IN NEED OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST—PAPUAN VILLAGE DANCERS

These women, dressed in grass skirts, and with faces painted, are typical of multitudes in Papua who do not know Christ and His Way of Life. Read of the transformation of some of them as described in the letters by Miss Phyllis and Miss Marjorie Abel. (Pages six and seven.)
New Guinea Evangelization Society, Inc.
Room 1018, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
(Co-operating with the Kwato Extension Association, Inc., London, England.)

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NEW GUINEA TIDINGS
(Published occasionally from 156 Fifth Avenue, New York)
(Copies sent free on request.)

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The New Guinea Evangelization Society (interdenominational) desires your sympathy, prayers and financial co-operation. Some may wish to contribute $100 or more a year and others to do more than the cost of a building, or to help train individual children in the schools.

NEW GUINEA TIDINGS will be mailed to friends in England, America and Australasia, who wish information about the Lord's work in this far-off field. Further particulars can be obtained from any of the secretaries.

Errors in names and addresses of those to whom this magazine is mailed should be corrected by sending a card to Miss J. H. Righter, 156 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.
News from New Guinea, America and England

Mr. and Mrs. Abel are overseeing the work at Kwato, the head station, and make periodical visits to some of the seventeen out-stations.

* * *

Plans for the hospital have been approved by the Mission, the Government and the Board of Directors and it is hoped that at least a part of the hospital and matrons’ home will be available for use by next Christmas.

* * *

Miss Phyllis Abel has been consecrated for the work at Duabo Hill and began her work there in February in spite of very primitive and inadequate equipment.

* * *

Miss Parkin has taken charge of the large out-station at Koeabule, where the cocoanut plantations have gathered many Papuans who are being instructed in industries and in the Gospel of Christ.

* * *

Two good friends of the Kwato work are heartily welcomed to membership in the Board of Directors — Miss Harriet T. Righter and Miss Jessie H. Righter of Brooklyn, New York. The latter is giving her services freely as corresponding and recording secretary, with an office (donated) at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

* * *

Cecil Abel and Russell Abel are just completing their studies at Cambridge University, and plan to devote their time in England for the next few months in speaking for the Kwato work. Friends who wish to do so may communicate with them at Cheshunt College, Cambridge, England.
This autumn, the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Abel, plan to sail from Liverpool for New York on their return to the field. They expect to spend two or three months in America becoming acquainted with the supporters of Kwato and making new friends. Those who wish to arrange a speaking engagement may address them, care of Miss J. H. Righter, Room 1018, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

* * *

The first substantial gift to a permanent fund to Kwato work from an American friend was recently received from Ohio. The income from the gift (about $500 a year) is to be used to supply special needs for the hospital.

* * *

The greatest spiritual need of the Kwato is prayer—prayer for divine wisdom for the workers, for the power of the Spirit of God manifested in the lives of the Papuan Christians, for protection of health for those in the field, and for other evidences that the Spirit of Christ is working through the gifts of friends in England, Australia and America.

The greatest financial need of the Kwato work at present is money for the salaries of the missionaries, for the support of the educational and evangelistic work and for special equipment. These call for at least $10,000 a year.

* * *

You will read with deep interest the extracts from letters (on the following pages) recently received from Mr. and Mrs. Abel, Miss Phyllis and Miss Marjorie. They tell of Christmas celebrations, the recent revivals, and of the beginning of work at Duabo.

* * *

This year marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Rev. James Chalmers, the martyr of New Guinea, with whom Mr. Abel was associated in the early days. Many of the cannibals of those pioneer days have now become Christians.

Joy Brought by the Christmas Cable

Our holidays had only just begun on Monday of Christmas week when, about mid-day, our hearts were cheered by a cable from our friends in America, with an inspiring message in season from God's Word, and with the news that they were pledging three thousand pounds for our much-needed native hospital.

