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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Kwato, Samarai, Papua

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The New Guinea Evangelization Society 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
Miss J. H. RIGTER, Editor

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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 may be obtained from any of the secretaries.

Application for entry as second-class matter at the Post Office at Harrisburg, Pa.
Mr. Abel in America

On October 25th, the Rev. Charles W. Abel, who has spent over thirty-five years in eastern New Guinea, is expected to arrive in San Francisco. He is coming to meet again personally those who are partners in this work of Christ and to win new friends for the work. He is also to confer with the Directors of the Society and to make plans for the future conduct of the mission. Friends are asked to pray that the visit may be fruitful and to the glory of God and that, during his absence from the field, the workers may be kept in health and that they and the work may enjoy the rich blessing of the Lord of the Vineyard.

If you would like to meet Mr. Abel while he is in America, please send a line promptly to Mrs. Walter McDougall, Room 1018, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

* * *

A new missionary was added to the staff of workers at Kwato. Miss A. Halliday Scrymgeour, a graduate of Ridglands College, London, sailed from England last July and has since been welcomed on the field. Miss Scrymgeour is a consecrated Christian and a trained teacher and will fill a very important place that has urgently called for new workers. The staff is still far from complete as the present urgent needs include a doctor, another evangelistic worker, a missionary bookkeeper and another nurse. Will you pray that the funds and the workers may both be supplied in order that the work may not be hindered?

* * *

The recent letters from the field are full of encouragement and stimulate us to more earnest prayer and more sacrificial giving. The hospital is now completed but the necessary equipment has not been supplied. The schools are growing in number of pupils and in interest and a new school building has been erected at Kwato, but Duabo has not yet been provided with the much needed dormitory and teachers’ residence. Teachers and other workers have volunteered for service but support and accommodations are lacking.
From Our New Missionary

You will be glad to hear that I have arrived in Sydney (in August) and am eagerly looking forward to sailing for Papua in a week's time. Thoroughly enjoyed the voyage out. We had scarcely any rough seas. Up to Bombay I was apparently the only witness on board boat for the Saviour. It was difficult but I realized what an honor it was. At Bombay a missionary came on board and we soon became fast friends and were able to have many times of communion together. It was a tremendous help to me.

I have met with wonderful kindness everywhere, both on board boat and in port.
Healing and Saving

...I am very busy as usual with my sick and now I have three girls and two boys to teach nursing, so my hands are full. It is such a new work to them and one of these people’s characteristics is that they dislike anything new and look upon it with suspicion! So one has to exercise great patience. Do pray for another nurse to help me with this work soon! The beginning is the most difficult time for any work and I do long for help. When the hospital is really in good running order, then it will be much easier. The doctor is another worker to pray for. The present man who is at Samari is leaving for Port Moresby next month and we are getting a young man just out of a medical school. We feel that he will not be able to give us much time or attention. Besides, if there is anything urgent and the “Mamari” is out in the Bay, it will mean a small dingy going over to get the doctor—which takes three-quarters of an hour to Samari and then the doctor might be away on some other job, or operating and could not come.

There is a lot of work in the Bay to be done, so many cases of leprosy and yaws—people who have been suffering for months. If we only had our own doctor and another nurse, we could take turns working the Bay, taking each village and sorting these people out who need treatment, and taking bad cases into the hospital.

Do you remember my telling you about a patient who suffered from tertiary stage of yaws and could not walk for months, with an awful wound on his hip? His name is Badigueai. He recovered after five weeks of treatment and went back to his village rejoicing. His whole life was changed and as he would not go back to his old ways he began to visit Koeabule every day (his village is some miles away) and became one of the seekers. So earnest and true was his conviction of sin and longing for a new life in Christ Jesus that the Holy Spirit opened up the facts of truth, even to his ignorant mind, and his prayers were wonderful when he went to the prayer meetings at Koeabule. Mr. Abel held a baptism service there last week and, having had an interview with Badigueai, baptized him too. You can imagine how overjoyed I was that it pleased the Lord to use us to minister to the sick, to relieve their pain and heal their bodies and to show them at the same time the way of healing their souls. May this experience help us to believe that in the future work of the hospital we may see many souls brought to Christ. We have a prayer meeting for the needs of the hospital every Wednesday at 6:30 a.m. and I hope that God will supply them in His own appointed time.

