Kwato Boys Off for Evangelistic Work at Bohutu Camp
THE KWATO MISSION OF PAPUA


Conducted since 1920 by the Incorporated Kwato Extension Association

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THE MISSION STAFF AND YEAR OF APPOINTMENT

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

MRS. CHARLES W. Abel, 1892
MRS. B. D. VAUGHAN, 1935
MARY Abel, 1932

Cecil C. G. Abel, 1928
MARGARET EVELYN PARKIN, 1894
ARTHUR BEAVES, 1932

Phyllis D. Abel, 1925
JOHN SMEETEN, 1932
MRS. ARTHUR BEAVES, 1928

Russell W. Abel, 1928
MRS. JOHN SMEETEN, 1932
RAYMOND D. WHALE, A.C.A., 1933

Berkeley D. VAUGHAN, M.D., 1935
JOAN BLAKE, 1936

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

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American Members of the Governing Committee are also members of the American Council.
News has recently come that Miss Mary Abel has returned home to England on her first furlough. She has had wonderful experiences during her five years in Papua and will be available for speaking engagements in England after July 1st. This will be a rare opportunity to hear her story of adventure for Christ among headhunters and new converts.

* * *

The Governing Committee acknowledge with gratitude a recent bequest of $460 from the estate of Miss Lucy Chapin, of Wheaton, Illinois. We pray that this may prove to be a great blessing to the work. One great difficulty is to decide to which of the many urgent needs it should be applied—for general mission work; for the Memorial House of Prayer, for other new equipment, for a new missionary, or for special emergencies. Will other friends remember the Kwato Mission in their wills?

* * *

Shortly after Cecil Abel’s return to England, we regret to learn that he was taken ill and was obliged to give up his speaking engagements and take a complete rest under the advice of his physician. He is now recuperating and hopes to be back on the mission field in July.

* * *

At the annual meeting of the Kwato Extension Association held on May 8th in Montclair, New Jersey, the following members of the Governing Committee were elected for the Class of 1940:


* * *

A new missionary, Miss Doris Purcell, of Baxter, Georgia, has been accepted for Papua and hopes to go out as soon as provision is made for her outfit and travel. She is greatly needed on the field to help in teaching the young Papuan children, and to relieve the already overburdened missionaries. Miss Purcell is a graduate of the Marth Berry School of Georgia, a trained teacher and a consecrated Christian worker. She has already been provided with her outfit but about $600 additional is required for travel and early support on the field. Will you make this a special subject for prayer?
The completion of the House of Prayer at Kwato, being built by Papuans as a memorial to Charles W. Abel, has been delayed by lack of funds and by the furlough of the master builder, Mr. Arthur Beavis. He has now returned and the building is ready for the roof. Gifts will be welcomed to complete this much needed center for evangelistic work and Biblical training for the Papuan Christians. It will be a worthy memorial to the beloved founder of the Mission and as it will be much used as a place of worship it will advance the cause of Christ in all Papau.

A Review of the Past Year

HOW small the world is. Recently we have heard as from a nearby room, the voice of the British King speaking from London on the day of his coronation, thanking his people for their love and loyalty. From New Zealand and Australia, from Burma and South Africa greetings and pledges of devotion to the empire were heard in all parts of the world.

The Kwato Mission of Papua, the Governing Committee and Christians everywhere bow allegiance to a King, crowned long years ago, with a crown of thorns, it is true, but His Father holds the world in the hollow of His hand. In every land we still hear His voice saying, “Go ye, into all the world.” Charles Abel heard and answered that command over 45 years ago—his children have heard it too and are giving their lives in service in Papua. So do all those on the Kwato Mission staff and, as they tell the Good News the answer comes back, in Suau, in Motu, in Pidgeon English, in words of gratitude. For into the darkness of heathen lives has come light, into hearts burdened with fear, has come release and love.

