In bespeaking your prayers for members of the staff, both white and brown, the following will give some idea of the circumstances of each one as this Tidings comes to you. We are not able to give the names of all our valued Papuan helpers, but are mentioning a few of those whose names appear most frequently in Tidings records, and who are therefore known to some of you.

Mrs ABEL, Mother of our fellowship, is at Kwato. She has not been by any means robust of late, and we ask your prayers for renewed health for her. We are slowly re-printing a revised Suau New Testament, and her knowledge of this tongue in its pristine state, before slang phrases were introduced and bits of other languages mixed in, as happened when inter-tribal barriers broke down, is invaluable.

As a result of revival in many places, there is a clamour for Scriptures and Gospels that we cannot meet. It is close, painstaking work, so pray especially for her part in this work.

Miss PARKIN also resides at Headquarters, and housekeeping and catering for the large family keeps her constantly busy. This may be the unheroic side of missionary life that does not make good reading in the Tidings, but it requires grace nevertheless, and often courage for a task so mundane and unrequiting. The best economy, Miss Parkin believes, lies in keeping us all fit. Much of the reason for our good health on Kwato we can trace to the thoughtfulness of our "Minister for the Interior", as we call her.

Also at Kwato, are:-

P.D. ABEL; Station supervision, schools, medical work and local evangelism all come within her scope in the course of a day.

BERK and FREDVA VAUGHAN, occupied with the unending demands of the growing medical work. The three children, Patricia, Michael and Dermot, very brown and sunburnt, are keeping well.

ARTHUR and HALLIDAY BEAVIS; digging themselves in again after their furlough. Little David appears to approve of his new home.

RAYMOND WHALE, in the office. Think of him as the weather gets hotter—from now onwards till March.

JOAN BLAKE, taking over infant welfare work, and having the care of the creche and its merry little inmates. She will need wisdom in learning to lead her Papuan helpers.

FRANK BRIGGS, in the engine room, and making a home for the younger boys.

RUSSELL ABEL, 'Jack of all trades' just now, divides his time between Kwato, Milne Bay and camps.

JOHN and MARJORIE SMEETON are going on leave to New Zealand in December. Although Jonathan is bursting with health, his mother and father, at Isuhina with the Junior School, have had to carry on in spite of indifferent health. Constant work in the engine room, and connected with various building operations, has kept John at Kwato. Pray that they may be completely strengthened, and especially that the treatment of John's eyes may be beneficial.

ARTHUR and BESS SWINFIELD, also going on leave, are travelling on the same boat to Australia.

MARY ABEL, who has been at Duram since June, is returning to Kwato for a short period, and will probably be taking over the Junior School.

Of our Papuan staff, TIRAKA is at Kwato, foreman of the boatbuilding shed and in charge of the boys in training, a position that needs patience and love. He is away most week-ends attending evangelistic camps. MERARI who, with his wife VERA, helps in the junior School, is also a regular camper. OLIVIA is one who holds a responsible position among the girls at Kwato. Both she and Vera are daughters of Josia Lebasi, Kwato pioneer, of whom much is told in Charles Abel of Kwato. All the members of his family are working with us, and his elderly widow PAULINE, a mature and most trusted helper, is at Bisimaka, in Milne Bay. At Koeabule another veteran still serves on, and that is SEME, one of Mrs Abel's first girls to come to Kwato.

PHILIP has returned from six months in the Duram district, where he assisted in camps at Domara, Ganai, and Segini. He is now back at Maivara. DAVIDA and EAUENIBO are back in Milne Bay again. They led a camp recently at Lauiam. Their work at Duram has been taken over temporarily by TISO and HINABONEDI. ALICE too is returning to Kwato with Mary.

SISA and his wife LEA, though stationed at Sariba, have been away from home a lot lately. Though they are our oldest workers they yet display the energy and enthusiasm of younger folk. They took part in the Sariba camp at Logea, the camp at Lauiam, and at the moment Lea has gone to Buhutu, a district that entails much walking and climbing. BATI, shining example of grace, sufficient to overcome physical handicaps, whose blindness we never even consider, lives permanently in the Buhutu valley, returning to Kwato only occasionally for a short spell.

(continued on page 15)
LISTEN!

The Conch-shell blows, the drums beat, the village braves set off in their paint and feathers, with spears in their hands, intent on bloodshed. Women and children escape to the hills for refuge.

There are still places in Papua where the beat of the drum spells death, and rouses men to conflict.

But a new drum beat is sounding in many places today. The steady blast of the conch shell calls for new courage. Men are setting off to capture new villages for Christ. They are forging new links with their former enemies, cutting new highways through the forest, and linking up with neighbouring islands with whom there was previously only rivalry.

The conch-shell blows summoning members of the new village teams to assemble on the beach to embark, or gather at the edge of the forest clearing to set off in single file through the bush. There is no need for women to seek refuge on the hillsides. They are wanted in the new adventure. Every Papuan man and woman is urgently needed in the task of winning Papua.

As this Tidings goes to the press, Kuroudi and Dorevaidi villages are depleted. The men and women have left their gardens and other binding home ties, to attack new villages further on.

The last time some of them visited these villages it was to pillage and raid them in the old sense. But Dorevaidi and Kuroudi villages have changed. That is to say the individuals that comprise them have discovered Christ. They are listening to what He has to say about their lives, and are acting upon His commands. The frontier is stretching further and further up the mountain backbone of Papua.

At Sariba island too there is a deserted air in some villages just now. The Christian people there have been experiencing on their own, times of spiritual refreshment. When guidance came to their leaders to visit Logea in order to pass on to these neighbouring islanders the blessing they had received, 100 strong volunteered to go.

Sariba and Logea used to score off each other in the old days, and in days not so distant either, rivalries and petty jealousies have ever flourished. Sariba's only desire now is for Logea to have what she has found.

This is the task on hand for them at the moment.

And afterwards?

They are looking to God to show them the next step. They are ready to go anywhere for God, and realize they must not let themselves be tied to their villages. They must keep free. All Papua is needing them.

Similarly there are familiar faces absent from the village gatherings at Rabi, Milne Bay, today. They have gone to Waema and Lauiam, two centres of retrogression and defeat, to bring back the vitality and victory that should normally be where Christ controls. If victory is possible for them in Rabi conditions, it is possible for Waema and Lauiam too, they believe.

