Where the Missionaries Live in Kwato

For over thirty years Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Abel have made this their home and headquarters for the Kwato mission. The house is on a hill overlooking the harbor.
New Guinea Evangelization Society, Inc.
Room 1018, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
(Con-operating with the Kwato Extension Association, Inc., London, England.)

Missionary Field Director,
Rev. Charles W. Abel, Kwato, Samarai, Papua

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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)

THE MISSION STAFF

Address: Kwato, Samarai, Papua. Via Sydney, New South Wales

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Phyllis D. Abel

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Rev. F. W. Walker

THE KWATO EXTENSION ASSOCIATION, INC., LONDON, ENGLAND

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*Deceased September 8, 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.
A New Year’s Message

As the year draws to a close we turn to review the days that have flown. Out of the mists of discipline there rises the bow of promise, a message of His love and provision for days to come.

What a vision of His grace!
What unlooked-for benefits direct from His loving hands!
With what priceless fellowships He has enriched us!
What showers of blessing have been out­poured upon our people!
And in, and above all, what an experience of Himself as our “El Shaddai.”

The history of any Christian ministry is a record of repeated difficulty, perplexity, and heart burning. This discipline is as necessary for the equipping of the worker to whom it is entrusted as for its success and fruitfulness.

We “count it all joy,” therefore, that the past eight years of our mission, since it was established as an independently controlled organization, have included such seasons of testing. The Lord’s way has ever been to teach us daily and even hourly dependence upon Himself, that our foundations may be in Him, and we ourselves may be built up in the faith that is in Him.

But the clouds have passed revealing His glory, and our hearts are radiant with His praises. We can say with the Psalmist, “His strength is in the clouds.”

We ask our fellow laborers in this ministry to share our joy in God, as with disciplined hearts we go forward in His strength. Let us lay hold of our Shield with unwavering faith—steadfast and unmove­able—so shall we abound in Him, and throughout the coming year, whatever the clouds, we shall know the enriching experience of His grace.

B. E. A.

Notes of Interest

Messrs. Cecil and Russell Abel expect to be in America, January to March. They plan to spend a few weeks in the East and will then go across the country to San Francisco, stopping at cities where there are friends of the Kwato Mission. In each place, they hope to meet with groups of friends, and to tell them of their own experiences in the work in New Guinea.

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The Annual Meeting of the Board of Directors of the N.G.E.S. will be held on Friday, February 18, 1927, at 156 Fifth Avenue.

* * *

The heliographs, which are to be used to communicate between Kocabule station and Duabo Hill station across Milne Bay, have been received in Kwato. They are much appreciated by Mr. Abel and Miss Phyllis Abel who will be stationed at Duabo, cut off from other white workers.
The Board of Directors announce with much satisfaction that Mr. Livingston Moore of New York has accepted the office of Honorary Vice President of the Society. He takes the place of his brother, Mr. Harold Moore, whose death was announced in our last issue.

RECENT CABLES TO KWATO

Message to Papuan Christians
“Congratulate Papuan Christians on offer of lighting plant.” (Signed) BOGGS

Christmas Cable to C. W. Abel and Family:
Russel arrived. Christmas greetings. First Thessalonians one two and three.

AMERICAN FRIENDS

From Day to Day in Kwato

Christmas Cable from Kwato
Samarai, Dec. 25, 1926
Delighted. United Loving Greetings all. Philippians one two to eleven. Walker dangerously ill.
ABEL.

Mail Day. You who have the postman calling two and three times a day don’t know anything of the joys of “mail day.” When the boy comes in with a bag full of letters and a sack full of papers and packets and mags, it is a thrilling moment.

Rainy Days
If any of our readers have felt inclined to complain of the weather lately we may help them to patience and endurance by recording the fact that for the past 35 days our rainfall has averaged over an inch a day.

A Missionary Service
At our usual mid-week service last Wednesday morning one of our evangelists, Faraiki, conducted worship and gave the address. It was something for which to praise God, to be one of those present to receive this simple, helpful ministry from a Papuan. The evangelist took his lesson from St. John’s Gospel 8:12 and the following verses, and later on directed our thoughts to Psalm 27A. “The Lord is my light, and my salvation.” We, who see the darkness from which these simple Christians have emerged so recently, feel the peculiar force which such words have when they issue from lips of a Papuan preacher. Seven references were made to various parts of the Word of God dealing with this subject of Light, from Genesis to Ephesians, showing that the preacher found his wisdom in, and drew his inspiration from, the Book. He pictured a still night, with the people in the villages cheerful, and active, because the earth was bathed in moonlight. There was no fear, and no stagnation, as on dark nights when people sought their huts, and stayed within, helpless; and yet the moon had no light of its own to give, and merely reflected the light it received from the sun. He said that our joy as believers, is to receive light from Christ, and it is our privilege to reflect that light so that through us His Light may enlighten our fellows.

