A Group of Logea School Children
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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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.
Mr. Cecil Abel has been back on the field since June, after a three months' strenuous furlough in Australia and New Zealand. His message was greatly blessed, especially to theological students in Auckland. A motion picture camera was provided by friends, which will make the scenes at Kwato live before future audiences in the homelands. Miss Phyllis Abel left the field on August 15th to take a much needed furlough in Australia.

The next issue of the Tidings is to be printed at Kwato and may be expected in America and Great Britain sometime before Christmas. It will be warmly welcomed and will have a peculiar and delightful Kwato flavor, being written and edited on the field; the type will be set and the magazine printed by the Kwato boys on the small mission press. What a blessing a larger press would be!

Owing to the time required for consultation and corrections in the manuscript of the Life of Charles Abel, it has been found necessary to postpone publication until the Spring of 1934. This will enable Russell Abel to make the biography even more perfect than if it had been published this Autumn. A further announcement may be expected in the next Tidings printed in America.

The financial needs of the Mission have been wonderfully provided for in these difficult days by gifts from God's stewards. There have necessarily been self-denials and rigid economies; the recent remittances to the field represented a twenty per cent cut in the missionaries' living allowances and a ten per cent cut in the appropriations for education and evangelism. These cuts the missionary workers have taken in fine spirit and have made further sacrifices in order that the work may not suffer. Pray that continued reductions in allowances may not be necessary.

Prayer is the most effective and vital link between America and Papua. The "Power House" at Kwato has been called upon continuously in the past months—for the workers at their varied tasks, for the young Papuan Christians who are still weak and often sorely tempted, for representatives at home, and for the sick in Papua and in America. Little Moreen, whose picture appears in this issue, and who has brightened the life at Kwato by her sweet childish ways, has been and still is seriously ill with some complaint which doctors have not been able to diagnose. Continued prayer is asked for her and her Christian parents. Cable messages also linked Kwato with America in prayer for Mrs. John Adams Henry who has been dangerously ill. We thank God.
that she has been spared to her family and
to the work to which she has given so un-
sparingly of her time, her talents, and her
strength.

Raymond P. Whale, Esq., A.C.A., of Lon-
don, who has been giving effective volunteer
service as Secretary and Treasurer for the
British section of the Governing Committee,
expects to visit America in October on his
way out to Papua, where he is to serve as
missionary accountant. British friends are
providing his support, travel and outfit.
Mr. Whale's help with the bookkeeping and
finances at Kwato will be a great boon to the
Mission as it will lift a heavy burden from
the shoulders of Mrs. Abel, Miss Parkin,
Cecil Abel and Mary Abel, and will release
them for other mission work for which they
are called and peculiarly fitted.

* * *

"What Is Your Greatest Need?" This is
a question often asked of mission workers.
Is the answer more funds for maintenance;
more well qualified workers, including a
doctor, a nurse, an accountant, a technical
worker; new buildings and equipment for
housing the workers and for schools in the
out-stations; more interested friends in the
homelands? These are all urgent needs but
you will agree that the greatest need is
always spiritual — clearer spiritual vision,
deeper consecration and more power for
service at home and on the field. Without
this all effort is futile. On the human side
the greatest need is for friends of Christ and
His work in Kwato—deeply sympathetic
friends, faithful intercessors, sacrificial sup-
porters of the work, as God impels and en-
ables. In other words, we need more true
partners who are in fellowship with God and
with the workers at the front.

How Is the Kwato Work Supported?
Here is another question. We are opposed
to going into debt and therefore look to God
to supply funds before contracts are made.
There is no endowment or regular church
constituency behind the work but He who
called the workers and has guided the de-
velopment of the mission is supplying the
 needs through His stewards. All workers in
the home lands serve without remuneration
so that gifts can go direct to the field with-
out deduction for rent and salaries. The only
expense at the home base is for printing and
postage and for occasional furlough promo-
tion. Most of these expenses are covered by
special contributions.

