Papuan Nurses and Babies at the Kwato Hospital
THE KWATO MISSION OF PAPUA
Conducted since 1920 by the Incorporated Kwato Extension Association

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American Members of the Governing Committee are also members of the American Council
THIS number of the Tidings is largely devoted to an extremely interesting story of a pioneering tour by Mrs. Halliday Scrymgeour Beavis and a group of Kwato Christians. It was written just before Miss Scrymgeour's marriage and is a revealing word picture of an important part of the evangelistic work. To avoid the expense of printing this description in booklet form, we are giving it to you in the Tidings. It is most interesting.

* * *

Mrs. Abel and Marjorie Smeeton went South to Sydney early in December for dental and medical care. This is one of the difficulties faced in a remote mission station. A week or ten days' journey to consult a doctor is no pleasure jaunt, and costs money, but it may save life. A cable message has been received announcing the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Smeeton on March 4th.

* * *

The Memorial House of Prayer is progressing as the Papuans are able to supply the stone, the timber, the cement and the labor. This building is largely their gift, in memory of their beloved Taubada. They are working hard and are giving generously but other gifts are needed from friends in England, America and Australia in order to complete the memorial without undue delay. In the meantime Kwato Christians have no adequate meeting place. Your gifts will be welcomed in memory of Charles W. Abel.

* * *

The biography of Mr. Abel is to be published in April by the Fleming H. Revell Co. of New York and by Oliphants in London. It will be an attractive volume of some 250 pages, with maps and sixteen illustrations from photographs. The stories of adventure, of heroic struggles, of remarkable transformations and of clear evidences of God's guidance and power, form a book that is well worth reading because of its intrinsic value and its literary charm. It is also inspiring to faith and courage; it is a manual of Christian evidences and of missionary methods that have proved effective among primitive savage people. Order copies for yourself and to give to your friends. They will bless you for it. Price in America, $2.00. Order from the Secretary, Miss J. H. Righter, 156 Fifth Ave., New York, or from Mrs. Prendergast in England.
As many friends know, the very attractive December number of the Tidings was compiled by the missionaries, printed by the Papuans, and mailed at Kwato. The news fresh from the field, the neatness of the typographical work, and the drawings made from linoleum plates cut by Russell Abel and suggestive of things Papuan, are all worthy of praise. We congratulate the Papuan printers who, by dint of hard work, turned out so interesting a paper on their small Mission printing press.

* * *

A day or two before Christmas, Mr. Raymond Whale, the newly appointed missionary accountant, arrived at Kwato and received a hearty welcome. On his way he stopped at Auckland, and at Sydney he met Mrs. Abel, Marjorie Smeeton and members of the Overseas Committee. Great must have been the relief when the burden of keeping the Mission accounts was turned over to his experienced hands.

* * *

If someone should ask: "What does the Kwato Mission most need?" what would we answer? On the field there is a consecrated intelligent staff; in the outlying districts there are hundreds of men and women, tired of the old sins and superstitions, eager to accept the joys of the new way of Christ. The field waits and the missionaries are at work; what more is necessary? First of all the mission needs friends—believing friends, praying friends, giving friends, those who will interest and enlist other friends. Will each one who believes in this great work for God in Papua do his or her best to gain at least one new friend for the Mission? Only so can the work be upheld and strengthened. If we were to voice specific needs on the field we would pass on the calls that come to us:

1. Support for a well qualified missionary doctor.
2. Another missionary nurse.
5. A shingle machine (about $250).
7. A new missionary cottage at Kwato to house workers and Papuans preparing for service (about $400).
8. New mission house at Duabo, the Hill Station (about $500 to $1,000).
9. An encyclopedia and other books for the teachers at Kwato.
10. Equipment for the hospital.

Samuel R. Boggs

Samuel R. Boggs, one of the original group that formed the New Guinea Evangelization Society, and its first president, died of heart failure at his home in Philadelphia on January 4th. Mr. Boggs was a consecrated Christian layman, a firm believer in the Bible, a tireless personal worker, a warm friend to Charles Abel, a generous supporter of the Kwato work, and very active in the Gideons. We shall greatly miss him as a friend and partner in the service of Christ. Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Boggs and the sons and daughters.

When He Comes

The kiddies are darlings! One Sunday the address was on the second coming of Christ. The children must have been listening attentively for on Monday the little boys were helping me in the garden, and were talking of what they had heard. One of them asked "P. D. why we tink about Jesus come back we frighten, not happy? because we not ready eh?" We paused on our gardening tools and I told them they could be ready right then for Jesus to come and I told them how. The next day Bruce was disobedient to Silota who was in charge of them; suddenly he ran to her and apologized, "If Jesus come and I disobedient den I very ashamed" he lisped. Isn't that the attitude the Lord longs to see in us? "So doing when He comes!"

The Papuan child is above all things a light-hearted soul. He has a laughing countenance, and mischief in his eyes. He often looks as bad as anything. But of course he is not. Quite equally often he looks as good as gold. But of course he is not. In most things he bears a striking similarity to his youthful counterpart in other lands.

