The Great Bird from the Sky—at Wagawaga, Milne Bay
This airplane was looked upon by some of the Papuans as the great Magisupu, a gigantic animal about which they have a superstition. (See page 4.)
THE KWATO MISSION OF PAPUA


Conducted since 1920 by the Incorporated Kwato Extension Association

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The Kwato Mission is an evangelical and interdenominational mission, founded and conducted on New Testament principles, for the purpose of winning the people of Eastern Papua to Christ, and to train them for lives of effective Christian service. The work is supported by the voluntary gifts of God's people and the workers earnestly desire your sympathy, prayers and financial fellowship as God may lead and enable you.

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Notes and News

Making New Friends

The weeks spent in America by Mrs. Abel, Russell and Marjorie, have been a blessing to many. They have strengthened old ties and have enlisted many new friends for the work of the Kwato Mission. Mr. Russell Abel has spoken some fifty or sixty times in New York and vicinity and as far west as Chicago and St. Louis. Everywhere the welcome given to him has been most cordial. Many more engagements could have been filled, had there been time.

Miss Marjorie Abel has also been busy telling the story of the remarkable recent revival which has resulted from the work of the Holy Spirit in Eastern Papua. This has also brought quickening to the lives of many who have heard the story in America, and has enlisted new prayer-partners for the work. A number of young people, stirred by the contagious Christian zeal and inspiring charm of these young missionaries, have offered themselves for service in Kwato. New workers are greatly needed there and will be sent out as soon as the way is open with the necessary support provided. Read the letters from Kwato in this issue and see if you are led to take a larger share in this work.

Returning to the Field

When this issue of the Tidings reaches our readers, Mrs. Abel with her younger son and daughter will be on the Pacific, returning to the field after an absence of a year in England and America. They go back refreshed and encouraged and followed by the prayers of many friends, old and new. They also go to face new problems and trials of faith and to accept the challenge of larger opportunities. The spiritual harvests that have recently been gathered in the villages of Milne Bay, call for the training of more workers and the occupying of new territory. Pray that God’s guidance and strength may be given them and that Christians at home will respond generously to this call for more workers and more adequate support.

Two New Arrivals

Since the first of January two new workers have reached Kwato. Mr. Arthur Beavis, a consecrated Christian architect and builder, has gone out from England at his own expense to help build the House of Prayer as a memorial to Charles
W Abel, and at the same time to help build up the Papuans in symmetrical Christian character and to prepare them for lives of larger usefulness.

Miss Mary Abel, a trained Christian teacher, daughter of the Rev. Arthur Abel of London, has been sent out by the British Council to teach in Kwato and to take up the important work of bookkeeper at the head station. This will lift a real load from overburdened shoulders and will set free trained workers for larger spiritual service.

* * *

Airplane at Kwato

HEATHEN Papuans believe in a legendary animal, the Magisupu, which is supposed to be of immense size and whose possible visits are anticipated with terror. When the first airplanes visited Eastern Papua, the natives trembled with fear, thinking that this must be the dreaded animal which had come at last, with what direful results no one could tell. Word was sent to the villages not to fear as the coming visitor from the skies was friendly and would bring them no harm; but still when they saw it actually appear, with its great outstretched wings, its beetle-like head, deafening roar and swift flight, many stood in awe and shouted "Magisupu, Magisupu!"

A few weeks ago a friendly airplane pilot visited various villages on the shore of Milne Bay and on one of these trips offered Miss Phyllis Abel a free ride back to Kwato. She accepted with pleasure and for the first time had a bird’s-eye view of the whole district. Later Mr. Cecil Abel went up and took photographs from the air. Some of the natives also had such faith in their missionary teachers that they overcame their fear and paid a small price to ride in the Great Bird that soared into the white man’s heaven. This gave them a tremendous thrill, helping them to overcome superstition and introducing them to one of the wonders of the modern age.

* * *

For Prayer with Thanksgiving

Will You Give Thanks

For the new workers who have recently gone out from Great Britain to serve Christ in the Kwato Mission?

