THE KWATO MISSION OF PAPUA


Conducted since 1920 by the Incorporated Kwato Extension Association

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THE MISSION STAFF

Address: Kwato, Samarai, Papua. Via Sydney, New South Wales

Mrs. Charles W. Abel
Cecil C. G. Abel
Phyllis D. Abel
Russell W. B. Abel

Margaret Evelyn Parkin
Elizabeth Mill
A. Halliday Scrymeour
John Sweeton

Margaret Drennen, R.N.
Marjorie Abel
Mary Abel
Arthur Beavis

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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Quarterly Publication—Kwato Mission Tidings

Further information may be obtained from any of the secretaries. Gifts from American friends should be sent to Mr. Walter McDougall, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. Gifts from friends in the British Isles should be sent to Mrs. M. G. Prendergast, Promotion Secretary, 2 Portsmouth Avenue, Thames Ditton, Surrey, England. Checks should be made payable to The Incorporated Kwato Extension Association. All officials serve without remuneration.

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Notes and News

Happenings at Kwato

The joyful return of the travelers, Mrs. Abel, Russell and Marjorie, is described on another page. Strengthened and rested by their furlough in England and America, they have taken up their work again with new zest. For all this we thank God.

In addition to the two new workers reported in our April issue, we are happy to report the arrival of John Smeeton, a self-supporting missionary and the fiancé of Miss Marjorie Abel. His serious illness and recovery in answer to prayer is described elsewhere. We rejoice also in the news of the engagement of Halliday Scrymgeour to Arthur Beavis, who recently arrived from England. Our best wishes go out to this young couple, who hope, after their marriage, to be able to open a new station in unoccupied territory.

Since his return to the field Russell Abel has been busy on the life of his father. Mrs. Abel—went to Duabo to help in the final touches and we hope to announce in the next TIDINGS the plans for publication. It is a wonderful story of a life of deep and wide experience—full of adventure, of humorous episodes and of the marvelous working of God.

While at Duabo Mrs. Abel has been teaching classes of Bush people, the recent converts from the Buhutu valley.

The Memorial

The plans and preparations for the new House of Prayer at Kwato are steadily progressing. It is to be built almost entirely of native materials, by labor freely contributed by Papuans, as described by Mr. Beavis on another page. So far as is practical many features of Papuan architecture, such as carvings and roof-lines, will be incorporated. The auditorium will hold about three hundred people and may be enlarged to accommodate double that number by opening the sides.

The Papuan Christians gladly give from their poverty all they are able, to make the memorial a true expression of their love and gratitude to their honored Taubada, but the recent decline in copra has greatly les-
sened their ability. Friends in the home lands are invited to have a share in this tribute of love to Charles W. Abel. Gifts for this purpose may be sent to any one of the Home Treasurers or to the field. The building is to be used wholly for the glory of God and the upbuilding of the Christian life of the Papuans. It is difficult to estimate the cost since so much will be contributed by native labor, but between $5,000 and $10,000 will be needed for its completion. No debt will be incurred so that construction must cease if necessary funds are not in hand.

Arthur Beavis

A new worker in charge of building operations

Some Specialties

Our friends at Kwato must sometimes feel that they are asked to make "bricks without straw." In the midst of a growing work there are so many needs that are left unsupplied which might lessen their burdens and make their work more effective. Here are a few which some friends in the home lands may count it a privilege to help supply:

A doctor to help keep up the health of the missionaries and Papuans.

An additional nurse who can visit the outstations, treating simple diseases and accidents, and teaching hygiene and care of children.

An accountant—also a missionary—who can relieve workers from burdens for which they are not fitted and so set them free for the spiritual work for which they are prepared.

A Diesel engine for the mill. This can be run at much less cost than a petrol engine and can also furnish electricity—a great boon in a tropical climate.

A moving picture camera and projector. Phyllis Abel writes that such a camera would make the unusual scenes and work wonderfully vivid to friends at home. A projector can be used at Kwato to educate the natives. The Governing Committee will be glad to forward such a camera if some friend offers to supply the need.

A larger printing press. A recent letter says:

"We are sold out of Suau Gospels. The Kwato printers are working at high pressure as it is. The demand is very great. We wish we had something a little more speedy and up-to-date than our old hand machine, to get through all the work there is for the printing department."

