A Corner of the Water-Front Village at Port Moresby
THE KWATO MISSION OF PAPUA


Conducted since 1920 by the Incorporated Kwato Extension Association

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Address: Kwato, Samarai, Papua. Via Sydney, New South Wales

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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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American Members of the Governing Committee are also members of the American Council
The January issue of the Tidings was mailed from Kwato in November. It shows the excellent work done by the Field Editor, Russell Abel, and by the Papuan typesetters and printers. It also emphasizes the real need for a new printing press at Kwato, to take the place of the small and inadequate hand press that has been in use for some years. A second-hand platen press, to be operated by foot treadle or electric power will probably cost from $400 to $500 laid down at Kwato but it will save much time and labor and will enable the Mission to do much more effective work in printing the Scripture portions and other literature needed in the work. Income from job printing will also help to support the workers. Our gratitude is expressed to the American Type Foundry Co. of Jersey City, which has kindly donated eighty pounds of type, as a missionary contribution. Now if some equally generous friend is moved to donate a press, this problem will be solved and it will be a real service to the cause of Christ in Papua.

* * *

Speaking of gifts to the work—have you seriously and prayerfully considered remembering the Kwato Mission in your will? This work has been carried on with the blessing of God for forty-five years. It is incorporated in Great Britain and in America and is conducted by consecrated, self-sacrificing, effective missionaries, under the auspices of an international, interdenominational Board of Directors. It is based on absolute faith in the Bible as the Word of God and in Jesus Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of man through His atonement on the Cross. The winning of men to Christ by surrender to Him and their development in character and service by obedience to His Way of Life, as revealed in the Scriptures, are the great aims of the Mission. The Papuan Christians are trained in self-support through industries, and in Christian evangelism through elementary schools and practical experience. All the ideals and methods are those of the Apostolic Church.

* * *

Bequests in America should be made to the New Guinea Evangelization Society, a New York corporation, for the evangelization of the Papuans and for their training in Christian service. In Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand, bequests should be made to the Incorporated Kwato Extension Association of London. Both of these incorporated societies have the same directors to represent the Kwato Mission. There are on these boards of directors Christian lawyers, business men and women, clergymen and editors who are experienced in the effective administration of trust funds. May God guide those who wish to pass on their stewardship to others after they have been called to lay it down.

* * *

Two well-qualified doctors, with their wives who are trained nurses, have applied for service in the Kwato Mission and are ready to go to the field.

The need is great since Nurse Drennan has been obliged, for health reasons, to return.
home. The missionaries and the Papuans are in need of doctors and nurses who will find an immense opportunity in that district where many diseases are rife and where there is no doctor available. The present problem is one of support. We are looking to God for guidance. It is not necessary that continued support be guaranteed but we believe that God would not have us assume this added financial responsibility unless He gives some evidence that He, through His servants, will provide the necessary funds for outfit and travel ($1,000 or £200 each) and at least the first year's living expense budget ($1,000 or £200 each).

* * *

Baby Jonathan gets "bigger and beefier" every day. He is very good, affable to all, with a distant sense of social obligation, to judge from the dutiful way he graciously bestows smiles upon his admirers. He is supposed to have cut two teeth, though it takes the maternal eye to detect them. He is a most adorable specimen of humanity. He is a morsel of contentment; almost never cries and grows more handsome each day. His mother and father hide their paternal pride but let anyone else so much as hint that Jonathan is not all he might be and his mother becomes the maternal savage at bay!

* * *

The Memorial is progressing rapidly and "looks marvelous." Such beautiful pale graystone, finely chiseled and malleted into shape, with lime rubble from coral reefs, and stone from near-by hills, and Papuan teak from the district, leaves only a minimum of material to be brought from abroad. The builders are mostly from Sariba, well-trained masons by now, and as nice a band of youths as you could wish to find. They have been no trouble, and there are one or two of nature's real gentlemen among them. All are Christians, two or three, perhaps more, being personal workers too, witnessing and winning others to Christ. It is great to think that the Memorial is being built by devout hands, as were the old cathedrals in England.

