

The CALL

of French Indo-China

No. 22

April-June, 1928

TO THE HILLS AND BEYOND!

"GO OUT", said Jesus, "seek the lost—
Mid forests dense and mountains high,
My blood I shed, my life I gave,
That these to Me might be brought nigh."

"But Lord, they will not heed the call, —
So steeped are they in sin and shame,
In worship of their heathen gods, —
They honor not thy Holy Name."

Again in gentle accents low
My Saviour spoke, my heart was thrilled,
"Go out... compel them to come in,
That thus My house may soon be filled."

"Yea Lord, we'll go and gather in
Thy other sheep, though far they roam,
In Laos' land, on Siam's soil,
Till comes the joyous Harvest-home."

G. H. C.

Go out into the highways and hedges, and
compel them to come in, that My
house may be filled — Luke 14:33.

GOSPEL PRESS, HANOI, TONKIN

PRAISE AND PRAYER

Praise GOD for the steadfast faith of the Annamese Christians amidst persecution, one or two even having been imprisoned, — and PRAY that their faithful testimony shall redound to the glory of GOD and the winning of increased numbers of souls.

PRAISE GOD for the anticipation of the missionaries, one and all, that the Annual Conference to be held in Tourane from May 25th to June 5th, will truly be a time of refreshing, — and PRAY that the whole work in Indochina may, as a result, receive a powerful spiritual impetus.

PRAISE GOD for the Annual Conference of the independent Annamese Church to be held in Mytho, Cochinchina, from June 25th to July 5th, — and PRAY that the special speakers, Dr. and Mrs. Goforth and perhaps the Rev. R. A. Jaffray, may be specially anointed for this ministry to the edifying of souls and the strengthening of the Church in this land.

PRAISE GOD for another generous gift from the Milton Stewart Fund, of which Brother Blackstone is trustee, a part of which is being used to send the Bible School students far and wide to do evangelistic and colportage work during the summer months, — and PRAY that all opposition in the protectorates may be overcome and the WORD of GOD have free course and be glorified in the winning of precious souls.

PRAISE GOD for the generous gift already made towards the building, at the hillstation, Dalat, of a school for missionaries' children, as well as a rest home for the missionaries, — and PRAY that the government may grant the concession requested and that the funds still needed may be sent in by GOD'S faithful stewards.

PRAISE GOD for the gifts received making possible the erection of much needed native dormitories in the Tourane and Battambang Bible Schools, — and PRAY that the LORD will continue to send increasing numbers of Spirit filled men and women to receive training for the LORD'S work.

PRAISE GOD for a new series of ten sixteen-page salvation tracts in Annamese, of which over one hundred thousand are being printed, — and PRAY that as they are sold throughout the country they may be specially used to bring men and women to a saving knowledge of CHRIST.

*Yunnan R. N. laid
with human lines.*

EDITORIAL

Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in,
that My house may be full. — Luke 14: 23.

GO! What magic in this word of two letters! To our Indo-China Mission is coming this urgent demand to «go out» to the regions beyond, to the great unreached interior of this land. Our readers know and have rejoiced with us in the blessings granted the Gospel message in the densely populated delta regions. But beyond the mountain barrier which separates the lowlands from the forest-clad tableland are millions who have never heard.

IN the following articles we enumerate some of the difficulties and obstacles awaiting the pioneer missionary. But are we to be daunted by these? Nay, surely, we, the disciples of the Good Shepherd Who gave His life for the lost sheep, will not falter but gladly obey the command.

NOTE that we are not only to «go out,» but we must «compel them to come in.» Only a missionary in heathen lands can fully know what that may mean. Centuries of bondage to custom, the family life inextricably bound up with ancestor worship, the heathen temples maintained by a tax on each man, woman and child in the village, — all means that a Christian convert is practically ostracized by his community.