Letters from Home Partners

The enlarging needs and opportunities in Papua with the depressed financial conditions in the home lands form a difficult situation. Many helpers have continued their gifts at real sacrifice. Others have been obliged to decrease or omit their usual offerings. One of the "unpaid teachers" in Chicago sends $25 with regrets that it cannot be more. Another deeply interested friend writes: "I carry the Abels and their work on my heart but two operations this year make it impossible to give more until I recover from this drain." One friend from Nebraska writes: "You have no idea how dreadful conditions are here. Both banks closed a year ago and we have had one crop failure after another. I love the Kwato work and pray for the brave souls in the front line trenches but I cannot give as much as formerly until times are better."

God knows our hearts and He knows conditions—perhaps other friends, who are not so hard pressed, will rejoice to have a larger share in this remarkable work which God is so richly blessing.
AN AIRPLANE VIEW OF KWATO, ABOVE LOGEA, LOOKING NORTHEAST

The mainland is seen in the background, at the left; then China Straits leading to Milne Bay, Sidea, Sariba and the point of Samarai. Logea is in the foreground and in the middle Kwato and beyond the small quarantine island, Ebama.

The Welcome Home

AT LAST we are back at Kwato and the long journey is over. We seemed to be traveling for ages. There was the long train journey across the States. No one has any idea how vast they are. In fact, everything is in America! We crossed the Rockies in a snow storm, but that seems like ancient history. There was a three weeks' voyage from Vancouver to Sydney, a hectic week in Sydney, and then a nightmare of a train journey up to Townsville in North Queensland. We were three nights on the way in a filthy antique train that shook us to bits and deposited layers and layers of the dust of ages on us. We fairly tottered on to the steamer at Townsville. It was a treat to have the clean fresh sea around us again. After three days more traveling due North we had the immense thrill (or "kick" as they say in America) of seeing the Papuan sky-line rising up ahead. We landed at Port Moresby, which is about 250 miles from Samarai, and were welcomed wherever we went by natives who recognized us, although they belong to a different race and speak a different language from the eastern Papuans. Two days later, at midnight, we were able to pick out the familiar landmarks, promontories, and mountain peaks in the moonlight, as we went up the China Straits. We were very grateful to God when we saw Kwato at last, and we praised Him from our hearts for bringing us back.

We had a most wonderful reception. There were about 600 people on Kwato, many of whom were "Bush" people recently converted and had come to Kwato for teaching. It was thrilling to meet those who have only recently come out of terrible darkness, each one a miracle of God's power. Then there were the Kwato folk, the workers, and the schoolboys and girls, who gave us a marvelous welcome. We boarded the Ford truck (which looked as if it was gotten up for a carnival in Nice) and came up the winding road in a triumphal procession, with hundreds of children running after us, shouting and cheering. At intervals along the road they had made floral arches. When we reached the hill top where the mission house is, we found a huge mob awaiting us and all joined in the Doxology. It was great!

Some Results of the Revival

There has been a great revival going on in this district in the past few months. Not only have many Christians been wonderfully awakened and filled with the Holy Spirit but about a thousand men and women have
been converted. There has been nothing of the "mass movement" about it. Individuals have been won personally and have immediately set out to win their friends; so the work has spread. The changes in the people's lives have been no less than volcanic. Those who are converted immediately get busy with what they call *hedudurai paisoa*—"the work of putting right"—which is making as thorough restitution as they can, working hard to make enough money to pay debts, hunting up those from whom they want forgiveness and so forth. A number of people connected with spirit cults, witches and sorcerers and the like, have been completely delivered. Theirs is the most wonderful testimony of all. Many were dominated by spirits, awful haggard looking people, always emaciated. When released, their whole appearance changes and they begin to get fat. The joy in their faces is something one can never forget. There were no less than ten of these men and women at Kwato when we arrived. One woman, who had been one of the worst, has now quite an angelic expression on her face. She reminded one of Mary Magdalene who loved much because she had been forgiven so much. She is a sincere and grateful soul.

There is much work to be done in teaching these new converts. Fortunately Papuan Christians are keen to help, and one sees little groups of twos and threes in earnest conversation or bent together over a Gospel. Those who can read make it their business to teach those who cannot. Everything anyone has in knowledge of Scripture, or personal experience of blessing, is promptly passed on. Many are hungry for all the spiritual help they can get. Some of our visitors came from mountains inland, a two days' journey. Many had never seen the sea and nearly all were terribly seasick on their way here by launch. We felt like Pied Pipers of Hamlin. Just as we were leaving we saw a great line of men and women walking along the beach round the little horse-shoe bay. There were hundreds of them, all trailing along in single file and all reflected in the sea. Each one brought a gift of food, a yam, a taro, a bunch of bananas, a pineapple or some sugar cane. They laid it in a great heap as a thank-offering for our safe return, and then they stood around and sang their praise to God. After that one man led in a prayer of thanksgiving.

