MISS ABEL AND HER VILLAGE SCHOOL FOR PAPUAN WOMEN AND GIRLS

In addition to her boarding school for fifty boys in Duabo, Miss Phyllis Abel conducts a village school for women and girls. These pupils come up every Wednesday from their villages in the valley below, some of them walking nine miles to attend the school at Duabo. These women and girls are doing remarkably well and, in a few lessons, learned nearly the whole alphabet.
New Guinea Evangelization Society, Inc.
Room 1018, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

(Co-operating with the Kwato Extension Association, Inc., London, England.)

Missionary Field Director,
REV. CHARLES W. ABEL, Kwato, Samarai, Papua
President
SAMUEL R. BOGGS, Philadelphia
Vice-President
HUGH R. MONRO, New York
Honorary Vice-Presidents
ROBERT M. JOHNSTON, St. Louis
Treasurer
WALTER MCDougall, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York

Secretary
MISS J. H. RIGHTER, Room 1019, 156 Fifth Ave., New York

Directors
Alwyn Ball, Jr., New York
Philip E. Howard, Philadelphia
Arthur Y. Meeker, New York
Miss H. T. Righter, New York

John L. Steele, Philadelphia
Allan Sutherland, Philadelphia
Delavan L. Pierson, New York
Robert P. Wilder, New York

Honorary Vice-Presidents
Robert M. Johnston, St. Louis
Harold W. Moore*, Denver

Members of American Council
Clarence E. Mason, Philadelphia
Rev. John Timothy Stone, D.D, Chicago

Further information may be obtained from the Secretary.

Contributions to the work of the Society should be sent to the Treasurer. Checks may be made payable to the “New Guinea Evangelization Society, Inc.,” or to Walter McDougall, Treasurer, and may be sent to “The Record of Christian Work,” East Northfield, Massachusetts, or to the “Missionary Review of the World,” 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. All contributions go to support the work without deduction for salaries or other overhead.

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

THE MISSION STAFF
Address: Kwato, Samarai, Papua. Via Sydney, New South Wales
Rev. Charles W. Abel
Phyllis D. Abel
Mrs. Charles W. Abel
Margaret Evelyn Parkin
Rev. F. W. Walker

THE KWATO EXTENSION ASSOCIATION, INC., LONDON, ENGLAND

GOVERNING COMMITTEE
President
REV. THOMAS YATES
Treasurer
TALBOT E. B. WILSON, J.P.
Secretary
ARTHUR HOOD, Esq., Woodcroft, Kenley, Surrey.
Ass’t Secretary
A. C. MATTHEWS, Esq., 40 Broadway, Westminster, S. W. London
Capt. F. R. Barton, C.M.G
Peter Farquharson, Esq.
Percy M. Bright, J.P.
F. S. Brice, J.P.
Dr. Thos. Cochrane
Dr. Elliott Glenny

OVERSEAS COMMITTEE, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA
Chairman
REV. A. P. CAMPBELL, B.A., Killara, New South Wales
Treasurer
C. B. THISTLETHWAYTE
Secretary
ANDREW REID
B. C. WALMSLEY
A. A. STEWART

*Deceased September 9, 1926.

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 donate 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

All friends of the work in New Guinea will be thankful to learn of the continued spiritual revival in Kwato and the outstations, as described in this issue.

* * *

Miss Phyllis Abel has found it necessary to bring her fifty boys down from Duabo to Kwato temporarily as the housing conditions at Duabo were too inadequate and endangered the health of the pupils and workers. We hope that before long it will be possible to build a dormitory and to repair the school house and teachers' residence at Duabo so that the work may continue in this more healthful hill station.

* * *

The coming of Messrs. Cecil and Russell Abel to America, on their way out to New Guinea to take up the work there, has been postponed until Christmas. They hope then to remain here about two months making the personal acquaintance of friends of the Kwato mission and enlisting new prayer-partners in the work. If you would like to take advantage of the opportunity to meet these young men and to introduce them to small groups of friends, you are invited to correspond with the secretary, Miss J. H. Righter, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

* * *

In the meantime, Cecil and Russell Abel are using their time to good advantage in Great Britain. The summer, after Cambridge "exams" were successfully passed, was occupied in Christian work for young men and the following months, until their date of sailing, are being spent in gaining new friends for New Guinea.

