MR. CECIL Abel AND THE MISSION TEACHERS AND HELPERS AT WAGAWAGA
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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Rev. Charles W. Abel, Kwato, Samarai, Papua

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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.)

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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.
Notes and News

Causes for Thanksgiving

The much needed hospital at Kwato is at last well under way. The delay, caused by uncertainty as to the future and by the heavy rains of the winter season, has passed and there is reason to hope that before long it will be ready for use.

* * * *

The missionary nurse is also on the field. Miss Danilevitch, a Russian young lady, who has received a thorough nurse’s training in England and Scotland, and who took a Bible course at Carfax College, Bristol, visited America on her way to the field last July and won many hearts by her devotion to Christ and His service. She sailed from Vancouver on July 25, joined Miss Phyllis Abel at Auckland, New Zealand, and arrived in Kwato the last of September amid great rejoicing. Miss Danilevitch is planning to devote her time and skill, not only to caring for the sick, but to teaching the Papuans sanitation and to training native nurses. There is hope that a missionary doctor will soon be found and sent out as well as another missionary nurse, a dentist, an additional teacher and a bookkeeper. Pray that these and their support may be supplied in God’s own good time and way.

* * * *

A consecrated teacher, an additional trained Christian nurse, and a missionary spirited business agent and bookkeeper are already in sight if their support is forthcoming. The budget for each missionary amounts to only $1,000 a year—including travel, furlough and sick leave.

* * * *

The Papuan Christians have shown remarkable zeal and a truly sacrificial spirit in raising money for the purchase of the mission plantations. They undertook to give £1,000 a year for three years for this purpose and recently forwarded £333, or one third of this amount for the first year. The interesting story is told by Mr. Abel in this issue of the [Tidings].

* * * *

Rev. Charles W. Abel recently visited Australia to consult with the Overseas Committee and to enlist the cooperation of new friends and prayer-partners in the work. Early next year we hope to welcome him again in America. Correspondence in reference to speaking engagements and other contacts should be directed to the Secretary at the office of the Tidings.

* * * *

When Dr. Meldrum, the former president of the Spokane University, Washington, returned to America after a brief, but a

blessed visit to the Mission, he wrote “.....The very name Kwato thrills my soul. When I think of the splendid work you are all doing there, and how it impinges on the very soul of the peoples of the islands and on the future development of the country, I cannot but believe you are making history. .....Were I am a young man, without a family, I would come to you for instruction for five years, and then go away up some of the great rivers of the Mandated Territory and start a Mission under Kwato.”

* * * *

We give thanks for the recovery of Miss Parkin from a serious illness that physicians in Australia reported would prevent her return to Papua. She is now back at her post but prayer is asked for all the mission workers that their health may be preserved.
in the midst of their very arduous work and trying climatic conditions. The opening of the hospital and the coming of the trained nurse will prove a great boon.

* * * *

Our Treasurer, Mr. Walter McDougall, and our Volunteer Field Secretary, Miss Anna W. Pierson, were married in Upper Montclair, New Jersey, on October 5, three months after her return from a year spent in helping the missionaries in Kwato. Mr. and Mrs. McDougall are now visiting mission stations in Guatemala.

Our Boys and Girls

For the last six weeks, I have had the unspeakable joy of having twenty-four of the youngest children of our nursery with me out in Milne Bay. They were sent out convalescent after the epidemics that came, early in the year, many of them little bundles of skin and bone. Twelve were sent to Wagawaga, and twelve to Koeabule. All have completely recovered, and some are looking better than they ever did before. They are the most lovable children you could meet, full of mischief, as most children are, but full of a wonderful affection that has made me lose my heart to them. No one could help being moved by the way they sing the children’s choruses that are so well known in England. They all have their favorites; I think, if you asked Robin which, he would say “He did not come to judge the world,” and Sonia would always choose “Two little eyes to look to God.”

All of them possess very distinct little personalities. Take, for instance, Eskenia and Bondi, who are cousins. Eskenia is a very sturdy, solid little fellow who struggles hard, but vainly, at his lessons. But for his upbringing in a home, where the Lord Jesus also lives and is honored, he would be a thorough little bully. He will undoubtedly find his sphere in some very practical field. He is the one who is hanging upside down in the snap on page Eleven. The other one is Bondi, his cousin. He is an intelligent, refined little fellow with any amount of spirits and “go,” and he is very good at school. It was Bondi who led the other five, Robin, Eskenia, John and Mamari, all armed with small spears, shields, and other missiles to lie in ambush for me on the plantation road one day. I was completely surprised, and had a very thick time of it!

