A Group of Heathen Ready for a Papuan Dance
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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News and Notes

There continue to be many reasons for encouragement and thanksgiving in the work of the Kwato Mission—the general good health of the workers, the spiritual awakenings and growth among the Papians; the progress of the Memorial House of Prayer; the signs of increased interest and cooperation on the part of friends in Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand; and the fellowship of prayer and sacrificial giving in America. The signs that this work is of God and that His blessing rests on it and on those who are true partners in it, form our basis of hope for the future. The communications in this issue of the Tidings give the definite causes for rejoicing. They are worth reading.

Mr. Cecil Abel has gone to New Zealand and Australia for a brief furlough. He reports newly awakened interest among friends there and a hope that they will be able to take a larger share in the support of the Kwato Mission work. Mr. Abel writes on April 11th: “I have just spent three very full weeks in Sydney and have been able to make many new contacts. Australia may prove to be of very real assistance. Conditions are hopeful. . . . This is not much of a holiday, for I have been going harder than ever, if possible. Nevertheless I am well. . . . I only wish I had a good cinema film of some of the scenes I try so vainly to describe by word of mouth. A good working camera could be bought for £59. Other missions are using them with marked success.”

Mr. Raymond D. Whale, assistant secretary-treasurer of the Governing Committee for the British Isles, has volunteered for work in the Kwato Mission. Mr. Whale is a chartered accountant and an earnest Christian worker in the Children’s Special Service Mission. He offers, at considerable financial sacrifice, to go out as a mission teacher and accountant. His help will be invaluable and will lift a heavy burden from the shoulders of those who are not trained accountants and whose constant work on the books have prevented them from giving full time to the spiritual work for which they are best fitted.

Mr. Whale’s application has been approved by the members of the committee in England and America and by the Field Council. His appointment only awaits the necessary funds for outfit and travel (£150),
and for support (£150 a year). Will you pray that God's plan may be made clear and the means provided?

Mr. and Mrs. John Smeeton

Miss Phyllis Abel, Miss Scrymgeour, and a group of Papuan Christian workers have been spending a fruitful time in Port Moresby, studying the work of the London Missionary Society at Hanuabada and helping through testimony and personal work. Miss Abel writes (March 1st):

"Our seven Papuans are at work in the school, studying the methods taught there. They are already finding that their experience here will be a big help in their work when they return . . . We are full of gratitude for all the Lord has done and is doing for us."

Unique invitations have been received for the marriage of Miss A. Halliday Scrymgeour and Mr. Arthur Beavis, both valued mission workers at Kwato. The wedding date is June 8th, after which the young couple will settle down in Kwato for teaching and supervising the building of the Memorial to Charles W. Abel. American and British friends extend most hearty congratulations and best wishes to these fellow workers and pray for God's rich blessing on them.

The authorized life of Charles W. Abel tells the fascinating story of his early adventures in founding the Mission among the cannibals of Eastern New Guinea and the subsequent struggles and victories experienced in his effort to bring these primitive people to a knowledge of God, and to Christlike character and service. A wonderful story. Order your copy in advance. It is expected that the book will be fully illustrated and will sell in America for $2.50, and in Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand for eight shillings. The date of publication is October—in good time for Christmas gifts.

The Annual Meeting of the Kwato Extension Association was held on Friday, May 19th, at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. A goodly number of friends were present and the officers of the association gave most interesting reports of the work for the past year; stereopticon views were shown of recent happenings at Kwato. It has been a year of marked blessing and of spiritual growth. The treasurer's report revealed a falling off in receipts and emphasized the need for more prayer and sacrificial giving. The following officers (all Honorary) were elected for the year 1933-34:

Hugh R. Monro—President.
Arthur Hood—Vice-President (England).
Jessie H. Righter—Secretary.
Walter McDougall—Treasurer.
Raymond P. Whale—Asst. Secy.-Treas. (British Isles).
Mrs. Walter McDougall—Promotion Secretary for America.
Mrs. M. G. Prendegast—Promotion Secretary for Great Britain.
Dispatches from An Itinerant Camper

From Wagawaga.

WE HAVE just finished our first morning of school. Crowds of adorable kiddies rolled up. We had prayer and a talk, and I read to them a few new laws. Then I inspected the different classes. After school all the girls came down to the Point and we dived in. Some of us swam right across the Bisimaka Bay. The girls are doing splendidly just now. They have caught the real spirit of revival. It is wonderful to me to step into this atmosphere. The boys need a leader badly.

