Promising Material for Papuan Leaders

Four of the Boys at the Kwato Training Station Who Are Being Trained for Christ and His Service in Papua
THE KWATO MISSION OF PAPUA


Conducted since 1920 by the Incorporated Kwato Extension Association

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The Governing Committee consists of:

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The 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.

THE MISSION STAFF AND YEAR OF APPOINTMENT

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

Cecil C. G. Abel, 1928
Phyllis D. Abel, 1925
Russell W. Abel, 1928
Frank Briggs, 1937
Mrs. Ida Briggs, 1938
Mildred Bath, R.N., 1938
Robin Knight, 1938

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

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MISS Grace P. Curtis, 184 Fermwood Ave., Upper Montclair, New Jersey

Quarterly Publication—Kwato Mission Tidings—Edited by Miss J. H. Righter

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Notes and News

PAPUA seems a long way from the scenes of international conflict. Fifty years ago it would have taken months for news to filter through that there was a war in Europe. Today the radio brings the tidings of battle to Papua almost as quickly as to the capitals of Europe. Not only so but “war scares” cause anxiety and disrupt business. The likelihood of attack on these unprotected areas is very remote but already Port Moresby is being fortified as a British air-base. One of the most disturbing effects of the conflicts in Asia and Europe is the disruption of trade and the low prices of copra and other products not classed as war materials. Copra, which is raised so largely on the plantations of the mission to furnish employment for Papuan Christians and to supply funds to carry on the work, has depreciated in value so that the loss in income has been from $5,000 to $10,000 a year. Of course if the European war should continue and increase in violence, men and women may also be drawn from mission service into war work.

In the meantime the Kwato workers, both British and Papuan, carry on faithfully. We remember the words of Christ to His disciples, in the darkest hour of the world’s history: “Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God, believe also in me.” Later He added: “All power is given unto me ... go ye therefore and teach all nations ... Lo, I am with you always.” That command and that promise still give purpose and courage to Christian workers.

* * *

We lay before friends of Kwato some of the present needs of the work. With increased opportunity for sowing the seed, with the promise of larger harvests and with the growing staff of workers, there is naturally an increased need for financial and spiritual support. Yet present war conditions mean not only a lower income from copra but also a natural decrease in the number and size of gifts from Great Britain and America. Let us not desert these representatives of Christ, and our partners, who are bearing the brunt of the conflict against heathenism in Papua. There is great need for consecrated gifts and for special prayer at this time.

* * *

Since the issue of The Kwato Mission Tidings was published in America (last December), two of our beloved and honored circle have been called Home—Mrs. Charles W. Abel, the wife of the founder of the mission, entered into rest in February and her cousin Miss Margaret Evelyn Parkin fol-
followed in June. Both of these wonderfully consecrated and efficient missionaries will be greatly missed. Mrs. Abel’s loving ministry, spiritual ideals and wise counsel had been a stimulus both to missionaries and Papuans for forty-seven years. The account of her last illness was printed in *News from Kwato*, sent out from there last May. The story of Miss Parkin’s last illness and tributes to her sacrificial service (for forty-five years as a volunteer missionary) will be found in this issue of *The Tidings*. Our very deep sympathy is extended especially to the Abel family in Kwato.

* * *

While the Mission staff has been depleted by some who have been called to lay down their work, the white population is increased by new recruits and by the little ones, such as “are of the Kingdom of Heaven,” who have arrived to bless their parents and others. There are nine missionary children at Kwato. To Jonty Smeeton and his new baby brother, born in September, David and Elspeth Beavis, Michael, Patricia and Dermot Vaughan, and Oliver Knight, Keith Dawson Briggs has recently been added, the son of Frank and Ida Briggs. One child has left with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Swinfield, who have found it necessary to return to Australia. A new worker has been added in Mr. Archie Kerr, a Scotchman, who arrived in July, and has remained to help with the medical work.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Beavis, with their two children have moved to Bisimaka where he will have charge of building operations, and she will have charge of the mission school and district work. Remember them in their new surroundings with enlarged opportunities. Mrs. Berkeley D. Vaughan and her three children have recently returned to Kwato from Australia, where they were much benefited by a change of climate and schooling in Melbourne.

