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Rev. Charles W. Abel

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Contributions to the work of the Society should be sent to the Treasurer. Checks may be made payable to the "New Guinea Evangelization Society, Inc." or to Walter McDougall, Treasurer, and may be sent to The Record of Christian Work, East Northfield, Massachusetts, or to the Missionary Review of the World, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. All contributions go to support the work without deduction for salaries or other overhead.

NEW GUINEA TIDINGS
Miss J. H. Righter, 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 can be obtained from any of the secretaries.

Application for entry as second-class matter at the Post Office at Harrisburg, Pa.
Since the last issue of the Tidings many friends in America and in England have received letters from Mrs. Charles W. Abel and her sons and daughters, telling of their deep appreciation of the many messages of sympathy and love which they have received since the death of Mr. Abel became known. These expressions of friendship have meant much to them at this time and have made them realize anew the deep regard in which Mr. Abel was held throughout the world. For these messages of sympathy they are sincerely grateful.

Our readers will find on the first page of this number the names of the officers and committee members of the recently reorganized Kwato Extension Association. It will be noticed that the Board is now made up of both English and American friends, serving jointly in their common interest. The routine of business has been greatly simplified and in the future all matters of importance can be settled much more expeditiously, as the result of this unification. The New Guinea Evangelization Society continues to exist, as the receiver of gifts in America, but it acts only under the jurisdiction of the K. E. A. which is the governing body of the whole.

After an extensive trip to mission stations in Egypt, India, China and Japan, Mr. and Mrs. Delavan L. Pierson sailed from Sidney, Australia, en route for New Guinea, arriving at Kwato on July 26th for a stay of two weeks. Their visit has been made as an expression of their love and friendship for the Abel family and their desire to be of service to the mission during the difficult days of readjustment. While at Kwato, Mr. and Mrs. Pierson planned to visit the outstations about Milne Bay and so gain a first-hand knowledge of the mission work of the district. The report of this visit will be of the greatest possible aid to the Governing Committee of the K. E. A. as it, at home, seeks to guide the affairs of the mission, from this side of the world. Mr. and Mrs. Pierson hope to be back in this country in October. An account of their visit will be found in an article in this issue.

Early in March of this year, Miss Veronica Danilivitch, the trained nurse who has been in charge of the hospital at Kwato, during the past year and a half, returned to England. Her going leaves the nursing work without a graduate nurse in charge, and it is earnestly hoped that some one will
be led to take up this most necessary work. The need is very acute and the opportunity for helpful service great. Is there some one, trained in nursing and with the desire for Christian service, who will volunteer to go to Kwato for this particular work?

For many years, friends of Mr. Abel had been urging him to write a book on the experiences of his forty years in Papua. But never had the time been found for the work. Finally when he was in England in March, he began to correlate his ideas, to make notes and to write out an outline for possible chapters. To several friends he spoke of what he was doing, saying that he wanted to write, not so much of his life as to give to the world a presentation of the Papuan and what the principles of the Kwato Mission aimed to do for him. Now that Mr. Abel is no longer here to complete the tasks, Mrs. Abel and his son, Russell, have agreed to write such a book within the year. Will friends cooperate in this work by sending to Mrs. Abel, any material of which she can make use.

A Message From Kwato

WE HAVE felt the power of your prayers surrounding us in a wonderful way during the past few weeks. It is nearly a month since the overwhelming and stunning news of our father’s death reached us. Things seemed utterly dark and bewildering at that moment. And yet one day our eyes will be opened and we shall look back to this life and understand God’s wisdom fully, however inscrutable it all seems to us now. God was with us in a wonderful way all through the first realization of sorrow. As you can imagine, the whole district was plunged into grief. It was my sad task to make a tour around Milne Bay breaking the news to the people. I shall never forget that journey. As a contrast to the usual hearty farewells and general clatter that accompany one’s departure from any place, there were crowds of people, at each place, standing in the drizzling rain, weeping in silence.

The many cables that arrived were a great comfort and especially so where messages were included. “The things that are seen are temporal, the things that are unseen are eternal.” This verse has been a great help. We have had our minds directed to the eternal home—Heaven and eternity have become very real, whereas this present world has hitherto seemed to mean so much, almost everything.

These dear Papuans rallied round in a wonderful way. This sorrow has brought out the very best in them of loyalty and faith. We had an inspiring time, during Easter week, of prayer and united seeking of God’s will. Easter Sunday, which was the climax of much prayer, was a time of real joy when our Lord graciously drew us very near to Himself, just when it was Himself we were needing so sorely.

The sorrow amongst the heathen people has been extraordinary and very different from that of the Christians with their childlike faith in God. Father had much influence on account of his long experience and the esteem in which he was held by the Government, all officials and the white population and he was therefore a champion of the natives in many ways. The heathen people trusted in his influence on their behalf in many matters. They all realize their loss and their sorrow is “without hope.” It has been a great opportunity while the hearts of the people are softened and they are brought face to face with realities, to get amongst them and make a personal appeal to them to trust God unto salvation. We have been visiting many centers where the people have flocked to meet us, coming for consolation and with a marked keenness to hear and receive what we have tried to give them of the comfort wherewith God has comforted us.

