Upward Bound—On the Way Up the Hill at Kwato
New Guinea Evangelization Society, Inc.
Room 1018, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
(Co-operating with the Kwato Extension Association, Inc., London, England.)

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NEW GUINEA TIDINGS
(Published occasionally from 156 Fifth Avenue, New York)

(Copies sent free on request.)

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The New Guinea Evangelization Society (interdenominational) desires your sympathy, prayers and financial co-operation. Some may wish to contribute $100 or more a year and others to 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.
The American Delegation in London

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The Commission consisted of the American secretary, Miss J. H. Righter and Messrs. John Adams Henry, Walter McDougall and Delavan L. Pierson. Both the K.E.A. and the L.M.S. were well represented and Rev. A. P. Campbell was present from Australia.

The conference was eminently successful and was marked by true Christian fellowship. The London Missionary Society agreed to a transfer of all the Mission property and the plantations to the new organization, representing America, Great Britain and Australia, on the basis of the repayment to the L.M.S. of money actually borrowed from the Angus Fund to purchase the plantations, plus the cost of goods in store at the time the present lease was made. This sum, amounting to about £9666 (or about $48,000) is to be paid over a period of three years, the British and Australian friends assuming responsibility for one-half the amount and American friends the other half.

The friendly attitude of all who entered into the negotiations was greatly appreciated and in spite of many difficulties, the desired result was achieved as a clear answer to
believing prayer. The following cable message was sent to Kwato from England:

"Abel, Samarai: Satisfactory conference; agreed terms purchase. — (signed) Hood-McDougall."

Word has since been received from Mr. Abel expressing his great gratitude and satisfaction at the outcome indicated in the cable message. He says:

"We praise the Lord for what He has done for these people here through you all. I can't tell you how much we appreciate all you have done to bring this about."

This agreement means that the long period of waiting and uncertainty seems to be at an end. As the time for the expiration of the lease draws near, it has been more and more uncertain what the fate of the work would be if the lease could not be renewed and if the L.M.S. should feel unable to continue the mission as it had been conducted. It has therefore seemed unwise to begin new enterprises and American friends have not felt justified in expending substantial sums of money in much needed equipment until the future, under proper control, should be more definitely assured. Mr. Abel and his fellow workers have been laboring under great handicaps from which relief is now in sight. No wonder that they thank God and take courage.

Progress is now possible with the hospital. The electric light plant is already operating. A new mission boat is assured. Plans are underway for repairs and better buildings in Duabo, Koeabule and other stations; there is also reason to hope that a larger field for work will soon be allotted to the mission where work may be undertaken among the untouched savages of the west. This will be an added incentive to Papuan Christians to train for missionary work and to dedicate their lives and their substance to the winning of Papua to Christ.

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This is a work of faith and a labor of love. It was conceived in prayer and has been carried on through sacrifice, under the manifest guidance and blessing of the Spirit of God. As was clearly set forth in London, the attitude of Kwato friends from the first has been that this work is carried on wholly for the purpose of giving the Gospel of Christ in its fulness to the unevangelized in Eastern Papua. This includes the education of Papuan Christians in the way of Christ as revealed in the Bible, the training of them for honorable, useful lives as self-supporting communities and churches, the strengthening of them in faith and in habits of prayer, and the instilling into them of the spirit of loving service to evangelize their fellows. All of this is under the guidance of God and in the power of His Spirit.

Your Part

WILL you, who are also interested in the progress of Christ’s work in Papua, take a share in the purchase of these plantations and in the establishment of the mission on a firmer basis? By so doing you will greatly enhearten the missionaries and will hold up the hands of the American Directors who are gladly giving freely both their services and their substance for the advancement of the Gospel in Papua.

We believe that this is a rare opportunity for a Christian investment that will greatly advance the Kingdom of God. The Mission property involved in this transaction could not be replaced for more than double the amount now asked.

