The Mamari II Making a Stop at Kanakope
THE KWATO MISSION OF PAPUA


Conducted since 1918 by the Incorporated Kwato Extension Association

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Quarterly Publication—Kwato Mission Tidings

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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.
In the Store at Kwato

Notes and News

WE ARE very happy to announce that a committee of friends of the Kwato Mission has recently been organized in New Zealand. These new members, whose names appear on the inside cover of this issue of the Tidings, will be of very real service to the work. They will meet and pass on candidates who volunteer for service from New Zealand. They will undertake to increase the number of prayer partners in that country and to interest others in giving the needed support to the work. To these newly appointed committee members we extend a very hearty welcome.

* * *

AFTER several unavoidable delays in sailing from England, Mr. Russell Abel has arrived in America, reaching New York shortly before Christmas. After the holidays he expects to start out to fill speaking engagements in different cities in the East where there are friends and supporters of the Kwato Mission. His itinerary includes East Northfield, Rochester, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Princeton and New Brunswick, as well as New York and vicinity.

Friends who would like to arrange additional meetings should write at once to the secretary, Miss J. H. Righter, Room 1018, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

* * *

THE furlough period of Mrs. Charles W. Abel and Mr. Russell Abel in England has been spent in speaking on the work and winning new friends and prayer partners, in strengthening the Governing Committee and in gathering material for the biography of the late Charles W. Abel which is expected to appear before the close of this year.

The new friends proposed as members of the British Council of the Kwato Mission are Messrs. Godray B. Holland, W. J. Robbins, Raymond Whale, Dr. J. Orissa Taylor, and Rev. C. J. B. Harrison.

* * *

AT A recent meeting of the Field Council, the members of the Mission staff voted to ask for a reduction in their living allowances, in order to help meet the difficulties due to the present economic depression in England, Australia and America and, if possible, to enable the Governing Committee to send out to the field some of the additional workers so sorely needed. Although the present living allowance is
based on the cost of very economical living at Kwato and the other stations, the Governing Committee voted to accept this sacrificial offer, the reduction to take effect on January 1st. It is hoped that American and British friends will meet this self-denial in the same spirit by giving generously in order to make it possible to send out new workers.

* * *

IT WOULD be a great stimulus to self-sacrifice if friends at the home base could visit Papua and see the simple way in which Papuan Christians live and the large-heartedness with which they give out of their poverty. Five dollars—or one pound sterling—a month is the largest wage paid any Papuan worker. Most of the Christians receive much less. They build their own simple houses and support themselves from their own gardens and by fishing. Out of their poverty they have been giving about $5,000 a year to help forward the Mission work. This has been especially difficult since the price of copra, their staple product, has gone down over fifty per cent.

The Christians have not complained or asked to be relieved of the fulfilment of their pledges. They have, however, asked for an extension of time for payment. At the same time the Christian Papuans employed by the Mission have agreed to a reduction in wages in order to help tide over this present financial crisis. If Christians in America and England were impelled by the same spirit of self-sacrifice and to the same degree of economy and benevolence, the treasury of the Mission would be bountifully overflowing and the funds so greatly needed for the work and the workers would be abundantly supplied.

* * *

M R. HARRY MASSAM, for the past two years a valued member of the staff at Kwato, has returned to his home in New Zealand to accept a business position and to be near his parents in their advancing years. A new consecrated mission worker, who will also be able to care for the bookkeeping at Kwato, is urgently needed to fill Mr. Massam's place.

From the Field

Seekers at Kwato

I was to have left in the Papuan Chief for Isuleilei to-morrow for a short spell before school recommences. But a crowd of "seekers" from Kihikihiuna came in yesterday, and as there are a large number of women amongst them I felt I ought to stay and have personal talks with them, and get to know them. They are the result of a wonderful bit of work. These people come from right away inland behind Daiamuni and have been won to Christ by the Kihikihiuna Christians. The leader of them is such a fine fellow with keen earnest eyes. I caught sight of an inspiring picture this morning. Phillip was working on the door of the garage and some of these men and women were watching him and soon he was in earnest conversation with them, Phillip emphasizing his remarks with a hammer in his hand. Their faces fairly glowed. What other theme in the world, I thought to myself, could so light up people's faces? The women seem very sensible and friendly, and they look nice with their clean grass nolis, hair well brushed and parted, and no arima or pasa. They have never been to Kwato before.

