

TEAM MEMORIES.

The Planting and Growth of the Evangelical Church in South East Asia. Tribute to a great and growing team of nationals, missionaries, and those who sustain them. A Field Chairman's WITNESS.

"And they sang a new song, saying, "Worthy art thou to take the scroll and open its seals, for thou wast slain and by thy blood didst ransom men for God from every tribe and tongue and people and nation, and hast made them a kingdom and priests to our God, and they shall reign on the earth." Rev. 5:9-10.

As a young man I had no intention of becoming a preacher, or of following a missionary career. But I had a mother who believed that God answered prayer. At the beginning of the 20th century there were men of vision in the churches of Toronto. Dr Chambers of Parliament Street Methodist church was one of them. In his church there was a police inspector, Mr Brock, who inspired young men attending his bible class and who took us on week-end outings. Jack and Jeff McCombe, young evangelists fresh from Ireland, presented the Gospel with such earnestness and love that as a youngster I truly received Christ as my Saviour. But spiritual growth was slow and I was not committed to serve Him until later.

On the other side of the city, Bill Tait headed the Boys Department in Toronto West End Y.M.C.A. He dealt personally with each boy. Charlie Chapman conducted his boy's class early each Sunday morning before church services. I became the youngest member of a 'Y' team headed by Morden Neilson, son of Mr Neilson of the ice-cream family. We visited churches in a wide area. Dr John D Morrow, minister of Dale Presbyterian church, a well known athlete, was one of our favorites. My first appearance in a pulpit was to read the Scripture lesson, in fear and trembling, in Dr Morrow's church. Dr Oswald J. Smith later was assistant to Dr Morrow. In May 1917, speaking to the young people at Dale, I first met Ruth Goforth who with Ethel Roffe had been invited to sing. And that was not the last meeting with Ruth Goforth.

Our family was brought into fellowship with The Christian and Missionary Alliance through the ministry of Harold Stephens and then Dr Zimmerman. Here a challenge to missionary service was inevitable. Dr A.B. Simpson, R.A. Jaffray, Dr R.H. Glover, Walter Turnbull and many a missionary on furlough contributed, until I knew that Christ wanted me in His service.

I studied missionary methods, unevangelized areas of the world, read Roland Allen and others, listened to John R Matt, Sherwood Eddy and other Y.M.C.A. leaders. And in the providence of God it became clear to me that one of the greatest areas still in need of the Gospel message was French Indo-China. In February 1919, in Hanoi, I received a letter from Mr R.A. Jaffray, in Lung-Chow South China, which read in part:

"Last night I had a letter forwarded from Wuchow from Dr. Goforth. He speaks of the fact that Ruth has a knowledge of mandarin, and for that reason it might be worth while to consider your being appointed to that field where this language would be useful. It is a point worthy of consideration.....Personally I feel that the Lord has led in your coming to the Indo-China work, and inasmuch as you are preparing to preach Christ

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to perhaps the very neediest lands of the earth, I wonder whether it would be of Him to change?" Our Central China field also invited us but I agreed with Jaffray's final word. "I think, however, as I said above that you are in the right place in Indo-China and Ruth will be happy there too" We were happy indeed to be in the right place and I believe at the right time.

Roman catholic missionaries had been active in Indo-China since the 16th century. French pastors ministered to European Protestants in Haiphong and Hanoi beginning in 1884. The British and Foreign Bible Society sent Monsieur Bonnet to Tourane (Danang) in 1902. Swiss Brethren missionaries also began work in Southern Laos in 1902. Five of the early missionaries died and recently two young ladies, Miss Evelyn Anderson and Miss Bea Kosin, were martyred. Two young men, Sam Mattix and Lloyd Opper were taken as prisoners to Hanoi. Following release they plan to continue their work in Laos. There has been close fellowship through the years between the Alliance and Swiss missionaries, In the early days there was no other Evangelical Mission in Indo-China but Dr Taylor of the Presbyterian Mission made periodic visits and ministered in northern Laos.

IN THAILAND

The 5th Annual Conference of the Indo-China Mission of the C & M A was held at Tourane (Danang) Annam, November 12-16 1918, with Mr R.A. Jaffray in the chair. Among motions passed were the following:

That Messrs Olsen and Stebbins be appointed to study the language at Saigon, Cochinchina.

That Mr R.M. Jackson be appointed to Hanoi to study the language, and that it be arranged for him to live with a French family if at all possible.

That the Board be requested to send out another man to join Mr. Jackson at as early a date as possible.

That the Conference heartily endorse and will earnestly seek to carry out the policy of Self-support in the Indo-China work.

'Another man' was sent to join Mr. Jackson in Hanoi. It was my privilege to be that man. And that is the secret of all successful missionary work, 'Another man, or woman, to join' the team.

The policy of self-support was discussed by us then, as earnestly and as frequently as by others, today. 'Persistence is determination in action' and we needed plenty. We were working in a French Colony, in the South, and in French Protectorates, in the center and the north. To the Vietnamese, the idea of self-support was as foreign as we were. But under the leadership of Jaffray and our Foreign Department, we persisted. I have letters indicating that missionaries did not always keep in mind, ^{the fact} that national workers were colleagues and not employees of the Mission. Administratively from North America and collectively on the field, the compass always pointed to self-support and self-administration and national leadership. Although Self sometimes attempted to take-over, God brought us through into the full growth of the Church and the Mission of today, with a North American headquarters that has kept pace in a changing world.

Outstanding, has been the team-work of nationals and missionaries in Indo-China. We used to refer to the six-in-one-field, including Tribal areas and Chinese ministries, as well as East Thailand, Cambodia, Laos and Viet-Nam. One field to begin with and now four. Many gifts and talents in missionary and national personnel gave evidence that God was directing, in more than 48 years of ministry I thank God for the contribution of every missionary

IN THEIR SELECTION

and every national colleague. This spirit of fellowship prevailed also in inter-Mission relationships. In all parts of Asia I have met many missionaries and can recall no spirit of criticism. There was a job to be done and everyone was on the job.

The "S.S.China" sailed December 28, 1918, from Oakland, California bound for Hongkong via Honolulu, Yokohama, Nagasaki, Manila and Shanghai. It was a thrilling, peaceful voyage, apart from one big storm, with no thought in any mind of the war that would involve those cities a quarter of a century later.

I stood at the rail watching passengers embark, Americans, Chinese, a French nurse in uniform just out of military service, going to Manila to be married. I was thinking of another girl who might have been on this trip. Her turn was to come in less than two years. A gentleman joined me. After a while he said, 'I suppose we shall have a number of fanatical missionaries on this voyage?' I replied, 'Yes, they are a ubiquitous bunch. I wouldn't be surprised if we have some on board'. Later on he asked, 'By the way, what Company are you with?' With a grin, I answered, 'I'm one of those fanatics'. We got along fine. Later down in my bunk alone, I heard another inner voice. 'Well what about it. You don't have a university degree, the war prevented that. What do you think you will do? Are you really qualified? And then I remembered, "With God, all things are possible". And I slept. Missionaries on board included Mrs Crofoot, Dr Crandall (Lady) and Mr and Mrs Coan. Mr Coan's father had been a missionary in Persia and his grandfather, I believe, was Titus Coan well known pioneer in Hawai. The Coans, a lovely couple, were en route to India.

First impressions never leave a traveller going to the Far East. The auto trips in Honolulu and Manila with Lieut. Damon. Everything flew, chickens in particular, with Damon protesting. Intramuros, the old city in Manila and Bilibid prison. "The old city, Intramuros, dates back to the 16th century or earlier. It is at present surrounded by a thick and high stone wall with the ancient moat converted into flower beds or athletic fields. Inside, one imagines that he is in Spain and at any corner would not be surprised to meet Don Quixote clattering along on his nag. The buildings are practically all of stone, built out to the street line, with huge gates opening into courtyards and barred windows with senoritas looking out. The streets are narrow, single flagstones often forming the sidewalk. And here in the little shops are numerous boys, girls and women all occupied with something or nothing, while a good many of the men sitting outside on the sidewalk, are holding their fighting cocks, occasionally letting them fight when you stop to look at them. Here also are many old cathedrals and buildings which we visited and they were wonderful indeed.

" The old outpost, an abutment of the wall, is transformed into a very pretty little aquarium, not quite as large as that at Honolulu but much better situated. The colouring of these tropical fish certainly is lovely, delicate tints of blue, red and yellow, run into deeper shades and mix with other colours in beautiful designs. Some fish are ugly, others

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Later at the Zoo

queer or cute or anything else you might like to call them. I tickled a big python's nose but he wouldn't fight. They all seem to be lazy, even a Saigon leopard.