For the encouragement that has come through the enlistment and fellowship of new, consecrated workers in the Councils of Great Britain and New Zealand?

For the wonderful awakening that has come in the Kwato field, bringing rich spiritual experiences to missionaries and Papuan Christians and has resulted in many new believers surrendering to Christ and in many transformed lives?

For the quickening of interest in America and England and for the generous and hearty welcome given to our friends from Kwato?

For the prayers that have been answered and the gifts that have made it possible to continue the work in the midst of difficult times?

Will You Pray

That the missionaries now returning to Kwato may be kept in health and given new strength as they take up their work again in the field?

That Russell Abel may be guided in the completion of the Life of Charles W. Abel, a thrilling story that may bring spiritual blessing to thousands?

That the new missionaries who have recently gone to Kwato may be fitted for their work and may speedily learn the language, may come to love the people and become powerful witnesses to Christ?

That God may show the way to supply the need of a doctor and another nurse for the Kwato hospital, providing the funds for their support?

That clear guidance may be given the Governing Committee as to the other volunteers who have offered themselves for the field but for whose support there are not yet funds in sight (a missionary budget is about $1,000 or £200 a year)?

For the Papuan Christians in their self-sacrificing efforts to preach Christ among their fellows (without charge), and who, out of their poverty are trying to furnish funds for the building of schools, chapels and the Memorial House of Prayer?

For the “Babes in Christ” who have recently come out of darkness into light and are facing bravely and joyously many snares and temptations in the midst of heathen surroundings?
A Pentecostal Experience

WE ARE having a wonderful time. My vocabulary seems too limited to express the mighty working of the Holy Spirit. From village to village round about Duabo we have gone, telling the story of the Master and pleading with the people to leave their evil ways.

“What is your power, for we have never seen nor felt anything like it,” has been asked us again and again. Humbly we have explained that it was the Spirit of God which He had given us and which He has sent to work in their hearts and minds. We have seen now that what He did in and through the disciples after Pentecost He has done and is doing for the Papuans. We feel this is only the beginning; there is no limit to what He can do for Papua, because there is no limit to what He can do through lives that are being lived in obedience to His will and under the dominion of His Holy Spirit.

We started at Maivara, then went to Rabi. One Sunday we were led to return to Maivara for the day, tying up by the river bank right in the middle of the village.

The people were delighted to see us, and it was wonderful to feel the warmth of the delight and love of the young converts as they clustered round us. It was such a foreign feeling to Maivara. But the change in appearance of many of our friends was remarkable. Those we had left with huge shock heads of hair and covered with various ornaments were shorn and stripped, looking so clean and sane. We scattered as soon as we had landed, visiting the people in their various houses, praying with the sick, distributing quinine or liniment to rub their chests, etc., and issuing invitations to the meeting we were to hold in the village square “when the sun reached there”—four o’clock.

That afternoon we had a wonderful meeting. A record crowd gathered. Several of us gave short messages, and Tom Kago, one of the first to be converted at Maivara gave his testimony. Tom was brought up on Kwato. One of the cleverest Papuans we have ever known but, with all, absolutely bad. When we were in Sydney twelve years ago he left Kwato and went to work for white men. There he sank to the lowest
depth. Now he is the Lord's out and out; he is having a hard and bitter time making restitution but the Lord is giving him courage and strength. His testimony left Mai­vara breathless for he is known so well there. “If God can change Tommy, he can change me.” Yes, his “change” is nothing less than a miracle.

Tom was asked to give his testimony, and before all Maivara, where he was so well known as a terrible sinner, his voice broken with emotion, his face wet with tears, he told of how the Lord had pardoned and saved him and made him a new man. There were no dry eyes amongst our little band; we wept for joy and wonder at the mighty power and the unquenchable love of God.