I hope to start very soon giving lectures to the people on Kwato on First Aid and Personal Hygiene. The time is so full, and
it is difficult to fit in as many things as one would like. It is very important to start the preventative work among these people.

If anybody would like to present us with a human skeleton, it would be a tremendous help in teaching anatomy to nurses. If they actually saw the bones, they would believe in my teaching. The patient’s idea of their internal organs is very amusing. If a sick person is given any kind of medicine, he will not be persuaded to lie down. He thinks that his inside is just a square box and if he does not sit up after the medicine, it would go to his head and brain and he will be “done for”! It is useless to try to reason with them. They will listen most intently, but they think their own thoughts.

We have cut down some bush near the hospital and are hoping to start a vegetable garden for the hospital so that we save some money on extra food. It will also give the convalescent patients some occupation, and their relations too. The latter, I am afraid, will be numerous. When a sick person arrives, he brings his wife, dogs, children (I put dogs next because they are really more of importance to heathen people than babies!), various uncles and aunts, three times removed.

My nurses’ knowledge is increasing daily. I asked a boy the other day “What are micro-organisms or germs of disease?” and he answered “Dead bodies!” I get some very unnecessary palpitations of heart. The other morning a boy came to me and said, “Will you come to hospital, a boy got his head cut off?” At first, the actual meaning of his words made me quite cold, but, on going down (to what I thought a corpse) I found a small wound on the boy’s head, due to a fall on some rocks. Great relief!

I have tried to impress upon my nurses how to treat patients with boils, as those are numerous here. We give them Epsom Salts twice a day, and cod liver oil twice a day. I find the two things combined produce a very good result. But the taste of cod liver oil is vile and the poor “boily patients” object to it very much. However, this is the only beneficial remedy, so I insist upon it being carried out. So impressed is my staff that the other day when I got a boil, one of my boys, putting his face in the door to say “goodnight” to me, and beaming all over with mischief, said, “Will you take some cod liver oil?” I was so overcome that my speech was paralyzed for the moment and the boy took the opportunity to vanish.

How I should love to get some of your frost and snow for a change!

Veronica Danilevitch.

**Hospital Notes and News**

The hospital building has proceeded during the past month and is almost completed. The concrete tank is also finished. It will hold about 30,000 gallons of water. The hospital is going to be a great factor in building up a healthier and more vigorous race hereabouts. We have had good proof that it is going to be a means of healing the soul as well as the body. At Koeabule recently at one meeting a man stood up—one of the first patients—and said, “I went to Kwato a very sick man. I went to get my body healed of a serious, long-standing sore. I came away two moons later a well man. Besides having my body healed I had my eyes opened, and I now belong to Christ.”

C. A.

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Our records show that 600 outpatients and 50 lying-in patients were treated in the last eight months and we pray that the number of those we help may increase daily and that opportunities may arise more often to bring these sick to the knowledge of our Saviour; that the healing of bodies may be the means of healing souls too. Will you pray for those engaged in this work? Most of us have had the experience of being nursed and know how trying this work can be, especially amongst these people who dislike anything new and have little faith in “dim dim mura mura” (white man’s medicine). We need strength, patience, wisdom.

The plantations are running fairly well. Koeabule has the best equipment and has the best output per acre in consequence. I had Manawara fenced last year, you will remember, and we are slowly getting a herd there. I have five already. We are not building new kilns anywhere except where absolutely necessary as this new desiccated coconut scheme may soon make them obsolete. My attention will be drawn this month to Kanokope. This is very badly overgrown and her output last year was very poor. I think we shall do one-half as well again this year when she has been cleaned and fenced.
A Cheering Outlook

Our Easter holidays came as a most welcome break. We sent the children away for all-day picnics and the place was gloriously quiet! We had meetings and talks with the older people and the workers, and the blessing some of us received will long remain with us. We learned afresh the meaning of those words "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit"—sharing His death that we may share His resurrection life.

On Saturday night the children gave an exhibition of what they had accomplished during the term. They sang one or two songs and hymns, and one of the classes recited the thirteenth of First Corinthians beautifully. We were encouraged by the marked improvement, there was so much less self-consciousness. The Papuan is terribly afraid of hearing his own voice and it has been a long business getting them to the point of standing before an audience to recite. My class, the second, boys and girls from twelve to fifteen, were hopeless, but this is their first effort and they are most promising material to work on.