What means has been used, this past year, to teach this new way of life to the Papuans of the Kwato and Abau districts? What success have the missionaries had in their work? The following is a short résumé of some of the events of last year. The tales of happenings from the field seem like miracles. A little more than a year ago, Cecil Abel and a group of native workers penetrated into the mountains of the Abau district. Natives who had never seen a white man came to hear the missionaries’ appeal as they went from village to village. They questioned, they watched, they learned and the beginning of the change took place. Six chiefs of these inland tribes came to Kwato for instruction and returned home to become Christian evangelists. Later, in the year, another group of Christians from Kwato again visited this section, and at Duram, Dou and Domara they were amazed almost beyond belief at the transformation that had taken place. Villagers, once covered with filth, now bathed twice a day; faces before dark with hatred shone with happiness; killings had ceased and the villagers lovingly cared for the children. The team of evangelists went also to the nearby islands such as Logea and Sariba, people hitherto rather indifferent, and as a result, these Papuans have come again and again to Kwato to benefit by the activities and services there.

On the hilltop at Kwato are the mission house and the schools. Here children continue to be taught simple elementary subjects, habits of cleanliness, obedience, and Bible truths. Below, at the water’s edge, are the store, the sawmill, the boat building shop—places where technical training gives the natives the opportunity to learn various trades, so as to develop character and prepare them for self-support. The Papuan boys make skillful workmen, and the boats they make are in great demand by the Government and local traders. They have also just built a new sixty-foot boat for Mission use; the engine was a special gift. The medical work continues to be carried on by Dr. Vaughan. The most serious medical and surgical cases are brought to Kwato from outstations and the doctor also goes out into the Milne Bay district to treat the sick and to teach sanitation and rules of health. A group of Papuan girls are being trained by Dr. Vaughan to assist in nursing. This year, Miss Joan Blake, a registered nurse from Australia, has come out to help in this branch of the work.

The plantations continue to flourish. The caring for the cocoanut trees, the gathering of the nuts and drying forms one of the most important industries developed by Charles W. Abel. This past year large driers have been built at several of the stations and here green meat is prepared for ship-
ment, thus increasing the profit from sales.

At the Mission House, changes have come in the staff. Halliday and Arthur Beavis have returned from their furlough in England and came back at the end of August with their little son, David, who is now growing well in his new environment. Miss Elizabeth Mill, who for years gave loyal service as a volunteer missionary, has, because of ill health, returned to Australia. John and Marjorie Smeeton and little Jonathan have also been on a short furlough to Sydney and Auckland where the father and mother have been receiving needed medical attention.

The aim of the Mission is to bring the Papuans to Christ. In order to deepen the spiritual side of the work much time is given to Bible study, personal conferences and prayer. This past year, the missionaries have chosen to set aside the fourth week in every month as “God’s Week.” During this week, many of the more secular activities are suspended and camps and conferences are held. The Wednesday of that week is set aside as a special day of prayer.

The year has had its difficulties and problems, its encouragements and successes. Through it all, the Kwato staff have felt increasingly conscious of God’s presence, His cooperation and His blessing.

In England the K.E.A. has been grateful for the assistance of Mr. Hugh Cutting, A.C.A., its Honorary Secretary-Treasurer. Recently Mr. Arthur Barker has been elected to the Governing Committee and already he has given practical help.

In America, the details of the work continue to be carried on from the New York office. The Governing Committee has met bimonthly to consider all matters of importance to the Association and the secretarial and other business have been cared for by the officers and committees, all of whom render volunteer service.

Two issues of The Tidings have been printed in America and a third was printed on the field. Three Fellowship Letters have also been sent out. In October we welcomed Mr. Cecil Abel to America, and during his four months stay he spoke many times in and about New York, as well as in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis, Buffalo and Rochester.

In November a dinner was held in New York at which many friends of the work had the opportunity to meet him, see his motion pictures and hear of God’s work in Papua. He sailed for England in February and is now about to return to Papua.