* * *

Phyllis Abel left Kwato in March for her long overdue furlough in England. It is fourteen years since she was there last. Her going has left a big gap in the work which others are doing their best to fill, by nursing, teaching, industrial training and evangelism. She is now in (or near) London and is no doubt winning followers for Christ and friends for Kwato by her personal contacts and reports on what God is doing among the Papuans. The present war will necessarily change some of her plans but we are hoping that she will be able to visit America during the coming winter on her way back to the field. In the meantime pray for her and for rich opportunities in the service of Christ.

* * *

It is with deep regret that we announce the resignation of Dr. Hugh R. Monro as a member of the Governing Committee. He was one of the founders of the New Guinea Evangelization Society which was formed to sponsor the Kwato work under Charles W. Abel seventeen years ago when American support of the Mission was so greatly needed. For eighteen years Dr. Monro has been a warm friend and generous supporter of the work and for twelve years has been President of the Kwato Association. Now increasing responsibilities in many directions and other personal reasons have led him to resign. We are, however, assured of his continued deep interest in the work and his fellowship in prayer that God will richly bless the mission and guide the workers.

* * *

As next year will be the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Mission, plans are being made to celebrate the jubilee. If war conditions do not interfere it is hoped that friends from Australia and New Zealand and, if possible, from America and England, will visit Kwato in the autumn for the celebration. At that time the whole work will be presented dramatically, showing the progress made in fifty years from savagery to Christian life and service. There has been wonderful development in the Papuans in education, industries, sanitation and health, in village life and witnessing for Christ. These results of the work will be represented graphically.

It is expected also that some booklets will be prepared and printed to tell of the life and work of Mr. and Mrs. Abel and Miss Parkin; another on Kwato will be a special pictorial souvenir. The plan includes motion picture films showing the work at Kwato, on Milne Bay and other outstations, and in the Buhutu Valley and Amau District. Pray that these plans may glorify God and advance the cause of Jesus Christ. Perhaps some friends will be led to make a special thank-offering for the work, in connection with the Jubilee and in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Abel and Miss Parkin.
Miss M. Evelyn Parkin
(From The Papuan Courier—printed at Port Moresby, June 30, 1939)

It is with regret that we send in the news of the death of Miss Parkin at Kwato on the evening of the 16th June. As the deceased lady had been in indifferent health for some time the end did not come as such a severe shock. Miss Margaret Evelyn Brookfield Parkin was 73 years of age, and came to this country in 1894. She was a cousin of the late Mrs. Abel, who died at Kwato recently, and it was to help nurse her cousin after a severe illness that Miss Parkin decided to come to Papua. When Mrs. Abel's husband decided to take his wife to Cooktown for medical attention, in the little mission cutter, Miss Parkin volunteered to stay and take charge of the place. Armed with a sheet of paper scribbled with Suau sentences to cover all emergencies, for she knew no word of the language, they left her on the beach, with no other qualification than her own courage and faith in God.

Miss Parkin here found her life work which absorbed all her powers and energy until her death. She often carried on at Kwato single handed when illness or circumstance forced Mr. and Mrs. Abel to be away for long periods. On one of these occasions severe dysentery swept this district and Miss Parkin turned the whole mission house into a hospital and nursed the patients, day and night, herself.

Miss Parkin was an accomplished musician and played the piano and harp. She left England to give concerts in Australia, and during this period came to Kwato. She never went home to England and seldom south. She was a remarkable business woman and, at one time, made herself quite an authority on coconuts, their diseases and culture, and her experience in plantation matters was very solid. Working cheerfully at night schools for adult natives, right up to the time of her last illness, this busy person gave herself little leisure, but still found time to keep up with affairs of the day, and was keenly interested and well informed in politics. Miss Parkin visited Samarai early this year, her only visit for years. Our deep
sympathy goes out to her sorrowing relatives and friends at Kwato, and also her many friends on Samarai. The Kwato launch was placed at the disposal of Samarai residents who wished to attend her funeral at Kwato and quite a few residents took the opportunity to pay their last respects to a well loved friend. So passes another grand old pioneer of the Eastern end.