The conch-shell blows again. The long reverberating blasts echo over the hills, and ripple across the sea. Do they reach you faintly over there in England, in America, in Australia or New Zealand?

If so, what message do you catch from their joyful rhythm?

Do they call you to a new surrender of all to Christ?

Do they call you to be up and doing for Him... to pray, as you have never prayed before... to give on an entirely new basis... to go wherever God sends you in this world enterprise?

The conch-shell blows again. The drums beat. May something of their challenge echo in these pages. May our heart's beat quicken in response.

THE DOMARA CONFERENCE

INLANDERS CELEBRATE NEW PEACE

"And this time last year they hadn't even heard Christ's name!" So we had to keep reminding ourselves at the Domara camp in September. It was only December the previous year, that Cecil and a team had made the first journey inland from Duram recorded in the June Tidings. They returned with five leading men who had turned their backs on their old lives and were groping for the light they had seen imperfectly, and wanted.

They remained at Kwato for two and a half months, and went home last March. On the last day in August another team left Kwato, to meet those whom they had won in the five intervening months, to establish and help them. Domara, the most central village inland from Duram, was chosen for the conference.

The night the team left Kwato we had a short commissioning service, the team sitting together.
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As one and another spoke we realized the simple wonder of the fact that the link with inland Dorevaidi was so established that the departure of a team for that destination was becoming quite a usual event. We recalled the years of prayer, when the opening of this district was distant, and one's petitions seemed like asking for the moon!

We had prayed a great deal about the team and of whom it should consist, and felt the choice in every case had been of God. Such difficulties cropped up in the way of some joining us, that we felt all the more certain that God wanted them for this camp. Joining for some meant a test of faith, for themselves as well as for their families. They had to put guidance before expediency. We praised God for wives who were willing to take on responsibilities themselves in order to release their husbands.

There was P.D. and myself in the team, and among others Davida and his wife Eavenibo, who were returning to Duram after a fruitful spell at their home in Milne Bay, bringing blessing to the folks there. Tiso, our itinerating evangelist, and his wife Hinabonedi who were to hold the fort at Duram when Mary returns. Jerome, an elderly man, educated many years ago at Kwato but only recently converted. This was his first experience of camp work, and of the discipline of working in team harness. It proved valuable training for him. There was Taupiri, who is in charge of the station at Maivara, and Daniel in charge at Gwavi: their wives cheerfully shouldering the burdens they left behind. Merari from the Junior School at Kwato, like the rest of us, could not have come had not others been so splendid in stepping into our shoes, in spite of their own work. Two village men, Uloosi from Maivara and Iesi from Sariba, turned up at Kwato announcing that they had been guided to join us. They pulled their weight splendidly too.

There were several younger members. apprentices from the Printing Office and Boatbuilding sheds, who brought a youthfulness to the team. There was Ligogome, an inland woman herself from the N.E. coast, who had had a varied career before she found a haven at Kwato, taking refuge from a charge of sorcery, first as a patient in the hospital, then as the children's cook. Latterly a plantation hand at Koebule, she has found her real job in passing on to others the growing experience of Christ she found there. Being a 'bush' woman she was able to get very near to women from the Dorevaidi hills.

The weather was beautiful, and the journey along the coast on the Kwato a real rest and relaxation after strenuous days of preparation and reorganization previous to our departure. One of the happiest recollections of the voyage was of a meet-
spiritual hunger. A Keveri camp is the next thing.

Please get your prayer-artillery centred on this.

The next morning the sun shone. We spent the morning sunning our sodden gear, which we managed to get nice and dry in time for our departure at midday, in a downpour that re-soaked everything!

There was quite a procession to Domara. Friends from Dou and Amao had joined us, bearing heavy loads of food, as all were required to bring their own provisions for the conference.

The forest along this part of the journey is magnificent. There are giant trees, and palms and ferns, with not such obliterating undergrowth as there is nearer the coast. Scarlet d’Albertis creeper was festooned from the tree tops. We also came across a rare, blue variety which was new to me. However one cannot do much gazing about when on the move in Papua as stones and roots make the going hard. Snakes which are plentiful in this area also help to glue one’s eyes to the ground. And the rain made everything slippery.

Arrived at Domara

I cannot describe my feelings when we arrived at Domara and mounted the style over the stout log fence that encloses the village. Crowds of men and women were lined up, standing in the rain to welcome us. They looked overjoyed to meet us for the first time. Their faces shone. They had come a long way to be present, some walking for three days, from Dorevaidi, Kuroudi, Makaea, from Akaudi and Aianbokai, carrying heavy loads of food, the women with babies on their heads. During their stop in Domara two women disappeared into the bush—according to their custom—giving birth to infants and reappearing from their hiding places a couple of days later, with squirming, squealing babies.

They overcame all obstacles in their determination. It was not so much to find the new way that they came, that was already found. A vivid experience of the big turn round, of God near and vital in their lives, and everything new and wonderful, was what most possessed, however little they knew. They had come, having tasted for themselves, and hungering for more.

And this time last year, I thought, they had never even heard of Christ!

As men and women threw up their hands in greeting, calling out, Tanitiu bada herea, I was conscious of mingled feelings of joy and panic. Their need seemed so great. They were looking to us for so much.

Would we disappoint them?

I was here to show them Christ and was scared I might fail them. I thought of one and another at Kwato who had had so much experience in dealing with others. Why hadn’t we brought so-and-so, or so-and-so?

We seemed quite a strong team when we left Kwato, but we seemed a weak team in view of this. Then I felt ashamed of such thoughts which showed I was foolishly depending on our own abilities instead of confidently looking up to God to use us, and bless these hungry people.

“God hath shined in our hearts,”

We were able to realize the revolutionary change that has come over those who have turned to Christ, when we met men from villages not yet won. They are grim looking people, with hard wolfish expressions on their faces. They are indescribably filthy. Dirt thickens on them like a growth. They wear long, horny pigtales of great weight. They are utterly cruel. Every man is required to be a murderer. It is his first obligation. Until he has taken life he has no place in the social system, he cannot even marry Strangers overtaken in the bush are often dealt with summarily. We could not fathom any reason for the brutal murders of which we heard so much, other than an insane lust for killing that seems to inflame these fierce people. Their war-cry, a peculiar series of crescendo howls that proclaims a successful kill, is the most perfect expression of ruthless inhumanity.