Our staff happened to be all together when the official envelope was unexpectedly put into our hands, and we stood with the God-sent message passing from hand to hand hardly able at first to take it in. It spoke to us of God's faithfulness in answering prayer, and as a precious token of fellowship with those far away who were so gladly sharing our work. After we had praised God for His goodness to us, the cablegram was read to a company of children who happened to be at play close by the Mission House. Their loud, spontaneous cheering brought our resting people from their houses in different parts of the settlement to inquire the reason for this excitement. As the news was called from group to group we could hear cheers repeated again and again in all directions. The whole community went about with beaming faces. There seemed to be only one possible topic of conversation that day. The cablegram, which reached us in a somewhat cryptographic form, was later posted on the public notice board, and although few could have deciphered it for themselves, it seemed to have a fascination of its own, and little groups stood before it and scrutinized it carefully, as if they thought it incredible that such a small flimsy document could mean so much, and cause such wonderful emotion. This was a great opening for our Christmas. We met with our grateful people that evening at the Throne of Grace, to express to God our deep gratitude for this new evidence of His presence with us and His love for us.

Charles W. Abel.
"This little band from China's great land now come with their presents to Jack; "The tea was so nice, and also the rice, and of these our friend will not lack."

Christmas Celebrations at Kwato

The Papuan child enters into the spirit of Christmas just as heartily and readily as white children. The huge, well-laden Christmas tree in the evening was a great attraction to children "of all ages." The hall was packed almost to suffocation. A good friend with us nobly volunteered at the last moment to impersonate Father Christmas. Mr. Walker donned the red robe and hood (phew!) and masked himself in a long-cotton-wool beard (phew!) and arrived just in the nick of time, to the hilarious delight of everybody. Unless you have experienced the mugginess of a still, midsummer evening on the equator—to say nothing of the hall overcrowded with Papuans—you will not appreciate the quality of this heroic service in the interests of the children. P.D.A.

Some Boxing Day Surprises

"Boxing Day" (the first Monday after Christmas) was given to all kinds of games on the cricket ground. It was a day of terrific heat, but the scorching sun and the still atmosphere deterred no one. The ground was alive with groups of youths and children playing cricket, rounders, and other games. The older people sat under the shade of the big trees and enjoyed the mirthful spectacle.

In the evening, as is usual with us on Boxing Day, the Papuans entertained us with their "surprises"; and at the same time, through a wise choice in their contributions, they instructed us. Various choirs, some with combined male and female voices, or male and female separately, gave us what they had themselves selected and practiced entirely amongst themselves. In this way we were treated to songs, capitaliy rendered in four parts, which they had culled from various books, some of which we have never heard before.

But the most delightful item was a contribution made by about thirty small chil-
children, some of them very small indeed. This was a surprise to all of us, except Marjorie, who had spent hours for several days in seclusion with these little people, and had instructed them in their various parts and supplied them with their costumes. This was an adaptation of Little Jack Horner—certainly a very novel one—"Little Jack Horner and his strange missionary pie," which Marjorie had seen performed at a mission demonstration in Sydney.

Jack, in our case, was a small girl dressed in one of my son Russell's old, white, sailor suits—perhaps the first suit he donned as a very small boy. A choir of fifteen girls formed the background of the platform. Jack Horner came in, after the singing by the choir of an appropriate verse or two of a simple, pretty song, and took his stand in a corner behind a huge, white pie. Then, as verses were sung in explanation of what was taking place, successive groups of children came into view representing China, Japan, India, Persia, Africa and Iceland, each laying at Jack's feet their contribution to the cause of Christ—their thank offering to God for the blessings which the Gospel had brought to their several countries. The climax came when three very small girls, dressed in New Guinea grass petticoats and adorned with necklets of flowers, and with their little faces painted after the manner of the heathen, came in with empty hands representing the vast, unevangelized portion of Papua in the region of the Fly-River. They had no gift to bring for Jesus, so the song went, because to their dark land no voice had been raised to proclaim Christ's love, and so the knowledge of the Saviour had been denied them. Jack left his pie and his corner, came to the front of the platform, Bible in hand, put his little hand lovingly on a tiny heathen shoulder, and in a sweet, clear voice promised to herald forth to the Christian world the sad story of this neglect with the confident hope that the Light would yet go forth even to this uttermost part of the earth.

C. W. A.
God or Jesus Christ. When evangelists had gone to her village she had never gone near them or heard them. She only knew that she had heard that voice that morning and turned her back on the old life. She was very earnest and rather scared. She looked as if she would like to run away when I spoke about God, the Great Spirit and Jesus His Son. So I told her to come as often as she could and she would learn about Him. She has been up every time since.