At present we have no school building and classes are held in all sorts of accommodating places. One is held in the boys dormitory, another on the verandah of the mission residence, and occasionally we are driven into our dining room or into my bedroom by the rain and gales. Two classes are held in the main hall, where several other activities are going on at the same time, and two more are held under the trees. When it rains these have to join the children in the hall.

We were wondering how we were going to manage during the wet months when our heavenly Father took compassion on us, and, through dear servants of His, sent us a gift of $1,000. So yesterday the site was pegged out for a new school building. It will be a joy to have the congestion at the homestead relieved. We have 109 boarders, the majority of which live in the missionary residence.

We have been having some fearfully hot weather accompanied by a long drought, so that for weeks at a time the tanks have been
empty and every bit of water used carried. Can you imagine anything more uncomfortable than exceptionally hot weather, no water, and persistent low tides?

We had a heavy fall of rain a few nights ago and since then have revelled in the luxury of a shower bath.

Here and there we see the mighty working of the Holy Spirit in individual lives, in villages and in the township. We are longing for the opportunity to go into the dark hinterland of this large island where the people are still in gross darkness. For this end we work and pray, preparing and training our people in every department to be the most efficient missionaries to their own people. Meanwhile, there are parts of our own district where the natives are hard and indifferent to every appeal of the Gospel and this, for the time, is our sphere of labor for the Master.

This morning when we gathered round the Lord's Table a man and his wife confessed Christ in baptism. For many years they have been following the Master afar off. The man learned to read so that he could read the Word for himself, and he taught his wife. All the knowledge they had of spiritual things they had gleaned for themselves. It filled our hearts with praise to hear him testify that he had "left the darkness and was now Christ's child and God was his Father."

For the present we have had to abandon Duabo because of the lack of accommodations. We unanimously agree that Duabo is the place for the preparatory school. We have come to this conclusion after much prayer and definite guidance. Now we wait for the Lord to fulfil His promises and to send us the means to build and equip the preparatory school.

Pray for this important part of the Lord's work; for the native teachers and helpers; for ourselves, that His grace and power may fill us continually, and for those who hope to join us in this work that the way may soon be opened for them to come out.

Yours in the Master's service,

Phyllis Abel.

In Milne Bay

Maivara is still our biggest problem. It is our Sodom and Sariba is our Gomorrah. For this reason perhaps, and partly for the sake of the "ten righteous" in her midst, we built the first of the "camps" at Maivara though she already had so much more than other places like Watunau or Gwavili. But Gwavili is unlike any other place we have. Here we have a worthy little group of true Philippians—always the same, always keen, always responsive, always loyal, and ready to help; yet they get least attention, perhaps, of any place in the Bay. And not one word of grumbling or ever a suggestion that we should do more for them! Can you wonder we thought twice about putting the first camp at Maivara? Gwavili will not be idle while she waits.

* * * *

I have started, in connection with our new scheme for the outside district, a group meeting for men. We meet on Sunday mornings and once during the week. It is difficult to describe the aim and character of this group except that it has this new "service" for the Master directly in view. The subjects we discuss deal with practical problems, moral, ethical and social. We are out to prove experimentally from the words of Scripture the reality of our full salvation, and the power of God's grace to meet every need in human experience. And then to find out the best way of passing on to others what we know from personal experience. For instance our first subject was "Why Am I a Christian?" If I am forced to be absent in the Bay they carry on the discussion themselves. We all of us feel the need of being able to use the Word as a "two-edged sword" and in the winning of others far more than we do. This is why there have been as many as fifteen and upwards in the meetings we have had so far. It would warm your heart to spend a few minutes with us. I prayed much about this before beginning, knowing that no enthusiasm on my part could give them the same vision. I am thankful beyond words that the Holy Spirit has already worked and the response is so whole-hearted. Last time they met I was away. Three boys led the meeting, giving their own experiences and the meeting lasted three hours and no one knew the time had gone!

C. C. G. A.

The Papuan Christians of Kwato and Milne Bay have contributed $5,000 during the past year to purchase the plantations. This has meant heroic, but joyful giving out of poverty.
NOW we are in the middle of the term. Logea school occupies the mornings, during which time the Kwato kids try to make themselves useful, as they ever did, and Kwato kids have the whole afternoon at school and the evenings at home-work. Next week we have Bible school in the early mornings and adult school in the evenings for boys from outstations now working here. So we are in the thick of it and everything going fine. The weather is so beautifully cool that one has lots of energy, and personally, I don't mind the rains and storms when I compare them with summer heat.