And now to describe the habits of those who have been converted, only in the last few months, with whom we lived in Domara village:

At early dawn a whistle blows. Shadowy forms file out of the houses, and move in a long line to the village entrance. They mount the style, a long procession, and then divide into two trails: the women to one part of the river, the men to another. Arrived at the water’s edge each one pauses before plunging, and bows his head. One after another you see them pause and pray—just a short grace-before-bath, and in they go.

“Why do you do that?” asked an intrigued member of the team.

“To thank God. This river waters the whole plain. It is His gift to us,” was the simple explanation.

It is lighting up by the time they return wet and clean from the new bath ritual. The whistle blows again. As a hush descends upon the whole village you do not need to be told it is the Quiet Hour. The whole village is communing with God.

They bathe religiously twice a day. This connection of cleanliness with godliness in their
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minds dates back to the first preliminary excursions that Davida made inland. He was so sickened by the dirt of the people that he told them he had great things to tell them of God, but that they could not come and hear them in that state. Out of mere respect they would have to bathe first.

As an enthusiastic little woman told P.D., there are many other changes too. She had only the vaguest ideas as to who exactly Jesus Christ was. "Is He the same as Jesus Christ Amen?" she asked. "Well, that was what she had come to learn. But Oh the changes! Their whole life was different.

"Yes I know the new 'Dirava.' He is with us always. We take Him with us to our gardens. Before we work we pray first. When we sit and chat in the evenings, we sometimes stop and pray to Him together. This is what I know...

"He wants us to stop killing. To show love to everyone. To say 'Tanikiu' when we meet a stranger in the bush, and show we are friendly. He likes us to bathe every day and be clean. And to ask Him first, whatever we do."

Not a comprehensive creed, and there were others far more enlightened. But what little that woman knew she knew by heart experience, and it had revolutionized her whole life and outlook.

Dayspring in Domara

For a week we lived all together in Domara, occupying two houses in the village and sharing the lives of these people. They were cramped quarters. At times we felt we were also sharing the lives of the noisy, scrapping dogs and the blind pigs that lined up hopefully, and groaned appealingly for scraps. I will not mention the infants that piercingly expressed their woes at unconventional hours of the night!

And yet in those wonderful days we saw sincere but groping men and women find their real foundations, come into new light, and get their bearings in a totally changed life. We saw the light of discovery on their faces. We saw them giving up old ways, throwing away old heathen things, because God had told them to.

We saw them thrilled over and all this, and shared their amazement. It was as wonderful to us as to them.

We were not there to lay down new rules and regulations of conduct for people stepping out on a new life. Our first aim was to link each one to Christ, and to teach each one to look to Him for everything, as they would have to at home in their bush villages. Obedience to God and love to one another were the main principles. Christ walked and talked with us all during that wonderful week. We learned big lessons from Him. As the glad days passed our foregathering grew less like a conference, and more like a festival in honour of the Saviour: a peace celebration of the tribes, united at last by a common allegiance to Christ. Domara was en fele to celebrate the day of the new Sovereign-Chief.

There were many who were in Domara for the first time. A year ago it would not have been safe for some of them to have walked in to the village. They were enemies. Now they were not only guests but very honoured guests. Domara was inspired to go the second mile in her reception of former enemies. They were made to feel it was their own village. Food plots were thrown open to visitors. Kuroudi and Dorveaidi women with net bags slung over their heads had the run of the Domara gardens, and filed off each morning to help themselves, as though they were in their own homes.

It was our privilege to stand by and witness this uniting of the tribes, the occasion of the forgiving of old, rankling blood debts, the forgetting of old atrocities.

Our meetings were unconventional. This was good exercise for us. We are altogether too conventional. Our bush friends were a lesson to us in their freedom and naturalness: always the results of reality. For instance, if someone got tied up, at once others would chip in and suggest words or phrases to express the idea. And in prayer times, often the one praying would pause, not sure how to go on, or how to end. At once someone perhaps more than one, would quietly offer a suggestion. "Just say, 'I pray this in the name of Jesus, Amen,'" someone would say, and the one praying would repeat that, and the meeting would proceed, others leading in prayer. All this made us very conscious of the presence of Christ. He seemed there, teaching and helping His ignorant children. There was a beautiful spontaneity. Everyone was happy and at home; all one family round the Father's feet.

At one meeting the whole assembly wanted to send a greeting to Cecil in England. They threw up their hands and shouted at the top of their voices "Tanikiu Bada Herea." I had explained that white people could send messages through the air at incredible speed and speak to one another across the sea. I don't think I could have made myself plain, for I am sure they thought that if they shouted loudly enough he would hear their actual voices! After all one miracle is as good as another with white people. They had already listened with complete awe to a man singing inside a little black box. They had peered all round and under but they couldn't find the man.
Our days were crammed full, and every moment organized. There were the meetings with the team, meetings with the people, individual talks. There was systematic taking of reports from the younger or more inexperienced members of the team, so that we were able to check up upon the teaching given, advise, and train. There were the prayer times when we wrestled over problems that would crop up. Sometimes the villagers joined us, and often for the evening meal we would invite a few men and their wives which helped us to get to know them a bit. We found them very unreserved, and got on well with them in spite of the language barrier. Pidgin Motu, which most of the inlanders pick up during long sentences in gaol, was our means of communication. Neither they nor us know the language very well, but the Lord helped us. We have a real testimony to give of how what we thought would be a great barrier just melted away.

There was a wonderful spirit in the team. They were all gloriously willing to do anything, lead a meeting, act as interpreter, speak pidgin Motu hopelessly in public, see someone, give a testimony, or just cook, wash up the plates, act as camp orderly, or return to the coast to do some back-breaking carrying of fresh supplies. We were a united band, and kept each other up to the mark and rejoiced with one another over victories: fears overcome and new spiritual demands faced.

