A Typical House in Papua
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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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 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.
Our New Missionaries

Mr. Cecil Abel arrived in America on February 9th for a brief visit, his brother Russell Abel having preceded him by several weeks. They have been occupied in giving addresses on Papua, telling the remarkable story of the transformation of the people by the power of Christ and in making acquaintance with old and new friends of the mission. They have visited New York, Montclair, Brooklyn, Princeton, Philadelphia, Albany, Buffalo, Ashtabula, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh and other cities and their ministry has been richly blessed.

Mr. Cecil Abel expects to sail for England on April 30th and from there will proceed to Kwato. During April he is available for addresses and parlor meetings, with or without stereopticon slides, in New York and vicinity.

* * *

Mr. Russell W. Abel, is now on his way out to the field, sailing from Vancouver on the Steamship Aorangi, on April 6th. He is the younger son of Rev. and Mrs. Charles W. Abel and was born in Papu, twenty-one years ago. About six years ago, he went to Great Britain to complete his missionary preparation and was graduated from Cambridge University, last June. Mr. Abel is unusually well qualified for his missionary work, physically, intellectually and spiritually. He understands the language of the district and he knows and loves the people. His life is consecrated to the service of his Lord and Saviour for the winning of the Papuans to Christ and for training Christians for service in unreached parts of the great island.

We bespeak for this young and devoted missionary the prayers of Christian friends in America and Great Britain.

* * *

We welcome, as a new member of our Board of Directors, Mr. John Adams Henry of Montclair, New Jersey, who was elected at the annual meeting in February.

New Workers and Equipment Needed

A cinema machine or a projectoscope would be very useful at Kwato for educational work as well as for entertainment. Films could be rented in Australia and be brought by steamer with the mail bag. The price of such a machine is $150. Perhaps some friend of the Mission would like to make such a gift. If so, kindly communicate with the secretary at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

* * *

Three new workers are needed to fill positions on the mission staff.

A nurse for the hospital to minister to the Papuans who have never known the blessing of such care that brings health to both body and soul in times of illness.

A dentist who combines skill with spiritual qualifications. He can almost immediately be self-supporting.

An accountant to lift the burden of the bookkeeping from the shoulders of the overtaxed missionaries. He will care for the business affairs of the twenty-one mission stations and serve in the spirit of Christ.

* * *

Friends, new and true, are needed in America, England and Australia—those who will pray for the work and the workers, those who will give to its support, those who will tell others of the opportunities which lie in the South Seas for the widening of the Kingdom of God.
From Day to Day in Kwato

“Put My Name There”

Tariowai told me one result of telling the Gospel. A very old man living in a village nearby had an unbroken record for non-attendance at church. All the years the mission has been working here (and this old man must have been a mere youth when the work here was started), on no single occasion had Taueoko come within the mission compound to hear God’s message. Two or three months ago Tariowai decided to visit him. When he entered his house the old man courteously fetched a new mat, unrolled it, and spread it on the rattan floor. Tariowai asked what seemed an unnecessary question, “What is that for?” “Lest you soil your white loin cloth,” replied the old man. Then said Tariowai, “It’s good of you to think of that. But even if I soiled my nogi my wife could wash it with soap and water and it would be clean again; and we can clean our bodies with water if they get soiled... but how about our hearts? How clean them?” “Sit down,” said the old man politely. And Tariowai the Christian, and Taueoko the heathen, sat and talked about these things.

Tariowai says Taueoko is never absent from the Christian services now. “There he is,” he said, pointing him out to me amongst the crowd of natives who had gathered together from the villages for evening prayers.

Later Taueoko said to Tariowai, “You have a book, haven’t you, in which you mark the names of those who are seeking the Way?... I want you to put my name there.”

* * *

Answered Prayer

About eighteen months ago readers of The Tidings were invited to pray with us specially for Maivara. At that time the place looked almost hopeless. Six months later I wrote to say how rejoiced we were that six young men had cut off their long hair, and washed the ochres from their faces, and coming to us from the coarsest heathenism, had sought the way of life. At yesterday’s wonderful meeting these six quiet Christian youths came forward and bore testimony to the change of heart the Lord had wrought in them, and were baptised.

Repairing Duabo

Miss Abel writes from Duabo: I returned to Duabo last Tuesday night, Father brought me up and left me to go back to Kwato on Thursday morning. I came up in advance of the school; they will be here on Monday. The old house is more disreputable than ever. The kitchen we have had to abandon as it is not safe, so the cooking is done on a primus on the verandah and the baking is done in the open in camp ovens. I congratulate my cook on the nice dishes she puts before me. How she manages I fail to understand! A friend in Scotland sent £50 for Duabo Schools. After praying about it we have decided to use this towards the repairs of this house. This will make it safe and the kitchen fit to hold the stove! I was so pleased to find that the village school had more than doubled. When I left, fifteen small boys and girls used to come to school on Wednesdays and Sundays. Now there are forty odd and they come three times a week as well as Sunday. Some of them come a distance of five miles and more, but nothing daunts them; wet or fine they turn up!