I cannot picture a small Papuan turning up at school without a broad smile, a greeting that to me is more courteous and sincere than any perfunctory "Good morning." When I remember that they sit in school patiently, and depart cheerfully, without yet having had a bite to eat I marvel at them. All morning with empty stomachs and not a murmur!

Will you remember the Kwato work in your Will? In this way you can continue to carry on the work after you have been called Home. Make bequests to The New Guinea Evangelization Society, Inc., New York.
Experiences of a Wayfarer

BY HALLDAY SCRYMEOUR BEAVIS

FROM the first we were novices, and we enjoyed being novices; and perhaps because of this, three months of itinerating rank among the most enjoyable and interesting of my life.

In our little corner of Papua one must travel by launch up and down the coast, or on foot along scarcely visible tracks in the forest, through swamps and over creeks.

Our little company consisted of three Papuan girls and myself. We had no fears, for we were doing a work which was not our own and were conscious all the time of the presence of the One who was our Leader. We camped in villages deep in the bush, many miles from any white people, but we always felt perfectly secure. We met with difficulties, sometimes even with privation, but there was never any sense of danger.

My personnel consisted of a nurse, a school-teacher and a cook, but primarily we were all evangelists.

Our mission launch, the Mamari, plies many trades. She is often a hospital ship carrying the sick or dying into Kwato; sometimes she is a cargo boat taking fresh coconuts from our plantations to the local factory; she is at all times a passenger launch of unlimited capacity, hurrying to and fro in the service of the mission. Her crew are such hardworking souls that one hardly feels justified in haranguing them if articles of luggage go astray.

Yet though so often things that we are apt to consider necessary were lacking, not for one night had we to go bedless, nor were we ever obliged to go without food.

Launch traveling in summer time is a joy. During our three months we had about twenty sea trips and on only two occasions was there any real excuse for being unhappy. Most of the time we had at our disposal a little skiff about fifteen feet long which was sufficient for our short trips. It was often the cause of much amusement to ourselves and to the villagers. I remember once grasping the tiller as the little engine started up, preparing to make a triumphant exit; I turned around to wave a last farewell to the villagers assembled on the beach, and the next thing I knew I had successfully run the little boat on to a coral reef! The people on the shore rocked with laughter.

Our launch traveling was done day or night, fair weather or foul. At night the moon adds beauty to the journey, and affords all the light one needs; best of all, the soft night winds bring blessed coolness.
Into the Bohutu Valley

But it was the journeyings on foot that provided the thrills. Never shall I forget the tramp over the Buabo hills into the Bohutu valley. It must be about five miles from the sea to Duabo by road, and another fourteen from Duabo to Bohutu. When we reached Duabo we were warned about the leeches that live among the dead leaves all along the road to Bohutu. Apparently their one aim in life was to enliven the journey for any travelers by springing onto the unsuspecting passers' legs and sucking their blood! The prospect was not pleasant. However, in obedience to orders from those who know, I soaked my stockings in kerosene and took courage.

We had scarcely gone any distance before the first shriek broke through the silences of the bush and we gathered round the afflicted one gazing in horror at the short caterpillar like thing on her leg, getting fatter and fatter as it sucked in her blood. Soon, however, the girls armed themselves with strong sticks and became adepts at knocking off the horrible things the moment they fastened on. At one spot I shrieked and dropped the tin of eggs I was carrying! But it was a false alarm. The kerosene, offensive enough to me, proved even more offensive to the leeches, and I went through unscathed.

How often have I longed, while on my various tramps, that someone would invent a comfortable shoe, suitable not only for trekking through the bush, but also for fording creeks and wading through swamps! A European is handicapped; whenever he comes to a creek he must depend on carriers. When we were crossing the Sagarai River my carriers dropped me at one difficult spot, then grabbed frantically at my skirt as I fell. I leave you to imagine the result. I don't think any missionary society would have owned me had they seen me drag my weary limbs into Siasiada, the heels off both my shoes and my frock in ribbons!

Accommodation mattered little to us. There was always a house sufficiently large for the four of us to sleep in; we had our mats, beds, mosquito-nets and food; that was all we required. We did not judge the village centers by their houses but by their creeks. If the water was good enough for drinking purposes we were inclined to favor the spot, and if the creek was large enough to afford us a good swim we had no fault at all to find with the camp. Unfortunately when Papuans choose sites for their villages they seldom consider the possibility of anyone ever finding it necessary to bathe!

The Papuans in the Eastern part of the country are extraordinarily hospitable. Occasions without number, as we have approached a village, we have seen a boy sent off to scale a coconut tree, and a few minutes later half a dozen green coconuts would be husked and the men were cracking their shells with their long bush knives so that we could press them to our thirsting lips and drink. Sometimes a stick of juicy sugar cane would be slipped into our hands or perhaps a fresh watermelon. They seem to understand better than anything else what hunger and thirst mean, and this understanding is conducive to sympathy; so out of their poverty they give lavishly.

