TO STOKE UP THE PRAYER FIRES.

Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.

The past year has been one of great fruitfulness. The wonders of God's grace, so often revealed, have helped us to realize afresh in times of stress, His unfailing love and faithfulness.

We have special cause to praise Him for the Holy Spirit's work in the hearts of so many who have yielded all to His control and are growing in grace and living in obedience to His will. Many dear people who were once so hard and who scorned the Gospel message, are to-day kind and lovable.

Although they are so poor and can give so little money in support of the Lord's work, in some places they have planned that each Christian should give of their garden produce, which will help to supply the needs of the Mission. Other villages, stirred by this example, have been led to make the same provision monthly. The Holy Spirit alone has prompted these love gifts. They are precious tokens of His grace.

Pray for our schools, from the infant's creche, with its tiny orphans, to the senior boys and girls completing their training for God's service. Pray also for village schools. Camp work has resulted in newly organized schools at Maivara, at present in the care of Dalai, one of our oldest workers, and Phillip.

Praise God for all Kwato men and women holding positions of authority and being used to win others, pray for these too: especially for younger boys and girls who are witnessing to His power.

Pray for all who have found the fight too hard, and have dropped from the ranks; those who 'did run well' but have been hindered, and have lost their former joy.

Praise God for widening horizons. For the possibility of new work opening up in the mountainous Abau district. The first step in this direction will have been made when Cecil visits the place and the people and investigates conditions. A coastal base will probably be formed, and a man and his wife left in charge. Pray for this solitary beacon.

Finally, brothers, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may speed on and triumph. (Moffatt)

B.E. Abel.
"My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

1934. We review the past year with thankfulness and great awe. What might, from a human standpoint, have been a year of difficulty and anxiety, has proved to be one of marvellous revelation of God's will for us, and the provision of our needs. We have been in some tight corners, and have found Him nearest at such times, and His guidance most practical when most sorely needed. As in ancient times, His voice has been heard in the cloud. His promises are unchanging, and, we have discovered, are in no way affected by the drop in the price of copra, or the rise in the price of rice.

Even the coconut, benign symbol of supply in Papua, to which the provident villager has always been able to turn to earn a few pounds, and which has in times past brought a steady flow of new amenities into his life, no longer stands him in good stead. His canoe returns from the nearest trading station laden as it went. The bounteous produce of his palm-fringed shores, it appears, is not worth buying.

These are the circumstances in Papua of the year that is closing, in which we "have seen the God who once marshalled the ravens into His service to execute His unfailing supply, provide our needs, bring new contracts to our industrial workshops, and guide into new ways of economising, and better means of employing His money. So that with work increasing on every hand, we can look back upon a year that has meant hardship to so many, and bless His name.

A TESTIMONY. We have found that the solution of the financial problem, as of every other problem, is a spiritual one. When we ourselves have reached the place where we are willing to do God's work in His way, submitting the entire management to Him, not only of every branch of our work but every part of our own personal lives also, He has abundantly made good His challenge: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, and prove me now herewith saith the Lord" Prove me. In other words, TRY IT! We thank God for the circumstances that have brought us to that place. For we have found that when we as a fellowship of workers are truly one, right with Him and with each other, He opens the windows of heaven in blessing and supply. "God's work, done His way, will never lack His supplies," was Hudson Taylor's discovery. It has also been ours.

CAMPS. These have been held from time to time throughout the year, and wedged in at every abatement in the weather of an exceptionally prolonged wet season. An important part of camp work is the training of village leaders, and initiating them into definite personal work and witness. Dispatches that arrive from time to time from a camp, supply us at the home base with fuel with which to "keep the prayer fires burning". We cannot think of a better way of capturing a bit of camp essence for you then by quoting from one of these. Cecil Abel, who is usually in the thick of it when there is a camp on, writes:

We have been digging below the surface and find there is much to be gone into. Erstwhile leaders and monitors have been reverting to aidabu (heathen fasts and taboos.) And instead of being convicted of the thing at once and chucking it, they are finding it very difficult to surrender. This is where you can help. Pray for conviction of sin, for open eyes to see in its true light meaningless muck they are putting before Christ. Pray for a special witness meeting tomorrow at which the Hilawa leaders are to tell the folks here how Christ has delivered them from these same things. We expect a grand meeting—nothing like witness to God's recent power when it shows itself in a joyful face. Pray for L—and S—who have come up here needing a hose and a room and an experience of Pentecost that will give them a new love for each other, for L—whom I saw this evening, and who is coming to me tomorrow to make a clean breast of everything for the very first time in his life.
CAMP WORKERS. There was also a preparation camp for members of the various Kwato teams of workers. This took the form of a "house party" held on a schooner that lay moored in a quiet little backwater. It proved to be an ideal method of "coming part," with immunity assured from the distractions of shore. The team at a camp comprises an interesting collection of workers. There will be one of the head boat-builders from Kwato in the number, and an evangelist from a village station with his wife, who runs a flourishing school. There are always a few younger members, barely out of their teens and not yet graduated from Technical school, being trained in their real job in life, the one to which their whole education is subsidiary. Full of the eagerness of youth they express a fresh point of view in our meetings, which are open, informal affairs in which all may share and take part. The team will probably include one or two village Christians whose experience of the Christian life in close proximity to surrounding heathenism is a valuable asset in establishing newly converted villagers in God's way. Probably there will be present a young woman who works hard as an unskilled plantation hand. This does not exclude her from being a keen personal worker in the ranks of Him who has special work for each one of us. For this reason her presence at a camp is needed, even if she can only spare a week-end from her job. Sitting next to her at a team meeting will be, perhaps, a fair-skinned English girl, whose relatives on the other side of the globe would be horrified by the extent to which she has "gone native" for the Lord's sake, and who thrives cheerfully on a diet the chief constituents of which are rice and yams, but nevertheless counts camp days among the best. There being work for all, even our Mission House cook has at times been called upon to relinquish the responsibility of the white staff's meals to an over-awed "second" to put in a few days at a camp. It does not do for Marthas in the Kwato Mission to be too cumbered with serving, nor have we yet known digestions to become impaired through putting first things first, and remembering that even our household servants are the Lord's: at his beck and call rather than at ours. Camps have been held at many centres, you will get a good idea of camp atmosphere in the report Cecil Abel gives on page 8 of a camp at Sidea.