Mrs. Abel’s Home Going

The home-going of our beloved senior missionary, Mrs. Charles W. Abel, has already been noted in our April “Fellowship Letter.” She had been seriously ill for some months and had a severe attack of pneumonia at Christmas time. Finally she entered into rest on February 24th; the radio announcement from her children contained only the words: “Mother—Home.” Mrs. Abel was a remarkable woman; as mother, friend, and Christian missionary she had few equals. The expression of sympathy from American friends to the family circle contains this well deserved tribute:

“By her unwavering faith and her dauntless courage in the midst of many dangers and trials; by her beautiful Christian character and daily life; by her sacrificial loving service and wise counsel, Mrs. Abel has been a constant inspiration, example and bulwark to her children, to her fellow workers and to the Papuans who have learned to love and honor her, as they love and honor her husband.”

Spiritual Stocktaking at Kwato

By Mary Abel

THE end of June is the end of our financial year. Everyone is busy stock-taking and reviewing the months that have passed, and at the same time restocking and planning for the months that lie ahead. The necessity for stock-taking spiritually, and getting God’s immediate plan clear for the next few months, came to many of us. Consequently we set aside the first week-end in July, and about 20 of us, mostly Papuan leaders, both men and women, met together for this purpose. We realized the danger of being good Christians, but jogging aimlessly along satisfied, when God was anything but satisfied with us and with the results of our lives. We need to be always conscious of the danger of vegetating, and of the necessity of our having a common goal, say for the next six months. What differences does God want in us and in the departments for which we are responsible, by the end of the year? We realize that God wants us to aim at making every single department, home and individual, a real demonstration of God’s power and guiding.

In the afternoon of this Sunday the men met with Russell Abel and Nevil Young for this purpose, and I took the women. When we realized a little of God’s plan for each of us and for Kwato, we realized how inadequate we were and how each of us had failed. It needed more than Sunday afternoon, so part of Monday was also set-aside for this purpose. On Monday evening we had food altogether and closed the day by bringing all these plans and confessions to God in prayer, and asking His power to carry them out. Many had to go straight back to their responsibilities in Milne Bay that night.

The theme that has been ringing in my ears since then has been, “Anything less than the highest is sin.” And as day by day goes by, we have been endeavoring to weave together the daily detailed plans which God is giving to us. Pray that the woven result may be of the material, quality, pattern and beauty such as He would have it. Some of us have been realizing that this kind of living is costly, and we feel we are beginning to understand a little bit of what Christ meant when He said, “If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily, and follow me!”

I had a letter this morning from the wife of one of our Papuan plantation managers. I will give you a translation of her letter:

KANAKOPE, JULY 12TH

Dear Mary:

Greetings! This is my short note to you. All of us are well. No one is sick. Since my return my feelings are so happy. Not like before. My big praise is to God, and my thought is how right it was for me to be at that gathering. That is the reason for my praise, and because a new peace has begun in my heart. Thank you. Then I say to myself, my heart is not big enough; but I am remembering that you are praying to God for me. That is my wish. I will write more carefully to you on another boat. This boat is late already.

That is the end. Greetings!

Goodbye, I am your friend, N——.
SOME of you have been praying for Buhutu. During the past six months or so the devil has been successfully leading away many members of the young church down there, back to the old beliefs in sorcery and witchcraft. The faithful few who came up from time to time to Duabo would shake their heads and say, "The work is very heavy down there, a coldness has spread among the Christians; pray for us."

Then God showed some of us that He wanted us to spend the Easter week-end at Siasiada, the center of the valley.

We set off early on Good Friday morning in brilliant sunshine. There is a coolness in the bush tracks even at noonday, for the branches of giant trees interlace overhead, casting a deep shade.

We thoroughly enjoyed the walk from Duabo, which took us about six hours. We stopped at nearly every village for a few minutes, to chat with the villagers and slake our thirst on the coconuts and oranges offered to us everywhere. It was over five years since I had visited Buhutu, and I was impressed with the larger, cleaner villages, and the abundant crops of sweet potatoes and taro which stretched for acres along the roadside. This is the result of a widespread change in ideas about pigs that used to dominate the villages and made the present gardens an impossibility.

When we reached our destination, Dalai, who is the head of the Siasiada boarding school, came forward to greet us with bright-faced children massed behind. I was escorted to a charming, secluded little house, kept specially for honored guests. After a good meal, a rest and a swim in the near-by creek, we all felt like new creatures, and gathered to seek God's plan for the week-end.