Glimpses of Papuan Childhood

It was the evening of New Year's Day. We had had a riotous time. The children from two village schools had met together to celebrate the occasion and all day long we had been playing.

After a feast of native vegetables, spread on coconut leaves under a pale moon, the children gathered round for an evening prayer. I sat on the roots of an old tree and the children came very close, so that I could see their eyes shining through the shadow. They began to sing, and as they lifted up their voices I lifted up my heart to the Lord and reminded Him of His promise—"They shall be mine, saith the Lord, in that day when I make up my jewels."

"That day" was often in our thoughts as we traveled up and down the coasts, and far into the bush. We knew that we were meeting with many people who, likely enough, we would never see again until "that day," so no matter how busy the hour was, no opportunity could be passed over; every soul was a soul to be sought out individually and won to Christ.

But what could we do with the masses of children? We know a little of what lies behind their wondering eyes and shy smiles. They are not really children, these little Papuans. Their environment is such that they pass straight out of babyhood into adult sophistication. There is no word in their language for innocence; they have no restraints laid upon them by older people; they know no moral law.
From birth to death they live in a one-roomed house, which has an open doorway and no windows. Two or three married couples generally live together with their children, their dogs and their pigs.

When the children are old enough to run about, their parents take them to all the village festivities, anything from an all night dance to a funeral feast. Soon they are initiated into the secrets of darkness, so that when they meet with sorcery they will be able to retaliate.

They are taught how to mix powerful love potions, so that, as they allege, they need never suffer from thwarted desire. Very early in life an awed respect for the witch-doctor is instilled into them, for in sickness they are at his mercy. None of the facts of life and death are hidden from their eyes, and from babyhood their ears become accustomed to the obscene talk and coarse jests of their elders so that they themselves know no other language.

The problem of the Christian missionary therefore resolves itself into this: if we want to save the children, we must first reach the parents.

About a year ago I had a school of nearly two hundred children at Wagawaga. As a white missionary was in charge of the school, children came from every part of our district, and while they were with us many grew to understand that the Lord Jesus was able to save Papuan children, and to make them His own. Among them was a little girl, Sinelua, who could not have been more than thirteen years old. She had been bound by the chains of unclean living, but the Lord had cut them asunder for her, and she was filled with joy.

Six months later our itinerary took us through her village. We were passing close to the houses, lingering here and there to chat, when I caught sight of a small child all decked out for the evening’s dance. She was sitting on a verandah swinging her legs. It was Sinelua. Her little body glistened with coconut oil, frangipanni blossoms hung in chains around her arms and neck, and a crown of hibiscus blooms was on her hair.

When she saw me she hung her head with shame, and I went forward to speak to her. I could guess the story. When I left Wagawaga she had returned to her village home, there the influence of heathen relatives was too strong for her; the old life had claimed her again. We could spend little time there, but we committed her to the Lord with confidence, remembering His promise: “They shall be mine in that day.”

Our Village Schools

We were able to establish nine new village schools and, in every place except one, we found that the Lord had moved one or two Christian couples to take into their homes all the children of the village. In most cases one couple undertook the care of the girls and the other of the boys.

It is difficult for those who live in civilized countries to understand the hard work that all this entails. It simply means that those
who have volunteered to house the children must produce from the soil enough food to keep their huge family healthy and contented. There are times when starvation stares them in the face. God may withhold His rain; their crops are a failure; the gardens lie barren. But their faith is a living faith. They marshal their family together and set off into the forest. There the boys set to and fell a giant sago palm, peel off its bark, and chop the pulp into a fine powder. The girls then busy themselves squeezing and straining this powder until it is sufficiently refined to be edible. In the evening they troop gaily home. The wolf is temporarily banished from the door.

Of course those who undertake this work need help and guidance. There is the big problem of food, the difficulty of sleeping accommodation, the care of the children in work and play hours and rules to be drawn up. But none of these difficulties proved to be insuperable. When I was able to revisit all the centers I was overjoyed at the improvement in the children—their cleanliness, and happiness, and general air of wellbeing. To be able to include the word "cleanliness" is a triumph. I suppose most white children pass through a phase when they regard soap and water combined as an unnecessary evil. How much more so the Papuan, especially when one remembers that dirt is the only garment he has to protect his ill-nourished body from the chilly night winds.

The average village inhabitant is clothed with filth, and the condition of his mop of uncombed hair is indescribable; yet at Kwato we have proved that brown skinned people can be as clean, or cleaner, than white skinned people. Out in the villages a generation is arising who can testify to being healthier and happier since adopting the Kwato morning and evening bath habit.

I love the children in their own native garb. When I first went round, the people thought they would please me by dressing their children as far as possible in European clothes. The result was horrible. There was no beauty about it and even less cleanliness. Now wherever I go children rush to meet me, the girls clad in the latest fashion of grass skirts, and the boys girt in their shining green leaf, all as fresh and clean and sweetlooking as the morning sunshine.