* * *

The first American visitor to Kwato expects to leave this autumn and will go to New Guinea via Japan. Miss Anna T. Pierson (a daughter of the late Dr. Arthur T. Pierson) plans to reach Kwato in March and to spend some time assisting Miss Abel in her school at Duabo.

* * *

With deep sorrow, we announce the death, in September, of Mr. Harold W. Moore of Denver, one of the beloved friends of Kwato and an honored vice-president of the Society.
Three much needed articles have recently been added to the equipment of the Kwato missionaries through the generosity of American friends. Two typewriters—one for Miss Abel and one for Miss Parkin—have been sent out to lessen their labors and to increase their efficiency, and a portable organ is on its way for use in the school at Duabo.

A Stolen Pudding

I have had a most interesting experience recently. Several times food had disappeared from our kitchen when it had come from the dining room. The Class IV boys were suspected of being the culprits; they are my top class, boys of 12 and 13 years of age, and such nice kids. All younger boys were in bed and asleep when the pudding came out so naturally these little lads, who have free access to the kitchen, and two of whom were waiting at table, were thought to be the thieves. A little while before, a whole-half chicken had disappeared in the same way and some limbs of pigeon. So when the pudding went I had to begin to make inquiries. I called up the Class IV, nine of them, and gave them a very serious talking to. You can't imagine how I felt—it; the whole thing upset me terribly. After trying to show them how they were grieving the Lord Jesus, I gave them the opportunity to come to me and confess. Their little faces were so much concerned I had no idea whatever who the culprit was. They had their tea in dead silence. Then they asked if they might speak to me. I had each one separately. Each came and started with the same thing. “I am very sorry, P. D. I didn't eat pudding.” Then followed a list of everything they had ever taken, crusts of bread, fruits, bits of biscuit left on plates, and sugarcane from the gardens, but nothing more than scraps. Then one little lad came in heartbroken. Almost before he had entered the door he exclaimed through his tears “P. D., I eat some of the pudding.” Then I found it had been taken by the elder boys, Class V, who are up here from Kwato. And later I found they had taken the fowl and pigeon. We were frightfully relieved. It was just splendid how they took the whole thing to heart, and told of all they had ever taken. It is so un-native.

P. D. A.

A Hill Top Retreat

Duabo is hot for an hour or two in the middle of the day, but it gets refreshingly cool towards late afternoon, and the nights are cool, so that we often require a blanket. In the past our visits here have not been frequent. Now that we have started this new work under Phyllis, we hope often to come here, and to use this station more and more as a sanatorium for our workers. It is a great boon to have so delightful a place to fly to in the hotter months, especially as there is always plenty of work which we can do here better perhaps than it could be done elsewhere: translation work, and correspondence, amongst other important things, which need quiet not always to be found at Kwato, our headstation.

C. W. A.
A great change is taking place in Papua which is full of promise. In the neighborhood of Kwato the old apathy and dull indifference is a thing of the past. Natives will walk eight, ten, and even fifteen miles to listen to preaching which formerly they would not go to the other end of the village to hear. Many say quite frankly that they are sick and tired of their old heathen ways. Native public opinion is beginning to recognize the claims of the teaching of Christ, and there is a very general and pronounced desire to learn the Way of Life.

Perhaps the most hopeful indication of this change is shown in the eagerness of the children to come to school. I well remember the days when it was almost impossible to get the children to take any interest in learning. A missionary in another part of Papua once told me of parents who demanded payment if their children were to be made victims of this strange fad of the white man which appeared to them useless and ridiculous.