Please forward your promise of help as promptly as possible, indicating the amount and terms of your gift, to Walter McDougall, Treas., 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. Payments may be made over a period of three years, beginning January, 1928. The Directors and a few other friends have already pledged $15,000, but $20,000 more is required to pay America’s half of the purchase price and to provide for necessary repairs and equipment at Duabo, Kwato, Koeabule and other stations.
Personal Notes of Interest

Mr. Russell Abel reached Kwato on May 29th, after an absence from home of six years, most of the time studying at Cambridge, England. On his way back to the field he passed through America and made many friends through his addresses and personal contacts in New York and vicinity, Philadelphia, Princeton, Albany, Buffalo, Ash­tabula, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis and Seattle.

Miss Anna W. Pierson of Montclair, New Jersey, arrived in Kwato on April 27th. She will help in the school work at Kwato and Duabo as a volunteer worker for a few months. Her impressions of the mission, the life and work are told in extracts from letters printed on another page.

The Rev. Charles W. Abel sends the following request:

Will all who send parcels or freight of any kind to Kwato please be careful to have an invoice of the contents, with the net price, written or fastened on the outside. This will save much unnecessary expense as the customs offices have often overvalued articles and we have been compelled to pay excessive duty. Books are allowed to enter free of duty.

Mr. Cecil C. G. Abel sailed from England on August 20th to take up work in Kwato, after an absence from the field of nearly seven years, studying in Cambridge University. Last Spring he visited America and after winning many friends returned to Great Britain to take up deputation work there. By the time this issue of The Tidings is published the two daughters and two sons of Rev. and Mrs. Charles W. Abel will be united with their parents on the field.

The preparation of the foundations and building materials for the hospital at Kwato is going forward. The need for this equipment was again shown by the recent epidemic of measles in the district. A nurse is in view as soon as the time is ripe to send her out.

Since the April issue of The Tidings four Directors of the New Guinea Evangelization Society have been to London to confer with the Governing Committee of the Kwato Evangelization Society and the representatives of the London Missionary Society, in regard to the purchase of the plantations. The conference was enjoyable and a satisfactory agreement was reached, which will be announced elsewhere.

A cablegram was sent to Kwato from New York on August 25th announcing that a new Mission boat for touring the district has been promised by friends in Montclair. This new boat is much needed as the Mamari is old and inadequate in stormy weather. The new vessel will be thirty-eight feet long, equipped with a good Diesel engine. It will have a good cabin and will be named for James Chalmers, the famous missionary. It is a gift in memory of Mrs. Grace Davis McDougall.

The electric light is installed! We had our first exhibit on the eve of the 17th at the power house! Such cheers and yells and excitement! The boys and girls laughed—and almost cried—and hugged each other. Their faces were a sight! Marjorie Abel turned on the switch that gave us the first light.
A Royal Welcome

It is wonderful to be back here again! Everything seems greatly changed, though some of the change may be in me. I never realized that this place was quite so beautiful as it is. It is really marvelous. The cocoanuts and tropical foliage, the mountains, and the clear reflections in the calm sea of the little passage between Kwato and the two other islands all help to make a paradise of this island. The best thing of all has been getting back to these adorable people! The welcome they gave me was lovely. They all seemed so genuinely glad to have me back.

On the 29th of May the S. S. Montoro brought us in slowly through a maze of little islands to the port of Samarai. One by one, familiar landmarks came into view. There were the thickly forested mountains rising all around out of the sea. There were the strips of sandy beach, and the cocoanut palms growing in heavy belts along the shores. What joy as Kwato merged from its mountain background and came into view! Samarai was in quarantine on account of measles. The yellow flag was flying, which meant a long wait for permits to be granted before we could disembark. Long before these formalities were over the little mission launch, Mamari, was circling round and round the steamer with my father and sisters on board.

At last I descended the rickety gangway and was rowed ashore to Samarai in a small boat. Twenty minutes run in the Mamari brought us over to the mission station.