"Not far from the aquarium is the Manila Hotel overlooking the large and beautiful bay. All this section of the waterfront is well laid out and it is delightful to be there in the cool evening with the band playing in the grandstand. Crowds of white clad people are standing around and the sun is setting just back of the mountain on the right, often covered by a cloud resting upon its summit. Or if you wander around, here are crowds of students playing baseball or soccer. In the new city everything is modern and up to date although it is still mixed with some of the old Spanish styles. Out in the suburbs it is quite different and you are in the real Phillipino district with bamboo and grass houses built up on posts."

In the afternoon four of us went on an auto trip. The gorge road branched off some distance back as we hit the high spots! "This road is very pretty, through villages along the river. Many lovely views came into sight as we raced along. Chickens, dogs, pigs, boys and girls, carts and people, lost no time in getting out of our way. In the river, lazy old carabeos poked their noses above the water and along the banks women washed their clothes and beat them on the rocks. Through the Gorge it was beautiful as well as twisty riding, with signs every now and then, "Slow please", "Thank you". Coming back we went through Fort McKinley and then back to town, the Zoo and the ship."

Our next stops were Yokohama and Nagasaki. Concerning our visit from Yokohama to Enoshima and Kamakuru I wrote:

"By the time we reached Kamakura it was nearly sundown. On the trolley we met a lady missionary, (American) who was married to a Japanese gentleman. She was very helpful and being on the way to a night school which was in our direction, accompanied us part way and very kindly arranged for a real Japanese dinner in a Japanese hotel. Before eating, we visited the great image of Buddha (Daibutsu) and viewed it by moonlight. This was the very best sight of the day and we were the only visitors. You may imagine how mystic it all was in the brilliant moonlight as we moved around in the grove and viewed him from every angle. What a contrast! the stars and the moon, earth and sky, declaring the glory and majesty of the invisible God-- and the huge bronze motionless Buddha, the work of men's hands. Already one feels the awful chill of idolatry. 'God is light and in Him is no darkness at all'. Inside, the image was lighted by candles and after stopping a while longer, with a final meditation on light and gloom, we departed."

"At the hotel entrance the proprietor met us with a low bow. After discarding shoes which were exchanged for sandals, we were ushered to a room upstairs; Japanese maidens politely bowing as we passed. Here we sat on green cushions around our square table 1 1/2 feet high. The floor was heavily padded and matted. Two of the side walls were composed of a framework covered with rice paper. One end of the room was decorated with beautiful paintings--Japanese scenes. In one corner stood a screen. The other end also was decorated and contained a raised platform, small bureau and cupboard. Nearby were two China charcoal braziers which were quite welcome after the frosty night air"

"Presently a lady entered, bowed politely and seated herself between Mr Coan and me. Six other Japanese ladies entered, bowed, smiled and then left to bring in the various courses. We managed the chop sticks quite well. First came tea in small cups with cake. Then fish with a sweet sauce which was excellent. Next, ~~rice~~—four bowls for hungry me. Finally soup containing small fish."

"After bidding adieu and getting into our shoes we left the compound, passed the watchman and walked briskly to the railroad station, with the clink-clank of his stick, and its noisy attachment, sounding fainter and fainter in the distance"

In Nagasaki I visited with Anne Fleming, fellow student from Toronto Bible College. It was a treat to have a meal away from the ship, a quiet evening in a snug little Japanese house. I still recall the sound of the wooden clogs on the street outside, a rainy night with people constantly on the move. Shanghai is remembered by the fragrance of our visit with the Woodberry family.

We anchored in the Bay at Hongkong. It was a privilege to be met by Rev. R.A. Jaffray pioneer missionary in Quangsi, South China, and superintendent of the new Alliance Mission in French Indo-China. Mr Jaffray was known not only by his publication ministry in China, his Bible Magazine and his family connections in Canada, but later he pushed beyond the borders of Indo-China to commence work in Indonesia and Borneo. He stood with the group who came out on the Company launch to meet our ship. I had no trouble picking him out in the crowd even though I had not met him previously. He had a personality that attracted one.

Chinese New Year was being celebrated in the city with great noise and pageant. Huge strings of firecrackers were suspended in long queue's from the roofs of high buildings, making conversation possible only by shouting. In spite of it being a holiday, Mr Jaffray took me to Tak Cheong the tailor to be fitted for a tropical suit. It was very cold in Hongkong but weather would soon warm up farther south. At Tak Cheong's I learned to eat dry watermelon seeds after cracking the tiny shell between the teeth. This skill, like eating with chopsticks, had to be acquired. In later years Tak Cheong wanted to know if I were Jaffray's son. 'Yes indeed; I replied, 'a spiritual son'.

"Porthos".

We embarked for Haiphong on the French mail steamer Each evening Mr Jaffray walked the deck when the sea was calm, sometimes with me and frequently with a noted Chinese diplomat, Dr Wong, who was en route to Versailles for the peace treaty meetings. Mr Jaffray, I recall, had clear ideas of what should be done with respect to the Far East. When not on deck as I observed many times in later years, Mr Jaffray, particularly when weather was rough, worked constantly in his bunk preparing material for publication, from a suitcase filled with books.

in Haiphong

During these days and later, after we were met by Rev Wm C. Cadman and R.M. Jackson, Mr Jaffray clearly stated his convictions on the nature of Church beginnings and Church growth. We faced a unique opportunity in Indo-

China. The Alliance was the only Protestant Mission, except for the Swiss Brethren in Southern Laos, working in an area of responsibility that would comprise more than 25 million people. Our location between China to the north and India with its neighbors to the west, was strategic. Mr Jaffray was familiar with missionary policy in China and desired that we should avoid any mistakes that had been made there. Institutional work should have its proper place, as well as other means of christian service, but primary emphasis must be on the planting and growth of an indigenous Church. There must be direct Gospel preaching, with an aim to secure converts to Christ and the formation of a christian community. Work should begin in the provincial centers and in the cities, reaching out from there to the country districts. The bible must be translated into the language of the people. A Bible Training School should be established, as soon as possible, in order to train christian evangelists and pastors. Publication of christian literature must be given strong emphasis. Mr Cadman already was laying the foundation for our Publication Department. He had come originally to South China as an experienced printer to assist Mr Jaffray. Mrs Cadman was proficient in Greek and Hebrew and was deeply interested in the preparation of literature, particularly with Bible translation.

Dr William A. Smalley, Dr R.L. Phillips

It is noteworthy that in the call and selection of missionaries, there are men and women prepared for special ministries. Thus, when we expanded work to Cambodia, Thailand and Laos, as well as Tribal areas, translators were available, Dr. G.E. Roffe in Laos, Rev A.L. Hammond, the Ziemer brothers, Swain, Schelander, Helen Evans, Charlie Long and others in Cambodia, Thailand and the Highlands of Viet Nam. Additional specialists in teaching, administration and other fields have followed in their train. Now in the forefront are the increasing number of dedicated, talented national leaders with their special gifts. And yet, the fact remains that the backbone of any team are the regulars, those who carry on day after day, without whom success is impossible. In a real spiritual sense, every member of God's team is a specialist.

in Hanoi in 1916 with Mr San Chaffray, secretary to the Governor General.

Missionaries who worked with Dr Jaffray have happy memories of those days. For instance his interview

Our missionary work had been prohibited in 1915 because missionaries with German names were under suspicion, including Mr Hess the chairman, who lived in Wuchow. Hess, leaving for furlough, arranged for Jaffray to replace him. After noting similarity in names and musing that possibly he had a French background, Jaffray and the Resident Superieur discussed the battle of Verdun, which was then in progress. After an exciting discussion, with maps spread out on the desk, Mr San Chaffray announced concerning the enemy, "Ils ne passeront pas, jamais!" Then turning to Jaffray he enquired, "Now what is it you came to see me about?" Missionary work, as a result, was resumed.

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One day in Tourane (Danang) after our usual near-all-night committee meetings, we reached the river jetty ^{just in time} to see the launch returning and the French liner in the bay lifting the anchor. Requesting us to tip the 'chauffer' of the launch, Jaffray jumped in and began tooting the whistle. With the whistle sounding and the Resident's flag flying, the captain of the liner stopped the engines and lowered the gangplank once again. There must be an important message from the Resident! Jaffray mounted the steps, presented his third class ticket and disappeared to his cabin. I have a vivid idea of what was said by the captain and ~~of~~ ^{officers} of the steamer. Jaffray was on his way again.

Dr David Fant recounts some highlights in the life of Dr. Jaffray who was born December 16 1873, 'one hundred years ago'. "No young missionary who reported to Jaffray ever doubted who was commander-in-chief. He insisted on strict discipline and hard work. But he loved these young folks as a father loved his children. When my classmate Charles Lump reported for duty at Wuchow, he found an old upright piano nobody knew what to do with. When Jaffray learned Charles was a good pianist he was delighted. "Play something for us," he said, and Charles responded with Meyerbeer's "Coronation March". "That's fine," the chairman commented. "Now let's hear 'Onward, Christian Soldiers'".

