RWELL ABEL HOLDING A CAMP SERVICE AT NIGHT IN PAPUA
THE KWATO MISSION OF PAPUA
Conducted since 1920 by the Incorporated Kwato Extension Association

THE GOVERNING COMMITTEE

President
HUGH R. MONKO, LL.D., Montclair, New Jersey

Vice-Presidents
ARTHUR HOOD, Esq., England
DELAVAN L. PIERSON, New York

Secretary
MISS JESSIE H. RIGTER
156 Fifth Avenue, New York

Treasurer
WALTER MCDOWALL
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Hugh G. Cutting, A.C.A.
10 Mitchley Ave., Purley, Surrey, England

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THE MISSION STAFF AND YEAR OF APPOINTMENT
Address: Kwato, Samarai, Papua. Via Sydney, New South Wales

MRS. CHARLES W. ABEI, 1892
CECIL C. ABEI, 1928
PHYLIS D. ABEI, 1925
RUSSELL W. ABEI, 1928
FRANK BRIGGS, 1937
MILDRED BATH, 1938
MRS. B. D. VAUGHAN, 1935
MARGARET E. PARKIN, 1894
DORIS PURCELL, 1937
JOHN SMEETON, 1932
MRS. JOHN SMEETON, 1932
MRS. CHARLES W. ABEI, 1932
MRS. Bvablys, 1932
MRS. ARTHUR BEAVIS, 1928
MRS. JOHN SMEEETON, 1936
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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SAMUEL BARRY, Esq.

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The New Guinea Evangelization Society, Inc.
156 Fifth Avenue, New York

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Mrs. A. Pyott Spence
Philip E. Howard

W. G. A. MILLAR
LIVINGSTONE P. MOORE

American Members of the Governing Committee are also members of the American Council.
A Group of Heathen Men in the Dorevaidi District, Inland Papua

Note the homicidal shell ornament of the small man in center front. This shows that he has killed many people, and he is proud of it.

News and Notes

She came; she saw; she conquered in the name of Christ! Miss Mary Abel of the Kwato Mission reached New York from England on February 7th and sailed from Los Angeles on March 29th, on her way back to the field. Her stay in America has brought rich spiritual blessing to many and has deepened interest in the work in Papua. Her addresses and personal contacts have revealed the work of the Spirit of God in the lives of missionaries and of Papuans; the motion picture films made vivid some of the activities at Kwato and in primitive bush villages; her stories of adventure and of transformed lives have thrilled and inspired the hearers. Miss Abel's seven weeks in America have been filled to overflowing. She has spoken to large and small groups; in churches and schools; at luncheons and dinners and in parlor meetings in New York and Brooklyn; in Montclair and New Brunswick, New Jersey; Greenfield; East Northfield; Salem and Boston, Massachusetts; Philadelphia, Pa.; Rochester and Buffalo, New York; Cleveland, Ohio; Chicago and Wheaton, Ill.; St. Louis, Missouri; Denver, Colorado; and at Pasadena and Los Angeles, California, about forty times in forty-nine days. Miss Abel leaves behind her in America many new friends who will be true prayer-partners. This Mission is supported entirely by voluntary gifts, as God leads His stewards to share in the privilege, and we believe that this stimulated interest will bring new blessing and help to supply the needs of the devoted Mission workers. * * *

Miss Mildred Bath, a registered nurse from London, accompanied Miss Mary Abel to America and is on her way to the field as a new recruit. Miss Bath is to fill a great need as the matron of the Kwato hospital; she will also assist Dr. Vaughan in the training of Papuan nurses and in clinics at various out-stations. She has been accepted as a fully qualified missionary—physically, technically and spiritually—by the British Committee and her support is provided by friends in Great Britain. Remember Miss Bath in prayer as she takes up this important work, so full of opportunities to reveal Christ and to win Papuans to Him.
Five other qualified workers have recently arrived on the field. Miss Doris Purcell of Athens, Georgia, reached Kwato early in November and is already proving a gift of God to the work. She is teaching the boys and girls at the head training station and is entering fully and joyfully into the Christian fellowship there. Extracts from her delightful letters appear in this issue of The Tidings.

Frank Briggs, a young missionary engineer from England, joined the staff last October. He had already spent some months at Kwato and had proved his value in caring for many engineering problems and by entering fully into the spiritual life and service.

Three volunteer workers have recently come from Australia—Mr. and Mrs. Robin Knight and Mr. Nevil Young. Mr. Knight is an engineer and Mr. Young is an agricultural missionary who has already introduced many improvements in the care of gardens and livestock, in suggesting new crops and teaching Papuans how to rotate crops and to raise their standard of living by improving their daily diet and lowering the cost of food.

