KWATO MISSION TIDINGS
(Continuing New Guinea Tidings)

Vol. XI MARCH, 1933 No. 30

A PAPUAN VILLAGE STREET SCENE
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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American Members of the Governing Committee are also members of the American Council.
Recent letters from our partners in Papua are full of absorbing interest—a wedding, a prospective wedding, Christmas festivities, the completion of the biography of Charles W. Abel, two furloughs, more conversions, backslidings, prevailing prayer, workers' meetings, deaths, economies. These are some of the topics treated briefly in this issue of the Tidings.

If you would like extra copies to pass on to friends to interest them in this wonderful mission, just drop a line to the secretary, Miss J. H. Righter, 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

* * *

Our congratulations and very warmhearted wishes for a life of united, joyous service, go out to Mr. and Mrs. John Smeeton whose wedding took place in November. Marjorie Abel, the bride, is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Abel. John Smeeton, the groom is a Christian architect from New Zealand and plans to devote his life to mission work in Papua. Mr. and Mrs. Smeeton may take charge of the Duabo Hill Station, or may go out to open up some new mission field in an unevangelized district.

The Christmas Tidings, wholly prepared and printed at Kwato, has already been received by many friends in America. It arrived in January and is a great credit to the industry and skill of the missionaries and Papuan boys who put it through the press. Russell Abel writes about it: "Please be lenient. Remember that it is the first effort and we have much to learn. The pictures were difficult to manage on our small hand press. The boys worked most willingly and deserve great praise for the way they put their whole hearts and souls into the job. How we wish that someone might be led to donate a Heidelberg press such as I saw in Auckland. It is small but efficient. We could keep two presses going continually as we are always crowded with work printing the Gospels. The Tidings title page was designed by John Smeeton."

* * *

A Fellowship Letter is being sent to Kwato friends in America. If you would like to receive recent and intimate news from the workers on the field, about once in two months, please send word to the secretary, asking to be put on the mailing list.
Two furloughs are due this year. Miss Elizabeth Mill, who has been serving as a volunteer worker for three and a half years, has already left for a brief visit to her home in New Zealand. She has greatly endeared herself to the mission workers and to the Papuan boys and girls whom she has taught. Miss Phyllis Abel writes: "The way she has found a niche for herself in the work here is wonderful. She has had great success in the school, especially in the bungalow system. Her girls were a wild bunch but are now very well behaved and are a credit to her tact and discipline, combined with love."

Cecil Abel, after over five years of arduous and continuous labor in Kwato expects to take a much needed furlough in Australia and New Zealand. This will probably not be a rest, certainly not inactivity, as he plans to spend his time renewing old contacts and making new friends for the work. He hopes to be able to enlist some new workers—especially a greatly needed missionary accountant and a doctor for the hospital.

The British Committee of the K. E. A. has been endeavoring to secure a consecrated and trained missionary doctor for Kwato. A simple but well planned mission hospital is ready for use and a capable nurse is on duty; the health of the band of faithful missionaries, and the physical as well as spiritual ills of thousands of Papuans in the district, make a strong appeal and offer a challenge for a volunteer. The need and opportunity are a thousandfold greater than in medically overcrowded Britain and America. Who is ready to respond to this call?

A new Diesel Engine to furnish light and power on Kwato is one of the pressing needs on the field and has awakened a response in England. It is hoped that a friend there will supply this engine which will make more effective the tireless efforts of the missionaries to train the Papuans in Christian life and service.

As to the Biography of Charles W. Abel, which Russell Abel has been writing to describe some of his father's wonderful experiences during his forty years in Papua, we are happy to say that the manuscript has been received in America and the book may be expected in October. The beloved founder of the Kwato Mission had many thrilling adventures during his life among New Guinea savages and had the joy of seeing multitudes transformed into joyous and witnessing Christians. Send your advance order for this book and you will be notified when it is ready.

New Year's gatherings are times of great blessing at Kwato. Christians come in from all parts of the district for Christmas, and the following week is spent in the study of God's Word, in personal talks and prayer. Adult classes are conducted to teach the new converts to read. These are pathetic to watch; dear old people trying painfully to master the sounds of the alphabet and patiently following every sound even to the inflection of the voice of their teacher.