Dr. Fant continues, "It was my high privilege to know Dr Robert A. Jaffray for some forty years, at times as a guest in our home with Mrs Jaffray and their daughter Margaret, but most of the time necessarily via correspondence from various mission fields. He must be recognized as one of the leading missionary statesmen of our century, a great man by any measurement--physical, intellectual or spiritual.

"Born into a home of culture and affluence (his father was owner and publisher of the Toronto Globe, one of Canada's most influential newspapers, and a Dominion senator), he turned his back on a lucrative business career to seek the greater riches of the kingdom of heaven. Soon after his conversion he succumbed to A.B. Simpson's impassioned preaching, enrolled in his New York Missionary Training School, and in 1896 became one of a missionary party which included Robert H. Glover to begin work in Kwangsi, South China. This was the center of his activities for thirty-three years.

"Years, age, success--nothing halted this modern apostle, whose eyes were on the cloud, not the calendar. The Alliance wanted to honor him and a General Council cabled him a request to become vice-president. Back flashed a polite refusal. A paraphrased rendering would be 'O no, I'm doing a great work. I cannot step down' (Cp. Nehemiah 6:2,3)" /

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Dr Jaffray's heart was on the field. He wrote me July 31 1924: "Thank you for yours of June 24 re: the Vice-Presidency of the Alliance. I cannot consider that this would be a larger ministry; in fact I feel as though I would rather be a chaplain to the robbers in the mountains than go home. (He and three others, Jaffray, Miller, Ray and Carne had been taken captive by robbers and 1924 had been a year of suffering and death for many in Quangsai). I would rather be out here feeding the multitudes than at home preaching about the loaves and fishes"

Another missionary colleague, Mrs Darlene Deibler Rose writes: "I remember an afternoon in 1942 when I saw an old man dreaming dreams. Sitting in the corner of the little house in which we were imprisoned in the mountains (of Celebes), the old man was intent in the study of a map of that great sweep of islands then known as the Netherland East Indies.

"How often we'd poured over that map and mentally checked off the cities and the islands as they were invaded and fell...Singapore, Sumatra, Java, the Celebes.

"These, lassie," he said as I knelt beside the chair, "are the areas we must enter as soon as the war is over"

"My thoughts were so full of the fears and the anxieties, separations and tales of atrocities which had become such a part of our daily life. Suddenly I realized that to him they were but passing events that never altered the program of reaching the unreached, events that never marred the dream!

"His finger traced a path through the Natuna and Anambas groups of islands, encircled central and southern Sumatra, passed over the haunts of the nomadic Punans in the hinterland of Borneo, caressed Bali with a prophecy that God would again open the door to the gospel, then moved on to Misool, the Isle of Demons, the Bird's Head of New Guinea, the Zwart and Mamberamo River Valleys, and at last came to rest over the Baliem Valley.

"This is our task", he said, "and I can hear the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, the noise of the marching feet of the mighty army of young men and women that God is preparing for the occupation of these areas"

The desire to bring the Gospel to unreached areas in the South burned in other hearts as well as Mr Jaffray's. Hammonds and Ellisons, Cambodia; H.A. Jacksons and G.H. Smiths, Tribes; Roffes and Grobbs, Laos. During a committee meeting in Cambodia, Paul Gunther mentioned that he and his wife were greatly burdened by the need in East Thailand. His colleagues pointed out that we still were extremely short handed in Cambodia but they said, "All right Jeffrey we will accept your decision and we will co-operate". We prayed together and with headquarters approval and that of the Presbyterian Mission in Thailand, work was commenced when the Gunthers located in Ubon. A wonderful group of missionaries have followed in their train. In all areas there have been martyrs, missionaries and nationals, who laid down their lives in service for Christ. In Thailand Paul and Priscilla Johnson

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Had we waited even a month longer we might never have entered East Thailand.

At times it might have seemed to our Home Board that we were biting off more than we could chew. They had to deal with the finances. But as the calls came, 'Come over and help us' the response became a great team effort of love and faith to respond. It began with the missionaries in South China and then kept growing. Team effort has been a major factor in the growth of the Mission and the National Church. And we have had good coaches.

M. Bonnet's house and property were purchased by the Mission and the house is occupied today by those who minister in the Lord's work. When I arrived early in 1919 Mr Hosler and others were no longer serving in Annam. The Tourane missionaries included Rev and Mrs E.F. Irwin, Miss Hartman and Miss Foster.

Life in Hanoi was interesting. Rich Jackson and I exchanged French-English with Gaston Laforge whose father had charge of the pépinière (nursery). Each year the city of Hanoi provided a wonderful display of flowers in the gardens; tulips, hydrangeas and other varieties. Mrs Laforge was a wonderful cook and I had many a sumptuous meal at their home. I had to converse in French and any mistake or mispronunciation brought Mr Laforge into action. A wonderful way to avoid repeating mistakes! If I did not distinguish clearly between 'faim' and 'femme' or if I said 'Je suis' instead of 'J'ai faim, I had to explain just how I had managed to become a woman! My Vietnamese teacher was Mr Bui Tu. For my first Christmas in 1919 he insisted that I give a message in Tonkinese. We worked it out and for the most part I read it; it looks amazingly good today. There is nothing better than team-work.

One Saturday, I rode my bicycle along the dykes surrounding Hanoi city. Coming along a wide surface, overgrown, allowing only a narrow path, I saw a young man walking ahead with his back to me. I sounded the bell but he did not move aside, even though my warning was gradual. Reaching him, I dismounted and discovered a very angry young man about my own age. Speaking in French I introduced myself and started a conversation. He interrupted to enquire angrily why I had insulted him. I told him I was not a French official and that I came from Canada. Then I mentioned our culture which was to warn of my approach without alarming a pedestrian. I assured him I had no thought of racial discrimination, 'au contraire', I was out for fellowship. Soon we got along fine. This was my first contact with anti-colonial feeling and I knew that a foreigner must continually grow in understanding of the national mind. How tragic that this young man's resentment had to end in war instead of peace, in MILITARY confrontation instead of a better solution.

Another Saturday in the dry season as I rode the dykes, I saw well dressed people coming from all directions, converging toward a tree grown area. It proved to be a Buddhist temple. Behind the wall, in the spacious courtyard, a game, similar to chess, was in progress, but with living chessmen. A queen in her robes, sat on her throne at one end of the area used as chessboard, with a king in royal attire on his throne at the opposite end. The pieces in the game were boys and girls sitting on stools, each in his or her square. Two elderly gentlemen, with straggly beards, with staffs in hand walked slowly among the squares, pausing from time to time. Moves were made by tapping a youngster on the shoulder, and then indicating his or her new position. It was fascinating and I thought of the game of life, young people moved by Christ or by Satan. I rode home determined to move at His direction and to be on the winning team.

Hanoi summers are hotter than those of Saigon where the temperature is ~~less extreme~~ found it to be the same in the Yangtze valley in China, in contrast with areas farther south. French engineers had constructed a railway from Haiphong and Hanoi up through the mountains to Yunnanfu (Kunming), China. It was a great engineering feat with hundreds of tunnels as one climbed to 5,000 feet. We were married in Yunnanfu in 1921 but my first trip was in 1919.

Mr Collins was in charge of the Y M C A in Yunnanfu, a wonderful man with a lovely wife and young son Ralph. The father was seriously ill and I stayed up with him a few nights before his death. I still can see Ralph and his mother as I left to return to Hanoi. Once again I realized the significance of God's planning and purpose in our lives when I read in a Toronto paper that Ralph Collins had been appointed Canadian ambassador in Peking. I wrote him and found that his mother had passed away in Ottawa a few months earlier. I did regret that I had not been able to see her. In fact, I had thought that the Collins' were from the U.S. Memory was stirred again as I read 'Unglazed China' by J. Tuzo Wilson, with his appreciation of the hospitality of ambassador and Mrs Collins in Peking.

While in Yunnan I made a trip by horseback with Mr Graham Sr. of the C.I.M. to bring famine relief funds to needy tribes people of the area, including Lisu and Nosu. I wrote: "This is Sunday morning and I'm away up among the hills in a little Meo village, 120 li from Yunnanfu. Last night was one of the best I have yet had. We arrived about 7 p.m. having travelled since 6:30 a.m. Mr Graham and I were ushered into a mud house where a bright pine fire made our welcome vivid. Here we sat for a time talking and drying out. The family sat around making it a scene for an artist: bright eyed youngsters in picturesque dress; our boys talking and laughing over the adventures of the day; our solitary military escort almost played out from constant climbing. Brightest of all were our host and his wife--he a happy christian already three score years and ten, the patriarch of the village, with more than a score of children and grandchildren; and she, a bright faced, wrinkled old lady every bit as happy as her husband.

