumbeats was Matthew 18:15-35. He practised it himself and taught the Lisu church to practise it. No telling of the brother's fault behind his back; go to him when he is alone and tell him right to his face. If he will not listen, take another for a witness and the two of you go and speak to him about it, again when he is alone. If he does not listen, then tell it to the church and the church must take action. Anyone who practises this will live in a state of brokenness. As has been said: "The basis upon which Christians can speak to one another is that each knows the other is a sinner. . . . We speak to one another on the basis of the help we both need." There is no room for pride or hardness there.

Knowing you are but an earthen jar is basic. But a sense of humour helps, and a small ditty like this on one's wall:

To live above with saints we love,
Oh, that will be grace and glory;
To live below with saints we know,
Oh, that's a different story.

The last major drumbeat which I would record is found in Philippians 1:12, "the furtherance of the gospel." Dr. C. R. Erdman has this comment: "Passionate devotion to the things which are vital delivered Paul from bitterness of soul, from anger and ill-will. Taking advantage of the fact that Paul was in prison, some Christian leaders, jealous of Paul's influence, were preaching 'of envy and strife'; possibly saying that God's blessing was not on Paul or he would not be in prison. But Paul was delivered from bitterness of soul at their puny thrusts, by the fact that they were getting out and preaching!" Passionate devotion to the things which are

*By Mrs. Howard Taylor, C.I.M.

vital. That will deliver from discord in any group; it is a wonderfully unifying power.

I remember seeing this in action, as a fellow missionary once unfolded the following story to me, quite unconscious of what she was revealing regarding herself. I had asked about her Chinese fellow worker, for whom I had often prayed. She answered, "Oh, do continue to intercede for her. She has an awful temper, and more than once in a conference, she has become furiously angry at me. I have gone down on my knees to her—literally on my knees—to ask forgiveness, lest her exhibition of such temper be a hindrance to the young babes in Christ in the conference."

"Then why keep her on as fellow teacher?" I asked, indignantly. I have never forgotten the picture of my tall queenly American friend, down on her knees to that furious Chinese girl.

"Oh, I keep her because she is the best teacher I have found for teaching the phonetic script to the old country women," she explained. "Most of the others I have tried are not nearly patient enough. And I think the Lord is changing her. She has not so many spells as she used to." It was best for the furtherance of the Gospel, so this missionary accepted the consequences to herself. Passionate devotion to things which are vital is one of His drumbeats.

It was Amy Carmichael who first gave me this figure of speech. She had stricter standards than some, but she worded it this way: "We march to a different drumbeat." From then on the Holy Spirit has seized upon a word of Scripture, or a word from the lips of a fellow Christian, and so impressed it upon me, as His will for me, that I have labelled them my drumbeats. Sometimes I may get out of step, but I know that these are the drumbeats of His army, or of that corps in which He has called me to march.

13

High-water Mark

O Wave of God, arise and overflow
High water mark on this our stretch of shore.
Great Wave of God, deal with us till we know
Something beyond all we have known before,
Far, far beyond all we have known before.

O Following Wave, from utmost deeps arise,
We yield to Thy majestic urgency.
Forbid we ever or in any wise
Refuse to yield our all, lose all in Thee.
Sweep on O Wave; we yield ourselves to Thee.

DOHNAVUR

THE highest watermark which God has yet allowed us to see is the tribal work of the C.I.M. in China. After having seen what God did there among different tribes, we shall never be content with a lower watermark. Having had no experience with the C.I.M.'s large Miao tribal work, or with the Nosu, the Kopu, the Kadu, or other tribes, I must confine myself to that comparatively small section which J. O. Fraser pioneered, the Lisu of the Salween River valley.

Mr. Fraser began at the very same point where most of our workers are now labouring in Thailand. First he had to explore where the tribes were and make contacts with them; then learn their language; then put that language into writing; then translate a catechism, hymns, and a Gospel or so—and all this time he was also evangelizing them. In Thailand, it is true, the Lisu, Lahu, Shan, and Akha tongues have been reduced to a script and there are some books already translated, but with the Blue Miao, White Miao, Yao, and Pwo Karen the missionary has nothing on which to build. He is starting just where Mr. Fraser began.

Within some twenty years after Mr. Fraser initiated the Lisu work, there was a thriving indigenous church which has

spread out for ten days' journey to the south and a month's journey to the north. But it will be more convenient to look at that work from the angles of self-support, self-propagation, and self-government.