The Discovery of Gold
Gold has been found just across the border which separates New Guinea (old German New Guinea) from Papua. I suppose it is about 250 miles from here as the crow flies, but has to be approached from Rabaul, the New Guinea port of entry. However, they have recently declared a port as near as possible to the goldfield, so vessels coming up from Sydney to bring miners and stores call at Samarai as they pass. There has been quite a sensation at Samarai, and a great deal of excitement. Every one seems to be getting the gold fever and leaving home and business, and setting off to try their luck at digging. The captain of one of the steamers coming here has left his ship to join the “Diggers” and the Private Secretary to the Governor is going next month.

A Radio Station
A few years ago a Radio Station was established at Samarai, only two miles from Kwato. In a few hours we can receive a message sent from New York or London.

Listening In
More recently still Listening-in sets have found their way to Papua. A local friend brought his set over one evening, and we sat at Kwato and listened to what was going on in Brisbane, over a thousand miles away.

Better Steamer Service
Papua is becoming linked with the outside world in ways we little dreamed of a few years ago. We think it remarkable enough to report that we have 3,000 ton steamers calling, not often, but regularly, at our ports from Australia! We remember travelling over to Australia in the early days in fourteen ton vessels, and for this reason a 3,000 ton steamer looks a bigger affair to us than it would to some people.
Our Printer’s Experience

Pita, one of our printers, came back from the Samarai Native Hospital yesterday, where he had undergone an operation for appendicitis. He has the distinction of being the first Papuan to receive surgical aid for this complaint. The prospect of the ordeal was not nice, of course. The Papuan is not yet reconciled to surgery. Pita was nervous, almost to being fearful. Since he came back he has been telling his companions about his strange experience, especial interest being taken in the anaesthetic.

"Were you very frightened?" someone asked.

"Yes," said Pita, "I was terribly alarmed until Father came over on Sunday afternoon and prayed with me; that took all the fear from my heart, and it never returned."

On the Tuesday morning, just before the operation, Dr. Giblin saw him and told him that everything was ready.

"Have you said your prayers?" asked the kind surgeon.

Pita told him that he had, so they went to the operating theatre together, and a few minutes later, the patient was unconscious. To-day, a fortnight later, we thank God that our young printer is convalescent, and is back with us again. There is much valuable work waiting to be done in our printing office.

St. John’s Gospel in Daui

It is a great satisfaction to have issued, this month from our printing office, this portion of the Word of God. The last edition (which was also the first) was published in London, by the British and Foreign Bible Society seventeen years ago. The same great Society is publishing the present edition, giving us authority to print and circulate it in their name. We are grateful to think that our young Papuan printers can do this excellent and very important work without supervision.

English Spoken Here

We are getting on well with English in our schools. We have two services at 9.30 on Sunday mornings, one in English, and one in the vernacular. Our One by One Band when it meets on Monday Evenings is conducted in English, the members taking turns in giving the address. At our midday prayer meeting several natives use English instead of Suau when they lead in prayer. But we are often reminded of the difficulties to be surmounted by a Papuan in learning to speak in a new tongue, and one so different from his own. One of our workers at an out station ordered his cook boy to boil him two eggs for breakfast. Only one egg was produced. "I said two," said the hungry breakfaster. "I boiled two," answered the cook, "but one had a small kitchen inside."
Light Out of Darkness

**Electric Light.** I want you to take this item off the list of urgent needs. It has been supplied. Our Christian natives wanted to know what they could do to make some extra contribution to our work, and after full consideration they selected the lighting plant both for the station and hospital. So they are now vigorously and enthusiastically at work at all kinds of things to raise the necessary $1,500 before Christmas. In due course you shall hear all about this. The idea caught on in a remarkable way, and spread like a fire. Everybody is keen to do help.

The girls and boys are all very busy getting ready for the sale we are having for the electric light. They may well want a better lighting system, for the present one is terrible, and so often evenings are the only chance they have for working at their fine needle work. The girls are doing needle work, baskets, fans, and other things in that line, while the boys are out getting lumber which they are giving, including their time, as a present to the mill where it will be sawed up and sold at Samarai.