Here are just two of twenty-four bright, promising, intelligent children who form our kindergarten. It gives one new inspiration sometimes to think of the possibilities of this work in the future with little people like this coming on.

It will interest friends to learn that, in by far the majority of cases, the parents of these children are our own mission people, born, brought up, and now helping us in this same work. These had very poor opportunities for educational growth and development; largely for the simple reason that we lack the staff and equipment. With every on-coming generation, we have hoped to give them the same opportunities for education that I myself have had. But we have always been disappointed, though every successive generation has progressed further than the previous one with only a very few more educational facilities available. So, looking at these little people, I frequently ask myself whether in them we shall realize our hopes. We will not lower our ambition. If we do not achieve it in Robin, we will aim for it again in Robin’s younger brother. This intensive work is what my father has insisted upon from the beginning, and is as essential a part of the future evangelization of this Island as is our industrial work. But I will not yet believe that for Robin and his fellows it is too late. With the prospect of other helpers coming out to our assistance in the near future, I believe it can be done. Will you pray that it will be done and that God will equip for His service this wonderful little band of boys and girls?

Cecil C. G. Abel.

I was down at the hospital site all yesterday afternoon with Saulea and some of the boys. We are clearing the scrub from the flat to the right hand side of Meldrum Avenue. The ground seems rather higher there than at the old site which is rather hollow and inclined to be wet in rainy weather. On opening it up yesterday it appeared as good for the purpose as the former site, and it has six beautiful large shade trees towards the beach, quite equal to those at Bububudagadugu.

The banana trees are doing well. The wet weather evidently suits them. And the shrubs and trees I brought from Sydney are thriving for the most part. That part of Kwato will look very beautiful some day. The slightest attention on man’s part, and nature does the rest.
BUSY LEARNING "THE THREE Rs" AT KWATO

From Day to Day at Kwato

THURSDAY, May 24th, to Sunday, May 27th, are days likely to be remembered by us at Kwato for a long time. The wonderful news that the contract had been signed in London reached us on Thursday evening. Two cables were then put into my hand. One was from London and ran as follows—"Abel, Samari, Papua. Contract signed." The other was from New York and contained the following message—"Hospital money released. Mailing five thousand dollars. Philippians 4:4 (Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice.) American Partners."

This news was received with deafening cheering. When the noise had subsided, we gathered and sang, "Praise Him, praise Him," then we were led to the Throne of Grace in a prayer of thanksgiving.

Friday was declared a public holiday. In the evening, when the "Mamari" returned from the Bay with my son, Russell, and the Purchase Fund deputation on board, we welcomed them, much to their bewilderment at first with great clamor; the sea-front, jetty and hillside were ablaze with bonfires and native torchlights.

On Sunday, we had a special service in the morning to hear the reports from the elders who had been sent throughout the district to meet the church members, and to invite them all to take part in a special effort to raise our portion of the Purchase Fund. Seven chosen men had gone on this mission, and four of these addressed us on Sunday morning. It was very interesting to hear what they had to say of their journey. Some points which stand out in my mind are these: First, the fear with which these messengers set out to do their work. They seemed to think that it was one thing to explain a matter of this kind to the community around Kwato, and quite another thing to get the people, less enlightened, to see what it was intended to do. However, they were conscious, all through their fortnight's travels, that the Lord was with them in a very special way. The method adopted was to get the Christian people to meet with them in the various localities they visited, and then for the seven members of the deputation to address them. In this way, what one omitted to say another would remember. All the same, it was evident that their explanations were not fully understood by...
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some of the very simple people. After the visitors had delivered their addresses, they made it a practice to retire, and leave the local church to think and talk things over among themselves. At one place they were re-called in a short time, and at none of the centers was there any long delay in asking the deputation to return. At each place the reply came in the form of a parable.

The Babada Report

At Divinai, Tiebubu arose, and said, "We greatly rejoice in your coming to us. A river which has no tributaries soon runs dry unless it is fed by other small streams along its course: then it flows in strength and things which choke the channel for a time are swept away. We are a small stream, but we are a part of the river."