Self-Support

In the very beginnings, Mr. Fraser and Mr. Talmage Payne did use some money to spur on evangelism in the church, but John and I never saw it done in our day, and we entered the work in 1934. At that time and since, the Lisu tribe never received a cent of money from the Mission for building chapels, or support of their native pastors. The district of Oak Flat, where my husband and I were sent to minister, was only one of four big sections of this Lisu church, but it can be taken as representative of all of them. In Oak Flat district we had twenty-nine chapels in as many villages, and the church fully supported six native pastors and their families. In addition to this they also supported single evangelists who did mainly forward evangelistic work.

The Oak Flat church built a school and dormitories for the secular education of their children, and they called and supported a schoolteacher with his family.

More than that, the Oak Flat church supported the Rainy Season Bible School every year. This was held for three months during the monsoon season when it was dangerous and inadvisable for white people to travel. When John first proposed this to our head deacon, Me-do-me-pa, he expostulated in horror that such an expense was beyond them. John asked him if he would just try it and see, and that dear godly man consented to give it a trial. The Lisu villages surrounding Oak Flat village, where R.S.B.S. was held, were so blessed by the ministry of the Bible students who visited them during the week-ends that gifts flowed in, and at the end of the school the deacon body voted unanimously that R.S.B.S. be held every summer! And R.S.B.S. continued until we had to leave China. Our first school numbered something under twenty-five; our school in 1950 held one hundred students (though two were not able to stay to the finish).

The Lord prospered the Christians for this giving, until in 1941 the local feudal laird told my husband that the most

prosperous of his citizens now were the Christians. Please note this, lest a false sentimentality should prompt some to say the tribes are too poor to give so much.

From the start the church took its stand against opium smoking, planting, or trading. Yet opium had been their chief crop when they were heathen, just as it is now among the tribes of Thailand. It seems at first glance to the trembling heathen like economic suicide to give it up, and we are having trouble in Thailand to get the new babes in Christ to take a stand on this point. But I want to tell a little story which will throw light on the matter.

Visiting a deacon one day at Pine Mountain Village in China, we both stood on the very steep mountainside and looked admiringly at his stack of golden corn far below us. He had recently harvested his fields and, according to Lisu usage, the corn was stacked up in high frames to dry. The wealth of a farmer was measured by the height and breadth of his corn stack! This was a huge one, and he eyed it with satisfaction and I with admiration. So I turned to him and asked, "Did you get as much as this when you were a demon-worshipper?"

"This much?" He snorted at the very idea. "No, never, when you smoke opium you have not strength enough to work your fields well. No, I never had a harvest like this before I became a Christian."

Now for the second angle view of our Lisu church in China.

Self-Propagating

The tribes are no more likely by nature to carry the Gospel afield than anyone else. The duty of evangelism must be taught them, and the most successful teacher is the missionary who does it himself. In other words, evangelism is "caught" from the missionary. Mr. Fraser and those who followed him travelled around their districts continually, often taking with them young men to carry their loads, but who also studied reading, writing, singing, conducting, and the Bible during the evenings, or the days when the missionary was ministering for a week in one particular village. They witnessed as they went, and the young men of the church caught the joy of it. There is a temptation to

the missionary to settle comfortably into his tribal home and just do translation work. But such will never establish a self-propagating native church. In the early stages, Mr. Fraser translated as he went. He taught the Christians to build a little room at the back of their chapels, which they called The Prophet's Chamber, and which he occupied when he visited them. There are always long rainy periods when the missionary is tied to his home, and those periods can be used for the bigger translation jobs.

In the forty years the C.I.M. worked with the Lisu church, we saw the Lisu reach out to neighbouring tribes and even go over the border of China itself.

Among the Lidi tribe a church was established by Lisu evangelists.

Among the Lahu tribe several villages had chapels, overseen by the Lisu church.

The Atsi-Kachin were evangelized by Lisu who went with Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwilliam for the purpose of winning them. Mr. Eric Cox ministered to them later.

Two families of White Miao in Burma were evangelized by Lisu.

They went preaching to the Wild Wa and won several families among the Tame Wa. It is interesting to hear that, since the Mission had to withdraw from China and the indigenous church was left behind the Bamboo Curtain, this evangelism has not stopped, but one whole village of Wa has turned to the Lord.

Twelve families were won to Christ among the Jing-phaw tribe.