Last night I had a meeting with all the Wagawaga mothers—such a meeting, too. What a difference it makes to have the parents' cooperation. First I talked to them about the care of their children, their responsibility to God for them, the sin which has gone on among them and has only come to light in the recent confessions, and how best we could safeguard the children. That set them all talking, and how they talk! Dalai and Siuioi more or less held the floor while the others all chipped in. We had a time of prayer, after which Dalai, Siuioi and Boieneku offered to take on the superintendence of the children, with the help of the parents, and to see that the laws were kept. Do pray that God will make them faithful and will bless this work.

I am working without Olivia's help, but I am willing to manage without her, as she is needed elsewhere, and I am keen that other village schools should be started. I am working with Tani, Marie, Linda and Ruta. Linda is being married next week. I had some fun cutting out a wedding dress for her! She and her husband ought to be a useful couple.

Yesterday, when I was walking through the village, Walobala came to me. He had just arrived from Lauiam with two new school children. Still they come! Last night we had such a lovely children's meeting. Aifau brought them along about 7 o'clock. First a gang of girls and then a gang of boys. We had a talk and then prayer. I think they traversed the whole world in their prayers; such earnestness and intelligence. The parents are becoming more friendly. As I walk through the village they call to me, or come to tell me their little woes or problems.

Sunday—Another glorious morning. We have had perfect weather these last few days. I have been revelling in it. This has been another busy day. First there was an interview, then a meeting, then a trip into the village to see a sick woman, then the morning service, and "breakfast about 2:30 p.m.," followed by afternoon class with the boys. Now I have just returned from a walk with the girls up towards Gwavili. After dinner I must see Dalai and Boieneku. We are expecting the Mamari tonight. Do pray for me and for us all, chiefly that we may learn to pray more, to lay hold on God for these people.

Maivara — Tuesday — It is 9:30 p.m. Marie is ironing frocks on the floor. Hagara is making my bed, and Nora is in a state of collapse in the next room. The drums are beating at Gohora—horrible sound. I have just come back from Gabugabuna. It was rather heartbreaking, like a dead village. There was not a soul to be seen. Everyone is dancing at Gohora. Tom and Lydia were sitting alone on their verandah. I sat with him a long time, chatting, and finally two men climbed up the steps and we had a time of prayer. I am afraid Tom has lost heart over the work; I think his wife is a bit too much for him. He has given up his work and does not go to the prayer meeting now. I tried to get to the point with him tonight but it was difficult, with his wife there.

This has been a day of interviews. In the morning, of course, we had school. We put the local teachers on the job this morning, and the girls were very good, staying with them and showing them how to manage their classes. One of our most promising teachers, Bogieta, wrote V on the blackboard instead of A! It doesn't do to be too ambitious. We are leaving for Lauiam on Thursday. Halliday Scrymgeour.

We enjoy having a young married couple in our midst. Among our Papuans marriage is an awful business, for husbands and wives often seem to live to torment and score upon one another. True Christian marriage is therefore a fine object lesson.
Bokamani—The Christian

IN THE December number of the Tidings, published at Kwato, we reported the death of our loved fellow worker, Labini, and mentioned her work in unevangelized mountain villages. Truly "their works do follow them." The salvation of a mountain village is one of our latest causes of rejoicing.

A young man named Bokamani was converted. He was still a young convert when he went with Labini and some other workers on an evangelistic journey. Months passed. Labini was called to lay down her work on earth and Bokamani, having grown in grace, had come to know the filling with the Holy Spirit. He felt led to return to the mountains, where he had had his first experience of Christian work, and to the people who had been the object of many of Labini's prayers.

Bokamani set out with much trepidation, as he was ignorant and inexperienced, though full of zeal. Would the people listen to his message? His sense of his own inability threw him upon God. He prayed a great deal, and he felt definitely guided to say nothing at first to the inhabitants of the village to which he was going, but simply to live his new life before the people. These were difficult instructions for him to follow, but for two whole weeks he lived in Gumi village waiting for the Spirit's command to speak. In that time he did all in his power to live as though Jesus were living in that village. He carried firewood for astonished old women. He helped them with their burdens as they staggered back from their gardens laden with produce. He fetched drinking water from the spring. These are simple things but ministering to others out of kindness and not for payment was unknown in that heathen village.

Life can be very bitter in a Papuan community. Any unfortunate one is nicknamed for his disability, and is the butt of unkind jests. Human pity is born of the love of God and is a faint reflection of that love. For the first time in his life a bewildered cripple found himself loved and waited upon. He received the touch of kindness that cripples knew of old in the highways of Judaea. That love, manifested there, was now bearing fruit in the little "hush" village in Papua. The people were amazed at the way this silent evangelist lived the Sermon on the Mount before them. At last the day came when the spirit said: "Speak," and Bokamani told the story of his conversion and of the change in his own life. His words explained a mystery. The people had seen his life and he was soon leading them one by one to his Master.