One of our last meetings was memorable. We were guided to centre our thoughts upon the Cross. Sentence by sentence the message was translated from "pidgin" English by Sibodu, the Kuroudi leader. As each simple thought was passed on, the hybrid language lost all its crudeness. Two little sticks showed what a cross looked like, and we thought together of how Jesus died there and shed His blood for our sins: all the awful sins and cruelties that had been confessed during the week, were there—left at the Cross, while for us the load was clean gone. The people listened to every word, and grasped the meaning wonderfully. There was a hush in the meeting, and tears in many eyes. I shall never forget the prayers that followed. Many members of the team received a new vision of the need of Papua, and rededicated themselves to God for the sake of the heathen.

I know I did.

In that same meeting our inland friends too heard God’s call. Guidance came to many of them not to go home when the Conference dispersed on the morrow, but to make straight for certain heathen villages not yet won. They told us with joy and awe in their faces, of the task that had been clearly shown them in that very meeting. New villages were to be linked up to the growing fellowship of villages that have turned right-about-face to the Light.

The next morning we set off in a long line, with our packs on our backs, and farewells ringing in our ears. Before we forded the rushing river we prayed on the river bank, and committed them all to the Lord, as they did us. Then started our homeward journey, while they resolutely set their faces in the direction of unreached mountains. Thus, their hearts on fire and praising God for all they had learnt at the Conference, they began the new crusade.

DISPATCHES FROM DURAM

Mary Abel writes:

I feel as if I never knew what prayer meant until these last few weeks. Real, communion prayer, I mean; not just mentioning things, or dictating to God. Christ’s mind about everyday things had never been so clear to me before. I cannot praise Him enough for clear guidance about a dozen or more little things. For instance our biggest problem is water. I took Christ’s promise to supply our every need to Him, and asked Him, what about our water? I had heard of a spring somewhere in the bush which they said was miles away. One morning guidance came to go and find this water. Mun was the only one who had seen it, so he and I set off. There was no track, and we cut down the bush as we went. We slopped through mangrove swamps up to our knees in mud and swarming with mosquitoes. Then we proceeded to go round and round in circles, looking for this water. At last we found it—a beautiful little clear pool, about 3ft. in diameter. Then we tracked back to the river (not the way we had come) and found it to be a very short distance, about five minutes walk from a spot where we are building a copra shed near the river side, easily accessible by canoe for fetching water. Yesterday Alice, Panailoea and I went there in the afternoon and took our tea—washed clothes, our hair, bathed, and still the water in the little pool remained at the same level! (The water problem has now been further solved by the installation of a tank, the gift of some Papuan friends at Kwato, and in Milne Bay—Ed.)

Sometimes the ignorance of the Duram folk appalls one. One day I was told that four of the toughest young bloods in the village had asked to be allowed to go to the meeting for Christians. It sounded too good to be true. I asked if any of the team had been working with them individually. Yes they had all “been seen,” but as far as anyone knew without any change.
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They went to the meeting. They seemed interested, although they took no part. We couldn't help feeling that their very presence there was a cause for rejoicing. Later different ones questioned them about their change of attitude towards the "missionaries." Was it some sermon, someone's testimony, or had they at last seen the old way by the side of the new—and chosen the new? In time we were enlightened.

No, it wasn't any of these things. The "Government" (their name for the Assistant Resident Magistrate!) is coming next month. And they had not yet got their tax-money ready for him. The Abau Gaol was looming large before them. As a last resort...they had a vague idea....wasn't it true that if they came to the mission and joined the "meetini" they would be excused their tax money?

A day or so before the Kwato came, Biruma and his wife came down from inland. First of all he developed a poisoned hand which swelled up to more than twice its size up to his elbow. At one time he was yelling with the pain. Then his little baby, one month old, developed something extraordinary—sickness, diarrhoea, couldn't bear to be touched, raging hot and screaming almost perpetually. In a couple of days it died in my arms. I discovered later that Biruma's wife had dropped it in its string bag from her head, and it had landed on its head. It was a darling baby, and last Sunday I simply claimed its little life—but Monday morning, our day of prayer, it died. Biruma and his wife were asleep in front of me, both worn out and Biruma drugged with aspirin to relieve the pain in his hand. I did not know how to tell him, but they were both marvellous over it.

We have been working here in Duram for two years, and when I came eleven only were converted and some of these very shaky. Then there seemed to be a deadlock, and the rest were as hard as nails. There had been no fruit that we could see to the team's work for about three months. I was guided that my birthday was to be a very special day, and that I was to give my testimony after games and festivities were over, and to claim definite results. The baby's death rather shook my faith, but I saw that one claiming was Christ's mind, and guided, and the other wasn't.

First of all there was a feast. We had to send twice to the village to get the people to come at all. Alice and the others were sure only the Christians would come. Anyhow—and only as the result of prayer—over eighty came!

The fare consisted mainly of rice, and a little native food.

It was a banquet to them though, as they are terribly keen on rice, much more so than the people our end. I suppose it is because they very rarely get any. It was all laid out on banana leaves, and we sat on each side of the leaves facing one another. I've never in my life seen food literally "stowed away" before. They ate everything within reach. (The team of course were too polite and consequently got nothing!) And when all was finished they actually licked, and even sucked the banana leaves. Long before people had finished, one of my "guests" began walking up the "table", on his haunches, shovelling in anything he could find with both hands. Consequently everyone grabbed the portions in front of them, banana leaves and all, and held them protectingly in their laps! It sounds rather a rough party written down, but we all enjoyed ourselves in spite of the Duramians rather unconventional manners.

After food we had games outside, by the light of hurricane lamps and one Tilly lamp. And after games we managed to pack everybody on to the verandah where we had a shadowgraph show. This consisted of a sheet hung across at one end, and the Tilly lamp behind. Then different ones of the team entertained us.

Philip carefully padded with pillows, made a good shadow of a Magistrate and demanded taxes from everyone. Mun made a good shadow of a Keveri man, with my beret as a head covering, and rolls of brown paper for pigtails. His long bamboo pipe was greatly admired. Bokamani excelled himself as a bushman, and brandished spear and shield with warlike whoops and jumps. As a grand finale Panailoea was supposed to represent me. She was complete with hat, umbrella, glasses and book, which she proceeded to read, sitting bolt upright in a chair.