Four or five families turned to Christ among the Shan who live up in the mountains.

It was from Lisu evangelizing in the Upper Salween that the Goomoo group in Upper Burma heard of Christ and accepted His salvation.

Mark of Goomoo, moved with compassion for his neighbours the Maru Kachin tribe, learned their language in order to preach to them, and there were one thousand believers when Mark died.

A Nepalis was saved through the testimony of these Burmese Lisu Christians. Brought to Burma as a soldier in World War II,

he met with these Christians, was impressed with their joy and faith and was baptized by them. No missionary had anything to do with this. The first we even knew of it was when this Nepalis appeared at our R.S.B.S. among the students from Burma.

After many of our evangelists came out from Red China as refugees, some of them evangelized among the A-chy tribe and other tribes of Upper Burma. The A.B.M. has taken on the support of some of these refugee preachers, but some are still ministering with only the support they receive from their native church.

On the banks of the Yangtze River, two weeks' journey east of Oak Flat, is a group of Nosu Christians who were evangelized by the Salween Lisu.

In the Upper Salween canyon lives a different branch of Nosu who were also led into the faith by the Lisu.

And south of the Burma Road an educated Lisu Christian has witnessed to the Chinese on the plains near him—and behold a Chinese church with a Lisu as elder!

With the exceptions specified, all this evangelistic work was paid for by the Lisu church.

Before going on to discuss the third principle, self-government, I would like to make a little comment on the interpretation of the word *indigenous*. I have found that there are some national leaders who call their work indigenous merely because it is self-governing, while at the same time they draw support from America or England. Self-government alone does not make a work indigenous.

Then there is the missionary who firmly believes in the people supporting themselves, propagating the Gospel themselves, yet he is reluctant to yield the reins of government to the nationals. Such work is not truly indigenous. Let us discern this matter clearly; no work which does not have the three principles all in use can rightly be called indigenous.

Self-Government

Can a primitive, illiterate people, never trained in organization, be taught how to rule their church affairs? We say Yes, because we have seen it done.

"But they will make mistakes!" is the cry. Mr. Fraser used to answer, "Of course they will. So do we. Allow them the privilege of making their own mistakes. Man learns by his mistakes."

My husband made a rule for himself, that he would never baptize, marry, bury or administer the Lord's Supper if there were a national Christian present competent to do it. And *competent* should be interpreted by New Testament standards of spiritual leadership, not by the seminary degree possessed.

The church in our village had its own leaders, who chose the Sunday speakers, and did not always write the white man's name on the bulletin! John and I (more often I, of course) were frequently left in the audience, where, instead of being jealous, we rejoiced to have one of our spiritual children get up and minister the Word of God to us all. (Usually he had come to us privately for help the day before.) Sometimes one recognized a sermon-child, or even sermon-grandchild! Your sermon's child is an outline that someone heard you give and has tried to reproduce; and the grandchild is when he got it from someone who got it from you! A sermon outline three times removed is a most curious hybrid, and often is the occasion for some private tuition after the meeting! But so they grow.

John stayed in China a year and a half after Danny and I escaped over The Hump and came home to America in 1950. He told me he was present at the big Christmas deacons' session that year, when all the major problems of the twenty-nine chapels are thrashed out together by the main church leaders. With moist eyes, John told me how it had touched his heart to see that large semicircle of godly, experienced men. "There was such a contrast in the handling of the agenda from those first years," he said. "Now they recognize minor matters for what they are, and push them through summarily, giving their real deliberation to those problems which really warrant time and thought. No time is wasted over unessentials!"

Mr. Fraser had laid the foundation of this church upon New Testament lines, so it was a disciplined church from the first. Although some mistakes may have been made in the beginning, the total result was very salutary. I would like

to record my own last experience of their church discipline as a keyhole through which you may see it functioning.

It was just before I left them, and my husband and our co-worker, Charles Peterson, were both away travelling. One day our Lisu pastor dropped in to see me and asked me to attend the deacons' meeting that afternoon, as there were two cases which required discipline. Our presence was not necessary, but there was always a strong filial love between the Lisu and the white missionary, and they invited one or other of us to sit in on such occasions. This was the one and only time I had ever been invited (because I am a woman, I suppose).