PRAY FOR MAIVARA. At present we are waiting for the clouds to lift and the floods to abate to allow a camp at Maivara. The small band of Christians here need much help. Roman Catholics have recently begun operations in their midst, opening a rival school. This cannot mean anything but difficulty in the future, and complication in native minds. They will want all the help we can give them by our prayers.

Does a Papuan's surrender last? Cecil writes encouragingly from Maivara, where he is spending a week-end making preparations for the forthcoming camp. "I have met people—several to-day—who have an experience of Christ that is unshakable. They sometimes get down in the dumps, and distressed at the weakness of their fellow-believers, but nothing will ever make them forsake Christ. I keep praising God as often as I think of it."

CONCERNING GIVING. Papuan Christians have few shillings and sixpences to spare these days. Nevertheless the Christian's responsibility to give remains, regardless of whether white folks across the seas unaccountably find they no longer desire the smoked copra for which they once paid so readily, or whether the cocal reefs have been combed bare of trocas shell to equip the white man's garb with white pearly buttons. The matter of giving has been prayed over, and leaders in some parts of the district have received guidance that they must share the responsibility of the Mission's food supply. Gifts of food have often been made on various occasions, but this is to be a small regular tithe. The idea has been developed, and is taking on everywhere. The Christian people are enthusiastic about it. Each person is to contribute regularly two yams per month, to be deposited at stated places where they will be picked up by the launch Mamari. A yam often weighs anything up to 10 lbs. Many now fence off a small portion of their gardens which is set aside as God's portion. Others, however, prefer to regard the whole plot as specially holy ground: two points of view arising from the same devotion. Whatever way they look at it their daily toil in the food gardens will be a different matter when part of it is definitely a sacred service for God. This regular contribution is going to supply
several tons a month to our food supply. Coinciding with an increase in the price of imported rice we can trace loving provision of our God, His foresight and care over us.

**THE CENSUS.** In order to facilitate the organization of these food gifts a census of all Christians in each section of our district is being made. This will only include live members, those whom reports of organized meetings show to be working and witnessing Christians, and not those whose position is merely nominal: a matter of adherence to a system in operation in their village. The census so far has opened our eyes to the number of converts in villages who have not gone back, as many do, or allowed their spiritual experience to wilt. We praise God above all for this. Two of our Kwato workers are travelling round those parts of the district which have undertaken to tithe their yams and taros, having special meetings with the people on the subject, and arranging the whole business. Though, as Cecil wrote from Gopaia where the start was made: "It must be smothered with prayer. It isn't only organization. Half the business is intercession. One good thing the census is doing is to show us who are Taumiasuara (literally: 'living away-ers') and who are keeping on keeping on."

**MEDICAL MISSION.** The way is opening for a greater fulfilment of our prayers concerning this side of the work. We are at present seeking guidance about two offers for medical service in Papua. Will you please pray that the way may be clearly shown, if it is God's will, and that those whom He sends for this work may come out in the full certainty of His will, and be men and women of His choice, thoroughly equipped and commissioned by Him.

Margaret Drennen, who has for the past year been itinerating, and holding clinics at various centres, is now on her way home to a well earned rest in New Zealand. We ask your prayers for her very specially, that her holiday may prove to be a time of great blessing for her.

**SHADES OF TAMATE!** Our small hand Press has worked steadily and without a pause throughout the year. A new translation of the Acts of the Apostles has been published in the Suau on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society. We are now working on a Hymn and Prayer Book in a strange and unknown tongue for Goari Bari, the people in the far west who clubbed, and presumably ate, the famous "Tamate" (James Chalmers). One of the first pioneers to visit these waters, he was a frequent visitor to Kwato in the early days, as those of you (all, we hope!) who have read the biography of the beloved founder of the Mission, will know. We feel it a very great privilege to be able to help through our press, the people who are so closely, though tragically, connected with the memory of the brave pioneer.

**OUR PRINTING STAFF.** The skill of our Papuan printers has been a useful source of revenue to the Mission, as we have been entrusted with a great deal of printing for local business. There are always jobs on hand. The work done is apparently entirely satisfactory to customers, and is a credit to Manu, who is in charge of the Press, and the three youths who help him. Kenesi, Lokelani and Siemu. They understand their trade thoroughly, and work well together. They have never known white instruction, having learnt their calling entirely from the Papuan printers who served their apprenticeship when the Press was first established fifteen years ago. Our original printers have all left the Press for more urgent positions elsewhere, though they are always ready to give a hand should they happen to be staying at Kwato when pressure of work in the Printing office is high. Of these, Daniela has been working at Lamhaga, and is one of the regular campers, Muroro is in charge of a station and plantation, and has the supervision of a band of boys in his charge, while Peter manages with outstanding ability the regular supply of "green meat" from all the Mission plantations to the factory of the Ahioma Desiccating Company, according to contract. It is a task requiring good judgment, as the working of the factory depends largely upon the accuracy with which he can guage the amounts available from different sources. He proves that reliability is not too much to hope for in Papuans, as many white folk are so quick to declare. All three have the burden of the winning of others as their first charge.

