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
MISS J. H. RIGHTER, Editor
(Published occasionally from 156 Fifth Avenue, New York)
(Copies sent free on request.)

Address: Kwato, Samarai, Papua. Via Sydney, New South Wales
Rev. Charles W. Abel
Mrs. Charles W. Abel
Margaret Evelyn Parkin
Phyllis D. Abel
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THE KWATO EXTENSION ASSOCIATION, INC., LONDON, ENGLAND

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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.
LONDON, May 23, 1928.

"Signed. Have cabled Abel.

"Hood"

A momentus history is contained in these few words that comprise a cablegram received from the Secretary of the Governing Committee of the Kwato Extension Association to the Board of Directors of the New Guinea Evangelization Society of America. They mark the decisive step taken in the purchase of the Kwato Mission Plantations and the transfer of the Mission property and work from the London Missionary Society to the joint control of the K. E. A., the N. G. E. S., and the new Australian Committee. We believe that it ushers in a new era of progress on firmer foundations.

* * *

This purchase has been consummated after a long period of negotiations. Dr. Thomas Cochrane of London, a member of the K. E. A. Governing Committee, was in New York in April, and conferred with the Directors of the N. G. E. S. On his return to London, he was enabled to bring the transaction to a satisfactory completion. This has been helped forward materially by the prayers and co-operation of friends in America and in Kwato.

* * *

One of the greatest evidences of devotion and self-sacrifice in the contributions toward the purchase fund was the pledging of £3,000, or £1,000 a year, by the Christians in Kwato toward this fund. This generous contribution will mean hard work and real sacrifice on their part and on the part of the missionaries.

* * *

In preparation for the reorganization of the work and the transfer of the control to the new Board, Mr. Chas. W. Abel visited Australia in March in order to strengthen the Australian Committee by the addition of new members. This he reports that he has been successful in accomplishing, as will be announced more fully later.

* * *

Coincident with the signing of the agreement for the transfer of the Mission from the L. M. S. has come the release of funds for the completion of the hospital at Kwato. Now the work will go rapidly forward.

The great need of a hospital, or possibly two, with competent missionary doctors and nurses, has been demonstrated recently by the epidemics that have visited Kwato and some of the out-stations. At one time, over forty natives were down at Kwato with measles, whooping cough, or pneumonia and the sickness spread to other points because there was no means for properly isolating and caring for patients. The burden fell almost entirely on Miss Phyllis Abel and her mother. Now it is hoped that the progress of these epidemics may be arrested and many lives spared.

* * *

One of the recent visitors to Kwato has written most enthusiastically of his visit and of this work. The letter of Dr. Meldrum, former president of Spokane University, Washington, will be found on another page. In another letter he says: "The very name of Kwato thrills my soul! When I think of the splendid work there and how it impinges in the very soul of the people and the future development of the country, I cannot but believe that the Mission is making history. Were I a young man I would come to the missionaries in Kwato for five years for instruction and would then go away up some of the great rivers of the Mandated Territory and I would there start a mission under the auspices of Kwato."

* * *

An American visitor who has been doing yeoman service in Papua for the past year (May, 1927, to May, 1928), as a volunteer missionary, is now on her way home. Miss Anna W. Pierson has been teaching school and helping in many other ways, a part of the time as the only white missionary at Duabo, the hill station on Milne Bay. Now she has regretfully left to return home to America, leaving behind her many blessed memories and fruits of her work and looking forward to the opportunity to win new friends for Papua by her presentation of the work in America.

* * *

It is with deep regret that we report the very serious illness of Miss Evelyn Parkin, one of the most valued and devoted workers of the Mission. Miss Parkin first went out to Kwato as a visitor about thirty years ago. Will friends pray earnestly for her in this time of need?
BRINGING IN SHEAVES OF BANANAS

An American Educator’s Impressions of Kwato

Spokane, Washington,
March 3, 1928.

On board the R. M. M. S. Aorangi, in April, 1927, I met Russell W. Abel, on his way from Cambridge University to Kwato, Papua, his home. He told me about the mission and invited me to visit them on my way to New Guinea. Some five months later, the Mamari met me at the port of Samarai, and there I met for the first time Rev. Charles W. Abel, though I had heard of him more than 20 years ago when I first visited the coast of Papua. Mr. Abel is a man of more than ordinary tact and missionary ability. Already he has had a long, stirring, useful career, yet he is full of mighty plans for the future, with unfaltering faith and energy adequate to their consummation if given the encouragement he and his work deserve.