Another remarkable testimony that arrested many, especially among the youths, was Lato’s. He is only seventeen years old and was one of the lads that formed the service corps of our campaign. They cook the rice and wash up, and fetch wood and are a most helpful necessary group. We were very directly guided to take Lato, not because he was a good boy, because he was far from it. But before long Lato came to the Lord and became straight away a very joyful “fisher of men.” That evening at Maivara for the first time in his young life he stood up before those people and told them what Christ had done for him. There was a group of youths about his own age there, with huge mops of hair and dissatisfied sensuous expressions, and his words went home. When the meeting was over we got down to individual work. I never shall forget walking back and forth through that village in the dark, and in the dim light seeing one of our boys here in close conversation, pleading with a huge mop headed heathen, or one of the girls sitting on the hatahata—verandah—of a house listening to the broken confession of a sinning woman.

Or passing a house I would hear a familiar voice declaring the mighty power of God to save to the uttermost, his discourse being punctuated with grunts of assent from the listener.

It was nearly 10 P. M. when I got back to the rendezvous where we were to meet Cecil. When we reached the shore the sound of the doxology met us wafting across the water from the *Mamori* where the rest were waiting for us. We knew they too had great things to tell, and with all the remaining voice we had left we joined in their praise.

All the way back to our camp we were recounting our experiences. That night eleven souls were born again bringing the number of our little group of new-born Christians in Maivara up to fifty-one.

P. A.

A Word of Cheer

I DO wish I could send you some of the inspiration of these days. I have never known anything like it. We keep saying, “This is the Acts of the Apostles all over again.” Some of our people have been changed beyond recognition. There is Bessie who goes about radiating happiness, she positively beams. And Ainauia, really I am amazed, she used to be such a cold Christian but now she is red-hot. She had come up here in order to take charge of the place in Labini’s absence, and had brought her children, Moreen and Rona, with her. Lei too has had a tremendous victory and just radiates joy and power. When we first came up here she was miserable and for days she would not let the Lord work. One morning we were taking photographs of the workers. Lei was weeding and looked up with a heart full of heaviness and saw the joy on the faces of those who were being photographed. “Are they the only ones to have that joy?” she thought. “Is it not for me?” She longed for someone to help her. Later, just when she was full of these longings we were at a prayer-meeting and I went to the back verandah where I found Lei sitting. When I talked with her everything was confessed and was put right, and she left my room just overflowing. She cannot cease telling us how wonderful the Lord is.
Reflections at Sunset

As I sit at my desk I look down the green slope to the playing field and then across the narrow sea channel to the bush-clad hills of Logea Island. Signs of approaching summer are visible on all sides, the old nut tree bursting once more into green buds, the hibiscus bushes clothing themselves again with blossoms, and the sea which for months has been surging grey, tipped with white, now matches a deep blue sky. A canoe is drifting idly in midstream. Then the birds make an almost deafening noise at 5 o'clock these mornings — wood-pigeons, parrots, starlings, thrushes — there is no hope of sleeping after daybreak which perhaps is for the best!

But it is not the place I want to tell you about so much as the people, and the share of God's work among them which has fallen to me. It is just over two years now since I set foot in Papua; I came at God's word, not knowing what He was calling me to, now it is plain, and I long, we all do, that the need of our land should be made more known to you at home. As yet only the fringe of this vast island has been touched for Christ. The population of Papua does not compare with China's millions, but in that land, the Word of God is written in many of its languages that people may take and read and live, whereas, to the vast majority of Papuans, the printed page is incomprehensible. And so, in their scattered villages and on mountain peaks they live and die in utter darkness simply because their population per square mile is not sufficient to arouse the interest of the people at home. Missionaries pour out to such countries as India and China where truly they are desperately needed and yet most of these people can take the Word of Life, and reading it find Christ for themselves, while the Papuan, left alone, must stumble blindly along, unable even to spell out the name of Jesus.

And they make such magnificent Christians; their primitive faith can grasp spiritual realities which we reach out after in vain, and their childlike eyes see visions for which we have ceased to look. These surely are the ones of whom Christ said "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Some Introductions

And now to introduce you to some of the actual people amongst whom I work. About 7 A.M. you might see groups of chattering grass-skirted girls walking past the mission house down to the school, followed by groups of boys in their loin leaves, with an exercise book tucked under their arms. These are the Logea children, they have come in their canoes across the water in search of whatever wisdom I can give them! They come to us on week days and we go to them on Sundays. Most of you have read about this work in the Tidings and some I feel sure have been praying for it, for the Lord has been amongst us, blessing us. There were three Christian boys in the school whom we prayed over and longed that they would give up their village life and yield themselves to God's service. About three months ago they joined us here at Kwato. Since then three other boys have given their hearts to the Lord "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God."