How great a change has taken place! Papua is certainly beginning to wake up. To be convinced of this you have only to watch the children streaming over from the adjacent Island of Logea to Kwato regularly every day for five days in the week. Many come from long distances, and some are quite little boys and girls, who in civilization would be looked upon as unfit to go out by themselves. After their long walk, they have to cross a channel which is often so rough that we would scarcely care to venture across it in a good boat. They come across in frail native canoes which have to be handled with great skill to prevent them from sinking. But nothing daunts them. They have turned their faces to the Light and they are not going to be turned aside by trifles.

A little over a month ago a mild epidemic of measles and mumps started at Kwato, and it was considered best to close the school so far as outside children were concerned. One day they were told not to come over any more. Next morning they all turned up as usual, with bright, happy faces, and shining eyes. They said they were not afraid of the sickness. Many of them had already had it. It was nothing. They were so pathetically eager not to be debarred from school that we allowed them to stay.

I have a delightful little class of ten boys, ranging from ten to fourteen years of age, learning to read, who this week have just
turned the corner, and can now slowly spell out the simple words of the Gospel of St. Luke. It is most touching to see the delight with which they realize that they can now master the printed page which has for so long been a tantalizing mystery. It is a joy to see their bright, eager faces so keen to go forward on the new path which is opening up before them. There is certainly no need of compulsory education so far as they are concerned. It would require a considerable amount of compulsion to hold them back from it. What an opportunity this gives us for sowing the good seed.

A Wedding at Kwato

I am sending you some snaps of the recent wedding we had here. The principal figure in the one of us coming from the church seems to be myself not the wedding party. Arnania, the bride, is my head girl-teacher, the one who has been in charge at Duabo so long. Daniel is the head printer. It was a very pretty wedding.

P. D. A.

A Storm in the Tropics

We are hard at work at schools again. Our hours are from 8:45 a. m. to 12. In the afternoon the bigger boys go for firewood for the kitchens and the smaller boys collect coconuts for the copra workers, and the tiny tots sweep and clean about the place for an hour and then go to the seaside and play.

We are having windy wet weather at present. It is nice and cool and I seem able to do so much more work. Last Monday night we had a terrific storm. We were literally flooded out. The rain came down in torrents and the wind was cyclonic and blew it in on every side. The rain poured through the roof in places. We had to move all the furniture and it was difficult to find a place to sleep. The hall where the girls sleep was flooded with water so they slept in the dining room, and the boys slept in the kitchen. It is only once in a life time you get a storm like that—we are quite water tight in ordinary weather! It was quite exciting. We didn't attempt to go
to bed until the worst of it was over. The girls and boys amused themselves singing choruses, perched upon forms and tables to keep out of the wet, while Marj officiated at the piano with her head under the heavy blanket, with which it was covered. It started to abate about 11:30 p.m. and, after a nice cup of tea (!) all round, we all went to bed. The rain did a vast amount of harm. It carried much earth from the water front away, it broke down the seawall and there was quite a large landslide down the slope of one of the hills where our gardens were. It carried yams and sweet potatoes into the sea! It is nearly a week since I started this letter. It has been a busy time. Measles is running through the small kids now! There are 15 cases at present.

P. A.

THE WEDDING PROCESSION OF DANIEL AND ARNANIA, COMING FROM THE CHURCH

Items from Mr. Abel’s Report

It was thought wise not to continue the Boys’ School at Duabo for this term, the accommodation being so inadequate, and the South East season being usually so wet and boisterous. Miss Abel has therefore had her pupils at Kwato since Easter. It is not a perfect arrangement, but it minimizes risk to health, and it enables the work to be done under fewer inconveniences.

My own time was spent, with the exception of two weeks at the headstation, where important work had accumulated while we were traveling about the district—almost all through the previous quarter. Miss Parkin has lived throughout the quarter at Koeabule, where, besides the plantation oversight, her hands have been very full with the mission work of the surrounding district, and with the schools.

Other schools have been maintained at Kwato, Logea, Sariba, Killerton, Koeabule and Manawara.

We have completed the big workshop and mill at Kwato, the gift to us of our late friend Sir Evan James. This is a fine large building, equipped with suitable machinery for wood-working, so that we may be able to utilize indigenous timbers from our local forests.