I can't tell you how I thank God for my position here. I have grown up with these boys and girls and they have no hesitation in coming to me as their sister and talking of their joys and difficulties and all the things that hinder or help in their spiritual lives. It is a position it would take years for any other to gain; but the Lord has been preparing the four of us for it all our lives by bringing us up together with our brown brothers and sisters. I look forward to some of you meeting these very ones and seeing for yourselves what the Grace of God can do.

Phyllis D. Abel.

The Conversion of Nora

I wish I had time to tell you of all the wonderful dealings of God at this time. Your heart would be stirred, as mine is.

Let me tell you of Nora, a girl who came to us some five or six years ago, when she was then perhaps fourteen years of age. For two or three years she has been helping in the gardens at Duabo. She was a girl of little ability, and of very undesirable temperament. She used to give way to frequent outbursts of temper, which usually found expression in abuse of the little boys. She objected to any kind of supervision or correction by those in authority; and as she herself recently said, she wonders that they bore with her rudeness and "black-mindedness." One day, just before Christmas, Nora had been in an unusually bad mood, and had been very angry with the boys. Suddenly she felt strangely disgusted with herself, and utterly wretched about herself and her ways. It was mid-day, and she went to the gardens to work, but was so miserable that she could not do anything. In the evening she wrote to the Christian woman then in charge of the station, telling her of her trouble and asking her if she could help her. She received no reply. Days passed—days of increasing conviction of sin, and of the awful fact that she was certainly on the mate-dobilana (death road).

Christmas passed; the New Year came in, and in view of Phyllis's coming here, some of the Christian girls came up to get things ready for her. One of them, an earnest soul-seeker, and a member of the "One by One Band," noticed Nora and spoke to her. The poor girl at once poured out her heart, and begged to be told about the Way of Life, and how she could come to the Saviour. Lily told her, and prayed with her and for her, and Nora gladly gave herself to the Lord. Her life since then has been such a witness to His power and love that everybody marvels at the change.

Beatrice Abel.

Extracts from Marjorie Abel's Letter

On Saturday night (in February), Dad suddenly took very ill. We were at Koeabule alone and it was impossible for him to go anywhere the next day as we had expected. With a few Christian girls and boys I set off at 9 A.M. in the "Mamari" for Maivara, the largest village in Milne Bay. I had prayed a lot before going, with so many unknown opportunities before me at a place like this, and I asked God to use me to do some definite work for Him that day. When we arrived, I waited in the meeting house while some of those with me went to call people to service.

Oh, I wish you could have been there to see some of the specimens of humanity that came into that house! Of some of the men, you could hardly distinguish their painted faces under the huge mops of matted hair. Most of the women were shaved, with charcoal smeared on their bald heads, and wore long cocoanut petticoats reaching down to their ankles, all betokening some period of mourning. Ninety people came altogether.

After lunch on board the "Mamari," we came back to the village, and no sooner had we arrived than a girl asked to speak to me. We went down to the beach and sat on a log, where she told me that lately she had given her heart to Christ and had left all
her old ways. Because she would not partake of heathen feasts, her friends and relatives would not have anything to do with her.

I was kept busy all the afternoon without a minute to spare, talking to one and another. The last one that came was a young man who had been convicted that morning of his sinfulness. Before we had finished talking, he gave himself to the Lord. I asked him whether he had ever prayed. He said, "No, I don't know how." Then I prayed, and he prayed after me.

It only came to me then, what a wonderful asset it was to me to be able to speak Suau, the common language throughout the Bay, which almost anybody can understand.

M. A.

The One By One Band

Did I tell you of the One by One Band we started? The members have been doing splendid work. We have had at least twenty conversions through the work of its members already. Our weekly prayer meetings are thrilling. All its members are young. I think I am the eldest and Marj. is the youngest but nevertheless one of the keenest workers. It is fine to see these boys and girls all out for the Lord, able to be trusted, all working to win others to their Saviour.

When we came up to Duabo there were five unconverted girls here. They had been sent away from Kwato because of the repeated trouble they gave. Their reports were as black as could be. Every one of them has been won within the last month by girl members of the Band!