It is Sunday evening. The children in the hall are singing with all their hearts "God make my life a little light within the world to glow." It has been a day full of joy. This afternoon I went over to Logea with the usual prayer in my heart. There was a big crowd of girls, and when class was over, for the first time since I have been taking these Sunday classes, one of the girls stayed behind to make the biggest transaction a soul can make. When I got home again I went for a stroll to the far hill of Kwato. As I sat there I praised God, and there came afresh to me the promise: "If thou wilt believe thou shalt see the Glory of God." And I laid hold of it for the Logea girls. Dusk came on and I turned homeward. Then just as I had taken up my pen to continue this letter to you, my door opened and a grass-skirted girl stood in the doorway; she had followed me across, hungering for the things of God — and so another heart was made His own. Would you pray that these five, who recently have yielded to the Master, may be kept faithful amid the darkness that surrounds them, and that if God calls them to a more complete service they may be enabled to take the step.

So our days are busy and our evenings busier still, and when bedtime comes we sink into blissful unconsciousness the moment our heads touch the pillow. The rising bell goes without fail at 5 o'clock every morning, and the relentless ringer thereof does his work...
so thoroughly that no living thing on the island could possibly sleep through it!

We feel rather desperate at times for lack of workers. Pray ye therefore, for the sake of these “other sheep” for whom Christ died.

A few days ago I was climbing the hill at sunset; it was a perfect evening and I sat down in a quiet spot, to gaze at the flaming sky and sea, and think longingly of the wonders of the Celestial City; suddenly a clear childish voice broke the stillness echoing across from the other hill. “By and by we’ll see the King, by and by we’ll see the King, and crown Him Lord of all.” This is the expression of the heart of Kwato.

This letter comes with my love to you all, and my warmest thanks for your interest and prayers.

HALLIDAY SCRAMGROU.

The Conversion of Dela

Tauduma was his name. The very sound brought to every one’s mind a notorious record—for he was known from one end of the country to the other and all along the coast for his misdeeds. He was about twenty-five years of age and lived on the Island of Logea opposite Kwato. The government officers were perpetually on his tracks, and after repeated attempts to sober him by putting him into gaol, they decided to expel him from the Eastern Division and sent him West. Papuans are very home-loving people and hate leaving their village or district for any length of time. Tauduma caused such trouble in the West that he was sent back and the government official at Samarai were asked not to send any more riffraff to the West.

My father, Rev. Charles W. Abel, often visited him in prison and talked with him, and sought to lead him to the Saviour—but his ears were deaf and his heart hardened to any appeal. The young man used to come to Church in Kwato sometimes with a great air of righteous dignity and very often he chose the front row on which to sit.

Two years ago Tauduma, once more in gaol, sat in the pitch darkness of solitary confinement, handcuffed—a life and soul utterly degraded and marred by sin. Then the news of my father’s death reached his ears and—as he told it to us later—just struck him with tremendous force. He thought, as he sat there, of all the talks they had had together, and everything that was said—every appeal—was brought clearly to his remembrance.

In that moment of darkness they were used by the Holy Spirit to turn his thoughts to God in repentance. In an agony of longing he decided to cut with his old life and the past, and to follow the Master. So there, amidst the tokens of sin and evil, Tauduma surrendered his heart and life to Christ—the one who alone makes possible the humanly impossible.

As soon as he was let out of gaol he made straight for Kwato and came to Cecil Abel for help. From that time onward a tremendous change has taken place, causing constant comment from those who knew him as of old. The prison has seen him no more and the gaoler enquired what had happened to the “notorious Tauduma.”