"The smoke got into ones eyes and throat and the whole setting of the room; mud, dirt and people, with flickering lights and shadows, presented a weird effect until one saw into the hearts, felt the welcome and realized the Presence and joy and peace of God. We were in a palace, a delightful place after a strenuous day.

"We are among the poorest of the tribes people, at rock bottom as Mr Graham puts it but they are rich. No smoking, gambling, wine drinking, immorality today in this house, as there was a few years ago. Then we went to prayer meeting in the chapel at the other end of the village--a pine torch procession with torches finally placed together on a flat stone, shedding a soft light over the benches, the mud walls and floor as well as the people. It was a delightful service filled with worship and song. You should hear these people sing, every note correct with the addition of a few trills peculiar to the tribes people."

It was inspiring to read in Reader's digest of those who continue to minister 'Beyond the Ranges', the condensing of Mr Eugene ~~Morse's~~ ^{book} 'Home to the Hidden Valley'; the same Lisu but forced to move from war torn areas. Memory recalls those hardy mountaineers and the C.I.M pioneers who ministered to them, men like Fraser, Nicoll and Graham.

Executive Committee met in Tourane, Nov. 24 1920. Item 19 reads: "Mr Jeffrey's letters relative to the opening of a Bible School were read and after a free discussion the Committee agreed as to the urgent need in our work of a Bible School for men and women workers as soon as possible. The Committee recommend that Mr Jeffrey prepare himself for that work with a view to receiving permanent appointment from the Conference at a later date. .. Committee agreed that the proper place for the School was probably Tourane and that the right man for the work was Mr Jeffrey if he can feel that it is the Lord's leading for him" Another item stated "The Committee is strongly of the opinion that as soon as the Lord opens the way we ought by all means to enter Cambodia"

In March 1921 Conference allocated Mr Jeffrey to be in charge of the Men's Bible School. Miss Foster ^{and} later Miss Frost, to be in charge of the Women's Bible School.

It was also voted "that inasmuch as Mr Rader is present and approves of the marriage of Mr. Jeffrey and Miss Goforth, and Mr R.M. Jackson and Miss Peebles before the two years are up, the Conference grants them permission to be married just before their vacation". This no doubt had something to do with my trip to Shanghai to meet Ruth Goforth and to visit her parents at Chi Kung Shan. It was an exciting trip all the way, beginning in Hanoi. 'I'm en route'.

"I got off alright but not without the usual little bit of adventure! We (Rich Jackson and I) left the house immediately after dinner and a few finishing touches in packing. The final articles were some hats, spitoons! and a monstrous brass plate about two feet in diameter. These articles were purchased some time ago by Jack for Mrs Jaffray--I don't know ^{to} what use # 2 is to be put! --and had been left in Haiphong for Miss Foster to take with her when she came up. However since I was going ^{overland} directly to Wuchow it was decided that I should take them. ^{En} consequence Mr Thu' was despatched to Haiphong yesterday with instructions to bring the packages back to Hanoi.

"Mr Thu came in about 10:30 a.m. very weary after the trip and said he didn't sleep a wink all night on account of the heat. I gave him a cup of hot milk and he went home to sleep the sleep of the just. That big platter and those little 'fern pots' looked too prominent ^{so} and had they stayed there this story would never have been told. But as they added so much weight I had visions of excess baggage and took them out again, back to their original position on top of the tray.

THE STEAMER TRUNK

"The next scene finds them safely in a poose-poose with Jack, while an iron tired rickshaw conveyed a trunk and pigskin box which had caught my fancy in Yunnanfu. The 'pig' however didn't like his company and fell off as the coolie rattled along regardless of the bumps. Jack took care of the pigskin and placed the other package behind the trunk. Then the fun began. We were now on a level road and the iron-tired chap kept well ahead of our rubber tired vehicles. The basket meanwhile danced madly on the tonneau of leading rickshaw. I began to wonder what was coming next and it happened at the street car tracks. The tram was at the corner and a stream of traffic was going by but that didn't hinder the ^{man} in the lead. He dashed in and we after him. In and out we went at full speed with the tram after us. Of course the basket fell off in the middle of the track. I made a vain attempt at rescue but had to stop for fear of going under myself."

"It was good though that only the tray was smashed. The rest is still with me." ^{FASCINATING (WITH EXCITING)}
^{AFTER THE CHINA TRIP} in a rose filled room
 Before our lovely wedding in Yunnanfu, June 28 1921, Ruth was busy in Tourane and then Hanoi with French and Vietnamese language study. Then came the Bible School.

BIBLE SCHOOL

I did appreciate the Conference invitation to begin the Bible School and would have desired to continue a teaching ministry had not Conference voted later on for chairmanship ministries. Others have done a better job in the School--I was followed by J.D.Olsen, ^{and} H.H.Hazlett. E.F.Irwin, H.C.Smith and ^{HOANG THONG} Thua had assisted me. Later Ong van Huyen and Le dinh Tuoi were on the staff until Mr Huyen was appointed as Dean. Today the leadership is entirely composed of Vietnamese, Ong Van Huyen, Dr Le hoang Phu, ^{REV VAVAN CU} ^(Vc) with other Vietnamese and missionaries on the staff; a better team than ever.

Our course of three years included regular Bible College subjects with some additions and was geared to acquaint the students with every book in the bible during that period. I had thought of including Greek but decided against it as not yet being a basic need. There has been criticism that I did not include English but it would have been misunderstood by the French authorities. To begin with there was a good deal of suspicion against us. Later we added a course in French.

The students came from various levels, university, secretaries, farmers, artisans and represented a wide segment of Vietnamese society. A number were proficient in the Chinese classics. Some of these at first did not make as high marks as those whose studies had been along French lines but they soon reached the top in more ways than one. A few had attended Mr Irwin's and Mr Stebbi's daily bible class. Today as I read over missionary letters describing the applicants with all their handicaps, yet with confidence that God was leading them to apply, and then consider that these are national church leaders today, I am deeply humbled. ^{HONORED}

To begin with we faced some particular problems. There was no lack of applicants but not all had the same motivation. Missionary correspondence with the School was voluminous. Missionary co-operation and encouragement was heart warming and each applicant was carefully screened. Finances was quite a problem and most had a difficult time securing the cash. Each applicant signed a statement that he was a voluntary student and the Mission had no responsibility whatever to assign him as an evangelist upon completion of his studies, unless he showed himself fully qualified spiritually as well as intellectually. But what would happen in a local church if a student from that area was not assigned? Or a missionary might say, 'I sent this man, he must return to my area'. Another might insist that a worker remain with him regardless of what Bible College rules might be for that student's return to complete his studies. I had many a struggle with missionaries over District urgency School urgency but with committee help we reached agreement.

Uchalla

Mr. Cadman in Hanoi was deeply interested and concerned with our problems. He perhaps more than any other missionary knew what was being said in French circles, Protestant as well as Roman catholic or non-religious. Cadman was concerned because some students referred to themselves as theological students. He wrote: "Have read through your slip as to the objects of THE BIBLE SCHOOL, NOT THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY. It really annoys me to receive, ^{letters} now and then, the writers of which sign themselves as theological students in Tourane. Also I notice the names suggest the flavor of, theological seminary. They need putting right along this line. Ours is a Bible School and cannot rightly even be called a theological school." In another letter he wrote: "As to the term Theological Seminary any one who compares a Bible School curriculum with a standard Seminary fully appreciates the wide difference. Bible School teaches: "Thus saith the Lord", the Theological School teaches about "the Science of God" and in its moralizing and philosophising creates "modernism". No, I feel that it is a matter of false pride for our students to refer to themselves as theological students and here in Hanoi our people would call them sharply to task. As also our newspaper editors." Mr Cadman had strong convictions on SEVERAL MATTERS.

The Vietnamese, however, coming out from colonial rule and challenged by it, are ambitious for the best in all areas. Back in 1921 I could not envisage the number of Vietnamese Evangelical Church christians who today are studying in universities and seminaries all over the world. Some plan to return as laymen, others to work with the Church. There still are seminaries whose standard is "Thus saith the Lord" and one of them is in Nhatrang. The danger of unbelief remains with us and must be contested until Christ Himself returns. In the meantime we can unite in complete allegiance to, "Thus saith the Lord".

Mr Jaffray had some wise advice. He insisted on a high standard but somehow or other was led to believe that I did not favor a full three year course. I assured him that this was not so. He wrote: "I know, to hurriedly graduate your students in response to the pressing need in these early days is a temptation, but I trust that if some of your students have to leave

school before their course is completed you will insist upon their appointment being considered temporary, that it will be understood with them that they are expected to return and complete their course in the School. The awarding of diplomas only in the case of the Course having been completed will help you and help the students also to a real desire to return to the School and finish their course."