When the laughter had died down, we began our little service. I said what the Lord told me to, and I asked the heathen that night to decide for Christ, or against Him. I told the team before the meeting to pray the whole time and look for guidance about what the Lord wanted them to do. Consequently many of them mixed with the people and walked with them back to the village: went into their houses, or took one or another aside. With the result that five gave themselves to Christ that night; possibly more, who were not seen. The team is carrying on the work among them today. Praise God for this!
Matthew Henry said: "When God intends great mercy for His people, He first of all sets them a-praying." I asked God for one that night, and hadn't even the faith of half of a grain of mustard seed. I wonder who was praying for the others!

Remember this, Weymouth's translation of I Cor. 16. 9: "A door that offers wide and effectual service stands open before me" —and redouble your prayers please!

We are off to Amao in the morning. M.A.

Islanders of the China Straits are stirred to action.

"LOGEIA AWAKE!"

A CHALLENGE FROM THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

Here are some voices from Sariba. Spending a Sunday with us on their way to the camp they held at Logea, our Sariba friends brought inspiration to us all. A great awakening at Logea resulted from their visit. Some from this island too have now caught the vision of Papua's need, and have joined a camp in progress in the Maivara district: their first experience, for some, of personal evangelism and team work in a camp.

The setting was the Mission House hall, used by day for work, for eating and playing, for meetings and church; at night for sleeping. The day was a wet Sunday, a low steady drizzle after twenty-four hours of tropical downpour.

The question was, would they come? We were expecting the Sariba team from Logea, they had sent word over to say they would be at Kwato for the morning service, for they had much to tell. They had found many new things while in action. Anxiously we scanned the horizon for any sign of the dark cloud lifting. We saw instead laden canoes and whaleboats crossing the channel.

They were coming in spite of the rain.

The singing nearly lifted the roof that morning, and there was a joyful spirit of expectancy that did not always linger round the Sunday service. Many shared their experiences. A few only will show you what God is doing at Logea through Sariba.

SISA said: "I felt the burden of Logea for many moons, but I feared. I feared the Logea leader. I feared the Kwato people. Would they say, 'Why have they come so far, are we not next door?' I feared the Logea people. Would they say, 'Who are you to come and teach us?' Then the Holy Spirit said to me, 'Don't fear, I send you'. So I called the Sariba people and said, 'Who is wholly surrendered, who will go for Logea?' And another and another said 'I,' 'I,' 'I.' We prayed for three months until the spirit said, 'Now go.'

"For what reason did we come?" A voice, "For sin." "Yes for sin, and for the sake of love. We love one another, we want to help one another to be free from sin.

We had a confession meeting yesterday at Logea. There is still much work to be done. I will not leave Logea until it is done.

I appeal to you my friends at Kwato, let our hearts run in the same furrow, let us be united and not standing back to back. Likewise Logea. Christ came for your sins and mine. To free people from sin let us be ready to go anywhere to take Christ's redemption. To Buhutu, Maivara, even to Duram. Let us be truefaced, sincere. Don't let us slip any opportunities. If we have Christ's mind we will be ready to do what He asks."

LEA said: "My words are not enough to show my praise to God. My faith was very small. I said, 'Really will God use such weak things?' I thought of Logea's name for hardness. I was very fearful. But truly my friends, my amazement was very great when I saw God work. When we arrived we did not look for people, they came and threw themselves to us. They were hungry, they were ready. I want to confess my small-mindedness. For two days women came to me to be helped. They came and came and came, like water flowing, and I was so tired, I said, 'If only I could have rest for a little.' One day I had been working all day, it was getting dark and I looked out and asked, 'How many are waiting?' They said, 'Four women, our mother.' I spake with three more, and then said, 'How many are there now?' They said, 'Four.' 'Isi! I was impatient for rest! In my Quiet Time the next morning God spoke to me. He said 'Lea, throw yourself away for the sake of Logea. Don't hold back yourself.' I was so ashamed. For this I had come. I gave my self again to Christ to be made strong.
A LEADER'S WIFE, Lahela, said: At Sariba I was such a weak worker. When God's call came to go to Logea in the team I was afraid. I said, 'I have no mother or sister or brother there,' meaning friends or relatives. What shall I do there as a stranger? Then I was quiet and in my quietness God said to me, 'Whoever catches my word and does it, is my brother, sister, and mother.'

"When I came to Logea I found that the word was true. I found mothers and sisters and brothers in those who heard God's word and obeyed."

LEHOBOSI said, "I came to Logea with fear. Logea are more learned than Sariba. They have school, they can read English Bibles, I thought, they won't listen to me. I had no faith in prayer. I sent my prayers forward and did not believe they would be answered. When I came and worked with the youths of Logea, not one said, "I know my Bible, I am a person of learning." They came hungry, and ready to confess their sins and their rebelliousness against God. I was filled with amazement at my faithlessness and my small-mindedness. I could not praise God enough for His mighty power. So it seems, I was blaming them with my own face. When others have come to me to help me I have been proud, and unwilling to see my faults, and of these things I was accusing them."

DEIDEI also expressed the fears she overcame: "They have had such advantages. How can I, an ignorant old woman, be a help to them? God showed me this: if a man is dying of thirst, and you have a cup of fresh water, you don't need a lot of learning before you can hand him the cup. That word made me strong and I praise God for all He has taught me in this camp.

ESERA, a Logea Leader speaks: "Greetings to you all. I am standing here because of my ignorance and blindness. All Logea is blind and deaf, because of me. Mine is the fault. I have not helped or taught people, I have been impatient with their sins. I have said, 'Who is there to help me? Who will stand by me?' I prayed to God and for the sake of His love and mercy He sent Sariba. We were drowning and they saved us. My wife dreamed a dream. A man was drowning, he could not help himself, a friend saw him and dived in and brought him to land. She woke in the morning and said, 'What is the meaning of that dream?' We prayed for the meaning and the Spirit said, 'Logea is drowning and Sariba has come to help you.' Yes we are blind and rebellious.

I am a Leader, why have I not lifted God's flag? Because of sin and blindness, rebelliousness and disobedience I have failed."

