THE KWATO MISSION OF PAPUA


Conducted since 1918 by the Incorporated Kwato Extension Association

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Gifts to the work of the Society should be made payable to the Kwato Extension Association or to Walter McDougall, Treasurer. Contributions to support the work in Papua are forwarded to the field without deduction for home administration expenses.

The Kwato Mission is an evangelical, international and interdenominational mission for the people of Eastern Papua. The workers desire your sympathy, prayers and support. The quarterly, Kwato Mission Tidings, will be mailed to any friends who wish information about the work.
Mrs. Charles Abel and Russell Abel have been spending the past summer in the British Isles, gaining physical strength in the cool climate of England and experiencing the pleasure of renewed fellowship with friends in their home land. In August they spent ten days at the Keswick Conference and gained much spiritual inspiration from the meetings. Later Russell Abel took part in a series of services in Ireland, speaking in the interest of Kwato and securing new friends for the work. He has also been busy on the biography of his father, which he hopes to publish next spring. The Abels expect to return to Kwato early in the coming year, traveling by way of America and spending November and December in this country. We are hoping that many friends will have the opportunity to meet them and hear them speak. (Apply for dates to J. H. Righter, 156 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.)

Mr. Russell Abel writes that a young English woman of real ability and consecration has offered herself for the work at Kwato. She is a trained teacher and is qualified in every way, and will be sent out as soon as the money for her travel, outfit and the first year's salary is provided. This means that two thousand dollars is necessary, one thousand for traveling, one thousand for salary. It would seem most fitting that her support should come from friends in her own country, and we hope that all interested in Kwato will pray that some friend or group of friends in Great Britain will hear the call and become responsible for her maintenance and will make it possible for her to go.

It is with pleasure that we announce that Mrs. Prendergast, a capable and consecrated English lady, has agreed to serve as the British Secretary of the Governing Committee. Mrs. M. G. Prendergast has long been interested in the work and has both aptitude and leisure for her task. We are deeply grateful for this proffered assistance. Hereafter gifts, donated in England, may be sent directly to the British Secretary or to the treasurer.

At a meeting of the K. E. A. in London in July, several members of the British Committee met with Mrs. Charles Abel and Russell Abel. At this conference, Miss
Harriet T. Righter, a member of the American Committee, was also present. Mrs. Abel laid before the Committee the needs of the Mission, speaking especially of the opportunity for service in both the medical and the educational work. A doctor is greatly needed, an additional teacher would lessen the burdens of the present teaching staff and an accountant must be found to take the place of the retiring one. To meet these needs the Committee asks your prayers and cooperation.

We are very glad to be able to print a picture of our new nurse in charge of the Kwato hospital. Miss Margaret Drennen comes from New Zealand where she has had both training and experience in her profession. She has a great love for her work, and has devoted her life to spiritual things. We wish for her a very rich blessing in the ministry to which she has given herself at Kwato.

In the Student Volunteer Convention at Nashville in 1906 a number of young men and women offered themselves for Christ's service on the foreign mission field. Consecrated life was placed on the altar but there was no consecrated money offered for their support. Would Christian business men sit selfishly at ease and see these volunteers turned away? One business man at the convention said "no" and as a result the Laymen's Missionary Movement was formed to stand back of consecrated life with prayer and consecrated money.

Today there are six young people offering their lives in Kwato where they are greatly needed. Is there consecrated money to send them out and to support them in this ripe harvest field?

From the Field

We are about to launch an evangelistic campaign at the end of this month. By the time you read this I anticipate it will be drawing to a close. We are aiming to mobilize every available Christian worker with any experience in personal work to make an attack on every village in Milne Bay, Sariba, and Logea. The objective is to present the Lord Jesus to every house or hut in every hamlet. We are not going to hold meetings or services, but to introduce the Master individually. We do not need to ask for your prayers for the work that is left behind to be carried on by the older Christians. The follow up work will be the most difficult as well as the most important part of this campaign. We intend to have a week up at Duabo in preparation for this work. The greater part of the work will have to be done by Papuans as in the majority of places we visit, only Tavara speech is understood. I am hoping Margaret Drennen will be able to come around with us too, in which case I shall take round the canvas tent and hoist the red cross flag at each center! It will be the first time she has made the complete patrol of the Bay.