Bokamani needs our prayers. He is still an uneducated follower of the Lord Jesus for he has experienced far more than he can grasp at present. He may lack "head knowledge" but of his own salvation and deliverance from sin he has no doubt. One day he was trying to tell some people of the way of salvation. Finding the whys and hows of God's mercy and pardon difficult to explain he exclaimed: "Oh, if I could only live amongst them for a few days, I could easily show them what it means." He has a visible religion. Pray that he may be kept full of the radiance of his Master.

Random Notes from Kwato

WE ARE all well, and our boys and girls are cheering us up by trying very hard with their work. Some are going on wonderfully, and will be splendid Christian workers when their turn comes to carry on. There is much to be done. I went for a flying visit to Divinai last week, camped there a night, went on to Bonuau the next day and returned the following night, arriving at Kwato in a state sometimes described as "blotto!" I had personal interviews solidly for hours and was amazed at the keenness of some of the folk. At Bonuau the church was packed with ignorant but spiritually hungry people who are pressing into the Kingdom. Their leaders are at loggerheads, alas! but the work of the Spirit is marvellous. A party of us are going there for the week-end. I had four hours in an awful sea in a small open boat on the way back. Then the lights of the Mamari were seen on the horizon and we were picked up. It poured with rain and thirty Papuans and I were all crammed in on the top of the launch with all awnings down; the inside was packed with hospital patients. We were traveling all night.
The Darkness of a Heathen Village

ONE evening, as we were walking along the forest track we came to a little bush village. The houses stood on either side of the road, built on high piles and were packed with people sitting in the pitch dark. We flashed our torches on to the houses and were vociferously greeted by the villagers. "Agutoi! Agutooooi!" they shouted after us. We responded but as we were in great hurry we kept on marching at a fair pace. As we started to enter the forest again something made me stop and call out: "Are you well?"

"We are well!" they all roared back.

"Are you all well?" I asked again, though I cannot think why.

"Yes!" they shouted.

Now I know that God stopped me in my tracks and made me ask a third time: "Is there no one sick?"

Then one voice replied: "Yes, Taubada, one of us is sick."

So we turned back to see what was the trouble, and found a young woman lying in the open upon very stony ground. She was terribly ill and lay shivering in the ashes of a fire that had gone out. She had had a baby five days ago and was still in difficulties; though she was not yet too far gone to be badly frightened. She stretched out a weak hand and stroked her husband's leg. He made no response. There was no one there who cared enough to comfort her or cheer her; no one who could give her any hope. "She will die," they said, but there was no lowering of voices. We told the husband to have her carried down to Gibara, a mile and a half away, to light a fire to keep her warm, and to wait. We hoped that we might succeed in picking up the Mamari with our torches, asking the launch to call for the patient and take her to Kwato.

All our words were punctuated by efforts to shoo away the herd of pigs that kept rooting around.

"Is she a woman of the Way?" we asked. Silence in an instant.

"No," said a voice in the dark.

Then we knelt on the ground and prayed. It is a cold and pitiless place where no one lives who has the Master's love and His kind touch. Had the people reported to the nearest mission station, the woman could have been taken into the hospital two days earlier. But no one bothered. I signalled the Mamari with my torch from the brow of Duabo hill and they picked up my message in Morse. They called at Gibara at midnight and the woman had been carried down to the beach in a sack. When she arrived at the Kwato Hospital she was raving mad and died two days later. Our nurse, Margaret Drennen, found that she had been badly treated. The infant survived the first week of starvation and is now beginning to thrive. Perhaps God has saved the child for some special purpose.

Margaret Drennen has the hospital continually full and it is a big burden for one nurse. The hospital is quite an evangelistic field, with its colony of sick heathendom transplanted to Kwato. It is a splendid opportunity for service. The patients provide themselves with native food, but how dirty they are! Our nurse has an unsavory task—but a worth-while one. P. D. A.
THROUGHOUT the history of the Kwato Mission there runs an essential and unending thread—that is prayer. In the earlier days it was a lonely fight. There were the powers of heathen darkness to be assailed and overcome. The missionary couple was driven by dire necessity to their knees. There were many nights of prayer. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Hearts were made strong again to face a new day's opportunity. And so it went on. Prayer wins victories.