* * *

“The Fifth Rib”

Jerome, one of our evangelists, told me recently that he had silenced Gada’s tongue with a sermon on Adam and Eve. His point was that after being taken out of a man’s side, and being no more than his rib (and probably only the fifth at that!) no woman ought to scold her husband, as if she could saetavatavatai (boss) him. The result has been that Gada has given Ketabu (the husband) more peace than he has known for years. Jerome said “I didn’t mention her by name, of course, but she knew who I was alluding to, and it went home.”
Praying Partners

"Tell the dear prayer-partners at home how much they can do for us in their ministry of intercession. If we had only the spiritual side of this work to consider, it would be more than we could cope with adequately. But there is so much else, and so much that is very necessary. From early morning until the prayer bell rings at night, our hands and hearts are kept fully occupied and, with all, we are only touching the needs here and there.

Two Sundays ago I took Ainuia with me and we decided to rummage in the villages. We got hold of some "bad ones" and spoke to them individually. The following Sunday, when we went over, there were lots of these girls and, lo and behold, these two wenches who were so got up on the previous occasion were entirely altered. You wouldn’t have recognized them. Their hair was cut and combed, the oil was gone, the beads were gone. The only thing left was the white mark round their necks and arms. When we first arrived, I said to Ainuia, "Those two we spoke to last time are not here." "Yes they are," she said, and brought them up to me. We found that they had brought lots of their friends along, and, without losing any more time, we divided them up equally between us. I had four girls, Ainuia four, and Lily four. There were several wild ones who wouldn’t come and who ran back to their villages, but all those to whom we spoke are coming over to Kwato to spend the weekend. M. A.
A Papuan Lad's Great Joy

The New Year brought us great joy. On the second Sunday of January we held a baptism service. On the previous Saturday evening opportunity was given at a testimony meeting for young Christians to confess Christ. No one will ever know how much it cost some of those boys and girls to stand up and make a public confession. One boy, Narugei, who was only just recovering from a nasty accident, knew when the meeting was announced that morning that the Lord was going to ask him to do this for Him, and all through the day the battle raged between the Holy Spirit and the devil. When evening came he was feeling quite ill with the contest. He met Mrs. Abel as he was on his way down to his room, "I am not coming to the meeting, Mother," he said, "I feel ill and my foot is paining" and—as an afterthought—he said "besides I can't speak," Mrs. Abel guessed that fear was his trouble and where they stood, half way down the steps, she prayed with him. Five minutes later he limped past with his crutch on the way to the meeting. "Pray for me" he whispered. Imagine our joy when, after a hymn and prayer the meeting was thrown open and Narugei was the first to stand up. In a clear but shaky voice he told of God's love in sending Christ to die for him while he was yet a sinner; "Na niauri nige nosin-a ca ahiaco" he finished (and I have got life without end).

After him one and another spoke of the change that had been wrought in their hearts when they received the Saviour. Some were quite young boys, some had only a week or more before known nothing of the Saviour's love and very much about the devil's power. One was a youth from Logea, Baria, who had accepted Christ as his Saviour about a fortnight before. One night a week later found him waiting to be noticed in a dark corner of the verandah. "I want to speak to Father," he said, in answer to a query. Afterwards we heard that he had come to tell of the joy that had come to him that day, with the realization of his Sonship to God. "I could do no work, Father," he said, "I have been walking up and down the hills of Logea saying to myself 'I am God's child, I am God's child,' over and over again, and I had to come and tell you tonight of my great joy."

An Appeal from Logea

Today I have met fifteen youths who came over from the island of Logea to speak to me, and as they put it "to show me their mind." They have come to the conclusion that they have let slip precious opportunities and came to ask if I thought it was too late for them to do something to mend matters. They can all read and write. That means that as small boys they all came over to Kwato to school. It means also that while they did not learn what it is our objective to teach in all our education—the knowledge of Jesus Christ—they took something away from their contact with us which they have not forgotten, and which is bearing fruit today making them dissatisfied with the lives they are living. Now they ask for a school on their own soil which they can attend certain evenings in the week and where they can come under tuition from Christian teachers who will lead them to understand God's claims upon them. Here is a great opportunity for some of our Christian youths. We have several Logea youths at Kwato who are able to render this service to their own people. Daniela, our printer, is a Logea native, and on Friday evening next he and I have arranged to go and open up this new contact for Christ.

