How Papuan Mothers Carry Their Babies
THE KWATO MISSION OF PAPUA
Conducted since 1920 by the Incorporated Kwato Extension Association

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Quarterly Publication—Kwato Mission Tidings

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The Kwato Mission is an evangelical and interdenominational mission, founded and conducted on New Testament principles, for the purpose of winning the people of Eastern Papua to Christ, and to train them for lives of effective Christian service. The work is supported by the voluntary gifts of God's people and the workers earnestly desire your sympathy, prayers and financial fellowship as God may lead and enable you.

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News and Notes

THE usual June issue of the TIDINGS was omitted, not because of any shortage of news, but to save expense. In its place a Fellowship Letter, made up of extracts from letters from the field, was sent to all on the TIDINGS list. In these days when so many are feeling the financial stress, and when even missionary giving is curtailed, it is advisable to save expense at home that we may send as much as possible for the work on the field.

* * *

The TIDINGS and the Fellowship Letters have always been very enthusiastically received. Many friends declare that they are the most interesting and inspiring missionary literature they know. The workers at Kwato are an unusual group and write of their life on the field and of God's work in the mission in a way that enables us to share their difficulties and trials, their joys and successes. If you know of other friends who would like to share with us in this news from the field will you kindly send their names and addresses to Miss J. H. Righter, 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

* * *

The reception given to the Biography of Charles W. Abel has been most encouraging. It is a fascinating book and one with a vital message. Quotations from some reviews in the press are given on another page and show that this Life Story has an appeal, not only to the missionary minded but to many whose interest lies in adventure, in heroic service, in strange peoples and their customs, and in the transformation of ignorant savages into useful intelligent members of society. Have you read the book? If not send to the TIDINGS office for copies for yourself and your friends. ($2.00 each post paid. British price, 7s. 6d., postage 6d.)
The next issue of the Tidings is to be edited, printed and mailed from Kwato and should reach our friends in America and Great Britain at about Christmas time. It will doubtless be as full of inspiration and charm as that sent from there last year. It was a great credit to the editor and to the Papuan typesetters and printers. They greatly need a new printing press at Kwato.

* * *

On another page will be found some account of the progress made in building the House of Prayer as a memorial to Charles W. Abel. This is to be a center of worship for the whole district. It is of Papuan architecture and is made of native stone, cement, and timber. The Papuan Christians are furnishing material and labor and are proving themselves excellent craftsmen. Like the Hebrews of old when they erected the tabernacle and the temple, they give themselves, their labor, their talents and their possessions to build this House of God. Many have been most generous, one man having given all his life savings to the Memorial. The work goes forward only as there is money and material available. It is to be dedicated free of debt. Gifts from American and British friends will be welcomed to speed the work, which, we hope, will not be "forty-and-six years in building"! There is need for it today—before Christ comes, when there will be no further need for an earthly temple or tabernacle.

* * *

Mrs. Smeeton took lessons in pottery making while in Sydney. Her sister knew the heads of the Arts and Crafts there: two clever women who have made wonderful discoveries and fashion some beautiful things out of clay gathered from different parts of Sydney suburbs. There is much clay round Kwato, and Mrs. Smeeton seized the idea as a good branch of industry and means of financial help to the mission. The weaving department cannot cope with the orders received.

* * *

Anyone who knows anything about the running of a school will know how many calls a large crowd of growing boys and girls mean. All are working and praying so that they may be the very best for God; real scouts of the future. The individual needs of each one are a constant burden on the hearts of the workers. Sometimes things go swimmingly, and sometimes they just do not. Will you pray for these children?

"Charles W. Abel of Kwato"

COMMENTS by some reviewers. Copies of the biography, $2.00 each postpaid, can be ordered from our office.

Here is a book well worthy to rank with the great missionary classics.—British Weekly.

Since John G. Paton no finer story has come out of the South Seas than that of Charles W. Abel of Kwato......No wonder the "morning light is breaking" over New Guinea!—The Sunday School Times.

This biography has all the charm of the highest grade work of fiction......But the greatest value in the book is its revelation of the transforming power of the Gospel among a people low in the scale of civilization.—Religious Telescope.

In all the annals of missionary history we know of no more remarkable piece of work than that which was done for forty years in dark Papua by Charles W. Abel.—Watchman-Examiner.

The story of a thrilling life in a little known corner of the world.......There are not many men of recent times who have successfully changed the dietetic habits of cannibals.—Religious Book Club.