We are still working in very cramped and unsuitable quarters in our make-shift printing office. We hope before the year is out to have Mr. Peter Farquharson’s gift utilized to give us more room, and good light for the splendid work our printers turn out. We are now issuing a new revised edition of St. John’s Gospel in Daui for the British and Foreign Bible Society. As soon as that is finished we shall turn our attention to a book Mr. Schlencker has put into our hands for the Gulf of Papua.
Brighter Prospect at Maivara

Once more we ask our friends to remember Maivara very specially in their prayers. We have made so many attempts to succor these heathen in the past, sometimes we thought with bright prospects, but our hopes have not been realized. Matters looked about as bad as they could look eight months ago when we called our local Christians to special prayer, and continual prayer, for this long as is the custom of the heathen; they painted their faces and indulged in the native feasting and dancing with their accompanying gross evils. Today they are quiet youths lending a hand at any work they can do here where there is plenty to be done.

We had seven of these youths to begin with, but two were evidently not "called." After one week's discipline on the station they went off one morning before daylight, and, in order to escape, they took with them to the mainland a small canoe which did not belong to them. The other five are interested in everything, and we trust that they are daily growing in grace, and in the knowledge of Christ. What this may mean for Maivara in the future, who can say?

There is another hopeful thing to report about Maivara. Last Saturday I left Kwato, and quite unexpectedly arrived at Koeabule about 5:30 p.m. No one saw me approach, as I travelled in a strange boat, and landed some distance from the station. There was great surprise when I arrived as though I had dropped from the clouds. Although that was late in the afternoon and the sun set within half an hour after my landing, the following day, Sunday, we had 400 people at our services. Many of them came from a distance, twenty-two men and women walking from Maivara, which is ten miles away. I kept these men and women from Maivara over Sunday night, and this gave me the chance of spending nearly the whole of Monday morning with them. They promised to repair a small hut in their village, and I promised that as soon as it was ready for occupation I would bring my wife, and stay a few days with them. I told them I might be at their village during the week. On Thursday when I landed at a village half way to Maivara, a youth met me on his way to Koeabule to inform me that all the men had gone into the forest that day for building material. They were afraid I might visit them and find everyone away, so they sent messengers to prevent me from making a useless journey.

We ask the prayers of our colleagues for Maivara. It is a great center, and, if once the Holy Spirit gains an entrance into the hearts of these people, great things will result.

C. W. Abel.
A Papuan's Plea for His People

Part of an address by Mataio Tapoivan at the Australian Methodist General Conference Missionary Meeting:

My friends, here am I standing up like a sign-post; I've no writing on my forehead; but I would like to write in big letters: "Come and help poor Papua!" "Come and help poor Papua!" Think of the outside people.

When the war was on, the King called, and from all your villages the crowds rose up and went. The Great King, your great King God, calls you! Won't you rise up and go to help in the great fight to save His poor people? Listen to His call, "Go and help poor Papua!"

When I was in Gippsland one night I was so cold that I got up and lit the candle and tried to toast my toes over its flame, but oh! I couldn't feel its heat. Down in those outside dark lands the devil has people shivering in his grip; he has chilled all the warmth of true love out of them. They need the light and love of Jesus; they need His warmth. Won't you go to them? But when you go what are you going to give them? candle warmth or the warmth of a great fire? What have you got to spare for them? Surely not the warmth of a

candle only! Oh! go to them with a great big flame of love and kindle a great blaze in the darkness down there that will drive out all the shivering cold of Satan, and take them right into the true warmth of Christ's great true heart. My friends, pity my poor people and the poor peoples of all the other islands! And if you pity, HELP!

The Faith of a Native

A few nights ago, as I was walking along the beach at Wagawaga, Gulelena told me about his brother's death. Savalumai was indeed a man of faith. He knew his end was very near, and sent a messenger to ask whether the children from the evangelist's station could come and sing some hymns to him.