The Shadow of the Sorcerer

No white person can ever fully understand the hold that sorcery has on the primitive mind. Once I sat talking to a notorious witch doctor. I spoke of the Lord's claim on his life, and of the power of His blood to cleanse Him from all his past sin and break its power in his life. The man listened with longing eyes. When I had finished, he spoke: "Sinebada, do you know what kind of a man I am?"

"I do," I replied, "You are a witch doctor; but that does not exclude you from becoming His child."

"Ah," he said, "You do not understand, I have given my mind right over to darkness."

Again I tried to open his eyes, but my words seemed powerless; he listened dumbly to all I had to say, then shook his head. His eyes spoke his thoughts plainly, "You are white, you can never understand our minds and our ways."

It is true, we cannot understand. We can never fully understand what we ourselves have not experienced.

Where we fail, our Papuan evangelists succeed. Kwato, a little island of about eighty acres, is the chief training ground for these evangelists. They come in as small children, pass from the elementary school through a course of technical instruction and into our various industries. When they have attained a real experimental knowledge of Christ and are showing His power in their daily lives, they are ready to take the torch out to their ignorant and dying fellow-countrymen. We have no paid evangelists, for such work is as treasure laid up in heaven. With the work of their hands they provide their own food and clothing.

Never shall I forget my joyful amazement when I saw for myself what these young men had been able to accomplish in the Bohutu valley.

We had heard that sorcery was swiftly depopulating the whole plain. Where flourishing villages had once stood there now remained only one house. The people's fear of their fellow-men was such that they had fled from one another, and now dwelt as single families in the heart of the virgin forest among the silent hills.

From time to time our young men and women had been released from their work at Kwato to go and camp among the Bohutu people. They brought back stirring tales of
how these children of fear had found joy and freedom in Christ.

At last the time came in our itinerary for us to go to Siasiada, the new Christian settlement in this dark valley. As we stumbled into the village, weary and footsore, the sight of the place and the greeting of the people was like a drink of cool pure water. When our boys first went to Siasiada, the village consisted of two filthy hovels, but when we arrived to my amazement beheld a long row of large roomy houses built in the good old Papuan style. Children shining with cleanliness crowded to welcome us; grown up people stood behind with beaming faces—never was there such a welcome.

In front of the house set aside for the Kwato people grew delicate colored balsams, planted by our boys; behind the village for many acres the bush had been cut down, the ground cleared and prepared, and huge gardens of native vegetables have been laid out.

The Papuan Pig

Primitive Papua might aptly be described as a land under the rule of the pig, for the life of the average Papuan revolves almost entirely around this animal. A man's wealth is reckoned by the number of his pigs. The most powerful man of the district is the man whose pigs exceed in multitude those of anybody else. He is respected and feared by all. He is leader at feast and dance, and his word is law. It is more than likely that most of the members of his village are deeply in his debt, for many a time he has loaned a pig to help a man out of a hole. However a Papuan does not worry himself unduly over his debts, he seldom pays what he owes and still more seldom claims what is due to him. Even in times of famine the pigs must not suffer; their food must be procured from somewhere by fair means or foul.

Baby pigs are often brought into the house and cared for by the fireside; and I have seen a woman who has lost her own baby take a little pig to her breast to nourish it.

When you enter a village you see pigs everywhere—in the house, under the house, around the house, rooting about, destroying the vegetation. Strange though it may seem to us, the Papuan would rather make his garden a day's journey away from his village than oust his pigs from their right to monopolize his home.

Yet I repeat, at Siasiada I beheld fruitful, well-kept gardens at the people's doors.

Later I learned the facts of the case. Our evangelists had induced the villagers to enclose all their pigs in a pen about a half a mile from their homes. No longer have they to trail weary miles up the hillside to dig up their root foods, no longer have the young men to give their time and energy to erecting enormous pig proof fences. Living has
become simplified. When the people want their evening meal they can find their food at their door.

Throughout the valley our youths are loved and respected. The Bohutu people have experienced what the ancient writer felt when he wrote: "How beautiful are the feet of him who bringeth glad tidings." They respect the Kwato boys as much as they do any white missionary, and they love them more, for they are their own flesh and blood and can enter into and understand all their temptations and difficulties. These young evangelists of ours have traversed valley and hill and mountain peak that the dead might hear the voice of the Son of man, and live.

The Power of Witchcraft

I was able to tramp to some of the outlying villages in the valley where no white woman had ever walked before. The little population would gather round me and we would ask each other questions. I noticed that in many of these hamlets there were no children. One day I said to a little group: "How strange it is that none of you have any children!"

"Ah, it is not that," they replied; "Sinebada, we have borne children, but they have all died."