Charles Abel had the faith that removed mountains—and he needed it......His biography contains much inspiration to the worldly, if more to the devout. One sees men of Abel's vision as pioneers of civilization......a man-sized job.—Courier-Journal.

Any candid reader will do some "Rethinking Missions" when he has read this remarkable story of what one man has done in forty years in darkest Papua......Abel endured all the hardships and dangers of the work, even as Chalmers did, and narrowly escaped the fate of his predecessor at the hands of savages......It is a telling story that his son has written of this statesman, a magnificent missionary, a man of vision, and a pioneer in the path of missionary progress.—Boston Evening Transcript.

The portrayal of this famous missionary is a good piece of character drawing, vital and life like.—New York Times.

In this story fact again appears stranger than fiction, and biography more fascinating than romance.—The Presbyterian Banner.

The life story of that most loveable of modern missionaries.—The Christian World (London).
Gardens—An Object Lesson

Work has been going on at two camps on Sidea, a very large island to our North. One Sunday, Raymond Whale and I paid them a brief visit in the Mamarai. It was most interesting. There was a wonderful atmosphere in the camp, and the workers were all fairly bubbling over. Many Christians, men and women, had been greatly blessed through the camp, and a number of typical shock-headed heathen had been won. There were also the leaders from all parts of the island who were being trained in leadership, and were working under supervision.

We had a wonderful object lesson in the middle of the village. A miniature garden was constructed, and things stuck in the ground, representing sins of various orders, all labeled. Over the gate, which was only openable on the inside, was written Kavaeagara—"disobedience." We demonstrated what happened when a man or woman gave themselves to God,—how the door was opened and He came in. Kavaeagara was changed to Wiponowogo (Obedience) when the garden became his. Then one by one the old things were rooted out and thrown out and new things—flowers representing Christian graces—were planted in their place. Everyone helped to demonstrate. When it came to rooting out various sins those who had themselves gained victory over some particular sin stepped into the little enclosure and gave their testimonies as to how it had come about. It was splendid, the courageous way some confessed their past weaknesses, such as lying or theft. There were things that the workers themselves had had no knowledge of, such as heathen practices, sorcery, etc. Village Christians were appealed to, and some came forward and told how these things had ended in their lives, plucking out the particular labelled weed, and bringing it forth in demonstration. It was most impressive. The people crowded round fascinated, groaned their assent, and nodded their approval and understanding of various points raised.

After the meeting was over everyone crowded round to inspect the garden and
village Christians had a great time dilating upon the object lesson to little groups of two and three. It was a real inspiration, and a very helpful illustration. It was shown that the gateway can easily become blocked again, so that the Lord is shut out by old things coming back. The new things wither since they cannot flourish side by side with the old. The result of imperfect surrender, and bits fenced off for pet weeds, was also clearly shown. Eye-gate is the best avenue to the primitive mind. They followed every detail and seemed to grasp it all clearly.

R. A.

My Boys and Girls

My Class of small boys have been left very much to their monitor, Lato, as I have had so much to do with the girls. These need more personal supervision than the boys, I think, being older and at a rather more difficult age. The boys still come down to my house every evening to do their homework and afterwards to play “Snap” or “Happy Families.” It gives them some sort of home life, which is very difficult to give them until they have a house of their own.

Class 6A girls now have a “house mother,” instead of relays of monitors taking turns to look after them throughout the day. She has a report book which she brings to me at the end of every day, and in it reports sickness, untidiness, bad behaviour—or particularly good behaviour! and so on. So, even though I cannot be with them much during the day, I know more or less all that is going on. So far it has worked very well, and the “house mother” feels her responsibility acutely and is doing a very good work with these girls.

Class 4 and 6B girls are also under a similar scheme, but they have an older “house mother” and also a prefect in charge of them. These girls are younger and there are more of them than Class 6A, so the proposition is more difficult.

Can anyone tell us how to stop children eating soap!!? On Sunday afternoon one of the children’s nurses came down to my house and asked me to go up at once because one of the little ones had terrible tummy ache. She was rolling round the floor in agony and screaming as the vomit attacked her in spasms. Really it was a wonder that she did not over the attack at once as she did because I discovered that she had eaten two large pieces of washing soap!! The nurses say it is no uncommon occurrence to find large bites, surrounded by obviously human teeth marks (or we might blame the rats!) in their soap! Perhaps the drastic result will prove to be the cure, because punishing doesn’t seem to do much good.