* * *

When Mary Abel and Miss Mill left for Duabo recently, a carrier pigeon brought word of their safe arrival. They let her fly at eighteen minutes past four, and the message reached Kwato by half past six. An ordinary letter would not have arrived until two days later. This speedy message made it possible to supply their wants immediately. It was a new bird, hatched at Kwato, and her first flight.

Another time, when Cecil Abel and others left for Port Moresby, they took one of the carrier pigeons and let it off at Grange Island, 120 miles away. It arrived back at Kwato the next day, bringing news of their welfare.

* * *

Readers of the Tidings, and of the occasional Fellowship Letters from the field, can clearly see the spirit of consecration and devotion that characterizes all the workers. There is also an unwritten code which commits the whole Mission to conscientious prayerful stewardship in all matters relating to the use of money at home and on the field. We try to keep our giving, praying partners fully informed in regard to the needs of the work and the results of our trusteeship. If new fields are to be occupied, the necessary funds must be provided before the work is undertaken. If new workers are to be sent to the field to supply pressing needs, there must be evidence that God has called them and will provide for their necessary support. If new equipment is to be provided to make the work more effective, then God's stewards must hear the call and supply the need in answer to prayer. If God's work is hindered for lack of funds it must be because His servants fail to respond to His call. There is no plan or effort to build up or endow an institutional work. The living Seed of the Gospel is planted; Christ is lifted up so that He may draw men to Himself; Christians are taught to live and to witness so that His Kingdom may be extended and established.
A Remade Witness

IT IS some time since Daniela made a "century" in cricket, and he has lost some of the speed and accuracy he once possessed with the ball. Nevertheless it can still be said that he is one of the finest cricketers Kwato has ever produced. A year ago Daniela came back into our work, after an absence from the Mission. There has been a marked change and progress in his life since that time when, humbled, merciless in self-judgment, and willing for extreme obedience he surrendered his life to God. He had faced Christ's claim for full surrender much earlier but had never worked it out in his life. Compromise had robbed him of victory over sin, embittered his life, wrecked his home, and blinded his eyes to his real condition. Seizing upon an excuse, he made this a pretext for relinquishing his job as head printer in the Kwato Press, and left the Mission. The extent to which self-pity had blinded him was illustrated by the way he succeeded in justifying himself at every step. He was faultless, and everybody else was to blame. And then God stepped in and opened His eyes.

Three big incidents helped him to come back. First the fact that he had no message for anyone, and could not speak to anyone about Christ. He had been a very successful evangelist in the past. Second, a miraculous escape from being run through by a sword fish, and finally the serious illness of his little six-year-old girl, Moreen, and the kindness in this crisis of those whom he had misjudged and slandered, brought him to my study one afternoon. Nothing but a miracle of the grace of God can change a man who has fought pride all his life and been beaten, and can make him stand up and say he is willing to become like a little child again and learn from anyone who will help him to live up to the fullest surrender. His life since that day has abundantly borne out his words.

Some months ago we took a team of twelve workers to Sariba to shake things up there and to do some solid teaching work amongst the Christians and leaders. It was Daniela's first experience of teamwork in a fellowship that would take nothing for granted. He relished the challenge to his new life, and seized everything that helped him nearer to a Christlike life. His wife, Ainauia, and their baby, Sam, were also building up the church in that quarter, winning others and training the local Christians in the responsibility of soul-winning. They have just returned to Kwato for a short period of refreshment and further training. Their presence here again has brought a real enrichment to our fellowship. Ready to help wherever they can, we are making the most of their stay with us, as they are. Back them up with your prayers. They will be out in the thick of the fight once more by the time you are reading this.

Our prolonged winter rains and gales—without end since early May—stopped suddenly. Since then the weather has been gorgeous. Warm, clear, calm, with most intoxicating colorings in sea and hill and island, and most delicious breezes playing about the hilltop. So everyone is taking back the uncomplimentary and complaining things said about this poor old maligned country, and looking round on a day like this, one can't help thinking it is a pretty fine place to be in after all. Perhaps we love it because we were born here and Kwato has always been our home. But recently visitors expressed the opinion that it was one of the most beautiful places they had seen in their journey around the world.
Character Building