The small boys, who are in holiday just now, spend a part of the day diving for *eagita*, *trocas* shell, which is a salable thing fetching up to £60 a ton. However, like most other things which are valuable, these shells are hard to come by, and there is a good deal of diving usually for a very small return in shell. But everyone is helping, and everyone is pleased to be contributing.

Doubtless they have been stirred to this by the example you have given them, especially in supplying the hospital. We shall probably have the electric plant installed within three months. I quite expect that something of this nature will be suggested and catch on every year after this: a proof of the growth of a feeling of responsibility. They have promised that this effort shall be an extra, and that it shall not interfere with their usual contribution to God’s work.

Mr. Abel writes that when they get the electric light plant, they hope to be able to have a moving picture machine—“to show good pictures for educational purposes would be a great opportunity.” Perhaps some friend might like to send such a machine as a gift to the Mission. The Mission could also use a good radio.

Holiday Problems

During the holidays, the smaller boys go home to their parents, whose homes are all on Kwato. I am having trouble with one couple now. They are so casual and careless about their children and exercise no authority over them at all. They are allowed to go just where they like and with whom they like. Their particular little boy was found misbehaving himself with another child, and I sent and told his father if they could not look after him better than that I would take him back for the rest of the holidays. The father was furious that I should accuse his son—only 4 years old—of doing anything wrong and threatened to vent his wrath on the child. So I promptly had him brought to me. He is the sweetest baby boy and I can’t bear to think of him being robbed of his baby innocence because his parents are too indifferent to question his whereabouts and his companions. Oh, his father, used not to be like this. But he has been getting away from the Lord Jesus, and losing control over a bad temper. We are praying for him and his wife. When these things happen we have to consider the child before the parents because they are not sufficiently advanced to put the interests of their children before everything else. In term time we have the same difficulty. The rule is that during term no child can go to the house of its parents without permission. They can go on Saturday and Sunday afternoons if they are wanted. One evening I found two empty places at the children’s tea table: “Where is so-and-so?” “Gone to his mother’s house.” When the child is fetched and punished, he says “mother took me.” You see how impossible it is to have a boarding school here where the parents live—we need the school in Duabo.

Winning Friends in England

As the result of Mr. Cecil Abel’s visits to various centres in England and Ireland, we hope to welcome a goodly addition to those who are supporting this mission by prayer and are ensuring for it the blessing of God. Letters just received tell of interest awakened, and of many who have asked to have “New Guinea Tidings” sent to them regularly. We hope in the near future, to receive the names of these new fellow-workers, and to keep in touch with them in a common service for the Master on behalf of the Papuan.
The Pig and the People

Wednesday, September 22nd was a kind of red-letter day. My neighbors on the island of Logea sent a deputation over to inform me that after a general meeting of the natives from all the villages it had been decided to do away with their pigs!

"Wait, wait, wait," said the spokesman of the deputation to me, as if he felt it was necessary to urge me to patience. "Wait, master, we cannot do so great a thing in haste, but we shall commence at once, and though it must take time, this is the beginning of the end."

The spokesman, Badaiala, is a man of high position on Logea. He is a Christian, but one of the most conservative men living today in this part of Papua. It was therefore something to get this important information from his lips. Badaiala spoke in the presence of the three other members of the deputation—a Logea Councillor, the Government Village Constable, and a Deacon of the Church. Had all the others said the same thing, and had Badaiala kept silence, I should not have been hopeful of the future as regards pigs.

The personnel of this deputation is worth a moment's consideration. They were all important men, as the offices they held imply. The Village Constable is perhaps the leading man on the island. He was that before he accepted the Government uniform, when he held his position amongst his people by virtue of his strong, straight character. He has been a consistent Christian for many years. The Deacon is, I suppose, the best educated man on Logea. Both he and his wife lived with us at Kwato for years as small children and in youth, and grew up with us until they were married, when they went to live at their village. The Councillor is a fine man, named Tubetube, who lives at Logeapota, the village farthest removed from Kwato. The only man who holds no office was Badaiala, the spokesman, and yet, it was important that he should express himself because he could easily hold the other three men, and all the rest of his neighbors, in his hand, and prevent any reform which they might suggest.

