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HOMERA HOMER-DIXON

THE MOI RACE



PRAY FOR HER!

This old Moi woman, typical of many thousands, has the fear of hell, the hopelessness of heathenism, and the pathos of old age upon her face.

Note the loops of flesh which are the distended lobes of her ears. She has nearly a dozen brass rings in them

DOES NO ONE PRAY FOR HER?

GOSPEL PRESS, HANOI, TONKIN

MOI RACE



THE MOI RACE
BY
THE
MORI RACE

THE MOI RACE

VERY early in the history of humanity a great tribe or succession of tribes belonging to the old Altaic and Ugro-Finnish stock migrated from the plains of Shinar eastward. Some went to Japan, developing the race known as Ainos. Some went to India, forming the Dravidians (who are now divided into many nations of little dark men like the Gurkhas and Bhils). Some went on to Burma and into China, becoming the Karens, Tai, Mon-Hkmer and Shan tribes as well as others less well known. Some went to the bleak north and when driven out of the more habitable areas, found refuge among the ice-floes, and became the ancestors of the Esquimaux. Others turned southward and leaving traces of a small dark race along the shores of India, filled the Malay Peninsula, and apparently overflowed into Oceanica, becoming the Maoris of Australia, the head-hunters of Borneo, and perhaps the mysterious sculptors of Easter Island. It is considered probable by many ethnologists that the Indians of South America were of this same great family, who used the islands of the Pacific as stepping stones, and blown by hurricanes, crossed to the new world, intentionally or accidentally.

But one of the earliest branches of this adventurous race drifted to Indo-china, and found a land of wealth and beauty, a rich fertile soil, and comparatively pleasant climate, where life was easy. They gladly claimed this lovely land as their own, and were content to settle here. The great mountain ranges at their back cut them off from Burma, even from Siam, and the mountain ranges to the north separated them from China, so for a long period of time they were quite isolated from humanity, and developed their own individuality. They soon produced a splendid race, with a fine physique, and in time might have become a mighty and progressive nation, but for events which turned their whole history into a series of tragedies.

«First there was the process of exclusion. Most French writers include among the Tai some hill-tribes, as the Yao, the Moi, etc. We had to satisfy ourselves by actual tests that these are not Tai speakers before we could make up our statistical tables....»

All therefore that Dr. Dodds can say is that they do not speak the language of the Tai, which were the dominant race ever since about 2200 years before Christ, according to the official annals of the Chinese. About that time, contemporary with the founding of Egypt, the great Tai race forged to the front, and with varying ebbs and flows, it made the history of a large part of China, Indo-china, and Burma until comparatively recent times.

This great Tai race has split into many branches, and the Chams were doubtless one of those branches. But when the earliest Tai invaders descended into Indo-china they found the Moi had been here long before them, and considered themselves the true owners of the land! They fled from their invaders into the mountains of the Darlac and Ban-me-thuot districts, and there still reign invincible. All around their mountain retreat lay rich lowlands where successive waves of conquerors washed away their predecessors; but alone, isolated, proud and bitter, this lonely race looked down in savage scorn on the great nations that built dynasties and palaces in their own old territory. Anghor Vat in its mysterious glory of forgotten ages is merely a modern child's plaything to the Moi.

French books dealing with the Moi are few and hard to obtain, although the French naturally have studied them, and I am told that perhaps a score of books and pamphlets have been printed about them; but they were nearly all for private circulation, published by lonely officials at their own expense. When a Frenchman used to the gaiety of his homeland finds himself stationed at an isolated post in the uttermost wilds of Indo-china, there are three or four courses open to him: he may take a native wife (or several of them), smoke opium, and degenerate rapidly into an untimely grave; or he may drink himself to death with strong liquors that do not mix well with tropical conditions; or he may, if of a better fibre, take up the study of the people he is set to govern, make a hobby of their history and language, wax fierce on the subject, saving every penny to print an almost useless grammar, and a few

books about them, which books will be filed away in dusty Government offices as valuable contributions to official information—books however which are never read by half a dozen people after the proof-reader has finished with them. The only other course open to such a man is to go mad, when the loneliness and the queerness get inside a soul who knows not the power of God to comfort and steady it.

The more superficial French with whom I have discussed the subject assure me that the Moi are a very early offshoot of the same aboriginal race that later developed into the Tho of Northern Indo-china, but this cannot be accepted. A greater contrast between the Tho and the Moi cannot be imagined, unless it be the difference between a Tho and a Bostonian.