* * *

On the field the Papuan Christians are
trained in self-support. The native churches
are not subsidized. Evangelists and pastors
are not paid from foreign funds. Every
Christian is taught that he or she is called to
work for personal support and to give the
Gospel freely to others by personal testimony
of life and lips. The Papuan Government
furnishes an annual subsidy to cover most of
the expense of maintaining the hospital and
the technical training. The general funds
contributed from America and other home
base lands are used for the living expenses
of the missionaries, their travel and fur-
loughs, special emergency needs and for the
partial support of the training schools for
children and Christian workers. The re-
mainder of the support comes from the
profits from industries—carpentry and boat
building and plantations. These industries
not only train the Papuan Christians in char-
acter and self-support and give them employ-
ment but benefit the whole country. The in-
come is uncertain, especially in view of the
low and varying price of copra, the chief
product. In every department of the work
the spiritual aims are kept foremost — win-
ing the people to Christ and training them
for Christian life and service.
A Week-End at Kwato

IT IS a sunny Friday afternoon when you step off the mission launch Mamari II on to the Kwato wharf. You will be greeted on every side with a cheerful "Agu-toi" as you cross the compound. Perhaps one will offer, in very polite English, to conduct you to the Mission House on the hill. On the way you are attracted by the sounds of industry to the boat-building and carpentry shop, and enter to find a dozen or more boys doing skilled work under the direction of a white instructor, Arthur Swinfield. He will show you a beautifully built 29-foot launch that is nearly finished. Around it are smaller craft in all stages of completion. He will then take you to the Saw Mill which is turning out planed boards, which earlier in the day, were rolled up the beach as great logs. The saw mill is entirely in the charge of a Papuan.

As you continue your journey up the hill you hear the blast of a horn and the riotous ringing of a bell which proclaims it is "knock off" time. Down the hill come tumbling the children with bat and ball, and spear and fish hook, to make the most of the remaining hours before sunset. Soon the once-deserted playground is resounding with the shouts of healthy Papuan youth.

Your hot climb up the hill is amply rewarded by the warm welcome you will receive at the Mission House. The remainder of the afternoon you will spend making the acquaintance of the missionaries and of the girls.

The latter noiselessly move about the house at their various duties, their bright faces and clean uniform frocks providing a striking contrast to the hard, coarse expressions of the women you saw at the various ports at which you called.

Your first night will seem strange because you are unaccustomed to our queer noises. A sudden stampede on the ceiling of your room as if a dozen wallabies were leaping over the joists—what ever can it be? Those are only rats, they won't harm you, except to visit your washstand and eat the soap! You settle yourself to your slumber when a terrible squeaking and squalling outside rouses you. It sounds as if an infant was being painfully murdered. With much trepidation you scramble out of your mosquito net to find out if there is anything you can do to help. But you are told that those are flying-foxes squabbling for the nuts in the trees over your head. With a sigh you go back to bed and fall asleep wondering fitfully what various weird sounds can possibly come from. It seems no time, before you are awakened by the vigorous ringing of a bell. It is pitch dark, but the air is astir with life, mats are being rolled up, roll calls read, the voices of boys laughing and whistling, the commands of the sergeants as they usher them in a long line down to the tanks to bathe. You hear various alarm clocks going off in different parts of the house. It is 5 o'clock and another day has dawned on Kwato.

From 5:30 to 6:30 there is silence all over the island broken only by the soft singing of a chorus or two by the little boys as they sit under a tree having their "Quiet Time," regulated by an older boy. The silence ends with the ringing of the morning prayer bell when the whole station assembles for worship. You will love that burst of praise, all in perfect harmony.

When prayers are over peace is ended. Noise and laughter and chatter resounds through the hall as 180 odd boys and girls of all ages take their simple breakfast of a half-pound loaf of brown bread and a mug of tea. As you walk through the hall on your way to morning tea you will be greeted by a hearty "good morning." It might interest you to know that about seven thousand loaves are baked every month in our bakery, which shows a little what it takes to feed our family!

At 7 o'clock the parade horn sounds and the whole island musters for work roll call; then they scatter to their different tasks, some to the boat shed and mill, others to work on the Memorial Church which is being built; the girls to baking, teaching, and to crafts of all kinds.

On Saturday they knock off work at noon. The children go fishing or scouring the reefs at low tide for shellfish which they will have for their supper or they go for walks, or play on the wide beaches that girt our shores. The boys will have a cricket match or, if the afternoon is cool, they will much prefer football. The Homestead is gloriously quiet on Saturday afternoon. The tired missionaries make the most of this brief respite to study or to catch up with the never-ending demands of mail day. Later when the sun is
not so hot we will take our tea on to the tennis court. Tennis, swimming and canoeing all provide us with necessary recreation. In the evening the children have games in the hall; competitions and round games of all sorts produce shouts of laughter and fun which makes Saturday night different from other nights.

But we steal away from all the fun and across the compound we enter a room where a number of people—among them quite a few young boys and girls—are praying. This is the “Power House.” You will love the atmosphere of that room and will realize how suitably it is named, for all the blessings you see at Kwato, all the victories you are told about, all the work of salvation in hearts hardened and darkened by sin, have their source in the “Power House.”