The work grew. Kwato as it stands today came into being; a long unfolding story, punctuated by great prayer struggles. Faith developed under difficulties and grew strong. Burdens came that could not be borne by human shoulders alone. The burden was cast upon God; He undertook and blessed; He fulfilled His promises and gave further promises. The two who had begun this fight of faith had only to look back to marvel and exclaim: "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee!" One of them was called home. But the other still carries on. The work also goes on, and increases. God sees to that. There continues the unending thread of prayer that still has its essential place in the pattern of this Papuan story.

I have come straight from a noonday prayer meeting. The atmosphere of that gathering, conducted by a Papuan, has refreshed and uplifted me. A late comer, occupying a back place, I was the only white person present today. How I thank God for what such a place of power can mean in the middle of a busy, mundane day; even a missionary's day can be made up of very crowding, ordinary and even earthly things. There was an unceasing flow of earnest petition, broken now and then by the singing of a chorus; each a paean of praise, with the Papuan aptitude for harmony, was a joy to hear.

Burdens Shared

One earnest voice there was Philipo Bagi's. He is an evangelist who has just returned from a camp where he has spent busy days interviewing the Christians, teaching and helping them; the constant demand in a Christian community of ignorant, primitive people. He was overburdened with the needs of his special work, and the problems he had faced at his camp. These burdens we were all able to share as he laid them before the Lord of the Harvest.

Another voice was that of a youth just graduated from the Kwato School, and now in his first term in Technical School. He prayed that he might be able to honor God today in the work of his hands. Already a Christian worker, he is following in the true succession of the young Carpenter of Nazareth. "Mine are the hands to do His will," we all sang spontaneously in Swau at the end of his prayer, which inspired a similar prayer from another youth, employed at the moment sewing sails. (So we had a successor of the tent-maker of Tarsus with us also!)

Then a young woman with flour on her arms—the station baker—prayed. Five years ago she was being forced back into the life of sin she had left, by irate parents who opposed her leanings towards the Way of Jesus. She escaped, a refugee from evil, and today she fills an important place at Kwato. "If Christ rules me the bread will have to be perfect," she determined when she started baking recently. Her prayer was concerned with some difficult work in another part of the district.

A little old woman, working as a stop-gap in the kindergarten, prayed with great tenderness about the children. One who has never known want, and at the same time never owned a penny, prayed for those in financial distress in America. News of the civilized world soon finds its way, even to our remote coral-bound shores.

Work with Worship

And so the meeting continued. Those who took part are all hard-working saints, without whose energetic industry this work and all its branches could not be carried on. We had laid aside our duties, and for a short time our needs, as well as those of some of God's workers in other lands to whom He has united us in a wonderful spiritual bond, were all gathered up before the One who lives to make intercession for us.

"Iesu, esam i amna!" "Jesus, Oh how sweet the Name!" we sang as we worshiped in conclusion, and returned to our work with strong hearts. A few minutes later the noise of hammering on the bungalow that is being built for a new worker God has sent, the
rhythm of the sawmill engine slicing timber from great forest logs for the Memorial Church, and the grating of coconuts from the kitchens, were all to be heard in different directions, combining together in a vigorous magnificat of industry.

In a battle like ours we can never remain long away from the place of prayer, as the past few months alone would reveal. The enemy is always busy, and sometimes he succeeds in blinding and deceiving even those who have known the grace of our Lord, and causing them to turn back. The enemy is also strong. When we follow the Master He sometimes takes us with Him into Gethsemane, to the very scene of battle. "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" May He who bore the agony in the garden for us, not find us sleeping.

Russell W. Abel.

Building the Eauedo

In THE boat building and carpentry shop we are rendering real service to the outside public and they fully appreciate the first-class work. Be it launch or whale-boat building, the boys are always able to please the most critical professional eye. Naturally with this proficiency comes confidence and with confidence comes the urge to do even greater things. It is remarkable how skilled manual work tends to develop the mentality of these boys, and it certainly gives one every satisfaction to hear their ambitious thoughts so often voiced.

I must tell you how the lads completed the latest boat for Kwato. She reflects the greatest credit on the whole station, and is a real monument to the zeal and integrity of the boys employed in her construction. All the timber used in this boat is locally grown and cut in our mill by Kwato boys. The engine, propeller and shaft were imported, but the complete installation of all these parts was done by our boys, with my help at any difficult stage. Nothing was allowed to be slurred and only the best of work went into the Eauedo as she is called. (The name means "Greetings" and is pronounced Yow-way-do.) This fine work was not done so much for pure material gain but as a lesson in the value of thoroughness, and to illustrate the meaning of the word honesty.