My carrier pigeon is still working hard. Every time the “Mamari” goes down the Bay—and she is often away for about a week at a time—my pigeon goes too. It is good to get news of all that is happening three or four days after the launch has left. The people in the village down the Bay cannot understand how she finds her way back to Kwato; they think it is so pathetic that she always leaves amid much weeping by the female section of her audience!

The little girl named Moreen, who was very seriously ill and who had to go to the Samarai Hospital for treatment is very much better and now is able to walk about and talk a little. She has not yet complete use of her right arm, which is still slightly paralyzed, but the rest of her right side is normal.

Mary Abel.

All Hard at Work

Praise God all our engines are now going: two launches, electric light, water pump, and the new crude oil saw-mill engine. We have had such trouble with them all. As I write the mill throbs sweetly in the distance, and great logs are relentlessly being shredded into sawn timber. The new engine is an answer to prayer through the gift of a friend in England. We procured it at a very great bargain, and the right amount of money arrived at the right time, proving God was behind the venture. We have a new helper caring for this side of the work, Frank Briggs by name, from Melbourne. He is teaching some of the boys engineering. He really belongs to the Un-evangelized Fields Mission, and is eventually bound for pioneering up the Fly River. He is learning the ropes, etc., at Kwato, and we look forward to having a real link with the work of the U. F. M. through him in the future.

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.

R. A.
A Baptism at Sariba

IT WAS a bright Sunday morning when the "Mamari" set off from the wharf at Kwato towing all shapes and sizes of smaller craft. There were large dinghies, small dinghies and various canoes—boys and girls laughing and shouting their word of farewell—"Ai-on-i"! They were on their way to the island of Sariba, a journey of half an hour or so by launch, where about thirty people were to testify to their neighbors of their repentance and faith in Christ.

Those to be baptized had been at Kwato for a few days, learning from older Christians the significance of the step they were about to take. At the Sunday morning service at Kwato, Russell Abel spoke to them on the sixth chapter of Romans and reminded them how "we are buried with Him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life."

We were a happy party on the "Mamari" as we talked and sang choruses. It was a lovely calm day with a gentle breeze blowing.

When we reached Sariba there was much shaking of hands, saluting and repeating "agutoi" (the Suau word of greeting). We strolled round the village until about four in the afternoon when it was a little cooler. Then we set off for the pool where the service was to be held. Leaving the seashore we followed the path through bush and soon began to climb the hill behind the village, and later passing through very high, coarse grass—some growing to a height of five or six feet. There was a lovely view from the top of the hill, looking over the trees and the palm fringed shore to the sea beyond. Descending the other side we soon entered woods again and in a few minutes reached the pool. It was a lovely spot, surrounded by rocks and overhanging trees.

After we had quietly seated ourselves, and had joined in singing and prayer, the candidates entered the pool, one by one, and were formally received into the church of Christ. It seemed simple and natural but at the same time dignified and impressive.

On our return to the village we celebrated the Lord's Supper and together we remem-
bered how He had given His body and had shed His blood for the sins of the world. Here again we were impressed by the simplicity of the service and the reverence of the people.

After more hand-shaking with those who had been baptized we returned to Kwato having been rowed out to the “Mamari” in a small dinghy to the accompaniment of shouts of “ai-on-i” from the villagers lining the shore, all rejoicing in the grace of God which had been manifested in the lives of these people.

R. P. Whale.

Visiting the Village Schools

IT THRILLS us to see the village school work going ahead so well. There are twenty-one schools now, in contrast to sixteen this time last year. Only one has closed down since we began to establish them in the district two years ago. It was really inspiring to see all these kiddies being loved and cared for and taught in their own villages. It is one of the most cheering aspects of our work at present.

Recently we made our first visit to Papi, a small village far up the Davadava River. It was a most interesting trip. We had hoped to journey up the river in the little Wadala, but found that during the three hours’ trip we had to get over about six bars, navigable enough in a dugout canoe, but not in our little boat. Eventually we reached our destination and were thrilled with the aspect of the little village. It is set on a small hill directly above the river and is kept beautifully clean and fresh looking. We could almost have dived out of our little house into the cool waters eighty feet below. The people are a happy little community and all so keen and united in their desire to follow The Way. The school kiddies amazed me for although the school has been going for only one term, the whole lot of them can read right through our Biaba!