At the home base in America, there have been changes about which most of our Kwato Fellowship have already been informed. All hearts have been saddened by the Home-going of two very dear fellow workers of the Mission. Mrs. Delavan L. Pierson, who visited the field in 1930, and who has since often spoken in behalf of the work, was called to enter into the Life Beyond on June 18th, after six months illness. Another beloved fellow worker, Mrs. Walter McDougall who spent a year in volunteer service at Kwato (1927-1928), followed her sister to the Heavenly Home on November 7th, after only a few weeks illness. She was the very faithful and efficient Promotion Secretary for America and had endeared herself to workers and Papuans on the field and to a multitude of friends at home, by her letters, so full of love and "good tidings." Mrs. McDougall's sister, Mrs. Helen Pierson Curtis, also a warm friend and supporter of the work went Home last July and her husband, Rev. Frederick S. Curtis, followed in February. They were for forty years missionaries to Japan.

* * *

Mrs. McDougall's place as Promotion Secretary is difficult to fill. Mrs. E. A. Baker of Montclair very kindly volunteered to take up the work temporarily and has conducted the correspondence with great fidelity; she has rendered effective service in keeping the Kwato partners in touch with the work. Now Miss Grace Pierson Curtis, the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. F. S. Curtis, has generously consented to take up this responsibility. She was formerly a missionary in Japan and we take pleasure in introducing her to the Kwato Fellowship in America.

* * *

While we deeply miss loved ones who have left our earthly fellowship, it is a great encouragement that their service continues through the influence of their lives and through their gifts. Four friends who have recently been called Home have left bequests by which their work will be continued. While these bequests are not large, they bring real encouragement and are a great help. Undesignated legacies are not put into an endowment but the money is used to meet current needs—in equipment, new workers, current expenses and the opening of new fields. Perhaps God will lead other friends to remember Kwato and to provide...
for a continuance and enlargement of Christ's work there by writing into their wills the work conducted under "The New Guinea Evangelization Society," incorporated under the laws of the State of New York.

* * *

Our last issue of The Tidings published in America was sent out in June of last year. Various causes prevented the issue of another number here until the present one. We have, however, sent out two Fellowship Letters, one in November, 1937, and one in February, 1938, an unusually interesting copy of "News from Kwato," edited by the missionaries and printed by Papuan Christians on the field, reached America about February 1st. If you will send the names of friends who will be interested to receive The Tidings and Fellowship Letters, we will be pleased to enter their names on our mailing list. There is no charge for subscriptions but the average cost is fifty cents a year. All gifts are welcomed as God enables and leads His stewards to contribute to His work.

* * *

The Annual Meeting of the Kwato Extension Association (the British Corporation), and of the New Guinea Evangelization Society (incorporated in America), will be held at 3.30 p.m. on May 15th at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. At this meeting reports of the year will be received, members of the Governing Committee for the coming year will be elected, and other necessary business transacted such as may properly come before the meeting. Friends and supporters of the Kwato Mission are invited to attend. Membership in the Kwato Extension Association is limited by British law to those who contribute $5.00 (£1) or more a year.

* * *

Where We Stand—in Doctrine and in Practice

The missionaries of the Kwato Mission, and the members of the Governing Committee and associated Councils, stand firmly and squarely on the foundation of Jesus Christ as the Son of God and only Saviour of man through His sacrificial atonement on the Cross. We accept the Bible as the revealed Word of God and look to the Spirit of God to interpret His revealed will, to regenerate those who trust in Jesus Christ and to produce spiritual fruit in the work.
The Mission is evangelical and interdenominational and accepts only such teachings and practices as are in full harmony with the Word of God. We are profoundly thankful that He is acknowledging this work in which we seek to exalt Christ and we rejoice that He has called us to be fellow workers with Him.

It seems that God may be giving us responsibility for taking the Gospel to a new far inland district, Samberigi. There is a large population—no white people or government established there yet. It is very promising from many points of view. The great difficulty is its inaccessibility—terribly high limestone ridges and deep gorges to be crossed. It is the hardest kind of climbing. I am really beginning to pray for an aeroplane now, if it is God’s will. Please join with us in prayer about this. We hope soon to make a preliminary trip, if the gorges are passable after the rains set in. We can at least make some kind of start at Kikari by getting hold of carriers and interpreters and winning them to Christ.

* * *

Certainly God has been welding this fellowship more and more into harmony and the last few months especially He has given us a bigger vision of His plan for the world and the absolute necessity of our being united for our share of the task.

R. A.

A Dream Come True

LETTERS FROM DORIS PURCELL

AFTER strenuous days of last minute buying and packing, I left home and all that I had ever known and loved in order to place my wee candle in one of the darkest spots in this old world that it might shine for my Lord.