It has been an eventful year, rich in challenges and some still unfulfilled. More workers are needed and will be sent out if funds are supplied. Every department of the work is in need of funds and of constant remembrance in prayer. The Kwato staff consists of thoroughly consecrated workers who have a great vision for the people among whom they live. The missionaries bring clear faith, trained intelligence, experience and devotion to their task. Shall we not work together with them, under God’s guidance and in His power to evangelize Papua in this generation?

J. H. Righter, Secretary.

A Mailu Woman Making Pottery

W e HAVE had gruesome weather recently. Not an atom of rain, and steady blast of Lalasi S.W. Monsoon. It was appalling and it went on and on and on. We had dreadful seas and awful “jitters” about the boats. The landing at Samarai was an impossibility. Boats would get bashed trying to get alongside. It was almost impossible to unload our copra. The island is dried to a frazzle, and we had to carry all the water which we needed over from Logea. The cows are looking quite emaciated as they eat wisps of dried grass all day. Once at midnight off Davadava I thought all was up with our boat, the Bau- edo, in a terrible squall that suddenly swung round to North. And once off Lamhaga we went aground in awful seas.—R. A.
The Problem of Leprosy

By Dr. Berkeley D. Vaughan

The need for leper work in our district is great, but the problem of what best to do is not clear. In all my previous plans I had left out of account any difficulty there might be in getting patients to stay in a colony for lepers. There is no compulsory law for the segregation of lepers in this country and there is little suitable provision made for them. We thought the lepers would be glad to stay in a village of their own, with treatment provided, but I have had a rude shock recently that has disturbed our thoughts.

Kenesi, formerly in the printing shop here, developed leprosy and had to leave Kwato. He was a bright Christian boy and the whole thing was a tremendous blow to him but he never lost faith. Sometime ago he was brought back with a badly burnt foot which was leprous. We isolated him as best we could and I gave him treatment by injections. When the thing had nearly healed he took to going off to his home and other places for a few days at a time. We talked to him about it but had little effect. Eventually he went home and has not returned. All this time he has been an active evangelist on his own account.

As long as there is some obvious signs of improvement the lepers are prepared to stay in isolation but when nothing much seems to follow treatment then it is almost impossible to keep them.

If this is difficult with a keen Christian boy like Kenesi how much more it would be with a heathen. Leper colonies can be really successful, here at any rate, only if compulsory segregation is established by the Government or if a leper colony is made so comfortable and attractive that the lepers will segregate themselves there voluntarily. The former method is used by many governments but not ours; the latter is used in the Malay States but it costs them about £500,000. At present our way is not at all clear here, and we would greatly value prayer about this problem.

In many ways we seem to be at a crossroads in our medical work. We would like to extend the scope but there are no funds available. I prepared part of a course of medical lectures to give to the nurses but we have been so busy that they have had to wait. The training of more nurses and orderlies has been held up by the lack of suitable trainees. In many other ways, our plans and hopes have been put on one side by insurmountable obstacles. We have all prayed about this, nurses and orderlies as well, but we have not been shown the way as yet. The conviction is growing on me that there is some great new development ahead of us and that the Lord is keeping us free to seize our chance when it comes, without our being hindered by previous arrangements.

Five couples have come to us for training for two months—from the Dorevaidi district. We are having some lovely times with them, and they are taking things in very quickly. Davida is in control of them at present. They have their own house, built of native material.

It is difficult to know what to teach them and what not to, in so short a time. They have all had a very real experience of Christ, so are further advanced than the last lot of chiefs who came in, and they were only here two months. The way they have won others since going back to their villages is amazing.