The numbers of Christians and inquirers have so increased at all services and meetings that some of our present buildings are not big enough to contain the people. It is a real problem in wet weather; on fine days there is always the open air.

**Among the Children**

I must say something about the schools and the way the revival has affected them. Child conversion is a wonderfully real thing. The change in many of the children is very marked. Some of our difficult boys and girls are now untiring personal workers, being much used to win others. Their testimony and their prayers are a real contribution to the spiritual life of our stations. Best of all, boys who in times past had to be expelled—and in a country like this they are pretty incorrigible before that becomes a necessity—are all back again, having been thoroughly changed. Now they are the brightest and most powerful Christian lads in our schools. A good evidence of the genuineness of the change in many of our schoolboys is the way they are putting their hearts into their work. For instance, the boy who cleans the boots makes them shine with all his might. The boy who looks after the tennis court has it always in perfect condition, with the surrounding lawn kept mown, and flower beds and such like improvements that he has started, as a witness to God's grace in him. That is the sort of
spirit that permeates the whole school now. You can imagine how full of gratitude and praise our arrival has been. We marvel at the power of God manifested in so many ways. I have not time to tell a fraction of the stories we have been hearing of victory, or of the prayer that goes on here, of the amazing experiences of ignorant village people, or the guidance that has been given. The Lord is calling out His own in Papua. We know there is much prayer behind us. Yet we feel that we need still more prayer. The devil will not allow these victories to be won without a big fight and there has been extraordinary opposition.

I must mention one old converted witch I met at Wagawaga. She terrorized everybody. She used to dig up graves and eat the corpses—a usual witch practice. She gave a demonstration of her powers that harrowed everyone. She confesses to have murdered eleven people. Now she is completely saved from all that darkness and is almost mad with joy. She tells everyone about the Lord and what He has done for her. She simply cannot contain herself. Can you wonder at it?

Russell Abel.

In the Valley of the Shadow

WE THANK you more than we can express for the wonderful time you gave to our wandering trio while they were in America. We never tire of hearing them tell of your love and goodness. But the joys of reunion were quickly overshadowed by anxiety, for we have been in “the valley of the shadow.” There has been a series of serious illnesses, mostly pleurisy among our young boys. One lad we nearly lost. Then a fortnight after his arrival John Smeeton became desperately ill. It started with pains in the head and back and a high temperature. We saw that it was not any ailment with which we were familiar. The pains in his head grew worse, and he suffered dreadfully night and day. Margaret Drennen came up when she could for she was busy with a full hospital. John grew steadily worse—had a severe hemorrhage from the nose and at times was quite delirious. We went over three times to Samarai in a small skiff to see the doctor and get advice. John was far too ill to be moved, especially in the stormy weather we were having, and the doctor said he could not come over to Kwato. So we waited and prayed for wisdom. On Wednesday evening John grew worse and it seemed that he was too far gone to recover. We were thrown entirely on the Lord. It was a never to be forgotten night. The house was terribly quiet. In one room a company of dear faithful Papuan Christians met with us before the throne of grace. Dinner lay on the table untouched as we watched and waited.

That was a memorable evening. It seemed that suddenly the Lord came into the room, and spoke the word, “Fear not. Thou shalt see my glory this night.” Promise after promise came to our minds and with them the definite assurance that our prayer was heard. Suddenly intercession turned to praise about 1 a.m. Every prayer glorified the Lord. Every bit of panic and anxiety was gone, and there was a deep joy over all. It was wonderful. John was asleep when we went to bed about 2 a.m. and we all slept.

The next morning a great change had taken place, and John was more like his old self. He was normal mentally, all pain had gone, and he lay peacefully quiet for the first time in two weeks. It was wonderful. We knew that on the previous night the Lord had laid His hand on the sick one, and from that night he has grown steadily better and has had no pain or other bad symptoms.

The Samarai doctor diagnosed John’s case as typhoid fever (which he must have contracted before he arrived), and insisted that he must be brought over to the government hospital. So, as John was feeling much better and the sea had calmed considerably, we put the patient on a stretcher and took him over in a small boat. Since then he has steadily improved.

This experience of anxiety and prayer was shared by every Christian in our district. Everywhere prayer was being made for John, and the wonderful thing was that the promises that God gave to us at Kwato, He gave to others down the bay. Russell wrote to Marjorie: “It has been an amazing experience. I wish you could have heard the prayers that have been going up. We heard no news after Mahuru came until yesterday when Osineru came and called.
out ‘Praise the Lord!’ That was enough; and yet God had given us such promises and peace that we were already rejoicing. They had had such marvelous assurance that their prayers were heard. Dear old Tiraka just would not let go in prayer for you. And Philip rushed up here to tell us what a blessing John’s illness had been to him. We had a grand praise meeting last night.”