We greatly enjoyed our few days there. Some of our Christian boys were with us, looking after us, and helping with the spiritual work among the villagers. When the morning came for us to move on, we decided that we would try the journey down the river, by dugout canoe, instead of the noisy Wadala. It was quite thrilling, for the water runs down to the sea very swiftly, and in the rapids we shoot down at tremendous speed. One learns to trust the man steering with his paddle at the back of the boat; he knows just how to use that paddle, so that when we come to jagged rocks, with water swishing round them dangerously, we just shoot past them all without a fear.

H. Beavis.

Philip, the Evangelist

YOU have read in the Tidings many times about one of our evangelists, Philip. One day before Christmas he had a poisoned hand. Our nurse was out in the Bay at the time, and, after many days of pain, he had no alternative but to go over to the native hospital at Samarai,—much against his will. However, the Lord’s ways are not our ways, and Philip found out his first night there why he had been sent. The acute pain in his hand was completely forgotten, he said, while he was used to bring a man to the Lord. This man was very ignorant, and could neither read nor write—but Philip taught him to pray.

The next morning he prayed aloud in the ward he was in, to his newly found Saviour. One man sat by and listened. The next morning he had another onlooker, and the morning after there was quite a number. He then thought it was about time he told Philip, so he went to him and asked him to come and see one or two people, and to Philip’s surprise he found quite a crowd of people who were longing to know more about the One to Whom the prayers they had heard had been offered, and Who had such power to change completely the life of the one who had been praying. One day later Philip saw this man praying and was astonished to see him stop in the middle of his prayer and snatch the heathen relics from his ear-lobes and arms, and then continue praying. No one had spoken to him about these things; conviction had come, while in the middle of his prayer, that they were dishonouring to his new Master.

The result of Philip’s stay in Samarai was some twenty-five Papuans—including the prison gaoler—being saved. Mary Abel.
Inspecting Heathen Ways

RECENTLY a party of us went to Misima, an island due east. It meant practically two days travelling each way, but passing interesting places, and making new contacts with the people, the long launch journey was by no means dull. Misima is a remarkable place. Steep mountains rise straight out of the sea, which is 900 fathoms deep, quite close to shore. We had an exciting journey up to the gold mines over a very bad road. Terrific precipices were skirted. The scenery was lovely provided one could detach one's thoughts from the rumbling truck that conveyed us. It was 6 miles and bottom gear every inch. Our driver paused at places where accidents had occurred, which he enlarged upon for our benefit. The mines were very interesting. We went down one—right into the very innards of the earth and saw heavy chunks of gold bullion. The ladies in our party were the first women who had ever been down.

The natives in that part of the world are ridden with sorcery, and there are some weird cults, almost like spirit-possession. On our return journey we visited a haunt of all that sort of thing. The people at the nearest village were against our going, and all thought it very unlucky for us to attempt it. However, we were determined and after a walk through forest, dusk found us entering a ravine leading into a hollow, surrounded by cliffs which were riddled with caves. It was an eerie spot. We noticed something cracking under our feet, and scratching aside the tangled creepers with my toe I extracted a human jaw with two white molars! There were stacks of old skulls. We were treading them under foot. The caves were then explored. Bats and human remains were the sole occupants. Some of the latter were stored in large cooking pots. Our guides were scared, and not knowing the way very well, informed us that all these were the bones of those who had been drowned at sea, and that the spirits had resurrected them and placed them in this place. They were afraid of the place, as dealers in magic and witchcraft resorted thither for no good purpose.

I had some wonderful chances of talking to the people, and we discussed sorcery, the devil, and why Christians were not afraid. I told them the story of a converted witch from Buhutu, which impressed them greatly.

RUSSELL ABEL.

New Find in New Guinea

E. W. PEARSON CHINNERY, Australian Government anthropologist, has recently reported his discovery of a “lost” tribe of 200,000 souls inhabiting an unexplored area of 5,000 square miles in New Guinea. The region is between the Bismarck Mountains to the north and a nameless range to the south. Mr. Chinnery made a survey by airplane, expecting to find only a wilderness of swamp and jungle. He was amazed to discover a land of winding rivers and green meadows, inhabited by savages who have never came into contact with white men but who cultivated neat vegetable gardens.

An investigation on foot revealed the natives to be strong, sturdy blacks, better physical specimens than many of their fellow New Guineans. They were not unfriendly, although Mr. Chinnery had difficulty understanding them. They live in a pleasant climate 5,000 to 6,000 feet above sea level and raise beans, yams, sugar cane, plantains and other native vegetables.