With the ringing of a bell we gather in the hall where all is now quiet and the day ends, as it opened, with praise and prayer. As you go past on your way to bed half an hour later you will find the same hall strewn with sleeping forms. A mat and pillow and blanket comprise the bedding of these sleepers. Here and there you notice a kneeling figure, or by the glimmer of a small light three or four boys will be studying their Bibles. A soft “good-night” sends you on your way to bed touched by the warmth and affection of these sons and grandsons of cannibals.

Sunday is such a happy day! After breakfast which is later than usual, there is a workers meeting. This is a time of happy fellowship when we share together some of the things the Lord has done for us during the week. Sometimes there are confessions to be made, prayer needs are shared, and reports of personal work are given. In this meeting is gathered the fuel for the “Power House.”

At 11 o’clock the bell rings for Church service. Once more the hall where we ate, and slept, and played, is our meeting place, this time filled as full as it will comfortably hold. People come from the islands round about in their little canoes to worship with us.

The service is a happy one and Choruses in English and Suau play a prominent part. Here is one we love, the English of which is, “He did not come to judge the world”:

\[
\begin{align*}
Nige \ tanoubu \ i \ dilai \\
Nige \ i \ heginu \\
Nige \ bena \ i \ eooigu \ mo \\
la \ i \ hemaurigu.
\end{align*}
\]

The message is given in Suau, and you may be surprised at the close attention of the congregation who come to service armed with pencils and notebooks.

In the afternoon most of our young people go out to visit the islands and villages round about—some to Logea, some to Samarai, and Sariba, while others stay at home and pray.

When it is cooler we will walk round the beach. Under the shade of a huge rain tree the children’s service will be in progress. How sweetly their childish voices blend with the ripple of the sea along the shore. We notice that even these little ones are all singing in harmony. In the evening they will gather again for a little sing-song before they go to bed. The grown-ups delight in this hour and parents come to listen to the praises of their little ones. Presently they all troop to the dining room door where we are having dinner, and there will be a whispered “one, two, three,” followed by a deafening, “good-night Mother and everybody!” As they stampede away to bed the one who has the charge of them breathes a sigh of relief for her fifty-five small charges will soon be tucked in their blankets out of the reach of mischief.

In the evening there is an English Song Service. We love this hour of praise and prayer, and as the vespers are quietly sung at the close you will agree with us that Sunday is a most happy and blessed day.

We all hope you have enjoyed your visit to Kwato. Next time come in person, and stay longer! Phyllis Abel.
The mail leaves on Wednesday next and I have reserved this Saturday afternoon in order to get another letter off to you all. I returned from my holiday the beginning of last week and found two mails waiting for me here. Not having had a letter of any description for over six weeks, you can imagine what a feast I had. Those two mails are before me now and I have just read most of them over again. Many of them are in answer to my last circular letter and they all say something like this: "We want to hear more about you. Have you got fatter or thinner since you went away? Do you hate all the mosquitoes and creepy-crawly things we always imagine there are in the tropics? What food do you eat? What do you wear, and where and how do you buy things? Are you often ill, and do you find the heat trying?" etc.

And so, since presumably a writer is more popular if he gives his unseen audience what they want rather than what is good for them I am going to answer your questions.

1. No, I don't think I am any fatter, fortunately. Maybe I put on weight when I was on my holiday at Mailu, but two and a half days' journey from there to here on the local coastal boat—The Papuan Chief—has a decidedly slimming effect upon one.

2. Before I came here I thought the insects and pests would be far worse than they are; or else it is that I have been lucky in not experiencing them very much so far. Mosquitoes and sandflies seem to come in waves. Some days you will be pestered with them, and other days you will not see one. The majority of the mosquitoes are not of the Anopheles variety (i.e., the malarial ones) and the irritation from them soon goes. But the sandflies are so tiny that even a mosquito net will not keep them out. Their bite is hardly noticeable at the time, but it comes up in a large, irritating and often festering bump the next day.

As for cockroaches—don't mention them! Sometimes they are two, or three inches long. Scorpions and large spiders eat cockroach eggs, and where they abound you will find very few cockroaches. So you can take your choice, but personally I'd rather have cockroaches. Baby lizards come out each evening and crawl up and down the walls—really fascinating to watch, although I must say at first I was not exactly taken with them indoors.