The new school building—which is L-shaped and will be convertible either into three classrooms (17' x 17') by sliding doors or one large L-shaped room—is nearing completion daily. What a boon it will be! At present it is so difficult to keep the smaller boys in any kind of discipline with no decent accommodations for them. The rooms under the corner veranda are occupied by rather a rabble crowd of "technical" boys and the only refuge from storm is to herd the younger ones, whom we are trying to bring up in order, under the front part of the house. It's too low to stand there and an impossible place to have them in. Directly dinner is over, the dining room becomes a sleeping dormitory. However we console ourselves with the fact that in another month we shall have proper dormitories with facilities for giving this very promising material a better chance of growing up in proper discipline and oversight. It will be so easy to have them at this critical and impressionable age always in someone's charge instead of running wild all over the place and mixed up with older and not always helpful boys for want of separate accommodation. They really are most promising kids and growing very fast.

There is Banaba—a tall boy and very good-natured. He never gives trouble. Sila
is a very difficult and rebellious lad but very truthful. He looks you straight in the face when accused of some misdemeanor and tells you right out exactly what happened even though such "fessing-up" may cost a "licking." He is very bright in school.

George—half-caste—full of energy, very effervescent temperament. Given a job he does more than all the rest put together.

Apolo, a lad with an unfortunate nature and coming from a bad family. He has tried so hard this last six months to do well that he had already done marvels. He will have a hard fight against the awful heritage, but I believe he has the grit somewhere in him to make gallant efforts.

These are the older ones, aged 13 and 14, and I should be grateful for your special prayers for them. It is their class that will be very much benefited by the schoolhouse, or half of it. Girls will be favored with the other half.

I have been having the older ones in school for final finishing before they pass out of the school, and a lot of newer boys and girls that have been promoted from lower classes. We have been making great strides. It is so encouraging because it is not like working alone but together with them, as they are all cooperating in trying to get all they can before they finish. English has improved a lot. We have been having a campaign against that awful jargon spoken so much here—English words with Suau grammar rattled off at a great rate.

Just before the term began, all the children went home to their villages or Christian relatives if they had any. Those who had none were sent to Dalai at Wagawaga. They came back full of news of all their doings and recounted stories of their conversations with heathen people and their efforts to tell them about the Saviour. Silota and Elsie both went home to Sariba and they had some thrilling experiences and came back bubbling over with joy for the many opportunities they had had of witnessing to the people around, having prayer with them, and gathering the children together in the evenings to teach them to sing Suau choruses. Isn't that splendid? I felt it was worth doing anything in the world for them. And it is. I think the reality of the Christian lives of some of these boys and girls is the greatest encouragement. Things are harder, I think, for the boys as they do not have so much Christian home influence as the girls who serve their turns in the various domestic departments of the house. Among the younger school boys Eli and Joshua set the pace in the right direction. Among the older ones, Mauru passed through a dark period and ran away, but after much prayer he came back very repentant. He is a nervous boy but made a full confession at one mid-week service—he spared himself nothing and spoke for a full quarter of an hour pleading with the younger boys to surrender to Christ. It was wonderful and seemed to show us how acceptable to the Lord is sincere repentance with a broken and a contrite heart. Since then he has gone about with a joyful countenance.

Osiveru is temporarily in charge of Koeabule store, and a very dependable boy. Rali is frightfully keen on his medical work and goes about it with quite a professional air. One patient, who was converted while here, giving his testimony publicly in his village, reminded his friends that when he left them he was a heathen man and shunned all forms of Christian work carried on in his village. He said it was the kindness of the hospital attendants that opened his eyes to the reality of "Christ's way." That is something to praise God for. Poor Penneli, who now works at Samarai, is very repentant. He was always in rags and tatters and one day Mrs. Abel sent him a present of a new nogi and that quite broke him down. He greets us like a long lost brother whenever we chance to see him at Samarai where he is in touch with the Christian boys.

RUSSELLABEL.