The diaconate of Village of the Olives were all young, the oldest being in the early thirties, and all men, of course. The first case was a difficult one. A young husband and father named Sosthenes had given concern and shame for some years at his inconsistent conduct and his loose tongue, but he was so wily that they never could present a definite case against him. Today they had it. Sosthenes' younger brother Bartholomew had emigrated to Burma, and had verbally given one of his large fields to a friend, named Asaph, to farm. Sosthenes, who was lazy, had waited until Asaph had ploughed and sown seed, and then suddenly claimed the field as belonging to his family! Asaph had neglected to get Bartholomew to write down on paper this loan of land, so Sosthenes would have a good case at court. But it was a mean and contemptible trick to wait until ploughing season was finished and the hard work on the land had all been done before pressing his claim. The deacons had called in Sosthenes and Asaph, and now decided that Sosthenes should repay Asaph the cost of the ploughing and the seed, which amounted to five dollars.

"Can't," said Sosthenes, slouching down in his chair with a sulky look. "I don't have five dollars."

"Then borrow it!" said someone. "Your harvest will easily repay you."

"I can't borrow," replied Sosthenes coolly. "No one will lend to me."

There was silence; such was Sosthenes' reputation for untrustworthiness in the village that they all realized that this was true. No one would be fool enough to lend Sosthenes money.

Then their young pastor spoke up. "Well, I will lend you five dollars! I do not have it now, but I can borrow it. People will lend to me. If I lend you five, will you repay Asaph?" My heart was touched. That young pastor was receiving no salary from the church, as he had said that his farm was capable of supporting him. He did have all the grain he needed, but he had no money—not even five dollars to lend.

But Sosthenes was sullen by now. He was feeling, perhaps for the first time in his life, the weight of public opinion against his unrighteous conduct and it made him peevish. "No, I won't give it back. I don't want you to borrow it for me," he snarled.

Then his young pastor turned on him a face working with emotion. "Sosthenes, if you refuse, do you know what you will force me to do? You force me to publicly take your name off the church roll next Sunday in church." The grief on his face was veritable anguish. But the sinner was stubbornly arrogant, until at length they told him he had sealed his own fate; he should leave the room. The next Sunday his name was publicly read out as being removed from the church roll. A year or so later I was told that this discipline had much softened the man, whom no one had been able to control before, and that he had applied to be taken back into membership. Whether he was or not, I have not heard.

The second case concerned a girl named Susanna. She had been going to weave her cotton at night in the house of a girl friend who was a heathen. Also she was displaying a fountain pen, and that type of pen was only sold by a young man in the village who was known to be immoral. No definite case, just suspicious circumstances. At first Susanna was angry and lied boldly. "I found the pen lying by the side of the trail to the watercourse." Quietly, the pastor and the deacons quoted Scripture to her about avoiding all appearance of evil. They pleaded with her earnestly, and finally she broke down and confessed and cried. She was told she must confess to the church on Sunday morning, and then she would be reinstated in good standing. She rebelled at the public confession for a few weeks. (It was not required that she give details of her fault—everyone knew about it anyway; she must stand up and say she had sinned against the Lord and ask His forgiveness and the

prayers of the church.) But the Sunday morning came when Susanna stood up before us all and, with sobs that shook her whole frame, asked for our prayers. When John came home to America, I asked him about Susanna, and he said that she had eventually married a Christian boy by the name of Publius and was in good standing.

I would like to record one other case of discipline which, as it involved an inquirer and not a baptized member, was not referred to the missionary. It was told me by our cook, Lois. "Ma-ma, did you know that last night Pastor and Azor had an affair of discipline in the village?"

"No," I replied. "Who was involved?"

"It was Azor's wife's sister. She had been going to a heathen hut to weave her cotton at night and Azor suspected her of ill-conduct. Last night late, he came and got Pastor, and the two of them stole up the mountainside to that hut and came upon them unexpectedly. Sure enough, two heathen fellows were there. Pastor was angry. He whirled upon Er-aa-me and, pointing his finger at her, said, "Since you have chosen sinful companions, you might as well marry a heathen! Don't call yourself a Christian if you are going to act this way!" With this, he strode out of the house. But Azor went to the woodpile, picked himself a good stout stick and went back in and beat up those two fellows!"

Later we heard that Er-aa-me was pregnant, but the heathen father refused to marry her. The baby was born (the Lisu hold an illegitimate child as a thing of shame) but lived only a few weeks.