P. D. A.

Unexpected Gifts

We are amazed at the wonderful way the Lord provides for us; always there is enough to pay the bills, but we are having to be very careful now. The children were looking absolutely disgraceful, they were so badly in need of clothing. One night at prayer time with the little class, Robin, John, Sonia, etc., I remarked on the condition of their much darned, faded outgrown nolis, and told them we had to be so careful because there was so very little money. Some child suggested that Jesus could give us clothes. Of course He could, so we asked Him to send us the money or the clothes. That very week a poor woman living in London sent a money order for one pound for clothing. The next week a friend from the L. M. S. Pife Bay Station spent ten days here and when she left she gave me one pound for nolis for class one. The children were thrilled! We had a special time to thank the Lord. That little incident has been such a blessing to those kiddies. We are going to manage with the old garments and only use the new ones for special occasions.
Our schoolhouse is perched upon the brow of a hill. Big trees overshadow us. We look into their cool depths from our windows. Through an open door we look down a steep slope to the sea. On the further side of a narrow strait, a mountain rises before us. On calm days the forest on the hillsides opposite and the margin of sandy beach are reflected in the sea. To-day the sun is shining on the coconut palms. Through their bright green fronds we can see glimpses of vivid blue sea. Beyond are the hills of the mainland. There are islands, too, adding their enchantment to the view.

One long satisfying draught of this fine Papuan morning and then to work. It is the beginning of the school term. The village children have arrived like a deafening tidal wave. They are everywhere. Their chatter and laughter have been echoing from all sides. Now they stream in through the schoolhouse doors. The girls with their grass kilts standing out like crinolines can only enter singly. The boys, whose economical and yet quite adequate outfit consists of a string and a leaf, push in en masse.

At last the term has begun. We made two false starts last week. On the first occasion all promised well till close on school time, when, without warning the rain burst upon us. It descended furiously. It beat down the branches of the coconut palms and in no time the ditches and gullies were turned into galloping waterfalls. A few arrivals at school, who had raced the storm across the channel, were sheltering underneath the mission house (all residences in Papua are built upon piles). Many of the children had not yet embarked from their own beaches. Some had been caught by the deluge amid stream in their canoes.

It takes a lot to dampen the ardor of an average Papuan child. Soon the well-known sounds of “high-jinks” were to be heard from under the house. The children were having great games amongst the old boxes. As soon as there was a lull in the torrents we hauled them out from their retreat. They emerged looking like drowned rats. Their hair hung in little wet tails. The little girls’ kilts were bedraggled and clinging to their knees. But they were smiling nevertheless, broad smiles from ear to ear!

The second attempt at starting to have school was a repetition of the first. However this is the drier time of the year. When
the present week brought in a spell of glorious weather everyone exclaimed "A typical Papuan day," forgetful that the samples we endured last week were equally "typical." But Papua is like that. She has a magic way of impressing on one's mind these exquisite sparkling days so that days of maddening rains or oppressive heat are overlooked or forgotten.

At length the children sort themselves into their respective grades. We quiet them down. Chatter is rebuked and mirth hushed up. The usual carefree expression on all faces gives place to one of appropriate importance. Rows of heads are bent over the lesson at hand. Some of them are black, some brown, and some a dark bronze. Some are in a frizzy mop, some soft and wavy, while a few are perfectly straight. These differences in types and characteristics are the despair of anthropologists seeking to index the mixed peoples scattered amongst the islands of these archipelagos.

Two hours in school each morning are the only restraining influence that many of these children know in the whole of their young lives. Papuan children enjoy unhampered liberty. The earth is their playground and a bountiful one. The bush, with its many mysteries, rises around their villages. The sea spreads into vastness before them. The beaches are their home. Coral reefs call them all day with their wealth and treasure of crab or octopus, shells and rainbow-colored fish. There are no limitations placed upon a Papuan child. All nature is at his disposal, for his unrestricted enjoyment.

Almost as soon as a child can walk he takes to the water and can also swim. He paddles himself from island to island in the frailest of canoes. He crosses deep waters wielding a paddle with skill and grace. Gallantly the catamarans meet the waves and flowing currents of these island passages in the expert hands of members of our kindergarten. I often wonder how many mothers in home countries would send their babes to school if it meant their paddling unhelped across the sea!

A gale is a gale indeed that stops our children from coming over to school. They usually turn up smiling, in spite of winds and waves. "What?" we exclaim, "you have come in spite of the big wind?" More smiles. They open their eyes wide raising their eyebrows. That means "Yes." We marvel at their adventurous spirit.