BUSINESS enterprise stops at no sacrifice of life or comfort, if the material advantage to be gained is sufficient. This was brought home to us when travelling in the solitudes of Eastern Siam, as we stood beside the lonely grave of a young Dane, doubtless one of a surveying party. Long years ago they came to Eastern Siam to blaze the trail for the railway into the high impenetrable jungles, in order that the march of civilisation might not be hindered.

SHALL we who are on business for the «King of Kings» be more remiss? The Master is calling us through the dire need of the perishing souls of the millions of neglected Lao, Moi, Tho and other peoples, dwelling among the mountains and valleys, the forests and jungles of the vast interior of Upper Tonkin, Annam, Laos and Eastern Siam. Shall we turn deaf ears to this urgent call? Nay, surely we will «go out» and «compel them to come in,» and share in the heavenly feast.

OVER THE BORDER INTO EASTERN SIAM

IN the cool and star-lit silence of the hours before dawn, we set out from Battambang in the mission auto to begin our journey over the border into Eastern Siam. Our object was to see what was the opportunity and the need for missionary work in this territory of tens of thousands of square miles.

On the map Eastern Siam appears to eat its way into French Indochina, as will be seen by reference to the map on the back page of this issue of the «Call.» It is bounded by French Laos on the north and east, and by Cambodia on the south. These boundaries are merely political. The Lao people who largely compose the population of from two to three millions, are of the same race as the people in French Laos, speaking and writing the same language. The pioneer missionaries will therefore be able to use the New Testament recently translated by the Swiss missionaries working in Southern Laos. Thus it would seem logical for our Alliance missionaries to go over the border into this benighted land.

Aranya is the border terminus of one of the branch lines of the Siamese State Railway and so, after a ride of some eighty miles, we boarded the train for Bangkok shortly after nine in the morning.

We spent a few profitable days in Bangkok, consulting with Mr. Irwin of the American Bible Society, and the Presbyterian missionaries working in Siam proper. They told us that their mission would heartily welcome the Alliance to do evangelistic work in Eastern Siam, as at present they were not in a position to occupy this territory. Therefore in order to gain first hand knowledge of this new field, we planned our return journey to Indochina through Eastern Siam.

STRENUOUS DAYS OF TRAVEL

The first day we travelled by train to Korat, a town two hundred miles north-east of Bangkok, with a population of about ten thousand people. Here our Presbyterian friends have a Chinese evangelist working among his fellow countrymen, the inhabitants being mostly Chinese as is usually the case in the cities and towns of Siam. The Lao people prefer to live near their ricefields, hidden away in the interminable forests. Korat is a strategical centre, it being the junction from which two railways branch out: one due east to Oubone, close

to the border of Southern Laos, and the other north-east to Thakhet and Vientiane in Northern Laos. When these lines are completed Eastern Siam will be very accessible from Indochina. There are also auto roads penetrating to several parts of Eastern Siam, but these being little better than ox-cart trails are at present only practicable for six months of the year during the dry season, and even then are full of ruts, sand, and ditches.

The second day we journeyed by train for two hundred miles to the temporary end of the railway. We passed through the mountain range which divides the watersheds of the Menam and the Mekong. Again but few people were seen.

The third day we travelled to Oubone in a decrepit auto truck, over the usual Siamese apology for a road, and were truly thankful to reach our destination in safety.

Oubone, with a population of about five thousand inhabitants, is a town of some importance. The Siamese governor of the province lives there. It is near the French border and has therefore a French consul and also a Catholic mission. Without a doubt if our missionaries enter Eastern Siam from Indochina they will locate either in or near this place. There is an auto road of the usual type running from Oubone to Roiet and onward to Vienghiane in Laos.

The fourth day we travelled some forty miles in a small launch down a wide and tranquil river, one of the tributaries of the Mekong. The final stage of our trip in Eastern Siam was made by auto over a splendid road for about thirty miles to the border of French Laos, and some twenty miles further to the Mekong, about a mile wide at this point. It was near midnight when we crossed, in a small pirogue, this mighty river, the Mississippi of the Far East.