NEWS NOTES

Cecil Abel is at present in the United States meeting with friends of the Kwato Mission. Letters that we have received from him telling us of new experiences, and much blessing and help received while on leave, have been shared with the whole family, white and Papuan, and have been a great challenge to us all. We ask for your prayers for himself, and for guidance for each step of his journey.

Arthur and Halliday Beavis, and Baby David, arrived on October 31, beaming with health after their holiday, and were joyfully welcome into our midst again. Although our gratitude at having them back is chiefly expressed in avalanching them with responsibilities, it is nevertheless heartfelt!

Frank Briggs is with us again, having spent two years of invaluable experience with the Un evangelicalized Fields Mission on the Fly River. He is helping to keep the wheels going round in the engine shop, and has the care and oversight of some of the younger boys.

On November 16 we bid Godspeed to the Basketts. Mrs. Baskett has been here for two years, and during that time has been Mother to the little family in the creche. They will miss her love and care, which we shall find hard to replace. We are grateful to God for all her stay here has meant to us, and ask Him to bless and use her as she goes from us.

Geoffrey Baskett, cheerful and noisy as ever, spent three weeks with us on his return from his year on the goldfields. He is now on his way to England to train, if God wills, for Kwato. He needs your prayer backing.
The camp now in progress at Maivara has a tough piece of work in hand, as many of the heathen villagers show no interest whatever in the new life that is being put before them. When the camp arrived the population cleared off, some to their gardens, some to fish, and some in long canoes to a village the opposite end of Milne Bay. Later a few returned. They felt unsettled, they said, and could not get on with their fishing, and garden work. "I know what is the matter," said one of them. "They are praying for us." Some returned to their village and sent a message to the campers. "It is futile to kick against the light. We cannot escape it. Come and see us, we are ready."

Hitherto every fourth Monday in the month has been set aside as a special Day of Prayer. We have felt the power that has resulted from these times, and the fellowship of the friends in other countries who have joined with us in spirit on these days. In future, however, we are changing the day to every fourth Wednesday in the month, instead of Monday. We look forward therefore to your special co-operation on the following dates: Jan. 27. Feb. 24. March 24. April 28. May 26. June 23. July 28. Aug. 25. Sept. 22. Oct. 27. Nov. 24. Dec. 22.

Please mark these on your callender.

"Our Master has never promised us success. He demands obedience. He expects faithfulness. Results are His concern, not ours. And our reputation a matter of no consequence at all."

RANDOM SNAPSHOTs
SOME LONG DISTANCE VIEWS

SCENE: Domara camp.

Among many joyful faces there was a small coterie in the village who obviously had found none. Why? One and another saw them individually. There was a blockage somewhere. One of the first women to be converted was among them. She had been used to convert Sibodu's wife, who had converted many others, and worked hard all through the camp helping other women. "I have got nothing from all this," she sadly complained.

It came out at last. They were mourning for a relative. There was one more big heathen feast due. There were hooded widows swathed and shrouded in heavy tapa cloth, waiting to be released. They lived for the day when they could join in with the new Christian life. However they felt they could not to do so until those in authority over them freed them. Those in authority, though changed themselves, were the only ones who had been entirely unsuccessful in winning others. There was a blockage. This was it.

We had never mentioned feasts to them. God did, and their response was, "when we have had the final feast." There were pigs bought and fattened for the occasion. There was a fetish standing up in the middle of the village.

There was a basket of charms and sorcery things. It was all right, they said. They were going to destroy them, at the feast. The fetish was on account of the feast. The widows would be released at the feast. That was all decided. Then why this heaviness?

The river in flood delayed us an extra day. Finally we crossed a still swollen river, all linking hands to stem the strong current that nearly carried us off our feet. There were such ringing farewells, such joyful faces bidding us goodbye. We were going home. They were pushing on to new villages, to carry the message fresh and hot. But there was one sad thought lingering in our minds. That old fetish still stood. The "happy solution" resulted in no happiness at all. If the faces of those concerned were any criterion, then the Devil's idea of happiness is certainly not ours! We offered prayers for them on our way down to the coast. Meanwhile they—the only ones that had not received a vision of service, or guidance to set out to conquer new areas—got together once again, and had just one more quiet time about it all. During this they all had their eyes opened. They had been blind! They were forfeiting everything through sheer disobedience.

Out they came from the meeting with a new light in their faces. They publicly plucked up the offending fetish. They brought out the basket of old charms. They was no more apathy. They had got the joy like everyone else. The widows were cut loose from the heavy folds of bark-cloth that had burdened them for over a year. Their long, trailing grass skirts were trimmed. Freed at last and overjoyed they joined the procession that made its way to a spot where the river was a rushing torrent. Here they prayed, and praised and sang for joy, and hurled all the old relics into the swirling foam.

At the Domara camp there was a man and his wife from Aionbokai, a day's walk beyond Dorevaidi. There are no converts at Aionbokai. He only, and his wife, had listened when Ofekule, the Dorevaidi leader, visited them. When he left this village ignorant but willing to accept the new way, his friends said to him, "We will see what you are like when you come back. If you
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are changed and have power then we will destroy our idols, throw away sorcery, and follow the new way." The poor fellow was afraid of returning empty. He was so conscious that everything depended on his finding the secret of power, and was so anxious not to spoil the chances of his village by any unwillingness on his part, that he went a long way in his surrender to God. He found great blessing and joy during the conference, and went home confident.

* * * * *

SCENE, DURAM: Mary describes a nocturnal disturbance and its sequel.

It was 2.25 A.M.

"Wake up! Wake up! The five older girls have run away. Their room is empty, and they have taken everything with them!"

This was shrieked at me in a crescendo voice just a few inches from my ear, from the other side of the thin sago-bark partition which formed the boundary of my bed.

This startling fact had been discovered by one of the girls' monitors, who had been aroused by the sound of an agile, and as usual starving, village dog, jumping on the verandah and attempting successfully to reach a bunch of ripe bananas, hanging fully five feet off the ground. Something made her go into the girls room, and her intuition that something was amiss was certainly justified.

"What shall we do?" the voice persisted.

My first impulse was to rush after them and haul them back.

"Let's be quiet for a bit, and let God guide whatever steps we are to take," I said instead.