Herein lies one of the weaknesses of the Papuan. He will only act if there is perfect unanimity. He has, so far, no idea of majority rule, and it is not an unknown thing to find the general wish of the people unrealized because one or two men are opposed to it. This, of course, is minority rule, and until something is done to make
these people responsible for the government of their own villages to some extent, and until they are instructed in a simple system of voting on public matters, so that the will of the majority may be ascertained and followed, our natives will doubtless suffer from the obstruction of the few. There is no doubt in my mind that if the Government were to compel all native pig owners to fence-in their pigs, and make it an offence for swine to be a large about the villages, eighty per cent of the natives would hail the measure with approval.

Half the serious problems which arise in native village life center in the pig. Women are a source of considerable trouble in a backward community, but disturbance from this source is nothing compared to the feuds, squabbles, and bickerings which arise over the pig. It would require a treatise to go into this question in all its ramifications. The Papuan's system of bartering with pigs, letting pigs out to be fed, and exchanging pigs at feasts, is too bewildering for one to grasp any principle upon which the system is founded. It seems to me that pig contracts are so confusing that it seems as though the idea was primarily to give occasion for trouble.

Wild pigs abound in the Papuan forests, and these have been caught and domesticated. They are hardy, ugly beasts. The domesticated pig has, within the past thirty years, been greatly improved by being crossed, over and over again, with imported swine, and since feasting on a large scale, in this part of Papua has largely died out, the pig has correspondingly increased. The miserable, misshapen, mangy animal is found in almost every village, rooting about amongst the houses, and in disgusting close contact with the natives. For hygienic reasons it might be considered advisable to regulate matters so as to separate the people, and especially the children, from pigs.

For the most part villages are bare of shrubs, and the ground is furrowed up by these hungry marauders. All gardens have to be strongly fenced round to prevent depredations, and even so, much damage is done. Doubtless the end of the pig is the pot, but it may yet be said that the Papuan is practically a vegetarian of a broad-minded type.

Pigs are used for barter more than they are for food, and if the pigs were destroyed the food loss would be nothing, seeing what was denied the Papuan in pork, would be more than made up in the wider cultivation of open gardens. There can be no doubt that the extra labor of fencing-gardens is undertaken to prevent destruction by domestic, or semi-domestic pigs. In the few places where the natives have given up pig keeping, gardens are cultivated unfenced. The labor of fencing is very considerable, and gardens are restricted in consequence.

It will be seen that we are interested in this question solely because we regard the pig as an obstacle to progress, such progress for instance, as is implied in more extensive cultivation, in the proper keeping of roads between village and village, in the important item of beautifying the villages by planting crotons, and hibiscus, and other handsome plants, and in the self-respect which all these things must represent.

Then again we are interested in the question, which this deputation came over to raise with me, because it affects the old people so intimately. They one and all beg us to use our influence to this end. The hills behind their villages are steep and rough, and when age comes on it is too great a labor to scale them, and then go to work in the gardens. Near to the villages these old people could pass many hours of happy and useful light work planting little patches of taro and sugar-cane. It would make much difference to their life if they could have some slight pleasant interest of this kind. The return for their labor would be so small that it would not justify the building of pig-proof fences, otherwise this would be done. But to an old man or woman who has so few active interests outside a small garden, what an inestimable boon it would be if these animals were only kept by owners who would put them into enclosures, and if the villages were cleared of this vermin!

September 22nd is therefore noted in my diary as a day of remarkable achievement because the Logea natives came over solemnly and formally to tell me that they had decided to remove the pigs from their villages. The fact that they took the trouble to come over and tell us the news, proves that they knew we would be interested in what they had done. In a sense it is no business of ours what the Logea people do with their pigs, and yet we are proud to think that we live so near to these people that they realize that anything that affects their life and well-being is of
interest to us. And from our standpoint the importance of the decision is not only what the change will mean to Logea in cleaner villages, and more self-respecting people, and in giving the older men and women something interesting to do with their time—it lies in the fact that once we can demonstrate to the region all round about us that village life is vastly improved without pigs, the example will be followed, and by and by this widespread nuisance will be done away with. It is encouraging too to know that you can appeal to the Papuan, and though it may take time, and often what seems a very long time, to get him to see as you see, he turns things over in his mind and when at last he is convinced he is prepared to act.

"Wait, wait, wait, Taubada, we must not do this great thing in haste... but this is the beginning of the end." And so it is. That deputation with Badaiala at the head as spokesman, sealed the fate of the pig at Logea, and as I say, without being able fully to explain to friends living in Cleveland, or Liverpool, why it is so, I am nevertheless very much gratified with what was done hereabouts in the matter of pigs on September 22nd.

CHARLES W. ABEL.