As we entered the Kwato passage a fleet of catamarans escorted us in, racing alongside the Mamari, the paddlers war-whooping in the way they do out here. There were crowds of people on the beach at Kwato lined up—and crowds more on the brow of the hill. The cheers echoed and reechoed as the Mamari drew up to the wharf amid the flying spray and the rhythm of the paddles. More cheers came from the villages over at Logea—across the passage. Can you imagine how I felt, being welcomed with such enthusiasm and real love? I was very much moved by it all. I ought to say that my venerable dog—Gyp—was also on the wharf to meet me! I do believe he recognized and knew me. He just wagged his stumpy tail and whined. Since then he has scarcely left my heel. The family used to say to him: “Where’s Russell,” and he would howl accordingly. Now he just wags his tail contentedly but immediately emits a moan if we mention Cecil! He is twelve years old. Old age has given
him a grace and dignity which he never possessed six years ago!

For days after I arrived, groups of natives kept coming to welcome me. I would catch sight of some old woman or grizzly old man peering through a window and beckoning to me. I would have to pretend I remembered them perfectly well! It was a risky attempt at times! "How are they all in your village?" I would say, not having the faintest idea where their village might be. "I am longing to come and see all my friends over there," I would say—feeling that "over there" was a fairly safe designation! They would think I recognized them and would fairly beam with pleasure!

I am very grateful to God that it is my privilege to come back to a people so full of genuine love for all of us. The joy the natives show is wonderful. One woman said: "For six years you saw all the wonders of white men's countries and yet you came back to us!" I should be sorry for myself indeed were I to exchange the wonderful love and friendship of these Papuan people for the wonders of white men's countries.

RUSSELL W. ABEL.

First Impressions

My first sight of Papuans in their native state was at Port Moresby, our first stop in Papua. A swarm of natives was at the dock to unload and reload the vessel. They were not an attractive group, I can assure you, with their great bushy heads of hair adorned with flowers, combs or bunches of evil smelling grass; faces greasy and painted with colors or tattooed in fantastic designs; ears and often noses pierced with great holes and rings or pieces of bone stuck through them. Their only article of clothing consisted of a meagre dirty loincloth and some armlets of woven grass, which fit so tight as to almost stop the circulation. These are very convenient for sticking a pipe or knife into, in place of a pocket. The bodies as well as the faces of many were tattooed, which doubtless made them feel quite dressed. There were a few with good natured faces, among the younger ones, but most of them looked ugly and fierce, due partly no doubt, to their painted faces. My first sight and smell of these people made me wonder if I could ever learn to love them!

It is a good thing that I saw these raw heathen first, for that made me appreciate more the difference in those at Kwato. When the mission launch reached the jetty at Kwato, we found over one hundred boys and girls and men and women lined up to greet us.

Their welcoming cheers, and the singing of "Star Spangled Banner" made me feel at once that I was among friends. These natives seemed like a different race from the ones I had seen at Port Moresby. The bushy hair of men and boys had been cut, and was neatly parted. They looked very nice with their smiling faces and clean nogi (two yards of cloth which is tied around the waist, knotted in the front, and covering the body to the knees). The girls were most attractive—with neatly arranged hair, white skirts and jibbahs (simple short sleeved blouses), or one-piece dresses; and the little kiddies were dear—all with faces beaming in welcome. These people have not the African type of features. Many are quite handsome, and the girls are really pretty, with soft curly hair, beautiful eyes, and clear cut features. As for the little kiddies, I lost my heart to them at once. I never saw more fascinating scraps of mischief and shy affection, very responsive to kindness and love. The babies too are darling mites and so good! I have seen a half a dozen at Sunday services and have not heard a peep from one of them!
One thing which has impressed me the most is the wonderful spirit of the place. Such happy faces, such willing service, such ringing laughter, such clean fun and harmless jokes (enjoyed by all)! The devotion of the people to the Abel family and the way they look upon Mr. and Mrs. Abel as their spiritual father and mother, and the Abel home as their home, is touching.