It is a time of reunion and fellowship. People from remote parts of the district meet and become friends, exchanging with one another their personal experiences and then talking about problems of their locality. Little groups of two and three gather under the trees or down by the seashore, with the Suau gospel in their hands and a joyous light on their faces, sharing what the Holy Spirit has taught them.

A Word from the Governing Committee

At the meeting of the Governing Committee of the K. E. A., held in Montclair, New Jersey, on January 28, 1933, reports from the field and from America and England gave many reasons for encouragement and thanksgiving. The treasurer's report for the year 1932 (for America) showed the following facts of interest:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Missionary living allowances</td>
<td>$2,588.99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Education and Evangelism at Kwato</td>
<td>2,821.01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Missionary Travel and Outfit</td>
<td>540.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diesel Engine for Kwato Boat</td>
<td>485.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plantation Payments to L. M. S.</td>
<td>386.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Furlough travel return to the field</td>
<td>694.97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. W. Abel, Memorial House of Prayer</td>
<td>407.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cables, bank charges, etc.</td>
<td>46.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Printing, stationery and travel in America</td>
<td>713.91</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total: $8,685.81
ON DECEMBER 27th we had a Christmas Tree at Kwato, which caused such thrills amongst the children as did one good to see. Most of the toys were homemade, and for those who had none there were little packets of sweets. Harry Massam had sent from New Zealand, a box of toys that were a veritable godsend, and balloons that we got free as an advertisement for Dexters (in Milne Bay) provided a truly festive air. The children gasped with delight when they saw the tree, with red light thrown on it, and we were glad we had decided to have one. I had the most melting time of all for I was Father Christmas! It was a terrifically hot night, and Santa ran in rivulets in all directions. His beard got sopping wet and disintegrated so that he had to have a new one supplied! His robes looked as if they had been dipped in a bucket when his duties were ended, but he provided the children with a good deal of excitement so that it was well worth the effort. After the tree, we had games, and the resourceful Mary Abel introduced some new ones, one of which was so funny that we nearly made ourselves ill with laughter. We were grateful for that diversion, for ourselves and for the pleasure it gave the children.

The schools ended with examinations that were taken very seriously, the boys giving all their spare time to preparation! I saw one boy, (Eriki), on the cricket field, with a book in his hand which he was studying very earnestly. Every few minutes he would look up to see if a ball was coming his way! There was a general knowledge paper and the answers were marvelous! One question was "What does Amem mean?"; one boy answered, "Amen means 'That's enough,'" So when you hear people fervently saying "Amen" in the middle of prayer you know what they mean!

Another question was "What are the points of the compass?" "Tin" was one girl's brief reply! The question that produced the most wonderful replies was a catch one: "Who is the King of America?" Most of them were not to be caught and wrote about republics. One girl's epigrammatic reply was "Americans have no king but God"!! But the prize answer was that of a boy who wrote one word: "Lindumberg"!!!!!

RUSSELL W. ABEL.
The chief item of news this month has been Marjorie Abel's wedding, which took place in Kwato on November 23rd. Fortunately the Bishop of New Guinea, an old and much admired friend of Mr. Abel arrived in Samari a few days before the wedding and was asked to conduct the ceremony.

You can imagine the excitement everywhere when the day dawned. The boys and girls were up long before the first bell had rung. Some went over to Logea to collect palms, ferns and creepers; others hunted about for all the flowers they could find. With these they decorated the Hall and they made it really look like a fairy cathedral. Coconut palms surrounded the walls; festoons of creepers and flowers hung down from the ceiling; the aisle was carpeted and led diagonally across the room, ending in a small, raised dais, surrounded with palms and flowers.

About thirty white people from Samari and the district round about were present; the rest of the hall was crowded with natives.