M. A.
A big change has occurred out here during the past week. I can hardly believe it. There has been a movement of the Spirit in the Milne Bay district that stretches from behind Wagawaga down to Gibara, Anigona, Daappaana, Kilakilara, and back on the hills. It all began with a sorcerer publicly burning his ginauri, and many others saying that they had wanted to find the Way but fear of him had held them back, and that now there was nothing to hinder. They are a low-down crowd, very sorcery-ridden and very dirty. But things seemed ripe there, when the Holy Spirit had done His part. The people were ready. It seemed to us as if we should strike while the iron was hot. A camp for teaching converts at Batutu was to be the next thing—nearly 100 ready for baptism, and after that the Keveri camp. I was burdened about all there was to do, feeling our insufficiency and wondering who was to make up the teams immediately required. If anyone had told me that the teams next week would include Jo and Habona and Lato and others, beside a sprinkling of Logea lads, who have hitherto been of a noisy variety, I would have rebuked that one for unseasonable jesting. And yet that is what happened. It happened in spite of the team. They were still in process of waking up to the situation—when they were rudely jerked from their slumbers by these erstwhile toughs making things too hot for them in a new direction.

At first I was rather worried about who was to go out on the teams. I felt convinced that there should be a group meeting, first for the Kwato team and later for all. We worked first among ourselves, just Philip, Tiraka, Raymond and myself. Those living on the hilltop, and those living elsewhere were included with other older team members.

As a result a big work was done. The tauoipiri had talks among themselves and won each other and surprised everyone at a spontaneous testimony and confession meeting that took place during dinner and went on afterwards. Since then we have been seeing them individually, and they have been
hard at work putting things right everywhere.

A Demonstration of Loyalty

What a difference it has made! The time I noticed it most was at our team dinner. The boys felt as if they wanted to celebrate and they clubbed together to make a bit of a feast of it—like the fatted calf for prodigals! Previously the team sat at tables down the middle, and the rest at the sides. This time no one was left to sit at the sides, except a few Orokolo boys who can’t understand Suau. Everyone was sitting with the team! I couldn’t help feeling that there must have been a bit of pride pocketing to join with the team when they have so criticized them. If I could have seen that sight a couple of days before I would not have believed it. No frequenters of dark corners or back-o’-behinders; they are all on the job now.

We are seeking God’s guidance about how to keep things going. The big thing is that we have done everything in the past. They have merely been followers. Now they must carry responsibility themselves and we must be in the background and train them for this. We have formed the groups according to professions. There is the “furniture makers’ group,” the mill group, the firewood group and so on. This will give them a spirit of fellowship in their work, and a feeling that it is definitely part of their Christian lives to be brought under God’s control.

There has been a camp atmosphere at Kwato this past week. On Saturday Tiraka and a number of the younger boys went to Kanakopi and found only coconut trees to convert! The whole Kanakopi crowd had left for the great open spaces. Without any ado the Kwato boys set out after them in all directions! They had a very difficult time, and left to come back on Sunday evening, just when things were breaking up and there were signs that the fight was ending for many. Rei came right through, and is keen to go to Koebule and do hedudurai (restitution) and try and win the chaps there whom he had led astray. Duduega also. I was not surprised at the latter, as he had said that if fifty team members were to see him he was not coming back to the Lord; he was through with all that. When chaps say things like that it is a sign the Spirit is working. One small boy was used to bring him back—not fifty experienced workers! Those in charge have earnestly wanted the boys converted, but have not been so keen on being changed themselves. That must come or they will be in the position of the boys they have complained about and punished and dilai’d (bullied), turning on them and dealing with them! That has happened before and is one of the most humorous situations one can imagine. We need backing up with prayer. The Devil has retaliated over this and we have had two blows; one was the clearing out of Tibelia and Aia, who were under severe punishment. Our faithful little printer has disappointed us too. There never was a more faithful worker, or anyone more conscientious. It only shows that good as those qualities are, they are not enough.

One rather fine thing is the way some of our small laddies have had a big blessing. Those little Ware and Bonarua boys who help with firewood are grand little chaps; they take their place in a team and tackle their men. Most of the older boys are away, collecting nuts under Alasino, so they have missed this. However they are coming in next week, and their pals who were here are waiting to pounce upon them.