I was horror-struck! How heartrending for the old people. All the youth and life of the village had sickened and gone, and the old men and women were left to find food for themselves as best they could, until at last death would stretch out its hand to them too. Then the village would be left without inhabitant. I did not ask how the children had come to die, for with them there is only one reason for death—it is by sorcery.

It had seemed a doomed valley; the death wail was the only sound which broke the stillness of the scattered villages, until the shadow of the Cross of Christ lengthened across the plain, and the people looking up discerned Him who is their Saviour.

The Papuan sorcerer has many irons on the fire. Perhaps his chief weapon is suggestion, for fear has killed many a man. Sometimes, when he wants to make sure of his victim, he uses poison; but, try as one will, one cannot escape the fact that he has at his command an uncanny power, which white people can hardly credit, but which he himself declares is derived from his alliance with the evil one. In the village of Siasiada some of the most notorious sorcerers and witch doctors of the district are now living in a happy Christian community. Many of these have confessed to having committed more murders by sorcery than one could count on the fingers of both hands. The witches have in past days delighted in the revolting habit of raising the dead bodies from their graves by witchcraft, and eating them limb by limb.

A witch doctor has his place of influence in the community. Previously he made a thriving living out of his so-called cures. He used to climb into the houses of sick people at the dead of night, chew some food in his mouth, spit on the patient, mutter an incantation, and then wrench from the painful part of the patient's body a hard substance which he declared to be the cause of the trouble. This he would throw out of the doorway into the darkness, after which the cure was supposed to be complete. Of course he was wise enough to vary his treatment to suit the condition of the patient. Sometimes he would dance and throw himself about in a frenzy in an effort to frighten away the evil spirit.

Towards evening, when the sun began to mellow, I would always take a stroll through the village, and talk with the people. They always seemed to be busy; men working on their houses, tying the shining strips of sago palm into place with strong raffia; their wives weeding in their gardens; young men making huge nets in which to trap wild boars. I stopped near a group of young men who were busily threading the twine in and out, and we spoke of pig trapping. After much chatter we came to the conclusion that it was a difficult sport in which some met their death.

"Yes, Sinebada," said one of the young men thoughtfully, "Pig trapping is like the way of salvation, it is not easy. Only those with a brave heart will win the prize."

Village Hospitality

There is nothing more refreshing than the simple love of a regenerate Papuan. He does not attempt to hide his emotion; it is written all over his face and manifest in every act. If you happen to have time on your journeyings to pay a visit to an old friend, he will catch sight of you from afar and run to meet you with arms outstretched,
quite unable to contain himself for joy. If you are able to stay with him any time he will load you with gifts, and when you depart he will bid you goodspeed with tears streaming down his face, repeating his cry of farewell again and again long after you are out of hearing.

I shall not soon forget the first time we were received at Gopsea. No royalty ever met with a more enthusiastic reception. The path up to the house was hedged with masses of tropical blooms. We passed up this avenue, bowed our heads under a floral arch, and entered our house. The interior of the little native building was so decorated that it looked like one of those tropical conservatories which abound in botanical gardens in our home land; one could hardly see the walls for palm leaves, crotons, hibiscus, and frangipanni.

When itinerating I never eat off a table. The girls and I sit cross-legged on the floor around a mat kept especially for the purpose. At our hurried meals we seldom boast of a flower to grace the center of our board. But at Gopsea, when we sat down to a meal, the mat looked like a beautifully planned garden in full bloom!

In every place a little cook-house had been put up for us—a simple structure of plaited coconut fronds; the kitchen stove consisted of three large rounded stones in the center of the floor, to hold a cooking pot. In one corner of the shed we always found a huge pile of native vegetables—taro and sweet potato and greens; sometimes a fat ready plucked chicken was hanging from the roof. If ever I dropped a hint that there were certain kinds of native foods that I preferred to others, they were always provided in abundance, and often a piece of knotted calico filled with eggs was laid on my table. Fresh food is so rare in this land, where every foreigner's larder is stacked high with tins, that the first time on my journeys when I was given eggs I was thrilled and visualized a most appetizing lunch! But when the eggs were opened there were shouts of dismay from the cookhouse. By oft repeated disappointment I came to the conclusion that the words "fresh eggs," so full of meaning to the European, are incomprehensible to the Papuan.

In one place I was presented with a live turtle about four feet long. I admired the catch, but when it came to eating the meat I was beaten; not wanting to risk offending the donors, I compromised by eating an omelette of turtles' eggs, quite a palatable dish in spite of its faint fishy flavor.

Nothing is too much trouble to these people when the love of Christ is in their hearts. Once when I landed at a new center, after I had been introduced to the house which was to be mine, my guide pointed to a small shed near by and said proudly, "Your bathroom, Sinebada." I gasped in astonishment. I had been to many villages, and had met everywhere with the utmost courtesy, but never before had I had a special bathroom erected for me. I proceeded to examine it, and discovered that it boasted of a doorway but no door, a gap between the walls and the roof of about two feet all around; inside was a shelf on which had been placed a very old enamel basin half filled with water.