At Wadunou, when the elders were re-called, the spokesman, Bobonube, said, "Your words are sweet to our ears: your message has warmed our hearts. You have spread out your minds before us like a letter. Are we to fold back what you have laid open for us?"

After a two days' conference at Lilihoa, the Kwato delegates were recalled and We-deka said, in the name of the church located there, "A tree does not grow downwards, it springs forth from its roots. Kwato is the root. We have received our life from you. We are the branches and continually draw our help from you."

The bearing of all these parables upon the question of the Fund is that our Christians are of one mind absolutely. They will each do what they can to raise the money for Kwato's share. The written report includes a very interesting sentence which runs: "We did not find any person who said, 'I can do nothing.'"

* * *

A letter from Mr. Cecil Abel received at Kwato this week from an out-station gives news of the progress of the deputation along the coast. He met them at Laiam on Sunday morning when on his way to take the services at Maivara. "I met the babada, (elders) he says, "early on Sunday morning at Laiam. Some of their party had already scattered for the work of the day, inland to Goni and elsewhere. Those I saw seemed highly pleased with the response made to their appeal and message everywhere. They spoke of it as the evident manifestation of God's working in the hearts of the church in answer to our prayers. It seems to have warmed the babada and done them all good. One good thing I was pleased to see: they had decided among themselves to put off until the following day, Monday, all reference to the subject of the Fund. The usual Gospel services for the people were thus carried through as usual, and an announcement was made that church members were requested to meet for conference the following day. I liked this immensely," adds Mr. Cecil Abel. "This may seem a small matter to some who read these lines. But it means Papuan growth in tactfulness and sound judgment. Without prompting they had done the right thing. This is not as easy as some might think for people who are just beginning to exercise their minds in such new directions."

* * *

Hale and Farewell!

The visit of Miss Anna W. Pierson (now Mrs. Walter McDougall), which has meant so much to all of us, Europeans and Papuans alike, came to a close when the "S.S. Morinda" sailed at noon last Monday week. Had the sailing been postponed for one day, Miss Pierson's stay with us would have been for exactly one year. In bidding her God-speed some evenings before she actually left us, a provisional promise was given that some day she would come back and see us again. And, with this thought in our minds, we found solace in parting. Our dear friend could not have chosen a better time in which to have seen every aspect of our work under varying conditions. She was with us in joy and in sorrow: in health and in sickness: she saw the work as it is normally conducted, and she saw it all upset and disorganized by a succession of epidemics when the Mission house was transformed into a hospital. From the day she landed, she was never merely an interested onlooker, but was one with us, and one of us, in everything we found to do from day to day to bring these people to Christ. She leaves behind the precious memory of true friendship and fellowship in the Gospel.
Our thought as she leaves us to return to her home in Montclair is one of great thankfulness to God for heartening us in His work through this visit, and for enriching our lives through this much-prized friendship.

* * *

A Faithful Old Friend

Muna, an old, faithful Papuan friend passed away in April. He was a true Christian, although his life, for the past twenty years or so, suffered serious limitation from the shock he sustained in the death of his wife. Twenty years ago, Muna was an important man among us, giving promise of considerable capacity. He came to us as a small boy of twelve years of age, and was converted when quite a youth. He married Mary, one of our ablest young women. After a short, happy married life, Mary died. On the evening of the day she passed away, Muna came to the Mission house to see me. We spent a short time together, and then I led him to the God of all comfort in prayer. As he left me, he made an unsuccessful effort to say something. His sorrow, I supposed, had rendered him speechless. The following day, we noticed that he wore a white patch of hair over his forehead, and since that day, so many years ago, he has not regained his speech. Since his wife died, he has been a broken man. But he lived quietly, and apparently happily, among us. He was always popular with young children. Fortunately, although he was no longer capable of doing any skilled work, he was always industrious, and would manage wherever he was able to find some useful thing to do. For some months before he was taken ill, he spent his time breaking hard, blue metal quarried at Kwato, for the foundations of the hospital. There are two large mounds of stone, his handiwork, near the site which will provide sufficient material to complete the foundations of one of the wards, so Muna will have a share in this important work. At a very impressive service at the graveside one dark, boisterous Sunday night last month, there was a large gathering of friends who will often remember this kindly, stricken man with affectionate sympathy, and who rejoice in his release and entrance into the perfect life.