There is an insect called a "taumadi" which takes a great fancy to eating one's clothes. He will rip up any kind of material just as if it had been cut with a knife. Should one be careless enough to spill food of any sort upon one's dress and not sponge it out at once, the following morning a large hole will be the result of a midnight feast by a cockroach or a taumadi.

Ants of every description are a terrible nuisance. Every building has to be made white-ant proof—and then they get in somehow. They eat away inside the woodwork until there is just the thickness of the paint on the outside left. Ordinarily small black ants abound everywhere and get into every-
thing—especially food. Every table or cupboard containing food has to be stood in dishes of water and even then some of them swim across.

One rarely sees the usual bush pests at Kwato, such as snakes, adders, leeches, etc. But they occur quite freely enough elsewhere.

3. With regard to food, we at Kwato are quite fortunate since steamers bring up fresh meat and vegetables about every three weeks. Where I have been staying at Mailu and at our outstations we have nothing but tinned foods. But this is no great hardship since one can get almost anything in tins these days. We eat more tinned food and native vegetables than anything else. In season we have oranges, pineapples, pawpaws, mangoes, and nearly all the year round bananas, but fruit is not really plentiful, and at times is not to be had anywhere. Fish, too, is not plentiful—or perhaps it is that they are not easy to catch.

4. Clothes. The trouble with clothes is that they fade and rot so easily, or else, as I have mentioned before, they are eaten by all kinds of animals. We make nearly all our own, and, under my cousin's care, some of the native girls even make shirts, shorts and white longs for the men. The next best thing is to shop by catalogue. And quite a pleasant hour can be spent this way and it is decidedly cheaper too, since when one considers the postage and duty (possibly here and back if the garment does not fit) in addition to the cost, one usually decides either to do without or to make one like it.

5. About the climate—all I can say is, taking into account the heat, winds and rains, it is delightful—at least compared with the climate of the British Isles. And when we read of fogs, frost snow, flu epidemics, etc., at home, we cannot understand why everyone doesn’t come to live here in Papua.

I hope all this has been of interest to you and that it has given you a better idea of life out here. I am afraid we get so accustomed to things, and take them all for granted, that we forget they are of interest to other people. For the remainder of this page I want to give you a few prayer needs.

Please continue to pray for the Memorial Church, and also our new 60 foot launch. Both are vital to our work and are being built solely in faith. We need more buildings, too, very badly, both here on Kwato and at many of our outstations.

Since I last wrote asking for prayers for our village Christian leaders, some have suffered severe temptations and even persecution. The wife of one of our leaders was so prejudiced against her husband for standing firm for the Lord, that she has burned all his Gospels, books, clothes and belongings—the only possession she has left is the one garment he stood up in. Just recently he has sent word asking us to pray that he may not get a “bad mind” (as they say in Suau) against her, but that he may be so Christ-like through it all that she cannot help coming to know Christ as he knows Him.

MARY ABEL.

The New House of Prayer

WE HAVE been having a very busy time. I have been going round and round the Bay most of the time. However, we expect Cecil back next week, unless we hear he has postponed his sailing. We shall be glad to see him. He has not been having a rest-cure, but has enjoyed his work, strenuous as it has been. He has had an amazing time in Auckland, Melbourne, and Sydney. He seems to have set real revivals going in those places, and has been amazed at the hunger and readiness of people everywhere to hear his message. After telling the story of revival here the response is not “How can I help?” but “How can I get power like that?” His work has consisted of constant interviews, some lasting for hours, helping people out of their troubles and into peace and victory. Much the same as his work here.

We are glad you like the plans of the new church. The site is a neck of ground sloping away steeply, so that a square building is out of the question. It is the essence of Papua as expressed in the roof curves. Instead of having two prayer rooms we are having one on one side, and a “prayer garden” on the other. A most delightful spot and above everything, looking down on the view of the western passage.

The building operations are most interesting. Blue stone walls are already going up. The stone is quarried right here on Kwato and is rough-hewn, which will add to its attraction. A gang of young Sariba boys are being specially trained for this work and are becoming very adept. Hitherto every bit of work has been voluntary.

R. A.
The Little Children

This is Sunday afternoon, gloriously cool and sunny, and I am sitting in our little bungalow before our large window which reveals a perfect panorama.

If I could reproduce here the colors and scents and atmosphere of this scene it would thrill you.

We look straight down upon a narrow channel across which the island of Logea rises in a great cone-shaped peak. A native village is immediately across the water, and in the stillness, peculiar village noises keep floating over. Babies—pigs—women, the latter contributing much to village noises.