"Good boys! Good girls! That is fine. You come to school all days. That is the way to get ahead."

The three Rs are the subject of our labors, while English also takes a very prominent place. A grasp of colloquial English is the hinge that opens the gateway to unlimited possibilities educationally. In this country no one language holds good for more than forty miles along the coast; in some cases less. This fact, added to the increasing development of the country by white people, makes English of still greater importance in our schools.

Whatever the task of teaching the rising generation may be like in other countries it is certainly not without its entertainment in Papua. The morning's work always provides a few amusing episodes. Sometimes the only thing to do is to have a good laugh. The boys and girls all join in cheerily, whether they see the joke or not, and work much better after a few mirthful punctuations. We had a half-caste boy in school whose hair was the subject of many rude jibes from outspoken companions. It was a lightish color and rather shaggy. Totally unlike Papuan hair ever is. One day some child in one part of the building, in answer to a question about the meaning of the word "yellow," suggested Geordie's hair. Geordie, overhearing the remark from another part of the building, picked up a fistful of pebbles and hurled them across the room. A whole class suffered for the indiscreet reply of one of their members. The bombardment resulted in complete confusion. Geordie was duly reprimanded and punished. Then poor Geordie discovered a means of rectifying matters. He got hold of a little bottle of red ink. Next morning, behold him in school looking like a flaming sunset with his mop of hair dyed crimson! As days went by his hair became a paler and paler pink. But as long as the color lasted it was the object of admiration of the whole school.

We once had an overgrown girl in school who though rather dull mentally was nevertheless not lacking in spirit. One day I was correcting her sums and as usual one after another were wrong. When the last one was corrected she stood up with great indignation, swung round, and landed a small boy in the row behind a good sound crack on the side of the head with her fist.

"You fool," she stormed. "Why did you
Up to Duabo

We left Kwato yesterday on the “Neula” at half-past four. We picked up three friends at Samarai. It was a perfect night. The moon was so bright and the sea as calm as a mill pond. We had a quick run to Kanakope, where we went ashore and visited the folk there. When we got back onto the Neula, supper was spread for us on the top of the launch. We had curry and rice and mince pies and tea, which we greatly enjoyed. One of our visitors was a scientist and an anthropologist. Although he has travelled all over the world he loved the novelty of our meal. Supper was broken up sooner than we had anticipated. It began to rain and we had to gather everything up and get inside. We ran in and out of showers all the way to Davadava.

Finally we were awakened from our dozings by a knocking in the engine and eventually we broke down off Davadava. After much ado they were able to get it to go at the rate of half a mile an hour, and slowly we crawled in to Bisimaka. It was about 1 a.m., the rain had cleared and the moon was out and we felt wide awake. We held a council of war and decided to give the engine a bit of a rest to get cool and then to go straight on to Gibara so as to be ready for the climb to Duabo early in the morning. The little cabin at Bisimaka was locked so we could not get hold of anything to eat, but the orange trees were laden. After many unsuccessful attempts and tumbles, one of our party managed to get some oranges, though he got covered with red ants and hairy caterpillars in the attempt. Others in the party went off in search of Brazilian...
cherries, an expedition that ended in consternation and confusion as a bull in the vicinity began to play up, pawing the ground and bellowing the way bulls do. At last we decided that the engine was cool enough so we ventured slowly on, getting to Gibara at 2 a.m. We slept till 6, then we started off at sunrise and had a marvellous walk up to Duabo. Before we got to the first stream, a third of the way up, we were in a thick mist. Duabo was lovely, so fresh and cold.

The flowers are a blaze of color and the orange trees are bearing well. The poor old house is the only blot on the landscape, it looks more dilapidated than ever. We found everybody there looking well. The children are delightful, and so full of energy and life. We spent a quiet and restful day. I had a long talk with Bessie (the Papuan worker in charge at Duabo); there was much to be discussed. Bessie has twins that she rescued from slow death from starvation after their mother died. You never saw such little bundles of skin and bone. Their condition when they first arrived was indescribable. They were in a basket with nothing at all under or over them, not a leaf. And they were begrimed with soot and filth and ashes. Bessie says it took her three days to get the dirt off them. So now we have five orphan babies, and would have more if we could only get hold of them. The next morning I took the church service. I was faced by a very mixed congregation. There was a whole line of white people, there were very dirty heathen of the heathen, there were three forms of little children from the school, and then there were the more mature Christians from Duabo itself. I read from the first chapter of the Romans and gave my address on the 16th verse. The Lord was good to me, giving me the words I needed. We had a white visitor from the mines. He often comes to Duabo for the service. He had not seen any white people for three months and was so excited to see all of us there. He is digging for gold.