* * *

“One thing my father did was wrong,” said a fourteen-year-old boy from a neighboring village, who presented himself at Kwato as a candidate for schooling. The lad has a high opinion of his parent, which
we can only hope is deserved. The one wrong thing, the boy explained, was that his father had not impressed upon his son, as a small boy, the advantages of education. However, Mesi has arrived at this conclusion through some other channel, and knocks at the Kwato door in the hope that it is not too late to amend matters. We watch the increasing desire for education with deep interest.

* * *

An Exciting Afternoon

Late one afternoon last week a small canoe with three men in it was seen coming over from the mainland. It had been a wild day, with occasional heavy rain squalls. As evening came on, the sea was lashed in fury in places by the tide-rips which, in certain phases of the moon, are very uninviting in these narrow straits. The canoe was swamped a few hundred yards off Isuhina, the northwest point of Kwato. The only people to see the disaster were some little boys, one of whom pluckily went out in a crazy craft just large enough to float him, and got so close to the wreck that he was able to speak to the men in trouble. He promised to go back and send help from Kwato. By the time he had returned, a dark night had set in. The whole island was soon absorbed in this affair. The “Mamari” was away, as were both our small dinghies; the only help we could render was by means of two canoes. The submerged canoe was last seen drifting into a tide-rip in the narrow channel to the open sea. The suspense at Kwato was not relieved when Niuhei returned, after going over to the mainland in his small canoe, finding nothing. About nine o’clock, however, another search party came back with the good news that, after a long struggle, the distressed voyagers had landed on the south side of Logea, and all were safe.

There were two points of special interest to us in this incident. First, the general stir which such a catastrophe created. Everybody was deeply concerned: women were alarmed, and their pity for those in peril was very evident. The men expressed their feelings no less clearly in their readiness to fly to the help of those in distress and put themselves to any trouble, and considerable risk, to render assistance.

Is there anything surprising in this? Many people in the world would not suppose that a Papuan would act, under such circumstances, as more cultured people would act. In a matter of this kind they did.

The second point was that it would never strike the distressed party to acknowledge their appreciation of the trouble their fellows had taken to seek and save them from a miserable death. It would not be Papuan. Not even Niuhei, whose single-handed trip to the mainland that black night, right through the tide-rip—a perilous performance—not even he would express, or conceive, surprise that nobody took the trouble to thank him for his pains. It is because of these occasional deviations from our ideas of what is the right thing to do that the Papuan is sometimes wrongly reported to be devoid of gratitude. He is misjudged in this particular.

C. W. A.

In the Wet Season

An increasingly steady blow from the southeast, several gales, and a heavy downpour of rain, mark the beginning of the wet season. Outside work that belongs specially to the dry months must now be abandoned until the next dry season. During this month, the youth and little children drift back in relays for the schools and other more intensive forms of work that occupy us when June, July and August keep us confined to our main stations.

At present, we are busy organizing our work in such a way that we shall be able to get the greatest amount accomplished, and, if possible, turn to benefit the restriction that these months of almost unbroken rain put upon us.

During the past summer, there have been hindrances to much that we had hoped to do. The extra work of a bookkeeper, Miss Parkin’s enforced absence for reasons of health, and the series of epidemics that perplexed us early in the New Year have each been somewhat disturbing to our plans. Much has had to be left undone. Several centers where help was needed, and where we had hoped to stay for concentrated evangelistic work, have had to remain unvisited.

At present, we are trying to cram all we can into these intervening days of respite between the short spells of bad weather that herald our Papuan “winter.” All that can be done in preparation for the building of the long-awaited hospital, which will go up as soon as the dry weather recommences, is...
now being put in hand. When the afternoon workbell rings, well nigh the whole school—girls and boys alike—hie them to the hospital site armed with long knives, looking as though they were off on a picnic, to do all they can to clear and cart off the undergrowth that spring up in this country almost overnight. Our friends from the villages at Logea have offered their voluntary services as a contribution, and we shall be able to rely upon them whenever we need extra workers to speed building operations.