«A DRY AND THIRSTY LAND»

In Eastern Siam the country traversed was for the most part uninteresting, and at this season of the year could well be described as a «dry and thirsty land.» The villages one sees are usually built along the watercourses, and are quite picturesque. The houses are made of wood and bamboo, raised on poles some six or eight feet above the ground. The inhabitants are few and widely scattered, living apparently in groups of a few houses amid the ricefields in the small forest clearings. There are practically no good all-the-year-round auto roads, the main means of travel apart from the railways being by canoes, ox carts, horseback, or on foot. Itinerating will be

possible only in the dry season, while during the rainy season, from May to October, the missionary will be practically confined to his station since much of the country is converted into marsh land. Missionary work in Eastern Siam will therefore be very different from and apparently much more difficult than the work in Indochina.

BUDDHISM A VITAL FORCE

Also Buddhism is a vital force in Siam. As one travels through the country many handsome pagodas or temples are seen, richly decorated and in an excellent state of repair. We were especially impressed by one such temple in Oubone. It was so like one of our well-built brick churches in America, and presented such a contrast to the houses around it.

The Buddhist priests are everywhere in evidence. Whether in the towns, on the trains, or in the jungles, one sees the gleam of the bright yellow robes. One realises that these missionaries of Buddha are literally «going out into the highways and hedges» to win converts. They live the «simple life» *par excellence*: a cloth bag suspended over the shoulder carrying personal effects, often a young disciple carrying a large umbrella which can be converted into a sleeping tent with mosquito net, and a bowl in which to gather the gifts of the faithful. As we often saw these Buddhist priests, many of them young and vigorous and evidently zealous in the cause of Buddhism, how we prayed that we might soon see some of our fine young men from the homelands thus doing missionary work for JESUS in this land.

THE ALLURE OF LABOUR FOR JESUS

In closing this brief article we would emphasize the fact that Eastern Siam as a country is unattractive, its climate is unpleasant, the conditions of living are unalluring. Missionary work will entail great hardships and much sacrifice, with perhaps meagre results. History tells us that Garibaldi, the great patriot of Italy, when appealing for soldiers to join the army of his king, promised them only «hard marches, poor rations, danger, perhaps death.» Did he lack volunteers? No, never! His appeal called forth the heroic quality in man, the will to do and dare, yea, to die for a worthy cause. Is our cause less worthy? Shall we not go forth to do exploits for our King, JESUS, in this benighted land? Oh, let us no longer delay, «for the night is far spent, the day is at hand,»—the glad day of JESUS' Coming.—WM. C. CADMAN, HANOI, TONKIN.

UP THE MEKONG

IT requires a long trip of more than 2,800 miles to make a single tour of French Indochina. In many respects the most interesting part of such a tour is the trip up the Mekong.

After a few days of travel by river steamer through Cambodian territory we reach the southern border of Laos. The steamer frequently crosses from one side to the other of this wide river. The channel is marked by large white disks, *voiyants*, on the bank. The shore lines are clear green from bamboo, banana, papia, kapok, kem, nhang and a score of other tropical trees and bushes. Villages and huts are dotted all along the riverside. The family *piroque* is staked to the bank in front of every hut, while nearby are the fish traps. Men, women and children run to the river bank to see us pass. The Laosians are a very kindly looking race. They love colour, and at every jetty one is greeted by a riot of green, red, orange, purple and every other imaginable colour.

SEED SOWING EN ROUTE

We have passed a number of well-constructed Buddhist temples. Not long ago a group of yellow-robed priests paddled by. Once in a while we stop to take on passengers from *pirogues*. Here on our launch we have a variety of races including Laosians, Chinese, Cambodians, Annamese, Siamese and Hindoos. I have had good opportunity to sow the Gospel seed. Among them is a young man from Oubone, Eastern Siam, whom I hope to visit in the near future.

Our next stopping place was *Pakse*. We arrived Sunday afternoon, and one could not have asked for a nicer Sunday or for a pleasanter spot to spend it. There is a fine Buddhist establishment, and a Roman Catholic church at this place,—but no Protestant work.