In the afternoon I had a very nice time with the girls while Halliday had a class with the small children. Young Rida was very funny. Halliday asked someone to choose a chorus and Riga pipes up, "Deep, deep as the deep." The children all laughed and Rida thought himself rather clever. The next time Halliday asked for another favorite, Rida chirps up again "Twinko twinko little tar." We had a nice crowd at the service in the evening in spite of the rain. The new converts, who have come to live near Duabo, are growing in the Lord. They have two little houses on the second hill. They are all very happy and helpful.

We left Duabo yesterday. We had planned to have afternoon tea at Bisimaka and dinner at Koeabule on our way in, but our plans fell through as we had engine trouble again. It was dark before we got to Gibara but the moon was so bright that we did not need any lights. A dugout and an outriggered catamaran were waiting for us at the bridge. It was most romantic going down the river in canoes in the moonlight. There were lots of fishing rafts at the mouth of the river and the little beach was thronged with fishers. After waiting two hours, during which time the boys entertained us with songs, the launch arrived and we got on board and went straight across to Koebule. We got there at 10:45 p.m. Poor Miss Parkin had had dinner waiting for us all that time, and there was another spread ready for us, of curry and rice, fruit and tea. Then home again to find a huge mail awaiting us.
KWATO. **Thursday.** I have just spent a busy week, finishing the school term, correcting examination papers, rearranging the work programme for the holidays, trying to get the school children some work that will be a little remunerative, and entertaining visitors.

To-day we brought all the big girls up from Isuhina, much to their disgust, and settled them in the house by the beach. There was too much muddle with the old arrangement; the girls were always here when they ought to have been down there and visa versa.

It was too wet for tennis this afternoon so I upholstered one of the chairs made in the carpentry shop, and got it ready for sale. The chairs are beauties, and are very solid.

**Friday.** Very busy with accounts. I managed to finish the house account for April and May. The afternoon was spent in interviews. I had a long talk with H—. The usual grumbles. K— is causing trouble up there. All was peaceful and friendly until she came back. She wept as usual, but for all my efforts she did not sound convinced. "I" looms very large in their view of things and they cannot see any other viewpoint.

I had the Logea preparation class in the evening. I have told them I will not continue if they cannot all come regularly.

**Saturday.** The morning was spent getting the boat off for Milne Bay. We went down to the Hospital for dinner. It is quiet down there. Noni seems to be doing well as the cook though she is rather slow. Sometimes she sends in the soup after the meat and this evening she did not send in the vegetables until we had finished the meat course! We came up early as I had another interview, this time with M—. We talked till midnight. There was no repentance and I could get nothing out of her. So I sent her away, as the hour was late and we were only wasting time. I was just putting the light out to go to bed when she appeared at the door again. "I want to tell you everything now" she said. So I let her. She wanted to leave us and follow her own mind. "Go then," I said. "No, no, no, don't let me go" she cried vehemently, "I cannot go." "You shall go by the very next boat, to-morrow night," I said. Oh, she was distressed, and out it all came, the real cause of all her unrest. I tried to show her how wonderfully God could fill her heart and be the complete satisfaction of all her longings. She grasped all that I had said, was very contrite and prayed a beautiful prayer. So it was after 1 a.m. when I finally turned in.

**Sunday.** Phillip took the service this morning. He was bright and interesting as usual, punctuating his address with Ahas!
I had a lovely meeting with all the big girls in the afternoon. We studied the 12th of Hebrews. I have found much in that chapter lately. After our meeting N— came to see me. She made an apology, in a cold voice, and said how ashamed she was. But, oh! she was so hard. I fought with her two whole hours, at times on our knees, but not one inch would she budge. Yet she would not go. Finally, as the bell began to ring for the evening service, she began to soften and asked if we could pray again. So we got on to our knees again, and this time she told the Lord of the hardness of her heart, and that she could not realize His love or her need, and she prayed for a heart of flesh, a heart that would love her God. And so we parted.

It was a terribly wild night. Just as we were sitting down to supper, the Mamari was sighted. Cecil flashed that he had a sick boy on board and that we were to send boys down to the wharf to be ready to carry him. The boy that was brought in is very ill indeed. He is nothing but skin and bone. He is so grateful for the attention he is receiving. It was 2 a.m. before I got to bed after yarning and listening to all the Milne Bay news.