Partners Wanted

Your Christian faith may be expressed in practice in New Guinea by using the missionaries and the Christian helpers of the New Guinea Evangelization Society as the active field agents through whom your Christian obedience is put into operation. This society is seeking, by means of prayer, preaching, teaching and healing, to extend its influence for Christ abroad by enlisting a larger number of supporters at home.

Knowledge of this work invariably deepens interest. Read New Guinea Tidings and other literature.

Gifts may be made through the treasurer at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.
Diary Letter from Phyllis Abel

Wednesday, July 25th. — Heavy rains every day this week. All outdoor work seriously held up. The roads are terribly boggy. Everything is damp and muddy. The small boys spent the morning scrubbing paint work all round the house. Both looms are working now. Martha is at her first piece but Leleto is doing a very handsome pattern. We had singing class to-night. The girls were too tired to sing and were drowned by the basses and tenors.

There is quite a fluster at Logea to-night, Lei’s sister, Hanamoa, is to be married to Aieki. They are both old pupils of ours. They only left school at the end of last term. In fact Hanamoa says she is going on with her school as soon as she is married.

Friday. — The wedding was a great success. The bride looked charming in a dress she had made herself under supervision. The bridesman also looked smart. They both came over in their wedding attire. Fortunately the weather cleared just in time.

We sent them a hurricane lantern and a bottle of kerosene and an enamel “billycan.” She was very much pleased with her gifts, which included an enamel plate, a Suau Testament, a mat and pillow!

We are up to our eyes in work preparing for the Governor General’s visit. The house is being cleaned from top to toe, and it sadly needed it. The last great occasion was two years ago, and such a time is quite long enough for the paint work to get covered in green mould and disgraceful. However we shall look passably clean when the Vice Regal party visit us. There will be an exhibition of carving, basket work, net work and string making and other native arts and crafts. Then there will be the industries; there is a good show of furniture of various sorts, cupboards, tables, chairs, a dinghy in process of building, and the new Mamari forms and keel. On the hill they will inspect the school children, and there is weaving and needle work, basket and fan and mat making to be seen.

Sunday, July 29. — It has been a lovely Day of Rest. It turned out sunny, which has been a treat in the midst of so much rain. Daniel and Merari went over to take the services amongst the natives and at the hospital. We saw Daniel in earnest conversation with Clem who left us a fortnight ago. He has been such a keen Christian though a young one, and self-appointed responsibilities toppled him over. When Merari was away at Port Moresby and the acting monitor was ill, Clem took his place, took the roll calls and all the duties of the monitor. Quite naturally and harmlessly his fellows ragged him. This was too much for him and the next morning he left. He was a Samarai boy and has done much good work there so that we feel his fall will do much harm to the cause of his Master. We are praying for him that he may be brought back and that his repentance may bring glory to the Lord Jesus.

The people here have just given the Governor General a wonderful torchlight display. Kwato and Logea were ablaze.
Busy Days and — Progress

... We have had a most unusually dry summer—a drought before Christmas and practically ever since. The place looks parched and dry. Also it has been terribly hot. At times we marvel that human beings could live in it, but apparently they can, for we have all survived and look none the worse for wear! We had a short holiday at Duabo before term recommenced and enjoyed an unusually cool spell in the middle of the summer. The joy of not requiring mosquito nets and also of needing blankets was great. Also we had wild duck and wild pork, laired by the indefatigable "Jodc" who now has on the way to 150 wild pigs to his record! We had some fine tramps and ranged the hills and valleys, dug for gold, and did several other exciting things. We got back quite "ready for the fray," and are now in the middle of it.

We have all the school children down here at Kwato. It is a terrible squeeze but it had to be as the house at Duabo is leaking badly and we found we could get through more, working the whole school together down here in shifts. Only the tiny tots are at Duabo. My day begins at 4:45 a.m.—and as we are having daylight saving time, it is 3:45 by the day and pretty murky. I hoist all the children off all the premises (some are quartered on the Flat) and have the place ruthlessly cleared of sleepers by 5 a.m. Six, they have their morning tea. It is still dark, being five by the day—and at 6:45 Bible school begins. Half an hour of Bible study at sunrise is a splendid beginning and sets the course of the whole day. My father has the senior Suau class, my sister has the senior English class and I have a class of new converts in Suau. Some of these are working on the hospital for the time being and we are trying to give them all the help we can while they are here.