I want to tell you about the small girls up at Duabo. There are twenty of them, aged about eleven to fifteen. They have been left at Duabo with their monitors and the man and his wife who are resident there, for some months now. Consequently when we arrived we found them a bit out of hand and somewhat slack with regard to laws and so on. The monitors reported that some had been very disobedient. Something had to be done. We tried preaching, pleading, and punishing (all of these the monitors had tried before we arrived). There seemed to be little or no result. Then we tried praying and seeking the Lord's will about it. Conviction had to come from within and not from without. Acting on God's guidance, three mornings in the week, after their own quiet times, they divided into three classes, each with a monitor, to have "family prayers" instead of the usual prayers which are now held on the other days in the week, when all join together and one leads. They were divided into small classes so that the girls themselves might also take part. They began with prayer, sometimes a short Bible reading, then a very short time of quiet, and afterwards they were all free to tell anything the Lord had shown them then or in their own individual quiet times earlier in the morning. There was usually a time limit of twenty minutes. At first there was no power evident, in fact the atmosphere was decidedly heavy. One or two repeated verses they "liked," but which seemed to have no particular message for them or for anyone else. This called for another minute of quiet to find out what those verses meant for the whole class or for the individual who "liked" them. Slowly there were signs of growth, but very little conviction. However, we didn't lose faith, and found there was a lot to be done yet in ourselves before there could be blessing among the girls. To cut it short, I will give you a report of the third meeting of one class, and you can see for yourselves how the Holy Spirit worked in their hearts:

D—, a very disobedient child, had read in her quiet time these words, "Children obey your parents." Through this the Holy Spirit convicted her of being disobedient years ago when she was living with her parents, and recently to Auntie Bess and her monitors. She knew the Lord had forgiven her, and she was now going to ask their forgiveness.

S— had read, "Love your enemies, do good..." She told how some of the girls in an older class disliked her and how she hated them in return. She saw the wrong of this and knew the Lord would overcome it and put His love in its place.

L— read, "If ye love me keep my commandments." That morning (Sunday) she had been climbing trees and picking lemons. She was upset because she imagined Jesus and others would think she didn't love Him because she was breaking His law about keeping holy the sabbath day.

R— had read that morning, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings... ye are of more value than many sparrows." She saw Christ's love for her and was convicted about the number of times she had forgotten Him by not having her quiet time in the morning and consequently forgetting Him all day, and this was why everything had gone wrong lately.

Those of you who have difficult children to deal with (or difficult grown-ups for that matter), might try having a time of quiet with them, and let the Holy Spirit Himself speak directly to the child's own heart by convicting, showing the Way of forgiveness, giving the command for restitution work, the promise of help in the future, and even the punishment needed.

A Child Problem

Marjorie and John Smeeton have had a difficult time with their Papuan children. One nice little girl has developed the most blatant flare for thieving. In fact she was becoming a very expensive item. She would visit the kitchen at night and demolish cakes, eggs, curry and rice; in fact anything that was on in the eating line. She didn't attempt to hide the fact. She would own up to it immediately and quite blithely. She was punished, whipped and in the middle of her punishment she would steal. Badi sent her up to me the day before yesterday and I put her in the charge of one big girl. The next afternoon the girl left her for a few minutes and before you could look she was in the kitchen and had taken two cakes from the tray. When asked why she stole she smiled up sweetly and said "fond of food." It was only about ten, poor child.
WE STARTED the camp at Sidea which ended three weeks later at a little village called “Gotai.” This is not only the first camp to be held at Sidea but the first time we have been led to make a really big effort to establish the people who have been won there. Perhaps you wonder, as no camp has been held there, what “people” I am referring to. In every place we visited we found a handful of converts led by a man who had felt the responsibility of shepherding his little flock and taking on the work of leadership. In some cases those leaders had been appointed by evangelists from Kwato. But the majority of these converts, including the leaders, has been won by the first converts in their own villages.

This is a typical feature of our work and to my mind the most encouraging thing of all. They do not depend on us now or the people we might send to them at odd times. The job of winning Sidea is in the hands of the Sidea leaders and Christians. Whenever we do work in a virgin field such as Sidea or Buhutu the Holy Spirit sees to it that the natives go out to change other lives as soon as they themselves have a real experience to witness to. There are no prejudices or preconceived ideas to break down as there are in other places. I was amazed at the patient way these people had carried on with the little that they knew while other places with far greater knowledge and greater privileges keep crying for help. This is not noticeable where the people have been accustomed in the old days to a paid pastor to take charge of their work and do it all for them. It manifests itself on the peoples’ part in a distrust and lack of confidence in the layman leader who is over them and in the general absence of a sense of responsibility of the kind I have just described amongst the Sidea folk.