As the clock struck three-thirty, the Bishop walked up the aisle followed by two rows of little girls clad in their native grass skirts, covered with green and gold strips of crêpe paper which, against their little brown bodies, really looked charming. They took up their positions kneeling on either side of the aisle. John Smeeton, the bridegroom, arrived next with Russell, his best man. Miss Parkin, officiating at the piano, began the wedding march from Lohengrin. The air was tense with excitement, but before long Marjorie Abel appeared on Cecil's arm. She looked charming in a white satin dress just touching the ground; a veil caught at each side of her head with sprigs of orange blossom; a bouquet of white flowers tied with a bow of white satin ribbon. The end of her veil was held by a wee native tot, dressed in a green frock, made long and with puffed sleeves. She was the least self-conscious of the whole party, and held her tiny nosegay and the corners of the veil tightly screwed up in her little brown hands.

The bridesmaids were Phyllis Abel and Betty Bunting a friend from Samari. They each wore long cream-colored dresses and wreaths of yellow flowers in their hair.

The boys and girls sang even better than usual. The first hymn was, "O perfect love all human love transcending." Then a hymn was sung in Suau and, as the bridal party left, the service ended with "Guide Us, O Thou Great Jehovah."

After the ceremony was over the children were let loose and fairly mobbed the bride and bridegroom with confetti and flower petals! At last they were freed and led away to the reception on a flower-bedecked veranda. The wedding cake looked imposing. It was made by the Papuan cook and decorated by Phyllis. It had three tiers, of which the top two stood on little pillars of wood, covered with sugar icing. The bride and bridegroom's initials were on it and it was ornamented with silver balls, silver leaves and horseshoes, and a tiny silver shoe on the top, with a sprig of orange blossoms.

A little after five o'clock the "Mamari," decked with flags and covered with rose petals, left amid terrific cheers, with "Mr. and Mrs. Smeeton" safely on board, on their way to Koebule where they spent their honeymoon. Someone in America had sent the rose petals which looked lovely showering upon the couple as they boarded the little launch. The sea was strewn with petals floating down on the tide, as the Mamari turned its bow out into the Bay.

MARY ABEL.
Busy Hospital Days

HAVE not been away from Kwato since Christmas, as the boat has been bringing the patients to us at the hospital, but outside in the Bay the need is very great. Samarai and other places have been much on my heart; there is an absolute indifference to the things that matter most.

The matron in charge of the Methodist hospital at Salomao has invited me to spend a week or two with them. After a very busy year the strain of the work at times, the newness of everything, and at the same time being cut off from all those one has grown to love, makes one feel desperately tired and in need of a change. A couple of midwifery cases are holding me up; otherwise we are not very busy just now. Pneumonia has been very bad this winter but, compared to what one hears of the sicknesses elsewhere, God is most mindful of us and it is simply marvelous the answers we have to prayer for our sick people.

My family of little Papuan babies has grown to three now. Campbell, a year old, crawls all over the place and is very fascinating; the others are twins (a boy and a girl) just three months old. Their mother was too ill to have them at birth, and by the time she was well did not want them as she has eight others, so another legacy has been left to the hospital. They are growing at the rate of a half pound a week and have just reached the stage of smiling at us.

Kwato is now short of a teacher so I have been asked to take a class of girls every afternoon. I had been praying that God will enlarge by coast (I am not satisfied to go on in the same old way from day to day) but have felt very unfit and untrained for this work. I have come to the conclusion that God wants me to start and have accepted the opportunity, feeling that He has called and will give the ability. I love the work but have had to cut down my teaching to Tuesday's and Friday's only as I could not leave the sick without neglecting them. Mary Abel takes my class for two evenings and between us we manage finely. On Tuesday's I teach home nursing, hygiene, etc.; Friday's arithmetic and Bible. If the girls get the blessing out of it that I get in preparing, then the time is well spent. Sometimes I read to the class or ask them to read short interesting articles out of the Evangelical Christian or some other magazine. They love it. I nearly had them in tears last Friday telling about Murray McChyne whose name was mentioned in something I was reading to them. It would rejoice your heart if you were to hear the girls say when we have our little meetings: "Remember our friends in America."