At half past seven everyone goes off to work. Having organized the manual work of our large crowd of school children, there is a brief respite in which to sip one's morning tea until eight when the village school arrives from Logea with much noise and clatter. They keep me busy until breakfast at 10:30. They are getting on splendidly and will soon be talking English. Twelve thirty the daily prayer meeting and at one the Kwato school begins. There are 110 of them here just now. Some others are at Koeabule and the babes are at Duabo. We aim to have the brightest here and weed out those who are not likely to make much use of their opportunities to the Koeabule school.

It is very difficult to have the school here as there is no accommodation and there are so many other people. We console ourselves by looking forward to the day when all the younger children will be able to go to Duabo. Meanwhile we are overjoyed at the prospect of a building here which a gift has made possible. It will be a boon—especially in the rainy season. It is to be started as soon as possible and we shall muster our crowd to cheer when the first spadeful of earth is dug. The Kwato school finishes at 3:30 P.M. and they all vanish to their afternoon's play. We get our dinner on at 6:30 P.M. and devote the evening to classes for grown-ups and especially for those who have come in to work on the hospital and are anxious to make the most of their stay here. The children have homework classes in the evening, the real reason for which is to have them under one's unslumbering eye! We are very badly off for native helpers or prefects. They have too much else to do.

R. W. A.

Tropical Weather

The weather is exceptional. The sun shines out of a cloudless sky day after day; and night upon night the star-lit heavens look as if they would never be overcast again. We are having a drought! The ground is parched. The grass on the cricket ground is the color of straw and the heat is intense. Needless to say, there is not a drop of water on Kwato except what is brought over from Logea in tins and pails. The people at Samarai are fetching water from the mainland. And there is no sign of rain. We may find our people hard up for food shortly. Fortunately, the spring over at Logea trickles merrily and if we take the trouble to fetch it we can get water quite handy. No one need want for a drink, though baths are a luxury. Needless to say, we shall rejoice, some time this year, when we can have a tank supply to see us through such bad times as these...
Papuans Who Preach Christ

TARIOWAI is an elderly man of the type called in S. E. Papua babada (Elder), regarded as a compliment by Papuans. His wife leads a busy life at Kwato teaching, and has a hand in the domestic background of the place, no small business in view of the large and shifting crowd always here. He has seven very bright children, four of whom are doing well in various grades of the Boarding School, and three still trail behind their mother or cling to her hip till pressure of duties forces her to shake them off.

Tariowai, late captain of one of our vessels, was once at death's door, with no human hope of recovery. All efforts in nursing seemed to no avail. The church gathered to pray for Tariowai who was greatly loved. He is a big kindly soul and children monopolize him. Tariowai was very remarkably restored to life and since then we have seldom heard him speak in public without reminding his hearers of God's goodness to him.

Tariowai left us six months ago to look after his wife's property at Watunou. God spoke to this man when he reached Watunou, revealing something that was hindering his progress. God, who is mighty to the pulling down of strongholds, was that day victorious in the heart of His servant. The following morning, when Tariowai gathered the people of Watunou together for worship, he made a full confession, explaining that he could not expect God to bless his message to them until he had put right what had been wrong. He made a covenant with God before them all that he would never again look back to the thing that had caused him to stumble. The blessing that accompanied this act of repentance and confession was infectious. Twenty-one men and women came, asking him how they could be saved. Later others in that district found Christ through the testimony of this man.

Tariowai is still carrying on a joyful work. He is working on his plantation and helping the people around him at the same time. Pray that he may be kept, because the enemy of souls is doubly the enemy of the one who is leading others into the way of eternal life.

FARAIKI, at Divinai, is father of a promising family of the type we are glad to have in the Boarding School. He earns his living by storekeeping and helps the people all around him. He recently came into Kwato for a few months and made the most of his holiday and its opportunities for attending Bible school. So that he should not be a burden to the mission, he went down each day and worked hard at the stone quarry near the hospital site. This is quite noteworthy for a Papuan, some of whom are apt to take hospitality for granted, and as Faraiki is the stoutest man in S. E. Papua it was especially praiseworthy. He helped us too with the evangelistic work in the surrounding villages. This industrious man has now gone back to his work for Christ at Divinai, refreshed and full of gratitude, which he expressed to all, for the help that the services, Bible school, and atmosphere of Kwato had been to him. He assured us on parting that Kwato was "home" to him. "My children are with you," he said, "we may go away for long but we shall always find our way back."