The Saw-Mill

We are fortunate in having been able this year to erect our saw-mill. This building was provided largely through the generosity of the late Sir Evan James, K.C.I.E., who, when he visited Kwato fifteen years ago, became deeply interested in Papuan progress.

A saw-mill is a great boon to a mission. The industry gives employment to Christian youths who, because they have accepted Christ, desire to put their lives to good use, and who find occupation in it to suit their varying abilities. Felling teak trees in the forest, rafting them for many miles in the open sea to the mill, and then putting them through the different machines until they are stacked away as flooring-boards, boat planking, or scantling for house frames, are all healthy, mind-expanding occupations which form a part of the Kwato educational program.

But its value will be further appreciated when it is considered as our source of lumber supply, not only for buildings, but for school furniture, such as forms and desks, and for boats of all kinds. We can in this way get a better article at a lower cost, and there is the added advantage of putting all this skilled work into the hands of our Papuan converts. If they were not doing this, they might be doing something harmful to themselves and to others.

The accompanying pictures show the old Kwato swamp as it once was and the same land as it has been reclaimed, with the mill now standing in the centre of where the stagnant water and mud were formerly deepest. There was justifiable pride when after much labor the natives succeeded in filling in that unhealthy hole, and there is still more gratification that to-day this fine building, and the skilled work of erecting all the machinery, and laying it down firmly and truly, has been done by Papuans without other help than the rough plans with which they were supplied. A saw-mill on a Mission Station! I say this for Kwato, that across the mill, as across the church, and the school, could be written—TO THE GLORY OF GOD. F. W. WALKER.
It is 8.30 a.m. the school bell is ringing vigorously. Across the compound little brown boys with bright colored nogs are to be seen running to reach school before the bell stops.

Now all is silence; and small heads bend low over slate, or copy-book, or English reader.

As the teacher looks over that large school of small boys varied emotions sway her. It may be she feels in the "you—utterly—incoercible—little—scamps" mood, for on coming out to breakfast that morning she has found a dozen or more of them in the corners, or with faces turned to the wall, for having broken bounds, being found waist-high in the sea off the far end of the island with line and bait, fishing.

Or it may be, that as she wended her way to school, rather dreading the morning's work with the heat and other such trifles to combat, a little soft warm hand was slipped into hers, "P. D. I come wid you then I not x, eh?" (x being the mark against the name of all late comers!) Then she would feel how unworthy she was to hold the confidence and love of her large family of little lads.

There they sit before her; each with a different need; all with varying temperaments. Some with bright, sunny dispositions, responding quickly to any attention and love, and loving ardently in return; others difficult to approach, seemingly untouched by any appeal; lawless, mischievous little souls to whom she must appear a monster at times, whose one object it is to scold and correct, but who can assume quite human proportions when she dispenses treacle on their rice at tea-time on Sunday!

She too is learning; by the power of the One who has promised to "teach her all things," she is learning how to deal with these young lives.

Will you come with me once again to the school room? This time it is at the close of the day. Most of the little heads, which earlier drank in knowledge to a greater or less degree, are now on their pillows fast asleep. But here, in one corner of the room, there is a faint glimmer from a lantern, and kneeling by the forms are fifteen or twenty boys, some quite small, and as we listen one and another raise thdr voices in prayer to thdr Lord Jesus, and as He has promised, He is in their midst. This nightly prayer-meeting they have instituted by themselves. When school term began, and their evenings were occupied with home lessons, they came to me to ask if I would arrange time for their gathering; they felt so weak when they missed it.

True there are failures: there are some who backslide; but the Shepherd has promised that "No man shall pluck them out of my Father's hand," and the youngest of them is learning by these very falls, his own weakness apart from Christ, and His
almighty power to keep from falling, those who trust Him.

These are the men of the future; pray for them. Pray also for the one to whom God has entrusted the task of training and leading them to Himself.

P. D. A.

Play Day

There are ninety-seven children in my school, and between sixty and seventy children come over from Logea, the opposite island, every morning. We have wonderful opportunities of reaching these young lives for Christ. At present we are only touching the surface. Later when the Lord sends us more helpers, we shall be able to work deeper.

We had a party for these Logea children last week. They came over for the Wednesday morning service, then stayed the day. They broke their fast at noon with tea and biscuits, after which they played cricket and rounders and toss and catch until tea time at 5 P. M. . . . When the meal was over we played team games. When the dinner gong went at 7 P. M., I thought it time they went home. So after prayers and a little talk from Father, they wended their way down to the little canoes which were to carry them across the water to their villages. They were loth to go, and cast longing eyes at the brightly lit hall where all our boys and girls were having their tea. They had to go back to dark villages and dirty little dark huts. We are working for better conditions in the villages—larger houses and lamps to light for the night time.