We went out to Sidea principally to teach, consolidate and build up the leaders in order that they might be better fitted for the work they were already doing. God helped us to do this with amazing results; but more than this, He put into our hands the opportunity of reaching new people. Consequently at the end of three weeks we knew of over fifty men and women who had come out of rank paganism and yielded their lives to
Christ. This has given the work there a great impetus as it also calls for greater consecration and obedience on the part of the leaders and those who are helping them. This also means more responsibility for us. We shall not leave them alone now. In one sense the work has only begun when a man is converted. Last week Tiraka took a “flying squad” of keen young chaps out to Hilawa, our first camp site, and found everything going ahead splendidly.

When we establish these camps, a team of about ten or fifteen settle down in or near the most central village of the district. Three or four grass-thatch huts are generally erected for our convenience. These are built right on the ground with no floor but good old Mother Earth. In these huts platforms are built about eighteen inches off the ground and about six feet wide running the length of the hut. On these we sleep. If it rains the hut may sometimes stand several inches in water but the platform keeps us dry. The team generally consists of a few of our best Papuan leaders, like Philip or Tiraka, who are in that particular camp for the whole time. These are backed up by week-end teams (two others) from Kwato and other parts of our district. The whole group is very carefully picked. At Sidea, for instance, there were five leaders — Daniel, Ainauia (his wife), Philip, Alice and myself. There were eleven more, however, including the cooks who made our team up to sixteen. We are not always as well off as this. Over the week-ends when Tiraka brought his “flying squad” out we would number as many as twenty-five all told. Since the foundation of all our work is dealing with individuals personally, you can see how it is possible to get a great deal done with a consecrated band of twenty-five young people all out to make the most of the short time they are spending in camp.

We shall carry on with these camps until we have made a complete circuit of the whole district. Our next move will be a thorough tour of the Buhutu Valley but before this takes place we shall be attending a Conference for Leaders only at Divinai, and one of a similar nature at Maivara. By the time this reaches you we shall be hard at work in the Buhutu Valley and we shall count on your prayers for this adventure.

Cecil Abel.

Kwato Babies

Our babies are doing well. They are such bonnie wee pets, but still awfully small. They are 4½ months old and weigh 7 lbs., 8 oz. Campbell, who is 3, was brought to us with his little 14-year-old mother when he was only a few weeks old. His mother died and Campbell, who had been starved and was only 3½ lbs., nearly followed her. Love and tireless energies and prayer brought him through so that he is now a sturdy, happy bit of sunshine and dear to us all.

Collin and Kathleen are twins 2 years old. Their mother was never strong enough to look after them so left them with us. A year later she died. The baby is Nuadubu, “the Sorrowful One!” and lives up to his name, poor wee mite. We are going to change it to Kode, which means “Joy” and see if he can live up to that! Collin and Kathleen are pets and are full of curiosity and mischief.

Oga is a deserted baby, born at the hospital, whose mother was a heathen and did not want him. We tried to instill some sort of mother instinct into her but without much success. Her first babe was so neglected that it never reached its first milestone. Finally she walked out of the hospital and left her infant behind. Oga is an absolute little tough — fearless, strong and yet very cuddly. He is only 18 months old, but has a strong will of his own.

Hebon is not an orphan. His mother and father were born and brought up here at Kwato. They are now working about 200 miles away to the north and have left Hebon with us. He is such a pet and learning to speak English nicely.

Then come our wee babies Dakwan (or Dark One, because she is so dark); and Rusela and Lepeliana, twin girls. The mother of the twins died when they were born. Dakwan’s mother died when her baby girl was a week old. Her father often comes to see her, but the twins’ parents are absolutely heathen and the father has vanished. Do pray for these little ones. We feel that God has a big purpose in view for them and we want to surround them with a wall of prayer.

P. D. A.
Table Talk from Kwato

("In everything by prayer and thanksgiving ...")