Here is an opportunity for pioneer Christian missionary work. It should be undertaken before explorers and traders come in to exploit these Papuans and give them wrong ideas of God and of the true Way of Life.
A Christian’s Gift to God

The thing that is uppermost in our minds at the moment is the drought. We usually expect a mild one sometimes in the course of the summer. A jug of water is a rare acquisition these days. If you are lucky enough to come by such a thing you hide it promptly, and are tempted into all kinds of deception to conceal its whereabouts from the world. One’s totally inadequate daily ration for ablutions is a greenish color. Pilgrimages down to the sea for a dip are the order of the day. The sea at this time of the year is gorgeous, though the hot walk back is rather a snag.

This year began promisingly. We prayed that the old year might end with blessing, and our prayers were wonderfully answered. There were many evidences of God’s Spirit working silently in our midst, leading and liberating in many lives. For instance:

We were coming out from our early Communion at half past seven—a joyful time when God seemed very near. Suddenly someone stopped me, and handed me a little plaited palmleaf basket, and whispered: “A present for the Lord!”

I peered into the basket and found that it contained a little forked twig, a smooth brown stone of most peculiar formation, and two little bottles of dried herbs. Precious things once; potent, magic, and secretly kept. The stone and the twig were supercharged with power, and were part of a magic formula for stimulating the harvest. The herbs were deadly; their work was definitely malignant. The owner, a professing Christian for some time, had secretly held on to these charms, lacking the courage to “sell all.” He was like a village woman at a meeting here last night, who sorrowfully held up her two hands and confessed: “I have always beckoned to God with one hand, and to the devil with the other.”

How we rejoiced over that little basket and its story of triumph! The late owner is a real disciple now. R. A.

Home Again After a Furlough

We were given a wonderful welcome home and everyone was especially interested in little Jonathan who soon became the chief attraction. There were a number of the outside people from the district who came to meet us; some of them had been won for Christ quite recently at the Sidea and Koukou camps. There were also a number of unfamiliar faces of young men whose features showed that they belong to tribes in the far west. These had come all that distance to learn more about Christ here at Kwato.

Our homecoming was a bit saddened by the absence of some of our lads who had found The Way too hard and had turned back to the world. I am thankful to say there were very few of these, and I believe they will one day come back when they have proved that the world cannot satisfy.

The Sidea camp was just over when we arrived. As a result of a three weeks campaign there fifty-seven absolute heathen were brought to Christ. Many of them were notorious witches and sorcerers and of course they are very ignorant. You may be sure the enemy is going to make a big fight to get them back again. They need much prayer.

Back at Kwato again I must say we are not at all pleased to renew the acquaintances of some of our friends! These were the “we beasties.” The cockroaches never seemed so large or so numerous; the flying ants are trying beyond words, especially when they get down your back. The climax came when I got into bed one night and found a huge cockroach on my pillow. I have never jumped out of bed so quickly. But it is surprising how soon one gets acclimatised! Last night I sat writing with these things flying about me and never turned a hair.

We could keep two presses going easily. As it is, our press is a real help financially by local jobs that we do. It is a nuisance to have to hold up whatever we are doing, Gospels, etc., to print menu cards for the local hotel, or billboards for some local store. We have just finished a reprint of “The Acts,” and are about to start work on a “Hymn and Prayer Book,” in a language for the Goari Bari. (The people that killed and ate Chalmers and Tompkins.) It is a task correcting proofs in an unknown language, for it is necessary to check every single letter. We greatly need another press.

P. D. A.
THE work on the outside walls of the House of Prayer is progressing nicely. Besides this stone work there is all the labor that has been done to provide raw materials: sand, rock, coral and lime, burning the lime, cutting and preparing timber for the roof. All of these things have to be made ready for the boys who are doing the actual construction.

The walls are now too high for the boys to work comfortably. The Papuan is not tall and most of them have recourse to various boxes to supplement their inches.

I have a quantity of rough boards cut ready for a scaffolding and all we shall have to do is to go over to the mainland for a few days and cut small trees and gather a quantity of cane to lash the poles together. Nature has plentifully supplied the materials. With this scaffold in position I hope to see the work go ahead with redoubled vigour. The Papuan loves a novelty, and certainly it will be something new for these boys to be working on a scaffold. They will have the added incentive of seeing the stonework reaching completion.

Some of our Kwato boys have been working on the main roof trusses for the last month. We have assembled three and have another six to do. Teloti is the foreman and has under him George, Salimoni, Rei, Oliana, and Sandy. These boys are all working most of the week on the timbers, but save two half days for technical instruction. They have finished day school and are now attending evening classes. Considering the size and heaviness of the work they are doing well. The Ulabo timbers are 7" x 4" and take two boys to lift.