That Friday evening we gave to prayer, and the rededication of ourselves to our crucified Lord. Saturday was to be "Children's Day." Directly after breakfast the school gathered together in full force for inspection. The children came from nearly every village in the valley. They are fed partly by their own parents, and partly from the big vegetable gardens worked by the Siasiada church members. The parents also provide our four teachers there with their food. Surely it must be no joke to supply enough vegetables twice a day to feed over a hundred children!

The afternoon was given up to games. An added zest was lent to these by the fact that I had brought some sweets with me, which the "sports committee" decided should be given as prizes—one each to the winner of each race! One sweet to a Papuan is as good as a whole tin of chocolates to a white child. It is sucked, taken out and put away
then brought out again and sucked, and so on, so that it will often last an entire day!

After a communal evening meal the school children gave a fine performance of recitations and songs to an audience of parents and friends. When they had finished we were unable to go on with the program as so many of the spectators were under conviction. One by one they stood up and said how they had fought against sending their children away from home to school, their fears for them, their lack of trust in Dalai, and their selfish desires to keep the children at home. Then, as the children recited and sang, the parents, seeing such a wonderful result from their schooling, realized their own folly.

We went without extra sleep on Sunday, as we knew it would be a heavy day. First of all we each had to meet personally with the Risen Christ in our own Quiet Times. Then we had to meet together as a team; after which would come the morning service, followed by the Lord’s Supper. Then would come hours of personal work.

Easter Day dawned gloriously. The children had decorated the church with ragged palm, and hibiscus, and the young, yellow fronds of the coconut. Such a number had gathered for the service that the church was crammed, and we had to bar the school children. Several of the team gave testimonies, and I spoke on the power of the Risen Christ over the power of the devil in sorcery and witchcraft. Before we partook of the Lord’s Supper afterwards, numbers of the church members confessed how paralyzed their Christian life had been by fear of the sorcerer’s power, and avowed a new faith in the Christ who could overcome all things, even death. Sixty-five joined in the communion.

After a hasty lunch we all got down to personal talks, and went right on till the evening meal, and again afterwards. I had to return to my own family at Duabo the following day, but we left Dalai and blind Bate behind to carry on. They have since been doing splendid follow-up work. The young church down there has shaken off afresh the old chains that were binding them, and is determined to go ahead, walking in the light and trusting only in Christ crucified and risen again.

There has been one very practical result of their new vision. We are felling a rice field at Gibara and our appeal to the Buhutu church for voluntary labor had brought only two men. A week after Easter blind Bate arrived, followed by thirty-five people, men and women, all eager to give themselves to this practical side of the work of the Lord. The whole field of twenty acres of forest was felled in less than a week.

Thank God for this answer to your prayers for Buhutu. Do not cease to pray for them.

What We Do In School

THE schools are in full swing again now after a three weeks’ holiday.

Margot Knight is teaching a class of prep-school boys in the mornings and a class of younger children in the afternoons. Mary Abel has a class of beginners and has charge of the village schools. I have a class with our young teachers in the mornings. They are lovely and I do enjoy them. I am trying to make their work as practical as possible so they will know better how to meet problems that I know they must face when they get out to the village schools. I am really down to teaching Australian money now. So many times they have to keep little accounts for schools, etc., when they go out to work in the villages; so we are learning to do that also. The Papuans are naturally shy and don’t like to speak out and make themselves heard, especially when they speak in English. In this class we have just started studying “Cinderella,” in play form. I have typed it out so that each girl can have a copy. I am hoping that, after we have studied it, they will suggest that they learn and give it for everybody to hear. That would do them a lot of good for it would accustom them to the sound of their own voices and help them not to be so shy, as well as give them the benefit of memorizing the lines.

In the afternoon I have another class of two sections. They are the girls just younger than the morning class, or the top section. With this new class I am finding it necessary to lengthen my afternoon school hours by another hour in order to get in the different lessons. I have a Papuan teacher to help me which makes it easier. I love my work.