For example contrast the following words and you will see the two languages could hardly have a common origin.

| ENGLISH | ANNAMENSE | MOI | THO |
|---------|---------------|---------|---------|
| to eat | ăn | sa. | kiu |
| rice | cơm | pieng | kau |
| man | người đờn òng | choc lo | pu chai |
| water | nước | da | năm |

The Tho are as distinct as possible; their features are different, their language is different, their clothing is as different as correct English clothing is different from a savage's attire in Zululand. The Tho wear plenty of clothes, while the Moi are content to be absolutely naked unless it happens to be too cold, when they may protect themselves with a blanket (?) of woven grass, thrown over them at night. There are a dozen other ways in which the Moi differ from all other races, unless, perhaps one turns to the aborigine of Borneo and New Guinea. They clearly are one of the very oldest races in existence. All authorities agree there!



THE PERSONALITY OF THE MOI

FIRST and foremost is the fact that the Moi are deeply and awfully degraded savages. Ethnologists unite in saying that they are one of the very lowest specimens of humanity on earth. One Frenchman even declared that

in a few hundred years—if left untouched by civilization—the whole Moi race would have deteriorated into animals, without any humanity left! Many of the French firmly declare that even now they are not really human, and they call them «beasts» and «animals» as incapable of education or improvement as the cows and horses. Acting on this, the French have forbidden the Annamese to intermarry with them. No Annamese in Dalat is allowed to have a Moi wife; this is the more extraordinary, as the French and Annamese are certainly not given to prudish scruples about «the color line,» especially where matrimonial affairs are concerned!!

I have seen an Annamese herd a group of Moi with the same disdain and aloofness that a man would have in herding cows; and among the timid Moi there was the cringing fear that one sees in the eyes of beaten and sulky animals, a sort of ignorant vacant fear. But in that same group one could see one or two of the old type whose scorn and hatred was thoroughly human, blazing and smouldering in their eyes. The Government very wisely believes in opening up roads into the interior, good motor roads, which beckon the tourist (but of course equally useful for the swift transport of armies!). These roads cost money and labour. The Annamese being a settled and civilised people have to pay taxes, but the Moi who are foolish enough to linger in French territory have to work as their share of the honor of being allowed to help make roads for the French conquerors. So one sees along the roads throughout that district, large gangs of Moi, doing the hardest lowest work, while a sleek and overbearing Annamese sits on a rock and watches them.

—A personal word. Here in Hanoi I **love, love, love** the Annamese, would gladly die for them, and am never so happy as when with them. But when at Dalat, I came pretty near to **hating** them. They seemed like fawning deceitful spaniels, who would turn against the French the first chance they got, but meanwhile were using French authority to work off their spite at their age-old enemies who could no longer repay them.

One well-remembered scene comes back to me. A marvelously beautiful turn in the road leading from Djirin..., a seven-passenger French car halted for some trifling repairs; in it were some delightful ladies apparent-

ly straight from Paris, with courteous and cultured gentlemen in attendance... another car passing filled with ordinary Annamese... and along the road a gang of Moi laborers. Among the Moi was one who seemed as if he must have been of the race of kings, surely of the royal line since the days of Nimrod, Asshur, and Mizraim. If I ever saw true royalty it was in that superb savage; his perfect physique was but the pedestal; it was his attitude and his expression that breathed such regal pride. He was of course a rich deep bronze, redder than the sallow brown Annamese, redder too than the blackish Cambodian. He was naked except for the little loin cloth decreed by the French for all Moi who enter civilised areas. He had been levelling the red clay at the side of the new cutting on the road, and straightened his weary back, as we approached. He did not notice us, but stood there, hoe in hand, as a king might hold a mighty sceptre; there was no cringe of submission or fear in his eyes.... instead he faced the French with the steady gaze of rather pitying contempt—he seemed to say to them—

«You pretty white folk think you have conquered the land, do you? You weak luxury-loving big children!! You are just modern upstarts, conceited as any balloon that a child toys with. I am of the race that were lords here three thousand years before your country was born....» There was true kingly scorn in those savage eyes, but it was the scorn of pity rather than hate.

But when that Moi's eyes rested on the passing Annamese, then I saw like a flash into such bottomless wells of furious hate that I shuddered as if I had glanced into hell.

Yes, the Moi are savage; but no more savage than we would be, if we were in their place, with their history and their sorrows!

Did not our ancestors offer human sacrifices in Europe long ago? But for the grace of God we would still demand human blood to fertilise our crops.