Although the diet of the boys and girls is very limited, consisting of rice and bread twice a day, and a cup of tea in the morning (two or three times a month they have a taste of meat), if they catch a fish, or have fruit in their gardens, the Abels' table is the first they supply. They truly love them better than themselves! The flowers, with which the house is profusely decorated daily, are all from the native gardens.

During the school terms the rising bell rings at five o'clock, then comes roll-call and the morning dip. Prayers follow, led by one of their own number, appointed by themselves. Tea and work about the house and grounds keeps them hustling until seven. Daily Bible classes and school last until ten, then comes manual work, breakfast, rest-hour and more work until recreation time in the late afternoon.

All the manual work of Kwato is done by the Papuans. This consists of housework, sewing, baking, laundry, gardens, road making, carpentry, masonry, boat building and work in the saw-mill, blacksmith shop, etc. It is all work of which to be proud, and the Government is always glad to employ the boys trained at this Mission.

After being here a month I can understand why the Abels would rather be here than anywhere else in the world.

I am so full of my first day at school that I can hardly think of anything else. It is hard to teach with no equipment. I had four copies of a little history of England to teach a mixed class of eighteen boys and girls (about 15 to 17) to read! One book I had to use myself. There were three other classes being taught at the same time in the room! I had four periods with this class, without a break, to teach reading, arithmetic, writing and geography—and no books.

My second day of school is over and I managed a bit better because I divided the class and had the boys up front first for reading and arithmetic, and gave the girls work to copy from the board and learn, then I reversed the process.

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MRS. ABEL and I were in charge of the work at Wagawaga and Manawara a part of January, and all the month of February. This was a convenient centre from which we could make short visits to help the people at Gwavili, and we were also able to make another short visit to Duabo.

In the school at Manawara for the village children, about a hundred boys and girls are in regular attendance. We greatly enjoyed the opportunity of getting into close touch with these little people, and of giving them some variety in the humdrum school routine to which they are accustomed. We have two methods of pronouncing the letters of the alphabet, according to whether we are teaching pupils to read English, or the native vernacular. I'm afraid, not being used to this work, I must have got things a bit mixed to begin with. One very small boy went back to his village and told his father the news that he had a new teacher, a white man, but, he said, he thought it would be a long time before he could read, as the teacher, referred to, was very shaky on the subject of alphabet himself. Paterfamilias couldn't read a word, but he had the good sense to publish the story broadcast which his equally ignorant neighbors enjoyed immensely.

**At Manawara the usual services on Sunday, and early on Wednesday morning, are well attended. A few months ago I took this place completely by surprise one Sunday afternoon, and the congregation I found assembled filled the large church. A Government Officer who visited the place one Sunday recently, went casually into the church and expressed surprise to find the service so well attended. Our most recent convert, one Taueoko, is a man getting on in years, who has all through his life kept severely aloof from the mission. He has not yet been baptized, but he is so impressed with the importance of God's message of salvation that he stands up, as soon as the preacher gives out his text, and remains standing throughout the address, with keen eyes sweeping the faces of the congregation. A drooping eye is almost impossible under Taueoko's scrutiny. The evangelist warned me as we went into the church the first Sunday, not to be perturbed by a man standing during the sermon. Unfortunately
my presence somewhat perturbed Taueko. However I noticed that he alone sat at the far edge of the platform facing the people, and, although I forgot all about him while I was speaking, I saw no slumberers in my congregation. (Churches in other lands copy—if they please!)