This will show you how dear we are to our people and how dear they are to us. They are wonderful and I thank God that He has called me to spend my life among them. This experience has also proved the sterling worth of our fellow workers. Each one was goodness itself, and a wonderful comfort and help.

P. D. Abel.

Weaving—One of the Kwato Industries

Among New Converts

When Mrs. Abel and Russell arrived from America, the new converts from Buhutu Valley expressed a wish to come in to Kwato to welcome them. Many had never seen the sea before and were terrified at the thought of going on it. But that did not stop them from coming. If they had been the Prince of Wales himself they would not have received a greater welcome! Now the converts have gone home to build new and better villages where they can meet for worship and prayer, and to tell others of their tribes of the wonderful new life. Will you pray for them, also that more helpers may come out to enable us to extend further inland to even darker districts?

This is only one instance of the way in which the Lord has been working round about us. A few months ago at Wagawaga, one of our outstations, there was a small village school. Today there are 160 children at that same school. Their parents have been converted in the villages round about and long for their children to be taught how to live Christian lives, and so they send their children to the Mission School. Some live so far away that they cannot possibly go into Wagawaga every day. To meet the difficulty, many Christian women in the villages have taken these children into their homes. One woman feeds thirteen children, including her own, and she testifies to the fact that since she has taken in these children and has done this for the Master, her garden has been more fruitful than ever before, and the food always comes from somewhere.

We hope that the day is not far distant when we shall have a boarding school at Wagawaga, but at the moment we have only one white teacher and four native teachers for those 160 children!

I am just as happy as I was when I last wrote, if not more so! And the more I understand the work, the better I love it. At the end of this month we are doing stock-taking. I don’t quite know what that entails yet, but it seems a perfect nightmare to everyone here!

I have started having lessons in Suau now—I suppose I shall know it some day! My tongue quite aches at the end of each lesson, trying to get round some of the words. Try and say this one for instance: *Tataobui*buihethetahesairuoidi! ! ! ! That is one word! Fortunately they are not all quite as bad as that. If you want to say “99” this is what you have to say: *Tataohasisemate-saudoudoit-Haligigi-hasii*. That means literally, “Four men they die, (80, i.e., fingers and toes of four men), hands together, (10) fingers of one hand (5) and four (80, 10, 5, 4 equals 99).”

We are having winter now and the weather lately has been marvelous; cool, sunny days and so unlike what one expects to find in the tropics. Thank you so much for your prayers and interest. It makes all the difference to the work out here.

Mary Abel.
The Memorial House of Prayer

I have just finished the first set of drawings for the Memorial House of Prayer at Kwato. These drawings do not represent the finished plans, but indicate the lines we feel the general shape of the building should take, after taking into consideration our needs, the money at our disposal, and the native materials we plan to use, and the craftsmen that we have to work them.

It is worthy of note that these drawings are all copies made by one of the boys. They were not traced but measured to a scale. The boy had no supervision beyond occasional glances as I passed the drawing room. I think that it shows great aptitude on his part, and great credit to Arthur Swinfield and the methods he has adopted in training his boys. There are about twelve boys in the Mission who would be quite capable of doing as this boy has done and many will soon be as proficient. The government inspector was here the other day and all the boys passed his tests with the utmost of ease, including those in the primary instruction Form. The inspector was impressed with all the work.

We have chosen as the site of the church the top of the hill, by the power house. It is near the center of all our activities, so weather will not hinder it being used for evening prayers. It commands a view of the island, the channel between us and the mainland, and the mountains of Papua in the background, often cloud-covered, suggesting a perpetual challenge that the interior of this great country is still shadowed by the mists of superstition. One cannot help but feel that here is a fitting resting place for the earthly remains of Mr. Abel, who gave himself willingly that the inland might be evangelized.

This memorial will occupy a central place in the work he initiated, under God, ever looking out to that great aim of his life—Papua won by the Papuans for Christ.