**A NEW BOAT.** She was christened
"Kwato" one boisterous night when she slid from her bearings into the pounding waves. The hour of her launching was determined by the tide, which was then highest at night. We celebrated the occasion by a combined white and Papuan feast, held for convenience in the technical school, from which we adjourned to the launching. We did our best to drown the elements as we sang a rousing hymn of praise, and gave the new boat in prayer to God. Whereupon Miss Parkin, summoning all her vigour, broke a green coconut on the prow, naming her "Kwato". The waves on the beach made it rather an anxious time for those who were responsible, and we were glad at last to see her afloat, looking a very new and unaccustomed sight as she rode at anchor in the moonlight. Built specially for the purpose of carrying cargo, she has spacious accommodation and is very strongly built. She was designed and built by Arthur Swinfield, who has every reason to be proud of the pleasing picture she presents. Those who are at all boat-minded cannot restrain themselves from ecstasies over her construction, solidarity as well as her becoming lines. Though primarily designed for freighting, the comfort and well-being of those who will live and work upon her in all weathers has not been overlooked, as her closed in bridge deck, adequate engine and deck room show.

EDUCATIONAL. School reports are usually dull, though the children themselves are lively enough. So indeed are the classes at times. Our school is at present divided. Since the medical work was placed for the time being on an itinerating basis, the juniors—ranging in age from five or six to fourteen—some fifty of them, have been lodged in the hospital under the care of John and Marjorie Smeeton. Shriil voices fill the air at Isuhina. The once quiet wards resound with merry chatter. The surrounding broad green sward now stages important cricket matches. Little forms chase each other amongst the trees. Baby Jonathan watches their antics pensively from his nurse's arms and is most intrigued. Ranee, the lanky wolfhound, joins in their games.

Senior boys and girls are centred on the hill compound. Miss Mill (better known in Papua as "Auntie Bess") has the intermediate girls with her at Duabo, our hill station. She asks prayer for these girls, and for herself patience and wisdom in dealing with them and training them for Christ. Duabo is a base for the Buhutu valley beyond, and, as ever, receives the backwash of all that happens down there. Miss Mill writes: "One Sunday evening while at our usual service, workers arrived unexpectedly. They had been away for some weeks. They told of marvellous doings in the lives of many. A basket of 'spoils' lying before us told of wonderful deliverances from the power of the devil, for the basket held much of the stock-in-trade of witches and sorcerers. Little wonder we rejoiced together and sang in praise, 'There is none other name whereby we must be saved' and 'He took me out of the pit, and from the miry clay'. I wish you could have seen it—the long verandah of the Mission house lit with hurricane lamps, the light revealing brown bodies, their black heads bent earnestly over their hymn books. As we sang the old dimly-lit, antennaed verandah seemed to fade away. 'Heaven came down our souls to greet, and glory crowned the Mercy-seat'."

Village schools are run by teachers at various centres throughout the district. Kwato is the training ground for these teachers and the rising generation from the adjacent villages gives them ample opportunities for practice under Halliday Beavis's experienced tuition. Halliday, who now resides at Kwato and whose house Papuans have dubbed "Papuan Hotel" owing, one supposes, to the hospitality it affords to so many of them, also helps in the senior school. Living by the sea and working on a hilltop means the constant scaling of steep hillsides. "I only hope it's slimming," says Halliday!

The gift of a cinema projector has proved to be of great benefit on the educational side. Especially as it has been followed by further generosity on the part of a friend in Australia who supplies us regularly with excellent educational films, newsreels and travelogues. The children are well lectured, before and after, on the subjects portrayed. We are realizing what a broadening effect these films will have upon their minds. Already they are becoming familiar with many important factors in the great world beyond our empty Pacific horizons. His Majesty the King and the President of the United States have both appeared on our screen and been vociferously welcomed.
English has always been rated of first importance in our educational system. Our present problem, however, is an awful hybrid jargon consisting of English words rattled off at an incredible speed to Suau construction and grammar—verbs last etc.—into which the children continually lapse. In view of this we are thankful for any encouraging sign, even such as the following, gleaned from a letter received by P.D. Abel from an ex-pupil of hers, now back in his village: “...but I better conclude with every best wishes to all our brothers and believe me to remain hoping you are feeling as well as I am at present with lots of love, S—D—. P.S. My word! It did take a lot of breath to say that end bit all at once!” P.D. now feels that as far as education is concerned her labours are not in vain.

KWATO TECHNICAL SCHOOL. Arthur Swinfield reports a good year in this department. Fifteen youths have recently graduated, having completed the two-year Government schedule. This means they have a fair knowledge of joinery and elementary drawings, and can use instruments. They are now ready to proceed to more advanced woodwork, boat-building and carpentry. Trainees include Kwato boys as well as day boys from local villages. It is gratifying to note the keenness of the boys on their work, and the seriousness with which they tackle it. There is usually a most studious atmosphere in the class room and workshop.

One day their instructor, having emphasised in a drawing class that each must work entirely on his own and not copy another’s work, was startled to see one of his pupils suddenly seize the nearest piece of wood and crack his unfortunate neighbour on the head. Strongly reprimanding the offender, Arthur tried to find out what the other had done to rouse such indignation. “Was he copying?” “No,” came the unrelenting reply, “but he might have been!”

“Excellent work under excellent tuition,” was the verdict of the Government Inspector who thoroughly examined the school recently, and was very satisfied with all he saw.

WHY INDUSTRIES? Many years ago Charles Abel foresaw the day when Papua would awaken from her age-long slumbers, and develop in the same way as have other great countries of the Southern Hemisphere. One of the reasons why he inaugurated industrial missions was to forestall what seemed to be the fate of indigenous inhabitants of newly opened lands: the ousting of the native people, their decay and degeneration instead of their active co-operation in the building up of the nation. To-day we can ask the question: Have time and the circumstances of the country justified this course? Does Papua need the men we have trained in skill and character in our workshops? Is the industrial equipment we are giving our youths superfluous?