My mother has been wonderfully brave and has been an inspiration to us all. At first there was so much to encourage and hearten her, with the natives so determined in their resolves to carry on worthily and so honor the one who had brought them everything that they have of value in life. Also their expressions of love and sympathy and their prayers were a great help to her.

Our eyes are fixed upon the One who doeth all things well. Pray for us that our faith may not fail at this important time.

RUSSELL W. ABEL.
Our Visit to Kwato

IMAGINE the thrill of a tropical scene in the early morning. The blue waters of the Southern seas, dotted here and there with emerald isles. Tall palms and other tropical foliage wave a welcome. Quaint looking sail boats and out-rigger canoes, manned by brown-skinned Papuans, dart over the water near the coast. Picturesque charm has always characterized the scene, but how different must have been the sensations of the first missionaries who visited these islands. Then the unknown land suggested unknown perils. The Papuans, whom they had come to teach the Way of God, were suspicious and hostile. Savage warfare was their chief occupation; cannibalism prevailed; superstition and fear and the practice of sorcery took the place of religion. To step ashore at any point might mean torture and death, followed by a cannibal feast and the orgies of a heathen dance.

Today, how greatly the whole situation has changed, under the influence of British rule and the Christian life and teaching of the missionaries—and all in the lifetime of one man.

As we approached Samarai, we see—not the camp fires of a savage tribe—but the Government House, representing law and order; the radio station and post office, representing contacts with the uttermost part of the earth; the hospital and schools, representing progress in brotherly kindness and intelligence; and a church, representing a new understanding of God and the following of Jesus Christ. What changes have been wrought! A greater thrill came as we saw in the distance a small island on which floated an American flag. Skimming rapidly over the waters darted a little launch. As it drew near, we could see the dark-skinned crew and the expectant faces and waving welcome of the beloved sons and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Abel—pioneers in this once savage land.

Mingled joy and sadness filled our hearts as we thought of the beloved leader who had hoped to welcome us here, but who had so suddenly been called to Higher Service. What a welcome he must have received in the Homeland from those whom he had taught the Way of Life and who had preceded him. To those left behind, the loss of his presence is overwhelming, and yet everywhere we could see signs of the victory of faith. The peace of God that passes understanding guards their hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. What a welcome we
received from the missionary group and from the Papuan Christians! As we came up to the Kwato wharf, two hundred Papuans stood to meet us—at first in silence, as though they were thinking of the loved leader who had so recently gone from them, and then waving and cheering a glad welcome to the representatives of friends in far-off America. It was a picturesque and heartening sight—these strong, clean men and boys in simple wrap-around skirts, or lower clothes; the smiling women, some from Logea, in grass skirts and still showing old tattoo marks, and others in simple dresses or skirts; and the dear little children—a hundred of them, with bright, eager, laughing faces as they romped and danced about in excitement.

One of the Papuan boys stepped forward to voice a welcome in Suan, telling of their loyal love for the leader to whom they had said farewell ten months ago, and their thankfulness to God for having brought at this time the friends from far-off America. We were warmly greeted by Mrs. Abel and the other missionaries, and then we climbed into the newly painted and beautifully decorated Ford truck to mount the hill to the Mission House. Passing under floral arches and through aisles of green, which the young people had erected to welcome us, we climbed the winding road, greeted by the laughing, cheering children who ran ahead to meet us at every turn. On the crest of the hill stands the commodious mission bungalow. What tales of anxiety and joy, of works of faith and labors of love it could tell! We are taken to the guest room and see all around reminders of the friends in America—photographs, books, rugs and other gifts sent as love-tokens.

The Mission House is almost a village in itself, for the Abels have opened their home to meet many needs. Here are housed not only the five or six lady missionaries and guests, but about forty Papuan boys and girls attending school. At night, the verandah floors are covered with little sleeping figures wrapped in blankets. Under this roof is also the large hall used at various times for domestic science, as a general dining room, music room, and dormitory. Here stands the hand loom for weaving cloth and here are held the daily prayer meetings and the Church services. It is indeed a magic wonderland bungalow that reveals the growth of the work. It mutely appeals for repair and for new equipment.

On the same hill we saw the old rookery (sadly in need of replacement) that houses many Papuan workers, as well as the bakery and the printing office. Near by are cottages housing men or women or married couples who work in the school or shops or render other service.

In every direction, and at all times of day and night, we saw the wondrous charm of nature. But the most beautiful and satisfying of all is the evidence of the transformed character of the Papuans—their good cheer, their love, their intelligence, their industry and their reverence for the things of God.