When I was at Tourane, there was a little affair, which everyone took quite calmly, as it was nothing very unusual. Back of the flat coastline at Tourane there arise lovely hills, and beyond those hills are great trackless mountains, unsubdued by even the French. A French official with more courage than wisdom went with his An-

nameless servants a little too near the danger line, and in a flash, before anyone knew it, from behind every tree stepped swarms of naked Moïs, with poisoned spears levelled and ready. The Frenchman had no time to use even his ever-ready revolver, or perhaps he dared not, knowing how hopelessly he was outnumbered. However by some miracle they allowed him to go free, if he would go straight back to the coast. But they kept an Annamese to be cut up into pieces; each piece was to be set at the corner of their fields, a human sacrifice to appease the spirits so that they would get a good harvest. They like to have a human sacrifice every year, but thanks to the strength of the French and the caution of the Annamese, this is not possible.

The Annamese dread them and hate them with centuries of enmity seething in their hearts. The Annamese recognise in the Moi a people to be feared, with the innate superiority so often possessed by mountain-dwellers over plains-people; yet the Annamese pretend to scorn them, and it is amusing to see the airs and graces with which an Annamese plumes himself, when he describes the nakedness and ignorance of the Moi. He affects to despise them to conceal his fear of them.

The fire of mutual hate has not lacked for fuel. The Annamese believe that the spirit of a dead man requires spirit-equivalents for what he needed in this world. So when an Annamese mandarin or gentleman died, his servants should have been slaughtered with him; but as they are not lacking in a certain shrewdness, they decided that the spirits of dead Moïs could serve their master as well as they could; therefore without warning they would dash out into the woods, a goodly number of them, and capture any luckless Moïs they could, bring them back and kill them on the grave of the grandee. Is it any wonder that the Moi are savage?

Until the firm hand of the French stopped their mutual slaughter, it was death for an Annamese to venture near Moi territory, and vice-versa. Now the poor Moi can meet and trade with the Annamese and even copy their clothing and learn their language. Yet it will be a miracle if God overcomes this racial hatred enough to make the Moi hearken to any Annamese evangelists.

I repeat that the Moi are savage. The French had great difficulty to live in the tropical heat of Indo-china, and longed to have a «summer resort» in the lovely cool highlands of Dalat; but it is said that they could not conquer the land—it had to be gained by treaty with these savages; one of the greatest nations in the world had to go on its knees to some wild Moi king who lived so far away in the glory of those forests and mountains that the French have never seen him. The French had to **beg** of him to grant them some land, and this mysterious savage monarch granted their request, much as one would humour a child; BUT there are certain very clearly defined limits to that gift, and outside them no Frenchmen dare go, save by the special favour of the Moi.

A certain Frenchman at Dalat (with an Oxford education, by the way) had made friends with a Moi chief through the purchase of horses, as the Moi breed excellent little mountain ponies. One day he told us he was going to visit his Moi friend in a village two hours distance from Dalat. The next day we asked him why he had not gone.

«My friend the Moi chief did not send an escort for me,» he replied, «and no one would dare to venture out of Dalat concession alone, without a special Moi escort from the chief, or he would be shot with poisoned arrows at once.»

«Not you! Not a Frenchman!» I replied, «they might kill Annamese but not a white man» (knowing the respect a white skin receives in this country).

He laughed and shrugged his shoulders, saying—

«The Moi don't respect the French—they know that we cannot punish them or conquer them, and they think no more of a white skin than a yellow hide.»

«Airoplanes?» I suggested.

«Hardly, for no aviator could discover their villages, as they are mostly hidden in the heart of jungles.»

Therefore, if you want a fair idea of the Moi, you must take the savage characteristics of the North American Indian, the bull-dog tenacity of the Anglo-Saxon, the blood-thirsty traits of the South-Sea Islander, some of the fierce chivalry of the Arab, the happy-go-lucky child-like spirit of an Irishman and the laziness of a negro, mix all these, and set to cool in a thousand years of isolation, ignorance,

poverty, environment of hatred: turn out on a platter of superb natural scenery, garnish with demon-worship, and you have the Moi of the Dalat Plateau!

A postscript must be added.—The Moi brains seem non-existent at first. In their natural state, without coming in contact with the Annamese, they cannot count above five, it is said. Of course their language has no written characters, and the language of every tribe differs very greatly, though perhaps they live only a few miles apart. Five separate languages are spoken within a few hours ride from Dalat, and it is said they cannot understand each other. However our missionary, Mr. Herbert Jackson, who has been loaned from the Annamese work to try and open work among the Moi, has apparently found some dialect that is worthwhile studying.