CONTRACTS MEAN CONTACTS. For answer we would point to the growing demand for the skilled Papuan artisan. Apart from work that is always on hand in the immediate vicinity our men go far and wide, working under contract for various firms in the country. Pomari and Mione have been erecting a coconut drier at Baibara, some 100 miles west. Uriam and Limi are carpentering for a new gold mining company at Misima, the large volcanic island that stands like a mountainous sentinel in mid ocean, 90 miles east. There are four working in different places up the north-east coast, six days’ journey from here. Merari is with the Government at Kokoda, the aerodrome high up on an inland plateau.

These carpenters are missionaries too, independent lay workers of the order of the Apostle Paul, who worked with his hands while he preached and taught, “because we would not be chargeable to any of you.”

Out here things are apt to be judged by their face value. Actions speak louder than words. A witness that is backed by a disciplined, industrious life of skilled ability carries weight in this land of proverbial laziness, where inability and childish unreliability are often the rule so far as natives are concerned. Christian workers are preferred, often by non-Christian employers, because of their character. Invaluable contacts have been made in many places by our industrially trained workers.

Servants obey in all things...not with eyeservice, as menpleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God: And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord... for ye serve the Lord Christ.
We have been having great times at Sidea, and we want you to join us in praise to God for His splendid answers to our prayers for that big island. Apart from the individual efforts of boys like Merari and Kama who visited a few villages some eighteen months ago, there has never been any combined effort to "take" the place until now.

A few months previously I had made a flying tour right round the island to get some idea of the job ahead, and to find out which were the best centres for Camps. I chose two villages, Hilawa on the north coast, and Gotai on the S.E. point. I left word at each place for them to build rough thatch huts to accommodate our Team when the guidance came to "go over the top" for Sidea.

Three months later a team of fourteen, of which I happened to be the leader, left Kwato in the Eauedo.

The Fight Begins.

If someone had whispered to me on board that afternoon that the next three weeks would see over fifty out and out heathen won to Christ in Sidea, I would have been dubious. Ten, perhaps twenty at the most. That is how we minimise God's power, and that is how He answers "more abundantly". Over fifty thorough-going heathen! Some of them with shock heads of hair and faces you would be scared of meeting in the broad daylight, let alone at night! I must say I wondered several times what on earth these rough looking chaps with arms, legs, ears and hair bedecked in all the get-up of the old-time village 'tough', could possibly want in our camp. "They little know what they are in for here,"' methought, because not a single man who entered our camp ever left it without most heart-searching and disturbing talk—probably the first he had ever had in his life—with some young fellow who knew from personal experience what the devil had to offer and what Christ could give, and who knew, moreover, how to present his own experience of salvation in such a vital and convincing way that at Gotai we had the joy of being able to thank God that every heathen who entered our camp was ultimately converted.

I do not mean for a moment that it was the skill of our workers that had won these men. It was their own definite experience of what it meant to be converted, together with their complete surrender to Christ, that enabled the Holy Spirit to use them and speak through them to men and women in whose hearts you would think it almost impossible to find a response. What struck me most was the general expression on the faces of some of these young bloods, and particularly their eyes. When a man has been born and brought up and has lived in sin, you can imagine the result. There was one man in particular whose eyes still haunt me. They were almost diabolical. I believe you can tell sin in a person's eyes almost immediately. This may only apply to Papuans; but the fact remains they lack that clear, honest look that you see in the face of a man who is living in touch with God. And yet the change that can come into a man's face immediately is amazing. I am sure if you brought me two men, one of whom had recently yielded his life to Christ, I could tell you which was God's child by his eyes. Well, these were the lads who, as I thought, innocently strolled into our camp without knowing what they were in for. Merely native curiosity, I suspected, or perhaps their friends had brought them. However, they came, and what is more we soon discovered that they did know what they were in for, and that was what brought them. They came to be tackled.

It was a most astounding experience for us to find that men of this type were actually seeking the way. It proved that strong prayer was going up for us in many places.

When heathen Papuans leave their fishing gardening, and pig feasting to come and be shown the way to Christ, it is a staggering thing, and can only be the work of the Spirit. But even though this first move on his part is half the battle, a man still has to be won. He is not yet won when he simply walks into a camp with a strange stirring in his heart that these "misinare" have something vital which he lacks. Nearly every one balked during the first talk, when they realized what following Christ was going to cost. The devil never loses without fighting to the last ditch. And a Papuan is as adept as the average white man.
at inventing excuses at the last moment to bluff himself that surrender of his whole life—even of old customs or habits—is something that he could not possibly do, at any rate not right then.

Hand to Hand Tactics.

However God works direct through a servant who depends on the momentary prompting of the Holy Spirit, and helps one of His babes in the process of being born again. One young man whom Aoda set out to win, suddenly took fright when it came to the point of a personal chat. 'Oh I haven't got any sins,' he parried. I suppose he meant not worth speaking of! Any way Aoda smiles, and says 'Well that's good, but you just listen while I tell you what Christ has done for me.' He was just getting warmed up when the young chap interrupted and said, 'Stop, you have described exactly what I am like now. I will tell you everything.' Aoda's story of the way Christ had given him not only pardon but victory over the power of sin, brought immediate conviction, together with the impulse to confess and yield everything. Two hours later they finished their first talk which ended in the young 'shock-head' yielding all that he knew of himself and his sins to Christ. It is the same all over the world. What men are hungry to hear is not only that Christ can save sinners, but how He saved me, and is keeping and using me.