Our thirteen days at Kwato and in the outstations of Milne Bay were far too short for all we wished to do and see. They were filled to overflowing with visits to the new hospital, a model building for the tropics; to the carpenter and boat-building and printing shops; to sawmill and smithy; to the schools for Logea children and for the boys and girls of the mission station; to the cricket pitch, tennis courts and football field. Many hours were spent in conference with the missionaries, in meetings with the elders of the district, in gatherings for prayer, and in listening to the school children show some recent achievement in English or Suau. As the shy little creatures stood, in grass skirts and with shining black eyes, to recite verses from the Bible or to sing some Christian hymn, they presented a great contrast to the fearsome little savages that stare open-eyed at every stranger and then immediately flee to cover.

One morning, we took the mission launch to Sariba, a large island where Caesar works as an evangelist and two Kwato trained girls conduct a school. We were carried ashore on the arms of stalwart Papuan Christians and walked through a village of typical island huts. These are single rooms, on stilts, under which wallow pigs, the Papuan wealth. Inside reside all the woolly-headed family, including dogs and children and smaller game. Near by were half-fashioned dugout canoes. What a contrast we found in the simple houses of the Christian teachers. Here everything was neat and orderly—with windows to let in light and air. The floors were covered with clean matting, small boxes held extra clothing, a dressing mirror on the floor, perhaps a low table (a foot high) for writing, a shelf for Bible and notebook and a few Christian mottoes or lithographs on the wall completed the furnishings and gave a Christian atmosphere.
In the village where the teachers lived, we found the small church and schoolhouse that the people had erected, filled with an audience of sixty or seventy believers and inquirers under instruction. The children sang and recited—their grass skirts swishing to and fro. The heathen villages held aloof in a group by themselves, interested onlookers but having no fellowship with the Christians. So we said farewell. The believers brought gifts of taro, bananas, yams, chickens and other produce to show their friendliness and appreciation of what the missionaries of Christ have done for them.

The most impressive sight at Kwato was perhaps the Sunday morning service, when forty-six men and women were baptized and united with the Church, and three were restored to membership. One by one they stood before the audience of two or three hundred Papuans and confessed their faith in Christ and their purpose to follow Him. Some trembled as they stood for they are shy and the step requires courage. These men and women were the fruit of the labors of unpaid Papuan Christian Evangelists, one worker, Merari, having brought twenty-four from one village. This is one evidence of the spiritual vitality of the work and an encouraging sign that Christ is magnified and is working in the mission as truly as in the days when Charles Abel was on the field.

The results of our conferences with the mission workers will be published in a later issue of the TIDINGS. It is sufficient to say here that there was no trace of doubt or hesitancy as to the future of the work. Those who remain have abundantly shown their fidelity and ability and there is clear evidence of the blessing of God on their work. Mrs. Charles Abel, who has been associated with her husband for thirty-eight years in this mission, was unanimously elected chairman of the Field Council, with Cecil Abel as vice-chairman and treasurer. He will also have general oversight of the outstation work, for which he has shown great fitness. To Russell Abel has been committed the responsibility for the preparation of a life of his father which shall include a history of the mission. It is hoped that friends who have letters or other material which may be of interest and value in this biography will communicate with Mr. Russell Abel immediately.

Our visit to Australia and New Zealand was also most encouraging. The Sydney Committee, while feeling keenly the loss of the Founder's leadership, are standing by the work and plan to take steps to increase the constituency in Australia, and to take a larger responsibility for the support of the Mission. The New Zealand friends are also hoping to form a group of "Praying Partners" and supporters whose cooperation will prove a blessing.

Our brief visit to Kwato increased our love and admiration for the workers there who carry on, in the midst of many difficulties and privations, but in faith and cheerfulness. There are many evidences of the continued leadership of God and of His blessing on the work. The villagers are hearing and receiving the Gospel from the volunteer Papuan Evangelists, the Christian youth are being trained to care for their bodies, minds and souls, and to become self-supporting workers. Mothers are learning how to care for their homes and children, and fathers are developing in industry and fidelity to responsibility. The schools are well conducted, and in them the Christian youths are being trained for service in the Community and in effective witnessing to Christ.

Everywhere we went, from missionaries of other societies, from business men and from Government officials, we heard commendation of the Kwato mission—as a model for evangelism, for practical education of the natives and for industrial training with a view to self-support and general improvement.

The Christians of the Mission are very eager to build at Kwato a memorial House of Prayer to their beloved Taubada (Mr. Abel). There is need for such a building, since the former one was burned. The Christians are ready to give labor and native materials and such other contributions as they can supply from their poverty. They wish to undertake this immediately, and as the total cost will be about $2,000, they invite friends to cooperate in this labor of love. Contributions for this or other purposes may be sent to Mr. Walter McDougall, Treasurer, 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

We wish that every friend of the work might enjoy the privilege of a visit to Kwato. We have seen the work of missions around the world, but know of none that more clearly gave evidence of God working in the midst to guide and empower the missionaries, to regenerate men and women and to train and inspire them for His service.