The repairs to the mission house at Kwato are practically finished. Oh, it is a lovely feeling to be quite weather proof; to hear the rain come down in torrents and to know everything and everybody is safe and dry. We moved back into the kitchen last week. There is still much to be done yet before we are through with muddling. There is no sink yet, but we sacrificed that for a new oven which bakes and cooks beautifully. We also have a nice light clean rat-proof store which is a big boom.
A Village Scene at Maivara

The Mission Camp at Maivara

There is a house. That is a great asset. Moreover it is a very good house in that it keeps out the rain, has two strong doors, and five good push-out shutters. It is small—I question if it is half the size of my bed-sitting room at Kwato—but it is compact. It does not keep out the heat, for the sun beats pitilessly down on the iron roof, nor the mosquitoes which breed in their myriads in the surrounding mangrove swamp. The furniture consists of a canvas stretcher, a small folding table with a broken leg, a deck chair, a stool, a dressing table composed of three kerosene cases, and two native rush mats on the floor. I have been so utterly happy here that I did not realize that there was anything lacking in the appointments of my house until a white lady and her husband from a neighboring plantation visited me. The lady and I occupied the deck chair and stool, while the gentleman perched himself perilously on the edge of the stretcher. Even then I forgot to apologize for any discomforts, for in my happiness here they do not exist for me.

Most evenings, after a short open-air service, we stroll through the village exchanging words of greeting with those sitting on the platforms outside their houses. On one occasion we entered into conversation with a couple of women, and I noticed that one had what was apparently a cataract in both eyes. She told us that she was totally blind. Then she began to tell us her own personal history, in an even dead tone, as though she had lost all hope and joy in life. Many years ago, God had spoken to her and she had gone to Kwato with another girl, this other girl had remained, but she had tired of the restraints of mission station life and returned home. Shortly after that she went blind. “How did it begin?” one of my girls asked. “Oh,” she said, “you know the Papuan ways. I was sorcered.” We told her that she was mistaken, that it was a blindness that could perhaps be cured if only she would come in with us and go to the Samarai Hospital. But our words were apparently of no weight. We just could not understand. She had been sorcered, and for such a thing there is no remedy.

One evening a woman brought forward a
child, about five years of age, a very bright-faced little girl and said, "Could you take her as a mission girl?" I said, "Why do you want us to take her? Are you a Christian?" "No," she said sadly. "I know the Way, and try sometimes to follow it, but the ways of darkness are so many and so strong. My husband is a heathen, he will never go near a service." Again I asked her why she wanted us to take her daughter. It was a pathetic answer. "I know all the ways of darkness, but I don't wish any of my children ever to know them."

As you go over Maivara village it tells its own story. It is the biggest village in our district. The houses are large and well-built. The gardens are fruitful. The people are strong, and the children many. But the big building that was once God's house is broken down, and the path that leads to it is shoulder high with weeds. Dancing and feasting and heathen practices prevail where once was a seeking after the things of Christ. But He has yet kept for Himself the faithful few, and we believe that God will fulfill His purposes in Maivara. H. SCRYMGEOUR.

A Month at Waga Waga

W E HAVE had such a happy time spending a month at Waga Waga. It is great living so close to the village. We came to know the people so well, and they were so very kind and friendly. They are a dear, dear people with all their faults. We were rather depressed when we first arrived to find that many of the Christians had joined in a heathen festival. The pulling down to the shore of a huge log for a sixteen paddle canoe, (dug-out) seems quite harmless in itself, but all sorts of evil heathen practices are carried on in connection with it, which prohibit Christians from partaking in the ceremony.

We praised God for the few who remained faithful to Him, and stood firm against the chaff and persuasion of their friends. We had meetings, and the poor backsliders were very much convicted. Many came for private talks.

They are very weak, because they hinder the Holy Spirit's power by refusing to make a full surrender of their lives to Him. They say they want the power, but they are not willing to sacrifice the old life. The trouble is that they live right in the midst of a heathen village where heathen customs and heathen practices are carried on around them perpetually, and theirs is such a community life.

We suggested that the Christians rally together and make a Christian village. They agreed to it as being the only means of growth and strength and were going to talk it over.

There was a death in the village while we were there—such a nice young lad. Relatives near and distant congregated round the house and wailed the whole day long and all the night through. The poor mother was broken-hearted—a very unusual thing, for natives generally take such happenings as a matter of course. But he was such a good son to her and looked after her so well. Four days after we could still hear her plaintive voice crying at night. Oh, it was most sad and pathetic. The boy's father was a Christian, but left his wife a year ago and took another one; when he heard of his son's death, he said to one of our boys, "This is God's judgment on me for leaving my wife." The Lord's working is effective.