Lato, one of the youngest members of our team, a delightfully breezy chap barely out of his teens, got talking with one of our pagan visitors, a refined-looking, aristocratic old man who was obviously not the usual type of heathen. It transpired that in the old days he had been one of the few believers on this island, and a church member, but had dropped everything many years ago. He knew about the way, but it had meant little to him. Lato told him his own story of a vivid conversion, while he was still at school at Kwato when the revival first began, then of the things that had caused him to lose his grip and backslide for several months. The old chap's interest was held. Here was someone talking about hard facts, of a One who could speak to his children and give certain power to overcome sin and enable them to win others. He began to open out and told all that he thought was keeping him from God, and of one thing in particular, an initiation ceremony in connection with one of his grandchildren about which he had taken a vow. Incidentally this accounted for the superior looking goatee which he wore. A harmless thing in itself he was nevertheless afraid to give it to God for fear of the opinion of his relations. Lato, having said all he could, felt guided to step out of the light just then, and let God do the work. So they had a time of silent prayer together, Lato praying that God's will might be made clear to the one who was waiting upon God for the first time. When they arose from their knees the whole issue was clear. There could be no compromise. Every bit of the old must go, the harmless as well as the bad, and fear of public opinion had to go too. The fight was over. Lato had learnt what I myself had only recently learnt, that the secret of life changing is to put a man in touch with God and let God speak through His Holy Spirit. This old chap made rapid strides in the teaching classes which followed. His old acquaintance with the Bible, scanty as that was, came back to him, and being the only suitable man in a village where there are now a handful of brand new converts, he is undertaking to lead his fellow Christians in their newfound faith.

"The weak things hath God chosen."

Makori did not join our team as a worker but as a cook, and general factotum. He was none the less surrendered on that account, and although he suffered very much at one stage with a badly poisoned foot he spent this time on his mat praying for us while we were hard at individual work. But that was not all. The second Sunday at Hilawa saw us swamped out with visitors. Over a hundred people trickled into that little hamlet from the dense bush which surrounded us. Although we had come ostensibly to train the leaders and monitors at this place, we realized that these as well as previous converts, were always accessible, whereas the new arrivals were outsiders, some old some young, some ordinary some positively vicious looking, as I have already described. This might be our only chance of reaching them. At our usual meeting of the leaders in our camp, consisting of Daniela, his wife Ainauia, Phillip Tiraka, Alice, and myself we all felt guided to postpone our Sunday morning service till the afternoon. People would naturally wait for the service and that would give us our chance to tackle some of them individually, otherwise, if we had the service first they would slope off directly afterwards. There was a small meeting for the elders and monitors, and another for new converts, and the rest of us were free for individual talks with our visitors. There were only six of us left so there was nothing for it but to commandeer our cook. 'Makori!' I shouted. 'Yes Sah!' he came back the instant, cheery response. Peeling yams or washing up the cups of our early morning tea, I don't know which it was, but Makori was hauled out that morning for a bigger job. We
divided up the visitors and took two each, and I saw our erstwhile bottle-washer striding down a bush track with a man on either arm. Three hours later he returned with a face literally wreathed in smiles. He had brought both his men to Christ.

The purpose of our camp, as I have said, was to train leaders and their assistants, whom we call monitors. This work of building up, teaching and training, was carried out by the leaders of our team. The rest scouted in the villages, or had long talks with those whom they met or those who had been won.

**A Christian's First Steps.**

In one sense conversion is a comparatively simple thing. By far the biggest job is conservation: laying a foundation that will last, and building upon it. With only a few days for this we concentrate upon the things that are most fundamental, and will be practical in the growth of new converts. Cut off as they will be from all human help, the first essential is to see that each Christian has a real, daily contact with God.

Much teaching is given on the Quiet Time, and the importance of the daily renewal through prayer and communion and the study of God's Word, though most have still to conquer the alphabet before the latter will become practical. We throw them upon God, knowing that the Holy Spirit will guide, convict and teach. A daily experience of this is vital. Without this all spiritual life and growth will wither and fade in a few days.

At one of our meetings with the six new Sidea leaders one of them was convicted of not loving his people enough. "That is why I do not win them effectively" he said. "Also I am afraid of men who have a reputation as sorcerers. I have surrendered that fear, and will go and see so-and-so to-day."

Another confessed resentment against me for some trivial thing that had upset him. Another confessed fear of the dark—darkness in Papua is alive with sorcery. Another was guided to be more frank with the lad he was leading to Christ right there in the camp, and to be willing to pass on his own experience to him. Another had to put something right with a man many miles away, for something he had done many years ago. It had never entered his mind till then. Another expressed the need for a longer Quiet Time, and another confessed a lie he had told that very morning to an old woman who had asked him for a betel-nut. He went straight out and put that right.

They had never before known what it was to be definitely led of the Spirit in things pertaining to their everyday life. I asked one of them if he had. "Never," he replied with a great gleam in his eye. The others who were also experiencing for the first time that "as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God," all corroborated his statement.

It is wonderful to see the joyous light come into a man's face when he begins to experience for the first time something new and vital of God's absolute control and guidance in his daily life. Yet it would be a still more amazing thing if they could not hear God speak to them. For He said very plainly that His sheep hear His voice. If space allowed I could go on for hours telling you how simple and entirely unsought people are convicted of their sins and weaknesses, and shown what restoration and restitution has to be done. Quarrels are confessed and put straight, injuries and lies apologised for, fears that once bound and gagged are realized and faced and the way of victory made clear, little acts of unselfishness that were unfamiliar and unknown before are shown, and what it means to live out Christ in a heathen village, whom to seek for their Saviour and how to win that one, and who needs prayer. In all these things, and in many other simple yet profound ways God is speaking to His children.