It was an evidence of their love and I accepted it as such—yes and used it too, but only at night when the entire village was asleep!

Once or twice we had to camp in houses which had earth floors and no doors; later we discovered that doors could quickly be made out of plaited coconut fronds. It is rather disconcerting to wake up at 5 a.m., and find a host of small children peeping at you through the doorway.

Native Manners

The Papuan has his own code of manners. He may be a savage and is certainly very primitive, but he knows how to treat a guest and how to respect anyone whom he judges to be his superior. In the villages which have been least touched by civilization we find these courteous customs. For example, a Papuan would never dream of leaving a person whom he respects to sit alone. At Maivara there lives a converted chief whom I count among my friends. He is one of the oldest of the old school, who in his younger days knew well the craving for human flesh. Every morning, when I am staying there, I find him at my doorstep with some little gift, generally fruit. He is prepared to sit and chat with me until I definitely state that I have other things to do.

One morning a woman appeared outside my door. I asked if I could help her in any way, but could gain little satisfaction, for she answered in the Maivara vernacular which still eludes me. "What does she say?" I asked my girls. "She says that her hus-
band had to go to his garden this morning, so he sent her instead to keep you company."

It was the old chief’s wife. Each couldn’t understand a word the other said, but apparently that was not considered to be of any importance.

When on this itinerating work each good-bye seems harder to say than the last. There is such pathos in the tears of these people that tears of sympathy inevitably start to one’s own eyes.

If we were to make a journey to the next village on foot, we were never allowed to go alone; an endless procession of school kiddies and grown-ups would accompany us, everyone from the biggest to the very smallest carrying some article of our luggage. They could not tear themselves away from us until they saw us safely installed in our new stopping place. At last realizing that our time of happy fellowship had come to its very end, they would bid us a last farewell, and wind off along the homeward path alone, not able to see the path in front of them for tears.

These people give lavishly, not only of material things but of the love of their hearts; they could not give us more. It would seem that we could never repay them; yet it is our joy that we can give them something still greater in return the knowledge of the love of God in His dear Son.

The Heart of the Papuan

A full moon was touching the Bohutu hills with glory. The spangled sky was almost blue. As I sat in a patch of light between the shadows thrown by the coconut palms I could see to read my Bible. The village was perfectly still. The only sound on the cool night air was the slow voice of the man squatting on the ground at my feet; the multitudinous bush sounds, so startling to the ear of a stranger, fell unheeded on our accustomed ears. One would have thought the entire village was sound asleep, but in reality Siasiada had never been so wide awake since the time when it first became a dwelling place for man. Life and light had at last found their way into these homes, and that night the villagers were sitting together in pairs round their flickering fires, talking softly of the new joy they had found in Christ Jesus.

It was our last night in the valley, and the close of a busy Sabbath. Hundreds of seekers had come many miles to worship with us. They had not gone home yet, for the morning’s service and the afternoon’s Bible class had failed to satisfy them; they needed personal help. And so I and one or two others chose secluded spots, and sitting down invited all who wanted personal help to come to us in turn. The sun was beginning to mellow when we started; soon the sun set and the warm dusk quickly passed into night, but we continued to sit. As the man squatting near me rose to go, from behind one of the dark palms another form would appear and come forward quickly lest any should get there before him.

Midnight came, and I thought of rising at 4:15 a.m. the following morning; so not daring to cast an eye around lest I should see someone still waiting for an interview, and feel constrained to stay to give them what I could, I hastily climbed the steps into our house, stepped over one or two sleeping forms, and flung myself down on my stretcher. About an hour later I heard someone come in and stretch himself out on his mat in the next room. It was one of our young evangelists; he had been more willing to sacrifice his time of rest.

The most positive sign of the new work which has been done by the Holy Spirit in our district is the people’s realization of their own need. It is no longer necessary to go out into the highways and byways and compel them to come in, for as soon as they get word that someone from Kwato is in their district they flock to him. That Kwato Christian does well to prepare himself for the bare minimum of sleeping hours he will need until he gets back to his home again.

The Lord has taught us that personal work is the greatest, the most worth while and the most lasting service we can undertake. Men and women come to us one by one and pour out the longings of their hearts, their temptations, their failures, their hunger for God. These personal interviews are not easy; they are often painful, sometimes exhausting, for no man is born again without anguish, nor can any man leave his all at the foot of the cross without himself experiencing some pangs.

Husbands and Wives

About two years ago a revival swept through our district, during which hundreds of heathen left all to follow Christ. As a result our villages are filled with Christians,
ignorant as babes, and constantly crying for help. They must be taught step by step how to live as children of God. Every problem, no matter what it is, they bring to us, not doubting for a minute our ability to advise them. Domestic tangles are the worst things to unravel; I must admit there have been occasions when I have been completely floored! Painful experience has taught me that, in adjusting these family affairs, one step which must never be omitted is that of hearing the other side!