Delavan L. Pierson.
A Seaside Picture

Night has fallen on the little bay which lies like a polished mirror reflecting the silver moon. Across its still waters the lights of the village sparkle through the trees, and an occasional burst from a fire throws lurid lights on the graceful fronds of the coconut palms that fringe the shore. Behind the village rise the mountains, range upon range, their majestic tops silhouetted against a moonlit sky. The stillness is broken now and again by the cry of an infant, a burst of childish laughter, the rise and fall of voices or the splash of a shoal of fish by the seashore.

On the opposite point to the village stands a small one-roomed shack. On the ground outside its door many dark figures sit and squat in various attitudes. By the light of a hurricane lamp a tall young missionary is reading from the Book. The account of One who walked by the seashore long centuries ago, and healed the sick and raised the dead, and gave sight to the blind, and delivered those possessed of evil spirits by the power of His touch.

As the light from the little lamp falls on the faces of the listeners we see all sorts and conditions here who are needing the same loving Hand. Here is a group of youths with great mops of hair, their expressions dissatisfied and rebellious, finding only temporary pleasures in the things of the world, and darkness. Here is an old man, shrunken and wizened, hardened in the ways of death: some old women, bound by ignorance and superstition, querulous and unlovely. And again a group of little children, their bare bodies shining in the moonlight, their eyes wide open and wistful, yet accustomed to seeing so much that is filthy and evil. They all need the touch of that divine Hand that gives life, freedom, and healing to-day as it did by the shores of Galilee long years ago.

But there are many who have received that touch. See this blind man, his sightless eyes raised to the face of the reader, his face lighted with a joyous glow. The eyes of his understanding have been opened: and he has heard the never-to-be-forgotten words “Son, thy sins be forgiven thee.” Unable to read the blessed words from the Book for himself he has committed long passages to memory, and it is a lamp unto his feet and a light unto his path.

In front sit a group of bright-faced school boys and girls. They have been saved from the sordid evils of life in the villages, and many have become followers of the Lord Jesus.

Here are some young men who have received that touch in the early morning of their lives and are living and working for their Master, seeking to bring others to a knowledge of His saving grace.

And here, too, are some old women whose hearts have been made gracious and kindly because He has touched them, and with earnest eyes they drink in the Words of Life.

As we look, and wonder, and worship the One whose touch can so transform broken, soiled, sin-bound lives, the stillness is once more broken by the sweet strains of a familiar evening hymn.

A breeze rustles in the palms overhead; the sea ripples along the shore, and once more with bowed heads we meet Him and speak with Him by the seaside.

P. D. Abel.

Learning the Language

It is true all through life that if one is afraid of being laughed at one never gets anywhere, but I think this is especially applicable to newcomers to Papua in their efforts to learn the language.

Well do I remember during early days in France after struggling laboriously through a conversation, my audience would say with their inimitable tact “Mademoiselle est francaise?” Here, I seldom get further than my first word, for the rest of the sentence, such as it is, is drowned by a great burst of laughter.

The language spoken chiefly in this district is Suau, simple in many ways but difficult in others, and there being no Suau grammar book to guide one, conversation is the only means of learning.

Sometimes in the evening I begin a little conversation with one understanding friend, but before long a large circle of girls has gathered, all out for fun, and the boys not wanting to be left out of things, collect in the background and soon the schoolroom is in a state of uproar.

Would-be Suau speakers can say with truth that they create laughter wherever they go.

H. S.
A Village Service

One Sunday afternoon we went by launch to hold a service at Debasina, one of our outstations some miles away. After a fairly rough trip, the landing was made on rather an exposed fore­shore, so the transference to outrigger canoe and to beach was not the easiest matter, but incidental to such occasions. On the shore, expectantly awaiting our arrival, was a company of men, fearsome-looking to the unac­customed eye, bearing the marks of a hea­then past, but dear to God, for were they not His chosen ones, members of His Church on earth and now bearing the distinguishing marks of the Lord Jesus.

After welcomes had been exchanged, we began our journey on foot, a strange pro­cession, the missionary, who was laid up with a tropical wound, led the way being carried in a chair on the shoulders of strong men, while about thirty brown-bodied men and children followed. Our path led through a winding bush track, full of beauty, skirting the palm-fringed beach to the village of our destination. Here quite a number had gathered from surrounding villages, their faces smiling a welcome, and great was their joy and delight to show to us a new meeting house which only the day before loving hands had finished erecting. Beautifully cool and clean it looked, with its coral-shell floor and sago palm-leaf walls. So desir­ous are these dear people to have preachers and teachers in their village that the labor and material for this building were freely given. The need of these people was brought home to us as we passed through the village by a picture of despairing grief. A woman blackened from head to foot with soot, sitting in hopeless misery mourning the death of her child, not knowing yet the “blessed hope” of the Christian.