It is comparatively easy to confess Christ amongst strangers but Tauduma bore his testimony first “at home” on his own island and among his friends. He was carefully prepared for baptism and baptized during the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Pierson. At the testimony meeting, which always precedes our baptisms, he bore public witness to the power of Christ in his life and to the miraculous change which needed no words to explain. He begged us to give him a new name as he wanted “Tauduma,” which bore so many evil associations, to die with his past. So at the time of baptism he was renamed “Dela.” “Old things are passed away and behold all things are become new.”

Dela and his younger brother have both become witnesses for Christ and soul winners and have won another young man to Christ. This young convert, though only about fifteen years of age, came to us recently and asked for a roll of Bible pictures to take with him on a hike across the mountains and through the villages on the mainland. This young boy went into these still unevangelized districts, showed his pictures, told the story of the Gospel and bore witness to what Jesus had done for him. What a marvelous transformation can come to such a youth, only a step removed from heathenism, when he will, of his own accord, undertake an evangelistic tour, hold open air services and share with others the good news of what the Saviour has done for him and his friends:

MARJORIE ABEL.
Six Months at Kwato

In the tropics our Christmas Day is spent out of doors in swimming, surfing, athletics, tennis, cricket and fishing. The only thing we all seem to share in common is the Christmas dinner which we here reserve till evening, followed by indoor games of every description in the big hall at the back of the house. With anything up to 300 brown boys and girls this is a most enjoyable if somewhat warm entertainment. The day ends with the singing of new Christmas hymns which have been learned by the different classes especially for the day. I think, perhaps, we enjoy this most of all. The day begins with "Christian Awake, salute the happy morn" which is sung in the open air just as day is breaking, and it ends, with these old favorites sung very beautifully in four parts by our young people. Their love for part singing never diminishes, and they will spend hours practicing for these occasions. One hymn will be sung entirely by girls; another entirely by boys, and perhaps a third will be rendered by the two choirs combined. The contrast is striking. The girls voices, alone, remind me of a theme rendered by flutes and clarinets, while the rich bass voices of the boys invariably recall that peculiar human quality that you hear so often from Wurlitzer organs. The selection of these hymns, the practicing, conducting and the transposing from the old notation to tonic sol-fa is all done by themselves now.

One Sunday morning, early in March, I was interrupted while preparing for the Sunday morning worship by Tanuadi and Koeawaku who wanted to introduce to me eight men with their wives. They were all strangers to me though living only across the water in the mountains behind Bukou. They possessed keen intelligent faces. They answered my questions promptly. They were all hefty fellows and one in particular was the biggest man I have seen round about here. He had a piercing eye that seemed to look right through me. Their hair was trimmed, they wore loin cloths, and there was a noticeable absence of any arm, ear, nose or leg ornaments. I knew what all this meant, tau coo Seekers. But I had never seen them or heard of them before. Tanuadi and Koeawaku are the two Babadas or Leaders of the little group of Christians at Kihuna. They were baptized a little while ago and they are all eager though none of them can read or write. But this makes no difference, everything they seize is stored in
their minds. The Gospel message, their own testimony, a Bible story, some new truth, this is all they have to draw upon but they use every bit of what they have. Each Sunday they visit these inland villages witnessing to the new life that is theirs in Christ.

The story was told quite simply. God had used their simple testimony and sixteen souls were born again into the kingdom of God. A little while later I had them all here again to stay for a few days and spoke to each one. I imagined they would require much teaching before they fully grasped what this tremendous turn-round meant for them in all its implication. But I was mistaken and I learnt much in those few talks. I confess the poverty of my faith and I see I had really no imagination at all. Jesus is very near and very real to these simple folk. The prayer meeting we had just before they left us in my study was a glorious heart-warming experience.