UP THE RUSHING RAPIDS

This morning, Monday, we are pushing up river again. I just now saw a couple of boar on the bank. We are going up rapids. At one spot we passed over what is in the dry season a gorge. Today we were fourteen meters above its low water level. Quantities of driftwood and logs float by us. The Resident-Superior's launch races beyond into the channel we have just left. This is indeed a goodly country, but barely touched by the Gospel message. This evening we are crossing the *Tam-Teng* (Red Cavern Rapids), a wild spot with water rushing through the narrow channel completely submerged beneath us. We tie up tonight in the midst of nowhere.

This morning we are off early. We crawl up the *Ma-Vo* (Mad Dog Rapids), the most treacherous of all. Great logs swirl about and are sucked down and out of sight. The gorge is too deep to be sounded. Slowly we make out our way through the *Soum-Souha* Rapids. A pile of teak logs left stranded on a mass of rock show where the water has been. One is reminded of Niagara. The Hollander, Van Voos Tof, the first European to travel up the Mekong, must have had quite a thrill when he made this trip without the aid of a 450 h.p. steam engine. We mount rapids continually and make our way around numerous islands. The country is wild, the only signs of cultivation are the small cotton patches along the riverbanks. The river all along our course today marks the boundary line between Laos and Siam. We are now following the Siamese side and have just called in at the Siamese town of Kemmarat. The same race of people inhabit both sides of the river. Tonight we tie up at *Naphong* and change boats again. The only remnant of an earlier civilisation that Laos possesses are near here.

Today we are making for Savannakhet. Near here are located the three Swiss brethren, the only Protestant missionaries carrying on work in Laos. I had hoped to visit them, but the condition of the roads and the very limited time at my disposal prevent me from doing so at this time. It is 450 kilometers from here to Viengtiene, and 426 more to Luang-Prabang. My road, however, is from here to the coast.

ARDUOUS JOURNEY OVERLAND TO THE COAST

I am writing tonight by torchlight. Have travelled all day in company with a young Laosian and a young Annamese. We covered the first stage of today's travel by auto. It rained in torrents most of the morning, an after result of the second typhoon to hit the coast this month. The next stage of our travel was by pirogue and on foot.

By the time my Laosian friend had secured a pirogue it was quite dark. We loaded our baggage into the little hollowed out log and set off. After travelling along a narrow stream for a short distance we left the pirogue, clambered up a muddy bank, and were ready for the next stage, which proved to be a six or seven kilometer walk. We trudged along in dense darkness and through deep mud, our pockets bulging with small loaves of bread and tins of sardines. And now here I am in a regular Laosian house built up on stilts. There are, I

should judge, nearly a score of people lying about on the slat floor, but there still seems to be room enough for more.

As soon as I could see to make my way out of my stilted abode I was off to see the *Délegué*, who kindly arranged for coolies and also provided me with a horse. My horse was a dandy, fifteen odd years ago! His present speed is not more than seven kilometers an hour. Late in the evening we reached a construction camp and were persuaded to stop over. There were still five miles to go before reaching Lao-Bai, and the next stretch is a tiger infested jungle. After eight hours in the saddle I am quite ready to stretch out on this little bamboo bed for tonight. My kind host is preparing a repast consisting of rice and duck eggs, and a strong fish concoction. The tea too is strong, but it is either tea or rum in this establishment. I have had another good opportunity to witness to a group of men who have never heard the Gospel. Tomorrow we will be back in Annam. — REV. D. I. JEFFREY, TOUBANE, ANNAM.

GOD ALSO BLESSES THE OLD MEN!

ON my visit to Caitauha outstation, soon after my return from furlough, I was met by an old man, 82 years old, named *Ong Hung*. He shook my hand heartily and said he had never forgotten to pray for my speedy return. Feeble, stooped, and quite lame on his feet, yet he had walked nearly two miles to come to church. Because of fierce persecution the little flock had been ousted from their chapel, but were still meeting for prayer. After several months of prayer, with one or two conversions, this old man finally offered help. We were debating whether we should close this outstation, — a thing which a missionary is always most reluctant to do. But this old man said, «Come to my home and make that your chapel.» His home was two miles out in another centre, but in the same village. We accepted his offer.