We praise God for raising up so many new workers from Logea, Sariba and Sidea. We could not have managed without them and God has shown his approval by stirring their hearts to help us this way.
OKAPU and Taukari, two chiefs of this district, two of the toughest sorcerers and most feared in Milne Bay, objected to missionaries and the “New Way.” They refused to let the people of their villages listen or have anything to do with us. After years of fighting, both these chiefs have been converted; the door was opened and the Light broke through.

This is one reason for the Anigona Camp. Another is that two Kwato girls, who came from Wagawaga, a village near Anigona, have been praying daily for about two years that the Gospel might be taken to this district. Perhaps this was the real reason why the Anigona Camp ever came about. Martha, who led the women’s Team at the Camp, gave me this report.

“We felt so sorry for Lokapu. He had so many things to put right with us. It cost him such a lot too. He realized that he had been the one who had stopped God from working in his village all these years. When Taubada Cecil sent for work boys to build the babies’ house at Bismaka, it was he who stopped them from going. He knew that if the missionaries came, that would be the end of his power.

“I want to put this right with all of you. Christ has forgiven me,” he said. “Now we’re going to build a house and a church in my village, for anyone of you who come from Kwato, and for our services.”

The Camp did not stay in one village. Campers went in ones and twos and threes right along the coast and far inland. Ono tackled the biggest old rascal of a sorcerer who lived near Gibara, an hour or so’s walk from Anigona. His name is Semure. He is very big and tall, white-haired, and has a withered leg, so always walks with the help of a stick. When Ono arrived at his house, he waved his arm at him and said it was no use to talk to him; dozens of others had tried and failed. He then mentioned old teachers and evangelists, some of who are now dead.

Ono took no notice. He merely climbed up into his house and said he had been told in his Quiet Time to go and win him, and he was not going to leave his house until he had given his heart to Christ. Ono then...
proceeded not to preach at the man, but just told him of the difference Christ made to him, and of the joy he had in life.

Something then happened in Semure's old heart.

"It is not because of what you have said to me, but because I see the amna loro (sweetness) in your heart that I too want Christ," he said.

Ono went back to the camp and said that Semure had said he would be at the meetings the following day.

"We didn't really believe him," Martha said. "For one thing because of his withered leg. But the next morning the team were having a prayer meeting and I was talking to one of the girls in the room next door. Only a bit of plaited coconut leaves separated us. Suddenly we heard a man with a very loud voice praying. I jumped up and peeped through the coconut leaves to see who it was.

"Ee, Nedi," I said, to the girl I was talking to, "It's Semure praying!" And he was praying just as if he had known the Lord for years.

That day, at the morning service, they brought a sick man, five men were carrying him, and they put him right in the front. Semure with his stick and his withered leg sat beside him. It reminded me of the palsied man the four men took to Christ, and the lame people who used to go to Him.

The Anigona Camp took place about two weeks ago. Last week-end Martha returned with two others to do some "follow-up" work. Here is her report which she gave to me this morning, so it is hot off the hob.

"We had seen the power and warmth in many people's hearts during the Camp. At that time we felt only a few really understood. When we went back this week-end we saw that that 'warmth' had just got bigger and bigger, and that the Holy Spirit had made things clear to some who didn't quite understand before. These are their own words:—

"We see now there is no other way. This is the only way of Life. Christ is the only Way. Others have seen the change in us. Some of us talk to others; some of us have only lived out this new way of living. But it is like a bad sickness; if others sit close to you you catch it. We haven't gone back to our old way of living; we are still working out the things we have learned. Before our whole minds were on our gardens, our pigs, our feasts. Now we work in our gardens that we may have food in order to live. Our minds are still full of the new things you have told us about.'

"Some of them had gone to different villages in the hills to tell the people there. One woman had gone all the way to Buhutu to work. When we saw them we marvelled at their growth and joy."

Then Martha went on; "Did you hear about Wahai, a very hard old man who lives at Wagawaga?"

"No," I said. "Is he a sorcerer too?"