As we gathered in the new meeting house in the quietness of that Sunday afternoon, with every sound hushed save the lapping of the waves, we felt indeed the Presence of the Lord with us. Our hearts rejoiced to see the dear Papuans sitting listening in reverent attitude, as the missionary, endeared to their hearts by long years of devoted service, told again from the best loved Book, the story of Redeeming Grace. The telling through the years of the oft-told story, bringing knowledge of that love to their sin-stained hearts, had wrought the change in some, and made possible this that we saw and heard, lives delivered from the power of darkness and translated into the kingdom of
God's dear Son. The songs which rose from that one-time heathen village blended in adoration and praise with the song of heaven "for Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation."

As we gathered at the Lord's table to remember His dying love, and the wine (simply portrayed in the natural fruit of the land, the juice of the coconut) and bread were passed round by loving hands, His word of dear command came with new power, "this do in remembrance of me"....."until I come".....and we realized afresh the wonderful unifying power of the Name, "Thou hast loved them as Thou hast loved me, that they may be one even as we are one."

As the service ended and we said goodbye, we linked with this one all similar gatherings, and we praised God for the knowledge that from the far-off land of Papua whose soil had been stained with the blood of martyrs and feasts of human flesh, many will, at His glad coming, join the great company, when

"From earth's wide bounds and ocean's farthest coasts
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost—
Hallelujah!

ELIZABETH MILL.

I should like to tell you of the splendid meetings we had during the second week in May when all the leaders came in with the church's gift toward the fifth instalment. The consecration of the gift took place on Sunday evening after a wonderful communion service in the afternoon. Then from Monday to Friday my whole days were fully occupied—first with combined meetings at which each one made his contribution to the discussion of a wide range of important subjects and then private interviews. These leaders have been appointed by me to represent the various localities or centers in the interests of our Fund. But the conference has widened its scope and at these last meetings we dealt with every conceivable phase in the spiritual, moral, mental, and physical life of these people. There were over thirty of us altogether. Everyone felt the inspiration of these meetings and it will be a great joy at our next gathering to welcome Mr. Pierson and have his wisdom and counsel to direct us as we put our problems before him.

C. A.

The Launching of Mamari II

Amidst quite accountable excitement, the new vessel, "Mamari II," was launched the first of the year. We had a gloriously fine day for the occasion. The short dedicatory service was very impressive. Cecil Abel gave an appropriate address and Lisa offered the dedicatory prayer. After the launch, bedecked with flags, was towed to the head of the jetty, Cecil went to the bow, and, uncovering her name, said: "In the service of God for the Papuan, I name thee 'Mamari II.' " Tiraka then broke a bottle of distilled water over her stern! She was two days receiving finishing touches and undergoing her trials before she made her first long trip to the Bay. She is giving great satisfaction and is widely admired. After her slow namesake, we greatly appreciate the new craft's turn of speed, seeing she exceeds eight miles an hour under favorable conditions.

We praise God for this improved means of transport. It is gratifying to have turned out so fine and convenient a vessel from our Kwato workshops.

WANTED—Money for Forms and Desks for new schoolhouse.
The past term will be quite a memorable one for the Kwato School, being the first term of a new regime with our new school building at last in use. The blessings and benefits of this cool and convenient house have been realized and appreciated daily.

There has been great keenness on the part of the children in school. For some of the older boys and girls it is their last term, and they are anxious to do well in their final examination.

We have started three new village schools. They still need much organization and are understaffed, but a start has been made, and we hope to improve them and give them more help early in the New Year.

The village children from Logea have been as keen as ever and have been coming over regularly, though their parents find it hard to spare them just now. Here the lack of authority in a Papuan parent is a blessing in disguise. The children are interested in their school work; the parents need them at home, but as the children are quite unaccustomed to obey their parents' wishes should they clash with their own, their education does not suffer!

The fishing season has begun and the children have been more than usually in demand to help with the catching and smoking of the fish. The fishing is done at night with flaming coconut-leaf torches to dazzle the fish to their destruction. It is a fine sight to see the coasts lit up with chains of lights which are reflected in the sea. They go on till long past midnight, systematically moving over the reefs and waving their torches into brighter blaze.

The following morning the children sit in school reeking of smoked fish and making gallant efforts to keep their weary eyelids apart, and their sleepy heads from nodding over their work.

We had to complain recently because the numbers in the youngest classes were dwindling, and the smaller children not coming regularly. One day so few turned up to school that they were sent home again after a due lecturing, which they felt to be rather a disgrace. As they trailed off the verandah one little girl wailed out to the older and
more punctilious ones who were staying on, "Aei! you big ones will be so wise, and we little midgets are sent home again to be foolish." This "parting shot" sounded most comical, coming as it did from a very diminutive person. However it taught them a lesson. There was marked improvement the following day. Later we discovered that the reason the older children came regularly and the younger children did not, was that the hard-pressed parents had no means of imposing their will on their older children, but could at least commandeer the little ones. In a Papuan menage the smallest child can lend a hand, fetch and carry, mind an infant, or help with peeling yams and splitting taro leaves.