We had our first meeting about ten days ago and started with twenty members. Our one aim is to win others by prayer and personal work to the Lord and our motto is, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." We meet together once a week at 7:30 p.m. on Wednesdays and once every three months we have a united testimony meeting, at which new members can be enrolled, and we tell of all the Lord is doing through the Band. At our first prayer meeting last Wednesday, we felt God's presence in a very remarkable manner.

Miss Phyllis Abel and Duabo

It is a thrilling experience to see one of nature's beauty spots wrested from misuse at the hands of lawless and unappreciative men and transformed into a place of service in harmony with its loveliness and with the will of its Creator.

Duabo Hill, overlooking Milne Bay and clothed from base to summit with dense forest, was once overrun by rough gold-diggers and was the scene of vicious selfishness and of murderous feuds. Moved by a desire to obtain just treatment for the natives at the hands of white men, and to promote law and order, Mr. Abel visited the district about fifteen years ago. As he and his carriers camped for the night on the cool, level top of Duabo Hill, he was impressed with the possible value of this spot in the future development of Papua.

Before him stretched the magnificent panorama of the Sagali Valley to the northwest, while on the other side of the forest to the east lay Milne Bay, spread out below, with mountains four thousand feet high rising beyond. Here was a cool, beautiful site for an educational adventure where the children of Christian Papuans could be trained for the service of God. Charles W. Abel there built an altar, like Abraham of old, and waited God's time to claim the ground for Him.

Experience had taught the missionaries the importance of separating the children from the corruptions of native village life so that day by day their thoughts might be directed to higher things and they might be trained to lives of true service. While the principal mission station at Kwato languishes in tropical heat and humidity, Duabo is always cool at night, and the flat tableland is swept at all seasons by refreshing breezes. So, ten years ago, they built a crude shelter on the hill and there gathered a group of boys—a small beginning—but, as Mr. Abel calls it, "the earnest of the things for which so many prayers have ascended."

This year the school has been greatly strengthened by the coming of Miss Phyllis Abel. Equipped by nature, by grace and by hard work, physical and mental, she has returned from Great Britain to take charge of
this labor of love for the children of Papua. A simple but impressive consecration service was held at Kwato when two loyal old Papuan Christians, who had known Miss Phyllis from childhood, led in prayer and the young missionary told of how she had heard God's call to His service and had gladly responded. After four years' absence from Papua, she was eager to take up this work at Duabo and longed to take to her heart and to begin training the fifty little boys who were waiting to be trained—some of them orphans, some castaways and some the children of Christian parents.

Just before Miss Abel reached Duabo, a gale blew down the native thatched shelter which had housed the children, so that they received their new teacher standing in a row on the collapsed roof. Ants, borers and dry rot have taken toll of the timbers of another building and the storms have shaken the foundations so that it has hardly one aspect of permanency, yet, under its leaking roof, Miss Phyllis, with her three native helpers, must live while her little hopefuls manage somehow to find shelter on the open veranda. Mr. Abel thus describes the condition:

"There is neither school building nor dormitory, there is no detached room where the sick can be separated from the healthy crowd, nor where the healthy crowd can get away from the proximity of the sick. There is no small building which would serve as a dispensary to which the wounds and boils and ulcers and accidents can be brought and can receive attention. Everything has to be done under one limited roof. Food is eaten on the veranda. Classes succeed as soon as breakfast is over—and the tables can be turned into school desks. Then, when school is dismissed, the waiting out-patients convert the place into a hospital. At noon the mid-day prayer meeting is held there, and so on until night when the whole community assembles for prayers, and then sorting themselves out, the children lay their mats on this same floor and roll themselves in their blankets and sleep—sleep where they have eaten and figured and read and had their legs bound up, and said their prayers!!"

Over against this picture is another, given by Mrs. Abel as she watched her daughter putting her young shoulder under this difficult load:

"She is a constant marvel to me—calm and patient in her bearing, full of zeal—never irritable, correcting the naughty firmly but with the love of a mother. She shows the children the right way, and setting before them a strong incentive, she makes the appeal. They respond to her..."
wonderfully. A great work is before her. She realizes her opportunities and responsibilities and trusts in her Mighty Ally for fitness and success in this service to which He has called her."