The great delight of this hour is the perfect quiet that reigns—such a contrast to the buzz of the week days, the constant buzz of children's voices. Bless them! we really love the sound but nevertheless we do appreciate this hour of quiet. They are all away on the beach where there are lots of wonders to keep them enthralled and out of mischief. The older ones make texts on the sand with shells.

In the morning the first half of our Sunday service is for the children; they have their own choruses and hymns and a talk, usually round some object, before they are taken out. The first Sunday in the month is "Gift Sunday" when every child brings a gift of flowers as an offering to God. These are laid in a gorgeous heap on the floor in front of the pulpit.

At the end of the service the children take their flowers to the rooms of any who are sick in the home, then down to the Hospital where their bright fragrance brings such joy to the patients.

I wish you could see the preparations. There are tiny tots all over the place picking their flowers, and so busy and thrilled arranging them. For days and weeks before, they have decided what flowers they are going to bring, and even watch the plants until the very day when it brings forth fresh blooms for the occasion. Each child arranges his or her own flowers and some of the bouquets are most original.

Before I was married the children were all up at Duabo with me, but a season of severe gales blew down the main part of the building where the little ones were housed so we had to return to Kwato. Accommodation here is very limited; and, though the children are dry in wet weather the crowded rooms are far from ideal. Will you pray with us that the Heavenly Father will give us an adequate and well-equipped building for these little ones in the Kindergarten, where they may be trained in the ways of order and discipline?

Moreen (Center) and Two of Her Friends

I have 60 children under my care, ranging in age from 4 to 12 years. Twenty-three of these are in the Kindergarten, and I am sure, give the one in charge of them a more exhausting time than all the others put together. They are so full of life and energy and are never out of mischief from the time they rise at 5 A. M. till they reach their mats again at sunset.

There was great excitement a little while ago when the sixtieth, a little girl of four, was brought to us. Her parents sent her to us asking us to educate her. She was no apparent loss to them. She looked the darling-est thing with soft wavy red hair. However we soon found out that she was more like a little wild animal than a "darling baby girl." Some of us bore the marks of her little teeth
for days in our attempts to tame her. Three weeks have passed since she came and the change in her is incredible. Her hard little face has softened, and now there is a sweet smile to greet you in the morning.

Knowing her beginnings I sometimes look into the future and wonder what part her life will play in the Great Plan.

These children come to us when they are quite young and are with us till they reach manhood and womanhood. Our one aim is to train them from the earliest days, physically, morally and spiritually to be the messengers of Christ to their own people.

Many of them are orphans or unwanted children who have been deserted by their parents—very common practice I am sorry to say—others are the children of Christian parents who seek the best for their little ones.

About a year ago a young Christian couple brought their little girl to us. She was three and a half and such a charming little person. The parents were exceptionally intelligent and far-seeing and realized all that had been denied them because they had been prevented by heathen relations from coming to Kwato when they were young. They were determined their only child should have every advantage. It cost them a great deal to part with Olivia but they are delighted to see the progress she is making when they come to see her from time to time.

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Prayer-Circle Letters

I REJOICE to know that my prayer-circle letters are useful. Sometimes I am tempted to say that they take too much time. But I am sure the Lord is using them from the kind gifts and letters I have had from many friends, and the obvious weight we have felt in prayers offered up. Their gifts just pay for the postage, paper, ink, etc. Last mail I received a ten shilling note from a school girl who had saved up her pocket money. Such gifts I feel sure the Lord will use to bring much blessing.

Some of the older boys and girls were so disappointed at having to leave school last term, that we promised them we would run a kind of college for them and any others who liked to join, two evenings a week. We take it in turn to give them lessons—or rather lectures.

Russell Abel is talking to them to-night on “Current History.” John Smeeton gave a simple lecture last week on “Architecture,” and we hope Margaret Drennan may give a few on “Nursing,” or some subject in her line. I should like to give some on “Peoples of Other Lands”—going a little deeper than they do in school. When they have left school they begin to appreciate what learning means. I think these lectures will improve their English and widen their outlook considerably.

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Plans Ahead

HOW difficult it is to reach these people, living as they do, in such small far-off hamlets. My mind goes over the whole of Papua and I think how all the land is thus covered. It shows the magnitude of the problem and how our work here at Kwato has only just begun. We heard the other day from a Government officer of the discovery of a new gold field inland which has to be reached by air. The surrounding country is thickly populated, so much so that some think that the estimated population of the whole of Papua is entirely wrong and must be doubled to bring it nearer the actual state of things.