It is not always that the help of the children is required at home as it is just now, with the harvest at its best in the gardens.

As a rule we have no difficulty in getting parents to part with their children for the mornings that we have them in school. Some of them protest that they are keen on their children's educational welfare and send them off from home each morning.

We have with us at present three boys from Orokolo, 350 miles away. Their keenness to come to school amounts almost to a thirst for education of some sort, hence the long and quite hazardous journey to get here. The two last arrivals had not had any food for days when they arrived, having boarded a steamer at their own risk and responsibility, practically as stowaways. They mixed in with a crowd of indentured laborers that were coming to work on plantations in the Eastern Division. They had been willing to put up with a great deal in order to get here, so we could not refuse to take them in. They are working very hard, and quite earning their keep while they are with us. They are a different race from our Eastern Papuans. They speak a language we do not understand and are different in appearance and temperament from our people. At present we communicate with them by signs, at which we are becoming quite expert! They seem to find great difficulty in pronouncing Suau words; what the mutilation will be like when it comes to English we have yet to see. They seem to think that knowledge may be absorbed through the pores of the skin, and they turn up regularly to classes and Bible school and laboriously take down all notes from blackboards in spite of the fact that it is all in a language that is jibberish to them. However they are not to be turned aside by trifling obstacles and will be daunted by nothing.

The last two outsiders from this district that we had, have been a great success. They were mandated to us by the Government in place of goal, they being young murderers! They are "bush boys," coming from far inland, a mountainous district from whence they had been rounded up for murdering a woman, whose occult powers, they believed, were bringing disaster to their tribe. We were quite dismayed when we first saw them. They looked so hard and unattractive. Very short, square, and ugly compared with the coastal people to whom we are accustomed. The latter have a rather pleasant cast of countenance. These two boys have been with us two years and have changed beyond recognition. One is at Duabo, and we have heard that he is a diligent worker and has been a help up there. The other is here at Kwato and is liked by all. He is very strong physically, and a reliable and tireless worker. He is so willing that he is always in demand for hard jobs. They have neither of them given any trouble at all while they have been with us. The older one now trusts the Saviour, and that has made the big difference. He has such kindly eyes that light up his face, we cannot think how it was we once thought him unattractive. Both he and his fellow-conspirator looked as hard as flint when they came, and they are both pleasant-looking boys now. An unspoken testimony to the Gospel's power exhibited daily before us.

R. W. A.
Returning to the Way

It was a gathering of the Lord's own followers. Some from Logea, a few from Sariba, and all of us at Kwato were met together in the hall of the Mission House. There had been a time of prayer, and blessing had been sought for ourselves as well as for the Christians scattered throughout the land. God seemed especially near to us as we remembered also the lost, and those who had wandered from His fold. The Good Shepherd was more concerned for one of these than for the ninety-and-nine already in the safety of His love, and prayers for such seemed to echo the longing and intercession of our Great Advocate. Someone then brought a message to us from God's Word. We were about to commemorate the supreme self-sacrifice of our Saviour upon the cross. Before the communion service began, a bent old man stepped forward. He was Ketabu, an influential man in this district. Probably the biggest landowner around here, and a man who holds no little sway over the people on his island. Yet he was standing before us, in humility and contrition, making his confession before joining with us in fellowship around the Lord's table of rememberance.

Ketabu belongs to the old cannibal generation and his memory takes him back to the first arrival of white men. He was a young man then. His outstanding manner and prominent position in his community brought him into association with men-of-war that were visiting the country for purposes of exploration, and of those who were bringing the country under the administration of Government. He learned enough English in these contacts to become indispensable as an interpreter. The testimonials that these naval visitors gave him show how greatly they valued his services.

Ketabu's connection with these officers probably kept him from much of the savagery and of the prevailing cults of a cannibalistic community. When the Gospel arrived, he accepted its message, as one enlightened beyond his generation through his contact with white people would be likely to do.

For many years Ketabu gave his support to all that was done in the cause of the Gospel. It was during this time that he earned Mr. Abel's lasting gratitude by a brave act of heroism in saving his life when the whaleboat in which he was travelling was swamped in a heavy sea. Then came years of barrenness in which Ketabu's worldly affairs and possessions so filled his horizon as to choke the light he had. The lean years became years of darkness. Latterly, Ketabu, now grown old and very hardened, has become a real obstruction to God's work in his island. Christian work has for some time been stopped in his village, and he and his wife have been a real cause of stumbling to those of his community who were earnestly desiring the best things. He has repeatedly been appealed to, and warned that God would not forever allow His work to be hindered by one who would not accept His grace and mercy.

Ketabu was recently brought to us dangerously ill with pneumonia. After a slow recovery he left us to return to his village. He looked bent and decrepit, but was certainly softened, and was grateful for the care that he had received.