Five classes are now held at Duabo—all in English. Miss Abel hopes to have eighty or more boys and girls in her school if she can provide accommodations and if funds are provided for their support. This will require about forty dollars a year per pupil. The boys and girls do not require much clothing and will work in the garden to raise much of their own food. The needs of the school are very real—housing accommodations for the boys, a school building, a small bungalow for Miss Phyllis, an adequate water supply, a lighting system and eventually a better landing for boats and a more easy approach to the school up the long hill. The present building can be repaired for the Papuan teachers, but at least five thousand dollars is required for the most necessary and simple buildings and equipment.

Duabo is a day's journey by water from Kwato, but across Milne Bay, sixteen miles as a bird flies, is Koeabule where another devoted worker of the Mission, Miss Parkin, is stationed. Here the largest cocoanut plantation has been developed. Signals may be flashed from one to the other of these two isolated stations in case of need. Today Duabo Hill is signaling to America for help in prayers and gifts. Do we catch the flash?

Information from recent letters woven together by EMMA BELLE D. PIERSON.

Child Life in New Guinea

CHILDHOOD without innocence! That is the nursery which trains a barbarous manhood and womanhood. They seem to be merry boys and girls, full of the inevitable spirit which belongs to the young, but close contact with them makes one conscious that they lack innocence—the most precious feature of childhood. The clear radiance is never in their eyes; the brightest sunshine is never in their laughter.

The Fathers and Mothers

In New Guinea adults never show any consideration for those of tender years. Their voices are never lowered in the presence of a child. Immodest speech is the common form of conversation with the Paquan, and gross suggestion is the prevailing form of humor. This causes the loss of bloom in these young lives. The corruption of the tender soul is a feature of heathen darkness.

The Papuan seems to be fond of children, as one is fond of pets. The majority of mothers would prefer to be childless. Abortion is amazingly common; the average family outside mission influence is less than two. When the mother dies in childbirth it is the custom to bury the living infant with her for the reason that there is no one to look after the child. There are today, thank God, Christian women who will gladly enfold the castaway in tender arms, but the heathen, uninfluenced by the Gospel, will not care for another woman's child.

A Bonny Little Mortal

The Papuan is a fascinating scrap of humanity. Lady visitors frequently come to Kawato as sightseers. They are more or less interested in the general work of the station, some of them without any apparent interest in the spiritual side of the mission. Sooner or later they find their way round to the creche and there everything else is forgotten in their common interest in the Papuan babies. The infant is born with a pink skin which does not turn brown until it is a few weeks old.

The baby born in the heathen village is a bonny little mortal, but it is not bathed and cared for like the baby on the mission station. The mother fondles it, nurses it, and loves it, more as we might love a pet than a child, and much as a Papuan woman fondles her young pigs. The father walks about with the child in his arms a good deal and friends amuse themselves with it; the infant becomes everybody's plaything for a time and is soon thoroughly spoiled. For a time the mother becomes its slave. As soon as it learns to crawl, and to walk, to descend and ascend the rickety ladder attached to the house which is built up on piles, then its complete independence is well within sight. Almost as soon as it has the reliable use of its legs, it "becomes of age." A boy is attached to his parent's house, and is a member of a larger family circle than are usually found under one roof in England or America. There is only the slightest restriction placed upon the child's conduct. He recognizes that there must be give and take in his complex life or he will find himself one day without a meal. For this reason he is generally willing to consider, to some ex-
tent, the wishes of his seniors. An elder brother, or cousin, will compel him to “fag” for him whenever possible, and this is perhaps the best bit of discipline which crosses the boy’s path. He never acquires the habit of obedience. If his parents ask him to do something against his will, he obeys, and usually the matter ends there. A mother will excuse herself for having failed to send her little boy to the mission to be doctor, by saying, “I told him, but he would not hear.” Parents seldom punish their children unless they do it in anger. Thus the boys and girls grow up without correction. Under such conditions only human weeds are possible. Add to lack of discipline in boyhood and youth, the fact that the child gains his knowledge from what he hears and sees where license is unbridled and the result is a savage.