I have not much to report to you of the Memorial Church. Since my return the weather has been very broken and my boys have been employed doing a maintenance job which had to be done. They have now returned to the church for a week and have been busy tidying up the site and levelling around it after filling in the trenches around the walls. We have been hindered somewhat from continuing because we cannot get cement until next boat. When I see the way that America continues to support our work here I marvel at the self-denial which you must all practice. I only hope that we may be worthy of it and spend every penny in the best way. We do pray that the Lord will bless you in and for this sacrificial giving. I know that all of us—staff and leading boys are doing everything that we can to keep down expense. This last year we have done a lot of work to our buildings, but in comparison to the results have spent very little. This has been because we have carefully planned so as to use the old stock we have. We are all looking forward to the coming of Raymond Whale. He is going to be a great help in dealing with the bookkeeping and finances. This has taken much time and strength of other workers.
Let us go to a village and visit the mission school there. You will love the children as soon as you see them—black, fuzzy-haired and bright-eyed, with shining, chocolate-brown skins, full of life and energy. The little girls wear only a grass skirt, and the little boys are content with a wide native leaf around their loins.

In most of the villages a large native house is used for the school. It is built on piles about five feet high and is made of native timber. The roof is steep and pointed and thatched with cocoanut leaves. The floor is of narrow laths of sago bark, which to white people feels very insecure.

The school is run by one or more native Christian teachers, depending upon the number of children. Every few weeks the village is visited by a white mission teacher who stays a short time, helping the native teacher and seeing that all is going well.

Our chief object is to teach the children to know and love the Lord Jesus, and to live as He taught us, so Bible stories come first every morning. Then they learn to read and write their own language; then English and after that a simple form of arithmetic. They learn most things by repetition, and as you pass the school you can hear the drone of children’s voices spelling or saying over their multiplication tables, all keeping in time with each other and usually all on the same note. When they are very good at writing they are allowed to have exercise books, but until then they use slates.

Athletic sports play a big part in their school life. Both boys and girls are especially fond of cricket and football; even tiny tots of four and five will sit for hours following the games intently, cheering and

* From an article written by Miss Mary Abel and published in No Girls' Crusader Magazine, Great Britain.
clapping on every possible occasion. On the whole they do not seem very different from English or American boys and girls, at any rate inside, even if they are a different color outside.

There is another kind of village “school” that is very different. Two of our evangelists went far into the interior where missionaries have never been before. They came across a village of only three or four houses. Everything was very dirty. Only a few men and women were about and still fewer children. They were all unkempt and unhealthy looking, and their bodies were covered with skin disease.

The evangelists looked into one of the houses and saw a father and mother sitting on the floor with their little boy and little girl. “School” was in progress—but not school as we know it. The father was a sorcerer and the mother a sorceress. They were teaching their children—young as they were—the evil secrets of sorcery. This is what we must contend against in the villages farthest afield. The fear of sorcery and witchcraft is inbred in the children’s minds. You can imagine what great joy and peace it brings to them when they accept Jesus Christ as Saviour and learn for themselves that “Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world.” Then the fear and superstition are driven out by the knowledge of the Heavenly Father’s love and care.

In most cases the Gospel is preached first and then the people themselves ask to have their children taught more about the Way of Life, and to have opportunities for learning to read the Bible.

At one village many turned to the Lord and they were promised a school for their children. The boys and girls longed to begin going to school, and knew that their parents had been praying about it. One day a little boy was in the middle of having his bath in the river, when he heard that the white teacher had come at last. He was so afraid that all his friends would get there first, that he finished his toilet in great haste and ran to where the teacher was. “Where are my friends?” he asked breathlessly. They had not been seen; so off he ran to fetch them as fast as he could. He wanted to begin without any more delay.

Our school at Kwato is like a big boarding school and is very different from the village schools. Most of the children at the Head Station have lived on Kwato ever since they were very young. Some are the children or grandchildren of the first boys and girls who lived there forty years ago, so they do not find things at the mission at all strange. They have been taught about Jesus Christ ever since they can remember. They are clean and healthy and used to law and order. They are taught in English so that they can really understand the Gospel. Much of the Bible has now been translated into their languages.

Come and see our tiniest tots of three and four years old. They are fat and jolly, and full of mischief. The other day it was impossible to keep them in order. So in desperation “islands” were drawn in chalk on the floor of the schoolroom for each child to stand on. We pretended that the ground all around was very deep sea, much too deep to wade or even to swim in. Nevertheless in a few minutes two were squeezed on one “island.” When the culprit was asked how she managed to get there without drowning she replied, “I built a bridge from my island to David’s.” Sure enough she had procured the chalk and drawn two straight lines joining the islands together.