All my life I had been planning for this very time and for six years I had known about New Guinea and had hoped that that might be the field to which I would go. How wonderful to leave the planning of our lives, even to the details, to One who knows the end from the beginning and who doeth all things well.

I left home on Monday, September 27th. My father and mother took me to Jesup to catch the fast train to Washington where I changed for Newark, New Jersey. When I arrived there Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Pierson, vice-president of the Kwato Committee, and his sister, Miss Laura, met me and drove me to their home in Upper Montclair, N. J., which is just out of New York. From the minute I got there I felt like one of the family. From then until the sailing of the ship on Saturday my time was taken up with meeting people and with dinners, luncheons and meetings. It was great to be taken in to that circle of lovely friends and to be called Doris from the very first. As eager as I was to be on my way to Kwato, Saturday morning came all too soon and I had to say good-bye to those whom I had come to love so quickly and so dearly.

When we got to the docks, we found a large, very seaworthy looking combination passenger and freight steamer. My cabin was pleasant and I was fortunate to have it alone. My table was lined with letters and packages, and four members of the Governing Committee came to see me off. They stayed with me until just before the ship sailed.

When I went in to lunch I found that I was sitting at the table with three charming people. One was a lady who was born in Scotland but had lived almost all over the world. Another was the ship’s doctor, a young Australian Jew who had been studying in London for the past year and a half and was on his way home to begin his practice. The other was the third officer of the ship who is a very fine young Englishman. These have proved to be a very congenial, interesting group, in fact I think the very nicest table in the dining saloon, though I have an idea each table thinks theirs is best.

We sailed out past the Statue of Liberty about 2 o’clock and were off. It was very impressive watching the New York skyline and, too, I enjoyed watching the tugboats carry us out. I kept very quiet that afternoon and for the early morning next day because I didn’t know at all how I would react to life on the waves.

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the boat when we docked. It was lovely being with him and seeing the interesting parts of Colon and Cristobal. Really they are both the same town but one section belongs to the Panama Canal Zone and the other to the U. S. A.

We left the docks about 5 o'clock the next morning so when the steward called me at 7 o'clock and said, "The scenery is lovely, Miss," I dressed as quickly as possible and went out on deck. We were just about to enter the first locks. Oh! how marvelous. I just wish everyone of you could see those giant locks and the beautiful lakes between. As you may know the canal is fifty or sixty miles long and it took us eight hours to go through so I had plenty of time to look. It is so narrow in some parts of the lakes that I felt as though I could almost put out my hand and touch the green grass-covered banks of either side.

As we steamed out into the Pacific that afternoon we could look back and see the last of America.

This is an English ship so I am being initiated into the English way of doing things even before getting to Kwato. One thing that amuses me is the eating. First I do not see why a perfectly good English ship should have the menus in French. However the steward is very nice and when I cannot make things out I just say, "Steward, what do I want?" and he explains what the things are. I must say that the food is very good.

I spend very little time in my room except when I am asleep at night and for about an hour and a half in the afternoon. The weather has been delightful most of the time and it has been great fun playing deck golf or tennis or sitting out on deck reading or talking. In the evenings after dinner we sit out on deck and talk and laugh and sing. It has seemed to be quite a revelation to most of these folk to see that even though I am a missionary still I am a perfectly natural, normal human being who can laugh and play and have a good time.

I was quite disappointed to find that there was no service on board on Sundays. We sailed on Saturday so the first Sunday I said nothing about it but by the next Sunday I had decided it was my place to see what could be done. I asked the chief steward if we could have a service in the dining saloon and he was very nice about it. He said he would announce it, which he did. We had a nice group that night. One of the stewards played the piano. Since the audience was composed of Roman Catholics, Christian Scientists, Church of Englanders and I do not know what all else, I felt that the best thing to do was to just have the Scripture reading and prayer and sing
hymns. We purposely made the service very short. The next week we had the same type of service. Then someone asked me if I would give a talk next time. Of course that was just what I wanted, for I thought maybe I might say something that would help someone, so I said I would be glad to. I have been giving a little talk each time since then. It is great to see some of the ship's officers and other crew members attending those services. Also the Jewish Doctor has been once. I know that some at home have been praying earnestly and I know that your prayers have given me strength.

We crossed the Equator the first week out on the Pacific. Those who had crossed it before had a lot of fun teasing us who were crossing for the first time. They said that we had to be tarred and feathered for the visit of Father Neptune. It is a sea fable that Father Neptune visits the ship when it crosses the Equator.

From Brisbane to Kwato

When I left you in the last letter I believe we were three days out at sea from Brisbane. We had a lovely service the last Sunday night. The captain was there, for which I was very thankful. I really hated to leave the ship. We had come to feel almost like one big family after living at sea together for five and a half weeks.