A Change of Attitude

At Manaeara last week Tariowai told me that since my wife and I visited this place six months ago there had been an encouraging change in the attitude of the heathen people towards the Gospel. "They come now" he said, "to the services as they have never done before." He attributed this largely to the personal work which was being done by the church members. Instead of merely going out to various centers, gathering the people together and preaching, for some time now the evangelists have been supplemented by a band of men and women who have gone from house to house and spoken to the people who were not drawn to these services. The value of this pastoral work could be seen in the way these hitherto indifferent people had come on Wednesdays as well as on Sundays to hear the Gospel.

We note this change with particular satisfaction seeing that the idea which came from it originated amongst these Christian Papuans. It also indicates an increased zeal for souls within the church.
A Trip Around the Bay

At Tegori. We landed at a village called Tegori, about a mile to the east of Bubuleta, and there we stayed until after one o'clock. We chose two shady trees on the beach about two hundred yards apart. Mrs. Abel took the women and I the men. After our meetings, we had interviews and were not nearly through when we had to get away to Barabara.

It was interesting and inspiring work. We had arranged to have the Lord's Supper here at four o'clock and many who were asking to talk with us were expecting to join us at the Lord's Table. About four o'clock, I left the church, had a short conference with my wife. The outcome was that we decided not to move on to Watunou until we had seen every one who wanted help. I called the people together at five-thirty and announced that we should not have the Lord's Supper until Sunday and that we should return tomorrow. They seemed very pleased with our change of program. We had a short meeting, and returned home very thankful, and very tired. We landed at Killerton just as the glorious sunset was fading over hills about Duabo. A truly great and blessed day for which we thank God!

At Killerton. We had another good day with the people who came to interview us.

Letuletu led blind Kago along, and we had him for over an hour after lunch. He looked quite different, and we believe that he has come back to Christ. Both times when I have seen him in the past he has been very hard. "If you say I am a bad man, taide eau tau baaua; ena u ene ea µioma ea µioma o a tanuaga."* and so forth.

There was no sign of repentance. It seems so strange that a man who was so helpful and faithful for years should, in his old age, throw all his faith to the winds and refuse to be led back again. When I saw him this time, after his long talk, he looked better than I have seen him for many years. We are praying especially for him.

Watunou. We arrived here this morning after a delightful run down in dead calm waters among the many little islands. Some 60 men, women and children were lined up to greet us. They have built, or nearly built us, a small house, quite a nice little place. The sitting room is not yet finished for two

* If you say I am a bad man, then: I must be a bad man, and if you say I am to come back, then I shall come back. You are the master.
sides are open awaiting the bark lining. We are sitting there writing; it is beautifully cool.

Gogo and some others have been here for some weeks getting Ulabo logs. I had to delay the baptismal service while I finished interviews with the seekers. This is not like a heathen village. We saw no shock-headed people. All had their hair cut and looked sober, sane citizens. Thirty-nine men and women were baptized, after being carefully taught and led to the Lord. They were a hungry little group: so much in earnest. Some cases were arresting in their interest, though very ignorant. Even where there was no knowledge of Jesus Christ having come, there was most gracious evidence of the Spirit's wooing. It is all glorious, indicating how the Lord is at work, calling out these people even from the darkest heathenism and with only a faint vision of the Light. It has been such an inspiration to be permitted to witness God's working and to be permitted to take even a little part in so sacred a service. We are greatly rejoicing, but it was very pathetic to have to leave the dear converts just when they are needing a shepherd. C. W. A.

The Cocoanut Plantations

A little over thirty years ago when the mission was first opened in Eastern Papua, the people of the district were raw heathen—ignorant, degraded, hostile, and given to warfare and cannibalism. The women did most of the work while the men hunted, fished and fought.

Today, a wonderful transformation has taken place. Hundreds of Papuans have been converted to Christ and their characters and habits have radically changed. The story reads like that of John G. Paton in the New Hebrides, or Robert Laws of Liv­­ingstonia. The cause of the change has been the work of the Holy Spirit in the lives and in the message of consecrated missionaries.

As the years have passed and the work has grown, Rev. Charles W. Abel, the organizer of the mission at Kwato, has seen the need of giving the people some definite and helpful occupation to take the place of warfare and heathen customs and which, at the same time, would supply their physical needs, make them self-respecting and self-supporting; would use their talents and develop their characters. For this purpose needlework, weaving and basketry has been taught the women; mechanical industries, such as carpentry, boat building, and metal work, for which the men have great aptitude, and cocoanut plantations, have given the men employment. At the same time, the Christians are educated and are trained to give time to evangelism, without any thought of remuneration. The result has been remarkable in the development of strong, independent, useful Papuan Christians.