"Ees and an alawai (witch or wizard) too! When he heard about the result of the Anigona Camp, he seemed to be drawn there against his will. People at once began to tell him all they had experienced, and this is what he said when he gave his confession on his return to Wagawaga:—

"You know how powerful I was. I think I knew of every power in the world there is to know. My basket is full of powerful things. Things that will kill people. "Medicines" that will make people well or people ill. I have everything. This kind of power was my master, my one thought, my life. You know me. Then I went to Anigona and my eyes were opened for the first time in my life to God's power. I saw that beside His power all the things I had put my trust in were false. God is now my Master, and I have felt His power in my life. He has given me Life instead of my dead things. Now many of you are Chris-"
Wahai made some of the Wagawaga Christians think. Then one man, a Christian from Gululu, said:—

"I was converted last year, but I did not give up everything. I held on to one thing of death. I did not use it until one day they told me that my wife had gone up to a village in the hills, and that a young boy had gone to help her carry her things. I at once got suspicious of that boy and made up my mind to kill him. When he got back I tried and tried to kill him but my "death medicine" had lost its power. I thought to myself that God must be looking after that boy. I still tried to work for Christ, but there was never any fruit as you all know. I see the reason why now." He then brought forward this "medicine" and went over and shook hands with the boy he had tried to kill, who was also at the meeting.

"All this year I have been a hypocrite.

Now I want to be truly all Christ's," he said.

Do not think it is all as easy as this. Some people ran away up to the hill villages when they heard there was going to be a Camp at Anigona—and they haven't come down yet! Some who have newly been converted have two, and one as many as five, wives. What are they to do about it? It is not easy to "throw a wife away." This problem and many others face them. So while you feel cheered at the way God has been working, pray for them too.

I've just enough space to tell you of a sweet happening among some of the little children. They had been told the parable of the Good Samaritan, and the usual moral was pointed out. The next day one small boy was down with malaria and was burning hot. He asked his nurse for a drink of water. She was just going to get it when Dion, a small boy of about seven, jumped up and ran down and fetched a mug of cold water. He then ran to his rolled up mat and produced his own blanket and covered the patient with it. "That's like the Good Samaritan, eh?" he asked his nurse.
YESTERDAY was our day of prayer (4th Monday). We began with a morning session at 10 a.m.—mainly testimonies, and sharing of prayer burdens. There were many new voices praising the Lord. Then from two till five-thirty p.m., without a break, there was solid prayer. It was wonderful to feel this was going on simultaneously at all our stations. It seems long, written down, but actually the time flew, for we were all occupied in mind and spirit the whole way through. Then in the evening there was a praise meeting; our prayers all being definitely in the form of thanksgiving. I don’t think we have ever had so much, or such a variety of things for which to thank God. When all was over the “Kwato” set off for Maivara, with a large team on board. There is a big camp on there now.

The team at Maivara consists of Kwato, Sariba and Logea members—a new alliance! Some of the Sariba village folk are becoming quite experienced personal workers; the Lord is raising up some great material. I am amazed at the amount of truly God guided thinking and planning and effective carrying out of plans, on the part of men and women whom we had regarded as just insignificant, ignorant village folk.

When I returned from Domara a month ago I had received such a vision of the need of Papua—the great untouched areas—that I was quite appalled by the fewness of us here and the many burdens we already had. Since then my eyes have been opened. I was foolishly relying on ourselves here, not on God, for the evangelizing of this country. God has shown me that every individual village Papuan is a possible evangelizing force. He is raising up laborers for the harvest, almost in greater number than we can cope with successfully.

Russell Abel.

KWATO ANTHEM—1936*

Written at Kwato to express the faith and purpose of the missionaries

Father, the light has come to us; we have known Thy wondrous power that can transform us and make Anew our lives, blot out past evil sown, And give us the vict’ry for the Lord Jesus’ sake. O hear us as now we bring our country to Thee. For bound are the people Thou dost wait to set free.

Chorus

Hear . . . O hear . . .
From plain and mountain
Their cry goes up O Lord to Thee.
Tell the world!
Send forth Thy tidings glad:
Jesus saves! Jesus save!