Jaffray went on to explain how they had faced this problem in the early days in South China. And then he adds: "There is one matter further suggested from your letter about which I would like to make a remark. The fact that a certain missionary supports a student in School should not entitle him to have the entire say as to where he should be appointed and when. It must be clearly understood by all that the students in our Bible School are under the direction of the Mission. The fact that the supporter supplies the rice for the student does not by any means entitle him or her to any right with regard to his future work. The Committee would naturally of course be considerate of the supporter in such a case, but it would be wrong to allow the supporter to have anything like the privilege of directing the future of the student. The School is Mission property, and the expense of the School throughout is borne by the Mission, the support of the student being a comparatively small item".

Early School Experiences.

Early School experiences are memorable. I sat in our converted stable, where we began classes, with all possible translations in front of me. We had some Vietnamese Scripture portions from our own translators as well as the entire Roman Catholic Vietnamese bible, combining the latin vulgate in one column and its equivalent in Annamese in the opposite column; A very literal translation. Since ^{some of the} ~~the~~ students were familiar with Chinese or French, we had those bibles for reference and if necessary I could refer them to the Greek New Testament. My Vietnamese, Annamese as we called it then, of course was far from what it ought to be but my ambition was unbounded. My wife would have added that my nerve was colossal. At any rate we had a glorious time. We were discussing 'duc tin' (faith). Pham Thanh, former sorcerer, well versed in the Chinese classics, muttered, 'Ductin, Duc tin, what in the world is that? It just wasn't the vocabulary he was used to. Later I shall describe what a marvelous evangelist and team-mate he proved to be when I travelled in his church district. One day in class I happened to mention the frozen

Permitting

lakes in Canada, a team of horses to draw a heavy load across the winter surface. And that we skated and played hockey on such a surface. Pham Thanh objected. "Tell us another one Teacher. I don't accept that tale!" A few days later Pham Thanh informed me before the class that there were fish in the ocean nearby that became birds and then turned back into fish when they desired, I said, "Do you mean the flying fish who, when pursued by larger fish can fly sometimes nearly a kilometer to escape". 'Oh no' he replied

'I know about them but this is quite different". Then it was my turn, while the students laughed to say "Tell me another, Mr Pham Thanh. I cannot accept that tale". Tiep, ^{the university student} seemed very troubled one day and said he had serious doubts about inspiration. When I enquired why? he said. "If we all come from Adam and Eve how come that there are so many types of noses in the world--long, flat, wide narrow? We discussed it for a while. Then I asked him. "Tiep what evidence do you have to prove that Adam's nose and Eve's nose were exactly the same? And after all no two blades of grass are alike". Someone had already suggested that flat noses might have commenced by bumping against a tree. The questions were truly sincere and more and more the students realized that the, "Word of God is living and active". The men grew in faith, love and hope and in the knowledge of the Word, both written and Incarnate. There were a few dropouts and failures and even then I believe each one eventually met God. Le dinh Tuoi had been recommended by H.A. Jackson

as follows: "Tuoi is single. He is one that is not ashamed of Jesus and the world. ^{knows} it, This lad will not be fooled. He is not easily moved and sticks to what he believes, God's word is his standard. The christians want to help and I can almost promise you they will support him, If its a case of funds don't let him be held up. We'll pray it in."

Tuoi came up from the south with three others all of them very promising students and Tuoi was the leader. Before long they deeply resented what they believed to be the excessive authority of one of the men from the north, who had been appointed as one of the School monitors. Matters came to a head one day when visitors were allowed. Dormitory regulations were very strict and during visiting hours a young lady, relative of the monitor, had entered his room. ^{VERM 178} All doors were open but the Southern group came to me and said that entering the room was against rules and was immoral. I investigated and ruled that depriving the monitor of his job, with an apology from him, was enough, since there was no evidence of immoral conduct. The southerners were adamant. I did not understand their culture and he must be expelled. I replied that while I did want to fully observe Annamese culture, we were a christian school and truth would prevail, if we looked to God. The men asked time off to pray and returned a day or so later to say that the Lord had shown them that I was wrong and they were right. I was heart broken. To lose these men would be a calamity that would disrupt unity in the Church. And in the South it would be a disaster. I prayed but finally informed Tuoi that with deep regret I would have to let him return home. During all this Mrs Jeffrey had continued to teach Mr Tuoi the organ and acted as though everthing was the same as ever. The day before he was to leave by ship Mr Tuoi asked permission to say good-bye to the students. He stood up and said, 'Men I could fight it out with Mr Jeffrey but I cannot fight the love that Mrs Jeffrey has shown in not taking sides in this matter. And he broke down and wept, with each of us joining in. What a triumph of God's love and grace.

Years later when Le dinh Tuoi was president of the Vietnamese Church I have heard him tell students and ^{how basic it was} pastors to yield our wills to God's will. Tuoi, a close friend of mine, taught in the Bible College, was pastor of the Central Saigon church. During building operations no task was too menial for this servant of God.

Bible Colleges were established as early as possible in each of our South East Asia fields. Cambodia in Battambang () later moved to Ta Khmau. East Thailand () then a School among those who had had leprosy. Tribes at Dalat () and Banmethuot (). Laos in Luangprabang () Xieng Khoang and Vientiane. The story of these Schools and those who ministered would require volumes.

In addition to these, sometimes preceeding them, mssionaries and nation-als conducted Short Term Bible Schools in numerous areas. They were not co-ordinated with regard to the courses, nor were they officially linked with the Seminary, as is the case today in the very effective Theological ^{Education by} Extension program. But these Short Term Schools were of a high standard and were very effective. One that was close to being a full time School was conducted by Homera Homer-Dixon in Hanoi.

Homera came from a well to do family. Her father was a high government official and aristocratic. Homera was appointed as matron in the Missionary Children's School at Dalat but her heart desire was to reach the Tribes people in the northern part of French Indo-China. While on a visit to Hanoi, ostensibly for dental work, committee yielded to her urgent plea to remain there. Before long Homera, an excellent student with great literary ability and a real go-getter, was operating a number of street chapels in Hanoi city, not one but a number of them, staffed by her students under the direction of the Vietnamese pastor Rev Le van Thai. Then she reached out to the highlands, the tribal areas of Upper Tonkin. It is well worth noting that in every city our work began by the renting of street chapels, with constant preaching. Sometimes the chapel was available to us because it was supposed to be haunted, This was the case when Faifoo (Hoi An) was opened. We secured an excellent location because it was feared to be haunted. And with us there people were not afraid to attend services.

One day following evacuation from the north, Homera and Mrs Jeffrey were conducting a Short Term Bible School in Cantho. They had a terrible time with mosquitoes, I recall, and when they could obtain no incense sticks they tried burning cigarettes! Non-smokers but ready to try whatever might prove effective. Am not sure that the cigarettes did the job. One day Homera received a letter from the north. Mrs Jeffrey wrote me:

(See p.17)
insert here

Homera ministered to Japanese soldiers in Saigon after they had taken over and before we were interned. She was on her death bed in Grall hospital and received those Japanese soldiers who knelt in tears as they offered her their food rations. Before leaving Canada for Indo-China, Homera had written a poem; based on Psalm 119:49 'Remember the word unto thy servant, upon which Thou has caused me to hope' and Ps 116:16 'O Lord truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid; thou hast loosed my bonds'

Homera, the slave of God
That is all I am dear Lord.
Just to be Thine
Is joy Divine
Just to obey Thy beloved Word.

And will love Thee while life shall
last

Homera, the slave of God
I've nothing, no, nothing my own.
Thy slave I am
Thou Holy Lamb
Thou reignest upon my heart's throne.

Homera, the slave of God
My heart, Beloved, is Thine alone
I'm at Thy feet
In love complete
I'm only and all Thine own.

Amen: 20 years later.

Homera, the slave of God
O Christ, how I love and adore
My Precious King
In everything
I'm Thy slave for evermore.

Homera, the slave of God
It is love that binds me so fast
I only know
I love thee so

*Herb Jackson wrote from Chaudoc in 1924:
"Please tell Mr s Jeffrey that I just came in
from Binh Long where everyone inquired
for her. If you mention Binh Long to Mrs Jeffrey I
dare say she will begin to scratch. Its a great
life, Ivory, after one da quen roi (gets
used to it). Mrs Jeffrey thinks of bed bugs
the same as she does of saloon keepers. It
isn't that she has anything against
the unfortunate chaps--its the way
they get their living".

Dr Jaffray was burdened all through his ministry by the need for
national leaders in the Church. He wrote me in August 1926 from Muskoka,
Canada.