**"Increasing in the knowledge of God"**

A growing conscience, implicit obedience, an ever deepening surrender, increasing alertness to the needs of the others, and the claims of a living Christ, these were being taught by the Holy Spirit Himself, the great Guide. When I say that I saw these men grow from spiritual infancy by visible changes within two weeks, it sounds an exaggeration, but it is the truth. When we went from Hilawa to Gotai, our second camp site, I took nine of these leaders and monitors with me for further training. Their witness and work at Gotai was an inspiration to us all. When Russell arrived on the last day of camp, a Sunday, he was so struck by the air of confidence and poise that these men possessed, the way they were on the spot for any job on hand, their alertness and discipline, not to mention the vigorous witnesses several of them gave at the afternoon witness meeting, that he said to me, "Why, these chaps look as though they are part of your Kwato team". Of course they were, and I said so, and this only corroborates what I have said about watching them grow.
"TEACHING THEM TO OBSERVE ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER I HAVE COMMANDED YOU..."

Every evening is a "special" evening at Kwato in some way or another, because there is always something going on.

It may be evening school, Bible Classes, homework, singing, or even "movin' pitchers"—as our cinematograph is usually termed!—and this indeed is a very special evening for both young and old; when we see the news of the world or a Travelogue which takes us in imagination into other lands, and which, by the way, is usually preceded by a lecture in school and proceeded by an essay on the subject to be written the following day!

Whatever it may be, the time between evening food at 7 p.m. and the "lights-out, stop-talking" bell at nine, is always fully occupied, and our only trouble is that there are not enough evenings in the week to fit in all we would like to do.

But I want to tell you about Tuesday evenings because I think if you were to ask any of the older boys and girls which evening in the week was of most help to them, they would probably say, Tuesday evening, because of Lauheata (or Teaching) meeting.

This is more than Bible Teaching—it might be called Bible Living. This particular evening is set aside for really studying our Lord's commands and His standards, and seeing how far we fall short of them, and how, in the power of the Holy Spirit, they can be worked out in our lives.

It is not enough to "Go...preach," and above all to live the way He has taught us.

I feel it is impossible to portray to you the joy of these informal gatherings, composed of both white and brown children of God. But I feel as if they are very like times the disciples must have had, after their Lord was risen, when the Holy Spirit reminded them of all He had spoken to them about, and of all He had taught them.

As we study together some of His commands about "love," about "continuing," about "abiding," about "taking up our cross and following," we feel how necessary was St. James' injunction: "Be ye doers of the Word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." Christ's demands are so simple, and yet He is so insistent that we must not disobey or we are no disciples, no friends of His.

So please remember to pray for our Lauheata meetings, not only at Kwato but those held from time to time at our out-stations also; and let us pray too, that you at home and we out here who believe in Him, may live the glorious life of liberty, which is ours through Salvation, in His way; that our lives may be a daily challenge to those who know Him not.

Mary Abel.

THE DAILY ROUND: A TESTIMONY

Here comes the Editor of the Field Number of the Tidings! He comes in the middle of a busy morning's work comprised of many mundane things, needlework and weaving, attending to baby ailments, reports and letter-writing, and he actually asks for a testimony! And yet a testimony is not so remote from such things as one might suppose for it is as God enters into these mundane things that one has such a testimony of the way He glorifies the commonplace.

Idle hands, an unhappy expression, work badly done, an impetuous answer to a question, and there is an opportunity to witness for God.

"Is anything wrong this morning Daka?" "Why do you ask?" is the rather sullen reply. "Oh I notice you don't look happy and your work seems heavy!" Then comes the story of a defeat: a broken 'Quiet Time', a critical thought allowed to remain and later to become a bitter word, lowered standards of Christlikeness, and Christ very far away.

To my little study we retire, for a moment, from the busy throng, and together bring the trouble to the One who is always ready to forgive and deliver His weak children. Before the morning is much older an apology has been made and a happier countenance takes the place of the sad and listless one at the sewing table. "Restore such a one in the spirit of meekness."

"We have been awfully slow over that order, Ipora, why has it taken so long?"

"Wait, come and sit down and I will tell you. Look I have made a whole pair in one day and yet this has taken nearly a week. Dear, the reason is my heart, it was not right, and because
it was not right, my hands were heavy. Yesterday God showed me.'

And followed the testimony of conviction, repentance, forgiveness and a new vitality because Jesus had become real. While we talked we stitched and some of the girls in the sewing class edged a little closer and they too received inspiration from the testimony of their instructress.

* * * *

It is mail day and in spite of resolutions to have all my mail written well before the boat comes in, the last day finds me, as usual, using every available spare moment on letters that MUST be written!

There is a knock on the door. I am afraid a fervent wish flits through my mind that it isn't anyone wanting a 'talk'. But I have come to know that furtive little knock, and it generally betokens a confession or a pathetic request for help of some kind.

At my summons a tall, sullen girl enters. She stands before me with downcast eyes nervously picking her fingers. It takes rather a long time to get the first word out of her and to learn her reason for coming. But one needs infinite patience born of a very real love, and both were given me just then and mail completely banished from mind.

I had a notion of what was wrong and was able to prompt and encourage the girl to speak. She was in the third form, a rather difficult overgrown child not blessed with very much grey matter and not wholly attractive! She came to report rudeness to her teacher and a refusal to read in class when she was told or to apologise after she had been punished. The cause was something deeper than disobedience and together we tried to find out what it was. I had a feeling she needed very much love, and apparent^ an inferiority complex plus a lot of self-will and a feeling she was not liked as much as the more attractive girls, had caused this rebelliousness. The tears fell fast. Not always a sign of repentance! but I think they were in this case.