A Woman's Witness

I knew of one woman staying at the time at Duabo who had been wonderfully converted some time before. Her husband was a beast; he beat her unmercifully and scoffed and ridiculed her "change." He threatened to poison her. He and his brother were sorcerers of sorts and exercised some influence in their tribe. Both Alaidi and Besi had tried many times to get near him but he was like all Buhutus, he lived unto the flesh, though where others were apathetic he and his brother were actually antagonistic. But the young woman, Marea, continued to pray for her husband and occasionally went up to Duabo for a rest! Some two months later I was on a quick visit to Duabo. Alaidi and Besi, the splendid old couple who are in charge, were pouring out their hearts to me as they related all that had happened since I was last up there. We stood on the brow of the hill overlooking the Bay. Just then a man approached us and soberly saluted me and then passed on. He had a kind intelligent face, his loin cloth was clean and he seemed to be quite at home on the station, in fact he looked just like a Christian! But I had never seen him before. They saw my perplexity for as I turned to ask them who this was a smile lit up each face. "That," said Besi, "is Marea's husband. His new name is Abarahama. He and his brother are both converted; they have left their village because the old life down there, they say, makes them feel sick. They have come to live on that hill over there to be near to us."

"With men it is impossible but with God all things are possible."

Patrolling the District

I manage to get round our district on an average about four or five times a month. These patrols keep me in touch with what is going on at sixteen centres. This does not mean that all the work that is to be done is finished. A trip may take me thirty-six hours away from Kwato, traveling night and day, or I may be able to take three days and get a special job done that cannot be left longer. We are working short staffed you see, and some things have to be left undone.

Wagawaga has needed my special attention. About thirty Christians became involved in a heathen custom about the beginning of the new year. A few repented and returned soon after; the rest grew cold and stayed away from the church. We met together, the four leaders and myself, to talk and pray over the problem. We decided to approach each one personally. I tried to point out what real repentance would involve and their part in leading and helping each one to make a full confession. There could be no forgiveness and healing where there was holding back. For the next few weeks we hung on in faith. The price was too great and they took offence at the thorough and heart-searching questions put to each one by their leaders. We ceased worrying then and resorted to prayer. There was no conviction of sin and therefore no emergency. And then something snapped. One by one they came to Taupiri, some even by night — and begged that they might be spoken to once more. They were distressed, they were hungry, they were broken, they were ready to confess and let everything go.

At dawn, as I lay on the top of the launch Mamari II, I was awakened by Taupiri's booming voice. Traveling down the bay all night we had put in at Wagawaga where I had slept till daybreak. I sat up and rubbed my eyes. Taupiri's face beamed over the edge of the rail. "Taubada," he said again, "se hetubu se uioma" (They are beginning to come back). From that day to this they have been returning, and don't forget, every man and woman was interviewed personally by either Taupiri, his wife Evanelia, Blind Bate or Tokidina. Some of them had to return two or three times as sins came to mind they had forgotten to confess. I have never seen
Confessions like these. Everything was brought to light. Great moral failures, little petty thefts, all were revealed, and restitution followed confession. This is one of the most remarkable revivals we have ever experienced by reason of its uniform thoroughness. Wagawaga is going to be a power for Christ in the Bay, but she will be tried. Let us pray the faith of its people may not fail.

Cecil Abel.

Some Papuan Characteristics

The race that occupies the southeastern section of Papua is technically known as Massims. They are short people, but lithe and well-proportioned in a way that belies their real stature. In color they are all shades of brown, from dark chocolate to a warm coppery brown, or sometimes shading off to a pale café-au-lait. They are a good-natured people and placid. Following the line of least resistance for the sake of peace, they put up with a great deal before they complain. Yet they can be stirred, and violent tempers underlie a calm exterior. When once they are aroused, which is not often, they may be quite uncontrollable. Such occasional outbursts provide a village with exciting episodes now and then. Sometimes husbands provide wives with lasting "hall-marks" of their affections. A man in a great passion will even destroy his own property, hacking down his house, and burning his ginauri (treasured personal knick-knacks). In the worst transports of rage a man usually has enough sense left to attack his own rather than that of some one else, a course which would end in disaster.

These temporary outbursts are the occasional punctuations to a life that is monotonous to a point of boredom. Husbands and wives are usually good to each other. British laws have abolished the more ancient forms of procedure which are extreme in their exactions and preemptory in execution. One of the results is that old marriage tabus, the breach of which formerly would have been summarily dealt with by an incensed husband or brother, are now increasingly ignored. The present generation change their matrimonial ties as the older generation never did. The old system of periodical marriage payments, exchanged between the family groups of both parties, strengthened the bond, made polygamy almost impossible and divorce very difficult.