And now he stood before us to confess the years of insincerity and hypocrisy that were gone, and to return unto the Lord and accept the mercy and abundant pardon with which He restores a broken and contrite heart.
"You peer down the barrel of a gun," said Ketabu in his confession, "and you see no light through it. It is choked up with dirt. It needs the rod and the flannel. It needs cleaning until when you look through the barrel again you see a spot of shining light where dirt and darkness have been. I was like that gun. When I came to see Sinabada it was as though I had brought her the rod and flannel. I wanted cleaning, and she showed me the way back to Christ. He has cleansed my heart from sin. Instead of dirt and darkness there is now a shining light in my heart."

Ketabu's eyes, once hard and scheming, were now full of kindness and gratitude, and the humble expression upon his face is an eloquent testimony to the grace he has received.

The above words ran through my mind as we then partook of the Lord's supper.

"Let the wicked forsake his way. Let him return. The Lord will have mercy. He will abundantly pardon."

Ketabu's experience is part of a growing work of the Holy Spirit at Sariba in answer to much prayer. Prayer for Sariba has again and again been appealed for in the "Tidings." We are seeing the results of prayer in which our partners overseas are joining us. Prayer behind us, on the part of those who have pledged themselves to bear the responsibility of providing this indispensable background, does make a difference.

R. W. A.

On the Hills

The beauty of Duabo is dear to the native heart at any time, but when it is combined with the promise of excellent native food, the call is simply irresistible. Accordingly, when at the end of last term we had a message from this hill station saying that there was plenty of food waiting to be eaten, and none to eat it, a company of small children, and one of our native teachers, joyfully boarded the launch in answer to the summons.

I followed a day or two later in the Bugai. We had a wonderful journey. The sunset was such a one as often closes a dull day. One often wishes out here that the afterglow would linger just a little longer. It seemed, that evening, that one moment we were amazed at the sunset lights, and the next the moon had risen. As I sat in the front of the launch, and, with eyes unused to such wonders, gazed at the gleaming sea and the shadowy hills beyond, I thanked God.

Miss Parkin gave us, as always, a royal welcome at Koeabule, and, after a very satisfying night we left for Wagawaga and Duabo about six o'clock the following morning.

When I had said good-bye to those on the launch, and had begun the tramp through the bush up to Duabo, accompanied by two native carriers in front and two behind, I felt a real, "pukka" missionary at last.

We have often proved the understanding of the Father in anticipating our wants, and in those two weeks which He gave me on the hills I proved it again. It was four months since I had arrived in Papua. They had been unlike any I had lived before, with new circumstances, new work, new fellow-workers, new joys, new difficulties, new temptations. Thus again He met the need of a soul and said, "Come ye apart."

It is not necessary to say how the days flew past. The first week we finished off the school term, and the second gave leisure to do language study, to go for long tramps with the children, to say nothing of hilarious games of football at sundown, when everyone, big or little, old or young, threw their responsibilities to the winds and chased after the leather.

I was able too to take the Sunday and midweek services, but never before have I felt the need of being able to speak the language so acutely. In the little community up there is a lately converted bushman, just hungering to know more of the Word, but of course English is unintelligible to him. I felt wretchedly incapable, only being able to feed those who were able to get nourishment for themselves, while this one, so much more in need of help, had to go away empty. Do pray for those of us who are struggling with the language.

At last, on one of Duabo's most beautiful mornings, I heard the cry from the children outside, "Mamari! Mamari!" Kwato was calling us back again, and we were ready to go.

Thus, out here in Papua, in a peculiarly literal way, communion on the mountain top fits one for life on the plain.

HALLIDAY SCRYMGEOUR.
Extracts from a Visitor’s Diary

KWATO at last! A red letter in our lives. How beautiful it all is. This morning we were awakened at seven by the morning worship of the school girls and the native helpers. They do sing beautifully, carrying the parts so perfectly. This morning they were singing without the piano, "Holy, Holy, Holy," and the tenors and the basses put every change in, while the altos were as true as could be and the sopranos very high and sweet.

We all walked down to see the hospital this afternoon. It is lovely. Great palms and little groves of shade trees, something like oaks, and a nice curved beach and blue water. The building itself is very pleasing. The under part is for the clinic and stores, the upper part for rooms and wards.

After breakfast this morning, twelve new converts from a village where they had had great difficulty ten years ago, came for catechism and for baptism. They did look so bright. One old woman had on a dress wrong side front but her toothless sweet smile made it look right. The old chief of this village had been bitter in his antagonism to Mr. Abel and would not let him land his canoe in very rough weather or allow him to stop for shelter in any house in the village, in a pelting rain. But about ten years ago Mr. Abel heard that the village had had a total failure of their garden crops and at Christmas time he sent the old chief a bag of rice. The old man was overcome by it and he kept saying "I am an enemy of his, why has he done this kind thing?" He finally was led to Christ and asked that teachers be sent to his village. The old chief died about two months ago and these twelve converts are the first fruits of that village.