The establish these industries, it was necessary to invest about $50,000 as capital in plantations, buildings and equipment. The London Missionary Society, the parent of the Kwato mission, could not supply this fund from its very limited resources, so that the money for the plantations was borrowed, at 5% interest, for a period of ten years. That period has now nearly expired and it is necessary to repay the loan. The plantations have been successful, owing to God's blessing and the efficient way in which they have been conducted, so that they have netted an annual income for the evangelistic and educational work of the mission. The people have been benefited by the plantations, socially, morally and spiritually. The sum now needed to pay for the investment is comparatively small when we consider the value of the plantations and equipment, as well as the benefits to the people and the mission that have come from them.

The London Missionary Society and the Kwato Extension Association have announced that they are not in a financial position to carry on this work. It is unthinkable that it should be abandoned. The workers are on the field, the mission has been richly blessed with a spiritual harvest, and the whole work is being economically and effectively managed. The present problem is financial. It seems that the responsibility must be assumed by the newer friends of the Mission in America and Great Britain—the New Guinea Evangelization Society.

Friends are earnestly asked to pray that, if this solution is God's will, the money for the payment of the debt on these plantations may be supplied without delay. Already a few friends of the work have offered to contribute $10,000 if the remaining $40,000 is forthcoming. Gifts may be made to cover a period of three years.

Here is an opportunity for a real investment for the Kingdom of God in Papua. The payment of this loan will release the work from a serious handicap, and will set
free for education and evangelism $2,500—now absorbed in yearly interest. It will also enable the New Guinea Evangelization Society to take over the mission work, including plantations, industries, schools and churches; will greatly enhearten the missionaries who are bearing the burden and heat of the day; will make it possible to develop the work further by completing the hospital, schools and chapels that are so much needed; and will open the way for an extension of the work in unoccupied districts of heathen Papua. Great unevangelized areas await the Gospel of Christ; men and women are in training as evangelists in Kwato and are ready to go out into the regions beyond.

Will friends of the Kwato Mission pray that the present handicap may be removed, that the $50,000 may be supplied and the work may go forward with new power? Can you take a substantial share in this enterprise?

Further information may be had from the Secretary, Miss J. H. Righter, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, or from Mr. Abel. Checks or promises of help may be sent to Mr. Walter McDougall, Treas., at the same address.

A School House, Used Also as a Church, at Koeabule, a Plantation Station

Blind, Yet Seeing

A POOR blind man, an old friend of ours, lost his sight after a serious illness about four years ago. He told me last Sunday that he was in the habit of having the Word of God read to him by one or another of the members of our Church, but he said "I get the most help from those few portions of the Scriptures which I have committed to memory."

"I read them in my mind," he said. When I asked him what portions he had memorized, he said he knew by heart the third chapter of St. John's Gospel up to the *riba laitaina* (the great word).

"Which do you regard as the great word?" I asked.

"Verse 16," he replied.

Then he told me that he knew the whole of the 15th chapter of St. John, and the whole of the second chapter of the Acts. These portions were his own choice, led, we believe, by the Holy Spirit.

The epistles have been so recently given to our people that he was unable as yet to choose a portion to memorize from them.

What an unspeakable comfort it must be to a physically sightless man to be able to have his spiritual vision clarified by the actual possession of these wonderful words.

We are making a point in our work at Kwato of getting the young school children to commit to memory selected passages from the Word of God. Many a sinner might be led to the Saviour if in early years his mind had been stored with these priceless treasures. "The words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life."
A Papuan Play

On "Boxing Day" (the first business day after Christmas) we gave a little entertainment, called "Papua's Problem." It represented a heathen village with some heathen men and women very much painted and beflowered. To them comes first a school-master with cap, gown, spectacles, slates and rolls, bearing a card with "Education" on it. He passes on and his books are soon discarded. Then comes a carpenter, with overalls and tools, bearing a card "Technical training." He too passed on leaving the people curious but unchanged.

An engineer comes next, all grease and dirt, with gasoline tins and making a great deal of noise. He demonstrates the wonders of a motor boat, passing on he leaves his heathen audience afraid rather than enlightened.

After him enters a trader, all covered with mugs, plates, lanterns, knives, Jews harps and other trade articles. He represents "Trade." His goods were received by the villagers and become a part of the household things. He passes on leaving them little changed. Then comes a Doctor, all in white, and with him a prim little nurse with flowing cape, bearing all sorts of medical appliances. The natives remonstrated with them, saying that their medicine man is good enough for them. The doctor binds up their legs and arms, looks in at the little door of the grass hut and leaves them, bidding them look after their bodies to keep them free from disease.