LAST year we had three or four very definite conversions of young boys of from ten to twelve years of age. So far as we know, this is something new in Papua. There are probably some who would question the genuineness of the experience of such youthful converts, but we are satisfied that the lives of these young people give evidence of a change of heart. A few days ago the mother of one of these young converts, who had been a church member for years confessed to me that if she had been a Christian at all she had been a dead disciple: "I used to speak about life with my lips," she said, "but there was little corresponding to it in my conduct. It was my little boy, Erika, who visited me and told me of his experience, who brought Christ into my life in such a way that I know now what it is to be 'alive unto God.'"

The Electric Lights

OUR friends have already heard that last year, the Christians living at Kwato, and some of those from other districts, decided to make the effort to raise sufficient money to provide the station with an electric light plant. Our days and nights are practically the same length all the year round, there being only about half an hour's difference between the shortest and longest days. There is little twilight as the sun sets quickly and day turns to night in a few minutes. For years we have tried to work at night with oil lamps, but this has not been satisfactory. The idea of having electric lights seemed too good to be true, but hearing what a valuable help they would be, the Christians set to work with a will. It was a bigger task than most of them realized, but we were pleased to see that they were attracted to the idea of undertaking something really difficult. It is interesting and encouraging to notice any growth in the Papuan, and we saw it in their determination to see this enterprise through.

Finally the task was completed and a few days ago, amidst great excitement, the large hall at the rear of the mission house was lighted for the first time with electricity.

The facilities this gives us for educational work after dark makes us as well off at Kwato as if we lived in the United States or England.

Rains and the Children

THERE is now a large crowd of children and young people at Kwato, since the most watertight accommodations can be furnished here during the rainy season. The pupils will remain until the continuous flooding rains have subsided and the roads to Duabo are passable once more. Meanwhile they are quartered in every dry spot that can be found. It is quite a task to extricate one's self from the mission house at night. Every door opens on to a sea of sleeping woolly heads, and one has to pick one's way across the veranda, in and out among the little mats on the floor, occupied by rows of sleeping children. All day there is a healthy din of voices coming from the big hall at the back of the house. It grows more quiet at night when the children go to bed, and one can hear instead the steady driving rain that has brought this big family together under our roof.

In the mornings their number is increased by the children who come over from Loga, a large neighboring island. It is amazing to see the expert way in which these small boys and girls manage frail catamarans in all kinds of weather, though they sometimes have to battle against swollen tides, treacherous currents and boisterous gales.

The Daily Round

School, breakfast, quiet time, prayers and mid-day rest takes until 2 o'clock or 2:30. Tea is at 3:30, and then, if the day permits, we try to go for a walk. It is the only way to get exercise. Dinner is from 6 to 7. Between times I have papers to correct—all my work to plan for the next day.

It is pouring, pouring, pouring and no sign of a let-up—books and shoes and leather bags, etc., are getting mouldy and mildewed. Beds have to be shifted all over the verandas because there are leaks here and there, but everybody keeps cheerful!
Interesting Experiences at the Out Stations

THURSDAY evening, after weeks of rain, the sky cleared and the place was transformed by the light of the full moon. Wednesday, at our mid-week service, there had been special prayer for a change in the weather. The native gardens were being ruined, and all the work of the mission and on the plantations was being hindered. Mr. Abel had no one in charge except native Papuans.

We passed Manawara enroute to Wagawaga. Here there is a store and mission house—only the two rooms—but there is a roofed shelter near where the Abels can eat and sit. There is a small river at Wagawaga which is a great boon in this climate. Mr. Abel wants to build a little mission house on this point where some of the

been unable to go to any of the stations in the Bay since March.

We were rejoiced to find it a perfect day on Friday, so Saturday morning we started for a week’s trip to Milne Bay. The captain had rigged up an awning on top of the Mamari and we started off, stopping at Samarai to see if there was a cable from London about the Conference. Mr. Abel was told that there was no cable, and he was disappointed. However, while he was at the store, a cable was brought to the Mamari with its good news.