On Tuesday, my husband and Cecil and Russell Abel went off into the bay to visit the outstations and to see wild life. I did not go as I was not feeling very well because of a slight fever. Two days later, in the evening, back came the Mamari II with a note to me from them, urging me to come if I was feeling more fit. I was better, so Phyllis Abel and I packed our things and by eleven o’clock all the month’s stores for the bay ports were on board, and our beds made up and off we steamed. It was rough the first part, but we anchored in a little bay where the mission has a grove and a dairy and lay there quietly until the sun came up. It was beautiful beyond words. Then we passed near the bottom of Duabo hill and then went on to Waga Waga and Maivara for an early breakfast. All the natives were at the beach to welcome us and we passed under aisles of brilliant colored leaves up to the little cabin used as a shelter, where they brought us gifts, yams, sugar cane, cocoanuts and a live chicken. The children carried them and looked so shyly at us as they dropped their gifts and then ran off giggling, behind a tree. We washed up and ate our breakfast under the trees on a little table, the natives disappearing. They have an innate courtesy which is remarkable. They never stand around satisfying their curiosity when you are engaged in any personal occupation, like eating. If you are just talking they will
draw near. Then Phyllis took me for a walk through the village which lies along the water front. We passed neat little houses, passed naked little boys and little girls with full petticoats, playing. The men were making canoes, hollowed out of big logs. The little boys had little canoes and were very expert with their paddles. Once we had to cross a small stream with only a log for a bridge. I could not walk over this without help, so two little boys waded each side of me and held my hands. When we had gone the rounds and seen the church and the plantation and returned to that spot, the boys had built quite a bridge of palm branches and escorted us across like little black Sir Walter Raleighs.

Soon the three men, who had been up at Duabo, joined us. Then we crossed to Koebule and such a picture greeted us there! Fully a quarter of a mile queue of natives lined up to welcome us. They were an amazing sight: There were school girls in neat little dresses, tiny girls in bushy grass skirts, little boys with belts of palm leaves and long palm leaf tails flying out behind, women with calico skirts, babies on hips, and babies in native baskets swung from the forehead in front or behind, then the old men, tattooed and toothless, the young men in fresh white nogies and shining black skins and the heathen with their great bushy heads gotten up regardless. One woman had dozens of slender white feathers stuck in her head; others had combs like pitchforks sticking out over the edge of the ear.

Then we met Miss Parkin, who, you know, is in charge here, and we all walked together to the little church. After a few words of welcome to us, those who were not communicants went out, but fully one hundred and twenty or more natives remained and a very reverent communion service followed, using the juice of the cocoanut for the wine. The consecration hymn, with which we separated, was a very lovely one. Outside, whole groups were waiting to say good-bye to us, as they were going to walk back to their villages by moonlight. We spent the night with Miss Parkin, and the next morning sailed away with an extra cargo aboard, twelve bags of copra and some children from Duabo, with rough seas for a while, but after a time back at Kwato, where every one at the mission house was waiting with a welcome. I hadn't seen as much as the men had, but I had a heartful of memories and the trip had been most interesting and beautiful.

A Sabbath Day has just passed which we shall remember all our lives. Fifty-three Papuans came to receive baptism and to have a part in the communion service. How I wished I could understand without an interpreter their words of testimony and their confessions as they spoke before the church, timidly often, as it is hard for a native to get over his natural reticence, and acknowledge Christ to be his Saviour. Many of these folks were the result of the evangelist Makura's work in Lamhaga. It was an especially happy day for him, for his brother (brought up at Kwato) and his wife were returning again to the Way after five years of sinful living. His face was a study as he confessed. He said that it was like a wound in his heart every time he joined in a heathen feast, but his pride had kept him from coming back before, and that pride was like a fire burning in him that he could not put out. But he knew his sins had been forgiven. One attractive young woman testified that her old life of sin was dead. She was engaged to a heathen and she had told him "I cannot marry you because you are not a Christian and I am going to follow God's Way." But he asked to know the Way too, and together they were learning to read God's Word. Two sisters, with their husbands, confessed the sin in their lives, and told us how, after the death of their father and mother, who had gone out into the darkness, they felt they wanted to walk in the way of light so they shouldn't die that way. They changed altogether after they came to Christ and brought their husbands, too. They said they were very ignorant, but they knew one thing, that they were saved and following Jesus. Another man told of hearing the gospel from Mr. Abel, some time ago, in his heathen village, but he couldn't follow it alone so he went to live in a village where there was a little group of native Christians and watching their lives, he said, "This is what I want, they have what I have been looking for." He and his wife joined themselves to them and learned of Christ. These are just a few of the stories we heard that blessed Sunday. The weather is still perfect. It has never been so for two weeks running, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Isn't it wonderful!  

Emma Belle D. Pierson.