They certainly seem at times more bestial than human in their lack of intelligence. Yet in spite of that, some develop into really progressive educatable citizens. One such a Moi is observer at the government experimental farm at Dalat. Another one was our guide on a trip we took to some civilised (?) Moi villages near Dalat. Then too Mr. Jackson reports very favourably about his teacher, a Moi who actually knows Annamese well enough to teach the Moi language.

These and other instances prove that «those animals» can become human beings; and we who know the power of God and the Love of God know that «those animals» can become saints.—Hallelujah!! But when one remembers them, lying by the roadside like cattle, it needs strong faith in God's miracle-working power!



WHAT HAS BEEN DONE FOR THE MOI?

SOME fifty years ago the Roman Catholic church—correctly speaking the Jesuits who are ever most progressive in new territories—awakened to the existence of the Mois. But many years passed before they could get permission from any authorities to work amongst them. This is the more remarkable, as we know from history that the Jesuit

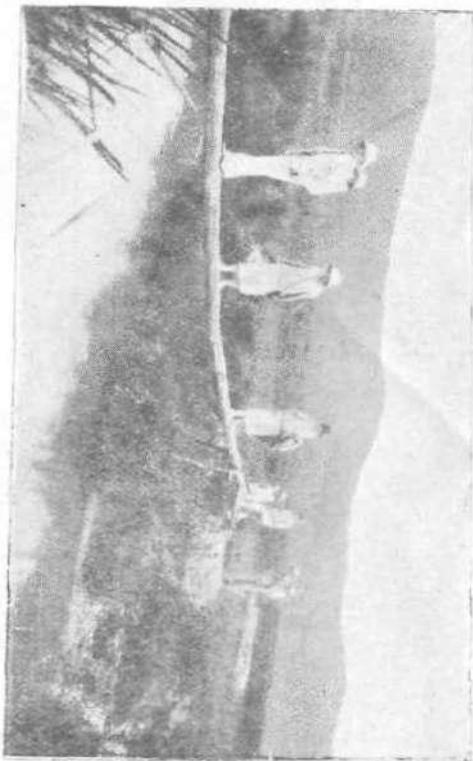


Our Moi guide is the man in a white coat. The fetish is the village idol, a mast-like affair, with a dry pine branch tied to it, a lot of queer markings, a crossboard, spears and buffalo horns fastened below. At least once a year a live buffalo is tied to this post and slaughtered as an offering to the demon who lives there—the village protector! The grass roof of the «community hall» forms the background.

Waiting... for Christ?



A Semi-Civilized Moi Tribe



The First Missionary Group to visit the Dakt Moï, June 1929. On a typical Moï bridge. The little white dots on the distant hills are «spirit-houses» where bodies of their dead are put.

priests are certainly famous for courage; those who would face the Indians of North America with all their manifold tortures, were equally willing to convert the Moï, who so closely resemble those Indians. But governments have changed since the days of Lafayette; now the paternal powers that be will not allow saintly lives to be thrown away on unsaintly savages. Therefore it is only comparatively recently that some earnest priests, with praiseworthy perseverance, opened a station to work among the Moï of Dji-rin. We often saw their little white-washed chapel, holding aloft the only Cross to be seen in many a weary mile of savagedom: they have semi-civilised a tiny flock of Moï, and even have a small school for the boys, but I am told the work languishes sadly. These brave priests have also a small hospital especially for treating the leprosy found among the Moï, and this work is helped by the Government who is very progressive in leper treatment in this country. As far as I can gather, this is the only work among the Moï carried on by the Roman Catholic church.

There was a certain Moï village in Annam where nearly all the inhabitants accepted Christ, owing to the faithful work of a missionary in the Christian and Missionary Alliance. But I am told that the entire population of the village disappeared—whether kidnapped by raiding bands from other Moï tribes, or poisoned by the sorcerers who form their religious leaders, or whether some epidemic drove them to desert their homes, no one seems to know.

With Bien-hoa for a centre, Mr. Robinson of our Mission also made some fair progress in Moï work, but it has not developed during his absence.

Near Tourane work was begun in a Moï village which was reached by a few hours up-river in a boat; an Annamese evangelist was appointed to visit it once a month to preach the Gospel, and boat-fare was given him. He brought in good reports, which were firmly believed, and embodied in the chairman's report, even appearing in the «Alliance Weekly.» Then came the bitter news that this evangelist was one of the very few «wolves in sheep's clothing» which are found, alas, in every part of the world. He had simply taken the boat-fare, and absented himself for the right length of time to make the trip, but had remained with friends, instead of risking his precious life among the savage. So that work has amounted to nothing.