SISA is another of the older men whose sincere life is a great encouragement. Reared in heathenism, which he left in early
manhood, he and his wife have not looked back. His wife's father was a victim of cannibalism and they are, therefore, in some respects, a link with the dark age that has passed in S. E. Papua. Sisa's influence on his sons and nephews is also something for which to thank God. We know definitely the results of his prayers and talks with them at times when they were being tempted.

Sisa and his wife and eldest daughter are about to start a new work amongst the people of Sariba—a most difficult field of service. His daughter, who has been through the school at Kwato, will start a school amongst the unruly crowd of village children. Will you pray that their united witness may be greatly blessed at Sariba?

We ask your prayers for Dalai, who is having a hard fight just now. She is an unmarried woman and is in charge of the station at Manawara. To anyone who knows Papuans this is in itself an astounding fact. She has done admirable work and is one of the few and rare Papuans who are not afraid to lead. The influence that she has over the natives in her district is remarkable. A case of infectious disease and Dalai is on the spot, dismissing the relatives, isolating the patient, riding rough-shod over native convention incidentally but perhaps averting a disaster by so doing. (One ought to explain that the relatives that often have to be dismissed from a bedside gather to mourn and wail if they think a death probable. Many people hereabouts have not only their last hours but their last days cheered in this way.) But, to return to Dalai, she has a small crowd of girls and youths with her whom she trains and teaches, as well as a village day school. With the help of the boarders, she runs the cocoanut plantation that helps to meet the expenses of the station. In addition to this work she visits the villages, attending the sick and helping the people generally. Doilegu, the young storeman who is at Bisimaka about a mile away, is a standby, while his wife, brought up from infancy at Kwato, helps to provide a bit of "Kwato atmosphere" which Kwato old-boys and girls appreciate.

There are one or two loyal souls in the villages round about but there has nevertheless been great disappointment through the cooling off and failure of some of the Christians with the inevitable damage that attends the looking back of God's people. Added to this there has been a kind of insurrection amongst some of the Manawara children whom she had brought to Christ. The evil one seems to be at work. We need prayer on behalf of Manawara. Will any who have cause to be grateful for spiritual advantages and the support of Christian fellowship in home countries remember to pray for this willing servant who, with few advantages, is fighting a hard battle? R. W. A.

**Our Sorrows and Our Joys**

D—— has just left us. She had been up at Duabo with the little children for some months and, doubtless, whilst there her people came to see her and succeeded in inducing her to leave. We have done everything possible to retain her. She has been told plainly what awful temptations await her in her village, where her people will be willing to marry her to any dirty white man or half-caste who will pay for her. But we have not moved her from her purpose. She clung to us when she said good-bye but neither prayer nor reasoning with her had any effect. She asks to be allowed to return next June. We have never had an experience like this. No Papuan has ever acted in this way. Poor D—— is the victim of a mixture which results in a mentality very difficult to understand. May the Lord in His mercy preserve the poor child. It will need a miracle to do that. She will be flattered and spoiled and until she comes to her senses she will be deceived into thinking that the world is an attractive place. But she cannot for long forget her past experiences. Perhaps she will soon see for herself what is in store for her and come back, or she may wait until she returns humbled and broken. Join us here in constant prayer for D——.

**There are signs in several directions of progress in the lives of the people which are very gratifying. We often say to one another: "Ten years ago you would never have seen that done." We are passing through the most difficult time we have experienced all through the years, but we are being constantly cheered as we see our people gaining a firmer hold of the truth, and experiencing a deeper joy in Christ. The school work, too, is full of promise. If only we can go forward, the next ten years should give a demonstration of sound development.**
The Cricket Team Goes to Port Moresby

I HAVE been away for ten days to Port Moresby. I realize now how necessary it was for me to be away and think no more, for a short time at least, about ways and means, and hospital buildings and copra depreciation. I went with my son Cecil and the Kwato cricketers in the “Elevara” which the Governor kindly sent to convey us.