Monday. Spent the morning cutting out shorts for the class 3 boys. They are much cheaper than nogis. I can get a pair of shorts out of 1½ yards whereas a nogi takes 2 yards. To Samarai in the afternoon. I cut out more shorts in the evening. Had a tailoring class with the class 4 boys. I made them all take patterns for themselves and cut out their own shorts and put them together ready for sewing. Had an interview with G—. Her husband wants to let bygones be bygones and to have her back. She is willing if he promises not to refer to the past any more. But he wants her at his terms and she will have none of them. We had a great time at the staff prayer-meeting.

Tuesday. I spent the morning making arrangements for our absence over the weekend, apportioning work etc., etc. Amongst our patients at the Hospital was an old blind woman. The wife of Pida, ex-cannibal from Gwavili. He is the man that ate Silota’s grandfather and he boasts of the fact. So it goes. Days of constant activity, many problems to settle, work to be done, hearts to search and souls to be won. All infinite in variety and so interesting.

Phyllis Abel.

The Ahuri Habit

All Papuans chew. Lime taken from a polished and decorated gourd on a small carved spatula is chewed, together with the bitter astringent areca nut and the hot pepper leaf. This combination turns to a bright red in the mouth. It is a narcotic, and it is also extremely sustaining; one can go for long periods without food if one has ahuri. It is ahuri that enables Papuans to exist with only one meal a day. Much chewing has a somewhat stupefying effect. The older people chew to great excess. They look drugged. Ahuri has a great hold upon the addict. A man cannot think clearly if he has been chewing too much. Many of the Christian people are beginning to give up this habit. A simple enough step it may sound but it costs a great deal sometimes. In a land where doing anything for the sake of principle is an entirely new conception, pluck and grace are needed for any stand that is taken. A step like this shows that those who take it are in earnest, and they are stronger Christians for taking it.

Winks

In Papua, we can go a long way in our intercourse with one another unconfined by mere words. Different “faces” have different meanings.

You raise your eyebrows and open your eyes very wide, that means “Yes, certainly.”

You raise your eyebrows and close your eyes. That means “Yes, of course” implying absurdity in the question replied to.

You wrinkle your nose and purse your lips lightly. That means “No,” emphasis being given by increased deliberation in the grimace, or otherwise.

You beetle your brows quickly. That is a noncommittal “I don’t know.” You accompany this movement with a blink of the eyes and that expresses certain and complete ignorance of the subject in question. And there are many others. There are “faces” that express wonder, mystification, scorn, disgust, ridicule, or refusal to be deceived. In Papua a wink and a nod goes further than in other countries. Unspoken conversations have the further advantage of also being unoverheard.

In the midst of a busy day these silent conversations often prove much more restful than more articulate ones.
Sunday Morning at Maivara

IT IS Sunday morning. The bells are calling men to worship all over the world. And to-day the conch shell blows at Maivara. Deep vibrating blasts echo across hidden bays to hidden hamlets. As the call to worship is sounded forth, men rise from their haunches; women climb down the rickety stairways of their houses, their babies clinging to them, other children trailing after them. From many directions they come. They thread their way in single file through the bush and along the beaches. Some are old and decrepit. Others are young and be­decked. Some of the girls have flowers in their hair and streamers in their armlets. The swish of their skirts may be heard from far off. There are lads even more magnificent, in the heyday of their youth.

The people begin to gather at the place of worship. We have to decide whether to hold our morning service in the church or in the open air. It all depends upon how many people come. We keep an eye on the gathering crowd and inspect the floor of the church at intervals, pressing upon it gently with our feet in order to estimate its capacity for strain. A rattan floor is, at best, short lived. The congregation enters softly, sounding the floor as they tread in search of the strongest places.

A final glance at the crowd, and one more look at the church floor, with a hasty weighing up of pros and cons. The open air, with its distraction of breakers on the reef and wind in the trees, wins the toss. One would hate to see the congregation pass out un­timely before one's eyes, by a direct route, amid splinters of rattan!

“Outside” I whisper to the waiting deacon. So he places a kerosene case in the open clearing where we are to meet. He lays a cloth over it. That is the pulpit. The waiting congregation take the cue and gather in and squat round in a semicircle. The women hush their infants. Some of them bring their little dogs to church, caressing them as though they were babes, though of course much easier to manage than babes.