MARGARET DRENNEN.

The "Power House"

ONE of the greatest forces for good in the whole district is the formation of the "Power House." This has been going for four months. On all our stations, and wherever there is a little group of Christians, no matter how ignorant or how few, there is a Power House. This is a prayer meeting. At Kwato they meet from 6 to 8:30 every evening. People come and go as they are able to leave their duties, but prayer continues steadily all that time. Sometimes the room is full, perhaps a little
later there will be only two, but He is there. On the door of the room where it is held hangs a notice:

"QUIET"
"POWER HOUSE IN."

On Sundays the people start praying at 2:30 and go on until 6 p.m. While many are out working in the villages round about, others are definitely led to pray. The Power House is in addition to all the other prayer meetings and it has been the means of untold blessing. Since it started there have been some wonderful answers to prayer. Needless to say friends in America and England are all constantly remembered. Our prayers encircle the whole world.

After Buhutu, we return to Maivara, and start our round again. The time is too short.

P. D. A.

**Light in Darkness**

WHAT a contrast between the old heathen fear of death and the experience of the Christians when they are taken. Clouds have darkened our skies during the last two weeks, when two of our friends have been called home! The first was Labini, one of our most valuable workers. She had charge of the wee ones at Duabo and they loved her as a mother. Her picture is in the group of campaign workers in the October Tidings. Her death was very beautiful. She knew she was going and just before she went she prayed, thanking God for victory over death. She didn’t finish her prayer; an exclamation of delight, and she had fallen asleep with the light of that glorious awakening in His presence still on her face. Labini was only twenty-five; was always delicate, having been afflicted with asthma. Often we used to talk together, especially during Campaign days, and she longed to go to that land where there is no pain and sorrow. She had few worldly treasures; never collected pretty things for her home, as other girls did, though she spent her talent in needlework, making things for them. Living thus she was ready when she heard the Lord call her and her death was a great blessing. The funeral service was full of praise and triumph, and as the little procession wended its way over the hill to her last resting place, “All Hail the Power of Jesus’ Name” came floating back over the still evening air. At the graveside, we sang of the land she had entered, of the Glory of the Father’s House, and we could say “O Grave where is thy victory!”

Ten days later another was taken, one of the lads in my school class. He was only sick three days. Solomona was only eighteen but he was a keen Christian. He was converted last Christmas and his life has been a constant testimony of Christ’s power to transform ugly lives. We never ceased to marvel at the new Solomona and to praise God for His mighty power. He was popular, on the first football eleven, and an all round sport.

**Phyllis Abel.**

**New Schools in Buhutu Valley**

THIS is gloriously interesting work that the Lord has put into my hands and daily I praise Him for it. During the past two months we have established eight new village schools with the help of local Christians who can read and write. Now I am on my way to the ninth in Buhutu Valley.

Yet the school work seems to count for very little compared with the burden of the spiritual work in every place. I am not impressed with what we have done but with what we have left undone. Yesterday I counted up about 200 people with whom my two helpers and I have had personal interviews and helped in the Lord’s way. But that number is insignificant compared with those whom we have had to turn away; our time is so limited. A week in each place sees the work only begun, and our hearts ache to have to go away and leave them.
I WANT to tell you something of the meetings with the Papuan leaders. We have been spiritually thrilled with the story—so pathetic but so inspiring. In the closing meeting, the big problem we had spent much time in considering with our people, came under discussion. It was the important subject of the attitude of Christians toward heathen burial customs. This has been a bone of contention in the past, and a source of much weakness. There has always been an expression of sympathy for the bereaved, which would not entail participation in the heathen rites. This is really an excuse which enabled Christians—babes in Christ—to avoid the offence of the Cross.

After prayerful consideration of every aspect of the question there was silence. Then those in favor of an entire separation from everything connected with the old rites and feasting were asked to raise a hand. To the joy of all the elders every hand went up! You cannot imagine what that meant to us here. Immediately there was a spontaneous chorus ascribing to the precious Name all the praise and glory for the complete triumph over the enemy.