A long sigh escapes one of the women: "Oh would that someone show us the way to true happiness. These things they bring us from a strange country do not satisfy. Aimi!"

As she finished speaking a young man enters dressed as an evangelist, carrying in his hand a Bible. He tells them that he has come to bring them glad tidings of great joy, and as the curtain closes he reads these words from the book. "Na keriso Jesu boeana sai oni nahada va eaaavaniu se roha ariri, luia ta au hanahanauma keriso osinana dehana eai." (Eph:2.13).

The curtain rises again on a very different scene. The village is swept and clean, the women have washed off the paint and removed the ornaments and the men are tidy and combed, holding their own books in their hands and with them stand all the various men who have represented education, training, trade and health, for now that they have accepted Christ and his gift of a changed heart these things all have their place and value in the building up of their new life.

The actors and actresses played their parts well; they were all Christians and we had prayed together that the Lord would use this little play to bless many lives.

"Sick and Ye Visited Me"

Last Sunday afternoon we went over to Logea, the island opposite, and walked along the beach visiting the hamlets as we went. Some of them are very miserable places built right over a swamp, and many of the houses are mere hovels built on rickety sticks. And pigs, pigs, pigs everywhere, inside and under the houses, all over the village making such a mess rooting up the ground and wallowing in the mud. The natives will not part with them, so Father is trying to get the Government to insist that they be kept in fences. One village has succeeded in doing this on their own; it is quite a model village with a green surrounded by houses. The whole place is a blaze of color—hibiscus and crotons and palms—growing in rich profusion. We had a little service and talks with the people at two of the centres. The kiddies in my Bible class were there in full force and were so pleased to show me their houses.

We saw several cases that needed medical attention. One young woman had a dreadful abscess on her breast. I persuaded her to come over and have it attended to. She has been coming over each day and it is nearly healed. It will be the duty of the nurse to visit these villages every now and then, not only at Logea, but all over the district.

. . . Then we went to the native hospital to visit Pita. O, the filth of that place! Pita had a room to himself, which was certainly better than the rest of the place—but by no means clean. The patients were so pleased to see us and to have a little notice taken of them. Some of them were abject bundles of skin and bone lying on a heap of filthy rags on the floor. How good it will be to have a clean place for these miseries to go to where they will be loved and cared for by those who are commissioned by the "King of Love"! . . .

Phyllis Abel.
Frederick William Walker

It is with a sense of very serious personal loss that I record the death, on December 29th, of my beloved old friend and colleague Frederick William Walker.

We were at college together in England for two years. He then preceded me to New Guinea, and I was appointed to join him in the East end of this territory in 1890. Twelve years later, soon after Chalmers' and Tomkins' tragic death, he was appointed to the West. A visit to England had two very far-reaching results upon his future—he found his wife in the person of Miss Rosalie Wilson of Sheffield, a lady whose family bore an honored name in Christian and missionary circles; and while in England he developed a scheme for a Christian organization to undertake commercial enterprise amongst the natives of New Guinea primarily in their interest. With this Christian commercial enterprise, the Papuan Industries, Ltd., in the Torres Straits, and in the west of Papua, Mr. Walker was actively connected as managing director until his retirement three years ago.

In July, 1925, when I was in Sydney, Mr. Walker and his elder brother arrived in the course of a world tour. Since we were in great need of another helper in Kwato, Mr. Walker volunteered to fill the gap for a year, or more if necessary. He was with us for about fifteen months and was then taken ill with what developed into a carbuncle. From this he quietly passed away at the Samarai Hospital two days before the New Year.

Frederick Walker was the discoverer of Kwato. He was a man of such varied gifts that he might have succeeded well in any one of several avenues of life. He chose to give all his talents to God in the service of the Papuans. He held a limited master's certificate which qualified him to navigate Australian waters, and more than once, as we traveled across from Queensland to New Guinea in our small fifteen ton vessel, it was to me surprising how, he could identify the coast by the mere loom of land. Kwato was well located for a mission station and Mr. Walker's interest in the place, and in the important phase of mission work our mission has stood for, for over 30 years, never waned. After being separated from Kwato for over two decades it was in God's plan for him to return, and throw himself heart and soul into the work. Now, after long years of service in Papua, it is fitting that he should find his last resting place here on a little knoll looking out towards the West where most of his life was spent. We feel grateful to God that in His providence our beloved colleague should rest here, making one further affectionate tie to the place and work for which we all shared a common love and enthusiasm.