"Well, our plans are changed again. We were booked to sail on 30th
Sept, but we have had to cancel this booking and will not get away now till
on toward the end of the year, I fear. The Board are planning a great
Special Executive Conference of as many of the Chairmen and senior mission-
aries from all the fields that it is possible to get together at this time,
for the consideration of the great policies of the work for the future. It
is the best move they have made for many a day, Pray that it will mean much
for the advance of the Gospel in all the world.

"In a word--If the Alliance could get its native Churches to take
on self-support and set itself to the training in Bible Schools in all of
our fields of many many more native workers and get the present existing
work over onto them, then the bulk of the men and money from America could
be used for real advance work and entering new parts of the world where no
witness of the Gospel has yet been given,--this would do more toward the
evangelisation of the world than anything else I know. We have now but two
native workers to every missionary. We ought to have at least ten to every
missionary. We need missionaries all right, but we need many many more native
missionaries too. We need an army of native workers to do the work. It is
this pioneer work that will please Him, and it will appeal to His people too
and please them, and they will give to such an aggressive work on pioneer
lines, I am sure"

Today national and missionary specialists are active in the work of revision and keeping things up to date. In March 1974 the United Bible Societies with the Bible Society in Viet Nam, organized a Bible Translator's Seminar at Dalat. "Seventy were present--including staff--and all were engaged in putting the Scriptures in many different languages. Lectures were given in French and English, while the workshops used Vietnamese and Tribal languages." (Newscaster). Seven nations were represented.

Evangelism

Evangelism has been the insignia and the driving force of the Mission and the Church in South East Asia from the beginning. The commission of Christ was and is paramount. "All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me. Go therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, to the close of the age." (Matt 28:18-20). Missionaries and nationals have been equipped spiritually to be effective disciple-makers and disciple-teachers.

In addition to local preaching by missionaries and nationals with constant visitation and receiving of visitors, there were three main thrusts in evangelism; Colporteurs, local evangelists as well as those from abroad, and Bible Conferences of every description. In collaboration with the British and Foreign Bible Society, we early took steps to use colporteurs who had Bible School training. They received some help from the Mission but I know of no more self-sacrificing group than those early colporteur-evangelists who planted many a church. A very few failures cannot dim the brightness of their work. Many of the church leaders began their ministry in some form of colportage work. Some missionaries and pastors like Irving Stebbins used a boat ministry with great effectiveness. Many country churches were planted as a result of colportage efforts on land or by water. Rev.

Nga was an outstanding example in the delta area of South Viet Nam. Other retired Vietnamese pastors and laymen continue boat evangelism today in areas not available to missionaries. I recall Rev Diem's testimony, who when a young colporteur had to sell his shoes in order to keep going. He later pastored large congregations in the country. God has some marvelous jewels who began as colporteurs.

Chinese and other evangelists and teachers from abroad have had a decisive influence in establishing the Church in South East Asia. I can only begin to list them all but the record is in heaven. Always there was a spirit of revival in the Church, renewed again and again. Beginning with pastor Chao from Wuchow in..... and continuing with Hinkey, Wong, Dr John Sung, Jonathan Goforth the flame continues to burn. Apart from revival emphasis I know the Vietnamese church could not have grown nor maintained true spiritual unity in the face of pressures from within

and attacks from without. And this movement continues. Orrel N Steinkamp in his book, "The Holy Spirit in Viet Nam". talks of "another Upper Room-Classroom number 5 at the Biblical and Theological Institute in Nhatrang, Viet Nam--where revival began more than two years ago." And its roots go deeper still, in the hearts of intercessors and faithful witnesses to the grate of God.

FIRST NATIONAL CHURCH COUNCIL

The Vietnamese church has a vigorous program of evangelization and of reaching pioneer districts. When the church committed itself officially to the policy that each local church must be responsible for its pastor, even in times of emergency, it believed that stronger churches should, in times of distress, help those that were weaker. The Mission was requested to give some financial assistance in four areas: Bible School, Publication, Evangelistic Teams and pioneer advance in areas totally unreached. Student preachers have gone into settlements and strategic hamlets to establish churches under very difficult conditions. Evangelistic teams are penetrating new territory (in constant danger) and also are helpful in local areas. In all districts groups of churches are working together in evangelistic effort with regular monthly programs. This is entirely a national church affair except where missionaries are in a position to assist. This is being accomplished in the very important team-work of Evangelism Deep and Wide with its effective training program.

There have been obstacles and opposition to the Gospel and this was to be expected even though it might be caused by misunderstanding.

In 1926 it was claimed that Protestants were permitted to work only in certain treaty ports in the north and center, and in Cochinchina in the south. A number of Vietnamese preachers were imprisoned including Rev Ong van Huyen now dean of the Biblical and Theological Institute in Nhatrang. In the city of Nhatrang pastor Lieu, now retired, was arrested and sent out to work with the road gang to sweep the streets of the city where he had been a pastor. He witnessed to fellow prisoners and to his guards. Converts were won and soon he was promoted by them to be water-carrier and preacher. Always possessing a keen sense of humor Mr Lieu wrote me one day and smuggled the letter out somehow. Would it be all right he asked if he baptized the new believers by effusion instead of immersion because he only had a pail of water? Would the use of a poor grade of tea in serving communion be in line with the constitution? His official board comprised ex-criminals and even murderers. When news of the imprisonments reached France, Protestant members of the French Chamber of Deputies used their influence and the men were quickly released. Quite unexpectedly I was met in Tourane by Mr Lieu with his infectious smile. 'How did you get out?' 'I don't know, they just sent me out but the group in prison wept when I left'. This testing was in God's plan to prepare the church for greater trials that lay ahead.

Mr Lieu originally was a school teacher and an actor. He came with a group of cronies to break up a Gospel meeting. When Mr Thua had finished his message, Lieu innocently ^{requested} permission to ask a few questions. Lieu began quoting the confucian classics. Thua also was well versed in the classics but no match for Lieu in an argument. So instead of answering Lieu as a Confucian scholar Thua quoted from the Chinese bible in classical Vietnamese. 'The word of God is living and operative' and Lieu was won to Christ. Years later when travelling on a French plane a Vietnamese Buddhist priest saw me reading my Vietnamese New Testament. The plane was noisy, one from Canada, and the French passengers were startled to hear the shouting match between us. 'I see you belong to the Tin Lanh. Do you know pastor Lieu?' 'I surely do he is a great friend of mine.' Well we are all going the same road. His church is next door to my pagoda. He also is a friend of mine'. 'Well please read this book and you will find that there are two ways, the one I try to make and the one God has made. 'Jesus said, 'I am the way'. A letter from Curwen Smith tells how he and Lieu were singing: and Lieu instinctively copied everything that Curwen did. It was a hot night and each man was using a fan. Lieu copied everything that Curwen did without realizing it. Curwen ended in laughter but Lieu ^{remained} without a trace of a smile. "Oh that is nothing you should have heard Ong Jeffrey laugh a while ago when we were holding a meeting up in Faifoo!" And Lieu's poetry like many Vietnamese is superb.

I used to listen to him repeat it in the moonlight.

A while back I mentioned Mr Pham Thanh's unwillingness to accept my stories of ice in Canada. Pham Thanh was an evangelist and was also well versed in the classics. While visiting in his district we took a copy of the newly published Vietnamese bible to present to the district judge. Reaching his office after passing through a number of courtyards I began the conversation and told him the purpose of our visit. For the first and only time I met a really scornful Vietnamese official. He said, 'There is nothing worthwhile that does not come out of China. All this Western stuff is rubbish. If I had my way I would decapitate all westerners! My attempt to explain that the Bible was not a western book but came from the east and also was published in China was to no avail. The judge was adamant. Then Pham Thanh began. 'Mr judge I am not fit to attach your sandals but..' Then he soared off into the classical language, like a professor using latin. I got the gist of it but not all the words by any means. How the atmosphere changed. The judge accepted the bible with deep appreciation. Not only so he escorted us to the door walking with us through the several courtyards.

I always worked with Vietnamese colleagues. In my own mind I thought of the organ grinder with his monkey, nicely dressed with cap and cup for the collection. I was like that monkey (or that monkey if you like). It helped the national preacher to have his missionary along. My first trip with Vong began in his parsonage where he had served me tea and then poured cold water in it. 'Mr Vong I don't like cold tea'. 'Well I don't like hot tea' We kept that up from that time on. I would preach ten or fifteen minutes and then Vong would follow. He always took my outline and produced a message that was out of this world. He lasted up to an hour and never lost his audience. Those are the days I like to remember.

Another time when living in Saigon Mrs Jeffrey and I were called late at night to go to the hospital where a christian lady was in serious condition.