Thou Son of Righteousness, our cold hearts awake. Open our eyes to see our country’s dark plight; All to abandon in longing to take The news of the Saviour’s love, of Jesus our Light, To break down the power of sin, Thy cross to upraise, To turn sin and sorrow into gladness and praise!

Chorus

Lord, Thou has heard our prayers; ’tis Thou who dost wait;
Wait for true servants to equip and to send Light for their darkness, and love for their hate, And life everlasting, joy and peace without end, Through Him who so loved the world that freely He gave His life for the lost, the Saviour, Mighty to Save!

Many other choruses and songs, in Suau, are sung by the Christians to express their faith in Christ and gratitude for life received through His death for us.

* Words by Russell Abel; music by Marjorie Smeeton.
WE HAVE been experiencing great blessings here lately. I don't ever remember quite such a spirit as now is manifest. Our young folk all have a vision, such as they never had, and are finding God's plan for their lives and His will for each day. We are putting responsibility on our younger boys and girls, and training them in leadership. Their response, and development as a result, is most heartening. I feel that in the past the older staff, both white and brown, have kept too much in our own hands and have not brought others to the fore sufficiently. Now we are discovering undreamed of latent ability in people we never would have thought had it in them to take any active leadership, we are getting splendid, disciplined team work from unexpected quarters. It has come about step by step, through surrendering more and more every detail of the running of this work into God's control, and seeking guidance about how He wants things done, as well as who He wants to do them. Some branches of the work, particularly on the industrial side, have been quite revolutionized in recent months.

There seems to be terrific need everywhere, or at least realization of need. We could not cope with the work there is to do were it not for the fact that during the past year God has raised up so many new helpers, and that everywhere there are village people, men and women, ready to be called upon at any time and who are becoming more and more experienced as team workers, and more expert at winning people, and setting them up for true discipleship.

We praise God for this, and marvel at His power in bringing it about. We seem nowadays to be like an army, and our job at headquarters is utilizing, under guidance, the forces available and planning for their training. Every "camp" is a means of further training, as detailed reports are brought to those leading, who are able to check what has been said and done, and advise workers individually about the work.

A Street in Mailu Village, Papua

Recent Thrilling News
A Letter from Russell W. Abel
Also the life in camp, and the “team” element, no lone-wolfing; everything submitted to the team, affords good training. The Lord has taught us much of the importance of discipline, both in our personal lives and corporately, and the discipline in camp life, is very helpful, especially for village workers.

In February there was a camp at Anigona. For many years there has been no response whatever from this quarter. It is not so long ago—4 years perhaps—that they would not even allow us to have services in the village. Then, apparently apart from any human agency, a young and very much feared sorcerer publicly announced that he was going to find the new Way. He threw away all his “medicine” and went to Wagawaga village to find a Christian to help him. After this the people said that for years they had longed to change. They had seen the change at Buhutu and the new living over there but fear of this particular sorcerer had held them back.

“There is nothing to stop us now,” they said, and sent messages to us to say, “We are ready, come and help us.” As soon as this call was known there were volunteers from everywhere, longing to help with that need. Actually 100 odd workers were available—from Sariba, Logea, Rabi and Maivara. There was no need for such a large crowd, though it was a very big team that finally went, as the district is very scattered and the team sought out their quarry up in the hills as well as all through the dilapidated villages round about the foot of Duabo.

The team was led by Davida and Sisa (from Sariba), with experienced help from Kwato; and a “Flying Squad” from Kwato also paid them a visit over a week-end.

There were great results from this camp. In fact the district has been completely changed. The difference is astounding. It is just like Buhutu, a complete re-birth of the whole life and outlook of those villages.

At the last camp, which was in the Maivara district, the work was hard. It was a fight from start to finish. Those who were won were hard won. But at the Anigona camp the work was easy in comparison, because the people were so prepared by the Holy Spirit. They had touched the depths of stagnation and knew it, and they were hungry for God.