Generally speaking the average Papuan is inclined to slur almost every job, but once he is made to realize the real meaning of the word "first-class," or as they call it in their language olina, it becomes a habit to do things properly and so earn the praise which invariably is forthcoming from outsiders as well as from ourselves. They truly earned all the congratulations that were showered on them. Everyone praised the boat most highly, hardly believing that such good work was a product of Papuan hands.

Arthur Swinfield.

The New Eauedo

From the Hospital

I SHOULD like to thank all who take an interest in us. During the Christmas season gifts and letters were received from friends we have never met in the flesh, and almost every mail I hear of someone who either prays privately or with others for the work and the workers here. Time and again this has caused me to bow my head and say very humbly: "Help me to be worthy, Lord, of all this love that is showered upon us."

As there has been a lot of influenza and pneumonia going around, these last few months have been very busy ones for the Hospital staff; but with a band of fine, Papuan Christian nurses, and with health and strength, we rejoice that we are counted worthy thus to serve our Master. It is soon brought home to one in Papua that nursing Papuans is a very different proposition from nursing white people. For example the patient decides whether or not he is seriously ill and if he is not going to recover. If he has not decided for himself a helpful relative will soon convey the idea to his mind, either by looks or by telling the nurse "not to bother," when she is giving him a drink or some treatment.

It is not against flesh and blood that we wrestle, but "principalities and powers." It would be impossible to express how wonder-
ful are the times of intercession under these circumstances. Never during any part of my life before have I been so utterly cast upon God. As the days pass the desire to lean harder grows greater, for there hath not failed one word of all His good promises.

The babes under our care now number five, the eldest is about twenty months and the youngest a few days over a fortnight old. This wee mite came in with a history of not having been fed since birth, (it was then six days old), certainly not properly by any manner of means. We have not yet managed to clean up the dirty sores from her head and body, but she is slowly improving. Under the Plunket system our babes are very little trouble. In fact it is a joy to see their daily growth, and their fascinating ways help to take our minds off weightier things.

With all sorts of conditions existing under our roof we find “Cast thy burden upon the Lord” a grand pillow to lay our heads upon at the close of a busy day. And on looking back over the daily needs that have always been provided one can only say: “What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me.”

MARGARET DRENNAN.

Glimpses of Dark Doings

PICTURE a dark river bank; the glow from several fires lights up the tall houses that are to be seen in the West of Papua. There is an atmosphere of tense watchfulness, although the preparation of a feast seems to be in progress. The night is dark, but the needs of those silent active figures are darker . . . An hour later the village is deserted; only smouldering fires, partly extinguished, remain to tell the story of the interrupted orgy. And cooking pots concealed; and O! most horrible, the mutilated body of a woman—a victim of the darkness of heathenism that still exists.

* * *

Papuan boys love to pretend. Armed with bows and arrows they will stalk some imaginary foe, through the long grass and thick undergrowth keeping together as they have watched father and big brother do in real warfare, and taking pots at a passing bird or butterfly to display the accuracy of their youthful eye. One, more ambitious, wanders from his companions to hunt some real prey. But there are cruel revengeful eyes watching. The iron grip of a powerful hand, a muffled cry, and the boyish figure lies battered and lifeless. Later a limb wrapped in leaves will be left at his village, a cruel reminder that an old score has been paid off. A woman of the boy’s tribe had married a man of the tribe of the murderer, and the husband had died. The innocent woman is charged with causing the death by witchcraft and the dead man’s relatives would not rest until a life had been taken as payment. Often little girls are the victims of revenge.

* * *

A crowd gathers round a little hut. They are swaying to and fro, wailing. No one who has heard the wailing of the heathen could ever forget the utter hopelessness of that cry. In the house is the lifeless form of a young mother, in her dead arms the little life for which hers was given. Soon that spark of life will be extinguished for the wee babe will be buried alive with its mother.

* * *

In a large cool mission hospital are a pair of fine chubby infants. They are twins. They entered the world under great difficulties and then were abandoned. How fondly the missionary nurse watches them as they coo softly to one another, for it was her loving hands that helped to bring them into the world. She it was who had patiently tended the other tiny one who had been rescued from the horrors of a living grave. Suppose that she had not obeyed. Suppose that the pressing claims of her home, of a widowed mother, had come before the call of her Master: where would these little ones have been?

[The above are recent incidents reported from various parts of Papua.—P. D. A.]
The House of Prayer

IT IS a joy to know that the new design of the memorial meets the American committee's approval. We want it to be an expression of the love we all have for Mr. Charles Abel, and so we are eager to have you like the plan. I am sending here-with a photograph of a model of the memorial. We all felt that a model, exactly to detail, would make it much easier to decide on the lines. To the lay mind, architect's plans are not very intelligible, especially when roofs sweep up the degree we propose for the church. We also found it difficult to explain to the natives the form the building was to take and this model solved the difficulty. I have made it to a quarter of an inch scale and it is as complete as limited time and the scant materials at hand allowed.