Our first stop after Samarai was Kankope, at the entrance of Milne Bay. We waded across the point to the dairy, which is a little corrugated iron building on a cement foundation—the whole surrounded by roses and hibiscus. At every station we find flowers, even at the places where there

family can spend several months of the year, working in the villages on that side of the bay. It would be a lovely spot, and cool, because, whichever way there was a breeze, it would come off the water.

After an hour there, receiving and sending messages of greeting from Luabo (flashed by a mirror and the sun), we came six miles straight across the Bay to Koeabule. We reached here—unheralded—at 6 p.m. and found Miss Parkin’s house in perfect order and decorated with flowers. We had brought our own provisions, so we only had to have potatoes cooked. Koeabule looks like a Florida seaside place—with its nicely kept grass and palm trees and flowers. Miss Parkin’s house is very primitive, no windows, only shuttered openings, which have to be kept shut if it rains hard, then you can imagine how cheerful it is!
It is dreadful to think of her living here so long without window glass. Her little kitchen stove is so poor it won’t bake. This A. M. I went into the kitchen to prepare something and found the wooden shutters closed and the girl trying to work in the dark. I asked why she did not open the shutters and she said it cooled off the stove and oven!

Mr. Abel and Russell were here over Sunday and we had services all day (including communion). Monday morning at 9 they left in the Mamari to visit the stations across the Bay and hold services.

Anna W. Pierson.

A School Girl’s Letter

KWATO, Papua, July 11, 1927.

Dear Mr. Pierson:

We are all well at Kwato and Kwato is a very nice and pretty little island between the Logea. You know that Logea is a very big island and has a beautiful mountain and beautiful green leaves. And, dear, you know that Winter time is very wet weather so now very wet weather here at Kwato. We just sit on Miss Pierson’s veranda and write this letter to you. We are all Miss Pierson’s class, the 9 girls and 7 boys and we all love Miss Pierson because she’s very kind to us and loves us. Every morning when we goes to school on her veranda with a smiling face and say good morning to us, and we say, how can we thank God for his love to us and give us this kind mother, and sometimes we sit in our room and we talk about her and we say, how can we thank God for he gives us a kind mother and we kneel down and thank God and pray for her. This is a very bad weather and when the summer time comes then after a fine weather and a beautiful sunshine and beautiful looking hills and valleys, and when the sun set we all went up near the Church and that is a very little hill. They built our Church on that hill and we always went up there because we look down and see beautiful sunset and blue sky and red sky and beautiful green hills and valleys. Papua is a fine looking home and looking beautiful mountains, hills and valleys and covered with green leaves when the Summer comes. That’s all I want tell you. I must close my letter. I am one of your friends.

Nisepa.

Papuan Generosity

In half an hour we start off to one of the nearby outstations, Logopota, a preaching station supplied with evangelists every Sunday afternoon. We shall stay with the people for about four hours while the Mamari goes with the native evangelists to other centers. It is a beautiful day which we all appreciate after some very wild, wet weather.

We had a very interesting service this morning from 9:30 till 11. The church had elected a committee to allocate some part of our gifts and their decisions were announced this morning and the various fields briefly described and then each separately prayed for by one or other of the congregation. In this, we allocated gifts from the Papuan fellowship at Kwato as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Institution</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ridglands Training College, London</td>
<td>£10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New York Mission to Jews</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>London Mission to Jews</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bermondsey China Mission Cambridge Settlement</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Children’s Special Service Mission, Australia</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Africa General Mission</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Total nearly $300) .............................. £60

There will be a further allocation later on for all our gifts are not in yet and we shall designate some part to the needs of God’s work in our own district.

If possible, we ought to arrange for an area of unevangelized Papua to be allocated to us for further expansion and I ought to make a visit to this area and have pictures of the people for use in deputation work. If I could make this survey of our new field, I should feel inclined to write a small book dealing with our present work and the prospective work and field on the other. But any new book from Kwato must wait until we have something definite to say about the work we hope to do as a church in evangelizing the dark places.