If we cover the roof with wood shingles we should have a shingling machine. This would not only enable us to roof the church but we could use it to make shingles for many other buildings, and so it would be a

Building the Memorial Church
possible means of income from outside customers. We have been hoping that some one would give us a shingling machine.

With the disastrous fall in the price of copra and the consequent poverty of the natives, receipts from native sources are a bit small. They had planned to pay most of the cost of the Memorial by their gifts, their materials and their labor. We may have difficulty in buying food for the necessary large gangs of labor which will have to be employed in felling the balance of timber wanted for the completion of the roof. Our people will be ready to give their labor free to fell the trees.

The boys are all working very well. They come from Sariba and reflect great credit on that place and Sisa, who has been stationed so long there. One or two of the boys show exceptional ability in many ways. They spend their evenings doing self-appointed homework, usually sums, and have been very favorably reported on by Merari who has been teaching them since he came back from his training period at Port Moresby. They also show great constancy of character and Christian steadfastness. It was a joy to hear that several want to be baptized. They went back to their home with Russell Abel and were baptized in the presence of their friends. These boys—I think five in number—were the older ones of the group working on the Memorial. The younger boys have not made their public confession though they are all earnest in their Christian life.

The power of public opinion is marvelous even here in Kwato. Many hold back for fear of what their fellows will say. Yet it is good that it does cost the boys something to confess Christ, otherwise they would never be strong. The fight now in so many of them just leaving school, is for wholehearted consecration to the Lord. Remembering the pit from which they were digged, the backward pull must be tremendous, strengthened by the subtlety of the devil. They need our prayers to help them—the prayer that costs.

Arthur Beavis.

Letters from Partners at Home

In AMERICA the same number of gifts came in during the first quarter this year as last and they totaled almost the same amount.

Some of the replies from former contributors have shown deep interest and desire to help the work, but inability to do so.

One lady wrote: "In former years I have been sending $5 but until now, October, I have not been even able to get $1 to send. I have been praying to the dear Lord to help me and at last I am able to send $1. I am so sorry it isn't more. Our Father knows how gladly I would if I could. Out here the money is so scarce I have had neither a new hat nor a new dress this year. One is glad to just make a living, but it grieves one to think our dear Lord's cause must suffer. Perhaps He will soon be here, then all our problems will be at an end and we shall be forever with the Lord."

* * *

In writing to one contributor the Promotion Secretary enclosed an extract from a Kwato letter, telling about a heathen Papuan who visited Kwato and the hospital for the first time. He had never before seen stairs and went carefully up on all fours. He remained some time on the island, and much prayer was offered for his conversion.

The contributor in America asked us to tell her "more about Bakamani, who went up the stairs on all fours." Mrs. Abel sent further information and said that the man had been converted. When our contributor heard this she replied: "Was so glad you wrote me of Bakamani's conversion. My class of girls were thrilled about it. They had been praying for him."

* * *

"While I always had intended to make a little gift to Kwato I didn't seem to get to it until this year. In October I had planned to visit the Century of Progress, but my plans were shattered and I felt that now was my opportunity to enjoy my vacation in New Guinea instead of Chicago, so that was the 'mysterious way' in which the Mission came to be remembered."

* * *

A friend in Montana writes: "I received your letter and was glad to hear of the headway made in Papua, for which I am daily praying."

* * *

Have you read the Life of "Charles W. Abel of Kwato"? If not send for a copy now. $2.00 each. Read the comments on page 4.
Our Financial Principles

Money is perhaps the least of the needs of any real Mission work and yet money is a form of stored up energy that God provides for effective service. The Kwato Mission of Papua is founded and conducted on “Faith Principles.” There is no denominational consistency behind the work. The missionaries on the field and the volunteer workers at home look to God for the supply of every need, physical and spiritual. We look to Him for guidance in the selection of missionaries, for the direction of the work and in the use of funds and equipment. Workers on the field and at home are seeking to make the best use of their talents and resources to promote the work of Christ in New Guinea and to make the needs and progress known as widely as possible. Any who read the Tidings and Letters from the field can readily recognize what large dependence is placed on prayer for guidance, for power, for the supply of workers, for their health and effectiveness, and for the financial needs of the mission.