GOD has met the faith of this old man. Two months ago it was my privilege to dedicate their newly-built chapel, erected not far from this old man's home. There is now a flourishing membership of fifty members, with the prospect of many more being added to their number. And all this is a result of this old man's faith! He is a great, great grandfather, having married very young. Praise GOD for sparing the life of this old man who spends his time in witnessing for JESUS and tending his little flower garden. — I. R. STEBBINS, VINHLONG.

ADVENTURING FOR THE GOSPEL IN EASTERN SIAM AND FRENCH LAOS

THE WHISTLING WITNESS

ONWARD, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war,» whistled by a Siamese soldier in a crowded third class carriage away in distant Siam! The words would not have been intelligible to the lone missionary, the only white man on the train, but the well-known tune brought a comforting sense of fellowship, the recognition of «the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love.» The missionary smiled at the soldier and joined in whistling the good old martial air. Soon others followed suit until there was a chorus of whistlers and a cheery atmosphere of kindness.

How ideal it would be if one could believe that all were also with their hearts uniting in praising God Who hath made of one blood all the races of men! But alas, later on the soldier confessed, in very broken English, that although he had studied a year at the Presbyterian college in Bangkok, he had no faith to believe in the Gospel. The missionary endeavoured to show him that faith cometh not by the wisdom of men, but by «looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith.» The incident passed, the train rumbled on, and at last the long day's journey was ended.

But now notice the sequel of God's good guidance. The missionary was on his way to consult with the Presbyterian missionary stationed at Pitsanuloke, Central Siam. When the train finally drew up at the station, darkness had fallen, — darkness complete and intense as is only possible on a cloudy night in these outposts of civilization. It was expected that someone would meet the train, but there had been a misunderstanding, and so the missionary found himself alone on the station platform, still some distance from the missionary compound, unable to speak the language of the people. Truly a predicament!

But oh, joy! There was the soldier! The missionary went up to him, grasped his arm, whistled a bar or two of «Onward, Christian soldiers,» repeated «Stewart, Stewart,» the name of the Presbyterian missionary, «Mission, Mission,» — at the same time pointing out into the dark roadway. By repeated whistling, gesticulating, and pronouncing the different names, he managed to make him understand that he wanted to find the mission compound.

Very graciously the soldier commanded a comrade to guide the missionary through the murky night, over a rough road, down steep slippery banks, and across a stream in a tiny canoe, where a false move would have plunged one into the deep water. At last the weary missionary reached the mission station, and was welcomed to its cheer and brightness, thanking God and his guide for the love and kindness shown the stranger.

BUDDHIST PRIEST DESIRES TO MAKE HEART GOOD

The scene changes. Now we are in Bangkok the beautiful, the proud capital of Siam, where the garish display of Eastern architecture is in strange contrast to the staid and dignified palaces and public buildings in European style. In one of the most elaborate of the *watts* (temples), on the great Menam River, we met a Buddhist priest, a man still young and virile, well educated and intelligent. He was wearing the usual long yellow robe, and had his head closely shaven. To our surprise he conversed with us in good English. We asked him where he had learned to speak our language. He said he had been employed in one of the large business houses in Bangkok. «Then why,» said we, «are you now in this monastery, consenting to become a priest dependent on the bounty of others?» He replied, «I am here because I want to make heart good.» Thus he had chosen this way, renouncing the world and its vanities and pleasures. Alas, how impossible for him or for any of us 'to make heart good' by our own efforts! We explained to him the simple way of salvation, but he smiled in a superior way and kept silent. We parted from him with a prayer for his salvation.