As I look round this morning I think it is like a cathedral. I drink in the surrounding glory. All nature is our building, and the architect is God. Tropical bush rises round like walls of rich coloring, of croton and hybiscus. Tall palm trees stand like groups of pillars. Their fronds, exquisitely traced against the sky, are a vaulted ceiling. The distant reef is our great organ with deep vibrating chords. I feel that God is very near to me as I wonder at His handiwork. Yet the congregation sit as unaware of this beauty as they are of God’s presence. They have eyes but see not. They are no more moved by the beauty of the land in which they live than are the pigs that root about in the mud of their villages. Food and the every-day circumstances of their lives fill
their mental horizon. I once heard a Papuan Christian say, "I used to be like an animal. All my thoughts were on the ground. But now they continually rise to God. I see the signs of His goodness all day."

"Once I was blind, now I can see. Once I was bound, but now I am free. That's how I know there's a Saviour for me!"

There are Papuans who can say that. Some of them are with us this morning. Here and there in the congregation I can pick them out. The contrast of their serious faces with those around them is even more wonderful than the glory of nature. The country has always been beautiful, whereas here are waste lands that have been redeemed, and deserts that have come to blossom as the rose.

We have prayer. Members of the congregation hastily pluck combs and feathers and ornaments from their hair and hold them tightly in their hands during the prayer. Papuans are naturally reverent. Their reverence lends a dignity and beauty to such occasions that more than makes up for unconventional circumstances of worship. One remembers the far-off days when the Master gathered the people and spoke His immortal words, from the hillside, from a fishing boat, in the market place. When our prayer is over, the congregation readjust their ornamental knick-knacks. We sing a hymn. Two or three lead while the rest follow in a sort of drone. We do not reach the finish together. The winners wait for the rest to arrive. Some finding themselves outdistanced just stop where they are. We read God's Word and it sounds as living in the Suau tongue as though it had thus been originally given by the shores of Galilee.

Sometimes the preacher monopolizes the attention, at other times it is divided amongst wailing infants, or dogs whose curiosity brings them sniffing round, or pigs that stumble upon us by accident in the course of their endless nosings in the mud. The whole congregation feel it incumbent upon them to help to dispose of these unofficial items. All scowl at the offenders. Helpless mothers bundle off their babes who have started to yell. Showers of little stones send the dogs flying in all directions. Pigs are not so easily persuaded to go. They object and squeal at the pokes and jabs from sticks, but move off grumbling at last.

We take a sweeping glance at the sea of faces before us. There are all sorts present. There are some whose eyes are intently fixed upon the speaker. There is a sad expression on their faces. They have come to hunger for the Saviour of whom we tell them, and yet are held back from following him by many ties. They lack the courage to sell all for the pearl of great price. A whole array of customs, rites, still unfulfilled, charms, beliefs, bind them. Their place in the community in relation to that life comes to mind. They visualize their place in their community with their old life abandoned. Familiar spirits, sorcerers, and bogeys incensed by their stand will all be arrayed against them. A Papuan always finds it hard to stand alone. He shrinks from the criticism of neighbors, while their censure in any matter is not to be tolerated. Recently a girl who tried to live a Christian life in a large village in Milne Bay found life so unbearable, with the threats of her relations and their combined efforts to drag her back to the old life, that she fled. She took refuge at one of our outstations and is still with us to-day, a most willing and hard-working member of our mission colony. Her parents threatened immediate suicide unless she was returned home. Being a grownup woman she was no responsibility to us and could do what she liked, and did. The parents, needless to say, did not feel inclined to carry out their threat when the time came!

It needs courage to break not only with a whole life but a tradition as well. Customs handed down from forefathers whose malevolent and roving spirits are to be feared by their successors to-day. Much of the Papuan's superstitions that seem childish to us are important enough to them, and formidable in their claims. "You speak truth," some will aver. "But we are old and set in our ways, what can we do?"

It needs courage. Not, thank God, many have been given the strength to make the stand that puts them on the Lord's side.

Our greatest joy and inspiration sometimes comes from meeting with God's faithful Papuan children, as we travel round the district, hearing of their difficulties and seeing their faith and the Grace that enables them to stand bravely in the face of them. We remember these glorious examples of the "power that is able to save," and then, as we look again into the faces of our congregation, some bored, some impenetrable, we take heart. "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." Our labor is not in vain in the Lord.

RUSSELL ABEL.