One of our principles is to avoid debt. Some obligations were incurred in the old days for the purchase of the plantations but, with considerable sacrifice, these debts are being reduced. The missionaries do not receive fixed salaries but living allowances are provided in proportion to their needs and the cost of living. These are not sufficient to provide many comforts but are planned for health and effective service. Recently, because of a shortage of funds, the missionaries on the field, elected to pool their living allowances, and to live on cheaper food, so that as much money as possible might be released for evangelism and for the training of native Christians. No new obligations are incurred for workers or equipment unless there is reasonable prospect of our being able to meet these when payment is due.

In America, England, Australia and New Zealand all the work is done on an honorary basis. No salaries are paid to any at the Home Base; practically the only expenses are for printing, postage and some promotion work. In each country these expenses are limited to ten per cent of the general receipts and in America are more than covered by gifts of members of the Governing Committee. The largest proportion of income for General funds is from America, but friends in Great Britain are showing an encouraging increase in interest and support. Many can testify that it is a personal joy and blessing to have a share in the work. Letters received from the field give new inspiration to spiritual life and service. They stimulate a desire to pray and to give as God enables us. Shall we not respond gladly?

Most of the money given for the work is sent direct to the field. Designated gifts are forwarded for the specific purposes, without any deductions. The only reserves built up from the General funds are those for missionary “travel and emergency” (for sickness and furlough), and to provide for small retiring allowances for workers who have served for forty years or are honorably retired. Everything in the mission is con-
ducted economically and with a view to the most abiding spiritual results.

We take you into our confidence as to the financial policies of the mission in order that you may understand the conscientious and sacrificial way in which the work is conducted. There are always more needs than we can supply; greater opportunities to preach the Gospel in regions beyond, than we can accept because of lack of workers and funds. Givers are not asked to make any sacrifices in which the missionaries and Governing Committee are not ready gladly to have fellowship.

We hoped that friends will remember the work in making their wills. In this way you can continue to have a share in this evangelization of the Papuans, after you have been called to lay down your work here and to give an account of your stewardship. In America bequests should be made to “The New Guinea Evangelization Society, a corporation of the State of New York.” In Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand bequests should be made to the “Incorporated Kwato Extension Association.” This will insure that such bequests are used for the evangelistic and training work and for needed equipment of the Kwato Mission, without deduction for inheritance taxes. As these organizations are benevolent corporations annual gifts to them may also be deducted in personal income tax reports.

It is one of the principles of the mission to teach and train every Christian believer to be a witness for Christ to unbelievers. Papuans are not paid to do evangelistic and church work but are self-supporting in other ways. The churches are governed by elders who also conduct the worship and do pastoral work in their spare time. Thus there is not being built up a professional class of Christian workers but all are taught to be witnesses to Christ by word and deed.

Over forty years of fruitful service has clearly proved the work to be of God. This was never more true than since the human Founder was called Home. The promise of Christ is fulfilled “I am with you always, even unto the end of the age.”

Our Visit to Papi

It was about noon on a hot mid-summer’s day when we reached the mouth of the Davadava River. Four dugout canoes floated idly on the still water tethered to an overhanging branch of a kokoila tree. The river is quite a hundred yards wide at its mouth and is navigable by canoe for more than a day’s journey.

As we scanned the dark slopes of virgin bush which rose thousands of feet on either side to meet the sky, the words which had brought us to that spot flashed back into my mind—“The coastal tribes have had the light for many years,” the messenger had said, “but we—we are like poor bush animals; we live and die without hope.” A bushman had found his way to Kwato some months earlier from Papi, a small village a few hours’ journey up this river. Into the midst of that little community tugged away in the bush a blinding Light had shone, and the people with one accord had turned their faces to the Light. So Christ had come and found a new home in the hearts of the Papi people.

In their new found joy and zeal they had started a school for their children and special gathering for themselves. “But,” their leader had urged wistfully, “we need teaching and building up, lest our eyes grow dim and we turn from that Light.

And so we had come. We had intended traveling upstream in our light motor boat, but shingle bars and rapids soon caused us to abandon this for the lighter craft which the villagers had brought down for us.

As we paddled onwards the windings of the river continually surprised us with further and unexpected beauty. Range upon range of blue mountains it seemed to stand right across our path; a tiny village nestled against the hills; here the water was flashing and tumbling between jagged rocks; there was a great expanse of shining sand and smooth pebbles. What a riverside resort for the teeming multitudes of civilization! But here there was nothing to disturb the silences but the dip of our paddles as we sped upstream.

We had left the sea behind us soon after noon, but it was not until sunset that we rounded the last bend and came in sight of Papi. It is a little gem of an island set in a fork of the river. Its coconuts are neatly planted in rows, and its grass is trimmed like a lawn.