I visited Anigona only once during the camp, and that was about 9 at night. The change in the village was astounding, and crowds of new brothers and sisters in Christ came to greet me for the first time. I had a sense of new riches and wealth in this increase in the Family. They all looked full of their new joy. It is great to think that you, who back us up and pray while these camps are on, will meet all these folks in heaven. Doesn’t it help one to visualize the supreme joys that await us. The last time Cecil saw Anigona it was a completely heathen village, with not a single Christian witness.

At Anigona many were faced with the problem of two wives, and when I was there four men had not yet made the surrender of the second wife. With others, however, after prayer and waiting on God the husbands had come to feel that they were hindering their second wives from blessing by holding on to them, and were robbing them of the best that God could give them. The wives, too, felt that God’s highest will was for them to leave their husbands, which some have done. Unhoused wives are very much at a loose-end and there is certainly no place for them in a native village. So quite a number of these have gone up to Duabo, and put themselves in Bessie’s hands. (She is in charge at Duabo, with her husband, Alaedi.) She is finding the food problem difficult, but is feeding them from her own private garden, and they are starting to make a garden of their own. They are very happy, and getting a lot of help from Bessie, and are doing what they can to be useful. None of them regret the step of having left their husbands, and seem to have found the decision brought blessing. It has made Christ real to them, having to do a big thing like this because He asked them to. Bessie hopes that in due course Christian widowers, perhaps from Buhutu or Sagarai, will appear on the scene in search of Christian wives. That would solve the problem as we cannot keep them permanently. We must pray that they will find new husbands and settle down eventually to a new, Christian life.

Running at the same time as the Anigona camp was a smaller one at Divinai. I was there with a small team, including about six from Kwato, three from Logea, some others from Rabe and Sidea. It was the first experience for the latter, and splendid workers they proved; earnest, and very forthright in their dealings. I realized what splendid
material there was in these outside villages, and it was fine to have husbands and wives in the team, united in one purpose.

Last night I got back from Duabo, after a week-end spent in team training. We were only there two days, but there was no sense of strain or crowding. There were fifty of us, mostly Kwato folks and mostly young people, but there were a few villagers as well. Everything went smoothly and unhurriedly, and we felt that God was running the whole week-end, as we looked to Him for every move.

We had some wonderful testimonies at the end, and even meal times were an opportunity for some who hopped up spontaneously to say a word of praise and testimony for new light received and lessons learned. We had some experienced workers who helped with the responsibility: Tiraka, Merari, Alice, Olive and others.

Although I was personally too busy with others to think of myself, yet this experience was a blessing to me too. At the end that, much as I have always felt myself as belonging to Papua, I felt more bound to her than ever.

After the week-end some of us, who had gone specially to give a hand with the team training, returned to Kwato and the rest went down to Sagarai, a portion of Buhutu, to a big camp, a part that has been previously unaffected. Many of the younger ones were setting off to their first camp and they took it very seriously. They were prepared for anything, ready to throw self aside, and really enter the lives of the people. They were forewarned against all kinds of things, to be ready for dirt, discomfort, lack of privacy and many things that they have had from infancy at Kwato. It was great to see them setting forth like real soldiers. There is a verse in a Suau hymn about doing God’s will in the midst of tests, as being a means of getting to know Him. This verse was taken by them as a kind of slogan. I had a vision of this growing army of trained, disciplined young Papuans going forth in increasing power and numbers, until the whole land has been opened to His Light.

Our Papuan staff at each of the plantations are carrying on faithfully. The work grows in all directions, yet in a way some of the burden—the difficult part—diminishes, or has diminished since so many of our difficult and hard-to-manage members have become useful workers, shouldering responsibilities with us, through the grace of God.
The Kwato Mission of Papua

New Guinea Evangelization Society Inc.

Area of British Papua 87,786 square miles
Population about 275,000

A. Key Map—Location in Australasia
B. Island of New Guinea
C. New Abau District
D. Kwato District

A New Map of Kwato Mission Fields—Drawn by William G. A. Millar