Mr. Walker was a man of the loftiest pur-
soon to come reminiscent of his usual whole-hearted absorption in the adventure of Christian enterprise. He was about to journey to a new country which opened up to him vast and glorious certainties. He spoke, in his usual speech and strong emphasis, of the unspeakable joy he felt in the prospect of meeting the Master whom he loved. As he grew weaker and as his speech grew fainter and slower his bedside was radiant with the glory to which his soul was gladly speeding. All readers of the Tidings will praise God for this precious life, so long spared to His service in Papua, and they will remember in deep and loving sympathy Mrs. Walker, his son Jack, a consecrated missionary volunteer at Oxford, and his daughter Gwen in Switzerland, upon whose lives the deep shadow has been cast by the sad news of their great loss. C. W. A.

At the End of a Day

I have really to convince myself that it is the Lord's Day. No doubt it is in fact almost a sample of what all His days should be and yet it has been so different from such days at home. Our hearts were filled with the love of the Lord and with deep gratitude and praise for all His wondrous days as we said good-bye to the dear folks at Barabara to-night. He has done marvellous things—and we stand amazed as we think upon it. Such an awakening! Some have come back to life in Him; some have come to know Him for the first time; they have such quiet, earnest faces.

In the three days we have labored among them we have come to know them and, for His sake, to love the poor lost and wandering sheep. How His love grips one—and how different it is from human love! I felt more than once today how I would love to stay with them, to help, to feed and guide them in the infant days while they are learning to walk. But what cheers and inspires and quickens our faith exceedingly is the evidence of the Holy Spirit's work in caring for the members of His body during the years this place has been left without a shepherd. This ground, which seemed to be bearing only thorns and briers, (the work of the enemy of souls and his agents), was left fallow until the way should open for us again to come bearing the "precious seed." We have praised Him again and again that He has never left Himself without a witness throughout these lean years. Today, your hearts would be filled to overflowing to have shared in this experience. —Hallelujah! Beatrice Abel.

An Arresting Incident

Yesterday, Sunday, there was a very arresting incident during our exceptional morning service, when 37 young men and women were baptised, and admitted to church fellowship. The previous evening a special meeting was held at which these young converts were invited publicly to confess Christ, and to testify to the work of grace in their hearts. Only those who know from experience the Papuan's reserve, and his distaste for publicity, could understand what a serious ordeal this was to these young people. But the Holy Spirit enabled most of them to bear their witness. This service was continued at eight o'clock on Sunday morning, as some were not able to be present the night before. After this second service, Tara, a girl of sixteen, sought my wife in great distress. She had lost her opportunity through fear. She had tried to stand up and confess Christ but the ordeal was too much for her. Now she asked if she might go up with the others and bear her witness before the congregation, and then be baptised? The service was deeply impressive. To many the most impressive incident was when Tara walked up alone to the rostrum and facing the big congregation, in a trembling voice said, "I was too weak last night and this morning to confess my Saviour. How could I be ashamed of the One who bore my shame upon the cross? It was the fear of man that held me back. I now confess Christ to be my Saviour. I rejoice in the knowledge that in His love He had paid the price of my sin, and made me His child." Then the little maiden turned to the missionary and was baptised.

"We feel the good results from the increased number of praying partners. Things are happening here and there and our hearts are being warmed and cheered."

It is not the industrial mission that the South Seas wants first—it is the Lord Jesus and the knowledge of His great salvation. First it must be the salvation of souls, then the planting of the church, rooted and grounded in Him.
We have just come home in one of the big dug-out canoes from Barabara where the Lord gave us much blessing. I wish you could have witnessed the hungry souls waiting with eagerness for their turn, and could have heard the stories we listened to from one another of the long cherished hope of our coming to help them, and of their earnest struggles either to learn the way of life, or to return to it as penitent sinners:

We had some big canoes commandeered to take us across—first to Bonuau, near Bubuleta, and later to bring us along to Barabara: but it was afternoon before we could get away from Bonuau. The easterly breeze had freshened and the seas were pretty big. So to avoid a drenching, as we had no change of clothing, they put us ashore about a half mile from our destination and we had a very enjoyable walk along the seafront, which gave us a chance of drying our clothes which were already soaked in places.

At Bonuau a number of girls and women and some men were already assembled awaiting our arrival. They gripped our sympathies at once. We felt it would be a mistake to attempt to speak to the whole assembly together so Mr. Abel gave me the women and he took the men. I prayed for power and understanding to gauge their need and that, through so poor a channel as we each felt we were, the Holy Spirit would minister of His fulness. Simply trusting, I led them in prayer. My language was a difficulty: but the Lord had sent an interpreter—an old woman from Wagawaga who seemed very capable: so we were all women—and of course some of the audience understood Suau—but they were in the minority.

After our prayer we sang “Ita gamagarida” a native hymn and I never knew the old hymn so transformed. There I got a message—“Ena gigibori eau ita nuada itu but.” “By His power our hearts are transformed.”