The numerous beautiful *watts* in Siam are kept in perfect repair, and showered with rich gifts of gold and silver. The Buddhist priests, who are everywhere in evidence and seem to be the best nourished class in the land, are supported by the faithful with gifts of food each morning, and periodic offerings on certain days of the year of new yellow robes and valuable presents. All this is done because of the craving 'to make heart good,' a vain effort to find some way of 'making merit,' to gain assurance of attaining 'Nirvana' hereafter. Oh, that they knew of Jesus and his cleansing blood which alone is able 'to make heart good.'

«FACE TO FACE WITH CHRIST» IN A BUDDHIST MONASTERY

Again a change of scene. Not now are we in the busy marts of men, in a shining and gilt-spined temple to the shady recesses of which penetrates the rush and roar of traffic, the

shrill whistle of the tugs, the deeper note of the ocean going steamers. Now we are in the heart of the forest,—alone in a Buddhist monastery. A glorious tropical moon is making the night almost as light as day. Here in these solitudes we are to pass the night. We laid some straw on the board floor for a bed, hung our mosquito net, and got everything fixed for the night.

In the meantime the priests had gathered in a neighbouring building for their evening prayers. For about an hour they continued their rhythmic chanting in unison. Clearly above the voices of the men rose the treble voices of the boys who are here to receive the religious instruction which every male is supposed to receive for a few months, if not for years.

How our hearts were saddened as we heard these «vain repetitions» of the heathen, who think they shall be heard for their much speaking. But, when the chanting ceased, how our hearts were cheered as through the moonlit silence of the night we heard the Lao Christian who had come to guide us on our way, singing in his native language,

«Face to face with Christ my Saviour,
Face to face—what will it be?
When with rapture I behold Him,
Jesus Christ who died for me.»

What a contrast! These heathen priests blindly seeking for God; our Christian guide joyfully singing the songs of Zion. What child of God would not willingly spend his life in heathen lands that he might be the means of producing such a transformation.

MOUNTING THE RAPIDS OF THE MIGHTY MEKONG

Now we have left the forest solitudes and are steaming up the mighty Mekong. The rapids are swift and strong, the rocks beneath cruelly sharp, and as our sturdy little steamer chugs along, quivering in every bolt and bar, we pray silently and fervently for God's protecting care. Our thoughts wander back thro' the years, to the time when a dear French Christian friend, her husband and three children, were passing over these same rapids. Without a moment's warning the boat struck a rock, overturned, filling with water the cabin where the lady and one little girl were dressing. They were drowned, while the husband and two children barely escaped with their lives.

We have reached a danger point, where a huge buoy is anchored to guide the mariners past the rocks. Our little steamer battles valiantly with the current, comes abreast the

buoy, slips back, back. The captain orders more steam, yet more, and bravely again she reaches the buoy. But the opposing force is too great and again we slip back. A third, a fourth effort, and at last we are past, and breathe our fervent thanks to God. [Only a few days after a similar launch was carrying gasoline which in some mysterious way caught fire and exploded, killing a large number of native passengers and the Europeans on board. When we read the news we felt we had fresh reason to praise God for His protection.]

On either bank of the river are the interminable forests and jungles, peopled by the Lao race, hundreds, yea thousands of square miles, to most of which no one has ever come to preach the glad tidings of great joy. «Who will go, and whom shall I send?»

THE SUPERSTITIOUS AUTOISTS

At last we have reached Savannakhet: a clean and pretty little French town, with the usual boulevards, club, residency, and other official buildings. We are now on the last stage of our homeward journey from Siam, thro' Laos.

We find the proprietor of an autobus, who proves to be a garrulous old Annamese lady. Early next morning we set out, and follow one of the excellent French roads, at first over gently rolling country, then through a mighty mountain range, following the course of a rushing river, through dense forests and jungles. Suddenly the auto draws up at the side of the road. A man climbs down, takes incense sticks and other worship paraphernalia. We wonder what it is all about. They tell us that this road was made at great sacrifice of life, many have died here, and so they must appease the spirits in the locality lest they too fall victims. The incense is lit, some prayers numbed, with much bowing before a little shrine, and we are off once more.