We arrived at the wharf in Brisbane, Australia, Wednesday, November 10th. Some friends of Mr. Pierson, Mr. and Mrs. Tunley, met me. He had written and asked them to meet me and take me to a certain hotel where he and Mrs. Pierson had once stayed. They said: "We think you would be happier to come along home with us." I was very glad to accept the invitation. After passing the doctor, the immigration officers and the customs, I went home with them and stayed until the Macdhui sailed on Monday, the 15th.

The Tunleys were perfectly lovely to me. I do not see how I would have ever gotten all the things attended to that I had to if it had not been for them.

The trip up to Kwato was delightful. I learned by radio from the Abels that others were going to Kwato on the Macdhui. I found that these were a young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Knight from England and a Mr. Young from Australia. We soon met and became friends. The first call the ship made was at Port Moresby, Papua, which is about 250 miles up the coast from Kwato. We had a radio message on the way up, saying that Phyllis Abel, one of the missionaries from Kwato, would meet us there.

As we came in sight of land and drew nearer the shore we could see the native villages built out over the edge of the water on high stilts. Port Moresby is a Government port and is a little town with two or three hundred white people and many natives all around. It was only six o'clock in the morning when we got there but many of the people on shipboard were up on deck. Soon we saw native canoes making toward the ship which was anchored out a little way from the wharf while the passengers and crew passed the Government Doctor's inspection, which consisted in passing by and pulling up one sleeve. The sharks were playing around the ship in plain view. When the canoes arrived alongside of the ship the occupants were not men at all but small native boys in their little canoes. Some of the passengers threw pieces of money down in the water and the boys would dive out of their canoes and get them, come back up to the surface, put a coin into their mouth and crawl back into the canoe. Someone threw a piece in and about three or four dived for it. Two of them fought over it down under the water. I think it was lost in the squabble. Of course they were not worried about getting their clothes wet!

When the ship finally was tied up, Phyllis Abel was there to meet us. She and I recognized each other by pictures of each other that we had seen. It was such a thrill to see her after having seen her picture and read about her for so long. We all met her and the two white friends she had been staying with. We had breakfast and lunch with them, went to see the native hospital and a number of other interesting things. The ship did not sail again until eleven o'clock that night so they came down and had six o'clock dinner with us on the ship. Phyllis had been at Port Moresby for a much needed rest of three weeks. Her time was up so she had booked passage on the Macdhui. That meant that we all five came together.

We sighted Kwato about four o'clock Saturday afternoon. Kwato is a tiny little island just a few hundred yards off the main land. It is in among a number of other small islands. The Government port where the ship stopped is Samarai, which is two miles from Kwato. The mission launch was there with some of the natives and five of
the white missionaries to meet us. We put our baggage through the customs and got in the launch to make for Kwato. That was really and truly the last lap of the journey, and how marvelous!! The launch is named "The Kwato," and was built by the Christian boys of the mission. It is a lovely little motorboat and is certainly well made. We piled in, whites and browns together, and were off. As we neared Kwato we could hear the natives shouting a welcome to us from the wharf. A line of bonfires along the shore, and the natives with their torches made a wonderful sight. The truck (the only car) was at the wharf to drive us to the top of the hill where the "Big House" is. The truck was all decorated with little British flags. Quite good naturedly I said "I see only one thing lacking." Immediately two or three of the missionaries said how embarrassed they were, but that the only American flag they had when they looked for it to put it up had been eaten to pieces by roaches or something. We had quite a bit of fun about it. When we reached the top of the hill we met the women missionaries and more of the natives. Dinner was ready and we had a great time of fellowship and fun together. Saturday night is a time of play at Kwato so we gathered to watch the natives with their games. As I sat there I thought—here I am with the people I have read about and for so long have hoped to work with. My responsibility and privilege is to give God all there is of me to be used in His own right way at all times and in all places.

**Kwato, the Beautiful**

This is the most beautiful spot I have ever seen, I believe; in fact I know it is. I live right up on the hill. The birds sing all day and into the night as if they would burst their little throats; the flowers are marvelously beautiful, and the palms, grass, and trees are as beautiful and green as can be. The sea is right at the foot of the hill and all around wherever I look I can see hills and mountains rising right up out of the water. It is simply beyond description. But oh, these dear, brown people. Disease and sin are rife. How great their need is!! Those who are Christians, most of them I mean, are so hopeful and helpful; but think of the multitudes that know not Christ, and many who do not even know about Him. What a challenge! How I yearn to learn their language!
Sunday morning a native died on Kwato. It was not a sad occasion, though, because he had been sick for months and he really wanted to die. He was one of those to whom Christ is very real. He had been saying for some days that he wanted to go. One day he heard someone playing the piano and he said, "That music is sweet, but the music over there is much sweeter, I sometimes hear it and I want to go and leave this old sick body." Isn't that wonderful? Then there is another man in the hospital who has had a terrible knee; it is all drawn up. He is an absolute heathen and will not let the doctor fix up his leg. He thinks he has been bewitched and is begging to go back home in order to get even with the person who caused him to have this bad knee. What a difference in these two men and their stories!