Arriving at the hospital we were met by the young husband and three doctors. His wife lay on the hospital bed and one doctor said, 'She has just died. There is no pulse. They all agreed.' The young man replied. 'That's all right. My missionaries are here and she will not die.' I went off to a corner to call on the Lord. My wife evidently had more faith. We prayed and anointed the lady. Within a few minutes she sat up and lived many years longer. I do not attempt to explain many cases of healing I have seen but God does meet the simple faith of earnest believers. He does work miracles.

To begin with we did not have Dr Donald McGavran's penetrating studies on what is called 'the third stream of evangelism, Church Growth'. But the principles of Church planting and Church growth were all in operation in Viet Nam, as well as what is now described as crusade and saturation evangelism. I believe we were alert to these principles. Again and again we were able to advance because of group movements in Tribal areas and also in many instances in Vietnamese situations. The Vietnamese church includes a large number of men, women and children who though suffering severe persecution or ostracism because of their faith in Christ, persevered until they won the family and neighbors. The real backbone of the church in Vietnam are these who stood true and were determined to win those who opposed them. It was a lovedetermination. We did disagree with the policy often used of assisting a village in law suits or other legal matters as a means of church growth, in order to instruct the children even though the parents might only be nominal christians. At one point I failed by not keeping a complete detailed record of each local church congregation; financial as well as numerical. This would have provided important information in relation to church growth. And it would have enabled us in some instances to deal earlier with problems of location or assistance.

The Church has maintained its bible doctrinal position in relation to national sects. One of the leaders of the Cao Dai movement was for a time in contact with Rev J.D.Olsen as an enquirer but he did not go on. When Mr Olsen was killed in an accident this religious leader expressed his sympathy in a telegram. In Cochin China a sect was founded by Mr Bo Dai and named 'The Banana Coconut Society'. This group was vegetarian and the members used to go into trances and speak in tongues. Mr Bo Dai and his group of several hundred asked to join the Church as believers in Christ. This did not work out because Ong Bo Dai claimed to be a prophet of God quite apart from his relationship with Christ. I spent a long time trying to show him that God had permitted his natural gifts and leadership but that only in Christ could he be used or God. He was a remarkable man but quite tied up to his own claims. Many of his followers continued to read their bibles and sing our hymns but still held to their own peculiar beliefs. One former colporteur spent some time witnessing to these people.

The long drawn out war situation in Viet Nam brought evangelism into sharp focus. Literature must be provided for soldiers, prisoners, hospitals, induction centers, refugee camps and new government settlements in jungle areas. Ruth Jeffrey was deeply burdened to meet these needs with financial assistance, and personal involvement with Vietnamese colleagues and Gospel teams. This required Gospel films, meetings wherever possible, book-rooms, hospital and prison visitation and military chaplains. There were many obstacles to be overcome. Garth Hunt and Jim Livingston joined in this vital ministry and have been followed by Glen Johnson and Barbara Ferguson, as well as others. Untold thousands have been reached with the Gospel message through these channels. Nothing could stop Ruth Jeffrey and others in their attempts to meet the needs. My wife gave herself to the utmost and has given a brief account of her life and ministry in her testimony of "Amazing Grace".

In 1929 Ed Roffe arrived and we were ready to fulfill Conference appointment of Ed to northern Laos which had been decided after consultation with the Presbyterian Mission in Thailand. I had the first model A Ford in Viet Nam. It was given by Mr Harvey of the Christie Biscuit Co when he saw a picture of me on a tribal horse with feet dangling not too far from the ground. He knew that the Goforth's were to visit Indochina and Mr Harvey did not want Mrs Goforth to travel in that manner. We left the car at Tha kek in care of a young American engineer working with a French mining company. He left it in the company garage but someone forgot to turn off the ignition! I discovered this later.

Travel up the Mekong by river steamer was wonderful. I had travelled up river previously from Phnom Penh but now we were on our way to Vientiane where we would secure horses for the rest of the trip overland, much faster than following the winding river. It always was relaxing to get away from the city work to travel in the interior. Our journey north was uneventful but full of interest and variety. We followed the road right over the mountains instead of going around the base which would have been easier. I wondered why so many villages were named 'Tin Tok' until Ed told me years later that this meant "Foot of the mountain". We had carriers but usually were far ahead of them; most of the men were addicted to opium. In fact, on the return trip they dumped my luggage on the trail and went home. But it was passed on from village to village, with silver dollars in one small case, and I received it in Vientiane with everything intact and not a dollar missing. At night we sometimes slept in a Buddhist temple compound. Ed was an expert at imitating a hen or a rooster. He drew a crowd with his performance so we had no difficulty securing our meals. Mountain rice was available and khao niu for the horses as well as delicious milk from green coconuts. I left Ed in Luangprabang to begin a long and great missionary career. He met important government officials after I had left but soon came down with a real attack of malaria in spite of our use of quinine. Ed went on to serve as administrator, ^{and} teacher and translator during his many terms on the field.

Word had come by telegram that I must hurry back to Cambodia, so instead of floating down the Mekong to Vientiane on a huge : lumber raft, as I had planned, I returned to the village where we had left our horses. None was available because an epidemic had necessitated their speedy evacuation. So early next morning I started down the homeward trail. There was a song in my...

heart and I could shout to my heart's content. Monkeys were plentiful, there were countless deer, small black bears and beautiful birds. By late afternoon I came to a rest house "sala" where a traveller could put up for the night to shut him away from tigers. Nearby was a cool flowing stream where I enjoyed a refreshing dip. By this time the carriers had arrived and I sent them on to the next village. I would take care of my meal and they would join me early next morning. I was hungry! The aluminum chop box contained a loaf of bread secured from a Chinese baker in Luang Prabang, a box of cream of wheat purchased in Haiphong, cocoa and sweetened milk. It was the first time I had seen cream of wheat in Viet Nam so I bought it on impulse. I kept dried raisins in my pockets, to munch along the way. Even with a good fire it took longer to boil water in the higher altitude. Opening the cream of wheat I found it crawling with 'vitamins' but it would soon cook up. The loaf of bread was completely blue inside when I cut it, so it went into the bush. The sun had now set and my lantern was burning beside the fire. Suddenly I heard the sound of horses coming up the trail and two Vietnamese appeared. Instinctively I cried out in Vietnamese, 'Hello, where can I get a horse?' The older of the two seemed very tired but was courteous and informed me that a day or two later I would find a horse available. Then I invited the men to share my meal which invitation they accepted. They tethered their horses and sat down with me. I gave the older man quinine and aspirin for his fever and we talked. The older man wanted to know how it was that I a foreigner had invited them to eat together, it was rather unusual. 'Well, I'm a foreigner from America and not from Europe and I'm not here in business or in government service.' In fact I am here with a message from heaven concerning God's heavenly trail which He wants each of us to follow." I gave them some literature in their own language and quoted John 14: 'Jesus said I am the way the truth and the life' How come he asked that you know our language? Do you have a Vietnamese wife? No I replied, my wife was born in China but her parents came from Canada with the same Gospel message. Then the older chap very politely began to quizz me on the meal and before long I had a vague feeling that I was on the defensive. Don't you Westerners usually serve quaker oats in the morning? He had never seen cream of wheat. "And coffee rather than cocoa?" 'Yes I replied but I don't have any other menu up here.' With some hesitation but kindly he said, 'I deeply appreciate your invitation and your sharing with us and I want you to accept my invitation to dinner tonight'. I just knew I had to say yes and Psalm 23 came to my mind immediately, 'a table in the wilderness' But where was the food? I had horse meat in France but not here they needed the horses. So we kept on talking and I took the 'vitamins' off the fire, never to be seen again.

It was now dark and we continued our conversation in the light of the fire and lantern. Then a file of Kha tribesmen came up the trail, each man carrying a lighted torch and a large basket with arm loops for each man's back. The baskets were deposited, the carriers

It now was dark and we continued our conversation in the light of the fire and lantern. Then a file of Kha tribesmen came silently up the trail, each man ^{holding} a lighted torch and a large basket with arm loops, ^{was} carried on the back. The baskets were set down, the carriers began animated conver-

sation as they went off to prepare their own food from segments of bamboo which they also carried. Then the two Vietnamese went into action and what a feast was set before me! It was comparable to the best hotel meal in Saigon. White tablecloth, napkins, cutlery, hors d'oeuvre, omelet, beef steak, crisp French bread, butter, French fries, steaming hot coffee and a delicious dessert--and Even water instead of from the stream. I did not need the wine. Following custom, I love French hospitality, I was the guest of a French mining engineer via his cook. No wonder I had been wondering! Early next morning before daybreak we were on our ways. The torchlight parade was on its way north to find the engineer. I waved good-bye and told them to try to find Mr Roffe but above^{all} to find and follow Him who says, 'I am the Way..'