The children get used to us through these “play days” and are more ready to come and tell us their difficulties and troubles and to ask for advice.

The First Sea Plane

(See page 3)

This week, a sea-plane visited our waters for the first time. It was fortunate that the Radio preceded this wonder of mechanical flight so that the natives could be warned of what was coming. They were startled out of their senses when the first vessel arrived in their waters under concealed power—a moving mass without paddles, or sails. Anything might be conceived of as possible if announced with the prefix diindim, signifying that it was something connected with the white man. The old people in our villages would probably know nothing about flying so that the unheralded arrival of a sea-plane would cause considerable consternation among them. The likeness of the flying-machine to a bird would add to their alarm, because in their folklore there is a legendary monster of the eagle order, called magisubu, which is terribly destructive of human life. The younger people have seen pictures of sea-planes and the announcement that a sea-plane would make a pioneer visit to our waters from the Australian naval headquarters caused a good deal of interest among them. It was a great experience for them to look for the first time on such a remarkable object and to watch this magisubu-looking thing coming from the high heavens, passing only a short distance above our heads, and alighting quietly on the calm surface of our harbor. The excitement in Kwato on this interesting occasion we shall not easily forget. If an inquisitive Papuan were to ask, “What next?” What reply should we give?

An Appeal for Prayer

We are hoping very soon to go into the Bay where there are so many needy ones waiting for help and guidance, and for the word of truth which is able to save their souls. One longs to be used where the need is so great. Will you spend some time and strength waiting upon God for us that we may be prepared and sent forth in the power of the Spirit, not to save only but to reap a harvest to His glory: will you also remember those to whom we go that they too may be waiting and seeking, not for any material help and benefit, but for God Himself and the true riches? We have felt at times very definitely the inspiration and power of devoted souls in the home lands who are laboring together with us. You cannot know how fruitful your service is. I feel that we ought to be claiming, by persistent faith, this still dark country for the Lord. Only by this dynamic can big obstacles be removed. The trial of our faith is more precious than gold, as we have proved again and again.

Beatrice Abel
The Story of Seme's Baby

OVER twenty-five years ago, a young woman, named Seme, came from her heathen village to Kwato, to find a home of refuge. She has lived with us ever since at one or another of our mission stations, as her services were required. When she first came she was a delicate girl, and she complained of having been ill-treated and she asked to be allowed to live in our then small Christian community. Without knowing what made the difference, she concluded from her own observation that she would find kindness and happiness where the Gospel of Christ was the rule of life. When we had successfully met some considerable opposition on the part of her friends, she settled down amongst us. In the course of time the Holy Spirit enlightened her as to her need of the Saviour, and yielding her heart to Christ she became His disciple. I cannot remember through all the long years that have since passed a single day when Seme was enticed back to any of the old heathen customs, she had practiced before she ferried herself across from her island to our shores in a small canoe, and asked, poor miserable girl as she was then, to live with us. She grew to be a clever woman; her quiet Christian character, and her good influence, led, in the course of time, to her becoming first a monitor, and then a prefect in our growing community.

Seme never married. But all through her later life she has been in charge of small children. She has mothered little boys and girls whose parents were in some cases vicious people, and who were very willing to be saved the bother of providing for their needs.

A few months ago I was traveling about my district when I made my camp at Manawara while the launch went on an errand farther down the coast to the West. When it returned the following day to pick me up and take me on my way I was surprised to find Seme on board. She had come down to meet the launch from our hill station at Duabo, three miles inland. Almost the first question I asked her was with reference to a tiny burden she carried carefully in her arms.

"Whose baby is that?" I asked.

"Mine," she replied. "It is so frail and sick that I want to take it in to Kwato."

For many days after we got back to the head station it seemed likely that the infant would die, but by careful nursing "Seme's baby" is now, six months' later, a thriving child.

This Papuan woman's heart, filled with love to Christ, was full of love towards this truly miserable looking infant which she had adopted.

A fortnight later I went up the hill to Duabo and saw the child's heathen mother, who, for two or three days after its birth, had tried to starve it to death. Its feeble cries were pitiable, and, until suspicion was aroused, no one knew the cause of its distress. The woman was a visitor to the station with her husband, who was being employed in fencing a garden for us. Had she been in other surroundings she would doubtless have chosen more speedy and open means of ridding herself of her encumbrance. So nearly did she succeed in killing the in-
fant that Seme was only just in time to suspect what was happening. Taking it from the heathen mother, she cared for it and coaxed it slowly back to life.