I had some most interesting and exciting escapades, tramping up the hills and through the bush. I have found a most perfect spot on a small hill at the foot of the mountains just behind Waga Waga, which I think would be ideal for a school. We were surprised to find a large plateau on top. It has a wonderful panoramic view of the whole Bay. To the left and right, the hills roll away, range upon range, and the air is cold and crisp. Water runs down on both sides, which could be used for cheap electricity as well as water supply. I have been spending much time in prayer over the future of that work at Waga Waga. It is such a wonderful centre, accessible to all the villages, up and down the coast on each side. There is a tremendous need amongst the children for something like that—a boarding school for village children where their lives could be touched and disciplined during the term. At present it is terrible, they are brought up under vile circumstances and conditions, and we are not able in the daily three hours of school to gain control over their lives. Living in their midst recently has made this quite a burden on my heart. MARJORIE ABEL.
HE two months at Kwato have been happy and most interesting, as well as busy. The hospital is a much better building than I expected to find in this part of the world, and I am anxious that it shall be a place where the very atmosphere breathes of Heaven. I have not settled down to language study yet, but I must get into it soon, as I don’t want any patient to pass through these walls without hearing of Him who has meant so much to us.

At present we have five babies being treated. One has no mother and was bequeathed to me the first fortnight I was here. We call him Campbell McGregor (no mistaking the nationality behind that name) and a bonnie wee chap he is. We also have two mothers and a number of out-patients to treat. Two of these being mission boys, are engaged making small articles of furniture for me. The out-patient department is almost completed with the exception of plumbing. This lack is a great drawback, but our hearts are full of praise for what we have, compared to what some have on other mission fields? I have set aside one of the small rooms for a nursery, and one of the boys is going to put up a towel and basin rail there. Bit by bit we hope to get things ship-shape. I love the children about the place.

Last Wednesday night Miss Scrimgeour and I were up at the mission house attending the mid-week meeting and one of the nurses rushed in trembling to tell me that one of the little girls had walked in her sleep and fallen over the verandah. We ran almost all the way to the hospital while all the others gave themselves to prayer. I found the child bleeding about the face and she had what seemed to be a broken arm. Soon we got the arm into splints and the next day when I took her to Samarai, the doctor said it was well set and we had only to carry on as we had done. I am pleased to say the child is progressing satisfactorily—another answer to prayer.

I have thanked our Lord for this experience without a doctor. It has sent me more often to my knees. Every case is made a matter of prayer. I just tell Him I know nothing and He must suggest the treatment to me. Never in my life before have I felt so conscious of the Lord’s nearness and His help. No wonder the psalmist says “Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.” I feel led to have a day of prayer at the hospital once a month.
At present I have four very nice girls in for training as nurses and I am starting lectures—one on nursing and one Bible study. I miss my friends in New Zealand, but never once have I felt that I was not in the place of His choosing.

Yours in this blessed service,

MARGARET DRENNEN.

Prayer Groups in Kwato

WE HAVE formed special prayer groups to deal with the work of the biography, the choosing of candidates, the formation of a live supporting group in England and any other work that Mrs. Abel and Russell have to do while there. These prayer meetings are quite distinct from the regular noon prayer meeting. Every class meets three times a week and has its own leader and then once a week we have a combined meeting. We have felt the burden and importance of the work they are undertaking and realize how much depends on the result of their short stay. The Lord has opened our eyes to see how much more we can do on our side. The kind of prayer that counts is the prayer that costs.

Following the starting of the prayer groups, it was suggested quite spontaneously that we must follow this through with something practical. The boys asked for the whole Saturday in which to make extra pocket money which they are putting into a fund. Nothing will deter them. The success of the biography is something very dear to them. "Nothing" they say "must be allowed to cramp Russell in his work.

"It is the story of Taubada, our Father Abel, and his work amongst us."

The energy and devotion of these Papuans demanded that they must work hard at something to feel that they, too, are helping to carry the burden over there. We realize only too well how little we can do, but we feel we cannot pray and remain idle. God will multiply our little by the help of others because it is our most. Thus, two weeks ago, a whaleboat left Kwato crowded to overflowing with all our young boys, all with little else on but a strip of palm leaf, and equipped with diving goggles and spear, to comb the reefs over on the mainland for trochus shell. Trocus shell has gone up to £50 a ton. They don water tight diving goggles and, armed with a spear for protection against sharks or sting-ray, they drift down the reefs picking up these tri-
angular shells. They came back at dusk, tired but happy. The same day another group of older boys started to work on a small 18-foot skiff which they are building in their own spare time. The total proceeds of this will also go to the Biography Fund. The girls are not to be left out of this. Mats and fancy sewing is going on all round in their efforts to have money ready to send to England.