It would have done you good to have been in the "Middle Hall" one evening at prayers when Russell Abel brought in the model and showed it for the first time to the boys and girls. We had been having games and were just settling down to prayers when he carried it in. There arose a spontaneous cheer, which was redoubled when we put out the lights and showed that the building was lit electrically within by a couple of torch batteries. It looked very intriguing with the lights shining out of the little windows.

In the new building we are making provision for overflow congregations on the large porch which will be separated from the auditorium by glass doors. The roof immediately over the porch sweeps upward considerably at the gable ends to give a Papuan effect.

The Governor, Sir Hubert Murray, and his secretary, saw this model and are both very much impressed with it. His secretary said that the feeling of awe and solemnity as one entered the building would be very great owing to the towering height of the roof compared to the rest of the building. He has himself experienced this feeling in entering some of these large native club-houses.

We plan to have a colored cement floor which will not offer anything for white ants to get their teeth into.

There will be ventilating louvres under the eaves and a large ventilating trunk high up in the apex of the roof. We plan to use shingles as we cannot afford tiles. If we can afford it we would like to put a good quality bitumen felt under the shingles. The text over the entrance will read: "Jesus said: My house shall be called a house of Prayer." 

Arthur Beavis
In Conference at Koeabule

The Leader's Conference, held at Koeabule early in the year, was a truly memorable time. There were 180 men present from most parts of the District, coming by water and on foot by land. Two men came from our most recent outpost on the slopes of Mt. Thompson—primitive mountain folk, with a strange cast of countenance, speaking a blunt, hard-sounding language, very different from the easy, flowing speech of the Papuan seacoast.

At least three distinct languages were represented, and three times that number of dialects. So that mealtimes, which were wonderfully organized and served expeditiously by a band of youths who were our orderlies, recalled the Tower of Babel. One ought to say more about the efficient way these boys worked behind the scenes. There was never a hitch. Meals were served in five shifts, and the rapidity with which sitting after sitting was summoned by whistle was something to marvel at in a country like this, where life meanders along; still more so when one realizes that Papuan minds were behind it all. While on the topic of the commissariat one should mention the generosity of the local inhabitants of Koeabule, many of them not Christians, who showed their sympathy by bringing presents of cooked food. We were very grateful for the large, well-stocked cooking-pots that a long line of men and women carried with them on two occasions. The delegates were strangers, and people from other districts are looked upon as foreigners, and till recently as enemies. These gifts were a very encouraging sign of goodwill.

We were anxious that there should be a taste of real Christian fellowship in the Conference. In a public meeting one delegate from Dagama addressing his remarks to the hereditary enemies of his tribe, said:

"My brothers, see what the Gospel has done! A few years ago had I walked from my village you would have captured and eaten me long before I reached Koeabule. With great cunning I might have made my way as far as Rabe, but certainly no further."

But there were some too who had a joy and radiance that told of a winning fight. The presence and testimony of two or three were especially helpful to the conference. Who could doubt God's power to deliver from the bondage of some sin when there were some of His freed men. In every case they were men who had sold all for the

The Quiet Hour

Each morning at sunrise one would step from the bungalow, crowded to capacity to accommodate the band of workers, and would catch sight of people everywhere. Under trees, on the beach, wherever any degree of isolation could be found, they were seated with their heads bent over their Suau Bibles, or else in attitudes of prayer. This was the "Quiet Hour." There was much teaching given on this subject and its important bearing upon the daily Christian life. In Papua it is literally a "quiet hour" for there is usually a dead calm early in the morning. A Koukou delegate testified: "The early morning calm is the fisherman's opportunity to catch bait. After he has caught it he does not care what happens. Let the winds blow, let it rain, he has his bait. It is the same with us. The early morning calm is the time for us to get out 'bait.' Then we will not care what befalls us." Truly a Papuan parable!

I wish I could reproduce something of the atmosphere of conference week—the keenness of all those present and the general longing for blessing and power. Some were living defeated and unfruitful lives, who were yet in positions of authority and were trying to lead others. They were conscious of their responsibility, and of the need of their people as well as of their own deficiency and weakness.

But there were some too who had a joy and radiance that told of a winning fight. The presence and testimony of two or three were especially helpful to the conference. Who could doubt God's power to deliver from the bondage of some sin when here were some of His freed men. In every case they were men who had sold all for the
Pearl of Great Price. Had they found it worth while? Their faces answered that question. "The fruit of the Spirit is . . . Joy."