The girls and boys came from the station close by, and, while they were singing, Savalumai closed his eyes and passed away as in a quiet sleep. Gulelena was much touched as he referred to his brother's death and said seriously, "As my brother's spirit left his body, I saw what was like a flash of light: I saw it clearly, just as he passed away, and I said to myself, he has arrived; he is with Jesus!"  

C. W. A.
The Heart of Black Papua*

The lure of the jungle! How strong it must be to make white men trek through it, day after day under the suffocating heat, when even the slightest clothing is a burden; through the daily torrential showers which soak to the skin; enduring the cold nights when neither blankets or camp-fires bring warmth; suffering from leeches that get under the thickest boot, and suck the traveler's blood; weakened by fevers which come fiercely and suddenly; braving the greatest danger of all—the native who is "hungry for man."

The author gives a vivid picture of the heart of Papua, by pen and camera, describing the expedition of three white men across the mountain ranges of the interior. They saw the natives in their villages, learned the power of "magic," and came to know of the unwritten law of "pay back" by which a man's death by violence must be requited and which causes never-ending feuds resulting often in the wiping out of whole villages. Then there were the strange burial customs, and the wearing of the feather headdress as a sign that a youth had attained manhood and had killed a man. Many times these travelers were saved from death by their quickness of wit and because of the innate fear the Blacks have for the white man's skin and the white man's gun.

Many adventures are told with dramatic power, including an experience in the cannibals' camp, nearness to death from thirst and escape from the enemy by use of the camera-man's flashlight powder. A thread of mystery runs through the narrative and gives a suggestion of plot.

There is interesting information concerning the government supervision of the natives but no mention is made of the work of the missionaries in Papua. The habits and characteristics of the natives who are under the sway of fear and superstition, thirsty for human blood, "tricky, clever and resourceful," show clearly their great need for Christ and His Gospel of life, love and release from the powers of darkness.

Some Young Christians

We have been having more glorious times. The Holy Spirit seems to be working in a quiet, steady way in our midst and winning boys and girls to the Master. We have had several quite remarkable conversions lately—several amongst my little Duabo lads. But we do need a lot of prayer for our Christians. In most cases the conversions have been very definite, resulting in a giving up of everything doubtful in the lives of the converts. But there is a sad coldness about some of the older Christians. Boys who gave their hearts to the Lord six years ago when they were youths today are lifeless. They break laws, and do things behind Father's back they wouldn't do to his face. They need to be convinced that Christ must have every part of their lives. We are so liable to judge them from our high standards, forgetting the generations of lower standards behind them. The younger Christians are a keener lot, and are learning from the experience of others the weakness of the Papuan in not being able to stand alone. They can't do it. A younger boy cannot say "no" when an older boy leads him astray. Merari, our invalid, was telling me the other night that sometimes when he has been sent down with an older boy to the village at night for something, he has made an excuse to go for a minute, then runs for his life back here—he is so afraid the other will suggest they break a law—quite harmless in itself—and he will not be strong enough to refuse. They are terribly afraid of displeasing each other and will suffer Dad being very angry with them rather than withstand one of their fellows. Mother has repeatedly told the little girl who does the lamps she must not clean them on Sunday. The other Sunday she went out and found her cleaning them. "Misepa," she said, "didn't I tell you not to clean lamps on Sunday? Rest Sunday, not work?" "Yes, mother," says Misepa, "but Dorini told me to do them." Dorini is another small girl—about fourteen—her own age. They will break laws and be truly penitent about it and their only excuse will be "so and so told me." They have yet to learn to stand alone against all odds.

Phyllis D. Abel.
A Children's Evangelist at Kwato

Mr. Edmund Clark, the Australian representative of the Children's Special Service Mission, reached Kwato on June 27 and remained for two weeks, holding special services. It was our intention to use half of this time at one mission station and half at other centers, but just as we were ready to go to Wagawaga and Koabule, we had some typical South East monsoon days that prevented. Mr. Clark's earnest, searching addresses, given to our own people with the aid of pictures, led several of our young people to declare themselves on the Lord's side. Many others were also strengthened in their faith and were girded for more consecrated service.