There was a second heathen woman at Duabo who came from this unnatural mother's village. I asked her whether she had seen that this woman had deliberately attempted to starve her babe. She replied that she noticed that the mother had only pretended to feed it. "But," she added, "it is her laulau," (her custom).

"How many children has this woman had?"

She told me that this was the fourth.

"Where are the others?"

"They are dead," she said, with a very ominous distortion of her face.

"How did they die?" I continued.

"Master," she said, with a determined look, "I know nothing about them."

"Were you living in the same hamlet with this woman when the first child was born?"

"Yes."

"Do you know nothing, or have you heard anything about the death of this first child: did it grow up so that it could crawl about by itself, and then walk?"

With the same set look on her face, as if she resented my inquiries, she said emphatically, "Master, truly I know nothing about the first child."

"What about the second?" I asked.

She was silent for a few seconds, and then said, "How can I lie to you," (I think she meant in the face of your insistence), "she killed her second child. Truly, soon after it was born she put it into an empty yam house, and it cried, and cried, and cried—and then it stopped crying, and she threw it away in the forest."

"And the third?" I asked, very sick of the story. "That," said my informant, "she put into a coconut-leaf basket, and tied it to the branch of a tree not far from her house. It cried for a long time, and then it stopped crying, and she threw it away."

No doubt the reports with reference to the cruel end of the first child are also well founded.

This wretched woman was not a type commonly found in New Guinea. In all my experience I have never known another similar case. But the Papuan heart is so devoid of love that such child murder would not stir the resentment of a heathen community at all deeply. The woman was dealing with her own property, and could do what she liked with her own. There the matter ended. No neighbor in the village who would raise a voice of protest, or undertake to rescue the infant. Not even the husband, who assured me he had not been a party to these things, and who said he was personally fond of children. He expressed gratification that Seme had taken his little son to Kwato. He hoped it would live so that he might see it sometimes.

What a great, new thing has come into the experience of these natives. Love is born in them as a fruit of the love of Christ. This little human wreck, fighting for life against the neglect it suffered in the first unconscious hours of its life from the hands of its natural mother, has found a tender-hearted Christian mother in Seme.

As she sat quietly doing her sewing with the infant asleep beside her, I asked her again, "Whose child is that?" With a bright smile, she said, "It is mine." It is hers only because she is Christ's.

One by One Band

The "One by One" band is doing splendid work. When you get this we shall be holding our first quarterly meeting. We are praying much about it now. Will you also think of us? It will be a public meeting and will probably take the form of an address. A reading of the report by the Secretary, and a few testimonies of some of the members who have some thrilling stories to tell of souls they have been used to bring to the Lord. Our prayer meetings each Wednesday evening are an inspiration. ... It is so wonderful, when you let imagination loose, to look into the faces of youths and maidens, intensely keen on the Master's business, meeting together to speak with Him. Then transport yourself to the homes of some of their relations and see the filth and vileness of life there. Youths and maidens with evil written on their faces and sorrow and death in their hearts. O, it is worth leaving every thing behind! I often wonder how many souls are missing the joy of salvation and a clean heart because people at home are not willing to leave all and come out and tell.
Broad and Narrow Ways

About three months ago, I started a Sunday Bible meeting for the girls that come over to service each week. Nearly all of them are schoolgirls and come over every day of the week as well. We started with an attendance of twenty-three. This grew to twenty-nine, but lately only nineteen to twenty-three have been coming. This has been due mainly to measles and mumps. The ones who come never fail and the results are most encouraging.

Last Sunday one little girl stayed behind to talk to me. Her name is Daina. She is such a bright little maid of thirteen, and quite a little scholar. She is in my fourth form in the English school, and is very proud of the fact. We had a long talk. It was so interesting. She had come to tell me all about a girl in the class who had had a very serious moral fall. The girl had sent her to tell me that she could not come to class any more as she was too ashamed. It seemed so sad to think that this little girl knew all there was to know of the sordid side of life at such an early age. She had sense to hate it all. Daina's parents are very earnest Christians and have brought her up well. She wants to follow Jesus. Her little friends can't quite make her out because she will not join them in their doubting fun. They say to her "Daina, you are either 'grown up' or else an Ekalesia—a Christian." Eme, the girl who has gone wrong, is coming over to see me some night and we are going to talk things over. My heart yearns for these poor lost girls. They have so much against them. I am just longing for the Lord to use these Sunday meetings to make the big difference in their lives.