**Group Meetings**

We all felt the great importance of this gathering together. For the men who had come were all leaders and workers in their local Christian groups. Some were very ignorant, and unable to even read and write. Yet we know that village Christians, as well as many heathen people, would look to these men as illustrations and examples of the Christian faith and life. It was sheer necessity that they should know the secret of victory in their own lives and be able to testify to God's power and control over everything.

We did not plan a set conference with a series of meetings. The situation seemed too urgent, and that kind of thing too remote for primitive Papuans with their fierce struggles and the all-enveloping evil in which they have to live. We divided the crowd up into small groups of about twelve in each, led by a Kwato worker. We let the Holy Spirit take charge of these meetings. They were entirely free; all joined in as we tried together to find out the cause of our failures. We workers tried to help the others by sharing our own experience of the Lord's power to keep us, and to overcome sin in its many, and especially in its minor and more subtle, forms. Often a confession of our own struggles in the Christian path opened the eyes of others to a sense of their shortcomings. Many sins were confessed in these meetings. Thank God everyone was too anxious to be made well to hide the hindrances in their lives!

**Old Habits and New**

The first great step was made when many realized that they were really clinging to, or hiding behind, the things in their lives they were asking God to remove. The Holy Spirit convicted them of this, and bade them love the Lord their God, and to hate the things that He was asking them to throw aside for His sake. These things ranged from shyness and unwillingness, to untruthfulness, dishonesty, impurity, the drug-like domination of betel-chewing and similar bondage, and, above all, lack of love.

The latter conviction was universal. The Holy Spirit had many elemental things to teach that were new and unknown to these Papuan Christians—about Christian marriage and loving their wives. Often in Papua the relationship between man and wife is one of continual bickering. The woman corresponds to what would be termed in civilized countries a "cook-general," only without the deterrent fear of so valuable a household asset giving notice! God has used the presence of our devoted white couples to convict many Papuans of not loving their wives, and has opened their eyes to see the kindnesses and consideration whereby real love should be expressed. No amount of lecturing on the subject could ever have done what an object lesson is doing. Many went away from Koeabule with an immediate commission from God to love their wives, to make amends to them, and to share the blessing they had received with them first, before seeking to pass it on to others. Almost everyone went away with definite work to do. The new obedience had to be worked out in daily practice.

We learned that it was not enough to be convicted of the cause of our powerlessness, which God taught us was no less than the holding on to our own right to ourselves instead of handing the whole mastery over to God. We were led still further: we were taught how to take definite action that would ratify our surrender to Him, and would prove His deliverance from old shackles that had lost their endearment. There were confessions and apologies to be made to friends, past sins to be put right, testimonies to be given in the village, and so on. Half measures are not enough in a country like Papua.

**A Decisive Evening—The Climax**

The Kwato workers were all kept hard at work, for apart from the meetings there were personal interviews without number, and there was the all-important work of prayer. One decisive evening we had gone apart to pray. We knew that many were in the grips of a great spiritual struggle. They had been convicted and challenged; now the response was for them to decide. We could almost sense the fight that was going on. Occasionally as we prayed we sang choruses, and learned later that many were helped when they heard that we were praying for them. For some, those prayer-choruses, heard in the distance, sounded as a battle cry of the conquering Saviour.

There is not space to tell a quarter of all we saw of joy and victory, or of the many answered prayers. The climax of the conference occurred early on the last morning, in the intense calm in which day dawns in
Papua. We all gathered by the water’s edge to witness fifty men follow their Saviour to the Cross, to be identified with Him in His death by baptism. Many were the praises we sang, and thereby we expressed our joy as we watched this triumph. We then adjourned to a lovely shady spot under a grove of trees, where we held an open-air communion service and welcomed the new members into our fellowship. There were over three hundred present at this gathering. We separated that afternoon and went our various ways rejoicing, scattering in all directions. But the work of the conference is still going on. Many are sharing the good things that God taught them with ignorant and hungry village Christians. Some are following on to further obedience. One of the latter went home greatly helped. He had been learning at Koeabule of the complete control and mastery of Christ, and he wanted that. But he knew that he was a slave of tobacco. His “Quiet Times” were curtailed because of this craving. In the spending of money he made, tobacco came first. He hated this bondage, but it had become part of his nature. He did not think that God could root out such a habit. He envied other Christians who were free, but believed it was a physical impossibility for him to give this up. During his last night at the conference he had a very vivid dream in which God spoke to him:

“My child, why are you heavy-hearted?”

“Lord, you know why,” was the reply.