Miss Phyllis Abel adds: “Mr. Clark is a man full of love for the Lord Jesus and splendid with young people. They have quite fallen in love with him. We had a service on the beach yesterday evening with sixty boys and girls from Logea and eighty of our own. Mr. Clark is so easy to understand that the smallest child grasped his meaning.”

Getting Acquainted with Job

The Class IV boys can all read and write in English—by no means perfect yet. Lately I have been trying to get them into the habit of reading a portion of God's Word every day. This has been difficult because we have no Bibles. I asked them how they spent “Quiet Time.” They said “We have four loose sheets of the Bible; we keep reading it again and again!” They are quite capable of understanding what they read and were all reading from a Bible I lent them one Sunday, just under my window. They were reading the first chapter of Job and a discussion arose on the number of Job's children and cattle. Then, when the reader read the last verse through, they all said, “Ae, very pity!” (“Ae” is an exclamation of sympathy.)

On the Cocoanut Plantations

By Charles W. Abel

As our colleagues learned from previous reports, we anticipated trouble about the present time, which, while they visited us, were so soon passed, as almost to be forgotten. A letter I wrote earlier in the year reads today like a false alarm. A letter I wrote earlier in the year reads today like a false alarm. In a Mission like ours, where we are called upon to produce our own means to a considerable extent, we were obliged to think (and write) seriously of two matters which appeared to threaten us with some measure of disaster. One was the fall in the market price of copra. A drop of four pounds a ton in this commodity would, if it lasted for any time, put us in very great straits. We should be compelled to re-organize our work from top to bottom, and live on very short commons until matters improved. But the copra market revived in a very short while, and, as things turned out, the average for the year was higher than the previous year. Then while we were obliged to be watching things very closely with regard to threatened returns, we found our plantations visited by disease. This disease which has been prevalent in the eastern part of the territory for some time was, we felt, bound to visit us sooner or later. It is a fungus growth which attacks the young nuts soon after they have formed, and which causes them to drop. We took immediate steps to remedy this trouble, and our efforts were so successful that, to our surprise, the disease was overcome. Miss Parkin, whom we must regard as an expert in these things, is quite confident that our trouble is over, and hopeful that the coming year will be a new record. C. W. Abel.

Need for the Hospital

We have wished again and again that we had the Hospital up lately. We have had the whole community down with three different epidemics—flu, dengue fever, and measles. At the same time we had five
severe cases of pneumonia. It was rather an anxious time. They are all on the mend now. I had the nursing to do and I can't tell you what a relief it is to see the sickrooms emptying. Every available room was turned into a hospital. Once we had forty-five people down at one time. The wonderful thing was that none of us caught any of the complaints. We did not even catch the colds that have been sweeping through the place. Isn't the Lord gracious to us?

P. A.

Future Extension

Our present sphere is very small. We stand for a method of Christian work which is new in this country. Kwato is intensely evangelical in the old-fashioned meaning of that word: and it is, in its educational methods, very practical. By teaching handicrafts we give the young converts a new interest in life which of course enables them to meet the changing conditions coming over their country, though our first idea is to give Christian men and women the opportunity of living useful lives. It was in order that we might continue and develope this idea that we were separated from the L. M. S. and it was with the further idea of extending the work beyond the present Kwato limit that we were called Kwato Extension Association. Consequently Kwato must stand for an enlarged work in the days to come. I have always thought of the terribly neglected Fly River in this connection, but, if the L. M. S. are seriously thinking of doing that work themselves, we must look for some other sphere where there is no prospect of the work being undertaken in our generation unless we are prepared to do it. Kwato, for its own sake, needs this missionary outlook. The Governor pointed out to me some time ago a vast region somewhere at the back of the Gulf of Papua which he thought should be opened up as soon as possible.

Praise and Prayer

Will you give thanks with us for the spiritual awakening at Kwato and the recovery of those who have been ill? Pray also for continued religious interest, for strength for the workers and young Christians, for the equipment needed at Duabo and water tanks for Kwato.