Doris Purcell.
I feel I must apologize for this diary. There are no thrilling stories in it. It is just a record of everyday happenings. But it will give you a picture of the common round and daily task. I apologize too for so much reference to the weather. Please remember that this is written in the middle of a Rainy Season, when so much of our action is hampered or determined by the whims of the roof of clouds over our heads. I did not know when I started jotting down the day's impressions, that this diary would record the last days on earth of our beloved Margaret Evelyn Parkin, who was "Auntie" to everyone, and there were many who adopted her thus, and looked to her for sympathy, advice, cheer, fun (for she had the keenest sense of humor) and music, for which her 74 years did nothing to rob her touch. Christ said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me." To Auntie Parkin this was a glorious privilege, that made her whole life a gay adventure of following, and of giving for the One she knew and loved.

May 22. Great to-do over a measles scare in Samarai. No one allowed there unless urgent business calls, and those who go are forbidden to dally. Raymond Whale had to, and found himself a Pariah on return.

We are busy finishing the last of the June Tidings, wrapping and addressing Australian and New Zealand ones. The mail occupied much of our thought. It went at 3 p.m. and we farewelled some friends who have been staying here, at the wharf, measles preventing us from going any further.

May 23, Tuesday. A day of non-stop social. A large crowd off the steamer at Samarai came over to Kwato, and on their arrival we plunged straight into entertaining them, showing them round, etc., talking endlessly. These occasions are of great value in breaking down prejudice against Missions, and the misinformation that is soaked up in steamer barrooms, and of showing people another side to the question. Therefore we do not begrudge the time taken, when they can come and see for themselves. They left just before lunch. Schools and works then occupied us until the arrival of the Commission on Amalgamation. (They are making an intensive visit in connection with the
scheme for amalgamating the two territories of Papua and Mandated New Guinea under one government.) These were people of importance to our future welfare, including representatives from the Papuan government, that has backed us in the past, the Federal Government in Australia, and from New Guinea, where there is much that we would not like to see extended to our territory. As their opinions, we felt, might be moulded by what they saw here, it was important that they should see all they could.

They made the round, saw machinery in the mill and carpentry shop requiring skill and concentration, being worked swiftly and efficiently by Papuans. They also visited the printing shop and the Hospital. Then followed a tea-party, which gave us some good opportunities for side talks with people whose ideas may affect our future vitally. There was such a crowd gathered for this that the verandah resembled a hotel lobby!

When they had all gone, and the “tumult and the shouting ceased,” we turned to our unopened letters.

I dined at the High School with the staff and boys, and gave a lecture afterwards on Justice and its checkered growth through the ages.

Our night was considerably disturbed by over-enthusiastic mill boys, taking advantage of high tides which inconsiderately occur at midnight just now, to get logs for the sawmill beached and rolled up the ramp. They appeared unable to undertake this strenuous exertion without much heaving and shouting. Some of us, wakened rudely from oblivion, thought at least that the Japs were upon us.

May 24, Wednesday. The day began with a combined service and Bible study, to which more or less the whole island gathered, led by Cecil. We studied 2 Cor. 8, the subject being “Giving.” Our minds ranged from the giving of those early Christians to Chiang-Kai-Shek’s “Do-or-die” corps, who consider themselves already dead, given for their country, and can be chosen with impunity for the worst jobs.

From that we dispersed to our usual routine. Soon the sounds of everyday activity replaced the hush of the time we had spent with God: school children being drilled, the marshalling of the kindergarten, the rhythm of the printing machines in the distance, the thump of the piledriver, at work enlarging our wharf, and the puffing and wailing of the sawmill shredding tree trunks into sawn timber. These are typical Kwato noises.

There was a pause for prayer all over the island during the afternoon as word went round that a very serious operation was under way. The medical staff had a particularly heavy day and looked tired this evening at dinner time.

Cecil departed for Milne Bay in the “Eateau.” I spent the evening at the High School, where we had singing practice as is usual on Wednesday evenings. We learned the Dwarf’s Song, from Snow White, which sounds well with boys’ voices.