In the few minutes that followed similar thoughts came to both of us. Some weeks before these girls had come to us of their own will, and had asked to live and be trained with us. There is no law that says a Papuan child must stay at a boarding school. Only a changed heart would alter their present attitude. We must leave them for tonight, surround them with prayer, and be guided how to help them when they returned.

I lay awake a long time thinking about these five girls. They were raw girls straight out of a heathen village. We had shown them love, treated them as our own sisters, tried to burden them with as few laws and regulations as possible, suffered the breakage of cups, saucers, lamp-glasses in our eagerness to domesticate them, spent weary hours teaching them how to sew, and wearier hours nursing them when they had been sick, and now—this!

I tried to analyse my feelings. Why was I so disappointed? The usual answer—my pride was hurt, of course. It doesn't do to have any pride or personal feelings when doing the Lord's work.

The next morning it was discovered that a large village canoe, a basket of native food, and a number of water pots were missing from the village. And the girls had never been seen.

Three days later they arrived back, very penitent, hungry and cold. They had been living on an uninhabited island nearly three miles away. Their food was finished, their water pots were empty and no more fresh water procurable. That last night it had rained, they had had no shelter, and their consciences were pricking them a bit too severely.

Just between you and me, I rather envied them in their escapade! I couldn't help thinking how many school girls at home would have given anything to share their adventures.

It was not long before four out of the five begged to be allowed to come back again, but I was a bit dubious. All of them were really too old to start as boarders, and how was I to know that they would not make this running away business a habit? The reputation of my school was at stake! After seeing them individually, and after much prayer and seeking of guidance, two of them, both children of newly-converted parents, are staying with us. Two others, whose parents had fixed up their marriages, and who were everlastingly trying to persuade their children to leave school, now spend the day with us and sleep at their homes at night. These four are now keen Christian girls, but the fifth, rather younger than the others, has gone right back into heathen life. In a week she changed from a jolly schoolgirl into a hard-faced woman: her hair unkempt, her mouth stained scarlet with chewing betel-nut, and her body tattooed. All the same we have not given up hope for her yet, and you can help us too with her, and with others equally difficult in Duram.

"The great gift of God in Prayer is Himself, and whatever else He gives is incidental and secondary."

* * * *

"One of our difficulties is to pray the prayer of Faith for something more than we are really able to expect."
Not long ago a young man arrived at Kwato with an unhappy story. He was mining gold, inland in bush country, in a river bed when the bank collapsed upon him. After some hours he was released but a large jagged hole was left in his leg out of which protruded the broken ends of his shin bone. His friends carried him through the bush to one of our out-stations in Milne Bay. It meant a slow and horribly painful journey on a rough stretcher. However here a Papuan nurse dressed his wound, helped to relieve his pain, and sent him in on the next boat. In this case he was fortunate in that he did not have to wait long for a boat. However it was not until the second day after the accident that he reached Kwato. Those of you who are in the medical profession will appreciate what this means to a septic compound fracture.

This gives a glimpse of one of our problems, that of inaccessibility. If Papua were a country of big villages connected by roads, instead of a land made up of a great number of small hamlets each with a handful of houses, and separated from its neighbours by jungle, pierced only by rough tracks, things would be much easier.

Whatever be the difficulties, the need remains unaltered.

In the natural course of events it is a case of kill or cure where a sick person in his village is concerned. In village life there are no doctors, no nurses, no hospitals, no dressings, no people to care for the sick. As a rule the "witch doctor" is the only substitute. The Government is making an attempt to provide medical care for the people through patrolling medical boys.

Our work has been to establish medical out stations at intervals throughout our district, where any and every native can have free treatment. Serious cases are given a free launch passage in to Kwato Hospital. The villager has little if any money so he cannot make much return, but if Christ were here in person I cannot see him turning away any sick man or woman on that account.

In relieving sickness and suffering we are doing what he himself did when on earth.

The Aim

If that were the end of medical work here it would be worth while, but there is a more important side: the healing of souls.

Many times recently God has used the medical work to unlock doors which seemed otherwise closed. Within the space of a few weeks two bitter opponents of Kwato and Christianity were driven to us by sickness. Both have gone back to their work friendly. They have heard the word of God, and seed once sown may yet bear fruit. In other cases where God had been working in a man's heart for some time the period of enforced rest in Hospital gave just that period of quietness which is so useful in helping a man to "take stock" before making the greatest of all decisions—to give his life to God.

Don't let it be thought that medicine is given as a bribe. It is not; heathen or christian, both get all that we can give them. All the same our aim is to get changed lives. Changed from dirty, sorcery and fear ridden heathen, into clean-living witnesses for Christ. Only the grace of God can do that.

The Equipment

"Hospital equipment" conjures up a vision of chromium plate, stainless steel and spotless white enamel, but if you expected to see much of that here you would be disappointed.

Carpenters' drills, knitting needles, iron bars are more in our line! And yet, just as it was with the loaves and fishes 1900 years ago, these crude implements have had His blessing. At times I just marvel how the Lord has enabled us to get on with things that our western surgeons would regard as fit only for the rubbish heap. However that is not to say that we have not got some good equipment. We certainly have. The nucleus of a first class outfit is here, and in the most important parts of it we have no cause for complaint.

Kwato is the centre of a chain of out-stations covering a fairly wide area as you will see on the map. All ordinary cases are cared for on the spot and only serious or difficult cases are sent in to us at Kwato.

It may help to visualise the work if a few of the larger items in our yearly drug requirements are given:

- 10,000 Quinine tablets
- 10,000 Aspirin tablets
- 1 cwt. Cotton wool
- ½ mile Surgical gauze
- 3 cwt. Epsom Salts
- etc.

In conclusion let me tell you the story of Mota the out-patient.

His name appeared on one out-patient station report as having received treatment for a "sore tail". That seemed a rather unusual way to describe anybody's anatomy, but "Sore tail treated with Eusol dressings," was the entry. The mystery was solved when it turned out that "Mota" was Cecil's pet python!

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BEHIND THE LINES

P. D. Abel.

Your thoughts have been directed to the many activities outside Kwato; the camps and conferences, the thrilling account of far reaching extension. But I want you to think for a moment of the machinery that keeps the wheels running smoothly at the base here at Kwato.

"Drudgery is one of the finest touchstones of character there is."