Phyllis Abel gave the address at the Sunday morning service for natives and whites together. She spoke in Suau which of course I did not understand but it was most interesting to see the natives and the missionaries as they sat with their Bibles open and followed during the Scripture reading, and then to hear them lead in such earnest prayers.

I am thankful not to have had the slightest touch of seasickness all the way from New York to Kwato. I am sure this will be of interest to the little group at home who were praying especially that I should not be sick.

May Christ our Saviour and Master bless each one of you and keep you and cause His face to shine upon you that you may be used in the great task of winning America and the world to Him.

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**Fields White With Harvest**

**By Russell Abel**

I WANT to tell you of the new situation arising out of the Anigona camp, as it has made the biggest change in that part of the district that any camp has ever effected. An entire chain of heathen villages is so altered in appearance that it is a real shock to go there now; the difference is so arresting. We feel as though an entire new limb has been added to the Body of Christ in Papua. This is a new joy and privilege for us, as well as a new responsibility.

Anigona.—How did it all begin? Beginnings are often impossible to trace. Of unfruitful efforts in Anigona and district there have been many. The first I heard of a movement of the Spirit there was when one or two Christians from Wagawaga boarded the Bauedo one evening, when we were anchored in the little bay, and told me that the people's hearts at Anigona were ripe. "The Holy Spirit has done His part, are we ready to do ours?" they said. They then told of a sorcerer, one of the hardest, who had "changed heart," and had publicly thrown away his medicine, fetishes, etc. Following this, many had said they longed to find the Way and to become Christ's, but fear of this particular sorcerer had prevented. Now there was nothing blocking them. I returned to Kwato and shortly after, a team set out.

The Camp was led by Davida (late of Duram, now back there again). He had a large team to back him. There were volunteers from every part of the Bay. He kept us at Kwato posted with detailed reports of all that was being done. He wrote to me, "From your father's time until now, these people have fought against the Light, hardened themselves and clung to the ways of darkness. My wonder at this change is more than I can express." Among those who were really brought into an experience of complete change were 24 sorcerers.

There were some big problems to be solved for the newly won, but every human problem has its solution in surrender to the will of Christ. What is God's plan for a man with five wives? That is what one man had to find. Some ran on the rocks over this question. Others felt they had to surrender their wives. There is a little band of women living for the time being at our hill station, Duabo, whose husbands have given them their freedom for the Lord's sake. Pray about their future.

Small wonder that the district is being revolutionized. So far, in every case where polygamy has been surrendered the men have been led to regard their first wives as their real wives. This is all very easy to write of, but perhaps you can sense the costly renunciation there is in many of these cases.
Sagarai.—Then there is the camp at Sagarai, this end of Bahutu. Here the work was mostly follow-up. There has been a steady stream of effort going forth from Duabo in the past years. Duabo is up on a hill, surrounded by other hills, and is part of a mountain wall dividing the Bohutu valley from Milne Bay. It is our health station. There is never more than a small handful at Duabo, but they keep the place as a light set on a hill, not merely as a place of accommodation. And those who go there for a rest or holiday find themselves in a centre of vital activity. The scattered bush people come up for teaching and help, and the little staff up there make long journeys across to other ranges, to little settlements away in the hills.

As the result of systematic ranging of thickly forested mountains, there were people who, having turned to Christ, or still groping in that direction, were willing to foregather for a camp at Watubo, a village on the banks of the Sagarai River.

Now Watubo is to be a new Christian centre, as Siasiada is in Bohutu, and many new converts are being led to pull up their old roots and join the new community that is growing at this place. The village is situated on a cliff, overlooking a deep, clear bend in a river. I remember that, some years ago Watubo was the filthiest of villages. Now the people have discovered a new use for the rivers, and have quite got the idea of the daily bathing as part of the New Living, and definitely the will of God for them.

The Communion at Siasiada

Siasiada.—Recently we had a brief, but happy time there, then later we set off to Siasiada, which we reached at sundown. We were warmly welcomed by the friends there, led by blind Bati, who knows better what is going on around him than do many of us with two unobservant eyes! The next morning a baptism had been planned. The team from Watubo were to join us for this, and they arrived most punctually, having risen at 2 a.m., to make sure of a good hour's Quiet Time before leaving!

There were 169 men and women baptised—all of them converts of two or three years standing, who had proved in that time by their steady growth, the reality of their change. The service by the Siasiada creek, was followed by a communion service, for which the village church, built to accommodate 300, was far too small, consequently we held this in the open air.