But only for a time. Once more we descend a deep valley where a long cement bridge is in construction. Again the same proceedings of incense burning, praying and bowing, for here too the spirits must be very malicious, many lives having been sacrificed! We tell our garrulous old lady how we too pray for protection, but our prayers ascend to the true God who really has power to protect and aid.

While travelling on this bus we were much encouraged to press on, and 'sow the Gospel seed beside all waters,' for here, among the passengers coming from the banks of the Mekong,

hundreds of miles from the nearest mission station, we found three men who knew us and had heard the Gospel in Annamese. How little we know how many will greet us in the heavenly mansions, who have heard the Gospel perhaps only a few times in some Gospel Hall, and have believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and have been saved. Therefore, dear co-workers in the homelands, let us not be weary in well-doing, for surely we shall reap if we faint not, and shall come with rejoicing bringing our sheaves with us.

EASTERN SIAM AND NORTHERN LAOS WAITING FOR MISSIONARIES

Shall we then send men and women to Eastern Siam and Northern Laos to free these precious Lao souls from their vain fears and superstitions?

In Bangkok you can visit the magnificent throne hall, resplendent with imported marble, built by an Italian architect and modelled after the public buildings of Italy. But how strange the contrast when one passes into the garden in the rear! Here one's sense of proportion is shocked to find a mud-coloured baby elephant, kept in an elegant building, on a dais under a royal canopy. This ugly, dirty little creature is regarded as a rare and sacred being, to be worshipped and honoured by king and courtier.

Thus in the East does one constantly meet this strange mingling of ancient superstitions with modern education and enlightenment. Oh that the «Light of the world» might illumine their darkness, and lead them «in the way everlasting!» «But, how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?» The responsibility therefore is yours,—is ours. Let us not fail God in the short period which may be all that is left before the Coming of the King.—GRACE H. CADMAN, HANOI.

ELEVEN MORE BIBLE SCHOOL GRADUATES

THE Bible Schools in Tourane and Battambang are now closed for the summer vacation months, after having had a 'banner year' along all lines. The closing exercises of the Tourane School were held the 6th of May, there being a graduating class of eleven young men. All of these have already received appointments in the work, but most likely two or three will be called as pastors to newly self-supporting churches. Practically all the seventy or eighty students will be engaged in colportage and evangelistic work during the summer. Let us specially remember in prayer this summer ministry.

PERSONALIA



WE welcome back to the field Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Jackson, who were delayed in France owing to their bonnie boy, Merrill, having an attack of measles, from which he is now entirely recovered.

Jonathan Adriel Travis arrived on March 21st to gladden the hearts of his parents and his seven year old sister Evangel. Mr. and Mrs. Gunther have now their hearts' desire, a baby girl, Harriet, who made her appearance on April 4th. We hear of the arrival of another new missionary baby born to Mr. and Mrs. H. Curwen Smith while home on furlough. They expect to be back on the field next October.

We are soon to be honoured by the visit of Dr. and Mrs. Goforth, who have been so greatly used of GOD in China. They are to take part in the Annual Conference of the Annamese Church in June, thus combining service with the pleasure of visiting their daughter Ruth (Mrs. Jeffrey) and family.