After a season of very deep soul-searching and prayer for this untouched people at our doors at Dalat, in the spring of 1929 we felt led to offer ourselves to the Lord for anything He might indicate in regard to the Moï. The present writer was unqualified for such work in person, but by prayer and pen is seeking to serve the Moï to the utmost. However one of the most experienced and talented couples in the Christian and Missionary Alliance after this time of wonderful prayer dedicated themselves to at least starting something among the Moï, although they are peculiarly fitted for Annamese work. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jackson are now at Dalat; Mrs. Jackson is the matron in charge of the home for the children of missionaries, and Mr. Jackson is attempting to learn the language. He has a Moï teacher, a civilised man, who speaks fairly good Annamese. About a dozen Moï around Dalat have nominally accepted Christ, and we rejoice with full hearts for this sign of coming blessing. The latest report from the Annamese pastor is that he can count on three converts whom he believes to be genuine.

According to all information at present in hand, this is all the work for God that has been attempted in the history of the Moï race. They have been left to the mercy of the devil since the dawn of time: shall they be left as his helpless prey till the end of time?



DIFFICULTIES IN THE WORK

HAS any great work for God ever been achieved that presented no difficulties? To face the facts is to face the difficulties, and to face the God Who knows no difficulties. It is helpful to remember that the word «difficulty» never occurs in the Bible! It is a word of human concoction! (This refers to the A. V. translation: the R. V. uses it only in Acts 27, when telling of an event that seems at variance with the will of God.)

There are difficulties as man would estimate them, in attempting work among the Moï.

Their very need and extremity is perhaps the biggest hindrance. They are at the bottom of the human ladder; they therefore dread and suspect all who seem superior to themselves. They do not welcome outsiders, as a rule.

Those who passed our door daily when we were at Dalat were gipsy-like wanderers, who came to the market perhaps just once, and will never tread that road again, but drift off into fathomless forests to be lost to the sight of the white man forever. «Forever»? No, not forever; we will see them one day again, before the Judgment Throne. What will be their accusation against the Christian church of this age?

The ones we meet in the market places wear a rag or two, and when the cold heavy mountain rains are pouring down, they have an old blanket, grey and stiff with dirt, thrown over their shoulders just like the North American Indians wear their gayer blankets.

When night comes and they are on trek, if it is raining they take a few branches of trees, or hastily weave a rough mat of long pampas-like grass, which is their only protection as they sleep all night on the cold wet ground: if not rainy, they only use a blanket. The road that passes our house at Dalat needed repairs, and a large gang of Moï were working on it for some weeks, so that without moving from home we could study them carefully. They were quite content at night even in pouring rain, and all they desired was to have a camp-fire burning, to scare the wild beasts away, and to half-cook their wretched fare of wild rice.

We grew to know them, too. I tried to make friends with them, and it was just like trying to make friends with a homeless beaten dog, a shy timid puppy who has never known a friend, but been kicked by everyone, a wee bit resentful, and utterly at a loss to understand overtures of friendship. The complete bewilderment on their faces when I spoke kindly to them, gave them little pictures, and tried to show by friendly manners that I liked them, spoke all too clearly of the strangeness of human kindness. Kindness!! It was an utterly new experience to them!

After quite a while they began to thaw out, and when I pointed to various things they told me their names; it was a pathetic little attempt to make a vocabulary, only one among the many greater efforts which seemingly come to nothing, yet all help to pave the way for the real work yet to come.

Day by day these Moï pass the door of the Mission Home in Dalat; night by night the distant mountains are dotted

by their fires, appealing to our hearts to send them the true Light, and the true Protector. These Moï are considered by ethnologists to be the lowest race of men on earth; yet they are so human—the girls are such real girls, the women—O those poor souls—are just the same as we are, underneath the savage, grotesque exterior. And the men—on those simple child-like faces of these sons of the forest are the same feelings, the same hopes and fears as on the faces of the people of America. But hardly the same, perhaps, for never on any American face have I seen the hopelessness, the despair, the dog-like dumb agony and pleading, and the awful gripping fear that is on almost every Moï face.

They fear with an intensity of fear that cannot be imagined by you folks in pleasant homes, where the nice policemen tread the pavement outside at night, and the echo of the church-bell speaks of the Divine blessing upon all things.

The Moï are not religious—no one could ever accuse them of that! But they are under the spell of their sorcerers, who will bitterly oppose any advance of the Gospel. These sorcerers claim to control evil spirits, of whom there are endless quantities. The Moï believe every dead man has a ghost which haunts the living village and causes sickness and death and other calamities. Therefore many villages place themselves under the protection of some superior demon, and offer sacrifices to him, in order that he may drive the others away. (This belief is shared somewhat by the Annamese, and indeed seems common to almost all primitive peoples throughout the world).