The New Light

One of the greatest triumphs of the Gospel is seen in one who has come to maturity under the conditions I have described and who has been converted and has become “a new creature” in Christ. There has been a marked change for the better in respect to the upbringing of children during the past few years. For instance, in many villages you will now find a small community of Christians among whom a new standard of speech and conduct is recognized. In several centers there is a move among the church towards segregation. They feel the need of mutual help, and of separation from prevailing lawlessness. They are therefore building their houses in one part of the village, where they may unite to observe simple laws regulating the proper order of their lives, and where their children may be brought under some form of discipline and may be taught to know right from wrong. Children are being warned against the grosser evils of heathen life and in many places the deacon of the locality causes some portion of God’s Word to be read morning and evening, and invites the whole community to prayers. Most of the heathen keep aloof from these Christian exercises, but they attract some who are not members of the church and in this way a new and wholesome atmosphere has invaded these dark places. Men and women are constantly being drawn towards the Way, and are thus led to come under Christian instruction. There is already a perceptible change in the attitude of the children, thus influenced, towards their parents. Appeal can often be made successfully to the heart of the child who has been familiar with Christian teaching ever since it can remember. The deacons or church members are some times brought in to insist upon right filial conduct. Gradually child-conditions are improving and many are taught, warned, protected, and corrected. This is a striking change from the lawless conditions which prevailed everywhere a few years ago.

The Influence of Kwato

The influence of the mission stations in the district result in making the conditions of child-life more wholesome. The Head-Station at Kwato has become a standard in everything. The out-stations strive to attain to the same excellence in all that goes to make life clean, and strong, and useful. Through these Christian centers, and also by direct intercourse with Kwato, the villages far and near are acquiring new ideas, and higher standards of life. This quiet influence can be seen at work in many directions. For instance, we see it in architecture. We could not adopt the native design for houses at Kwato, or at our out-stations, with the side walls only fifteen inches high, and the roof towering up into two peaks one at each end of the building. Light and ventilation had to be considered, and these were points which never entered into the Papuan builder’s mind. While we utilized the splendid material from the sago-palm and mangrove for our first buildings, we planned our houses with straight ridgepoles, and with walls at least seven feet high into which we could insert apertures answering to windows and doors. Today, at some little cost to the picturesque, the Papuan commonly adopts the straight ridge, and many of his houses have windows.

Again, this influence may easily be seen in the altered taste of the natives in the matter of dress. It is a mistake to suppose that the missions have been foremost in encouraging the wearing of clothes. Indeed, they have done much to prevent the indiscriminate clothing of the natives. This is a big question and need not be raised just now. The Papuan, for the most part, is a copyist, not always very exact. Any discarded garment will therefore be picked up and worn without reference to fit, or fitness. In their eyes there is something rather distinguished, and nothing at all ludicrous, in a man walking about wearing nothing but a waistcoat. A few years ago, when dress
was first being worn by the natives, the local storekeepers imported prints with the most striking, and extravagant patterns and colors. A bold mixture of ultramarine, and scarlet, and yellow, was regarded as an irresistible combination. What little dress we have encouraged at Kwato has always been of the neatest pattern. In the course of time educated young women have acquired an appreciation of what is neat; and simple, and clean, in the clothing they occasionally wear. Within recent years the natives in the villages have almost entirely discarded the extravagant fashions of former years and the local stores no longer stock gaudy shirts.

The influence of Kwato does not stop in matters of house-design, and taste in dress, but goes much deeper. We have permanent helpers who have been trained under Christian teachers since they were small children, and these have brought up their families under new conditions. It has been very difficult to train mothers and fathers to a right sense of their responsibility towards their children. A generation is not sufficient to secure entirely satisfactory results. But what has been achieved in this direction is a tremendous advance upon the condition of things in the heathen villages. We have now in our community many members who appreciate the necessity of shielding their little children from the gross evils which permeate the atmosphere of Papuan village life. There is a conscience awakened against the prevailing indecency in speech which is gradually making this a public offence, and which leads an increasing number of natives to endeavor to guard their children from corruption. Nothing will alter the state of things I have been describing short of a change of heart. No amount of school teaching, or technical education, or effort to improve the material conditions of their lives, will have any appreciable effect upon the Papuan in this respect. The source from which impurity springs has to be dealt with as only the Gospel can deal with it. Men and women "delivered from the power of darkness and translated into the kingdom of His dear Son," are the hope for the childhood of this country. Thank God for the Christian homes in Papua where speech is clean, and where the child is warned of evil, and taught to esteem what is pure. Our hope for New Guinea itself is in the child under these new conditions.