The older school children at Kwato are divided into groups, and in time we hope to put each group in a separate bungalow. There they will be constantly under the influence of a missionary, who will live with them and supervise their school work, play-time, and home life. This has already proved successful with the girls and with the little children and the same plan has been put into operation with two classes of boys under a “house master.” When we have more missionaries, we hope to divide all the boys and girls into groups in this way.

Besides the ordinary school subjects of English, arithmetic, geography, a modified history, and general news of the world, the older boys learn boat building and carpentry. The girls learn needlework, housework, baking, cooking, and some of them are taught basketry and weaving.

When they leave school some go to our hospital to be trained as nurses and some are trained to be evangelists and teachers. By the time they have reached the top class at school they have a very good knowledge of the Bible. At this age many of them wish openly to confess Christ as their Saviour, though they may have given their hearts to Him when they were quite young. Recently twelve older boys were baptized and before
the end of the school year, each of these boys had won several of his companions for Christ.

If the whole of Papua is to be won, it must be won by Papuans, working in the power of the Holy Spirit. In our schools we hope to train boys and girls who will turn out to be Christ-like men and women and who will themselves go and win others and will help to transform the life of the villagers.

Now you know a little about these brown-skinned brothers and sisters out here in Papua. Will you pray for them and for our work here?

MARY ABEI.

The Beavis-Scrymgeour Wedding

IT LOOKS as if our mission staff is decreasing since another "couple" has been made "one." Thursday, June 8th, at 11:30 A.M. Halliday Scrymgeour and Arthur Beavis were happily married here at Kwato and, since everyone is always interested in weddings, I will describe that day.

The weather is always an uncertain factor at this time of year, and well we knew it when we were awakened early in the morning by torrential rains. This continued and looked as if it had set in for the rest of the day. However, before long we were all far too busy to notice what the weather was doing.

In lightning rapidity the Hall was decorated with coconut leaves and two rows of small trees, linked up together with festoons of creepers and flowers, formed an aisle up the center. This was carpeted and ended in a dais surrounded by plaited coconut leaves and a cross of flowers in the center. It all looked very charming and the next best thing to a church.

On the other side of the house the wedding breakfast was being prepared for the twenty-five white people who were coming over from Samarai for the occasion. The tables were bedecked with flowers, and delicious looking foods were being arranged in attractive dishes. The chief item, of course, was the wedding cake. This was made by our native cook and decorated in a native design. The bride's sheath of flowers was hurriedly being made elsewhere and all the available cream and white flowers had been gathered for it.

By half past ten it had ceased raining. All the guests were able to have a dry and smooth crossing from Samarai. By eleven thirty they, and all the natives (many of whom had come from miles around) were all gathered together awaiting the ceremony.

The Rev. Mr. Searle, an L.M.S. missionary from Lawes College fifty miles away, kindly officiated. Russell Abel was best man, and an old friend of the bride's family, who resides in Milne Bay, gave her away. Twice within seven months Miss Parkin played the wedding march on the piano.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Beavis

The bride looked very sweet in a dress of white georgette and a long veil complete with wreath of orange blossom and held by her only attendant—a small, but decidedly round, native boy whose sole garment was a tiny pair of "periboes."

The service was very simple and yet beautiful and full of meaning. The weather was still dull outside, but there was plenty of sunshine within. Everyone joined heartily in the hymns and we together thanked God for working out His plan in these two lives by
uniting them together in a happy marriage.

The speeches at the breakfast were short and very much to the point. The best man pointed out that the happiest marriages were those where three took part—the bride, bridegroom and God.

We only wished the bride's mother and the bridegroom's parents could have been with us. We remembered them often and we know they were with us in spirit.

"Mr. and Mrs. Beavis" have been spending their honeymoon in Milne Bay and have planned an extensive program to visit places in the district where the need for more teaching is greatest. What happier honeymoon could anyone have than to spend it leading others to know Him. M. A.

A New Home, Papuan Style

HOW I wish you could see our home. We love it; it is so entirely Papuan. The house is of native materials, as you know. The mats on the floor are native woven, all the furniture is made of Papuan timber by Papuan boys and lately we have acquired some exceedingly comfortable easy chairs made from the long roots of the pandanus tree. We ordered these from the L. M. S. station at Fife Bay. Now all our own boys are trying to copy them. It is all so much more interesting than having a European made home.

You will have had accounts before this of our wedding. It was a wonderful day for us both, everything went so smoothly and happily—even to your cable arriving just in time to be opened and read out at the wedding breakfast. Thank you for its lovely message.