In the villages, the people are repairing their thatches to protect them against the truly miserable existence that will be theirs for the next three months. While I was passing through a village last week, I saw a whole family working at high pressure to complete the thatch of a new house. Even our unexpected appearance did not distract them from their urgent labors. The paterfamilias, who had the job under his oversight, was climbing around the framework with great agility, directing operations. The younger men and women members of the elastic Papuan family-circle were up the scaffolding laying on the sago-palm thatch. The aged grandparents and the little grandchildren were perched on the joists of the floor, bending and sewing the sago leaves to keep the busy thatchers supplied aloft.

It was interesting to see how the whole family-tribe shared the work. While the mothers worked, the babies clung on to them like barnacles. Even the little toddlers and mangy dogs, that are always a part of the Papuan ménage, had crawled or clambered on to some part of the erection.

Last week, I greatly enjoyed visiting some places in Milne Bay that I had not been to for a long time. I spent two successive nights at Wagawaga and Koeabule where the technical trainees have been spending three months at each place. There were many changes and improvements at both places. I arrived at Wagawaga late, after a very unpleasant journey in which one finally gave up trying to avoid the rain that beat in on all sides and abandoned oneself to wetness. We were glad, when the “Mamari” drew up to the sandy spit to be able to leap ashore and be warmly greeted by the native staff there, as well as by the youths under instruction. As it was still inclined to be stormy, I did not see any of the boys and girls from the Mission boarding school at Manawara, half a mile away, or any of those in charge there. We had prayers late in the evening with Doilegu, the storeman, his new-wedded wife, and a few others who joined us. Then all sat on the floor around a hurricane lamp, and en-
joyed tea and a good yarn. Finally we turned in to rest to the music of the rain pounding upon the low iron roof of our cabin. Several of the village people called next morning on the way to their work in the gardens on the mountainside clearings. I enjoyed meeting, again, several of these Papuan friends whom I had not seen for some months. We continued the journey the following morning and spent the next night at Koeabule.

As we face another season with its different opportunities for service, we ask the prayers of all friends of Papua for Christ's sake that the Lord may be working in our midst. We have been seeing evidences of the Holy Spirit's work in many directions. In spite of hindrances, the Gospel has been preached and God has used the witness of those who have proclaimed Him publicly as well as of those who in the conversation of a friendly visit, or in going from village to village, have told in the equality and unrestraint of a passing chat of their personal Saviour and Friend. Several women have come, with the burden of sin realized, seeking the Saviour. These, whose eyes have thus been opened to see the Light and want it, have been reached in the first place through the personal contact of Christian girls visiting their villages and speaking of Christ with the vividness and reality of a daily contact with Him. Will you pray also for the Christians in the more remote villages that they may be kept strong, and that, in the coming dreary days of much confinement in dark native houses, usually overcrowded with heathen of many degrees, the brightness and glory of God's Presence may be with them continually?

Finally for ourselves also we ask your prayers, "that the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified."

R. W. A.

Fifty New Converts

Of the fifty new converts admitted to church fellowship last January, nine months ago, Penua had to report declension in three cases. Two of these were moral cases. One was Maria, a woman we were very doubtful about when we interviewed her as a catechumen. Poor woman, there must have been some yearning for God and for righteousness which led her to seek us, and which induced her, after much help, to stand up before that big congregation and confess that she had accepted Christ as her Saviour and Lord. We had hoped that her miserable past (she had been discarded by two former husbands) was something she was able to forget in the mercy of God.

The second case was that of a man named Eneri. Maulai, a heathen woman, reports Eneri for wrong-doing, as a matter of course. It is a healthy sign when those whose liberties are unrestricted by any moral code look for something very different from their neighbors who profess to have received a change of heart and who profess to believe in and serve Christ.

The third case was that of a man whose wife and family were none of them Christians and who could not stand out alone against a heathen ceremony in which his family and friends were participating.

We watch with interest and joy the development of character in these people.

Will you work with us in prayer, that God's children in this country may continually be given strength and courage to stand firm in their heathen surroundings, and that, leaning upon Him, their lives may ever bring praise to His name. C. W. A.
Vasabolo!—“Good News!”