The other night two little boys came and said they would like to speak with me. They came separately and told me they felt weak. They were not enjoying prayer meeting as they did when they first came to Jesus and they found it so difficult to be good. In fact they had gone right away from Jesus and wanted to get back. There are not many white boys who could talk of their spiritual experiences as these little lads did. One of the boys was an impossible little rascal. He was kitchen boy for the month and was hardly ever to be seen in the kitchen. After repeated warnings he was given a thrashing. He was worse than ever after that. I prayed a good deal about him. I felt that nothing but the power of Jesus Christ would be of any avail. After Bible class last Sunday afternoon, somebody came to me and said Makori had cried all through class and wanted to come and speak to me as soon as possible. He was quite repentant and there and then gave his heart to the Lord and has been a little angel ever since. These and many others are real evidence of the mighty Hand of God upon us.

P. D. A.

Give Thanks and Pray

"Be anxious for nothing but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." Philippians 4:6

Thanksgiving:

For answered prayer for Mauru, a boy who has recently come back to God.

For restored health to Papuan Christians who have been ill and for the passing of the epidemic of measles and other diseases, without the serious consequences that accompanied them in districts outside the mission.

For a real work of grace among the boys and girls in Kwato, and for many spiritual blessings of the year in Kwato and the outstations as a result of the working of God's Spirit.

For the increasing number of praying friends of the work in Great Britain and Ireland and the promise of stronger support for the future; also for the constant interest, prayers and support of American friends.

Will You Pray

For the health of the missionaries, especially for Rev. F. W. Walker, who was dangerously ill at Christmas time.

For funds to provide the transportation and first year's support of a Christian dentist for Kwato. This will require about $2,000. After which the dentist will be self-supporting.

For friends who will, by prayer and gifts, stand back of the educational and evangelistic work of the mission—$4,500 a year. This cares for the training of Christian Papuan teachers and evangelists. The evangelists are not paid for preaching, but give their services freely.

For scholarship—$50 each a year—to pay the actual expenses of the boys and girls in boarding school in Duabo and Kwato.

For a school building, and dormitory, much needed, for Duabo where Miss Phyllis Abel has her school—$1,700.
REPORT OF TREASURER, NEW GUINEA EVANGELIZATION SOCIETY

From January 1, to December 31, 1926

GENERAL FUND

Receipts
Balance on hand January 1, 1926 ........................................ $ 110.79
Contributions ................................................................. 6,264.99
Total ........................................................................... $ 6,375.78

Disbursements
To the Field and Workers
Salaries and Educational Allowances ...................................... $1,757.50
Passages and Outfits .......................................................... 1,570.00
Educational and Evangelistic Work in Kwato ......................... 2,300.00 $ 5,627.50

Home Office
Cables, Telegrams, Typing, Postage, etc. ............................... $ 69.68
Stationery and Printing ...................................................... 47.48
New Guinea Tidings .......................................................... 388.57 $ 505.73
Total ........................................................................... $ 6,133.23

Balance on hand December 31st, 1926 .................................. 242.55

Hospital Fund

Receipts
Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1926 ........................................... $ 6,674.50
Contributions ................................................................. 310.56 $ 6,985.06
Total ........................................................................... $13,114.40

Disbursements
Transferred to Kwato ........................................................ $1,486.37
Special Advertising (Contributed) ......................................... 37.25
Investments Bought (on hand) ............................................. 7,413.50
Interest on Investments Bought .......................................... 136.00 $ 9,073.12
Balance on hand .............................................................. $ 4,041.28
Total ........................................................................... $13,114.40

Specially Designated Funds

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Balance cash on hand Dec. 31, 1926 General Account ............. 242.55
Balance Hospital Account ............................................... 4,041.28

Total ........................................................................... 4,283.83

Hospital Account—Cash on Hand ........................................ $4,041.28
Investments—On hand ...................................................... 7,413.50
Held in Kwato .................................................................. 1,986.37
Due on Pledges .............................................................. 4,500.00

Total Hospital Fund ..................................................... $17,941.15

Contributions January 1st, 1925, to Dec. 31st, 1926

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Summary:
- Applicable to General Fund: $6,264.99
- Applicable to Hospital Fund: $6,674.50
- Special: 215.00

Total: $13,154.49

KWATO DISTRICT

[Map of New Guinea showing stations and areas]