* * * *

Perhaps you wonder what connection these stories have with a testimony, but it is in these everyday sort of happenings that I find Christ more than ever real. I have been finding too, that "it takes all God's power in me to do the most commonplace things in His way," that I need to be always where the reality of His presence in me can touch and help and vitalise other lives through the ordinary daily contacts of mundane things.

My testimony is that Christ is changing me every day into His likeness and using me to change other lives every day into the same likeness, and I am finding like St Paul, that "Life means CHRIST."

P. D. Abel.

GARDENING AT KWATO

An echo from the Junior School.

Ting a-ling! a-ling! a-ling! That insistent bell beats its way into every pair of ears. Down from the slender tree-tops where they have taken refuge from the family dog; up from the salt sea shore; bats and balls are dropped; work has come. Fifty little brown people scamper across the grass and the monitors guide the panting flock to a semblance of order. Before long off they all go to the morning's work. The chattering line of clean brown bodies winds away through the fern-floored woods.

They are off to the garden. A few weeks ago this was a great riotous waste of useless scrub, drawing the nutriment from good ground. The little people, of their own wish, set to work, and with a few knives and many hands the land was cleared. The dying trees lay in withering heaps, and the million crawling bugs and vicious ants wandered fretfully over their ravaged homes. Then the columns of blue smoke rose high, and the licking flames devoured all that was waste and a hindrance to the full use of the new land.

Back and forth through the bush tracks went the little people, and the burdens they bore were planted out, roots of taro, sweet potatoes, sugar cane, and bananas. Keen eyes watch for quick-growing, choking weeds and the young plants are guarded jealously so that, in season, the children's garden should yield the best fruit possible.

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all. Eyes become bright and hearts are receptive as the soft new earth after rain, and the tender shoots of new life must be cared for and guarded, for the weeds that have so hardly been uprooted, so easily grow again.

Those who know the gardener’s joy in seeing the budding life of his plants, know a little of our joy as we see the Children’s Garden of Kwato bringing out its first blossoms, promise of the rich harvest ahead. We aim that our Garden will bear such fruit that the whole of Papua may be fed in the years to come.


HERE AND THERE

BUHUTU.

In the March number of the Tidings Halliday Beavis gave us some verbal snapshots of her trek through that valley. The work in that quarter spreads in all directions. At present there are two main centres. A six hour walk from our hill station Duabo brings you to the first, Siasiada, and tramping a further five hours beyond is the second, Leileiafa. It is worthwhile memorising these two names, as they need your prayers. Both represent flourishing Christian villages, and are veritable beacons of light in that dark, sorcery-ridden district.

Throughout a great part of the rainy season the valley is cut off from us by river in flood, which makes transport impossible. The need there is very great, and we are awaiting the first fine spell to hold evangelistic camps at strategic points.

WINTER IN PAPUA.

Which reminds me, we have had one this year, a really “good measure, pressed down and shaken together, and running over” winter, with gales incessantly and rain upon rain. The cool weather has been very enjoyable, and the sun much appreciated in those fleeting moments in which it has found a hole to shine through, in the grey, rain-laden pall overhead.

Feeling weary of wetness I was rebuked one morning on calling at a hut full of Papuan visitors camping on Kwato. I apologised for the flimsiness of the shelter, and expressed my sympathies with the poor inmates, who must have had a dreary night dodging rain-drops. “Oh Taubada,” came the reproving chorus, “God sends the rain. Where should we be without His gift?” That was a wonderful spirit to show after the drenching rain of the previous night, and was a lesson to me. Our bush friends in the Buhutu valley are a continual reproof to us in their gratitude for the elemental things we often take for granted, and of which we are often so easily impatient. One of our workers recently told us how parties setting off to their gardens would scan the sky. If it was cloudy, “God sends His gift to day,” they would say. In other words “umbrellas out”, or provisions, in case they were to be cut off on their hillside garden camps by the down-pour.

THE WIDENING HORIZON.

The next move from Buhutu will be the first camp at Borowai, the district beyond. A man from this place recently came to Siasiada seeking the way. It was wonderful the way God had spoken to him without any human agency. The Christians at Siasiada were able to lead him to Christ. He was a character, and had murdered five poor creatures with his own hand. Back he went to the scene of his former crimes to witness for Christ. Crude and ignorant, lacking in knowledge of anything save the great fact that Christ had saved him, he shared this great discovery with all whom he met. Strangely enough he died a few days after returning home, in the full joy of his new experience, and with the words of witness freshly on his lips. The seeking God knew all about that man, nearing his journey’s end, and ordered and urged his steps right into the way of Salvation. Who would have thought that a murderer in an unevangelized Borowai village would ever come to be witnessing for Christ there. God is raising up His own witnesses. I repeat this story so that you may realise how much our prayers may do, even for the unreached. Unevangelized Papua must be penetrated first by prayer.

A SORCERER, NEMESIS, AND A NEW-BORN CONSCIENCE. Some of you may have read of Kuki, an old sorcerer from Sidea who recently showed signs of departing from his evil ways. He is reputed to have accounted for many lives, and used to boast of the success of his evil magic. He spent a few months with us a year ago. He was very old and doddering in spite of shrewd flashes, and it is doubtful how far he
understood the appeals that were made to him, or whether his professed acceptance of the Truth was anything more than mere assent. "Yes, all true," he would say. He said he had given up his sorcery. "That is all finished now." However the blame for all deaths on Sidea continued to be laid at his door, whether he was guilty or not. He would merely shrug his shoulders and smile sardonically all over his wizened face. "They think I have bewitched them. I let them go on thinking."