HOW we wish you could be with us just now! The news of the signing of the contract with The London Missionary Society has come and the whole place is rejoicing. We realize every minute more and more that what we have so long prayed for and waited for is actually come to pass. Coinciding with the arrival of this news is a burst of beautiful weather, cool and sunny and coming in the middle of some weeks of storm and rain. So it seems as if all nature is joining with us in our joy and praise. God seems wonderfully near and real and consciously and unconsciously our hearts are thanking Him all day.

I must tell you of the way this good news reached me personally. I had been in desperate straits for want of photographs for the Tidings. I had intended taking a week off at the beginning of April in which to travel around for the express purpose of getting some snapshots. But I was busy helping with the “books” until schools started again, and then I knew that I was well and truly anchored! After a month of schools, I determined to go into Milne Bay for two days, as the weather, which had been too wet for photographs, showed signs of breaking. So I set bags of work for my boys and girls to do in my absence and sallied forth (for the first time since January), full of optimism. We had not yet got out of sight of Kwato when the “rains descended and the floods beat.” And for the whole of the journey, which lasted eight hours, it drenched. We were all boxed-up inside the “Mamari”—men, women and stores—with all the blinds down and rivulets trickling onto one and dripping from the awning roof. It looked a gloomy prospect for photographing. We stopped first for the night at Wagawaga. It is wonderful to go to these places and meet all the natives again. I was quite moved by the affectionate way they all came to see me and wherever I went it was the same. I left Koeabule a day later and started home. After several stops, we reached the China Straits and saw the Kwato light in the distance. We were going very slowly as we had a load on board, besides a group of technical trainees coming into Kwato for the winter school.

It was about 8:45 in the evening when we reached the Kwato Channel. It was pitch dark and Kwato looked fast asleep. Then suddenly, and as though by magic, a chain of bonfires burst into light all down the hill and, simultaneously, a line of flaming torches and fires ran along the beach and was reflected wildly in the still black waters of the passage. We were bewildered, and speechless, as, added to this, was the deafening noise of conch shells and kerosene tins and every sort of drum and gong you can imagine. Then, silhouetted against the blaze of bonfires, were crowds of people all cheering and banging kerosene tins and blowing conch shells. It was most impressive and extraordinary beyond words. In a flash this thundering din of noise and blaze of light had burst loose upon us and I began to wonder whether I was in my right mind. The noise was deafening—a pandemonium of joy. The captain of “Mamari” shouted to me “They must be mad” and I shouted back “They wouldn’t all go mad at once, I think it is vasalolo (good news).” At last I jumped ashore. The jetty was packed with
people of all sorts and sizes, all equally exultant.

Then came the news—"The contract has been signed in London."

I felt like collapsing, but instead I threw up my hands and cheered with the rest of them. The whole population seemed to be on the wharf, including some of Logea. After a late supper for the trainees and the Babada (elders), and after talking way into the night, we went to bed. But I couldn't forget the impression of arriving here, and all of us nonplussed by such unbelievable sights and sounds.

To-morrow, Sunday, is to be a special day of thanksgiving. We received the two cables on the anniversary of my arrival here last May. It is Saturday afternoon and the hill top is deserted. The girls have gone surfing at Banaria. The young boys are at cricket. The older boys are fishing. We have put aside our work and are going for a quiet family picnic to Isubina. It's the first Saturday off we have had for a long time. We usually all turn to the "books" and correspondence in the few rare hours of quiet that Saturday afternoon brings. How differently we look at the hospital site now, and, indeed the whole of Isubina, when we realize that the Lord is bringing to pass the plans that He so long has laid upon our hearts!

R. A.

Teaching Young Ideas

We are very busy with schools just now. It is very interesting work. The other day I started to teach them amongst other things a little geography, and let them know about the world they live in. So I commenced by asking my class what the shape of this world was. "Round," they repeated mechanically. They had been told as much from their infancy. I asked them how they knew it was round, but that they couldn't tell me, in fact some of them looked rather skeptical about it! "Well," I said, "I know, because once I left Kwato and traveled till I reached England. And another time I left England and traveled on in the opposite direction through America—on and on till I came right back to Kwato—where I first left!" You should have seen the surprise on their faces! So, the world actually was round! I don't think they had ever believed it. Any more than they really believe half we tell them. Tell people who live in grass huts that in New York one mounted a stone building of fifty-odd stories and they simply don't take it in.

R. W. A.