We were at Port Moresby from Thursday evening until Wednesday morning. The cricket match lasted all day Saturday and all day Monday, and until about one P. M. on Tuesday. It was a great affair. The Governor and the Governor's secretary were very pleased, as was everybody of any consequence, because it was a public exhibition of good feeling and intimate mingling between the whites and the natives. The boys did excellently. Unfortunately, we were without our most brilliant player, Daniela. When we left Kwato Dan lay very dangerously ill. His absence was a loss in all departments of the game. We lost the match by a narrow margin and there is no doubt Daniela's presence would have made all the difference. However, it was better to lose and to have given a strong eleven such a hard fight to keep the upper hand of the game. The boys were greatly complimented on their skill and especially on the sustained fight they put up.

The little township was en fete on Saturday and Monday, and everything was done to give us all a good time. The boys never had such a treat. We found many opportunities for giving our witness. The cricketers took a part in the Sunday morning service and in the afternoon we all went over to the white township and gathered together eighty-eight East End boys working at Port Moresby and spoke to them in the Port Moresby church. Then I took the evening service at eight o'clock.

* * * * C. W. Abel.

Two very remarkable incidents happened at Port Moresby. It was the first public exhibition of a national spirit. It was very moving to see the way the Hannabada natives backed us from the very first. There were 1,100 natives watching the cricket on Monday and the reception accorded to us when we stopped off at Hula on our way back was almost bewildering. They chanted a sort of native song to us as a welcome and every house of that huge village of 1,200 natives had its flagpole and the “bunting” merrily waving in the breeze.

The second incident was the public expression on the part of notable residents of a hope that some day they would not only meet the Papuan on the cricket field but invite him to sit at the banquet with them. Everybody was struck by the boys' behavior and one man said “we couldn't but realize we were playing against gentlemen.”

Cecil Abel.

Problems We Must Tackle

The school term began three days ago and the teachers are getting their pupils into shape again. We are making a great effort to specialize this term on the best in all the classes. The process of “weeding out” is very difficult because, though some do not show scholastic ability, they probably give evidence of gifts in other directions. The only way we can achieve what we are aiming for is to give these boys and girls the best all-round education that has yet been given to any Papuan. I think we can honestly say this is being done. I had an opportunity of judging this by comparing our standard with that attained at Port Moresby by Mr. Clark who takes his scholars to the highest Government standard. When Miss Scrymgeour comes out we hope things will go ahead a great deal faster.

Our next problem will be the village schools. We must do the best we can about this for a while. Meanwhile we have village schools run by girls at Koeabule and Manawara. If we can find the teachers, we want to open up small schools wherever there is a “camp.” The brightest material will be drawn from these to supply the new boarding school for village boys and girls. Our one great problem is the scattered population. The waste in effort and material is very great. If we had one big village of 2,000, as they have at Haimabada, we could concentrate and see results in a short time.
Educationally, we want to take these people as far as they can go. We have no less ambition than to produce an Aggrey or a Kagawa. For those who are not able to go this far we aim to supply a training that will make them useful, industrious citizens who can make some contribution to the progress of their race. And for all we strive for a definite personal experience of salvation through Christ and a grounding in Scripture as a rock for their foundations and a means of winning others to their Master.

Our trip westward to Port Moresby and Hula last week was a revelation to me of the tremendous need of these thickly populated districts for concentrated evangelization. If only we had three times, no five times, as many men like Makura and Merari that we could have ready to march into the firing line under a white leader and where the need is greatest! They are getting good experience now in this new week-end evangelistic campaign. If the way opens up these lads will be ready in eighteen months to tackle anything, anywhere. There are five—Phillip, Merari, Makura, Paillemi and Daniela—and others are coming on. They are all young and energetic; they are all keen soul winners, else I would not mention them.

Just now we are in an awkward financial position. Copra has been dropping rapidly and during the last twelve months it has come down from twenty pounds to twelve pounds a ton. Our yearly budgets have been made out in anticipation of a very much higher rate than this. To try and meet this new condition it was decided, at our last council meeting, to start our workers under some sort of corporation. We try from time to time to give them a greater share of responsibility and this will certainly be a step in that direction.

We were greatly encouraged and thankful last March to realize that the Lord had enabled us to raise the £1,000 for the plantation fund for this year. We are going forward in the second year's attempt fully realizing our task will be doubled by the fact that the staple product of this part of Papua is fetching only half of what it used to. However we are not going to lower our aim even though it takes us much longer to reach the goal. Let our friends know that we shall keep on praying and stick to our word. I am speaking for the Papuan Christians, Inc.

Cecil Abel.