Cecil met Kuki during the recent camp at Sidea. He was tired and very rocky on his feet. They had a long talk, Cecil urging him definitely to trust the Saviour, and be His openly. He was pensive. Then he rose swaying to his feet and took his leave. "Aioni," Good-bye, he shouted to the campers in a shrill, thin voice. He tottered off along a beach track toward his home. He was never seen again.

Wild rumours accounted for Kuki's disappearance. Finally his little fishing catamaran was washed ashore at Eastcape. It seemed pretty obvious that the old man had lost his balance and gone overboard. Poor old Kuki. His last conversation on earth, it seemed, was of Christ. Did those words filter that dark mind? we wondered. Was he really trusting in God for the pardon of that cruel, murderous past as he walked round the rocks to his end? Weeks passed. We forgot about Kuki. The people of Sidea rejoiced, and no mistake. The bane of their lives was gone.

The camp at Sidea had become ancient history, but the infant church that was established was still going on. Through many stumbles it was learning to find its feet. Members witnessed, and tried to win others. Among a few others a young man was converted, and joined the little Christian community. He professed openly. He prayed, and was one of them. Then suddenly and simply he confessed: "I murdered Kuki. You want to know where he is? I finished him with an elepa! (bush knife) God forgive me. I am willing to suffer the consequences." He has given himself up to the Government and awaits his trial in Samarai gaol.

He met the old man picking his way round the rocks near his house. The sight of him brought back the long-standing feud. His passion flared up within him. "You killed my brother and my sister," he scowled. Kuki was galvanized. "Yes," he flared back, "and do you think I can't kill you?" It was the powerful old sorcerer speaking again. "I will kill you today." He hastily took a nut from his little pouch and slipped it into the toothless cavern of his mouth. "Stop!" the scared young man yelled. "You shan't kill me. I'll get you first." He rushed at him. Kuki pursed his lips and spat the powerful concoction in his assailant's face. "You're done," shouted the old man, collapsing under the weight of his opponent. "Have your way now, my work is finished." A sixteen-inch bush knife did the rest.

A heavy stone was tied to the old man's corpse. He was placed on his own canoe, paddled out to deep water and dropped overboard. The canoe was pushed off from shore, and drifted away on the tide. No traces. The sea keeps its secrets.

But guilty secrets find no place in the heart that seeks to "walk in the light, as He is in the light". Kuilama found it couldn't be done. One of the leaders at Sidea was guided that there was something burdening his mind, and challenged him about it. He confessed.

Why is he in Samarai gaol? He is there for conscience's sake. He is very ignorant and unlearned, and is only the merest babe in Christ. Will you put him on your conscience, and pray that God will keep him, and give him courage for whatever the future will mean for him.

THE LIGHT SPREADS.

An entirely new Christian village has come into being at a place rejoicing in the name of Gibwagibwa. We might call this village a child of Leileiafa, as they have not been visited by any of us, and have been evangelized entirely through the efforts of Leileiafa Christians. They claim to have been visited by an angel that appeared in rainbow light, and was seen at the same time by the whole assembled village. Hence the conversion of the entire community. They claim to have been visited by an angel that appeared in rainbow light, and was seen at the same time by the whole assembled village. Hence the conversion of the entire community. We do long to go and help them, and we realize the dangers that surround them. How easily the Devil could make havoc amongst these primitive, ignorant people. There will be camp work going on there, and much grounding, building up, and simple Bible teaching inaugurated to establish these new Christians in the faith.  R. A.
I had arrived on Christmas eve, and found the first few months of 1934 distinctly trying from the financial point of view. Both the "barrel and the cruse" seemed practically empty. The temptation to worry was great and the Devil used his opportunity.

We knew that God's will and provision was perfect; what was our part to be? Before the meeting of our Field Council to deal with these pressing problems God had been doing big things for each of us. He had led us into closer cooperation, spiritual unity, and the bearing of one another's burdens. We meet regularly as a staff for a time of fellowship, when we tell one another of the things God has taught us, of the problems and prayer needs of various departments of work. When we met together, previous to the Field Council meeting, God was with us, and our fellowship with one another had become very real because it was in Christ. We felt we had fulfilled what He required of us, and we could safely leave the rest with Him.

God's command was "Go ye," not Retreat: Forward not Backward. The last thing any of us wanted to do was to curtail evangelistic or school work. He then showed us a way in which we could balance our budget without retrenching. From that time onward God has increased our income in many different ways. For certain months we have been able to supply a much larger quantity of fresh coconut meat to the local desiccating factory. At the end of this period, the Company agreed to renew our contract on a more favourable basis, which has meant a considerable increase in our income from the plantations. In addition to this came good news of further support from England, while out here we have been kept busy in every department: printing, carpentry and boatbuilding. At present one of the largest boats in Samarai is undergoing repairs here, and a ship's boat is being made for her. God has solved many of our financial problems by showing us that we must take the opportunities He gives us of launching out in our industrial, work rather than by curtailing evangelistic or educational work.

Kwato and the outstations are hives of industry. Boys receiving technical instruction are able to gain practical experience in doing remunerative work. In these and many ways God has been supplying our needs. The Memorial Fund for building the Church was getting low, but just as we needed more funds they have come in—a gift from America, then money from some source out here, and then some gifts from friends in England and Ireland. There is also promise of needed funds towards the completion of our new 60 foot boat.

Lastly and by no means least, I must tell of the wonderful way Papuans have been and are helping on the work of this Mission. Out of their poverty they are giving, and for this we rejoice. Some friends on Logea have given a large piece of their land on which to make gardens. Already an extensive area has been cleared of bush, and planted. In addition to this there are the regular food gifts that Christians in a number of villages are now making, which will mean a big reduction in our rice bill.

In conclusion we must express our gratitude to God that through a difficult year we have found "the barrel of meal wasted not, neither didike cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord." "Every good and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning."