ON A RECENT TOUR—CECIL ABEL AND HEATHEN MEN OF KEVERI
THE KWATO MISSION OF PAPUA
Conducted since 1920 by the Incorporated Kwato Extension Association

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Quarterly Publication—KWATO MISSION TIDINGS

Further information may be obtained from any of the secretaries. Gifts from American friends should be sent to Walter McDougall, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. Gifts from friends in the British Isles should be sent to Hugh G. Cutting, 10 Mitchley Ave., Purley, Surrey, England. Checks should be made payable to The Incorporated Kwato Extension Association or to The New Guinea Evangelization Society (U. S. A.). All at the Home Bases serve without remuneration.

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News and Notes

There is no more thrilling story than that of the six heathen chiefs, told in this number of The Tidings. Their interest in the Gospel was first awakened by Davida, a Papuan Christian. It was strengthened by the visit of Cecil Abel and the Papuan Gospel Team who visited Dorevaidi and other unevangelized villages last November. These six chiefs then decided to come to Kwato to see for themselves what Christ can do for the Pauans. The results are told in Cecil Abel’s journal and in extracts from other letters. Read the stirring story. The pictures sent by Mr. Abel show the team, the new villages and some of the chiefs. Will you pass on the good news and remember to pray for these workers and for the new believers? They still have many battles to fight and difficulties to overcome in their own villages.

* * *

Before you receive the next Tidings Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Beavis of the Kwato Mission, are expected in the United States. They have had a wonderful experience in England and have a thrilling story to tell of the progress of the Gospel in Papua—illuminated with motion picture reels and other views. They expect to arrive in America the latter part of August and hope to remain until November. If you would like to have them speak at conferences, in your church, or at parlor meetings, please write soon to Miss J. H. Righter, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

* * *

Word has just been received from Papua that Mr. Cecil Abel is on his way to England on furlough and expects to reach there about the middle of June. He is needing a change of scene in his strenuous life of witness and hopes to visit America also and to take back with him some new evangelistic recruits to the field. The work is growing so fast that it is difficult for the small staff of foreigners to keep pace with it—and yet the Papuan Christians are doing most of the evangelistic and teaching work.

* * *

Inevitably changes takes place in the staff of workers on the field. Miss Elizabeth Mill, who came to Kwato eight years ago as an honorary, self-supporting teacher, is now obliged to return to her home in New Zea-
land. She has been doing a remarkable work with the Papuan girls and young children and has exerted an uplifting and transforming Christ-like influence. She will be greatly missed but there is hope that she may return to Kwato after she has recuperated.

* * *

Vi Rechner, a temporary helper at Kwato, has left and returned to her home in Melbourne. She has endeared herself to all and has filled many little niches, shouldering a burden here, helping there, and doing a thousand little things that would never have been done but for her. She has been a big help to Marjorie Smeeton too, and used to spend the morning taking the very tiny children. We pray that God will use her for Kwato in Melbourne.

John Wagstaff, another guest helper, has also left Kwato to return to England. He wrote back: “It was a wonderful experience to live for a while among people who have found the meaning of true happiness and mutual understanding.”

* * *

The needs of the Mission are many, though the missionaries chiefly appeal for prayer—intelligent, earnest prayer that God’s work may go forward, that Christ may be magnified, that Papans may be born again and that many may be called and trained for true Christian service. But there are material needs as well—not to increase comfort but to promote health and efficiency. Such needs include a good radio, books and blankbooks for school work, tools, pencils, medicines and medical equipment, cloth for ngori and simple garments, useful household furnishings for new families, etc., etc. Perhaps you would like to help in this way.

* * *

Child life at Kwato is entrancing. Baby Jonathan (Jonty) Smeeton is now over two years old and is a constant joy, a healthy ray of living sunshine. He is growing and learning fast—and is also teaching others. The Vaughan children, Michael, Patricia and Dermott, also add greatly to the life and cheer at Kwato. They adapt themselves to the new environment and endear themselves to the Papuans.

* * *

Miss Joan Blake has recently come from Australia to help Dr. Vaughan in the hospital as a nurse—thus releasing Miss Phyllis Abel for other important work. Just now she is studying the language and the people, as well as the Scriptures, that she may be “thoroughly furnished unto every good work.”

* * *

Have you thought again of putting in your Will a gift for the work of God in Papua, so that the legacy may continue to give you a share in this service, after you have been called Home? We know of no more worthy and fruitful field of service. Will you pray about it? Two friends who have thus remembered the Kwato Mission have recently been called Home but lack of clearness in the form of bequest may prevent their purpose from being carried out. Bequests to the Mission should be made out: “To the New Guinea Evangelization Society, a corporation of the State of New York.” This is the legal name of the American Society. The present address is 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

* * *

Have you read the very stirring and spiritually stimulating life of Charles W. Abel, the founder of the Kwato Mission? It is written with great sympathy and understanding by his son, Russel W. Abel. If not you have missed something that you cannot afford to lose out of your life. If you have read the book will you recommend it to others and send copies to your friends and other workers? Blessing has already come to many through this service. (The price of the book is $2.00, postpaid, and it may be ordered through the secretary of the Mission at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.)
APUA is a land of contrasts today. Triple-screwed aeroplanes, with their regular service to the gold fields in the interior, carry machinery, furniture, building materials, cattle, horses, and anything else that a modern civilized community may require. At the same time rude, head-hunting bushmen, who still raid and kill one another, look up and tremble at the strange and terrifying monsters that fly over their bewildered heads.

It was at a pig feast. The din was terrific. Looking down long lines one saw every variety, old and young, white and brown. The feast was in honour of two of our mission who were about to return to England on furlough, and to the civilization they were almost beginning to forget. It will be some time before they sit again in front of heaped piles of coconut-flavored yam and taro, or help themselves to oily native spinach and chunks of pork, cooked in a deep earth pit.

A babble of voices, interspersed with spontaneous laughter, filled the place. At one spot one of the guests of honor was being asked a leading question. What would happen if she used her fingers to eat with like this when she got home? Her reply evoked a burst of laughter. Later earnest conversation was centered round a forthcoming conference of leaders to be held at Kwato. The approach of a tourist steamer was the subject of humorous speculations from another conversational group. And so the meal progressed; a pleasant social gathering of white and brown.

I sat between Leah, the fat and generous wife of one of our oldest evangelists, and Esera, an honest and rugged character, a village leader. Beyond him sat a young Englishman who was eagerly asking about Papuan ceremonies. Now and then my attention was drawn, as interpreter, when the questions got beyond Esera's useful if limited scope of pidgin English. Boys came round in relays carrying great dishes of food from which we helped ourselves with unashamed exclamations at the excellence of the fare.

A mortuary feast is the topic on my left. The Englishman, not too keen on unaccustomed native food, is far more interested in Esera's description of the terrible ordeal of plucking a half-rotted human head from the grave of a partly exhumed, seated corpse. "Then it has to be scraped and cleaned." Slowly Esera warms up to his subject, "then smoked." Lastly he explains how the widow sits with the decorated skull of her late lamented spouse reposing affectionately on her lap all through the last mortuary feast, the one which concludes her duty to the dead and frees her to marry again. As a rule, it is pointed out, her future plans are well in hand and her next husband is waiting impatiently for this final ceremony.

"Then they used to place the skull in the burial cave."

"Used to?" interrupts Leah on my right, who has furnished several colorful details to the narrative, "They still do it, believe me!" There is a cave quite near to her mission outpost on Sariba, a repository of ancient remains. Although souvenir-hunting white visitors are continually carrying relics away it is surprising how the number of these on their stone ledges does not seem to diminish. In fact amazingly fresh the "ancient" skulls seem, gazing gauntly down with empty sockets upon the brave intruder.

Across the way others are deep in reminiscences. One of the missionary guests of honor is telling her neighbors it is six years since she has seen her people.

"Six years!" they shake their heads wistfully, and recall funny incidents that occurred when their white friend first arrived in their country, and the early incriminating blunders she made before their flowing island vernacular had been mastered.

I incline an ear once more to my left. Cannibalism! Ah, my English friend has succeeded at last. He has been trying to get on to that topic all the evening. Yes, Esera was a small boy when it was practiced on his island. So high! He can distinctly remember ten occasions when victims were brought home in triumph, and feasted upon by his maddened relatives, lusting for revenge.

Himself? No, never. It was tabu to small boys until they reached adolescence. But anyone else might eat. Women too, though usually they were near relatives of the tribesman who was being avenged.
A village headman present from another district was also unable to describe the taste that had so appealed to his fathers. He too had been too young to partake, but, he added, he had been bathed in the gravy by his parents! They believed it would make him a killer.

Then Esera explains, or tries to, that Cannibalism was always abigum, done for revenge. Here I come to the rescue. Relatives, I interpret, were always under obligation to retaliate for any member who had been captured and eaten. They avenged to avoid disgrace. Others outside the injured family could join or not as they pleased. It was quite different from other feasts, mortuary feasts for instance. At these everyone must partake or risk the displeasure of the departed. If the spirits are offended all suffer, so all are expected to join in keeping them appeased. (Poor Christian conscientious objectors, don't they know it!) But a cannibal feast was entirely a matter concerning the relatives.

All were now warming up with reminiscences of the past. The white man asked, “Did they torture the victim?”

“Yes, yes.” “Oh, tch tch tch!” There follow a series of grimaces all round expressing horror at the unbelievable things that were done by their fathers and mothers. All the relatives took their turn, and satisfied their sense of duty by adding their bit to the tortures. Then they roasted and ate the body.

“Yes, every part would be eaten, and nothing left. Which were the best bits? Well, the arms were good, and the hands were considered quite a delicacy. The skull went to the chief or leading tribesman, and adorned the inside of his house with all the village trophies. The lower jaw went to the chief avenging relative, who, of course, was master of ceremonies. He wore the jawbone as a pendant round his neck.”

Our merry feasters sat in awed contemplation of the grim past, as old, forgotten details of this cult were recalled. We seemed to be looking back into a lost world; one it was hard to conceive had been a reality within the memory of many present at this peaceful feast of good will to two missionaries.

Leah, on my right, grew silent and meditative as old scenes were resurrected. There had been a blood feud in her family, she admitted. Not now, she added.

I remembered her making a special journey to a place outside our district to forgive the hereditary enemies of her family a blood debt. It was essentially a missionary journey for she tried to win them to the faith that allows no personal resentments and commands to love your enemies.

“My father was the last victim,” she told an interested circle. “I can remember when he was captured and taken away. It was before the Gospel came.”

This brought it home very vividly. To think that her own father had gone through the ghastly orgy of cruelty that had just been described!

I was still awed by the thought when in trooped the children from the Junior School, and conversation stopped as we turned to see what was happening. They were a bright bunch, looking very charming in their red chequed uniform and soft brown bodies; they lined up, their eyes sparkling in anticipation of the surprise they were about to spring upon us. In a few moments they were singing, with great gusto, a fine, rollicking song in parts. It was all about the birds and flowers and beauties of Kwato; a lovely song, words by John Smeeton and tune composed and harmonized by Marjorie Smeeton. We were enchanted. The song wound up with a bright flourish, and a deafening applause followed as we clammed to hear it again. Soon the children, looking very pleased, were filling their little lungs for the encore, which went even better the second time.

We were back in the present again, and hope filled our hearts, for this is the age of happy, carefree childhood. I thought what a lovely world our children had come into; a world cleared of darkness and made safe and bright for childhood. How different were the fears and terrors that the youthful Esera must have known, and Leah too in her distant maiden days, before the healing light of the Son of God had sent its rays into these dark places.

May we at Kwato never forget those parts of our country that still wait for the lifting of the dark pall of heathenism, and the coming of the Gospel of Peace, the Good News of the Saviour.

“Weary of the barrenness of a busy life.”

—Bishop Taylor Smith.
WE STARTED off on the first lap of our journey on Friday, November 15th, the *Lantic* (mission launch) bringing us about six miles up the Duram River. We were fourteen in all, including two women, and everybody carried something. Six leaders, together with four others, made up the team proper. Two men from Duram and two of the *Lantic* crew came as carriers. Our destination was the inland villages behind Duram and Abau and as we anticipated being away for only about a week we were traveling very light. Our clothes were reduced to three changes, and for bedding each had a blanket and mat. One “swag” (or pack) held my blanket, camera, torch batteries, ink, writing gear and other odds and ends. Two “swags” held the others’ blankets; two our tent “flys,” and one our canned stuff. Two were for rice, one for salt, and one for biscuits, sugar, plates, mugs and cooking gear.

Before starting off we all sang “Keriso e amatoi” and I led in prayer putting our little party in God’s hands and asked Him to make us ready to do His will and to be prepared for anything that we might meet that day.

For two hours we had very rough going in dense bush that seemed not to have any track at all, though Gado, our guide, was never at a loss to know which way to turn. After an hour I shot a *binamo* (hornbill), which gave us our meat for next day. Thunder then began to roll down ominously from the north, and the sky became very black. About 4 p.m. the rain broke in a deluge, one of those torrential cloudbursts that come right through an umbrella. However, we managed to keep the rice and salt dry, and trusted to our two new “swags” of waterproof canvas to withstand this bucketing. We would have stopped and got under a tent fly temporarily, but had to push on to cross a small river before it became so swollen from this downpour as to make crossing impossible. We could not hear anything on...
account of the deafening roar of rain. It stopped as suddenly as it had started, and we pushed on, arriving at Dou at 6 p.m. The people of the village were so delighted to see us, we might have been old friends!

Dou is a small fenced village with only about six houses. At once people began yelling for Biruma, the man who has done more to prepare for our coming than anyone else. He is a remarkable chap about whom I shall tell more later. We decided to push on—wet though we were—to Amau, where a guest house had been built for us. But we were told that boea (stone oven) was about to be opened and we were urged to stay and have some food. So we waited while they uncovered the boea and revealed steaming hot food—taro, sweet potato, pumpkin, corn and pig. The smell was marvelous and made our mouths water. They handed out great chunks of vegetable and pig, and with the food in our hands and lamps lighted we started off again at 6:30 and arrived at Amau an hour later.

A Welcome at Amau

This is a charming spot perched on the edge of a cliff overlooking a wide river bed, with a crystal clear river running round the cliff. Our guest house is perched on the brink of this cliff, with four other houses of the village, and enclosed by a fence. Our house is about twelve by twenty feet, and seven feet off the ground. By special request of Davida the house has no walls because these people cannot make windows! The women folk soon had a roaring fire to warm us and the first thing that everyone did was to go down to the river to have a bath.

After a supper of biscuits and the last of our loaves of bread, we spread ourselves over the floor wherever there was space and slept. All our clothes were wet and most of the blankets, but we found enough bits of tent and canvas to make coverings and a few garments not as wet as those we were wearing. Saturday was so fine that we spent the day drying out.

The people of Amau speak a different language from those on the coast. The old chief and the village councillor were overjoyed to see us. All the young men were away in jail, serving sentences of from two to ten years. On Sunday they insisted on baking for us in their boea. I picked out about six or eight men and with five women we had the first team dinner at Amau. It was a lesson on friendship. The old chief sat on my right and Biruma on my left. The old chap seemed much moved by the whole affair. He is very patriarchal looking, with a superior air, good manners and a charming smile. He was a big warrior in his time but he is now badly crippled.

That dinner showed that the old men, and many of the young men, are anxious to give up their old evil ways, and to give themselves and their villages to the new Way. The old chief on my right gave a most impassioned speech at the end of the feast. He said that he was an old man and his days were past but that as long as he had authority left he was going to use it for God. This was to be God’s village and they must all follow God’s way.

Two other incidents at Amau stand out—our Sunday testimony meeting at which Mun and Erimoa spoke, and our team meeting to which our carriers came also. These meetings greatly impresses Bidau (one of the heathen carriers). “Look at all these young men,” indicating some of our workers, he said, “they are my own age and are doing God’s work. What am I doing, still following the way of death?” That same day he uttered his first prayer in our “Power House.” It was earnest and well expressed; he prayed for himself and confessed his ignorance of God’s way of life; but he said that he was glad to be allowed to come with us where he was already beginning to see the new Way. He asked that as he went along his eyes might be opened and that he might find Life.

We left Amau the next morning, hoping to walk right through to Kuroudi in one day.

Witnessing at Makaia

After a six-hour walk, through very pretty country, we arrived at Makaia and found the people were very hungry and ready to hear about men who had given up everything to follow Christ, and had found Him infinitely better than the way of their fathers and forefathers. They asked question after question, turning to Mun (an ex-killer) and Biruma, the Duram chief. Biruma was amazing! He never stopped witnessing for God. He was like John the Baptist, for he had already gone before into these places to prepare the way. Knowing their language, and being one of themselves, he had a tremendous appeal. He still has
a great crop of hair and wears arm and leg ornaments but his heart is on fire and he has turned his back forever on the old ways and has come out wholly on God's side. He is a miracle of Grace.

At one of our meetings, when most of the women had come in, suddenly two of them sitting at the back quickly threw a blanket of bark cloth completely over themselves and the baby one was carrying. We learned that the woman's father-in-law was just about to enter the room and she must not look at him! As soon as he had taken a seat in another part of the room, some one nudged her and the blanket was removed. Pathetic! The women folk who are in mourning for near relatives must wear masses of this bark cloth round their chests and over their heads like a monk's hood. The heat must be terrific at times and one wonders how the babies can breathe under this mass of stuff.

**Which Way Next?**

After a six-hour walk, we arrived at Kuroudi and there we spent two days. It is the biggest village we have seen so far. We did not know what our next move was to be. Late Wednesday evening Labu turned up and he seemed to be God's special messenger to us because he brought with him information regarding Dorevaidi. Labu had once spent three eventful days with Davida our evangelist at Duram. All his life he had been in trouble and had been in practically every part of Papua as a prisoner. While up on the northeast coast he once saw the influence of missionaries and thought, "If only missionaries could come to us we would turn from this fighting and killing and would live decently like these people." But nobody came to his village and I suppose that hundreds have been killed since then. Kuroudi was once a big village with many people, but they were killed off by fighting, murders, sorcery and through infant mortality. All this might have been prevented by the work of missionaries.

When Labu heard that we were at Kuroudi he did two things: he sent a messenger to Dorevaidi saying that nobody was to go away anywhere as the missionary would be coming along soon! Then he came straight to us at Kuroudi. He is a big, tall, light-skinned chap, with a long wandering moustache and kind eyes. I invited him and the Kuroudi chief Sibodu to share our evening meal and we had a jolly time. They were both at their ease and talked about everything we wanted them to tell us. What gripped us most was the story of how these people have been waiting and waiting for somebody to come and help them. We learned that it was possible for us to get to Dorevaidi by a short cut in one day. Labu had told the people to wait for us and so we could not disappoint them. The decision was made. After we had packed up everything, ready to start in the morning we turned in and slept.

**A Hazardous Climb**

We are at Dorevaidi at last! It is perfectly thrilling to write this at the head of my diary. We have prayed so long and waited so long and now we are here! I do thank God. His leading has been unmistakable. Now I must tell you about our most interesting journey.

We started off from Kuroudi early in the morning and for four hours we trudged along river beds. Then we climbed steep ridges and came back to the river again, crossing and recrossing it many times. This was comparatively easy going, though in places very steep and hair-raising for it looked as though one slip on a six-inch wide
path on the side of a precipice would send one hurtling down through very thin undergrowth to the rocks below. In some places we had glorious peeps of river scenery. After about four hours tramping we came out into a little open space and saw Nebulu, Labu’s village, perched up on top of a hill overlooking a steep river gully. Here we called a halt, and, while a fire was built and a “billy” (kettle) put on to boil, I took my boots off to ease my feet. Then I strolled down twenty yards and had a cold plunge in the rushing stream. It was icy cold; glorious! We munched hard biscuits and drank tea, and after an hour’s rest started off again.

At about one-thirty we left the bed of the mountain stream and began to climb; we climbed straight up for half an hour and came to a small valley. We must have gone over one thousand feet. Labu said that we were just beginning to climb then! Looking up through the trees, towering above us away up in the clouds, we saw the ridge we had to reach. (It took us one and three quarter hours to get to the top.) Some of the carriers, more used to mountain climbing, had gone on ahead; five of us were in the middle group, while Philip, Davida and others brought up the rear. There was no level ground on the whole of that long climb. We could only rest where our footholds were and then we went on. Occasionally we found a ledge or fallen tree trunk to sit on. It was like climbing straight up a ladder. We had outclimbed the folk behind. We soon became enveloped in mist and here moss grew profusely everywhere. All the tree trunks had beards and looked lank and hairy. Great masses of moss, dripping wet, hung from the ledges of the rocks and cliffs as we passed. Just before the mist blotted everything out we looked back, down, down, to the valley from which we had just come, and it seemed to belong to another world. The weird stillness was broken only by the dripping moss, and we seemed to be cut off from everything when the mist enveloped us.

I was kept busy keeping up the spirits of my companions lest we should all give up. Just when I felt unable to go a step further I heard voices coming out of the mist above and in a few seconds I was there, feeling absolutely all in. The top was only a bare patch of earth about twelve feet square; around the edge were some low bushes and a few straggling trees, beyond that nothing—just thick mist. We were on a pinnacle of the ridge about three thousand feet high. There were still three hours of daylight left and our guides assured us that we could make Dorevaidi in that time.

As we were about to start down the other side an icy cold rain came down which went right into stomach and marrow! We were half frozen and as we set off stumbling down the side of the mountain our teeth chattered. I have never been so cold in Papua. However, after hard going, stumbling and slipping and tripping down for about an hour and a quarter, we arrived at the bottom of the mountain. It was getting dark very quickly. We just tumbled that last half hour, jumping over boulders and down crevasses and plunging into icy cold pools up to our knees in order to keep up with our guides and carriers. We followed the stream and at six o’clock met a man with
a native umbrella, and wearing a pigtail peculiar to this region. I asked if he were a Dorevaidi and he replied that he was and had come to meet us and to see if we were all right. In a few minutes we rounded a curve and saw the village of Dorevaidi, a stone’s throw away. We were there!

**Dorevaidi—An Unknown Village**

We have spent three days here and have had a wonderful time. Our Sunday service took place under the tent we erected for the purpose and we had a most interested congregation. Five gave their personal testimonies, which never fail to hold interest. The two that seemed to grip them most were those of Mun and Alice. Mun, being a bushman and an ex-killer, as everyone of them is, held their interest by reason of the fact that he is most like them. He has given up the very things that they are doing now, and has found Christ infinitely more satisfying. Alice, one of our Kwato team, felt led to appeal to the women of Dorevaidi, as a woman and a Papuan. The eyes of the women never left her face, nor did those of the men for that matter, as she spoke of the terrible carnage resulting from women inciting men to kill, and of the years wasted in jail. Her final appeal was to cut out all these practices, lest they come under the condemnation of those who break God’s law: “Thou shalt not kill.” This appeal met with grunts of approval on the part of the men folk on all sides. They seem everywhere very ready to give up killing if only the girls will not make it a condition of marriage.

**At Kevere**

We have had the names, Dorevaidi and Kevere, on our lips in prayer so long and they have been so far away that it seems like a dream to be actually here.

The trip from Dorevaidi to Kevere took us about ten hours, walking time. We are getting quite hardened to these long stretches. When we started off a hike of four or five hours used us up.

Kevere is the name of this district in which there are dozens of villages. Every prominent hill has a village on it and, as it is all grass country, the villages only being wooded, we can see one village from another. Finally we came to the main village, a new settlement and growing fast. Here our biggest congregation consisted of 83 people, including women and children. But there was no welcome here. Great big ugly men, with uncovered pigtails, sat on the verandahs and on the brown earth in front
of their houses, chewing betel nut. They were not bad-tempered but were lacking in that courtesy that we had found everywhere else. As no one came to greet us, my first job was to go round and greet them. They all smiled, even the grimmest of them, and shook hands warmly. I went to every house and then inspected our own rest-house quarters, which our girls were already sweeping out, raising clouds of dust.

We had a good meeting in the afternoon and the people listened attentively. I spoke in Motu for the first time and when I could not go on Davida interpreted and Biruma translated into Kevere for the women. The men look a desperate lot and far from ready to give up anything. Several looked as if they were capable of anything from rape to murder in cold blood. We have no idea to what extent our message was understood. The important thing is that they see something new. I reckon that the biggest achievement is that we have made friends and that in some places the people really love us. Old Labu and his wife wept when we parted at Dorevaidi. This is only the beginning but let us pray and believe that God can work miracles in human transformation in answer to prayer.

IN CAMP ON THE GADOGUINA RIVER

After leaving Kevere we walked for two and a half hours through very strange country, with thin grass broken here and there by forests of gum. At the bottom of the valley the river winds like a snake through a belt of great trees, so that we crossed and recrossed the stream about a dozen times. At midday we called a halt, cooked our meal of rice and ate the rest of our baked wallaby, which had been shot on the way. You do not know how good rice tastes until you get down to a steaming hot plateful after a six-hours’ walk! We passed many small villages. At one spot a village was on a high hill which we were skirting and the villagers came to their fence and waved to us. They took a short cut down the side of the hill and asked Davida if “Taubada” was going to come up and have prayers with them too. Pathetic is it not? Unfortunately I did not hear of this until it was too late to go back but Philip had prayer with them as they sat by the roadside.

When we reached our intended camping spot we found a big rocky space covered with boulders. It was beautifully clean and dry and warm, so we decided to pitch our tent. It was the first time that we had had occasion to make a camp proper. I made canvas beds with the help of bush timber and our tent fly, while the girls dried out things on hot stones and the cooks prepared our meals. We had just enough “sarutu” (a root vegetable) to make an evening meal, leaving a few, with a dozen biscuits, for breakfast in the morning. After that there was nothing left, so that we just had to get down tomorrow, or go hungry and eat berries from the bushes. We had prayers together and then turned in early and all fell fast asleep. These long hikes give one a wonderful sense of relaxation even though that bed be only a bare native floor with a mat on it. I have never had better nights, and never slept sounder or awakened more refreshed.

END OF THE JOURNEY

To our surprise the last part of our journey, though comparatively short, included a 1,000 feet climb over a ridge. Baoboguina Plantation came in view at noon time and there we flung ourselves down to rest under the cool shade of a great magimagi tree at the Baoboguina jetty. We had been gone on this hike for just two weeks. It was great to feel that we had done it and that it was over. But the snag was that there was no boat waiting for us. We were terribly hungry and could get no food until we found
A Village in the Keveri District—The First Christian Service Ever Held There

the *Lantic*. We had actually eaten bits of cocoanut we found lying on the side of the road, left by the boys who had been chiseling copra during the morning. I decided to see Mr. Gremmel, the manager of the plantation and borrow his big canoe to take us to Abau. As I went up to his house I met him coming down and he loaned us some rice, biscuits and sugar and his big double canoe. With this we started off on a seven-mile trip, poling slowly down the river on an outgoing tide.

As we came in sight of Abau we could see no sign of any boat whatever. So we decided to try for Duram, creeping along the coast. There was a slight breeze blowing so we decided to hoist an improvised sail, with poles and our tent flys. Soon we sighted a launch which looked like the *Lantic* coming alongside the jetty at Abau. It was not long before she pushed off and started to come our way. We cheered up at this and though she looked too big we had high hopes. Presently Sila, one of our team, got a pole, tied a piece of cloth to it, and waved this in the air. Back came a waving of arms which left no room for doubt that the boat was the *Lantic*. In a few minutes we were alongside and within ten minutes we had piled all our gear on board, and with canoe in tow behind, were making for Abau. The reason for the nonappearance of our boat was found to be that my letter, sent from inland, had never reached the *Lantic's* captain.

It is a great joy to be back amongst our own people. We look back across the water to the fast receding hills and it is difficult to believe that we have been behind those towering ranges. Even the grass-covered hills through which we have just come seem away up in the clouds. We think of all the dear people we have met, and all the kindness shown to us. We think of God’s wonderful unending goodness in bringing us back—no, not that—rather in letting us be the first messengers of His great Good News to these hungry, needy people. There is only one regret and it gnaws at my heart the whole time... “Too late! We are twenty years too late!” What could not have been done with this virile people twenty years ago. We feel like getting a trumpet and saying: “Wake up, Kwato, wake up, WAKE UP!! Papuans are dying while you are wasting time. Papuans are ready, waiting. God is ready! Are you ready?”

*Note:* As one result of this pioneering tour six heathen chiefs from Dorevaidi and Kevere decided to come to Kwato to learn
more about Christ and His way of life. These men, strong characters, have now been soundly converted and have returned to their people to witness to Christ and His saving power.

**A Postscript**

A recent letter from the field gives two thrilling incidents connected with the visit of the heathen chiefs from Dorevaidi at Kwato to learn more of Christ.

Russell Abel writes: "I must tell you the wonderful experience we had last Sunday. We did not mind. Government rice and biscuits are very good. We came home unchanged. At last God's children came out of love for us, and brought us the real Light that has changed us right round inside. . . . Your food at Kwato is very good, but we have good food at Dorevaidi too. We have not come for that. Your schools and works are very good. We would like to learn too, but we have not come for that. We have only come for one thing—to learn about God. Now our hearts are burning to go back and tell our friends all we have learned!"

**A Heathen Keveri Character**

He speaks several dialects, picked up while serving long jail sentences in various districts. He is here making armlets

Biruma, one of the Dorevaidi converts, gave a marvellous testimony in the morning service. He felt the Lord speaking to him and at first would not obey and give his testimony. Then the Lord told him he would never grow any more till he obeyed. So he got up and spoke.

"There was quite an awe while he was talking. One thought of all our prayers for that work and here was the fruit. Two missionaries, from another society, who understood Motu were at Kwato at the time. They were deeply impressed and told us after what he had been saying. Biruma told how the Government had tried to make friends with them, inviting them to feasts and Christmases at Abau; but they had gone back to their murderous ways. Then they were put in jail—'four years, five, six years, we did not mind. Government rice and biscuits are very good. We came home unchanged. At last God's children came out of love for us, and brought us the real Light that has changed us right round inside. . . . Your food at Kwato is very good, but we have good food at Dorevaidi too. We have not come for that. Your schools and works are very good. We would like to learn too, but we have not come for that. We have only come for one thing—to learn about God. Now our hearts are burning to go back and tell our friends all we have learned!"

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"The Dorevaidi folk are still at Kwato. You would not recognize them, they are so changed in appearance since they first came. They are going ahead splendidly. A couple of weeks ago an invitation came from the Christians at Sariba, asking them to spend the week-end there. It was good for them to have the opportunity to enjoy purely village hospitality and to have a chance of seeing village Christianity, not only that of the head training station at Kwato. We sent them over on Friday, and they came back on Monday afternoon, simply bubbling over with the marvellous time they had had. Biruma went into lengthy descriptions, shaking his head and making exclamations of wonder. He said how wonderful it was, wherever they went, to meet friends—friends for Christ's sake. He could not get over it. They were taken for a tour of the villages, each village taking charge of them and showing them the next bit. There was a wonderful feast in their honor, and a huge meeting on Sunday at which they were thrilled. There was not room in the church to accommodate the crowd. They had a grand time and got no end of an uplift out of it. Finally, and this is very interesting, the Dorevaidis said that they never wanted to lose touch with Sariba. They asked the church leaders to write regular reports of their work and news, and send to them so that they could pray for them regularly. They said that they themselves could not write but that they would send their news to Davida at Duram and ask him to write back to Sariba for them. Fancy Sariba being helped by the prayers of erstwhile Dorevaidi murderers! If one uses one's imagination a bit, it is really very thrilling. There is real romance in it."
A “Sunshine Tour” of Kwato

Conducted by Geoffrey Baskett

(It often fell to the lot of Geoffrey Baskett, one of Kwato’s temporary staff, to conduct parties of visitors round the station. In the following, he endeavors to show, not a party of tourists, but readers of the Tidings, round Kwato.)

To get the right atmosphere imagine a fairly hot summer’s day, with a cool breeze off the sea waving the palms overhead. Passing under the branches of a tall badila tree the first thing we notice as we leave the wharf is a ring of palm trunks on our left, some twenty-five feet high. These form the limekiln, where all the coral was burned to make the lime for the Memorial House of Prayer.

Further on we come across the boat-slip, with a launch being repaired. Beyond this there is a conglomeration of perpendicular and horizontal poles, and within this scaffolding our 60-foot launch can be seen already taking form.

Next we come across a two-storied house, built on picturesque Papuan lines, walled, lined and roofed with native sago leaf and bark. This is the home of Arthur and Halliday Beavis, at present away on furlough.

Beyond this house we catch a glimpse of tennis courts, where some of us try to conquer that backhand stroke, and the elusive first serve, and to keep fit throughout the hot months.

Retracing our steps we pass several native huts occupied by visiting villagers, hospital patients and others. Family groups are squatting on their heels inside the doorways. Two women in large palm-leaf nogis (skirts) tend a fire on which they are preparing native vegetables. Appetizing odors come from the black earthenware pot. Around them four or five toddlers play, blissfully happy in Nature’s own garb.

We pass a long, red-roofed building, one-half of which is the store, where anything is stocked, from a needle to a pair of spectacles, including nogis, tins of salmon, knives, axes and other supplies. The other half of the building is used for the Technical School, where we rather embarrass the twenty or more boys who are industriously planing pieces of wood under the supervision of Arthur Swinfield, our Technical Instructor.

Further on a gang of youths are trying to cope with the problem of providing Kwato with daily stacks of firewood. Let us leave them to their troubles, and investigate the boat building and carpentry shed.

Here we find groups of boys round half finished dinghies, and boats in all stages of repair. The air is full of hammerings, laughter, backchat, and sawdust! We inspect a new 30-foot cutter—one of three which are being constructed to fill an outside order—and pass on to the engine room.

One of the head engineer boys is turning out a bearing for one of our Diesel engines on the new lathe, recently given by a friend in England. Along one side of the room several lads are engaged in cleaning and re-assembling various parts of one of the boats’ engines, up for overhaul. These are all picked boys, as a mistake here may prove costly later on when the engine is running.

While we are looking on a boy comes in and starts the engine in the corner of the room. This works a big wood lathe on which he will turn the legs of a table he is making for a local resident. He belongs to the “Furniture Department.”

We next come to the sawmill, with its large engine, and breaking down saw, two circular saws and a planing machine. Here we turn out timber and planks for various boats and houses.

Passing on, we glance at the shed where a boy is making soap. Further on is the Mission dairy farm, just sufficient to supply our own dairy produce. Here another boy is rounding up the cows for milking.

Now we board the Ford truck and ascend the steep hill. At the top we are welcomed to the Mission house and meet the senior missionaries, Mrs. Abel and Miss Parkin. Here we enjoy a cup of tea and a chat on the verandah, with other members of the mission staff.

The house is on the brow of a steep hill, from which we have a bird’s-eye view of Kwato from the verandah windows. We hear clanking sounds beneath our feet, and on investigating, we find a room downstairs, where several boys are busily engaged in printing, type-setting, and book-binding. The two machines are seldom idle. Suau scriptures, schoolbooks, the annual Tidings printed at Kwato, and outside orders are printed here.
On our way back to the house we see a girl seated at a loom, weaving an intricate design. Further on there is a sewing class busy at beautiful needlework and embroidery under the direction of Phyllis Abel.

Having cooled off somewhat, we take leave of those in the mission house and once more start exploring. On our way to the Memorial Church, we pass a small one-roomed bungalow—the orphans' crèche—and are attracted by unusual noises from the mouths of seven or eight tiny infants who seem to think it is dinner time and don't mind telling the world!

The Charles Abel Memorial House of Prayer is in course of construction. The stone has all been quarried on Kwato, and squared off and dressed by Papuan hands. It is a light grey and harmonizes well with the dark green background of surrounding mango trees. The Church is set on a marvelous site, the highest point on Kwato, and commands a wonderful view of surrounding ocean, islands and the mountains of the Papuan mainland.

Regaining the road, we inspect the schoolhouse, where a class of girls is trying hard to conquer the difficult English language.

We walk down the broad road Isuhina, passing the neat little bungalow on the hill, belonging to Bess and Arthur Swinfield. Going through a cool tunnel of overhanging trees, pausing to catch glimpses of waving palms and sparkling blue sea far beneath, we at last reach the "Hospital" where for the present, John and Marjorie Smeeton, and Miss Mill are looking after 70 or more kiddies (including Jonathan Smeeton!). Here English is spoken on every hand, as the children go about their daily tasks with happy, laughing faces. From the beach we hear joyous sounds of mirth from little folk who are bathing and frolicing there.

Amid shouts of "Good Bye" from brown-skinned, bright-eyed kiddies, we cross to the newly opened cricket ground. The horn having by now blown for "Stop Work," boys are already out practicing cricket on their palm-fringed field. We make our way down to the Isuhina jetty and as you embark in your ship's motor launch the boys line up to give a rousing send off with shouts of "Aioni"! the Suau farewell.

"M. D. (Papua)"

Aiwasi is his name and he came from Suau, a most un-getatable place, about four hours by boat from Kwato. The first time I saw Aiwasi, he looked very ill and indeed he was—he had pneumonia. With his wife and five little kiddies, he had been wandering about from place to place, trading, when he was taken ill. Forthwith he came to us. We put him to bed and got him under treatment.

Soon the trouble started. A deputation of relatives arrived from his village to "take the corpse home." In vain we pointed out that he was anything but a corpse. Nothing would satisfy them until they had had a sort of funeral demonstration outside his window. Pleasant, we thought, for a sick man and we packed them all off to Kwato village.

A few hours later another spot of bother appeared in the shape of a playful habit possessed by Aiwasi of using the open widow as a spitoon, to the constant danger of passers by. After much persuasion he consented to change his habit and again we settled down, apart of course from the slight inconvenience of trying to squeeze into a room which was usually full of children of all sizes, shapes and colors.

The only way Aiwasi would consent to rest was sitting bolt upright on a hard wooden bed. He did not "hold with" such luxuries as a pillow to prop him up. Needness to say that did not help the pneumonia. Eventually I had to operate on him and drain an abscess in his chest. This greatly interested him. After I had been working on his chest under a local anaesthetic, Phyllis Abel who was helping me, asked him if the pain had gone. His reply was most matter-of-fact. "Oh yes, the doctor has pumped it all away."

Aiwasi progressed in spite of all, but evidently his wife did not quite agree, for one day when she was alone with him he complained of feeling hot. Mrs. Aiwasi, M.D. was soon able to remedy that; fetching a jar of cold water, she poured it over him. Roused at last we banished her from the sickroom, allowing her access only when we could watch her. The relatives had been forbidden to come near our temporary hospital, but early one morning, they stole a march on us. Creeping up from the village, they watched and saw Garoinedi—the nurse
—depart for a few minutes to wash. Posting a small boy as picket they swarmed into the sickroom. Aiwasi was duly inspected and felt all over; his feet were warm; strange that was, and most uncorporeal. Suddenly a mission girl noticed what was going on and gave the alarm. One and all the relatives fled.

That settled it. Hastily Aiwasi’s relatives were ordered into a boat bound for Suau, and a guard was posted on the wharf until the boat was well away. We deprived them of a funeral feast, but that cannot be helped! We will not allow Aiwasi any more Papuan Doctors of Medicine.

B. D. VAUGHAN.

Life in Maivara

The days and evenings are always very full, and in spite of all the hard work and numerous laws (both of which are quite foreign to a village child!) we really have fun. Directly work is over at 4:30 p.m. there is a rush for the football, regardless of the weather, afterwards a swim in the swiftly flowing Maivara River, back home to the evening meal, and then what is officially known as one and a half hours of “homework.” But when the school work is prepared for the following day, that homework may include looking at some newly arrived pictorial newspapers, learning the different parts of a new hymn or song, or even doing jigsaw puzzles!

A regularly planned and ordered day is rather hard for the older ones after a village life of absolute license. Our compound is about a quarter of an hour’s walk from the village, and it is rather a temptation for them to take “French leave” and run home when no one is looking! Officially they only spend Saturday with their parents, when they help them in their gardens, make pig fences, go fishing, and incidentally have a good “tuck in,” and return with a basket of native food sufficient for two or three days.

The boys and girls find, as we do, that the early morning Quiet Time is invaluable. During one Sunday morning Q. T. one of the older girls whose parents are quite heathen, was convicted of going home the day before, enjoying a particularly sumptuous evening meal of five or six different kinds of native vegetables, boiled in a richly flavored coconut “soup,” with smoked fish as a relish, and giving nothing back of the Spiritual food she had received during the week. She was led to have prayer with her parents the following Saturday evening before she returned to school. This was the beginning of the girl feeling any sort of burden for her parents who were still living in the darkness.

* * * *

MEDICAL WORK. One of the greatest assets to this side of my work is a chestnut mare, by the name of “Taffy.” She has been lent to me from one of the plantations in the Bay, for all the time I am at Maivara. She really is a boon, and saves such a lot of time and energy. The path to Maivara village is very good and I can canter the whole way there and back. It is possible to visit sick people much further afield than I have previously been able to do, and one gets home again comparatively cool as well as fresh for the next job.

I think one of our biggest hindrances is the superstition which is still adamant in so many of the heathen people.

Recently a small boy was brought to me after he had been in convulsions for two days. The village “doctor” had done all he could think of to earn his tobacco or food, or whatever pay they gave him. He had removed (so they told me) a few fish from the boy’s head! When we had done all we could, with no result, I left one of the teachers with the mother, while three of us went into my room to seek guidance from the Lord, and to seek His Will about the child. While we were praying we heard the first wail from the mother and knew the child had died. It so happened that the teacher had also been praying aloud with the mother and father. The mother’s hand was on the child’s heart, and just as the prayer finished it stopped beating. This couple had come from Port Moresby—two hundred miles away—and had been staying inland from Maivara for some time. They were on their way to Samarai to catch the local steamer back to their own village. That night there was very little of the usual heathen wailing. Two of our teachers who knew their language sat up all night talking to them, and telling them of the Father-love of God Who gave His only Son that we might live who believed in Him. The next morning we had a simple funeral service, before the launch left to take them to Samarai. With tears in their eyes, they left us and went their way.  

MARY ABEL.
Christmas at Kwato

We had a happy Christmas season. Cecil Abel arrived from Durum on Christmas eve with a wonderful story of his tour inland through the Dorivaidi Range and of the way God had opened doors and prospered them on every hand, and he brought back with him 5 Dorivaidi chiefs, a most amazing token of God's power to convert from absolute heathenism. All these men have served long sentences in jail for murder and head hunting, and they looked capable of anything,—and yet, here they were, asking to learn more of "the way," hungry eager babes in Christ after six short weeks. It had been twelve months since our first visit to the Durum district, and we were fretting over the delay; but it was all in His plan. During that time, while we were praying, God was preparing his vessels in many wonderful ways.

We had our school concert on Christmas eve after a welcome dinner for our visitors from the Bay and from Dorivaidi. It was quite a good show. The small children did some charming action songs. They were so sweet, they brought tears to our eyes. The top form girls did a little sketch called "the geography lesson," that was very effective. We finished the evening with the anthem, "Send out Thy light" rendered by the Kwato choir. It was great and beautifully given.

On Christmas morning we were awakened very early with "Christians Awake." Although it is a time-worn custom it sounded as fresh and new as if it were being sung for the first time. Very early we gathered around the Lord's Table and broke our fast with Him, and reminded ourselves again of the great cause and purpose for which He had come into the world as a little babe. 

... "Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." It was such a happy time.

Unfortunately all through Christmas, we were absolutely without water. The tanks had all been dry for three weeks. We hadn't had a drop of rain for so long, and every bit of water we used, we had to fetch from Logea. It was terribly hot too, and it was a real test to keep patient and cheerful, and to keep the grumbles away when there was no water for a bath (without the climb down the hill) and when one was dreadfully thirsty, there was not a drop in the water bins. However, on Boxing Day the clouds gathered and the rain came down in thunderous sheets all day, and before noon all the tanks were full, and we were bathing and drinking to our hearts' content. It was wonderful after the drought, and a real paean of praise went up to God for the gift of water.

Our British Furlough

"Not one thing had failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake... all are come to pass."

We have felt the thrill of the first glimpse of the "home lights" twinkling on the shore of Great Britain after our long absence. We had reached home waters and great stores of joy lay in front of us.

After the first excitements of family reunions and the whirl of the first few weeks, we were thankful to be able to settle down to deputation work. We had come from the other side of the world happy in the knowledge that we could tell folk at home how the Lord was working in Papua, winning the hearts of the heathen savages and then disciplining and training them for His service. As one result many new missionary prayer partners have been added to the little band in the homeland who are already working with us for Papua.

We praise God that the stories of His power in the hearts and lives of these dark skinned people have been used to bring white skinned folk to a new or fuller surrender to their Lord. One of the moments that will live in our memories, was when, at the close of one of our meetings in a London slum district, six people stood up as a public testimony to the fact that the Lord had claimed them as His own.

The humorous side of deputation work is never lacking. One afternoon after a meeting of over two hundred mothers, when I had been telling them of the great need of Papuan womanhood, one mother pushed her way forward to ask how it was that I so closely resembled an English woman? The chairman's announcement, "Mrs. Beavis of Papua" had evidently made this good soul think that I was a Papuan!

"God's work done in God's way will never lack God's supplies" said Hudson Taylor. This is the principle which we have found true always in practice in Papua. We leave
the result in God’s hands, knowing that He will vindicate the truth of His promise.

A group of young Christian friends gave us a car to help in our deputation work and where ever we have been we have experienced generous hospitality. It has been a joy to meet the members of the English Committee, who faithfully sustain interest among English supporters. They need our prayers in this difficult task.

We are now looking forward to spending a month or two among American friends where more happiness, interest and work is in store for us.

After that, far beyond the horizon, we can see hundreds of bonfires along the Papuan foreshore, in one long line of red light, blazing out a welcome to us, and that will be the greatest moment of all our furlough.

HALLIDAY S. BEAVIS.

The Annual Meeting of the Kwato Mission

THE annual meeting of the Kwato Extension Association (coincident with that of the New Guinea Evangelization Society) was held at 2:30 P. M. on Thursday, May 14th at the home of Dr. Hugh R. Monro, 60 Lloyd Road, Montclair, N. J. A number of friends were present, in addition to the Governing Committee, and listened with interest to the reports of the past year’s work. It has been a period of growth and blessing. New helpers have taken up work on the field, new unevangelized districts have been opened, several Papuan chiefs, ex-murderers, have come to Kwato and have now returned to their villages as bearers of Christ’s message.

The treasurer reported a decrease in receipts during the past few years and emphasized the need for more prayer and sacrificial giving.

The following officers of the Governing Committee were elected for the year 1936-1937:

Hugh R. Monro, President.
Delavan L. Pierson, Vice President.
Arthur Hood, Vice President.
Jessie H. Righter, Secretary.
Walter McDougall, Treasurer.
Mrs. Walter McDougall, Promotion Secretary for America.

(All of the workers at the home base serve without remuneration.)

The following were elected to Governing Committee—Class of 1939:—From England, Mrs. M. G. Prendergast and Hugh G. Cutting, A. C. A. From America, J. Ard Haughwout, William L. Strong, and Delvan L. Pierson.
Earnest prayer was offered for the work and workers in Papua, Australia, New Zealand, England and America. J. H. R.

About Kwato Finances

The work of this mission is based on faith in God, as revealed in Christ, and on the guidance and power of the Holy Spirit and the Word of God. All are joined together by prayer and sacrificial service. The mission workers go to the field without stated guarantees for living expenses but we at the home base realize the responsibilities of our stewardship and as partners in service are eager to see that their needs are supplied as truly as our own. The American income of the mission has decreased during the past eight years, while the Papuan work and the number of workers have increased. In 1928 the receipts for the General Fund (in America) were $10,207 while in 1935 they decreased to $6,573. At the same time the missionaries increased from seven to fourteen and the outstations from fifteen to thirty. The receipts from the cocoanut plantations were also greatly reduced. Gifts from Great Britain and New Zealand have increased. The falling off of receipts in America has been due in part to the difficulty of interesting new friends, without the visits of such a winning personality as that of the beloved founder, Charles Abel. Deaths among donors have also cut off support and the general financial depression has reduced the giving ability of others.

The secret of a growing work with smaller income, is in the volunteer service on the part of Papuan Christians and in the fact that missionaries have met the situation by pooling their resources so as to reduce expenses, thus enabling them to devote as much as one-third their allowances to continue the educational and evangelistic work. Other sacrificial personal gifts have also been made from their meagre savings in order to avoid debt or curtailment of the work. It is a principle of the Mission to keep out of debt. All contributions are put into the work, only about ten per cent being used for postage, and other incidentals to keep friends at home in touch with the work abroad. The home base workers not only serve freely but are themselves generous contributors. Remember that whatever you give to send the Gospel to the Papuans goes to support the missionaries there and to train Papuan Christian workers. This is a partnership with Christ and His ambassadors and fellow workers at home find that it is richly rewarding.