C. W. A.

Sleepless Nights

Our sleepless nights here are due to the fact that we are overrun with degenerate-looking poultry. All the cocks are either crazy or demon-possessed. They all start crowing in chorus at all hours of the night. Last night at ten past twelve, one cock flapped its wings and shrieked—and in two seconds the whole island was ringing with shrill crows.

R. W. A.
A Great Opportunity—Papuan Visitors Coming to the Mission at Koeabule

News from Koeabule

For the last few months I have been at Kwato keeping the mission accounts, but have been able to make occasional visits to Koeabule. Cheering reports come from the girls there from time to time. Pauline is in charge, with Keleiane, and a few other helpers. They are trying to do their best for the Master and have a number of small children in their care on the station. There are also sixty children from the villages, who come in each day to school.

A great work is being done visiting in the villages and getting hold of the older people. There has been great joy amongst them over the conversion of Kenimuri, a heathen old man who would never listen to these girls. He would not come to the mission station and insisted that he was a good man and not in need of any Saviour. He has now accepted the Lord Jesus and acknowledges that he was a very bad man, and is going amongst his heathen friends telling them of the joy he has found.

An old woman, Pioka, has also recently come to the Lord, and is a wonderful example of the changing power of God. Her great desire is to learn to read, so that she can read the Gospels. She comes in every day to be taught and is trying very hard to learn. Before she leaves she always stays to ask if there is anything she can do to help at the station.

There is a reading class twice a week for old people. It is pathetic to see them struggling to learn their letters.

Some of these old people come a good distance to the mission station, so that instead of working in their gardens and providing and preparing the single meal a day which they have in the afternoon, these women often arrive very hungry in the mornings for their Bible class and reading lesson. And yet they will not accept any food, saying: “We do not come for food.” It is an evidence of growth that they refuse to be a burden on the mission in any way, and cheerfully make light of the inconvenience of coming so far.

The work at Koeabule is being entirely run by Christian Papuan girls. The work of grace in their own hearts may be seen in the way they are working together. One of them writes “if anything goes wrong we gather together and tell the Lord all about it, and then it is all right.” We know that the Lord is hearing them and using them.

Pray for this work and for these girls in charge, who are seeking to make Koeabule a real light in the darkness of the surrounding heathen villages. M. E. Parkin.
WILL you come to school with me this morning? The class is working hard at the weekly examination. Perhaps I could introduce you to some of the pupils as they sit at their desks before us.

* * *

This is Kahana. He is eight years old, and just as full of mischief as he looks. He is the eldest of three boys who lost their mother at the birth of the youngest, four years ago. He is in the lower third form at school and is quite a bright scholar for his years. He can read simple English and knows all his multiplication tables, and this he has learned in spite of his love of mischief. As I write his teacher is putting him to stand in the corner because he makes the class laugh! But he is a most lovable, friendly little boy, and often I find him on my veranda waiting for me to come, when he loves to talk and ask questions.

Will you pray for him that early he may learn to love the Lord Jesus and to dedicate his boyhood with all its fun and mischief to Him?

* * *

And this is Geordie. Geordie came to us when he was quite a wee boy ten years ago. Geordie's father was a European, and it was his dying wish that his little son should come to Kwato.

Geordie is great sport, a good cricketer, and a terror at football. But his virtues are not confined to sport for he is also a good scholar. He is top of the upper third and very keen to learn. About fourteen months ago he came to me one evening to tell me he wanted to belong to the Lord Jesus. He had heard in Church that He was coming back some day to take all who loved Him to be with Him. "I frighten," said Geordie, "Jesus might leave me." So very really he accepted Christ as his Saviour, and went away very happy in the assurance that he was now safe, and ready to meet his Lord.

Do pray for Geordie, that he may be kept true all through his boyhood. The temptations he has to face are as real and as strong as they are to any white boy of his age, and only the power of the Lord Jesus can keep him.