It would be difficult to say just what is most needed at Kwato. I saw so many things that they ought to have that I would be afraid to give a list of them. Yet there is one thing which seems to stand out above all others and that is the hospital. This is a challenging opportunity to fairly minister to the physical needs of all those tributary to the mission. The obligation is imperative.

There is a refreshing spiritual atmosphere pervading Kwato that is unique. The old Bible is the chief text book. God, with them, is really the Heavenly Father and Jesus is His real Son, the Saviour of the world, while the real presence of the Holy Spirit is felt everywhere. This begets within the pupils, both heathen and Christian, a quiet discipline that is truly remarkable.

I wish I had space to speak of the staff. I have hinted at the ability of the director. I must speak also of his wife who is a perfect genius as a missionary. She is a woman of culture and grace, with a voice which is persuasive, low and sweet; yet at her slightest command the wheels of industry move with silent high precision. Under such leadership it would be passing strange if the whole staff were not highly efficient and the great program of missionary enterprise-carried out to the very best advantage.

In conclusion I may say that I richly enjoyed my short stay at Kwato, and some day I hope to return to help to do a few things which really need doing.

Yours very truly,

A. MACKENZIE MELDRUM.
The First Six Weeks of 1928

THE year began with joy and great cause for thanksgiving. New Year’s Day was to have been the day for baptism. However, there were so many wishing to be baptized, who came at all hours of the day and night to talk with one or another of us, that it was impossible to deal with them all. So the baptism service was postponed for the following day. That evening there was an opportunity for those who wanted to be baptized on the morrow to make their public confession of each one’s personal experience of the New Life in Christ Jesus. It was a crowded meeting. It is difficult to describe the praise and rejoicing that filled us as one after another arose to tell of the Saviour they had come to know. There were some who spoke in a bold voice, some in almost a whisper, and others broken down in the realization of the Mercy that was to restore the wasted years.

Some of those who confessed their sins were elderly men—backsliders, who had trodden the hard way of transgressors till at last they had found again the Father’s love. There were one or two women, some young girls, and several youths from nearby villages who nobly proclaimed their Master before many of their young heathen friends.

We, who know how reticent these people are, and how seldom any voice of authority is raised in the rather communistic native communities, could appreciate just what it cost each one to make this stand. We could realize also, to some extent, how great was the Power of God within them, thus evidenced.

The meeting was a great blessing to us all. For some of us, who had long fought in prayer for one and another of these boys and girls, it was a very moving experience. But an even greater inspiration was the solemn service of baptism on the following day. At this service one or two whose courage had failed them on the previous evening were given the strength to face the more difficult test of speaking at the baptism service. These were testimonies of real victory.

And so the New Year began, with a revival of life and faith and joy in our Church community.

The renewed consecration of those first days sent us forth again. Many went back to difficult places whence they had come to join us at Kwato for fellowship and refreshment in Christ.
Shortly after we had separated to our respective spheres of work, measles and whooping cough broke out amongst the school children at Kwato and Duabo. This may sound trivial enough in England or America but in primitive New Guinea it can be a serious epidemic that may work havoc in the native communities with their weird ideas of doctoring. We put ourselves into strict quarantine, but in spite of our efforts measles reached the villages at Logea. Before very long the sound of wailing coming from an adjacent hamlet told us that it had begun to take its toll.

It was a little girl that had died. She was ill, and feeling very hot she decided to sit up to her neck in the sea and get cool. No protest was raised by her wiser relatives, and ere long she was dead—before we were even aware of her illness.

Here at Kwato everyone went down with the epidemic like ninepins. The few survivors had to work very hard to keep things going as well as a full house of patients fed and nursed.

At the same time there were two cases of pneumonia and two of sunstroke, besides one of those unfathomable complaints that abound in a tropical country.

So we had our hands full. Many were the times we longed for the day when the hospital will stand completed, and when we shall be able to leave the sick and diseased in the professional care of its precincts. Meanwhile, we have to do the best that prayer and common sense will combine to do, and, looking back, we can only praise God for His goodness in restoring so many that were an anxiety to us.

We began to be hopeful that we were going to be freed at last from the sickness that has so hindered work lately. But we discovered that a far worse thing had come amongst us.