Quarrels in a Papuan family group, an extensive affair, are rare. When they occur they are usually caused by pigs. To British eyes the pig may be the very bane of life, but in Papuan eyes this animal is the pivot of wealth, prestige, and much else, the significance of which is hard for us to understand. Mortuary and fertility rites and ceremonies are woven around two dominant forces in Papuan life, spirits and pigs.
American newspapers would fit the Papuan sense of humor well, which shows that it is not unlike our own, after all!

The Papuan is difficult to come to know. He is reserved and diffident. How much of this attitude is really due to shyness, and how much due to self-defense it would be hard to say. He keeps his real thoughts and feelings hidden. If you think you have penetrated the mental processes that go on beneath that large mop of hair, or behind those large, dreamy eyes, how mistaken you will find you are!

The Papuan does not forget a kindness. Many are the stories told of the loyalty of native servants to their white masters. The late Sir William MacGregor, the first Governor of New Guinea, speaking from a wide experience, used to declare that the bravest act he had ever seen was done by a Papuan. There is an oft-told story of a government officer some years ago whose straight dealings were unappreciated by his Papuan neighbors. One day they surrounded his bungalow with spears in their hands, demanding his blood. Being pursued, he climbed onto the roof, followed by a Papuan servant. The natives did not want to hurt a fellow tribesman and gave the boy opportunity to escape, which he, to his honor, turned down. When the assailants saw that he would not leave his master's side they let fly their spears, killing the white man and his faithful Papuan servant who preferred death to desertion.

Undoubtedly the Papuan has pluck. On many occasions Papuan friends have risked their lives unhesitatingly for my father, when he was in danger from shipwreck, or from native hostility in early days.

Good servants though Papuans may be, they are independent. They often give up lucrative work, for which they have been trained, and "sign on" as a boat hand at ten shillings a month. Why? Because they are moved by some passing whim. Perhaps they have grown tired of the old job and want a change. Freedom means more to them than money. No amount of reasoning will make them exchange their liberty for mere reasons of monetary gain. Small wonder that Westerners, to most of whom such reasons seem important above all else, find it hard to understand these child-like peoples of a primitive country. RUSSELL W. B. ABEL.

The Story of Tiraka

I WANT to tell you the story Tiraka brought back from Lamhaga where he spent a couple of days putting the door in their fine new church. Lamhaga, I must add, is a comparatively recent group. Like most Papuans they can neither read or write, but they do an extensive work and the vigour of their faith is wonderful. Tiraka was hammering away at his job when one of the older Christians paused in passing to explain that if he noticed their absence it was only because the Christians were meeting together for special prayer. He went on to say that a young mother was in trouble; some had talked of calling in the help of a village midwife with her charms and herbs and mud plasters. Others had even gone so far as to suggest calling in the Tauoba or sorcerer from Bositau three miles away. It was at this point the Christians intervened. They knew what to do. They had faced other crises before. The call went round for every Christian to meet in the house of the cripple Dagoela. Tiraka and his young assistant dropped their tools. This was more important than making doors. They prayed as men who were accustomed to ask and receive. Their words were direct and full of childlike trust. They were in distress and needed the Great Physician. There was no doubt, there was no worry. The meeting was over and Tiraka returned to his job. An hour later someone passed by and mumbled a few words to him. Tiraka looked up but could not answer and his eyes dimmed. He had not seen Him come and he had not seen Him go, but the Master had been there. For, fifty yards away in a little smoky room, peace reigned where fear had been before, and a young mother lay with a new-born babe in her arms.

Meke is the master of the big feast and the most forceful man in Maivara. Meke wanted to follow Christ, but in his case the "one thing" was this feast, and not only that, but his position as leader in all heathen customs. There came the news that Meke was Christ's! Humbly, as a little child, having been through a severe sickness, flu, he had yielded everything, even the feast. It was not long before the whole of Maivara knew it. Meke and Hinadarunake were both the Lord's.