* * *

Eriki is the next; he is in the same form as Geordie and about the same age. His mother left him here when he was a very little lad. Eriki does not find learning so easy; this may be due, not so much to lack of brains, but to love of play! He also belongs to the Lord Jesus who is a very real power in his young life. Not long after his conversion he had a serious fall. He stole some money and spent it on salmon and meat at the store. The money was missed and the small boys were
Mr. Russell Abel and the Mamari at Wagawaga

suspected. We had a meeting; and I appealed to them to come and make a clean breast of it. That evening I was in my room and heard heart broken sobs outside my door, and there was Eriki. He brought back the meat and the salmon and was very sorry for what he had done.

Not long ago Eriki had to go to the hospital at Samarai to have an abscess lanced. While he was there, his mother visited him. Later I heard that through her small son she had to come to know of the Saviour.

Please remember Eriki, and pray that he may be kept strong and given grace to overcome his special temptations.

* * *

You will be interested to meet Daina. She has been with us a year, although before she came to live here she used to come to school every morning from Logea. She is little more than fourteen years of age, but sad to relate, she was betrothed when she was much younger to a man older than herself. She came over here one day in great distress, and begged to keep her as her people were determined that she should get married. “I am only a school girl,” she said, “and I hate marriage.” And so today Daina is learning to read and write and sew, and to be a useful little person. She is also learning the claims of the Lord Jesus on her life. We are praying she may soon realize that claim and be the means of bringing other school girls of her village to the Lord.

Already she has passed the test which enables her to become the proud possessor of an English Bible.

* * *

And now the bell has been rung and we must bid you “good-bye.” Some day I hope to introduce you to others in the school. Meanwhile please remember to pray for those you have met.

Phyllis D. Abel.

“They Are Very Cute”

Sunday, May 8th.

Yesterday the Mamari came back and brought twenty-two boys and girls from Duabo to stay for a while. They are very cute! You should have seen the eighteen little chocolate drops (they look like the “Gold Dust Twins” with their very short ruffles around their waists) at service this A.M. They were so good. After the opening exercises were over, they marched out so quietly and one of the older girls took charge of them. The babies and tiny tots are so darling and the little tots two or three years old are so confiding. They’ll take my hand and walk about with me or even run to my arms when I hold them out to them.
THE COMING OF THE FORD

EXCITEMENT ran high on Kwato last week. A Ford light delivery van had been shipped from Sydney, and was henceforth to carry all heavy loads, provisions and daily requirements of the institution up the hill. Hitherto everything has been brought up on people's backs. At the coming of the Ford the excitement of the rising generation was greater than anything seen on the faces of the unemotional carriers, who day in and day out have patiently put their shoulders under their burdens.

Interest in the arrival of this new dimdim (foreign) marvel did not confine itself to Kwato. The unpacking of the truck in the middle of the main street of Samarai (European town) created quite a sensation. The natives gathered round to wonder and exclaim. The white men lounging about the saloon leaned forward over the veranda rails to pass remarks about "good ole' Enry."

In due course the Ford arrived at Kwato, late one evening, and was put ashore amidst cheers from all the young people on the place. The following morning she made her trial run round and round the cricket pitch on the flatlands.

We were in the middle of school. Quiet reigned upon the hilltop, or at least comparative quiet. A droning murmur of voices came from the various classes that were studiously progressing through the morning's work. Suddenly our calm concentration was rudely broken by shouts and cheers coming accompanied by several deep nasal blasts from the Ford's horn. With one delighted shout every boy and girl arose in a body and bolted to see the Ford make its debut. We, who were trying to teach, were left standing with empty benches in front of us. It was useless to attempt to hold them back, for their excitement and wonder at seeing an automobile for the first time was beyond our control.

The boys and girls talked of nothing else for the rest of that day. Those who had actually been for a ride in the truck were looked upon as heroes.