We had a most unconventional honeymoon, hiking to many of our outposts and working amongst the people. The second week we spent down in the Bohulu Valley, behind Duabo, where we had a most inspiring time. People came to us in crowds from different parts of the valley and we were kept busy with meetings and personal talks. About six months ago I first visited Bohulu and established a little school at Siasiada. I was so thrilled to see all the kiddies again, looking like new creatures, so clean, and intelligent and full of life.

We now have fifteen village schools and I wonder how on earth I am going to look after them all now that I have a husband. They need an inspection about once every six weeks to keep things going well. Of course if I had a launch at my disposal I could get through the whole lot in just over a week, but with only the Mamari now to fulfill all our needs it would take me nearly a month to get around them all. However, I have laid it all in the Lord's hands and He will show me the way. There are a couple of schools near at hand which can be visited in a day—Sariba and Koukou.

It was lovely to come home to Kwato after our honeymoon. Now we are trying to get settled. Halliday Beavis.

Merari's Letter

Written by one of the helpers at Kwato, while on a visit to the L. M. S. Mission at Port Morseby.

THIS morning we had service in the church like everywhere but nothing else. It is very difficult here, we tried to find some way how we can run away from the people and have our own time but could not afford it. Everywhere we go people are waiting for us to see them. I know you will be glad to hear this and you will be praying hard for us and for those people whom we are trying to help, some of them were very pleased and wanted to hear more.

You know very well that the "hunger and thirst of soul" is even worse than that of ordinary hunger and thirst, so do pray that the Holy Spirit Himself will teach them and win them, and not we who are working. I would like to share with you one thing that came to me in my quiet time. "I think it is a great mistake to every child of God to say—"I win that boy—I win that girl. Sometimes I said to myself, I must win that old man before I go back to Kwato, but the Holy Spirit said to me—No, Merari! It is not your part to win. Our part is to share what the Holy Spirit has taught us already, in the past and also what He has been teaching us in these days, and the Holy Spirit's part is to win by His own power. I think that is what John the Baptist meant when he said "He must increase but I must decrease." The Holy Spirit will increase in the hearts of men the seed that has been sown by man; also what Paul wrote in his Epistle when he said "That I may know Him.

To know more about Christ so that we may be able to teach others about Christ. The work is so great anyway, we must enjoy hard things for His sake.
PERSONAL work takes the biggest part of a missionary’s life, but in private talks we get nearest to those we are trying to help.

Last night I was talking to a dear woman, a most valued worker, who is in charge of a section of the work at Koeabule. She had been to the Hospital for treatment and came to tell me what the Lord had been teaching her while she had been laid aside. With a shining face she testified to the complete victory given her over a quarrelsome temper. She reminded me of some of her old outbursts and said that, though she had been a Church member for many years, she had never really surrendered to Christ. Two years ago a fellow-worker told of the victories God had given her, how He was able to break every chain of sin and evil habit. She trusted the Lord to do this for her and ever since has never ceased to praise God and to marvel at the change in herself. She is never idle, she is always on the Master’s business, and is able to lay on her heart the burden of those who are in need.

Another came with a very different testimony. Because the surrender had never been complete there was defeat. Even now there is still much to be yielded and that one was fearing the cost of a full surrender and the challenge of Matthew 16:24-26. “If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me.”

These are typical of many who come to one and another of us during a week.

The financial depression has not left us unaffected, but in a miraculous way our needs have been supplied. We do pray it will not be necessary to have to cut down any department of the work for lack of funds.

Last Sunday, as I watched the long, and it seemed never-ending line of little ones coming into Church, I wondered whatever would happen if the support for them was not forthcoming, and these words were given to me, “Your Heavenly Father knoweth what things ye have need of.” Many times we have proved this true in our family of one hundred and thirty-three boys and girls who live here at Kwato.

PHYLIS ABEL.
NEW GUINEA

PAPUA

NEW GUINEA EVANGELIZATION SOCIETY
ORGANIZED & INCORPORATED 1923
MAIN STATION AT KWATO
18 OUTSTATIONS
KWATO MISSION 500 CHRISTIANS
AREA OF ISLAND 313,000 SQ. MILES
AREA OF PAPUA 90,450 SQ. MILES
POPULATION OF PAPUA 400,000

ENLARGED MAP - EAST END OF NEW GUINEA
SCALE: 20 30 MILES

PRESENT MISSION FIELD SHOWING STATIONS

COMPARATIVE SIZE
UNITED STATES & NEW GUINEA