It was wonderful how the Spirit led, through all the difficulties of interpretation. I think it is the first time I have ever spoken through an interpreter, and, in spite of interruptions, dogs, babies, late-comers—all of whom received more attention than was their due—I was encouraged by the sustained interest all through. After showing them their need and why the Lord Jesus had come, at such a cost to save us (aspects of salvation) I took them to John 10:10 and then to 14:6, and I closed with prayer. I waited for some time and talked to a woman whose face was familiar and who could speak Suau—I saw some of the attentive listeners talking together as they kept looking to me—but from what I could gather, the Suau kept them back. After a while I joined my husband who was busy with some very pathetic cases—seekers and others—and while he sought to lead them to the Lord, I sought the Holy Spirit’s power. They each repeated a short prayer, which
enabled them to understand something of the mighty work of the Spirit within them.

As we paddled home last night, the sun had gone down and its glory filled the scene, and was reflected all around us, and it seemed like a promise of the glory He would reveal when the Sun of Righteousness is reflected in the hearts that sin had darkened at Barabara.  

Beatrice Abel.

Papuan Snapshots

Buama's daughter.  Old Buama married again, and has now a family of young children. His eldest daughter, Sunema, has four young children. Before we left for England, I tried to get the old man to let her come to Kwato but he would not. She came later to learn about "The Way." She is a dear little soul—just a slender young girl still—and so simple and earnest. She spoke Suau—and understood what I was trying to teach. She gladly came to the Saviour.

Tiebabu.  As a youth, Tiebabu fell into sin with Hani. To save him from disaster, we asked Saville to take him till we could find another dobila (opening) for him. He was not a Christian, but he says that Saville baptized him. After some years, he came back to his own district where he married. He is a smart fellow, always nicely dressed and very alert. I knew he was in disgrace, and made no attempt to smooth matters for him. I just dealt with him as a sinner in need of God's saving power and grace, and I probed deep. He rarely raised his eyes, but when he did, I could see that the Holy Spirit was at work, and was showing him his deep need. After a long talk, in which I used both English and Suau, by the motion of his head in assent that the message had gone home. He looked straight into my face—quite a long, serious look. I felt led to hand him over to the Lord. He had so much to face—such unforeseen issues—he must go alone with God. I urged him to yield, showing him that the alternative was a life of service to sin, in the service of the enemy, and the end, everlasting separation from God. He left me—after shaking my hand very warmly—a wiser man. I prayed that God would take possession of him wholly and make of him a vessel to His honor—meet for His use.

Tiraka.  Tiraka has begun a new whale-boat. He has all but the top three planks on either side in now. Fairly good work seeing he has to do his own planing from our rough-sawn timber. It is a beautiful model and just what we want, an extra light launch to save the DOT, and one which can go regularly to Koeahule and Simbara to keep those places in touch with each other and with us.

Dexter.  I had a letter from Dexter this morning at Samarai. He is the man about whom I spoke three months ago, who has a store just in front of our property at Waema. He tells me he has received a cable offering him a managiership in a rubber plantation in the east somewhere, so good, that he cannot resist it. He writes to ask me whether I know anyone who would buy him out. Oh! if I had some young man who would come and take over this store for a missionary's salary, to fill this gap and work for Christ. I dread having a godless man doing Sunday trading opposite our mission at Waema. Dexter says that his store takings last year were £2,600 and he bought from the natives, and sent to Samarai, over £800 worth of copra. He must have been making over £500 a year in that case. I shall pray much about this.

Pilato.  Pilato is here. I understand he was in the church (without, I fear, being in Christ) some years ago, and as might be expected he was suspended on account of falls. Now he is anxious to be identified with the Church again; we shall see later what his motives are. He is taking quite a prominent place here, and there seems to be no one with "gump" enough to compete with him! With such men, old hands at scheming, great watchfulness and wisdom, with grace are needed that the cause does not suffer at their hands. Fortunately he is in debt to many and until his debts are all paid he cannot become a recognized member of the Church.

Sarao.  After a very busy evening, I was asked to speak with one of the mandate boys—Sarao. I rushed away as it was already late. He was very nervous, but the Lord helped me wonderfully to come down to the need of such a simple mind as I showed him what the Saviour did for him. I felt the presence of the Holy Spirit then and again as I was enabled to pray with him in Suau—always a difficult matter with so ignorant a boy. The verandah was dark and I could not see his face till he rose to go: then I was struck with the seriousness and earnestness in his eyes. I urged him to go
alone and meet the Lord in some quiet place, and there to tell Him all his sins, every one he could remember, and to seek the forgiveness He had promised and was waiting to give. He thanked me and walked slowly away. Then he turned back to say "Good night, Mother." The next day I was told of the wonderful change in him—he had grace at once given him to pray at the midday prayer—quite a remarkable prayer, thanking God for the strength he had received in his weakness and fear to confess Him in prayer and asking if any other young brother was weak that he might find the same power. You will rejoice with us that both the mandate boys are in the fold. Continue to remember these young converts, the enemy is so strong, and they are very ignorant.