We still had a big program to get through and set off again at 1 p.m. for Watubo. We had no time for lunch, but bore up, as we were due at a feast at 4 p.m. in Watubo, and felt at least we should be able to do it justice. However kind friends at a little village called Poipoiaruarua, anticipating that we would be passing through their village, had prepared a meal for the whole party, carriers included. We were met by a line of women bearing steaming cooking pots, and led to a house where the food was laid out on banana leaves. There were piles of green coconuts ready for drinking, sugar cane, watermelons, while the “snack” consisted of sweet potatoes and delicious corn on the cob. You can imagine how refreshed we were after hot walking in the middle of the day.

We reached Watubo in due course and, thanks to the strenuous tramp, were not entirely incapacitated for the feast by the wayside hospitality.

The work at Duram has had to endure some storms. The people there are very
quarrelsome, and Tiso and his few helpers have had a difficult time. One of the leading converts in the village has gone back, and seems to have done more harm than if he had never professed to have forsaken the old heathen life.

Tiso himself seems to have had a great blessing, whereas he was rather downhearted about the situation previously. In thanking us for letters from Kwato he writes that God used such little words in our letter to awaken and bring conviction to him.

“When I read what you said about us who are in charge being ‘the real key of the situation,’ I saw myself as I really was, not as one working, burdened with the catching of others, but weak, busy with things that are not essential. My brother, that little word pricked me very much. I asked myself, who are my ‘fish’ today? Such little words, but they taught me much, and the Holy Spirit used them to wake me up, and I thank you for them.”

A Papuan’s Vision of Christ

NOT long ago at Duram one of our boys came in to say that a sick man who had been living here about a week had died. He certainly had been very weak, and had been for months in the village with no one to care for him until I came here. His chief trouble was a very bad sore on his left knee. This morning as he seemed stronger I had given him an injection and when they told me he had died, I felt perhaps the shock of the injection had been too much for him. When I reached him he did not seem to be actually dead, but I could not feel his pulse at all and he was scarcely breathing. I gave him a little brandy and water and a little hot tea, but he seemed still the same. Three of us gathered in another house for prayer. We felt that this was all for some purpose, but we couldn’t understand what that was. This man was one of the most recent converts, and had crawled out of his house to give his testimony the second Sunday I was here. These people are very superstitious and with the New Way so new to them, his death would be put down to his having given up all the “good old ways.” After our short prayer time, I went down and found him sitting up, relating his experiences to a crowd of admirers. This is what I gathered:

He said he died and was going along a big road. He had no pain in his leg and could walk as he used to. On the way he met a bad man. He thought it was the devil who asked him to go with him but at that moment another man came and stopped him from going. He took him along to a very big house and showed him a large book in which was written “You are one of my sheep, and no one can take you outside of my fence.” He asked the man who he was and he said, “I am Christ, your Christ.”

Outside the house there were masses of beautiful flowers. When he finished looking at these he opened his eyes and found us trying to give him medicine. He sent for his friends and for his sister and told them all that he was now absolutely certain of the Way and that there was no other way but through Christ. He said that as soon as he was well he was going to tell everyone about The Way.

MARY Abel.
My First Experiences

A few days after coming to Kwato, Marjorie Smeeton and I went around the Bay to visit the schools. It is a hundred-and-twenty-mile trip in all, but the journey we made covered about seventy miles. We left here Wednesday night about ten o'clock on the launch called "The Kwato." Several of the other members of the staff went too. Joan Blake was taking some of the children to a place called Dago. She has been here two years and wanted the experience of living in a native village. She will be there for some time, helping the girls who have gone to look after the children, teaching the natives and practicing the language. Nevil Young went along to see about the cows and hogs that are being raised there, also John Smeeton, Jonty and Russell Abel were with us, besides the native crew.

We reached our first stop about three-thirty in the morning; at a village called Bisamaca near Wagawaga. We stopped there for a few minutes and then left for the place where Joan was taking the children. After visiting three villages that day, we spent the night at Koebule which is one of the main outstations. Dinner, at which we were entertained by some of the native leaders, consisted partly of native food, and was served on cloths on the floor instead of on a table. We all sat around on the floor and it was a problem to know what to do with my feet.

The next day we visited two more schools. It is marvelous to see how much these children learn with almost nothing to work with. The teachers are native girls trained at Kwato. One teacher had her class out under the branches of a big tree. They were sitting on the ground with their legs straight out in front of them, no books, no paper and pencil. The teacher had a piece of blackboard and a piece of chalk. Along with other things she was trying to teach them English. How eager they are to learn! We get back to Kwato Friday night.

I have been advised that I must take a rest after lunch every day—at least until I get accustomed to the climate. I notice that everybody takes a little rest.