I arrived in Vientiane after other interesting experiences including an early breakfast at a French plantation where the hominy was delicious. On the steam launch from Vientiane to Thakek malaria caught up with me and a kind Roman Catholic priest insisted that I take his bunk while he slept on the floor. In the lower bunk beneath me was the mother of a French doctor and when I was burning and shivering during the night I decided to get some water. Fearing I might step on the lady I jumped and landed right on the priest! What a predicament but he really was a good man or else I completely knocked the wind out of him. Later they all treated me as one of the group, the only Protestant among them, and I shall always remember their hospitality.

At Thakek it took most of the village to push the Ford until it started. Still feverish I drove south to Savannakhet over a road that was no more than a trail. I had wired for Herman Hazlett to come up from Tourane to meet me which was a great help. After a series of injections I have never had a return of malaria.

French Officials.

Working in French Indo-China under French Colonial and Protectorate rule we were, as a matter of conscience, entirely non-political. On our part there certainly was no colonial identity, even though we were completely loyal to our non-political identity. Nor did any individual missionary paternalism (or maternalism) ever hinder the national church and mission development of national missionaries. I do rejoice that we did not fall into those pitfalls which national leaders have observed elsewhere.

French officials on the upper level were of a very high caliber. I believe they were personally respected by the Vietnamese leaders even when totally opposed^{by them} as enemies of Vietnamese nationalism. Undoubtedly we missionaries were viewed with suspicion by the French and our dossiers were bulky. It required years of patient and persistent Christian conduct to win our way. I never relied on American or British influence. We were solely under local administration. In fact one American official remarked that we could secure an interview with the Governor General much faster than he. There were times when we were under attack by politicians and in newspaper articles. And once in a while I was deeply ashamed of minor French officials but never in 48 years did I ever come up against what one writer describes as "bitter antagonism against the Alliance and National Church", at least on the part of higher officials. That at least is the way I found it.

Only once did I meet with strong opposition and that was on the part of a French Protestant official. Mr Irwin had gone on furlough and I was paying an official visit to the Resident at Faifoo (Hoi An). I did not know it at the time, otherwise I would have begun with an apology, but it seems the Resident had been stopped rather abruptly by an elderly American wearing army fatigues, who requested a ride. The American was a retired U.S. army chaplain, ~~name~~ who had accompanied his wife a well known botanist as she collected specimens. They were staying with us in Tourane. So for the first time I was confronted by an angry Resident who immediately ordered me to stop all activity in his territory where we had several churches. His position was a legal one. I pointed out that the Resident Superieur in Hue was fully aware of the situation and a proved of the way we were conducting our work. 'That makes no difference' he replied. 'I say no and I will have you arrested if you continue". So, somewhat disappointed I returned to Tourane. Next day, just to keep things in line, I returned to the district and called at the churches but did not conduct any meetings nor did I enter the tribal area. No one stopped me. But a French scientist on an official trip from France, a friend of ours who later was killed at Dien Bien Phu, did go into the tribal area and he was arrested. I don't know what happened but the Resident was soon recalled to France and I have always felt sorry for him.

One day Monsieur Le Fol then Resident Superieur at Hue, requested that I call to see him. He had a wonderful collection of stuffed birds and was a well informed ornithologist. For a time we talked and I admired his collection. Then Mr Le Fol came to the point and informed me that he had received new and strict regulations concerning our work in the area around Hue. This was ostensibly on orders from the Vietnamese secret service. We were being linked with another group considered to be subversive. This was not good news and seemed to bring us to a standstill. Finally Mr Le Fol said, 'Is that clear?' 'Yes indeed' I replied. 'Now please tell me how I am to get around it?' With a twinkle he warned me that any violation brought to his attention would result in swift punitive action on his part. But he also showed me how, if I were really careful, we might continue on a basis of mutual understanding.

In dealing with the highest authorities, French or Vietnamese, we never wrote letters requesting authorisation unless we had met with that official in a personal interview. A written refusal on file might block projects for many years. And usually when I was assured by a French official that a written application would receive a favorable reply, I quickly made notes of what that official suggested as to the proper wording. In this connection Governor General Pierre Pasquier, a specialist in education, treated me like a son. His death in a plane crash in France was tragic and a great loss.

In Hanoi, visiting the Resident Superieur, Monsieur Robin, I was received with coolness. Monsieur Robin gave the appearance of being a military officer. It was clear to me that he must have received word from the Surete that Mr Cadman was suspected of being in contact with Vietnamese revolutionary leaders, including Ho chi Minh. I assured the Resident Superieur that any contacts Mr Cadman might have would be spiritual and non-political. Here was I facing a stern ^{and imposing} official who was seated behind a huge French desk. Complete silence on his part did not help my French pronunciation. I do better in French when stirred up, not when on the defensive. So I left hoping for better days in the future.

Next time it was different. I believe I took Mr Cadman with me. French friends had told us that Monsieur Robin was in line to be the next Governor General. So I began by extending sincere congratulations and we were off to a good start. Later when our Conference sent the usual telegrams of greetings, the reply from Monsieur Robin was as cordial and longer than any we ever received.

Expansion.

Very early in the program of Church Growth came the printing and use of a catechism. This was a translation of what already had been used in China. For a time there was undue delay in baptizing converts until they had mastered the catechism and proved themselves to be true believers. No christian could partake of the Lord's supper until he was baptized. Then the Bible Magazine was published in line with what Mr Jaffray was doing in South China but Mr Cadman wanted it to be more for popular reading than that in South China. Permission for this magazine was refused at first by the French authorities but finally in _____ I received permission. Enlarged and improved it is now the official church publication. Other publications like Rang Dong (The Dawn) are also a means of growth. Then came the matter of a church constitution.

The immediate need for a Church constitution was suggested by the Foreign Department of our Society and also was recognized on the field. Dr. A.C. Snead on behalf of the department urged that the autonomy of the local church should be basic. Our Vietnamese leaders had no immediate definite suggestions to offer so I took the constitution of the Presbyterian Church and our own Alliance constitution as a basis and adapted it to local, district and national church requirements in Viet Nam. This was in English which I turned over to Mr Olsen who with Vietnamese made a Vietnamese draft. This was sent to every missionary and Vietnamese worker and finally to the Foreign Department and national church committee. It was approved finally by the General Council of the Vietnamese Church.

Due to the fact that considerable detail was added to the original draft, some of it really by-laws, there was strong opposition from some of the missionaries. There were attempts to mis-use this document but gradually a proper balance prevailed. Later when an attempt was made by a small dissident group to take over the Church and imprison its leaders, the constitution was a bulwark to prevent the attempt. False charges were carried even to the court but were completely disproved. Some have maintained that a Constitution is a hindrance to spiritual development but like any form of law the trouble lies

with the flesh rather than the regulations. The Church sometimee has paid too much attention to the 'letter'. Nevertheless it has surmounted serious dangers of lawlessness. The Constitution was and is helpful in furthering self-support and self-government. Only those churches that are completely self-supporting are entitled to all the privileges of the National Church.

An attempt was made to abolish the present constitution and to substitute another in its place. It was suggested that instead of the local church being basic, everything should work from the top down. This would allow for one leader with assistants having everything under their control. This seemd to be an attempt to introduce 'big government' and it was presented very persuasively. The Vietnamese National Church Council has thus far stood strongly in favour of the democratic procedure in spite of pressure in favour of more centralisation. The latest draft for revision of the constitution includes a. committees to supervize and to criticize.

In his valuable and revealing 'History of the Evangelical Church in Vietnam (1911-1965) Dr Le hoang Phu makes the following comment, on the constitution. (His viewpoint concerning the constitution is very good but he was puzzled by one item)--'In one curious reference, the constitution committee, obviously under the influence of some slavery conscious American missionaries, added slavery...this reference had little meaning in the Vietnamese society where slavery was practically nonexistent". When I first read Dr Phu's comment I also wondered but later it came back to me vividly that I had asked Olsen why such a reference was there. Olsen informed me that it originated with one of the Vietnamese who strongly insisted that often when children were 'adopted' by payment to the parents or by taking care of the child that it meant slavery for that child. Personally I agree with Dr Phu that the danger as far as I could see was 'practically non-existent' but evidently there must have been an instance which influenced the one who wanted slavery in the constitution.

Beyond Martyrdom.

Many Vietnamese christians and pastors laid down their lives for Christ during the fighting between the French and the Viet Minh and later between the forces of the north and south. None of these was engaged in military or political activity. Although later, christians in the armed forces were to suffer death. Missionaries also were in places of danger, particularly in the highlands. And when they too were called to sacrifice their lives, they were ready even though death came suddenly and unexpectedly. Those of us who shared years of fellowship with our Ban-methuot colleagues and others have unforgettable memories of wonderful, down-to-earth friends, triumphant in life and in death. James C. Hefly writes in Christianity Today-'Beyond Martyrdom'.

Quote. 1968 ?