We tied up our canoes and climbed the path to the little village which crowns the
The people crowded round us with radiant faces. A Papuan does not need to say much in the way of welcome, for one can read his delight in his face. It was indeed a small centre, with only about forty adults and a dozen or so children. Yet I have never felt any missionary journey more worth while.

The kiddies there are amazingly intelligent. In one term of school they had all, without exception, mastered the entire Suau reading book! They were apparently so keen to get on that they had no room in their minds for disobedience or inattention. As I and my helpers worked amongst their parents we all agreed that in no other place had we met with quite the same longing and hunger for God.

How we enjoyed our few days in that lovely spot! We were treated with the old Papuan courtesy, together with a generous admixture of new found Christian love. There were cool swims in the river morning and evening, the evening stroll from house to house, and chats round the fires at night. Vegetables and fruit were always at hand in abundance, for there is no more fertile spot in our district. At night the villagers used to watch us with amused curiosity as we strung sheets and anything else we could lay hands on across the open end of our sleeping apartment, for our house, though new and clean, had only three walls!

There was one shadow which took the keenness from our joy while we were there. Shortly before we had arrived, the leader, a man of intelligence and spiritual perception, had encountered temptation and fallen. As soon as the evil was done he suffered extreme conviction, and made a full confession to his little flock. He then deposed himself from his position and elected another leader.

His people were broken hearted, for they depended on him in everything, and in spite of all, their love for him remained. He came and told me he was willing to accept whatever punishment we saw fit to impose. His wife shewed a beautiful spirit of love and forgiveness, saying that she could not leave him, and would endure his husband's punishment at his side.

Sunday was our last day among the little bush tribe. At our morning service one of the young men who had come with us stood up to address the people. "Look around at these hills," he said, indicating on all sides the dark uninhabited mountains, "fifty years ago hundreds of people lived in these hills and here along the river bank. Then the Light came. These people, your fathers and mothers, fought against it. 'They preferred darkness rather than light.' They fled from it. They fled from each other. Now you, only a little handful, are left."

One could not fail to be impressed with that thought while one was there—the magnificent scenery, the fruitfulness of the soil, and the emptiness of the land. When they rejected the Light, the devil increased his hold and through sorcery had depopulated the district.

But God has now given a new vision to the people of Papi and they want to raise up a tribe of God-fearing bushmen. They cannot bring themselves to leave this quiet hill-girt home and go down to the coast, nor do they feel that it is God's will. They believe that God has a future for Papi. Let us pray for these people that they may not fall short of their inheritance.

Halliday Beavis.
for those who want it, or are in a hurry, or for some reason or other are not attending the combined meal.

These items in our weekly program have all helped to increase and cement our fellowship, white and brown, and have proved a real blessing. So now, when we use the word “fellowship,” we mean something very real and vital.

The boat building program is flourishing just now, and we have enough to keep us going for a long time to come. We have just sold a big unwieldy punt for a good figure and, with the proceeds, are building a boat to take its place. The sixty-footer is a standby job, and they turn to it whenever the way is clear financially to do a bit more. At present the ribs are going into place, and lower planks. The shape is now discernible to the lay eyes. It is one of the show sights here, and the local white population are much impressed by it.

The British Financial Statement

R. HUGH G. CUTTING, A.C.A., Honorary Assistant Treasurer of the Kwato Extension Association, sends us an encouraging statement of the receipts and expenditures in Great Britain during the fiscal year July 1, 1933 to June 30, 1934. This report shows considerable increase of interest among British friends. The receipts for the year were £315.16.6 (about $1,580) from 135 contributors (receipt numbers 129 to 264 inclusive). The contributions range in amount from £50 to 6 pence, showing a wide diversity in ability to give but real devotion to the cause of Christ.

The summary of the year’s accounts for Great Britain (audited by W. E. Chapman, A.C.A., Honorary Auditor) is as follows:

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<th>Description</th>
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<th>£ s. d.</th>
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<td><strong>Diesel Engine Fund</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Receipts:</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>General Fund</td>
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<td>Missionary Doctor</td>
<td>10 0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Biography</td>
<td>10 0</td>
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<td><strong>Payments:</strong></td>
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<td>Living allowances (on field)</td>
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<td>Diesel Engine Fund</td>
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<td>Slides, Postage, Printing, etc.</td>
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<td><strong>Balance June 30, 1934:</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>General Fund</td>
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