I am not feeling the heat even as much as I did sometimes in the summer at home, but I realize that it is a different kind of heat and one has to be careful. We have swimming and tennis in the afternoons after work hours, then bathe, and dress for dinner.

Dr. Vaughan is giving us newcomers some lessons in the language. The girl who cleans my room tells me how to say differ-
ent things in Suau. She is about sixteen and is a lovely Christian girl. She asked me to send her love to the friends in America.

I am feeling very well except that I am now beginning to get the sleepy feeling that everybody seems to get after arriving or returning to Papua. Doris Purcell.

Random Shots

It was a great joy to welcome our first American missionary here in the person of Doris Purcell. She has fitted wonderfully well into our big family and the way she keeps her end up amid such a crowd of non-Americans is delightful. She is continually teased about her American accent, and her abstemiousness as regards tea drinking. But she takes it all in good part and is able to get one back at the Australians when their pronunciation of English is a bit faulty.

At the same time we welcomed Robin and Margot Knight, and Nevil Young. They are all most valuable additions to our fellowship. Robin is doing great work in the engineering department and Nevil is full of ideas for the cows and gardens which he is already putting into practice. It is going to mean a big thing to us if he can teach Papuans how to work a regular rotation of crops, the diet would be greatly improved and we should reduce our annual rice bill.

Cecil Abel has been West, patrolling our new district for about three weeks. We had news from him giving a very good report of evangelistic work done by the Kunika people. Many new villages have been made over and there are now Christian communities farther west and north of the original villages we touched. The assistant resident magistrate for that district has made a patrol all round and was very much impressed with all he saw of the changed life of the people and the new cleanliness prevailing. Raymond Whale.

The housing problem is always acute at Kwato, and there never is such a thing as an idle house. No sooner were the Kunikas gone, then plans were already afoot to refill their vacated house, and it now houses part of a conference for women leaders.

There were twenty-one women, all more or less outstanding in their communities. The conference party is being led by Halliday Beavis, whose house is accommodating the majority of the women, and she is being helped by a team of experienced workers, including Lea from Sariba, Ainauia, Evangelia and others, most of whom have had personal experience in the problems of village communities.

Our Medical Work

At last the Papuan Christians are beginning to get a vision for themselves and their country, instead of relying on us to push them forward. At times, tempted by their slowness, I have been keen to hurry up things, but God’s guidance has been against it. We now have had a new vision of what can be done through God-guided public health work. At Maivara camp I had glimpses of what God can do in this way when the hearts of people are changed and they are out for the best in every part of life. It is no longer a case of pushing reforms on a very unwilling people but they are now coming to us for advice. Our procedure was to call together the “Public Health Committee” of the villages so that we could have a “quiet time” to find out what God wanted done. They brought up a list of needed reforms—all of them right to the point. We then asked the village committee for their ideas and in practically every case I had little to add.

We are always up against the fact of the isolation of our out-stations; it may take several days before we can take a sick person to Kwato. Some months ago we raised among ourselves enough money to buy two small radio telephone transmitters and the Government has given us a license. These transmitters will serve to link different parts of the Bay and later we may be meant to have a more powerful outfit. I have a dream that the time may come when we shall no longer be guessing for weeks as to what is happening to our Gospel teams far inland, but we will be able to talk to them daily by radio. In the meantime we shall gain a lot of experience from these small radio telephones.

The annual medical report for the year 1936-7 shows 163 cases treated at the Kwato hospital, 38 of which were surgical and gynecological. The out-patients treated numbered 20,600 and the maternity cases 49, with 149 in attendance at pre-natal clinics. There were also 649 who attended infant welfare clinics. The work is expanding and additional clinics will be established in out-stations. Berkeley D. Vaughan.
Why I Came to Kwato

By Doris Purcell

SINCE a child I have dreamed of the day when I would sail away to some distant land to take God's message of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

We used to have two Negro girls come to our home each week to do our laundry. As a child I loved to talk with them. I liked especially to ask them to tell about their church services and their schools. It was then that I decided I wanted to be a missionary to the black people. Then naturally, I suppose, my thoughts turned toward Africa.

As time went on and I began to learn more about the peoples of the earth I had my doubts whether Africa was really the place for me. Then I began to see myself much further away than Africa, even on the other side of the world. This I kept mostly to myself because I was afraid someone would laugh at me.

At the age of fourteen I went away from home to boarding school. That was very young to leave home, and especially for one who had as good a home as I. However the Berry Schools which I attended was a wonderful institution and I was fortunate to be able to go there. By the time I was in my second or third year in high school I was quite certain that the mission field was my choice in life. However there were times of doubt and fear as to whether I should ever reach it. But after all, I felt that things just had to come out right because I had found a marvelous promise in God's word and was trying, by His help, to claim it—In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths. Proverbs 3:6.