THREE times a week it is the privilege of as many of the white missionaries as are able, to dine with our Papuan coworkers. "Dinner" consists usually of rice, although sometimes a kind friend will bring us a steaming pot of native food, and sometimes the "babies" spend the afternoon on the reefs, and will send up a love-gift of shellfish which makes a delicious stew. But the fellowship we enjoy is more than the most luxurious dainties.

To these fellowship dinners come spiritual warriors from the battlefields around us, and some come in from the "field" where they have been gathering in the harvest, and some come for more training and refreshment, or for help on their special problems. The other evening some of these held us spellbound as they told us stories of the reality of God to the ignorant "babes in Christ" among whom they had been working.

Daniela told us of a pig hunt in which he joined once when he was staying at a certain village. He set off with the hunters early one morning, and before they had gone far a rest was suggested. "A rest already?" thought Daniela, "why, we have hardly started yet." But he soon found that a rest meant a short time of prayer. Several in the party joined in asking God's blessing on their expedition, and asking that in everything He might be glorified, after which they continued their hunt. It was not long before they caught a large pig, and again came the suggestion for another rest. This time on the banks of a river in the heart of the jungle, they thanked God for His gifts, and for this provision of their bodily needs. Then, hoisting their catch on a long pole, they joyfully made their way homewards.

Doilegu told us how he had been led to the Buhutu valley to help the growing band of believers there. He had heard of their wonderful faith in God, and looked forward to seeing for himself what difference this made to their daily living. Early one morning he went to the river to bathe. Presently an old man came to the pool in the flat rock above him. He began to clean out the pool of dead leaves and sticks, then, lifting his face to heaven he thanked his heavenly Father for His gift of water, and forthwith proceeded with his ablutions!

Doilegu saw people on their way to their gardens, seeking God's blessing and guidance before starting their day's work. He saw them gather together before they left their gardens at the close of the day, and thank Him for all His care and protection, asking Him to bless their harvest and keep their lands during the hours of darkness. He recalled how a very short time before they had put their trust in charms and grotesque idols.

He watched the community meet together at the break of day for praise and thanksgiving, he heard small grudges put right, apologies made for "bad minds"! and broken fellowships restored at the beginning of each day. He saw a man seek God's will before choosing the site for a new garden. He saw men and women, boys and girls, "walking in the light, as He is in the light," and having "fellowship one with another." Thus he learned from them to walk more closely in the footsteps of Christ Jesus.

Binding "The Acts" at Kwato

Cecil Abel told us a little story from one of our own plantations, of how the girls would gather round the big pile of coconuts before they started cracking them open and extracting meat for the factory, and would first thank their heavenly Father for His provision of their needs and ask Him to be very real to them as they worked for Him.

Can you wonder that there are such radiant faces, and that life means Christ to many Papuans?

Hearing these stories of the reality of the Lord Jesus to these simple village people, we began "in everything by prayer and thanksgiving" to bring Christ into every part of our daily lives.

You try it! You will be amazed to find that the things you think and do now you will think and do no longer; and many things you never dream of doing now, you will begin to do when Christ has full control.

Phyllis D. Abel.
The Way of the Married

I

HAD several visits from local friends a few days ago. They discussed chiefly matrimonial troubles.

"You know the way of the married," explained one, referring to someone who had been battering his wife, as if the fact of being married was, after all, somewhat exculpatory!

Another visitor had recently begun to follow Christ. His home is far away, and he did so want to go ahead, and not go back. He is very ignorant and his problem was matrimonial, too. Which of his various attachments was he to regard as permanent?

"...ought I not to decide on the one I paid mos for, and go back to her? I only gave one dog for my present wife."

I tried to lift the whole subject on to a high and holy plane. Very difficult. It did not seem to matter in the slightest to him which wife he kept. Still, he is only a beginner. If we all let our accumulated light shine, as he is trying to let his small, newly-acquired light shine, we shall do well.

