A Market Place in an Un-evangelized Papuan Village
NEW GUINEA EVANGELIZATION SOCIETY, INC.
Room 1018, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
(Cooperating with the Kwato Extension Association, Inc., London, England)

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The New Guinea Evangelization Society (interdenominational) desires your sympathy, prayers and financial cooperation. 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.
A Visitor’s Impressions

“T O BEGIN at the beginning” like Alice in Wonderland, the modern John, in this wonderland of Kwato, first recalls the boundless beauty, the merry friendship, and the numberless jolly wee brown men, all with a happy “good morning.” Smiling faces and clean clothes, carried with the leisurely gait that custom and the heat decree, seem to be everywhere.

To come to these people from the degraded-looking natives of the neighboring port is thrilling in itself. But to look behind, to the love of Christ which pervades their lives, is the greatest of marvels.

I came on my first visit to a mission station rather saturated with prosaic home-country ideas, of which very few remain. One fact to emphasise is that Christ must be all and in all for the effective carrying on of His work. His love must be above all things. His Word must be the standard.

Another is that missions must have money. How often we at home hear that call and nod our comfortable heads and go home to a Sunday dinner in bland forgetfulness! It is perfectly true and impossible to over-emphasize. As one who carried one of the comfortable heads and as one who has been awakened, I speak. How much could be done with enough money? To think of it opens lengthy vistas down the sunlit glades of the future, dreams of work, happy and consecrated. God will provide.

But money alone is very weak. Our Lord requires His servants to serve Him, consecrated lives laid at His feet in happiness of surrender. Living our lives at home, we think what an awful change, what a sacrifice! No, it is an exchange of the light and perishable for the strong and ever-growing and ever-lasting. Is that loss? What a gain!

On my first Sunday at Kwato I heard a Suau hymn sung to an old Scotch tune. A small thing in itself, but God used that to swing the gates of future days and show the path to me—my only path—to serve Him as a missionary.

All may not come to Kwato, but all may pray for hearts to be softened and made submissive to God’s wise purposes. These, briefly, are my thoughts, here at Kwato. You may judge the spell and wonder of the place if you will, but look beyond these words with the eyes of faith and in the spirit of prayer.

John M. Smeeton.
Auckland, New Zealand.

New Missionary Recruits

We are happy to say that Miss A. Halliday Scrymgeour, a graduate of Ridglands College, London, has recently been appointed a missionary teacher for the Kwato Mission. She expects to sail in June and will begin her work in September.

Mr. John M. Smeeton of New Zealand has also applied for appointment but will not be ready to enter the work until he has completed his preparation, probably at Cambridge, England.
A Call to Prayer

I HAVE recently returned from a short holiday in Australia and New Zealand. It is a joy to be "home" again amongst these dear Papuans. I have returned refreshed in body and spirit and rejoicing in the new fellowship with all the folk I met in Australia and New Zealand.

While in New Zealand, I was given the opportunity of telling many the story of God's grace in this land, and many became co-workers with us in prayer. We thank God again for these and others who remember us continually at His Throne.

The Holy Spirit has been working in a wonderful way during the past months. When I returned I was surprised to see many new faces in our little community here. They are men and women who have come to the Lord Jesus and who are here for help and instruction before returning to their homes and villages. The work at Samarai, amongst the indentured laborers, is being singularly blessed, and men and women are turning to the Lord and witnessing for Him in this difficult place.

We ask for prayer for Sariba, a large island five miles from Kwato. The church at this place, with a few exceptions, is cold and dead, and the heathen unresponsive. At six o'clock every Tuesday morning there is a prayer-meeting held here especially for that island. Will you join your voices with ours that the Holy Spirit may work mightily "convicting men of sin and of righteousness and of judgment."

You will remember Maiwara, too, that large and difficult village in Milne Bay, and the few who are witnessing for the Master there. We are waiting for a blessing on that place.

Also remember the church here, that each member may realize afresh his responsibility to the heathen around him, and that as he goes out Sunday by Sunday to speak to the people he may be empowered by the Holy Spirit.

Some of our members have listened to the seducing voice of the evil one, and have fallen away from the Lord. Pray that they may be convicted of their sin and turn again to the One who is plenteous in mercy and ready to forgive all who confess their sins and to cleanse them from all unrighteousness.

May God richly bless all who have undertaken to cooperate with us in this glorious work for the Master. Phyllis Abel.

Some Wonderful Sundays

SUNDAY August 5th was one of those wonderful days the joy of which we must share with those who, by their prayers, helped to secure such blessing. For some days previous, we had been busy interviewing men and women from the hamlets round the coast within sight of Kwato. Of the twenty-two converts that we baptized, none lived more than five miles away. But some were getting on in years; one was quite blind; another was suffering from a serious tropical disease, and it would be seldom that these disabled people would visit us at headquarters. They were men and women who were the fruit of the voluntary service of Papuan Christians. They stood before our congregation that day, each one in turn, in much nervousness, and yet enabled to overcome their native dislike for publicity by the power given them by the Holy Spirit, confessing Christ and in simple words telling of the joy which their new life had brought them.

We were impressed with the sincerity of these converts. To one man I said, "Tell me what put it into your mind to seek Christ as your Saviour?" He mistook my question and answered, "Master I haven't come to seek Christ; I have found Him; He is my Saviour." I pressed my question to find that two Christian young women had on two occasions sought out this man and his wife, and had pointed out to them the Way of Life. "After their second appeal," he said, "when they told us how satisfying it was to belong to Christ, my wife and I who were not satisfied prayed together, and great joy came into our hearts, and we accepted Christ."

There were also five young men and three women baptized on this occasion who came from the township of Samarai. These youths were indentured laborers working in various capacities. They had, with others who could not get away from their duties that day, been brought to Christ through the
ministry of Daniela who makes this difficult place his sphere of service for Christ.

It was a great day, unique in that each of these sincere people had sought and found Christ entirely through the invitation of their fellow-Papuans. There is high hope for the Papuan Church when we find within it a growing body of healthy young people of both sexes who are earnest and successful soul-winners, and who adopt personal methods to bring their fellows into the Light.

Sunday, August 12th, was greatly enjoyed by everybody. We had deputed five of our leading members to visit the churches about the coast and to spend a few days at as many centers, helping and cheering the small Christian communities and giving a Gospel invitation to the heathen. These five men were away, unfortunately, from the inspiring baptismal service I have just reported. They were, however, frequently in our prayers, and the following Sunday we listened with great interest to their reports of their visits. Each one had something to tell which made us feel how near the Lord was to bless His people, and how ready to answer prayer. There was a glow in their messages which they had caught in contact with the people who had so heartily welcomed them, and who had so evidently received blessing through them. At each center the Christians met to celebrate the Lord’s Supper, many walking long distances to be present.

On Sunday, August 19th, our service took a somewhat novel form. Mr. Cecil Abel conducted a season of praise and worship which all enjoyed, and in which several took part. After singing two choruses in English, which the leader interpreted to those who were unable to understand English, and one in their own language, the congregation rose as usual to sing their opening hymn. This was followed by a prayer in which Ainauia, Daniela’s wife, led us to the Throne of Grace for the help and light that a waiting people had come together to receive from the Lord. Then followed a short address by Phillip based on John 6:28. We need Christ as we need bread. “I am the Bread of Life.”

After a short hymn Daniela gave a further message from the story of Ananias and Saphira to show that we were acting falsely and fatally if, when we professed to be Christ’s disciples, we kept back part of our hearts from Him. Discipleship implies an absolute cut with the world, with the flesh, and with the devil, and a complete surrender of everything to the Master.

These addresses were followed by a season of special intercession for God’s work in other places, especially for a service of an unusual kind being held just then at Koeabule, and for the work of the evangelists who would be going out at noon to spend the afternoon in the villages round about.

C. W. A.
Holiday—Kwato Extension

THE school holidays have begun. The term ended last Friday. With the gruelling hot weather we are enjoying just now, all were glad to be finished with books and classes for a while. Looking back upon hours in class under shade trees, vainly wondering where the illusive breeze must have vanished to, and also to evening classes indoors with the breeze still less availing, we all feel a spell well-earned, teachers inwardly as much as the pupils outwardly.

With the holiday mood upon us we all cleared off on Saturday for a picnic to celebrate our temporary emancipation from the discipline of school days. The day was too hot to allow expression to any exuberance, but when night came on, cool and welcome, with a brilliant starlit sky, we all trooped down to the wharf and boarded the Mamari and Petrel. Soon we were cutting through the calm sea and enjoying the cool night breeze. The Mamari and Petrel were lashed together side by side, the Mamari thereby towing the Petrel, and the lanterns up the riggings showed children stowed everywhere. Some of the boys sat astride the jib-boom of the Petrel; I think that was the coolest place. We arrived at Logeapota and emptied our large crowd with difficulty on the high and narrow jetty. The children managed to unravel themselves and thread their way to the beach without spilling over into the sea. Once ashore, they let off steam with races on the beach, chasing one another and having the wildest crab hunts. Shrill voices echoed in the hills above us, and the flaming torches made a dazzling reflection in the sea. They had a great time.

After a while everyone mustered for supper, sitting in a long line along the jetty with feet dangling over the water. Some of them had great fun searching the bottom of the sea with electric torches and there was excitement when a shark moved swiftly into the light and disappeared again into the outer darkness of the deeper sea. After supper we started off with lanterns to Banana, a fine surf beach on the opposite side of the island. As we mounted the low dividing hill we could hear the roar and thunder of the surf. We emerged from the dark forest and the children let themselves loose upon the expanse of beach that stretches in a beautiful crescent with hills rising behind like a wall. The place looked very beautiful in the starlight, overhung with large trees and palms and with endless chains of surf sweeping in upon the beach. Then, once more, a trail of lights and we wended our way back over the low dividing hill. Before setting homeward we gathered our crowd at the nearest hamlet for prayer. The place was in pitch darkness and without a trace of life, until the light of our approaching lanterns revealed men and women squatting silently around the houses. We gathered in a little area between some native huts and sang choruses in Suau and offered our thanksgiving for many blessings and prayer for those whose dark and silent existences we had invaded. Then we set off once more. The skies shone with myriads of diamond points. The sea bore their reflection. The breeze was perfect, and greatly enjoyed after a hot day. We sang all the way home, and our hearts were full of praise for many evidences of God's love and power.

Not so long ago such a picnic would have been impossible on that island. Also, as someone remarked, there was a time when it would have been necessary after such an occasion to count the mission children to see if any had decamped. The only necessity for any such taking of tally nowadays would be to see if any stowaways had attached themselves to the party.

All the boys and girls felt their holidays had begun with a flourish.

A Joyful Day

This day (October 7th) is a day of great joy to us all. We have had the most wonderful services and this afternoon Mr. Abel baptized ten converts from Samarai—three of them gave their testimonies and it was wonderful to see the light and joy in their faces. The manifestation of the Holy Spirit was unexpressible. Those are the converts of a fellow called Daniela. What a wonderfully spiritual lad he is and greatly used of God. I am sure you will rejoice with us in this great harvest.
IT HAS been a great joy to get back to Koeabule after an absence, excepting one or two short visits, of nearly two years. Part of this time away I have been at Kwato taking over the accounts after the death of Mr. Walker. The rest of the time I have been in Australia on prolonged furlough owing to ill-health. Just here I would like to thank all the good friends who remembered me and through whose prayers I am back here, to His praise.

My arrival was unexpected. Everyone was away at work and the place was deserted. It was quite an amusing contrast to my departure, one night two years ago, when I was farewelled with bonfires and aionis from a crowded beach. The lack of welcome was, however, more than made up for by the joy of seeing them all later on.

My first impressions were of the many material improvements all round, and especially in my bungalow. The outside additions included a new copra drier, a small rubber dairy, and a permanent fence around a large portion of the plantation. This is a vast improvement and you can now see long vistas through the cocoanuts to the end of the property. The sanitation arrangements have been much improved, and a very great surprise has been the finding of a well, and permanent water available by means of a hand pump. This supplies the whole station and I cannot tell you what a great boon it is to all. For these good things I am indebted to the efforts of Cecil Abel who has managed to get a surprising amount accomplished during his visits here in my absence. But the best is the treat of having light in my rooms and glass windows to look through instead of wooden shutters. However hard it rains or however terrific the gale, I can now see the view right across the Bay to Manawara from the living room. Anyone who knows what it is to be shuttered in during the rainy season can appreciate my gratitude to the American friend to whose kindness I owe this luxury. Looking back, it is difficult to imagine how I ever existed without the glass windows.

I have now been here two weeks and have been busy organizing the work and meeting the people. There has been much to talk over. Needless to say the Devil has been busy, and in some cases successful, but I am full of praise to our Heavenly Father who has kept so many of the newer converts. The lack of morality amongst the natives creates a problem for the seeker or convert who has probably passed through several short-term marriages and is, in some cases, in a serious tangle to know how to break with old heathen connections. It was a
great joy to find converts amongst the old women who have stood firm. Some of the latter come a long way to morning Bible classes. It is quite an undertaking for them to come so far before their one daily meal, but they refuse to accept any food here as they assure us that it is not food they come for, and they do not wish to be a burden in any way.

I want to tell of one woman who is quite typical, so that you might pray for her and others like her. This is Pokei, a wrinkled but pleasant-faced old person with greyish close-cropped hair. She became a Christian years ago, and later married a heathen man. He had no taste for the life she was trying to live, no more had she for his. Her marriage got her away from God. Her husband has now parted from her, and she came to confess the wrong that has cost her so much, and to seek the way back. We had a talk together during which she wept freely. Then we prayed, and she prayed too, a simple prayer full of assurance that God, whose power had made the world and everything in it, herself included, would pity her and take her back. She went away comforted. She is now a regular attendant at the mid-day prayer meeting held here daily.

Another is Sinai, a younger woman, in appearance just a typical Tavara woman of the type that may be seen bustling about in any village. She would like the best things and knows the Way, but finds the cost too great. In her case it would mean the breaking of relations with another woman's husband. She cannot yet bring herself to do this. She is in great need of prayer as she is one whose eyes have been opened and realizes what she is doing.

Another is Hinaboneku a nice-looking girl, well-oiled and bedecked with native ornaments and joining with zest in heathen life. But she is not satisfied and knows her real need. When I spoke to her she said “It is too hard for me.” Her present life has a great hold upon her. Do pray for her. She voices the opinion of many others of her generation. And it is hard for them to make the break and to stand alone surrounded by evil. For this reason it is prayer that we want more than anything. And it is an inspiration to know that across the seas there are supporters-in-prayer who will not fail us.

Margaret E. Parkin.

Through the Jungle

LAST week I started off on a hike across to the opposite coast to Isuleilei, an L. M. S. mission station about fifty miles down the coast west of Kwato. The distance from Duabo is about thirty miles as the crow flies, but, as there are various ranges of mountains to be crossed, everyone said that the journey could not be done in a day. So being by nature perverse I decided to prove that it could.

Off we set at 4:15 a.m., in the dark, myself and three native boys. It was a most interesting tramp. As the day dawned, hundreds of birds came to life and the forest was ringing with their songs. Then the sun touched the tops of the trees, and soon the road was entirely flooded with the sun streaming through foliage. Before long the grassy patches through which we had to pass were scorching hot.

We reached the coast at 6:30 p.m., after walking pretty steadily since 4:15 a.m., and having crossed four ranges of hills. We arrived at Euala, a coastal village, just about ready for a change from walking. The people were all bedecked for a dance and looked very gay. They lent us a large canoe and took us to Isuleilei, further down the coast. We felt very strange sitting in a canoe with these painted up men and women. A warm welcome awaited us from the missionaries at Isuleilei and we spent two days there before returning to Kwato by launch.

Russell Abel.

A Look Ahead

I believe that we shall see the day when a Papuan will take his degree at a university, as Dr. Aggrey did, and spend his life for his own people as did that great man. It is aiming high, but what is the use of aiming lower? The machinery and the staff are not here yet, of course, but we are praying earnestly for that. We are laying the foundations, but the waste comes when the pupils are ready to pass on from the lower classes and there is no one to take them over and handle them through the high school stage, or prepare them to pass examinations like the junior and senior Cambridge public exams or Sydney matriculation. Of course only a few can go right through, but others will not suffer because the standard is raised.

Cecil Abel.
Nursing the Sick Papuans

...You can imagine my joy a few weeks ago when your cable came telling us that friends in America were sending us funds to meet the present needs of the sick people in Kwato. My heart was bubbling over and I was able to send an order to Sydney by the next boat for the most necessary medicaments.

The number of my patients, from the time I arrived three months ago, has reached two hundred and fifty. We get fifteen to twenty outpatients every day and several lying-in cases. We have much to praise God for, the way we have been helped in the healing of the sick. I do not patronize the "Boxroom" any longer but have two small huts, one for men and the other for women, which is a great luxury after the "Boxroom."

Various people are turning up from Milne Bay and different villages to get help. Two men arrived the other day and demanded to be "speared"! That is their way of expressing an injection. One man came a month ago from the Bay with an awful wound in his hip. It turned out to be neglected yaws which got into a bad stage. The poor man was suffering agony so I began treating him by intravenous injections of neostovarsol and, after a month's treatment he is quite well and is going home this week. His face is shining with joy. He was brought up on a stretcher, but now he walks about even without a stick.

A small girl on the station has been discovered to be a leper and the doctor proposed to send her away to an island if I refused to treat her. Poor child, she is only fourteen years old and it would be awful to send her away amongst the heathen people and their evil life. Of course I said I would treat her myself. So we isolated her in a small hut and I am giving her injections twice a week. Do pray for all of us who minister to these people suffering from awful diseases that we may be kept strong and well for His work.

The hospital building is going up and we hope that most of the outside work will be finished before the rainy season begins. It has been desperately hot here for the last month, much hotter weather than they have had for many years. Some days I have felt that I could not go on any longer—but there is plenty to do and sick people cannot be neglected, so I carry on with the work. I hope to get away into the Bay for a few days, as I have spent three months at Kwato working and have not had an opportunity to get away as there has always been someone ill.

V. D.

Building the Hospital

"The hospital is going forward finely. It seems very slow, but all kinds of delays occur, and the proper course is to be patient, and count your blessings. I have secured a man from Sydney, who has been here a little over a week, so as to be liberated from so many details, and to give the boys some help in the nicer points of the job. He is a man named Markey. For five and a half years he worked for the Methodist Missionary Society, our near neighbors to the east. He likes the natives I have given him as his workmen, and they like him. There are lots of little tips in building he has already put them up to, and we shall find him, I am sure, a good teacher.

I shall hope to be able to keep him for at least six months after the hospital is finished so that he can give us a hand with other important building work we have to see to as
soon as we can manage it. I am rather fearful about the room of the mission house. It has leaked for years and the rafters must be rotten in places. All the back part of the house, where we have schools, and meetings, ought to be uncovered, and examined and probably entirely replaced. But it really needs a skilled builder to examine it and repair the damaged parts. It is such a difficult thing to get a decent man from Australia that, having found one, I am anxious to hold on to him for a bit. Markey is not only a good house carpenter, but he is regarded as an expert in concrete which is very fortunate for our tank work. He is teaching our builders all kinds of useful things they have never had the chance of learning before and he has foresight and organizes his work. He has knocked about in New Zealand and Queensland and has a thorough knowledge of concrete work which is a great advantage to us in regard to tanks and chimneys, etc. One other good point about him is that he is never floored because he cannot procure just the thing he wants for his job. His resourcefulness enables him to utilize to advantage things that he can improvise.

C. W. A.

Shelters at the Out- Stations

We are in great need of small permanent buildings at three or four centers in the District where we, in turn, can go and stay a week or so with the people. These small camps will also be used by our evangelists when they visit the Christian natives monthly to administer the Lord's Supper. For $1,000 we would be able to erect four structures of timber, with imported cypress pine floors, framed, and weather-boarded with our own timber; iron roofs, and boarded push-out windows, and with concrete piles. The buildings would be ceiled with celotex, or other insulating material, to make the rooms cool. It will really be a great boon and these camps will be well used at Gwavili, Lamhaga, Lilihoa and Maivara. At present if we go to these places we have to get back to Wagawaga or Koeabule at dusk. If we had this accommodation, we should go off with our bedding and food and be able to spend much more time among the people.

I was at Lamhaga (on the coast between Wagawaga and Kanakope), last week, interviewing the seekers of the district, of whom there are thirty. They beg us to give them a school-teacher there, and they took us to a small break in the hills along the coast at a convenient center and promised to give us the land if we will start a school for their children. Our camp would most likely be pitched at this spot.

Night schools are for the older people. There are a number of new converts in here working as laborers on the hospital. They are learning to read. Some of the lads come from the Wagawaga school and can read first primer, English. They are going on with English reading and conversation. We are going through those large geography books that were sent us by some of the dear friends in America.

Cecil Abel.
The Papuan as an Evangelist

LAST week two letters reached my camp. The first letter came by the hands of a naked, sodden courier from Dadue. The bearer must have been nearly up to his neck many times in crossing swollen creeks. He reached me about noon, having left Dadue early that morning. That is the kind of tough job the Papuan will tackle and see right through. The letter contained the news that the writer, Tariowai, a Kwato worker, who happened to be at Dadue on business of his own, had had a meeting with the people of the small group of villages thereabouts on the previous Wednesday morning. He had been led publicly to confess something that he had done recently which was not consistent with his profession as a Christian, and which lay upon his conscience. He told his congregation that he did this because he could not expect the Holy Spirit to work through him, or bless his message, unless he first put himself right with God. The result of his meeting was that during that day no less than twenty-five people (thirteen men and twelve women) sought him out to ask him to explain more fully the Way of Salvation. The twenty-five names of these seekers were written on a separate sheet of paper.

Tariowai sent post haste to me through the rain to report this good news, and to ask if it would be possible for me to visit that part of the coast soon, and give him help.

The following day I received the second letter. This was from a Christian named Tiulasi, written from Wadunou. These messengers must have passed each other on the track, one going back to Dadue, and the other coming to me with a further and quite independent report. Tiulasi wrote to say that on the previous Wednesday he had gone to Vasaloni, five miles from his village, to gather the people together for worship. At the close of his address at the meeting, he was led to make a definite appeal, and this he did with such good purpose that he wrote at once to tell me that twenty-one people had responded, and were waiting to be further instructed in the Gospel. He too sent me a list of the names of these twenty-one seekers.

In reply to both of these letters I wrote to say that, as soon as my Sunday engagements were through, I would visit these places. Late on Monday evening I landed at Wadunou. After a short service at eight on the following morning, I left the village in a fifty foot dug-out, with a dozen or so
paddlers, and went along the coast to Dadue. It was an exceptionally boisterous day, but the wind was off shore, and by hugging the coast we managed to keep in smooth water, only once or twice getting into a lumpy sea when crossing small bays to shorten our journey. We entered a creek by a mouth almost hidden in the thick mangrove, and through the dense forest, often meeting overhead, we paddled half a mile up-stream to the landing. From one end of my long dug-out to the other my cheery companions kept up a continuous noisy chatter amongst themselves. With their sharp eyes they saw things of interest, which had vanished before they could point them out to me—birds and fish, and signs along the beach in the tangled forest which marked some neighbor's activities in collecting materials for a house, etc. The paddle up that narrow, sinuous creek between the thick mangrove was suggestive of alligators. We had, that morning, before we left Wadunou, been applying liniment iodine and cotton wool to the side of a sick man who some years ago had had an encounter with one of these brutes just at this place. My old friend Kapokapo, who lives in a small humpy on the Wadunou beach, sick with pneumonia, had heroically saved his brother's life from the jaws of an alligator even after the monster had gotten such a good grip of him as to render it necessary to amputate the limb. However, I am thankful to say these ugly creatures are very shy in this quarter.

Tariowai met us soon after we landed, and we walked together through a native garden of taro, yam, sugar-cane, and sweet potatoes while my companion enlarged upon the good news of the spiritual awakening. We were not long in reaching the first village of the group known as Dadue, a little hamlet of four or five houses, and here we found the people congregated to meet us, and among them all but two of the twenty-five seekers after the Way.

After a short service with all the people, I was busy with seekers for the rest of the morning. A messenger had been dispatched from Wadunou overnight to say I was due at Dadue this morning, and they had erected a small apa a frame of light timber cut from the forest with the top covered with palm leaves for shade. Under this it was possible to accommodate all these people who were under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and who were publicly asking to be shown God's way for them.

I told them what was implied in accepting Christ. They were to receive the greatest and most wonderful gift God could give them, Mauri—Life; Mauri nige nosisna—Endless Life. But this gift could only be put into a heart which had first been emptied of every other thing it contained. Only on these terms, that they surrendered every old affection and desire to Him, could they accept Him to dwell in, and reign in, their hearts, bringing this priceless gift of life to them, which would give them new affections, new desires, new ways.

I put into their own language some portions of the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel. As I gave them other portions to think about, I was relying on the passage: "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." The passages I translated were:

"I am the Bread of Life."
"I am the Living Bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this Bread he shall live for ever."
"Verily, verily I say unto you, He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life."

I asked Tariowai to stay a couple of weeks with them to go over the ground again, and to give them further help, and I promised that before long my wife and I would see them again and deal with them individually.

I had a talk with the old men of the place and I saw the heavy timber they have brought together to build a church at this center. All we do in providing their place of worship is to send them a carpenter from Kwato to help them to erect it.

We returned to Wadunou in the afternoon. I looked in upon Kapokapo, who, poor fellow, was breathing thick smoke from a fire on the ground close beside him—atmosphere which made my eyes run, and nearly smothered me,—but he was much easier. The liniment, iodine and cotton wool had been blessed through prayer, and was relieving him of pain. I spent the rest of the day interviewing several at this place, each of whom told me that he was sick and tired of the old way, and wished to be led into the Way of Life.

C. W. A.