“There is one thing I cannot give you.”

“I know, and I have come to you now to break its power,” was the word of the Lord in the dream.

The following morning this man awoke and had his usual “Quiet Time” undisturbed; he read and he prayed and remained for long in his Master’s presence, but the desire for tobacco, that had so often hindered his communion, was not there. It was gone; its power was broken.

The work of the conference is still going on.

Some Stumblingblocks

At the Koeabule Conference.

IN ONE of the groups a man sat looking distinctly puzzled; scales were falling from his eyes. One man had been telling of some things that had kept him a powerless Christian. He said:

“For many years I have been an ekalesia (Christian), but during all those years I have been my own master. I thought my boat was my own, my land was mine, and I could go along my own way. But now I want God to be Master of everything.”

“True,” said the puzzled one, “I have just seen that I am like that; I am bad tempered; I quarrel with my wife; and though I have been a church member for a long time I do not know the way of love.”

Another had been seeking to walk in God’s way for many months, and he testified to victories in his life. He used to quarrel and nag his wife until the Holy Spirit convicted him and gave him power to overcome his temper. He had an awful wife—and others from his village nodded their heads in verification of his statement. She roared at him and nagged continually; sometimes she would fly at him, tearing his hair and scratching him. Formerly he would have paid back. “But,” said he, “now I am as one deaf and dumb, and when her temper is over I speak to her quietly and pray with her.

Then she is sorry and confesses; but next time she does it again! But I am as one deaf and dumb; so I thank God for that.” He confessed that many, many times God had asked him to give up two things that still held the mastery of his heart, Kuku (tobacco), and sada (betel-chewing). “When I wake in the morning my first thought is my pipe, then with an unclean mouth I turn and speak to my Lord. This morning in my ‘Quiet Hour’ He said again to me, ‘Give Me kuku and sada.’ So I leave those things here now with Him.” He did; and testified later that the taste had been taken away.

The puzzled one looked wistful. He was fighting something big, that was clear. Then sadly it came out. “Truly, God has spoken to me about smoking, but—will I truly be able to let it go?” There was silence. Then a rather insignificant little man who had not spoken very much hitherto, said: “Six months ago I was like that and He helped me. I let it go and I have never taken it since. Now, in this meeting the Holy Spirit is urging me to let go chewing betel-nut. His power will be enough for me.”

Another was convicted of “making words big.” (exaggerating). “When I catch a small fish I tell my friends, ‘Oo, I caught a big fish as big as that,’” and he opened his
arms wide,—"and all my friends marvel. Or I add to news and do not tell the real words; or when I give my report I do not give all the news, only good reports and not bad; truly this is lying."

Through his words many were convicted of the same thing. Some spoke of lack of love at home; they never shared the good things they had with their wives, or sought to win the love of their little ones. They felt that God wanted them to go straight home and live the life of love there.

So, when eyes had been opened to see, and hearts to understand the will of God, and when chains of habit and fear were broken by the power of God, there was a time of prayer and much praise. But the puzzled one left the meetings exceedingly sad, for he had not been able to sell all, and taking up his cross to follow the Master in complete obedience. P. D. Abel.

A Material Need Met

You will rejoice with us that we have been able to procure a Diesel engine locally at a bargain and are now installing it in the mill. It is made by a very reputable firm and is in good condition. We do not want to spend a penny more than is necessary on these material things and so far have been able to adapt much of the old mill to meet the new needs. Added to this answer to our prayers, a friend in England has sent an offer to buy an engine for the mill: We are writing to put one or two other needs before him. There is a possibility that our new mill engine may be able to provide light for the House of Prayer. It is a dream but it seems possible of fulfilment. This engine can be run for about 25 cents an hour, and with the proper dynamo, will give us four times as much electric power as our present one which lights only the hill and costs 20 cents an hour. With a little additional piping the engine might also pump water at night. For a very small additional running expense, (though a hundred pound capital expense), we could light all of our buildings, including the hospital and the two new bungalows. It is all a dream at present, but a very entrancing one. We are careful not to let these dreams of efficiency dim our vision for further advance to evangelize the hidden dark places.

We are thankful to take off the engine from the prayer list, but we have other needs. The greatest of all is for increasing oneness with Him, in His travail for those who know Him not. We know that it is easy to become so engrossed in the material needs of the mission that one will lose the Vision. Arthur Beavis.

Miss Mill and a Group of Kwato Kiddies

From our treasurer in Great Britain, we have received the following report of British gifts last year.

British Contributions
Receipts April to December 31, 1932

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Raymond D. Whale, A.C.A., Assistant Treasurer.