An evangelistic team recently went to Port Moresby, where our work was mostly among white people, after a preliminary tour of the Domara district, where the way is opening up for work to be established among virile mountain tribes. They are a homicidal crowd, for which they blame the women! Which shows they are human, like men the world over! No self-respecting Domara girl will look at a man until he has killed someone. And unless he is prepared to remain a bachelor all his life, what is a man to do? Then when murder is committed in a village, all the other villages feel it is "one up on them" until they can put over a better crime. Again, it is the women, say the Domara bucks. They nag and nag, and proceed to call their menfolk by the wettest names, until sheer desperation (they say) drives them to iniquity. These are the people that are to learn about the Prince of Peace for the first time. Can we count on serious prayer from you for this work?

P. D. A.

Messages from Friends at Home

A

MISSIONARY in China sent a gift of $10 for the Kwato work—"wrapped in prayer." Her gift touched us so much that we sent her a copy of the Biography. This is her reply: "Thank you so much for the book. It came just in time for my birthday and was a surprise gift from the Lord. So He gives to us as we give to others. The book will help me to follow more intelligently in prayer the work of the Mission."

An elderly farmer, who for years has carried on a District Sunday School near Northfield, sent $10 from his school, and $1 from himself, saying, "I am sorry I cannot do more at this time. Am making plans and if I succeed, when the crops are in, I shall be able to do more. Thank you for the Tidings and the letters. I think a great deal of this work and would give more if I could."

A friend in Germantown, with her gift of $100, wrote: "The Biography is truly wonderful, and I am grateful that I ever met such a marvelous manifestation of God's love and power as was shown in Mr. Abel. The Tidings are thrillingly interesting."

An itinerant preacher in Montana sent a contribution from two small groups to which he ministers. They had never before been interested in any mission work and this was their first gift. He asked for a personal letter that he could read to them. "I am trying," said he, "to interest them in various missions, both in giving and in intercessory prayer, and I am daily praying for the work."

Another writes, "I rejoice to be able to send my mite where I am sure it will be used to win precious souls by the teaching of the whole Word of God. I praise God for your work and am remembering the Abels daily at the throne of Grace and Power."

If you would like additional copies of the Tidings, or of the "News Letters," to use in helping to interest friends, please send word to the Honorary Secretary, J. H. Righter, 156 Fifth Ave., New York.
Visiting and Visitors

I am still trying to recover from a trip to Waré. Such a tossing as I never yet had, and now, after two days home again, the world is apt to circle round, and the floor rise and fall, at the slightest provocation. Waré is the place where the missionaries first landed in Eastern Papua. It is ninety miles due east from Kwato, in open sea.

The Mamarai was taking pottery-makers back home—pottery being a Waré specialty! I asked John and Raymond to join me. The latter proved a most imperturbable sailor; the former—well, he doesn't want to leave Kwato any more, ever! He says all the change of scenery he will ever want is right here! One of the most impressive things we saw was Bell Rock—which stands like a skyscraper, rising hundreds of feet into the air. The sky all round was black with sea-birds. It is their home. It made me giddy to look up and see them in their myriads, wheeling overhead. There were albatrosses, and gawky gannets, and tiny petrels.

Waré itself is unlike our end of Papua for the hills are bare and grassy. We climbed the steep ridges, mounting the sharp pointed hilltops. The wind blew up the smooth hill-sides making ripples in the long grass. We were most hospitably received at the large village. I met a number of old people who remembered "Tamate" (James Chalmers) and McFarlane arriving for the first time, the first white folks they had seen. They were all cannibals in those days. We inspected many houses, and in the afternoon explored some very jagged cliffs at a far end of the island. There were most intriguing caves, some of which had accumulations of old human bones in them. The people gave us a large present of food, coming in a procession through the village bearing yams, pumpkins, and bunches of bananas on their heads, and all singing together till they reached the beach near the Mamarai's mooring. It was a most impressive sight.

During the visit of the "Narkunda," a P. and O. tourist cruise, we fairly made hay. Papuans came from far and near to see the sitima lai'ai—"big steamer" (17,000 tons), the biggest that has ever visited Samarai. Three smoke stacks took the people's eye. Seven long dugouts came in to race, which also brought a great crowd of paddlers for the occasion. Kwato became like a village evangelistic camp; there was such a crowd here. Many were Christians, and there was great blessing for these people are always hungry for spiritual help. One out-and-out heathen was converted as a result of the tourist ship visit.