Dysentery broke out on Kwato amongst the children and young people. For the past week my two sisters have nursed the sick while I have gone about trying to introduce and enforce sanitary measures. I have also tried to convince these people that if they will forget the superior understanding in these things that they seem to attribute to themselves and cooperate with us in our efforts this danger will soon pass from us. I have tried to insist upon everyone drinking only water that has been boiled and have provided bins of boiled water for all who will come and drink. I think some of them regard this as a strange superstition of mine. At times it has been quite a job trying, by no means for the first time, to superimpose our ideas of disease and infection on people none too willing to part with those of their own. However, I believe we are succeeding. Certainly more boiled water has been consumed latterly than at first. The bins now need continual replenishing, which is a hopeful sign and means that someone must be drinking pure water.

We are thankful that this illness has not been widespread. Not more than seven have had to be isolated for it hitherto. Some of these have now recovered. But one, a very lovable little boy of about seven, slipped away from us one morning, exhausted to death by the ravaging complaint.

This was a very great sorrow to us all. His mother died some years ago and he has been with us all his life. The boys dug a wee grave and we laid the small wasted body to rest a few hours later. He has left a real gap amongst us. The universal grief on the place spoke of the way this child had won the love of us all, even of the many who shared our sorrow at the little service by the graveside. It was a choice little soul that now represents us on the “Other Side.”

The past six weeks have had their difficulties. We have been brought continually to seek God’s will, His strength for ourselves, His healing for others, His comfort and abiding Presence always.

We are praying that our plans of work that have been disordered by much illness may yet be realized. And so we go on in faith that He will lead us through this time of anxiety.

R. W. A.

I wish I could sketch the scene upon which I am looking when I raise my eyes. I am sitting on a bank near the house and looking out upon Logea—opposite about one-eighth of a mile across the water. That bank is fringed with cocoanut palms. A little to the left the water widens into the ocean, and still further to the left I can see the pretty little island of Samarai. Still further to the left is another hill—on Kwato—with a valley between this hill and that. On that is the Kwato flagstaff which always welcomes incoming steamers. Directly in front of me is a steep hillside to the water, with a dozen cocoanut palms scattered at different levels. This place certainly satisfies one’s love of the beautiful.

R. W. A.
Adventures of a Visitor

I am now at Duabo. It is beautiful up here, with the everchanging sea 1,200 feet below us, and the “everlasting hills” and mountains round about us. I teach in the morning, but in the afternoons there is little to do but rest and read and write.

I was carried all the way up from the launch to this house, a distance of more than three miles, including the long, steep climb. I wasted lots of pity on the eight carriers for they never stopped once to rest and were able to laugh and talk most of the way. Two long bamboo poles (about four inches in diameter) were fastened together, with a heavy piece of canvas laced about them as a chair. I sat on this and it sagged like a hammock. A piece of wood was tied across back of me to keep me from falling out backwards when going up the steep mountain, and another in front to hold me when going down into gullies.

The journey through the bush on the flat, before we began the ascent, was most interesting and beautiful in its tropical luxuriance. I saw some huge, bright blue butterflies, such as are used in lockets.

I certainly feel like a full-fledged missionary now. For nearly three weeks I have been here alone with natives—ten miles from the nearest white person! Teaching school and Bible classes and preaching on Sunday, etc. I have some good helpers. Labine, who is Miss Abel’s assistant, is a fine girl. She is gentle, firm, deeply spiritual and has a fine influence on the boys. Alice, too, my cook, is a good Christian girl and helps with the teaching. In the evening I sometimes play parcheesi or flinch with them or read to all the girls (there are ten altogether who do the native cooking or washing, housework, or work in the gardens). There are five men who look after the gardens, cows, and repairs, and one who hunts and brings in ducks, wild pigeons, kangaroos, wild pig, flying foxes, etc. I have not tried kangaroo or foxes, but I eat and like all the native vegetables, cooked in native-style, and all the native fruits.

It is lonely here because there is no where to go. I can take no exercise. The views are beautiful, but on the top of this hill are only a few ramshackle buildings—all but one much in need of repair or being torn down. It is hot because there is only one shade tree. The playground is treeless, and small. Outside the fence is all down hill and there are wild bulls about so that I do not stir more than five minutes walk from the house. The sea is lovely to look at, but it is so far away! The views of the mountains are beautiful too, but I feel marooned.

Saturday we had a very bad storm of wind and rain. It blew and rained so hard that it broke open doors and windows and we were flooded. We had to nail up some of the doors and windows. The walls of the house are so eaten with white ants that there are several peepholes onto the veranda.

Anna W. Pierson.
A Duabo School Day

The Duabo Preparatory School is a school for small boys in the mountains, about thirty miles from Kwato. There are seventy-six boys in the school, ranging in age from three and a half to fifteen years. There are also twelve tiny girls in the kindergarten. These, with fourteen little boys of the same age, are known as my "babies."

A large number of the boys come from Christian homes. Their parents, being followers of the Lord Jesus, desire that their little ones should learn to follow Him too. But some of them are unwanted children and some are orphans.

Shall I take you in imagination through a normal day at Duabo?

I am afraid you will have to wake very early, for the rising bell rings at 5 a.m. Quarter of an hour later you will see a long line of small figures with towels round their shoulders disappear into the mist on their way to the spring for their morning bath. At a stroke of the bell at 6 o'clock there will be silence, and everywhere you will see boys bending over their Bibles, or saying verses if they cannot read, or you may see them in simple prayer asking their Lord Jesus to give them strength to live for Him during the day. This is "Quiet Time" and ends at 6:20, when the bell calls them to family prayers. At 6.30 a long line of mugs of tea and small loaves of bread are eagerly attacked by the hungry boys, and at 6:45 the school bell rings.

In school they learn English—you would be astonished how well some can read and write in our language—arithmetic, geography, a brief history of their own land and of other countries, and Scripture. They also learn to be true and fair and honest in work and play. These boys are very like their white brothers in many respects. They often have to "stay in" when school is over for "prep" left undone or for work badly done. But on the whole they are very good and teaching them is often a real pleasure.

At 10 o'clock schools are over for the day. Out come bat and ball, football, top and skipping rope, and games banish all thought of school from these carefree young heads. Lunch at 11 a.m., of rice and greens, ends morning play for, after lunch, the older boys go to the gardens and help to produce their food; only the babies have not yet known the meaning of work. At 3:30 there is bath drill again, and the boys come back looking so fresh and clean with their hair nicely combed and wearing their afternoo nogis (loincloths). Once more the playground is the scene of every conceivable game, while merry voices and happy laughter fill the air.

After tea there is evening prayers. You would delight in the hymn of praise sung so sweetly in parts.

So ends the day. At 7 o'clock all will be silent—rows and rows of little mats with a pillow and blanket and a black curly head fast asleep.

A Sunday with Dilibona

Late yesterday afternoon we walked along the coast to a small village to see a Christian man named Dilibona. It was only in the morning that we heard that he was ill. We found him at death's door, so weak that he could hardly recognize us. Our people had done all they could to help this sick man, but he seemed to be dying for want of proper nursing. We found him a mere shadow, with a terrible sore at the back of his knee, and the leg and foot very swollen. Three sad-faced women sat around him with their helpless hands folded in front of them, and a fire burned nearby filling the stuffy shack with smoke. Dilibona said to one of our Christian women, "My body is very weak, but my faith in Christ is not weak; I have no fear." He lies surrounded by heathenism. His friends have been trying to get him to allow them to call in a lauobaoba but Dilibona would have nothing to do with their black magic. "Only Christian hands shall wait upon me," he said.

Had this man been removed four weeks ago to a place where he could have been skillfully nursed, he would have been saved this pain, and his life would have been spared.

Books for Journeys

There isn't a book that is sent, which is left unread. I find time somehow to read them. If I only go to Samarai in the launch, a 20 minute trip each way, I get 40 minutes' reading and, on longer journeys, it is, as you can imagine, a great treat to sit and sometimes get through a book on a journey.

C. W. A.
Seeking the Way

In our difficult ministry among the heathen in the villages we need the constant prayerful co-operation of our fellow-workers in the Homelands.

From my notes of the “sheep who have heard His voice,” you may be able to understand and share our burden before the Great Shepherd.

In this ministry we need much wisdom, grace and discernment. Will you pray that these babes in Christ may be kept increasing in the knowledge of Him, taught of the Spirit, that there may be no backsliding?

Many cannot read, and we have not the number of Christian leaders we need to carry on the work of teaching and caring for them.