A few of the northwestern tribes of Moï are Buddhists, owing to the strong influence of their Buddhist neighbours in Cambodia, Siam and Burma. But the true Moï are not civilised enough for that. Buddhism never penetrated their mountain isolation. They are just the original man, chained by the devil, and knowing nothing supernatural but demons.

Another matter which seemingly presents great difficulties is the repeated refusal of the French Government to permit missionaries to work amongst them. The protests that we will not be killed, because we have the protection of the Almighty God, Whose ambassadors we are, carry no weight to the French Government, which of course does

not deal with spiritual matters. The Government has even refused to allow Catholic missionaries to enter Moï territory.

Why? Because France could not protect the missionary in the mountains. BUT GOD COULD !!

France is one of the world's leading nations, up-to-date and scientific, and the more we see of her magnificent work in this great French colony the more we admire her grit and perseverance, her amazing engineering ability, originality in pioneering, and her administrative skill in a difficult land. Yet even this great world-power is halted, blocked, defeated, by the savage Moï. On her finest maps of this country there are large spaces marked «non soumis» (unsubdued-unconquerable). Two or three hours ride from one of the best model cities in Indo-china, planned and populated mostly by the French (Dalat), takes one into this territory. French authorities state that if one goes without a Moï escort hunting there, one never comes back, and the Moï cannot be punished, for they hide too cleverly in their wildernesses, and disappear into untracked forests over vast purple mountains where the white foot has never roamed. It is also said that even with a Moï escort one must be careful, for if one side-steps into the forest off the allotted path, a poisoned arrow brings a swift but painful death: it is said that hidden Moï lurk in the dense jungle to watch every step, and that showers of poisoned arrows fall very accurately on each side of the tiny footpath where one is allowed to walk, by the courtesy of the Moï guides.

It is however, quite possible to make friends with them if one takes time, and a certain Frenchman who bought horses from a Moï chief received quite a few friendly invitations to the Moï homes. Like the North American Indians, some tribes of Moï are ardent horsemen and breed quite good little ponies, small but husky and sure-footed. The vast rolling uplands of the Darlac plateau are less wooded than the mountain ranges that surround it, and offer splendid opportunities for good horsemanship.

Another «difficulty» is the matter of language. These tribes have been so isolated, that many of them hardly understand the dialect of a tribe that lives twenty miles away. To the north they could perhaps be reached by the

The language, which in its various branches is spoken almost all over Yunnan, Burma, and among the Shan or Tai races of Tonkin, Laos, Siam, and Cambodia. But the true Moi of Dalat has a totally different language, as a glance at the vocabularies of a Dalat Moi and a Tonkin Tho will quickly show. So the work among the Moi demands the mastery of language with very little outside assistance. This has been undertaken by Mr. Jackson of Dalat, and we most earnestly crave your prayers for this hard task.

The great untrodden mountains of this mysterious land are stained with centuries of blood; ceaseless tragedies at the hands of the Annamese have taught the Moi the bitter lesson of hate. The Annamese despise the Moi even more than the French do, and the Moi hate the Annamese as only a simple-hearted savage can hate. So we question whether the salvation of God can come to the Moi through Annamese channels. Perhaps the Karens of Burma have a solution to the Moi question. They too were a primitive race of savages, despised and hunted by the Burmese who possessed the lowlands that originally belonged to the Karen. Hating and hated, the Karen hid in the hinterland of Burma until a little lady from Nova Scotia (Mrs. Armstrong) went alone and unafraid into their mountain retreats. She found them much the same as the Moi yet strangely open to the Gospel; and in a few short years there were scores of independent little churches, sending out their own folks as missionaries to the tribes beyond!

God does not recognise difficulties. God works miracles. Armies, explorers, archeologists may fail: but with the praying people behind him and the Will of God before him, **the missionary does not fail.**

Miracles are not needed in the places where man can do things by himself. The out-of-the-way places are where miracles are needed; the dark corners of the earth cry out for God to send His Word of Life and Light to dispel their shadowy demons; and that is just where God is still waiting to work miracles. Nothing less than a wondrous out-stretching of the Hand of God will ever get the Gospel to the Moi. And we can—like little children pulling at the hand of a kingly Father—take hold of the Arm of Power and urge it forth—by PRAYER.

Common human sympathy demands that we pray for the Moi. The Bible commands us to pray for the salvation of the lost sheep. And God desires us to pray. It must surely hurt God ten thousand times worse than it hurts us, to see His loved ones dying one by one in the darkness, unknown and unprayed for by the careless churches in the full blaze of the Gospel sunshine. Let us then pray God to give us a vision of their need, and the power of the Holy Spirit to

PRAY THE GOSPEL OUT TO THE MOIS.