During my Freshman year at College we organized a missionary group which we called the "Volunteer Band"—meaning those who in their hearts had offered themselves to God for foreign mission service and were willing to go if He opened the way. Our faculty adviser was a new teacher from New Jersey, Mr. George S. Birch. We learned that he had been a missionary to India but had had to return home because of his health. He proved to be a wonderful man and just the one we needed in our group.

One Sunday afternoon Mr. Birch brought a mission magazine to the meeting. It was called Kwato Mission Tidings. We found it so very interesting that we were soon asking if he had any more literature about that mission.

During the year our group was asked to conduct a joint Y. M. & Y. W. C. A. service. We decided to give a little play which had been written for the purpose by Mr. and Mrs. Birch. The play was about Kwato, and in the play I was leaving the college to go to Papua as a missionary. Then it came to me quite forcibly that some day it would not be just a play but I would really be going to Kwato.

Many things happened during the four years of college and I often wondered what I really would find myself doing. However, my dreams of the mission field would always come back to me and I would always come to the conclusion that if I missed the mission field I would miss my calling.

After graduating I was offered a place in one of the Berry Schools offices. During that year I applied to the Kwato committee in New York and also wrote to two of the mis-
sionaries on the field. There was no money available for a new missionary at that time so the letters in answer to mine were very kind but not encouraging at all.

In the spring just three weeks before school was out there were two things bearing very heavily on my mind. One was what I should do during the summer months when I did not have work at the college, and the other was what I should write to the Kwato committee. I had prayed about these things but the solutions seemed far away. I am a great believer in attending services on Sunday, but this time, since Sunday was the only day I had away from work, I felt that I should spend the day in my own room with my door locked. During the hours spent alone that day I asked God to show me these two things—what I should do during the summer and what I should write to the Kwato committee. On Tuesday afternoon, to my utter surprise, who should drive up to the office where I was working but Rev. Z. C. O'Farrell, manager of the South Georgia Orphans' Home, where my father was an employee. They had driven three hundred miles to have a look at the college and perhaps get some new ideas for the Home. While they were there I met Rev. O'Farrell and he asked me to go to the Home to work during the summer. I was not very anxious to do this at first but after considering it for a few days I realized that it was God's plan. That same Tuesday evening we were having a group of school guests from New York. It happened that I was asked to show one of the ladies to her room. As we were talking she asked me my name and when I told her she said "Oh! I am on the Kwato Mission Committee and I am to interview you while I am here." Does God answer prayer? I think He does!

She told me about the work and about the different missionaries and then she told me that for financial reasons I could not hope to go out soon, if I were accepted. She said that the missionaries themselves had a good deal to say about the new missionaries. She said, "we can recommend a person but we leave it largely to those on the field to decide." She told me to keep praying and thinking about it, that I might go some day.

To me it looked quite humanly impossible with the American committee six or seven hundred miles away, the missionaries on the other side of the world, and me in Georgia. All things are possible with God so I began to pray, "Lord, if you want me to go to Kwato please send one of those missionaries over here and make it possible for me to see him." That was in the spring of '35. In the spring of '36 Mr. Cecil Abel left New Guinea for England and America. In November, at the request of the Governing Committee, I met him in Pittsburgh, Pa., where he was speaking. Later I met the committee in New York and was appointed. The funds necessary were supplied in a wonderful way.

Truly God has guided and provided. Now that I am actually on my way to the field, I look back and see the wonderful way in which He has led me definitely and unfailingly. I realize anew that He merits my all, and in His strength I plan to give no less.

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Our New Comers

Our newcomers are settling into things. They have brought such a breath of freshening, purifying air into Kwato, and have a lot to give us. This is an easy place to get into ruts. Doris Purcell is now learning Suau and learning to know the girls. Nevil Young is going to be most profitable. He is developing garden sites, and is also starting an experimental patch which, while saving us a lot in our food bill and also improving our diet, is going to demonstrate better and more scientific methods of growing, and a bigger variety of foods for the natives. This will be in Maivara vicinity. The people are keen on the project and declare they will adopt anything new, provided it is well demonstrated first to be superior to their own methods. Sometimes, when I think of the echoes of war in the East, I believe that it might some day be a Godsend to be independent for food, quite apart from the financial consideration, especially as our rice all comes from China, Java, etc. Nevil is also putting our dairying on a sound footing, and is clearing tracts of land at Logea for the purpose. Our neighbors at Logea now so wholeheartedly back us that they will let us have as much land as we can use or wish. This is marvellously generous. They are feeling more and more their own proprietorship of this work; it will be their venture. We are praying over the possibility of establishing the Junior school there. It will save double-banking and much expense to have them so near to the main station.

R. W. A.