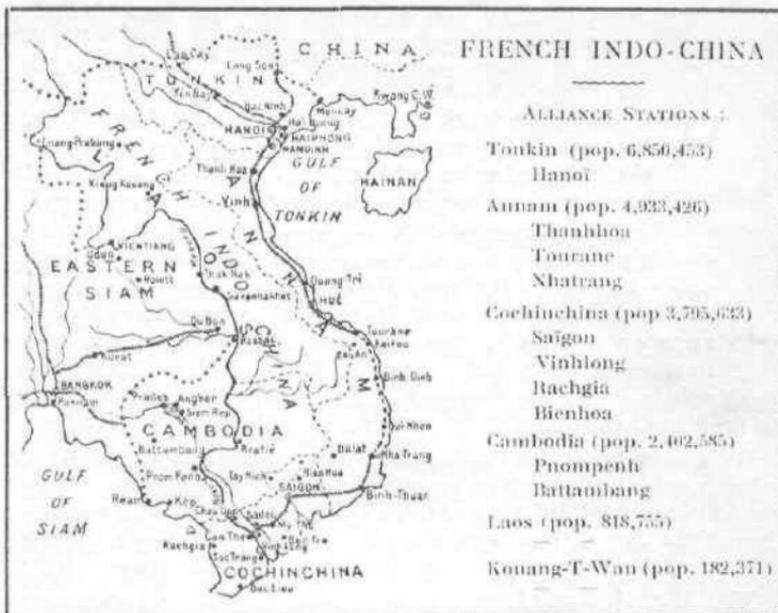
The Rev. R. A. Jaffray recently passed through Indochina on his return to South China from a reconnoitering trip through the South Sea Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Irwin and family, and Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Ferry with their little son are expected back early in the fall.

Mrs. Ellison, with little John, recently passed through Hanoi returning from a much needed stay in Hongkong. The change has greatly benefitted them both, and John is now a sturdy little boy.

Our new missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. VanHine and Mr. and Mrs. Cressman, are busy at language study, the first named having successfully passed their first examination in Annamese, and the latter being almost ready to take theirs in Cambodian.

Mr. R. M. Jackson is coming to Hanoi from Thanhhoa in order to take charge of the noon hour Bible teaching meetings during the week of special revival services, the 13th to the 20th May. Pastor Th. Calas of the French Church and Pastor Tiep of the Annamese Bible School are taking the evening evangelistic services, and the returned Bible students the early morning meetings for prayer.



ALLIANCE STATIONS :

- Tonkin (pop. 6,850,453)
 - Hanoi
- Annam (pop. 4,933,426)
 - Thanhhoa
 - Tourane
 - Nhatrang
- Cochinchina (pop. 3,795,633)
 - Saigon
 - Vinhlong
 - Rachgia
 - Bienhoa
- Cambodia (pop. 2,402,585)
 - Pnompenh
 - Battambang
- Laos (pop. 818,755)
 - Kouang-T-Wan (pop. 182,371)

HEADQUARTERS : Chairman, Rev. D. I. Jeffrey, Tourane, Annam

BATTAMBANG :

- Rev. and Mrs. D. W. Ehlson
- Rev. and Mrs. Paul W. Gunther

BIENHOA, Rue Palasne Champenoux

- Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Pruett

HANOI, 1, Voie N° 85 :

- Rev. and Mrs. Wm. C. Cadman
- Rev. and Mrs. J. J. VanHine

NHATRANG :

- Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Travis

PNOMPENH, B^e Doudart de Lagrée :

- Rev. and Mrs. F. C. Peterson
- Rev. and Mrs. S. M. Cressman

RACHGIA :

- Rev. Wm. Robinson
- Rev. H. H. Hazlett

SAIGON, 329 Rue Frère Louis :

- Rev. and Mrs. P. E. Calsen

THANHHOIA :

- Rev. and Mrs. R. M. Jackson

TOURANE :

- Rev. and Mrs. D. I. Jeffrey
- Rev. J. D. Olsen
- Miss E. M. Frost
- Miss C. M. Allshouse

VINHLONG :

- Rev. and Mrs. I. B. Stedbins
- INDEPENDENT NATIVE CHURCHES

BENTRE :

- Pastor Nguyen-Huu-Khauh

CANTHO :

- Pastor Tran-Dinh

DAIAN :

- Pastor Tran-Xuan-Phan

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- Pastor Pham-Thanh

MYTHO :

- Pastor Le-Van-Long

SADEC :

- Pastor Doan-Van-Khanh

TOURANE :

- Pastor Nguyen-Huu-Dinh

ON FURLOUGH :

- Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Jackson
- Rev. and Mrs. G. C. Ferry
- Rev. and Mrs. E. F. Irwin
- Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Smith
- Rev. and Mrs. A. L. Hammond