A CALL TO THE PRAYING PEOPLE OF GOD

IN the mountains of Southern Annam this strange race, the Moi, exist in the most primitive conditions. Isolated completely from the march of civilization, they are today in the Stone, Iron, or Bronze Ages according to their various tribes. Some tribes have come into touch with their neighbours and have even absorbed some of their culture, legends, and religion; thus where the Moi plateau descends towards Cochin-china they have intermarried somewhat with the Cochin-chinese, and show somewhat of their characteristics, being smaller in physique than the true Moi. On the west where Cambodia touches their domain there has been sufficient intermingling to give the Moi a few touches of Buddhism and a few legends which however on examination prove to be utterly foreign to the real Moi. On the east they seem to have mixed enough with the Cham and later with Annamese to resemble them a little. The tribes in the mountains from the district behind Tourane northward have so mingled with the great Tai (or Thai) race as to have lost their own identity completely.

Thus the very southernmost ones could be reached perhaps by Cochin-chinese evangelists and the western ones by Cambodian workers, (or Siamese), while the eastern ones could probably be found receptive to the Gospel from the district of Bien-hoa and Nha-trang; the ones north of Tourane are to all intents and purposes so one with the Tai race, speaking their language, and civilised, even to having written characters, that they need hardly be classed as Moi at all.

So much for the fringe of the question. But the great heart of the Moi district discloses a profound problem. There among wild and almost impenetrable mountains, untouched and aloof in their ancient strongholds are **the true Moi nation, the interrogation mark of Indo-China.**

Who are they? That is an interesting question; but it takes second place in the Christian heart to the questions—

How shall the Gospel reach them?

Must the Moi live and die in hopeless darkness?

What can we do?

Part of the answer to this last question is easy to repeat—WE MUST PRAY for the Moi, earnestly, prevailing, desperately; we must reach right up and touch the Throne of Power, and KEEP ON in touch with it, until the mighty Hand of God works a miracle in the history of these despised sheep on the mountains.

THE MEASURE OF THEIR NEED IS THE
MEASURE OF GOD'S
ABILITY TO REACH THEM,
HIS DESIRE TO REACH THEM,
AND OUR DUTY TO REACH THEM

Among the Annamese and Cochin-chinese a splendid work for God has been done by the Christian and Missionary Alliance, who have also a work in Tonkin, and a scattering of newly arrived missionary couples among the more civilized and accessible tribes people, such as the Tho and other branches of the great Tai race. An indigenous church has been established in Indo-china, for which we truly thank God. But it has nothing as yet to offer the Moïs.

One might as well consider that a sermon preached in the cultured and eloquent language of a university professor, in a Fifth Avenue church, could in some miraculous way reach and save a Huron or Iroquois Indian in his original savage condition, camped in the woods a thousand miles away, as to think that the Gospel preached among the Annamese can reach the Moïs. The work is an entirely different proposition to any hitherto carried on in Indo-china.

A David Brainerd is needed, who will not consider his comfort nor exalt a hot well-cooked dinner above the preaching of the Gospel. A David Brainerd who loves open-air life, likes horse-back riding, and can pray while riding too! A David Brainerd most of all into whose heart and into his wife's heart has been poured a very special measure of the Love of God for the neediest and lowest of the human race. A David Brainerd whose wife too is willing to endure the hardships of life in a small village with few white neighbours and many dark skins. A David Brainerd, too, with the rare gift of common sense, to take care of his own and his wife's health, careful without being cowardly, sensible but not silly, striking the happy medium of caution without fussiness.

Were shall such a couple be found? God knows. He knows exactly the right ones, and the right time, the right methods, and the right places for work among the Moi. GOD KNOWS.

AND GOD CARES. «The least of these» who are the very scum of humanity are precious enough to have led Christ to Calvary had there been only one human soul to be saved in all heaven and earth, and that soul a Moi. GOD CARES for these oppressed and despised little ones who have lost nearly all right to claims on humanity. GOD CARES for them with a passionate love that we cannot fathom; in a dim way when we talk with those Moi we realise a mighty wave of love and pity surging up within us, a love that is more powerful and more intense than anything human, and then we guess a little of how God is yearning for them.