How often we have proved this true. 750 meals have to be cooked each day. Laundering has to be done for 250 people each week. Over 200 loaves of bread are baked daily in the bakery. Cooks, bakers, laundry girls know what it is to feel the pull of those thrilling camps: the longing to be in the front line of the battle. It needs a courageous spirit to watch the "Kwato" leave the wharf with a happy throng of warriors singing battle choruses, and to be able to turn back to the smoky kitchen, the hospital with its sometimes very uninspiring patients, the Nursery, or to the care of some difficult boys and girls, with the lilt of that song still in the heart, and without a grumble or a sigh.

These camps make gaps. There has to be sacrifice. We are not so well staffed that we can duplicate our helpers. When Olivia goes on active service, it means others have to step into her place and do her job. When God asks Mareta for a special task outside, it means that others in the Junior School have to sacrifice their "free time" to make up for her absence. But when this means the results you have been reading about in the foregoing pages, there is joy in every extra demand made.

Yes, teams come and go, but at Kwato the wheels have to go round like clock work just the same. Bells are rung, rolls are called, meals are served, children are cleaned and clothed and taught and fed. And behind it all is that army of happy, consecrated soldiers who are finding "it is the lowliest of you all who is great."

And God seems to it that his faithful ones are kept in action. Last night one of Marjorie’s helpers was spending her free evening up here. She came, full of joy and enthusiasm, into my study to tell me of one and another whom she had been able to help. I happen to know how much she longed to be at Maivara during the camp there, but God had other means of satisfying her devotion to Him. And she was not slow to obey His prompting.

L. is cook for the Junior School. She was in the team that went with us to Duram. At our Thursday workers’ meeting she told of the new things the Holy Spirit had taught her since her return from Duram; lessons in humility, in being ready and willing for anything that God had for her to do; from being in a team and having the privilege of going to far outposts with the message of God’s salvation, to coming back to the drudgery of boiling rice every day. Yet in the drudgery she was finding there were souls to help and save. Her plain little face shone with the glory of heaven as she shared this with us.

P. is the station cook. She felt God wanted her to go with her husband to the Buhutu camp. With many away we found it difficult to fill her place, so we prayed and waited. Yesterday an old friend arrived to pay us a visit, and like so many of our dear visitors was ready to lend a hand wherever it was needed. She volunteered to take over the cooking, so P. will have the joy of accompanying the team to Buhutu after all. How mindful God is of every one of his children. Even the cooks and bottle-washers have their part to play in the bringing of the world to Him.

Why is it that those who seem to have had so much love and teaching are sometimes the hardest to reach? There are boys and girls here who have grown up from babyhood in this home, and have been tenderly led in God’s way all their lives and are now among those who are causing us most anxiety and pain. It would not be fair to give you only the bright side of the picture, to tell of victory and not of defeat, of the joy of souls won and not of the travail of soul for those who might be so much to God, and to His work. You can imagine how some of us long to be out where people are so ready and hungry, and where we can enter into the joy of the harvest. But God asks us to triumph where there is seeming defeat, to rejoice where the harvest is meagre. And He has promised that we shall "run and not be weary" we shall "walk and not faint."

HOME AGAIN!

Halliday Beavis

As we steamed into Samarai last Saturday we could hardly believe we were awake. It was one of Papua’s brilliant spring days, and the little islands, the shining beaches, and the deep green hills seemed to us more beautiful than ever before.

Home!

Hundreds of mirrors had flashed and twinkled in the sun as we passed Kwato, and before our ship was tied up at the Samarai wharf, the launch was over bringing members of the Kwato family, both white and brown. I will spare you a description of the reunion! Little David alone remained perfectly unmoved by all the excitement, until we reached Kwato, and there the shouting and the hurrahs were too much for him, and he expressed strong disapproval in the usual
baby fashion.

Only the Lord Himself knows how thankful we are to be safely landed here with our little one. The journey was a difficult one, but He brought us all through wonderfully.

Now we are gradually getting back into harness. There are lots of changes, especially among the people, so many of whom have begun to live the transforming life.

Thank you for all your prayer help while we were on furlough. May it be relobbed now that we back again in the firing line.

"You are not really the Salt of the Earth if you create no thirst in others."

MY JOB... Miss Parkin writes concerning her work:

Interiors, are never of the same size or pattern, and what agrees with one does not agree with another. When your store contains only tinned foods you may consider it a lucky hit when your choice fixes on a tin that everybody cares for. A not unusual occurrence on a mission station is the arrival of visitors without warning. Of course they are always welcome, but in the heart of the poor "Minister for the Interior" there is sometimes the fear: Will there be enough? It really requires prayer and thought to keep the Lord's children in good health. Perhaps in a few years, tabloids may be handed round, without any preparation. What intensely interesting talks we should miss, for the times when we all meet round the table are a happy part of our community life."

(Continued from Page 2)

TAUPIRI and his wife EVANELIA, are at Dago, Maivara district, and DANIEL and AINAUIA at Gvavili, the latter carrying on alone while her husband temporarily gives us a hand in the Printing Office.

ALAEDI and BESSIE still run things at Duabo, which has lately been a centre of great blessing. DALAI is up there too, with a class of young girls who are specially needing individual attention.

We would like you to remember our plantation managers. Besides the responsibility of the economical running and maximum productiveness of these estates, they have crowds of young people in their care. When one thinks of the influence that radiates from each of the plantations, and the centres of power they have to be to the surrounding community, one realizes how much depends on those in charge. Here are their names for your prayerful remembrance: PITA at Koebule. His wife is AIDINA. They have had a lot of sickness with their two babies, and Aidina has taken them to the hill station, Duabo. OSINERU and his wife DORINI, and NARUGEI and his wife GONIA; they run things jointly at the adjoining stations, Manawara and Bismaka.

Finally MANI ANA and NORI at Kanakoipe. They have just undertaken as a sideline, a weekly boarding school of 38 children. They are very bright youngsters, and living in a scattered area, there would be no chance of school for them otherwise. They go home for a week-ends, and their parents supply them with vegetables, and when they do a bit of clearing or collecting of nuts the plantation helps them out with a bit of rice now and again. All this is extra for the one in charge, although he has his helpers.