Will you pray, too, that in us there may be “the well of water,” the source of life, wisdom and blessing springing up and overflowing at all times?

LIBONOMA: Husband a Christian. She can read and seems sane and understanding. Very sincere and prays for herself. She and her husband always have prayer in the morning. A hopeful case. She promises to help some of the others to read.

SINEMAIALELE: Another very nice-looking, sensible girl. Married. Cannot read but will try to learn. She understands something of the Way, and was willing to “sell all she had,” giving up all heathen practices that she may have the life in Christ. She grasped apparently all I said. After I had finished the necessary teaching, I urged growth by obedience to the Spirit’s prompting, which she quite understood had brought her to seek salvation.

HINABONEKU: Converted in 1926, living a happy Christian life, if her happy face is any indication. She came to hear my word for she wanted more food. So we sat and talked of Him we both love, and it was something to praise Him for to see her glow of joy as we dwelt on some of the meanings of His dear name as we had proved it. It was a unique and sweet experience. I would like more of these talks. Praise God for keeping her.

ENERI: A dear lad of about fourteen. So eager, serious, and intelligent; wonderful for so young a boy. After hearing all about the Way and how to enter in, he prayed a little prayer for himself. There must have been rejoicing among the angels.
over this child. He is the first of the young and unmarried people to take the great step. A little child leads the way.

BOIANUKU: Taramuri's wife. A cross, sulky-looking girl. 'When asked if she understood what I was trying to explain she kept me waiting for nearly a minute in dead silence, and just as I was beginning to think that she evidently did not, she said with a snap, “ea ataiei” (I understand) which almost took my breath away. She had begun by saying that she knew she was a sinful woman and had come because she wanted Jesus Christ.' It was a difficult task to lead the poor soul to the Saviour. It was a long interview. I felt the necessity of being very cautious. But at the end I was relieved to get from the girl a much more subdued tone of voice as she said, “I have understood all your words to me.” When at last I urged her to go alone and meet the Lord in some quiet place, and tell Him each sin she could remember, and to seek and to accept His forgiveness and cleansing, she said, “I will go.”

HINAUEOK: A quiet, earnest little woman. She said that about a week ago the call came to her to come to Jesus, “like a voice within.” She and her husband are old students of Ou's. Her husband's account of his call is similar, very distinct, as was his response. He at once told his wife, and she was ready to seek the Lord having herself “heard the voice.” She was very easy to talk to, very responsive, and seemed to understand. When I asked her to pray she did so silently but her lips moved. She, too, left me to go to the Lord alone and to make a full confession of all remembered sins. B. E. A.

The Flesh Against the Spirit

TWO young Christian women spent their afternoon yesterday visiting the villages near to Koeabule, and returned disheartened. They went hoping to get into touch with the heathen women that they might lead their thoughts to Christ. But in all the hamlets they passed through the people were feasting for the dead. Their minds were wholly given up to eating and over-eating. They frankly admitted that it was no use talking to them of anything else just then. “Come and join us,” they said, “for food is plentiful.” “No,” said the evangelists, “we have come for one purpose, and we will wait until you have finished eating, and then we will have prayer with you.” So they sat in the shade and waited a long, long time before anyone would join them. After a brief reading of the Scriptures and a prayer, to which very few of the people listened, a man immediately called out in a loud voice, “Now come and let us eat more pig.” Seemingly this was not an opportune time for these young Christian girls to offer to these fellow countrymen the Bread of Life. But the word had been spoken by faithful lips and we have His promise “My word . . . shall not return unto me void: it shall accomplish that which I please.” How often we have seen and shall see again so wonderful a change that we could say of it, instead of the thorn has come up the fir tree, and instead of a briar has come up the myrtle tree.

A Link Between Kwato and Korea

ABOUT six months ago Miss Pierson gave a very interesting talk on Korea, which she has twice visited. We were naturally most deeply interested in the story of the Arthur T. Pierson Bible School, founded in memory of her father. Being told of the need in which this Bible School stood for funds to enable poor Christian youths to avail themselves of training for evangelistic work, our Christians decided to send a small donation to Rev. W. J. Anderson, the Principal.