The average Papuan understands little of family love, and nothing of domestic peace. Should you ever be so indiscreet as to ask a man if he loves his wife, he will intimate by his expression that he thinks your question a little unreasonable to say the least. No man can live unmarried in this country, for if he had no wife, then who would cook for him and who would weed his garden? His wife is not a luxury but a sheer necessity, and as such he accepts her and does his best to put up with her. One can understand that on such terms home life is far from ideal even among the Christians. This is a real stumblingblock to those who want to attain to a high standard of Christian living.

**Difficulties of the New Way**

In his religious life the temptations of the Papuan fall roughly into two categories—his domestic and moral problems, and his attitude towards all the heathen customs and beliefs which have been part of his life for many centuries. Victory comes only after many fierce struggles. Yet it does come, and in our villages today there are people living joyful victorious lives.

These brown people are on the whole not very different from their white brothers and sisters. Some triumph and some succumb, in the measure that they are willing to surrender everything to Christ.

It is a joy to discover that the Christian life of the people is taking on a much more positive aspect; instead of laying the emphasis on all from which they must cut themselves adrift, they are now realizing that their lives must radiate the beauty and attractiveness of their Saviour. The standard is being raised. It is not easy, but the Papuan Christian is discovering that easy things are seldom worth while. As that Bohutu boy said, —"Pig trapping is like the road to salvation, it is not easy; it is only those with a brave heart who will win the prize."
A Missionary Carrier Pigeon

You will be sorry to hear that our nurse, Margaret Drennen, has very bad bouts of fever every now and then, so that she decided to go to Duabo for a change and rest. She may have had a change but not very much rest, for as soon as the people around Duabo heard that she was there they came from far and wide. She had so many patients that she has sent for another of the Papuan nurses from our hospital to come and help her.

Since my carrier pigeon, Yoyo, has been so useful, and since some of us will be stationed down the Bay in the near future, I have sent for another carrier pigeon so that we may raise young ones to be used there. You will be interested to see the note which came last week from Cecil Abel, who was at Maivara. Some of the leaders held a conference at Koeabule and Cecil went back with them to Maivara to help for a few days. The note reproduced here is rather difficult to read, but was very important and is about as big a message as Yoyo can carry.

Mary Abel.

Hospital News

We have a small house which is quite near to the hospital, in which we now house our babies. It is one big room with a very nice veranda and is absolutely splendid for the babies. Two nurses sleep over there also and then there is usually some other mission child or perhaps an expectant mother to be tucked away under its roof. When I first came here the babies had to be kept in the ward with all sorts of sick people in the same room so you can imagine how much we all appreciate this place.

My native girls are a great help to me as nurses. I would miss them greatly when they leave me but I want to send out one at a time and take on new ones so as to extend the nursing work amongst the Papuans themselves. I want to have all the young girls on the station come down here, one at a time, for two months so that they may learn to handle and feed our motherless babies. They are so helpless here with no foods at their elbow and no one to admire them away from a mission. When a baby loses its mother, and if there is another nursing mother who will take it, all goes well but if not it is just a case of the survival of the fittest.

I feel too I can help the outside people in that way by writing out a few little pamphlets soon in "Suau" which might help them if they will only read and learn from them. Our work does not decrease but it is so worth while. Yesterday in the early morning, I was having a shower when one of the nurses knocked at the door to tell me one of our patients would soon give birth to her child. I knew it was not a straightforward case so before going to her I just committed ourselves into the Master's hands, asking Him to be doctor for us. For a complicated case all went well and the mother and babe are now well and the former so happy, as she had her first babe out in the village and lost it so was determined to come here for the next one. So our work goes on from day to day; we are never without a big family. I marvel more and more at our Saviour's great care of us, not only in healing sore and tired bodies but in keeping us from evil. We gather all together night and morning to sing His praises and put ourselves into His hands and there I am sure is where the secret lies.

Mary Abel.

Encouraging Signs

While Mrs. Abel and my wife are in Sydney, I have charge of Marjorie's usual job—the juniors. There are nearly sixty of them, with six older girls looking after them. The older boys need a great deal of attention and they spend their evenings in my room doing their homework, or listening to the gramophone and talking.

Regular discipline is essential and we have morning parade for the fifteen older boys. This must be seen to be believed! Their faces are deadly serious and evolutions at drill are undertaken with suitable gravity. Due to the vagaries of the Papuan anatomy, one has to get the ranks in line by sighting along a row of shining stomachs—the most outstanding points. As I am very tall and they are minute, it must be a rare sight. But it all has its use, and they show good promise for the future. We certainly need much prayer in this job for it is almost the most important one in Kwato—to bring these children up for the Lord. They are our future helpers. Particularly do the older
Building and White Ants

The rain makes our work on the House of Prayer very difficult for it tends to wash the mortar away from the stones unless the boys are very careful in covering the work up. Still we are pressing on. Our walls are up to window sill level now and the cement damp-proof course is in. The next thing to do will be to put the templates of the window frames in for the boys to build around them. This is not orthodox but I have had to do it as my boys clever as they are cannot manage a plumb rule very well. Consequently every corner, every angle, has to have its wooden profile or guide for them to work to! I have still only nine boys working on the church as funds do not permit of more. They go along very steadily and satisfactorily so it allows me to put in time on some of the many other pressing jobs. These are legion as you will readily guess.