The first speaker to rise, after the discussion and silence, was the old chief, Hinadarunaki, who was converted during the campaign early in the year. He was emphatic in urging that for those who had given themselves to the Lord there could be no holding on to the customs of sin and darkness—all must go with the past. He continued that the services to be rendered to the bereaved must be wholly voluntary, and rendered out of love and compassion. No food must be accepted in payment. So Hinadarunaki has given the death blow to the many corrupt practices in connection with the dead. All who heard him gave their grunts of hearty approval. Of course this will apply only to Christians, but it cuts very deeply into the worst forms of sorcery. What a change the Gospel is going to work at Maivara. Mr. Abel used to say that some day Maivara would turn to the Lord, and it would be whole-heartedly.

The follow-up work is going to make big demands on our resources. We need so many more helpers to feed and care for the hungry souls. Beatrice Abel.
Some New Economies

THE installation of the new Diesel engine in the Mamari II has been a remarkable success. It is more reliable and the boys find it easier to run. Above all it has saved us about four-fifths of our previous fuel bill. I thank God for this very definite answer to prayer. We were guided to choose this engine after long and careful consideration. And after two months we are completely satisfied. I will give you one reason. Not every high speed Diesel will run on real crude oil. They are supposed to use lighter fuel. But the R. N. people boast that as a result of the special design of their engine it will run on any fuel; a big claim, but manufacturer's statements are usually rosier than the facts show. We have given this unit a good trial on the ordinary bunker fuel oil commonly used by all big motor ships and she has run perfectly, and with a perfectly clean and colorless exhaust. A month ago I took our big punt full of empty drums over to Samarai where we took on about 1,400 gallons of residual oil fuel, at a cost of 6d. per gallon. This will be more than sufficient for the next six months. The price of kerosene is 1s. 7d. per gallon and gasoline which is used for starting, is 2s. 4d. The £34 which we have paid for this fuel oil represents only a little more than the amount we used to pay every month for fuel for the old engine. In other words we can now use the Mamari for six months on the money it used to cost to run her for one!

* * *

Another avenue which I am investigating with a view to effecting further economy is in our consumption of household soap. We use several cases of this in a month in the mission and for sale in the stores. I am raising pigs at Kanakope which feed on the kernels of sprouted coconuts and develop a great deal of fat. This, together with coarse dripping which we buy from local cattle owners, can be used to produce soap at a fraction of what it now costs.

* * *

A still greater problem, which is not yet solved, is the matter of more economy in our food bill. If we had a larger boat I would send her out to the Trobriand Islands once a month and buy yams at £2 per ton. We now pay £14 per ton for rice, and this is considered low. I could send the Mamari now that her running costs are so low, but she could only bring back three tons, and apart from this we could not spare her for the time required to fetch this. We are beginning to realize the need for more than one vessel here, and also the need for one boat large enough to do work of this kind.

Cecil Abel.

A Worker's Meeting

THIS is what we call our monthly meeting, where our workers and leaders and teachers come in for a conference over the week-end. District problems are discussed and methods decided upon in the last meeting are reported, improved or discarded. It is a most helpful time of fellowship and waiting upon God. And it is intensely interesting, for the workers have some wonderful things to relate.

This evening we had a praise meeting. A year ago we started out on the Campaign, and much of the praise was for the wonder of transformed Kwato. Also thanksgiving never ceases for Father Abel's life and for his love for Papua. Some testimonies were inspiring; the Cross was the central theme. Many told of how the Holy Spirit had opened their understanding of God's love in Calvary. I am amazed at the deep things the Spirit is teaching our people. During the meeting, Cecil asked all the boys who had recently given themselves to the Lord Jesus to stand and we sang:

Just as I am, young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be,
For truth and righteousness, to Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

It was soul stirring to see the bunch of lads that stood and in the words of that hymn, consecrated their young lives to the Lord of life. Then, while we sang

Let the beauty of Jesus be seen in me
O Thou Spirit divine,
All my nature refine
'Til the beauty of Jesus is seen in me,

the girls stood and I was moved as I remembered how we had striven in prayer for those sin bound young lives. Our God is the God of the impossible. The next Sunday these boys and girls openly confessed their Lord in baptism. Pray that they may be kept “steadfast,” unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

P. D. A.
AMONG the many causes for thanksgiving in recent months we invite our friends to praise God for the following answers to prayer:

For the complete recovery of John Smeeaton and for his happy marriage with Miss Marjorie Abel. They have dedicated their lives to the service of God in Papua.