At our mid-week early morning service a letter was read from Mr. Anderson acknowledging this gift, and disclosing the following remarkable answer to faith and prayer. Our people at Kwato were much touched by this fruitful outcome to their desire to share in the Lord's work in Korea. Mr. Anderson writes:

“. . . The other student is Mr. Im. He was selected and sent by one of the greatest evangelists in Korea because he thought that this student had great possibilities for a church worker. Im tried in various ways to make money so that he could go to school but his people are so very poor that, if he made any money, he had to use it for them. This fall he wrote that he could not study at all if he did not receive help, and I had to tell him that I could not help him. But he trusted God and said that he would come and that God would provide for him. He arrived one morning at 7 o'clock, two weeks after the term had begun, and the money which you had sent came at nine o'clock the same day. Was that not a wonderful answer to prayer? We all praised God and gave him thanks for we knew that He had led in it all.”
A CLASS OF SENIOR GIRLS AT KWATO

From Day to Day

Mid-Day Prayer

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them." Matt. 18:20.

At noon today our prayer meeting was attended by only five Papuans. This is the smallest body to assemble at this quiet half-hour's devotion that I can remember for many years. But it was an unusually refreshing time nevertheless. There is always some urgent need to have supplied, some reminder of our dependence upon the Lord, or there is some difficulty to seek strength to meet, wisdom and power to overcome; often, too, some special cause for thanksgiving.

How this season of prayer administers to our life was particularly noticeable today when so few could be present. How far afield our thoughts took us in prayer and to what varying interests they directed us nearer home! There were two short earnest prayers offered for the sick amongst us. Then, there was a prayer for one of our number, a young man, who has gone to Port Moresby and begins his work today as a native carpenter under the Papuan Government. The prayer for Augame was that he might be kept true to Christ under new conditions of life, and among strangers, and that in all his work he might honor his Master and adorn his profession.

There was a birthday to remember and a blessing to be entreated for the absent one who is celebrating it at a lonely outstation. There was a note of thanksgiving for a new life given to us in the birth last night of a little son to two of our Christian workers here; a more than usually happy event since these parents have mourned the loss of two previous babies. Lastly, there was a prayer for those in far distant lands whom we are privileged to help in the Gospel and for whose work it is our custom to pray, a prayer which took us to the Lord on behalf of His workers among the Jews in New York and East London, to Korea and to Africa and Australia.

Many years ago this daily prayer-meeting was started in the lunch interval and all through these years it has been a blessing to many, and has linked us up with our prayer partners on the other side of the world. In more recent years the Christians in this part of Papua have followed our example and at five different centers God's people meet for prayer at the same hour. What bright oases these centers are in the arid desert of prevailing heathenism—on the one hand the godless going about the simple duties of their lives with no higher purpose than to keep body and soul together, with no elevating thoughts to stir the hearts, with no vision of a spiritual
world to inspire them, and in the midst of this darkness these little groups of Christian men and women laying hold of God and familiarizing themselves with the things of His kingdom. C. W. A.

. . . I was at Koeabule about eight days ago and had a very nasty trip in. Really we are not properly fitted to carry lady passengers in our little launch, but it is the kind of thing they get used to, or perhaps I should say, put up with uncomplainingly. I wonder sometimes whether we strike you as wanting too many creature comforts and conveniences. We have worked for so many years poorly equipped that I think we might be excused; if not too late in the day, we should be glad to see the thing well done. If the Lord will send us the good news that you are still to be our colleagues, and that the American connection which has brought us such joy in our life, and, we believe, such blessing in our service, is to be maintained and developed, we should be willing to go on as we are, and, realizing God's goodness to us in this most important respect, say, "we have all. and abound."

CHARLES W. ABEL

"We are passing through trying times just now, and have need of all the patience we can muster to take care of all our patients! They have 45 cases of measles at Kwato, and several others who are seriously ill. They have to be so huddled together that every one—almost—gets it. It was brought to Kwato by a little girl from Koeabule. She played with other children before she was taken, then some one took care of her and caught it, the children she played with took it and so on by geometrical progression! We did not bring any children to Duabo from Kwato for fear of bringing it to the boys here. We brought an apparently well girl from Koeabule and she came down with fever a few days after. Others took care of her; then it turned into measles. Now we have six with measles and two others with other troubles. We have given up the girls' house to the girls with measles and the boys' house to the boys. All the rest of the 40 sleep on our verandah! Practically every boy here has a dreadful cold and cough—this precedes the measles. At night there is scarcely a minute when there is not one or more coughing or sniffing!"

A. P.