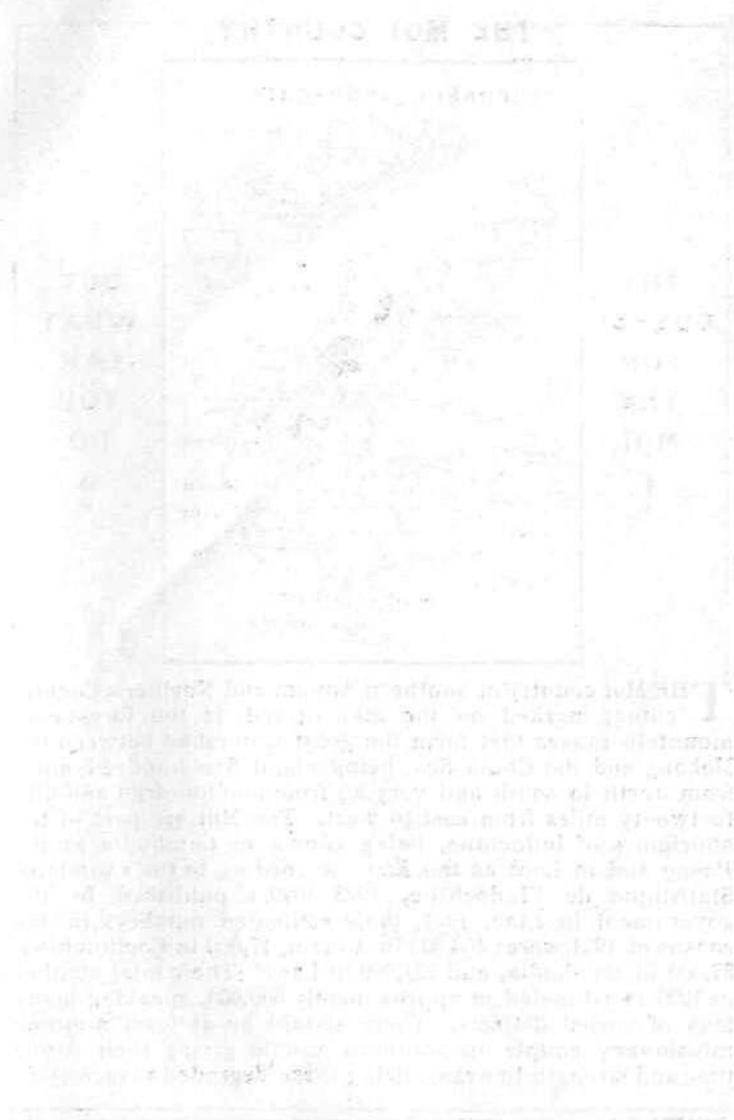
AND GOD CAN do exceeding abundantly for them above anything we could hope or guess. He CAN take those naked savages, degraded, filthy, and stupid beyond our comprehension, and turn them into radiant saints with the glory of heaven upon them. «God looketh not to what sort of clay He maketh His saints of,» said old Rutherford.

God cares for them. God can do miracles for them. And God knows who to send to execute those miracles. Where then is the delay? Why then are they dropping daily in the forests, the prey of wild beasts, of tribal warfare, dying alone, without Christ?

IS IT BECAUSE WE HAVE FAILED TO PRAY AS WE SHOULD?

Perhaps we have not prayed before, because we did not know about the Moi and their need. But now we know. You who have read this message know, undeniably, the utter and dreadful need of the Moi. Therefore in the name of the Lord of all Compassion, we beseech you to pray for them. We have tried to show you the vision of a great nation—wild, desperate, whom only the Love of God can tame—dying without God. Can you not picture a Moi kneeling at your feet, even as Paul saw the man of Macedonia, a Moi with the eyes of agony and hopeless fear, kneeling before you, begging you as a dying man begs for life, to

PRAY FOR HIM?



THE MOI COUNTRY

THE
GOSPEL
FOR
THE
MOI



BUT
WHAT
CAN
YOU
DO



THE *Moi* country of Southern Annam and Northern Cochin-China, marked on the map in red, is the forest-clad mountain ranges that form the great watershed between the Mekong and the China Sea, being about five hundred miles from north to south and varying from one hundred-and-fifty to twenty miles from east to west. The *Moi* are part of the aborigines of Indochina, being known in Cambodia as the *Phong* and in Laos as the *Kha*. According to the «*Annuaire Statistique de l'Indochine, 1923-1929*,» published by the government in June, 1931, their estimated numbers in the census of 1921 were: 406,000 in Annam, 17,000 in Cochin-China, 37,000 in Cambodia, and 221,000 in Laos. Their total number in 1929 is estimated at approximately 800,000, speaking many tens of varied dialects. There should be at least **another missionary couple** in Southern Annam giving their whole time and strength to evangelizing these degraded savages.—C.