The large canoes were a sight to behold. The war-whoops in unison, and blowings of couch shells took me back to my distant childhood when such things were more common, while the beautiful carving and vivid colors, flying pandanus streamers, and rhythm of the dug-outs as they cut through the water, with paddles moving in perfect time, made one feel quite proud of Papua. It was definitely blood stirring.

At Kwato we exhibited all the Papuan industries we could muster. The tourists came in waves that fairly engulfed us! They were quite a decent crowd. It was rather an inexpensive cruise—just eleven days from Sydney. We printed and distributed a leaflet stating briefly facts about the Mission, as we couldn't hope to answer the questions of some 200 people. We were busy escorting dimdimis about, showing them things, selling things, and talking with them in a direct and personal way. Our guests were greatly interested in our display of the products of our native industries and very generously bought everything we had on sale, thereby enabling us to add a tidy sum to our mission funds. The Captain invited us aboard in the evening, and we had supper consisting of ices—the first I had tasted in years, sandwiches and coffee the like of which we do not usually get here.

R. W. A.
Thanksgiving and Prayer

ONE of the missionaries on the field writes: “Please join with us in praising God for His blessings on the work and for supplying our daily needs in this time of world depression. Praise Him that we have learned to know and trust Him better; praise Him for the year that is to come, with all its new opportunities of a closer working relationship with Him.

“Please join us in prayer that we may be better equipped to meet the possibilities before us and may truly be wholly subject to His will. It is so easy to say that we and all we have belong to Him—and then we act as though we could manage everything ourselves . . . I have had some marvelous answers to prayer when I have obeyed God fully so far as He made known His will to me.”

Let us give thanks:
1. For the health of the missionaries—physical and spiritual. All have been kept in remarkable health, except Miss Drennan who has returned to New Zealand.
2. For the gift and arrival of the shingle machine, so greatly needed for the Memorial.
3. For the spirit of joyful sacrifice shown by the Papuan Christians and the missionary workers. All are uniting to live as economically as possible on native food so as to avoid dismissing any of the children and young people being trained for Christ at Kwato.
4. For the generous and sacrificial gifts that have come for the work from friends in America and England and from the missionaries themselves. Two workers have made it possible to pay off a debt for necessary supplies, a debt that had accumulated because of the sudden drop in income from copra and the decrease in the total gifts, due to the financial depression in America.
5. For the loyal prayer partners and supporters of the work and for the number of new workers that have volunteered for service on the field.
6. For the excellent work done on the January Tidings, printed at Kwato, and for the personal letters from the field, used in the “Fellowship Letters.”
7. Most of all for the spiritual fruitage on the field—conversions, transformed villages, awakened Christians, and effective personal workers.

Let us pray:
1. For the children in the Kwato and district schools, often tempted and greatly needing help.
2. For the Papuan teachers and other personal workers that they may be truly consecrated and wise in their dealings with others.
3. That the industrial, educational and medical work may all be spiritual; used to win people to Christ and to train them for His service.
4. For clear guidance in reference to the two doctors and nurses who have offered themselves to Kwato. There seems no way to send them out to meet the need on the field unless the required funds are provided for outfit, passage and living expenses.
5. For the workers at the Home Base—in Great Britain, America, Australia and New Zealand—that we may be spiritually quickened and full of zeal so as to be more equal to the responsibilities resting upon us.

The shingle machine, which was the gift of a Papuan Christian and will greatly facilitate the work on the Memorial House of Prayer, recently reached Kwato and caused great rejoicing. What a boon it will be, not only for the Memorial Church but for future buildings. It may revolutionize the architecture of Papuan houses in the Kwato district. Corrugated iron is unsatisfactory. It is very hot and rusts quickly. Shingles of hard wood will be much cheaper and better.

* * *

Recently the old sorcerer, Kuki, who professed conversion, suddenly disappeared. Since then a young fellow has been converted and confessed that he had murdered Kuki in revenge for his “sorcered” relatives. He killed him, tied a heavy stone to his middle, and pushed him into the sea. The murderer has given himself up to the Government.

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A number of very interesting letters from the field (dated January 11), and longer articles describing the work and the newly occupied station Dorum, have just been received as we go to press. These will be used in our next Fellowship Letter and in the June number of the Tidings. Editor.