For continued spiritual awakening among the heathen of Eastern Papua. Many sorcerers have turned from darkness to light and are eager to know and follow Christ.

For the progress in building the House of Prayer as a memorial to Charles W. Abel. The Papuans are giving themselves unselfishly to this work which is going forward as rapidly as the funds and materials are supplied. No debt is to be incurred.

For the safe arrival of the manuscript of the biography of Charles W. Abel, on which his son, Russell Abel, has been at work for two years.

For the generous cooperation of British and American friends, by prayer and by sacrificial gifts, in the support of the workers at the front.

The need for continued earnest prayer is keenly felt by the missionaries at Kwato and by the committees at the home base. Will you pray—

For continued evidence of the power of God in the lives of our partners at the Front and in the transformation of many lives in Papua.

That, in God's own time and way, a Christian doctor, a bookkeeper and an additional teacher may be found, with the necessary support, so that health and efficient service may be maintained.

For some much needed additional physical equipment—a new Diesel Engine; funds to complete the Memorial House of Prayer; a new and better printing press; a larger boat to transport plantation produce; two new houses for married missionaries and for the accommodation of children.

For our guidance in the publication and distribution of the Life of Charles W. Abel, containing the record of his wonderful "Forty Years in Papua."

For Mr. Cecil Abel and Miss Mill, on their furloughs, that they may be greatly used to arouse Christians in Australia and New Zealand, by the story of God's work in Papua, and that they may enlist new supporters and prayer partners for the mission.

That the Tidings and Fellowship Letters, as they go out, may be a blessing to many and a means of promoting the cause of Christ.

A GROUP OF HEATHEN IN SARIBA

Labor Saving Devices

WE OFTEN wish we could have some small labor saving conveniences, but they cost money and are classed as luxuries. Some are not luxuries for they would save money and time and, in some instances, service or life. We are anxious to improve our means of communication both with Samarai and our out-stations. Much time is lost. Where you in America turn in your office chair to reach for the 'phone and make some important business inquiry, we have to send a launch to Samarai with two or three boys. Where you ring up home to see if all is well, we must send a runner,
canoe, dinghy, or even the launch with all its attendant expenses.

I have thought of a private telephone line from Duabo to Gibara or even to Wagawaga. With the Smeetons up there now this seems to be more and more necessary. An alternative is an Aldous electric Morse projector. This is a powerful ray and can be seen by day or night. It has the disadvantage of course of limited distance and obliteration by rain or mist. But there is Kwato and Samarai. I have wondered whether we could install a few small wireless outfits. The distances are so small that the apparatus required need not be complicated and would be comparatively inexpensive. A friend, who lives at Kokoda, three hundred miles away, talks regularly with the local wireless operator by means of a cheap short-wave set. With the same instrument it would be possible to communicate with any point in Milne Bay by Morse Code and with Samarai by wireless telephony, the distance in the latter instance being only two miles.

Cecil Abel.

Follow Up Work

ADJECTIVES are futile to describe the spiritual experience here. Over a thousand new people have been converted and Christians have been greatly blessed. All has come about through personal work; seeking people one by one; and those who are won to Christ straightway go and tell others. The work is thorough. Sin is openly confessed and no stone is left unturned to make restitution. As soon as one is truly converted, that one is incorporated in the local working group or team, often composed entirely of village Christians. Each group works and prays for the welfare of surrounding villages. The work is spreading further and further inland. The faces of some of the people are radiant.

We need to spend much time in the careful instruction and guidance for these new converts. More and more we realize that our work is to train Papuans and equip them thoroughly for the task. Our Kwato workers are in demand everywhere.

P. D. A.