The Story of Narugei

Until he was a boy of twelve years of age Narugei lived with his people at a small village about eight miles east of Kwato. He heard a little of the Gospel from a few Christian natives who, occasionally visited his village at Goilavaio, and held a simple service.

There was a Christian Papuan and his wife living about three miles from Goilavaio in charge of a small Mission plantation and to this place Narugei went on one occasion with five other small boys to work for a week or two. When his companions left to return to their village, Narugei continued to live with these people. Not long after, however, the overseer was removed to another part of the coast, and he put before the youth the alternative of either returning to his village, or of going to a small Christian centre a few miles further away.

Narugei had been a secret, but anxious, seeker after something he felt that he sorely needed, mauri dobilana—"the Way of Life." He was too reserved to ask for help, and while the few Christians he met spoke boldly of Christ and his claims in public addresses none of them took the opportunity of doing personal work with this youth. He observed that the message they delivered, was always taken from a book which the preachers referred to with great reverence. He argued that if they could become wise through reading this Book he too could find out everything he wanted if he could learn to read. No one in his own village could teach him and the Christian man and woman with whom he had lived for some short time did not try to teach their casual protegé to read. So Narugei went back to his village none the wiser in this respect for having lived with them. He had, however, seen the difference between their manner of living and that of the heathen with whom he had been brought up. But no one told him how he could find the secret of this new life. This is a story of lost opportunities in Christian service.

In his village Narugei was very miserable. He had to listen to vile speech for which he had lost the taste. The practices of his companions, were vicious, and he wanted to avoid participation in them. A visiting native, who came to preach one Sunday from a village five miles away, seeing he was unhappy, asked him if he would care to go to his village and live with him? This seemed to Narugei to be just the chance he was hoping for, and he gladly accepted it. But he found a Christian community living quiet, industrious lives, evidently men and women who knew the secret of the Way he wanted to find, but again no one spoke to him personally about it; no one offered to teach him to read the Book which they read, and which they all regarded of such great importance to them!

After a few months Narugei went to Kwato and from there he was sent to a plantation to assist the natives who were growing taro and sweet potatoes for the mission. He told the head gardener of his desire to learn to read so that he might have a Bible of his own and read God's word for himself. This man, Davida, at once began to teach him the alphabet, and again Narugei thought that his chance had come. However, before long he was transferred to the launch, Mamari, to act as crew. This position he occupied for two years to everyone's entire satisfaction. He proved so reliable that, after two years' experience at sea, in and out of various ports, and amongst the reefs, and shallows, and tide-rips of that part of the coast, he was appointed to take charge of the vessel when the coxon was transferred to another boat. While he was acting in this responsible position a Papuan one night spoke to him openly about Christ. "You," said this traveler, "are Captain of this launch; who is the Captain of your life?" Out of that simple question arose a conversation which led to Narugei's conversion.

Today Narugei can read. He delights in
God's Word. He knows the Way, because he knows Christ. He does not forget his yearning all those years for the help so few were prepared to give him, and he is continually on the lookout for the opportunity of leading others to the Saviour he loves. The long neglected opportunity had been seized at last by the asking of the simple question, "Who is the Captain of your life?"

A Good Helper

Raleigh. Raleigh, of whom you have heard, used to help at Duabo with the nursing. He has never gone back on the job or grown tausiolo (weary). Last night, hearing some coughing, he got up and went to see the little boys. There and then, in the middle of the night, he rubbed their chests, gave them cough medicine, and, when they fell asleep, went back to bed again. This is a big thing for any Papuan boy to do, and gives evidence of a work within. Raleigh was a boy who was troubled with doubts, but he is going on and growing steadily.

The Kwato School

Our school at Kwato numbers one hundred. It costs a great deal to provide for them, because, besides the school children on Kwato, there are those who are partly scholars and part workers—31 of these; so we have to provide food for 72 adult mission children.

A Recent Cablegram

A cablegram from Mr. Abel, sent from Kwato on March 19th, tells of the recent visit of Mr. Barradale, secretary of the London Missionary Society, and urges strongly the taking of immediate steps to secure the money needed to pay the amount due on the plantations. If this money is provided or definitely promised, it is probable that two or more members of the Board of the New Guinea Evangelization Society will go to Great Britain in June to confer with the Governing Committee of the Kwato Extension Society and to arrange for the future conduct of the Kwato Mission. Your prayers are asked for their guidance.