On our way out of China we met Er-aa-me on the trail. Her face showed plainly the suffering she had been through. I got off my mule and went over and called to her gently. "Little girl, don't you think you have had enough of sin?" Her eyes flooded with tears so that she could hardly speak, but she nodded her head in assent. The village pastor happened to be with us, so I said to her, "Then go and tell Pastor." She went up to him immediately and I heard him answer, "All right. You make your confession in church this coming Sunday morning." And that lamb was brought back into the fold.

These leaders of the Lisu church, men of God, wise in the

Scriptures, were not the product of higher learning. They had not been schooled in the ways of the world. School and seminary training are a good thing, if they develop spiritual life and holy living, but education is not necessary for the self-government of a church. The New Testament church depends not upon education but upon obedience to the Holy Spirit. The tribal church may call upon Him for help from the start.

14

On This Our Stretch of Shore

IN North Thailand the C.I.M.-O.M.F. has accepted the responsibility of evangelizing eight tribes: the Lisu, Lahu, Yao, Blue Miao, White Miao, Shan, Pwo Karen, and Akha. Of these eight, three have never had their language put into a script and they have no literature. With the exception of Charles Peterson, all our tribal workers at present writing (1955) are just learning the language of the tribe to which they are assigned (the Allyn Cookes are on furlough) and so are handicapped for lack of fluent language.

Our Mission, being entirely new in the land, has made some radical difference to our beginnings in Thailand in contrast to our tribal work in China. For instance, Mr. Fraser learned the Lisu language while still stationed among the Chinese where Mr. and Mrs. W. Embery were carrying on a vital ministry. In other words, he lived at an Advance Camp for some three years, making journeys from there into the hills, but always returning, before he attempted a Summit Camp. During those three years of travel and returning, he was learning the language, scattering the Seed widely, and writing a small catechism and hymns for new believers, so when he finally established his Summit Camp, he was more or less furnished with the language and some literature. Our first Summit Camp, on the other hand, was founded in order to learn the Lisu language. It was founded by women who could not travel around in heathen villages and thus scatter the Word widely, as Mr. Fraser had done. Our need of single men of the J. O. Fraser type is heart-rending.

More than that, whenever Mr. Fraser returned to his Advance Camp, he still had a ministry among the Chinese there. He merely fell into step with the Emberys in preaching, teaching, and helping souls. Our workers who find themselves back in Advance Camp (sometimes consular orders are the reason, for there has been fighting in the hills) are

frustrated by the feeling they have no ministry. So the tendency has been to push up to the hills perhaps before the work was quite ripe for residence.

Nevertheless, God has given the encouragement recorded on these pages. But we feel the need of more prayer. The surging up of the Tide of Life among the tribes in China was largely due to the prayers of those at home. As the moon, so many miles distant, is able to pull the tide, so the prayers of the saints in the home churches have power to pull these poor benighted tribesfolk out of their darkness into His kingdom of Light. Some are praying faithfully, but the pull is not strong enough yet.

> Great Wave of God, deal with us till we know
> Something beyond all we have known before.

The China Inland Mission needs young men for all its tribal work—in the Philippines and in Formosa, as well as in Thailand. But we need young men who are living at Calvary, as Don Rulison put it once: "Calvary where you died with Christ (and die daily) unto sin, so that he (sin) can no longer control your life through his subtle tools . . . self-esteem, self-pity, self-consideration, yes, all the things which contest with the Lord Jesus for control of your body, mind and affections; your time, your possessions, and your aspirations." Mr. Fraser lived at Calvary, and experienced the power of the resurrection morning far beyond his dreams. There are very few places left on the earth where real pioneer work is now possible, but we would have you look upon this open door. Surely this present generation can produce what past generations have—young men who are living at Calvary.

As we close our picture of the breaking of spiritual dawn in the hills of North Thailand, we do it with humbled hearts. We have told you of our toils and our sobs; of our laughter and our hopes; of our opportunities and our needs. But our hearts cry out with Walker of Tinnevelly: "Oh, for self-humiliation before God for all the great Undone, and for real sorrow of heart over the Untouched."

Day is breaking on the far Thailand hills. A sense of something new coming has been scattered over the mountaintops. A new name, the name of *Jesus*, is heard on the lips of tribe

after tribe. Some wistfully wonder if He has power to dispel the darkness of their bondage to demons; others whisper His name in secret, fearing the consequences of open confession; but there are a few groups who own Him as Saviour and worship Him as the Son of God.

The rim of translucency has appeared. Oh, for the full coming of the Light! Who will come over and help us?