We are very glad to say that our medical work has begun in earnest. Miss Margaret Drennen arrived from Auckland five weeks ago and commenced work the hour she set foot on Kwato. The work is being confined as much as possible to women and children—to maternity and child welfare, and the education of young nurses. This will be all that we can aim for until we get a doctor and more financial help to enlarge the scope of the hospital's activities. Even this is going to be more than we can do with only one nurse. We shall have to keep the hospital open for serious cases that have to come in, but I am hoping that we shall be able to de-centralize more and more and concentrate on the patrol work in the Bay in order to make the very most of the meagre sum that is at our disposal. I took Miss Drennen round the Bay last week and she was amazed at the work that has to be done. We shall have to pick and choose and decide from the beginning what we consider to be the most important things and then exclude everything else as much as possible. Miss Drennen is a wonderful worker with a very remarkable concern for the people. When she returned from the Bay she brought in a boatload of cases which could not be treated outside. Although a bad sailor she saw personally to their comfort at every place we stopped and although the weather was pretty bad for anyone unaccustomed to motor launches she "carried on" with spirit and ability.

CECIL C. G. ABEL.

**Reward in Work**

It is a glorious Sabbath evening, the dusk is falling on a brilliant sunset, the sea is smooth and everything is quite still. I am sitting in a comfortable chair on the veranda of our sitting room at the hospital. I was over at Logea this afternoon, as usual, taking my Bible class and had such a blessed time—one girl who has wandered came back to the flock and a boy who is a keen little Christian has asked if he may come to us as a mission boy. This work amongst the Logea girls and boys is so precious to me, both in school and out of school, in fact my own little family of Kwato children who live here at Isuhina get quite jealous! A few days ago there was a suggestion that these kiddies should go away for a holiday, so I began to lament to them thus "And who will make my bed for me? And who will do our rooms? And who will cook my meals?" "Oh," they said with one accord, "What about your Logea girls? Ask them to come and stay here while we are away! . . . ."

One often hears people say that missionaries should be utterly consecrated before they ever go out to the field. I am sure it is true, and yet I can testify that during these last six months the Lord has led me into complete abandon to Him, in a way I never even tasted in my training days. I am having a great time just now reading Dr. A. T. Pierson's life of George Müller and am getting much inspiration from it.

We are again facing the problem of lack of housing accommodations—where am I and my family of sixteen going to go when we are pushed out of the hospital? This idea of separating the sexes has already had such a healthy effect upon my little girls that it would be a step backwards to go up to the mission house on the hill again.

It is after 10 p. m. now and time I went to bed. As I write I wonder how much of my own spiritual joy, and the fruit I see in my branch of the work, is due to your prayers—much, I feel sure. So thank you for praying for me, for prayer is the greatest work of all.

I wish I had time and energy to tell you of the intensive campaign of personal work which is going on now in our district—we cannot launch out into far-off fields until we know just where each one of our own folk stand, so for a few weeks this concentrated personal work is being carried on. Do join us in prayer over it.

A promise for you—"He will keep the feet of His Saints."

HALLIDAY SCRYMEOUR.
NEW GUINEA, is a practically unexplored country. If it were placed upon North America it would reach from New York to Denver—two thousand miles in length. It is a country of great mountains. There is a great range of mountains running from east to west as a backbone of the country, rising to an altitude of 18,000 feet above sea level. There is no snow as we are practically under the equator. All the time I lived there (forty years in 1930), the temperature has never gone down to 72 degrees above zero in winter.

There are also many rivers there. Among them there are two principal ones. The one in the south is called the Fly river, seventy-five miles in width at the mouth and six hundred miles in length. They estimate that there are one hundred and twenty million gallons of water pouring out into the sea every minute of the day—enough to supply every individual in the world with water. I am sure that most of you can not imagine that there is an island in the South Seas with a river 600 miles long that could supply the water for the whole world. There has never been a single messenger of Jesus Christ up that river to declare the Lord to the savages there. I am leaving upon your shoulders an extra responsibility, when I tell you that there is a place that you have perhaps never known of before, where absolute darkness reigns today. The burden which the Lord put upon you, upon me, and upon the church to go and preach the Gospel to the world is a burden we should all feel until the light is spread from pole to pole.

How should we be able to look the Lord
in the face when we say that there is an area in South America 4,000 miles long and 2,000 miles wide and no man ever stood in that area to speak about God, to take the Gospel of Jesus Christ there. If Jesus Christ should come back soon could we say that there are no men or women that would do it, or that they did not have the means to do it?

Think of the dark areas that don't compare with the pagan people in your own country—men here who reject the Gospel. Why not take the Gospel to those who have never had a chance to receive it? This Gospel can be taken to the rawest, roughest, and ruggedest men and so change and transform them that they can become the children of the living God!

