

GREETINGS FROM MADAGASCAR

July 12, 1923

Often my thoughts take flight far away across countries and ocean—I remember friends and acquaintances near Binford. It is refreshing to let the mind dwell on the familiar places and beautiful Dakota farms.

At this time I am picturing the great wheat fields just filling out their heads preparing for the harvest. The farmer is anxious that nothing shall happen to the precious grain, and he is watching the press to know the price. From early spring all his work has been done, with the harvest as the goal and source of inspiration; and soon now he will know what this reward is.

Here, too, we are working toward the same goal. Oh, what shall the harvest be? But the sheaves are not of wheat, but living souls, of which we know the price. "What is a man advantaged if he gain the whole world, and lose his soul?" The value of one soul, in God's estimate, is greater than the whole world.

Sometimes the missionaries are piled as people "throwing away life"—yes, if life is measured in dollars and cents, or thought of as a circle around self—but true life cannot thus be measured, and it is rather the forgetting of "Self" and replacing it with "Others." Such a life, lived at home or abroad, gives the greatest satisfaction and yields the greatest interest. It is not without-ed. A missionary neither needs nor wants to be pitied, in spite of his suffering from fever, loneliness, and often depravement of common comforts, but smiles about our work.

Madagascar is the second largest island in the world, coming next to Borneo. It is separated from the continent of Africa by the Mozambique Canal, thus lying out from the east coast of Africa.

In size as compared with that of the United States, would stretch from the Canadian line across the Dakotas and south into the middle of Oklahoma, with an average width of that of North Dakota. The widest part measures about 600 kilometers. When most of the travel has to be done by carriers, one surely gets to think it a great big country, rather than an island.

As to the origin of the inhabitants history is not clear, but the great tribal difference proves that they must have come from different peoples, as the Malay, Arab, and African. Their color is much lighter than that of the negro.

Our mission field is the southwest part of the island, among the most barbaric tribes, where civilization, as yet, has had little influence. The people live in small bamboo and grass huts. Their main food is rice, manioc and corn.

The clothing, as little as possible, and "just plain." Style has little to say for these children of nature. The men wear their loincloth, and the women get a piece of cloth torn from unbleached cotton padding of the Hindu store, which she wraps around her body, and she is "dressed."

You may understand that these

people are not reached by just preaching. It is true that our main aim is to proclaim the good tidings of Jesus, the great substitute and saviour from the penalty and bondage of sin. But to gain this also one has to begin where one finds the people, so our work becomes many and varied—washing their sores—Oh, how sin can set its horrid stamp upon the human body, welcoming the little ones into the world, and caring for the sick in general.

We also have to teach them sewing, from the holding of the needles to the finishing of beautiful handiwork. Often the little girls learn surprisingly fast and acquire speed and perfection in skill that is hard for a white to compete with.

Thus we work from the physical and material to the spiritual, thru the school and the church; we reach our aim, often having the supreme joy of seeing slaves of sin and superstition become new persons in Christ Jesus. I often feel like exclaiming with Paul (Rom. 1:16) "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

Have you, dear friend, experienced this wonder of wonders, of passing from death unto life by the power of this gospel? Be ye not eternally fooled by substituting anything else as your claim of Salvation.

John 5:24—"Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth My word and believeth on Him that has sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

Acts 16:31—"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."

With friendly greeting,
Inga Helland.

Bemantia,
Via Tananarive,
Madagascar.

JAMESTOWN HUNTER WILL FIGHT WARDEN'S CHARGE

John Canham, of Jamestown, will fight the charges brought against him by Game Warden Brown, of violating the state game law. Warden Brown arrested Canham Sunday in the hills south of Woodworth, where the latter was hunting prairie chickens in company with two friends from St. Paul. A water spaniel dog was running in the brush, in distinct violation of the game laws, Brown says, but Canham says that the dog had just been released from his chain to help find a crippled chicken. Mr. Canham waived preliminary examination before Justice Murphy and was bound over to county court on his own bail. It is understood that a jury term of the Stutsman county court is to be called by Judge R. G. McFarland for Nov. 6. This will be one of the cases to come up at that time.

Warden Brown spent the opening day of the hunting season in the hills south of Woodworth and community and besides Mr. Canham, caused the arrest of John Deide of Woodworth. Mr. Deide entered a plea of guilty to the charge of hunting without a license and paid a \$25 fine to the Woodworth justice of the peace.