In all my plans I have kept before me this aim. We want to use such materials as we have at hand. It is to be a Papuan building of Papuan materials. I want the boys to feel that we are not using such dim-dim (foreign) materials that they will not be able to ever build such a building on their own. Hence my choice of shingles. It is a native product and the only one we have suitable for roofing. It would take so long to teach the boys how to make tiles. Again all our timber is native. We might import longer lengths but it would be very expensive and the timber would soon be at-
tacked by insect pests which seem to love any foreign timber. We have so designed it as to get the maximum breadth of building, commensurate with stability, out of the longest timbers we can put through the mill. We shall be seriously burdened with the running cost of the engine to convert the logs. I covet most earnestly a 35-40 H.P. Diesel engine in the mill. This we could not only run at much less cost than the existing kerosene engine, but we could put a dynamo on it and light the island at night, and so do away with the necessity of having a power house engine. This was one of Mr. Abel's ideas. The stone on Kwato is of a grey color. It is the only material giving that permanence and resistance to white ants, which we have to our hand. Lime we have in abundance if we burn coral. Sand is to be had for the getting on the shore.

Up to the present we have concentrated oil the preparatory work. We have erected a lime kiln for burning our coral into lime. This the Maivara boys did, giving their labor free and working splendidly under Ou. The Barabara boys have done wonders in stone getting and have already enabled me to quarry some hundred tons of rock and cart it up to the site. A number of the Buhutu converts have given their labor free in digging out the foundations. Another gang of boys have been log-getting near Kankaope. So you see that the natives are doing all in their power to make this building a real monument of their affection for Mr. Abel. All this labor is free, and we have the opportunity, while the men are at Kwato working, of leading them in the evenings into the deeper things of Christian faith.

All this work with native labor, and largely untrained at that, is very strange to me. Still the boys have patience with my strange dim-dim ways, and I am beginning to learn to have patience with them. Certainly they do wonders when you consider the background of their lives and they show a marked aptitude to any handiwork.

ARThUR BEAVIS.

* * *

Phyllis Abel adds:

We have had 30 workers here from Maivara getting out material for the church; these men and women are all keen converts. We have had schools for them and Bible school. They are a fine bunch of young people, and will make a big difference to Maivara. One of the seven big chiefs we were praying for is among them. We have people from other centers in here for the same purposes—Tiraka, Merari, Philip, Malachu and Alasina are out the whole time visiting various centers, teaching the young disciples. Every fortnight they come home to report on their work. You cannot imagine what it means to us to have all our young people so keen and zealous.

A Note from Mrs. Abel

ABOUT the wonderful work of the Spirit of which you have heard so much, the half has not been told. How I wish you could have seen the crowds of new converts who greeted us as we came ashore. I cannot describe the joy and glory of it all; it was overwhelming. If only my husband could see! But it seemed impossible that such joy could only be for us and the angels in heaven. So many with whom I shook hands had been sorceresses and witches and had boasted of the numbers of lives they had taken by the powers of evil spirits. This is no empty boast. It is alas too true that they were in the powers of the devil and bloodshed was not necessary—but a marked man was found dead. These sorceresses tried their spells on Merari and other evangelists who had defied their power to hurt them because they were God's children. Every time they failed, and this arrested them, and they feared the God who could so thwart their power. They came to listen to His messengers, and many yielded wholly to Him, and at once their power to kill left them. I have not time to tell of the days and nights of labor for souls spent in the Buhutu valley. When their food ran out, and they had nothing but water for two days, and not always that, the workers were full of joy because God had used them so marvelously. Merari and Semi have gone back there to continue their work.

I do wish you could see the joy in some of the faces which were heavily clouded by sin when you were here with us. Khana is radiant and such a help; so is every member of Eric's class and Elis. Oh, continue with us in prayer that the enemy may not get an advantage over us, but that we may yet praise God more and more.
The Acts of the Holy Spirit at Duabo

WHEN we set out we thought the special evangelistic campaign would take us a few months; we did not realize that God was going to enroll each one of us in a glorious campaign which would last a lifetime. Had we known beforehand some of us might have drawn back, but when He gave the vision we knew that there could never be any turning away. We did not choose; He chose. We had been evangelists before, but not as He meant us to be. During that last week at Duabo before we began the work, everything else in our vision was blotted out until Christ, the Crucified One, stood there alone. We brought every sin for Him to cleanse, and every known chain for Him to break. It was not until that was done, that He baptized us with fire in a way which none of us had ever before experienced.

We left Kwato for Milne Bay in a glorious rush! Mattresses were being stuffed, camp furniture knocked together; enamel ware and stores being piled into overflowing baskets; mats, rugs and suitcases were strapped together, until finally one gazed at the ever increasing pile with apprehension. But our staunch launch, the Mamari, showed once more her amazing capacity, providing space for baggage, crew and evangelists, white and brown. At our short farewell service God gave us these reassuring words: “He hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty.”

“Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.”

We had a fine day to climb the steep mountain path up to Duabo and found the hill top more beautiful than ever, blazing with British and tropical blossoms. As we wandered amongst them, hardly able to take it all in, our hearts were bursting with praise. The Kwato young men made themselves comfortable in the little shelter which had been erected for them, while the girls found room among the children in the Mission House.

Our band numbered about twenty, hailing from Kwato, Manawara, Duabo, Koeabule and Sariba. Some are young, some old, a few are white but the large majority are Papuan. At Duabo we learned that there is really no difference between us at all; we are all God’s children, called by Him to work as one in an immense task.

For the first day or two we rested and enjoyed ourselves; the place rang with laughter from morning to night; it was so wonderful to meet old friends and exchange experiences. Then, quite suddenly, we realized the greatness of the work that God was asking us to face; we felt afraid and knew that we were absolutely unfit to do what He expected of us.

For three whole days the Lord dealt with us personally. There was breaking down to be done before there could be any building up. Our morning meetings lengthened into the afternoon; the evening meetings lasted until near midnight; there were no pauses,—for the time was filled with confessions of sin and failure, of misery and worldliness, of uncleanness and unfitness, until chains that had bound for years were broken and cast away. Then we knew the peace that comes when concealed sin is confessed and forgiven. Those were not days of all joy for the devil dies hard in the heart of any one of us.

On Saturday evening we began to take up our first study subject; equipment for
soul winning. We discovered that we were lacking in the first great essential—the power of the Holy Spirit in our hearts. We had been all the time “putting off the old man” but we had not yet begun to “put on the New Man.” We had been so busy setting right our own lives that no one had yet attempted to stretch out a helping hand to any of the unsaved at Duabo. This discovery roused us all with a start; if we had failed here “at Jerusalem” how should we expect to succeed “in the uttermost parts of the earth.” We opened our Bibles and looked back to Pentecost and realized that nothing less than an experience such as that would impel us to go forward into the work which God had called us to do.

From that time onward the blessing spread; we could not keep it to ourselves; we felt that every other one at Duabo must experience the same joy—from the Bush folk, who had recently come out of their villages and built their little shelters near the Duabo house, to the mission men and women who for years had been just missing the secret of victory. Many of them now experienced the same Pentecost that God had given us.

For the last few mornings we discussed methods of soul winning and had some intensely interesting tales from the more experienced personal workers such as Philip and Tiraka, who told how God had led them and used them in the past; from each we learned something new. In the afternoons we scattered to the surrounding villages where God gave us the joy of bringing other souls into the same freedom He had given us.

From the outset we took “The Acts” literally as our guide book for, as God had blessed us with this glorious new experience of Pentecost, so we believed that He would continue to fill us and guide us and would talk with us as He did to those apostles in the first century. Our very need forced us to believe it for we knew that we could not do without it. How could we know which were the best centers for our work unless He guided us. How could we find the most ready hearts unless He prepared the way and led us to them. He loves to have us take Him at His word. We know that the experiences of the early disciples can be the experiences of His disciples today.

A. H. SCRYMGEOUR.

A Wedding at Duabo

WHILE Russell Abel was up at Duabo last week-end, a Papuan man and woman came to ask him to marry them. They were Christians, and had come from a village quite far away, and wished to be married before God, and not in the native way, which means nothing at all. Russell talked to them for a long time, pointing out the seriousness of the proceeding from a Christian point of view. They were in agreement with everything he said, and declared how much they loved each other, and that nothing but death would part them. So Russell agreed to marry them that evening. There is no church at Duabo, so they covered a table with a white cloth and decked it with flowers to make a kind of altar. It was cold up there, so that they had a brazier burning coconut husks to keep the bride and bridegroom warm.

Soon the wedding bell was ringing, the people assembled, and the bride and bridegroom were waiting just outside. Russell was just about to go to the improvised altar when the woman produced a paper and asked him if he would sign it to say that they had been properly married by him. The bride went on to explain that she must have this paper to show her previous husband! Then Russell did not know what to do. The wedding bell was getting more and more weary, everyone was waiting, and the bride was all dressed up in her wedding garments—two grass skirts dyed red—and then to have this happen! After much talking, he found out that the previous husband had been very unfaithful and had left the woman two years ago. But the bridegroom said that he was a very big man, and was not over-pleased when he heard that the woman was going to marry him. They had not been really married either in English or native fashion, so the previous husband had no real right to her. So Russell, with visions of a six footer, armed with a club, hastening over the hills demanding his wife, saw that there was only one thing to do, and that was to marry the couple and the sooner the better! Finally they gathered round the brazier, which was burning rather damp coconut husks, and consequently sending forth volumes of smoke, and Russell conducted the ceremony with many glances over his shoulder, looking for the irate husband, and with tears in his eyes from the
smoke, at the same time trying not to see too much of humor in the situation. His little dog, Judy, objected to the bright red skirts, and tore a large piece right out of it, to add to Russell's embarrassment. As soon as it was over he gave them two tins of salmon as a wedding present. The newlyweds tore off over the hills as fast as their legs could carry them.

Life is not altogether dull in Papua!

Burdens and Wings

WE ARE once more a united family, and it is difficult to tell you how deeply grateful we are. Three left us fifteen months ago and there are now seven with those who have come back. We know you are joining us in praising God for this wonderful answer to prayers. We thank God for the self-sacrifice and love you have all shown in making this possible. If only you could see the fruits of your share in this work you could rejoice with us in that joy which is truly unspeakable.

We know that you carry great financial burdens and give, not only of your resources, but of your time and your prayers to this work. We are aware that the present world depression has reduced the value of all investments and affected incomes in a way that we can only vaguely imagine. Over against this is the fact that our work is increasing rapidly, and if we are to conserve the results of this great harvest of souls our expenses will undoubtedly increase. This will call for greater economy in our present industries and greater initiative and effort to enlarge all the possible sources of income.

We mean to do all in our power here. We must reduce the amount of valuable time and energy that we spend in the office, at the expense of more essential work. We are genuinely distressed lest our organization should become so complicated as to cripple the spiritual work. This is not an extravagant statement. The machinery of many Christian enterprises kills the spirit of the work. At present it takes two of our workers their whole time to cope with the books. We have been praying much about it and feel there is a lack of proportion in the relative importance of things. The situation has never become as acute as now, with the tremendous amount of conservation work to be done.

It will go a long way towards simplification if our prayer partners at home can get a grasp of the things that constitute the real burdens and cause us concern. The things that lie uppermost in our minds, the things that we bring to God often in terribly earnest prayer, the things for which we ask and receive direct guidance, the problems we struggle to solve, the things that make us lift our hearts to God in praise—these are the real burdens of the work and they are all spiritual. Since the beginning of the New Year we have been launched into a conflict that has affected practically every phase of the work. The financial and business part of this work is of course a burden but this is secondary. We are honestly more concerned where the workers are coming from, than where the money is coming from. Money cannot buy men of the right sort.
Two years ago we had about five Papuan leaders—barely enough to handle the evangelistic work. These were the only Christians who could be called upon to start a new work and carry it through and who were always winning others. There were also the evangelists who went out every Sunday from each center. These five were the experienced leaders. Since the revival the number has increased to eleven, whom we now reckon definitely on our staff. The work of a leader is very much harder and more exacting than it was. He often works single-handed for long periods. His judgment and experience are called for in very difficult situations. He may have other experienced workers under him and must know how to help and guide them. It is wonderful to have eleven men, any one of whom could be sent out to another part of Papua to begin pioneer work. On the other hand I could not tell you how many evangelists we have, for every group member is an evangelist and these total hundreds. But there is enough for more than thirty church leaders to do. Only the Holy Spirit can equip and commission them. Our great problem is how to make the eleven men do the work of thirty.

We are all working full pressure and many spend half their time in the shops or at their jobs and half at evangelistic work in camp somewhere. Practically the whole Buhutu Valley have turned towards God. This is the most astounding turn in the history of this work. These new converts are now besieging Duabo in hundreds and begging for instruction and help. The conversion of all these people has been a comparatively simple matter. The task of conservation, Bible teaching and other "follow up" work is overwhelming.

Philip (one of the evangelists) is in camp at a little place near Maivara called Kudu. There are six in the camp and they have been doing solid work for the past three months. Besides attending to the needs of the big Maivara community they reach the newly opened area round Dagama where the folks are still as ignorant as they are at Buhutu. The last time I visited this camp I got a wonderful blessing from the vital warmth of their fresh experience. Philip is an amazing chap and a wonderful leader.

I am thankful to say that I personally am in fine health. I don't know what would happen if I got down for a week or two, so keep on praying.

Letter from Mary Abel

You cannot imagine how thrilled I was when I first saw Kwato! Try to picture a vividly green island, with thickly foliaged trees—some covered with red and some yellow flowers—graceful coconut trees casting their reflections in an azure sea, and a tropical sun, shining down on everything—and there you have Kwato!

As we rounded the corner of the island and came in sight of the wharf, we were greeted by a deafening cheer from what looked like hundreds of children—and they can cheer too! What struck me most about them was their shining faces. I thought at first they were just excited, or had given their faces an extra polish for my benefit, but I have discovered since that they are always like that—it seems to be the Glory of God shining in their faces.

One feels a wonderful spiritual atmosphere everywhere as soon as one sets foot on the island. There are approximately 250 men and women and children on Kwato, and, with very few exceptions, all are sincere Christians, filled with the Holy Spirit.

I wish you could hear them sing. I never get tired of it and it never fails to impress me. Not only do they sing beautifully and in parts, but from their very hearts as if they can't help but sing. They love the C. S. S. M. choruses and in the early morning, before it is light, you hear children's voices coming up from the bottom of the hill, singing "Sunshine, sunshine, in my heart today" or some other favorite.

I am helping with the bookkeeping until an accountant can be found to take the place of Harry Massam, who was obliged to leave last December. I have only been here a month, but what little I have done I find very interesting. I must admit I was rather bewildered at first and thought I never would know which book was which, but they are very patient with me and only give me a little to do at a time. I wondered what effect the climate would have on me, but fortunately I do not seem to notice the heat at all. I have done a little teaching in school, and you simply cannot compare it with teaching at home. The children inspire you and are so interested in everything you tell them. Of course I can only teach Kwato children who know English very well. We have a school for native children who have to be taught in Suan until they know English.

Cecil Abel.
Please pray that I may very soon learn the language so that I can take the Gospel to those who as yet have never heard the name of God. One feels so helpless not being able to make oneself understood. The other day I was down at the hospital with the nurse, and a little native baby, who had been very ill, died. It was terrible not to be able to say a word of comfort to the poor mother.

Since writing last time I have moved my abode and I am now in a little wooden hut a short way away from the main house. There are two rooms, one quite small which I use as a dressing room, and one which I have tried to make look like a sitting room. The Mission House reminds one of the crowded slums of London! People seem to be sleeping almost on top of one another, especially as the staff has increased so much lately. But there are other buildings much more needed than this so that we are managing for a little while as best we can.

I love it down at my house, it is so quiet and peaceful, and yet quite near to my office in the house where I work all day. It is such fun making things do. The inside of the house is lined with sago-bark—long strips of rounded wood about three inches wide and bound together by native cane. The whole gives one the idea of a log hut effect, and I have tried to carry out the idea inside.

I found two rusty old candlesticks in the lumber room and cleaned them up until they look almost like pewter, and I painted two ordinary candles with orange lacquer to put in them. Then I have a baby grandfather clock made of beaten pewter, which my sister made me before I left. I have some vases—made out of jam jars, pickle jars, and peanut butter jars, which I have painted orange and blue in artistic designs! By the way, we never have peanut butter in England, it is awfully good stuff.

I found a rather old basket chair which I mended and painted a pretty blue so that it looks almost like new. Phyllis had some curtains which go quite well, but I hope to make some others when I have time, out of new flour sacks dyed blue. I shall trim them somehow with orange. My bed looks quite like a divan with an orange and blue cover on it, and I put my pillows into blue covers in the daytime to act as cushions.

There is a perfect view from the window where my desk is. It looks straight down a steep incline, through coconut and banana trees across the sea to the mountains on the mainland. My windows, by the way, have no glass in them, but are pushouts and so give a certain amount of shade and shelter from the tropical rains. We have our own power house on Kwato, so I have an extension of the electric light into my house and it is cosy at night time. I am trying to make an old-fashioned lantern out of some sheet iron and little panes of glass painted yellow on the inside. (I say "trying," not because it is very difficult but because there is so little time for odds and ends like that.)

About my work—I love every bit of it and am at last beginning to understand it properly now. I thought before I came out here that I should soon get tired of nothing but books, books, books all day long but I don't a bit, in fact I get so fascinated by them that I don't want to leave off!

As well as the accounts, I have two classes of boys, aged about 10 or 11 to 14 or 15, for whom I am responsible out of school hours. They have their own monitors but they are just at that age when they need the influence of a white person more. I take them for prayers sometimes and for a Bible study class on Friday evenings and a Bible class on Sunday afternoons. They are such dear boys and listen to every word I say.

Thank you all so much for your prayers, especially on the way out; I could not feel lonely because God was so near.

With every good wish,

Mary Abel.
## The Work of the Kwato Mission in Eastern Papua

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Stations and Outstations</th>
<th>Evangelistic Work</th>
<th>Papuan Church</th>
<th>Primary Schools</th>
<th>Training Schools</th>
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<th>Shops and Store</th>
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* Indicates work at station; — Indicates none; N. = Normal; T. = Technical; C. = Carpentry; B. = Boat-building; S. = Store; S. M. = Saw Mill; L. = Launch; M. = At Manawara; D. = Dispensary; P. = Preaching H. = Hospital.