My children, two sons and two daughters, were born in New Guinea. They grew up into youth and were educated in the home by their mother, and then the boys went away from our home straight to the University in England. They stayed there five years and graduated; then came back to New Guinea, joining me in this work. If these children, who had been brought up among those wild people, had seen that it was impossible to take the Gospel there, they would not have, when they had passed through their educational courses, wasted their lives there in a fruitless field. When the time of decision came for them, the thought that was foremost was that God was calling them back to their own people to live and spend their lives where they were born, and the thing which drew them back to the field was the love and affection the people had for them: and that love came through Jesus Christ.

There is no love in the human heart apart from Jesus Christ. We take it for granted that it is natural to love, just as natural as walking, talking and eating—that is not true. These people we meet from day to day who never pay any regard to God, who don't know Jesus Christ as their Saviour, our relatives in many cases, take it for granted that love is natural, but they live in a Christian atmosphere. If you go among a crude people and up one of those rivers I spoke of and make your living among people who have never felt the influence of Jesus Christ, you will find they are devoid of love. One of the greatest privileges of my life was to be permitted to translate the New Testament into one of the dialects of the people. When I came to John 3:16 I felt it an honor to be called upon to turn those wonderful words into a language that those people could read and understand themselves, for it would bring a new thing into their lives, "God so loved the world." God sent a light into the world because He so loved the world. There was no word for love in their language. Today, if you come to New Guinea, you will find the people reading this Book, knowing that God is love. It is the greatest prize they have ever received—the love of Jesus Christ in their hearts. And it has gone out from one to another and they love their enemies and one another. They love people they have never seen.

It was the custom when I went there first, and is still in some places, when a mother died in childbirth, the baby was buried with the mother. That is one custom of savage life. What else was to be done with the child? The only answer was "There is nobody to look out for it: it must therefore be buried." If you were to interfere and say, "It has an aunt; let the aunt look after it," they would refuse to do that. There was no one in the whole family who would have love in his heart and who would take the child and bring it up as his own child: therefore the child was buried alive. And those people today have drawn my four children to themselves through love, because Jesus Christ has come into their lives, and He has transformed those people so that you would never recognize the child living there today as the relative of the people we knew when we went there to begin work.

I remember an occasion in my life twenty years ago, when my wife was ill. There were no doctors around, and she was extremely weak. Some savages came to me and said, "We are very concerned about her." My wife had always taught the people to save part of what they earned: part was to be given to God's work and part to be spent for themselves. They had started a fund, and at that time had about five hundred dollars in the bank. I told them that it would take time and money to take her to the nearest doctor. Well, they went away, and afterward two men came back with a piece of paper and a small bundle. They put it on the side of my desk, and said, "Here is our bankbooks. You send your wife away so she can come back to us well again." The whole of their savings was put into my hand to send "mother" down to the
city. She didn’t need to go, but there was the spirit of the people who, to begin with, had been a loveless people, and this great treasure of love had come into their lives and hearts through the preaching of Jesus Christ.

We go out to these people and take as our guide the incident of our Lord and Nicodemus. Here was a cultured man who came to Christ; Christ knew what he wanted and said, “Ye must be born again.” We have the whole Gospel in those words. I don’t mean that we have people that join a society, or express their willingness to listen to teaching and are able to sing hymns, and observe the Sabbath, come to church and read their Bibles. They have been indeed born again. They may be simple and ignorant, but we believe in every case there has been a change of heart, and they have turned from darkness to light. “Old things have passed away and behold all things have become new.” It is a great thing to be able to say of people one found in the most dire state of savagery and cannibalism: I cannot describe to you the state of those people in their natural life. They were head hunters and cannibals.

Now we have a church with a membership of 883. It is a vital church. They are striving to know more about Jesus Christ; they want to look out into the world and be of service to their fellows. We are creating a missionary spirit in our church. We send fifty dollars a year to Central Africa. For three or four years we have maintained a student in Korea. Fifty dollars a year goes to Korea. For many years they have been interested in Mr. Chalmers’ work in New York, among the Jews. Fifty dollars a year goes to his mission in New York. Mr. Chalmers says it is a great inspiration to him to have a young church, brought out of absolute darkness, help his work there. So you see what a wonderful thing the Gospel will do for the most carnal people.

If we are faithful to the Word, if we are faithful in our message, if we go and take to the people Christ (for Christ belongs to every creature) we need have no doubt but that the darkness will be displaced by light, and we need have no fear that wherever our mission will be, Christ will work. Christ said, “Greater works than these shall ye do, for I go to the Father.” That is Christ’s promise to us.