We have had a dreadful increase in the incidence of white ants this last few months. I am just starting a big campaign against them. The hospital was the chief concern. In two or three places they had managed to get an entry and worked their way right up into the roof. We now have a gang of boys there putting a small dwarf wall in under a timber plate. This wall is made of concrete and I hope will stop the ants. We have to be most careful in putting the cement in because several times of late when doing cement work I have noticed that ants will eat a passage through the soft cement before it hardens. They are cunning things! They got into one of our telephone instruments the other day. Fortunately I heard them eating, in the house instrument, when I was speaking to the hospital so when the phone broke down an hour or so later, I went to the hospital and located the trouble at once. They had made a nest inside the instrument and eaten through one or two wires. The Oregon pine backing to the telephone had attracted them.

It is a peculiar thing how the ants will smell out Oregon pine from a long way off. Repeatedly we have had them going up and up through a building, absolutely ignoring all the other timber till they get to this wood. They must know it is up there, but how they get to know I cannot understand, for you never see a white ant outside its little tunnel prospecting around, and yet they push up their tunnels twenty feet to Oregon pine,
with the same unerring certainty that a bird shows in migrating.

Since writing the above, we have had some good fine weather. Consequently we have made definite strides in the church work. I have another boy to help; this makes ten. He is the brother of two of the boys working on the church and he was only converted one week ago through one of the Mamari crew going up to visit his village. Knowing his brother to be here he asked to come too. Now he is all smiles with his newly cropped hair, and is mixing up mortar with a very good will.  

**Victories of Faith**

**ANYONE** who knows anything about the running of a school will know how many calls a large crowd of growing boys and girls mean. We do want them all to be the very best for God: real scouts of the future. The individual needs of each one are a constant burden. Sometimes things go well, and sometimes they do not. At present we are having much anxiety over some of our older lads who are passing through a difficult phase in their lives. There is some good hard praying to be done before we shall see victory. But it will come; we have seen it so often before.

We have just had a conference of leaders and their wives from the villages to the west of Kwato—Iloilo to Kihikihuina: primitive but very sincere people. We had a camp at the center of these villages about four months ago. We had a great time, though we felt it was too short for a thorough work. There were many to see, and we worked hard, and many were helped. The early morning farewell on the beach, as we left our exceedingly dirty and waterproof camp, was something to remember gratefully. Soon after we left two prominent men, a leader and the other an active helper, died suddenly. It was a terrible blow to the work. We would be inclined to say an irreparable loss, but of that only God knows. The little Christian community was shaken. The joy that had resulted from our camp was quite eclipsed. There were doubts and whispers, and many ready to hint: "That is what comes of throwing over the wisdom of the ancients." Many reverted to the heathen rites that always follow a death. There is a sense of security about old things and ways: the well-known paths our fathers trod, etc. Things imbibed in early childhood are part of one's mental fabric, and always hard to disbelieve.

The thirty delegates who came to Kwato for the conference had a great time. There were no fireworks, but much individual dealing, and small groups led one step at a time into definite experience and practical surrender, with simple but sure Bible teaching. A gradual, thorough work was done, and much blessing received. On the last evening we had a social gathering; just a simple meal of coconut-flavored rice and a stew of meat and sweet potatoes laid out in a long line upon the floor in the good old Papuan fashion. It was a great feast—one might almost say "festival"—for some were thereby breaking heathen fasts and taboos for the first time: a sign of their new deliverance. So we ate together both joyfully and solemnly.

When they reached home again they found that many of their friends had gone back to old customs. Women had their bodies blackened with soot, and wore long untrimmed grass skirts hanging to their feet, a sign that they were performing their heathen duty to pacify their dead. Men wore special armlets and charms, and everything spoke of allegiance to the world of darkness. The homecomers must have felt like Moses, arriving full of the inspiration of the mount in time for the orgy round the golden calf. "We must bear our cross here," whispered one of them as they were going ashore in dinghies from the launch.

"What is your news?"—their friends enquired when they came to greet them. "Look at our faces!" was the confident reply. Later they held a meeting and several of them gave their testimonies. Each one had so much to tell of his own new experience that there was not one word spoken about mortuary rites or even clinging to old things. After the meeting had dispersed some reappeared with their bodies washed, and their heathen signs cut off. They besieged the homecomers with hungry enquiries about their new and obvious joy, which the latter began there and then to pass on to their friends.

Whenever you think of the Kwato Mission you may recall a little phrase in the closing verse of St. Mark's Gospel: "the Lord working with them." We so often have a definite sense of this, and we thank God for it. 

**Russell Abel.**