Koeabule. Saturday, May 27. We left Kwato yesterday, Auntie Parkin, Marjorie and Jonty and myself. Auntie doesn’t often leave Kwato, so it was quite an event for her: in fact, it was a historic occasion, her first trip on the “Kwato”! John, our skipper, was anxious to get off as early as possible, as the weather was anything but promising, heavy clouds and a strong S.E. After being lustily farewelled at the wharf by the crowd, who couldn’t get over the phenomenon of Auntie leaving the place, we steered into a roily sea. We were well laden with oil drums and timber for the new Bismaka house. As soon as we were through the China Straits we put the wind behind us, which was not too bad. By the time we reached Davadava it was raining hard, and so dark that John suggested making for Bismaka and spending the night there, instead of crossing the Bay to Koeabule. “Oh I’m on a spree; I don’t mind where we go,” said Auntie! So an hour later we turned into the quiet haven of the secluded Bismaka Bay, where we tied up alongside the steeply shelving beach and had supper. A few of the Bismaka girls came down in the rain and peered up at us to verify for themselves the unbelievable rumor that had gone around that Auntie was aboard. But heavier rain drove them away, and made us doubly thankful for the comfort and accommodation of the new boat.

We came across to Koeabule this morning. The girls had polished up the old house, and filled the rooms with roses and flowers which made it look most welcome, and belied its age and sagging floors.

Auntie spent a happy day looking round. This was her station for many years in the past. In fact the plantation was nursed by her through its infancy, sick trees doctored and nurtured, unruly, overflowing rivers were diverted and trained to spill elsewhere. The center that Koeabule now is owes its
early foundations to her faithful spade work, twenty-five years ago.

Cecil turned up in the "Eauedo" after lunch. I and some of the boys boarded the launch and joined him on a Saturday afternoon picnic across the Bay to Davadava. The gusty weather of yesterday has quite gone, it was cool but sunny, and delightful as only the fine spells that punctuate the Papuan rainy season can be. We fished and caught a couple of beauties. Business was mixed with pleasure and the objective that gave point to our trip was the inspection of some property on the way. Having done this, we landed up at the river-mouth where Andrew and Eabomai, old Kwato students, have a little school and center on a little neck of land that divides the sea from the river. Eabomai had refreshments ready for us in her little house, which was spotless with fresh mats on the floor. We sat round on the floor and yarned, while she served tea, delicious baked godibu (a kind of native asparagus) and pawpaws.

We enjoyed the fellowship with them. Eabomai is a real patriot who has done a lot for her country. She has been responsible for teaching scores of adults to read. Everywhere she has lived she has made it her duty to see that people could read their Suau Gospels. Papuan adults with their ossified brains are no joke to teach. But Eabomai has dogged perseverance, a quality Papuans are supposed to lack. There are many who have New Testaments today, and owe this great privilege to her patience. Added to this, she has run a little boarding school for quite ten years now. Some of her old pupils have married and built their homes at Davadava, where quite a flourishing little village has developed in the past few years.

When I was inspecting village schools a few years ago, I was impressed with the amount of Scripture knowledge she had drummed into her pupils. Whatever else they did not know, and the standard attempted was not high, you could not floor them on Scripture, and they were able to quote it by the ream. On top of all this Eabomai has given eleven children to her country. The youngest is an infant in arms; the eldest a teacher in the Maivara school; the second, a kindergarten teacher at Kwato; the third, a boy, is in the Kwato High School and is learning engineering. They are stepping along in the family tradition of service. The rest are littered all down the grades. Their parents have established a heritage for them to live up to. Their grandparents on both sides were cannibals.

We got back to Koeabule for dinner, and only just in time, as the calm spell broke into rain squalls which continued through the night.

Sunday, May 28. The rain squalls blew and torrented alternately all through the night. We spent a quiet day. Cecil left us at 7 o'clock for the Head of the Bay, where he was to spend Sunday.

I led the morning service at 11, and spoke on Paul's witness in Acts 26, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision," and what being faithful to that vision cost him, and the result to the world.

Auntie held court; all her old cronies came up to meet her, wept over her, etc., and strings of village women whom she had taught as kids and prayed for and worried over, came up to see her or bring their latest babies along for her blessing and approval. The change out here is already doing her no end of good.

We went for a long walk in the afternoon, and after supper we had an evening service with the station children, and singing, in the building that was once a copra kiln, but has been transformed into a roomy meeting hall by clearing out the interior when we changed from producing copra to desiccated coconut.

Monday, May 29. An uneventful day travelling home. John and I left Koeabule at 7:30, leaving Marj, Auntie and Jonty, who intend staying there a week. The boat had a heavy program of loading at various places, during the intervals of which John did jobs on the boat, while I met people ashore. We finally reached Kwato at 9:30 P.M., in a downpour of rain, 310 bags of copra reeking aboard, and an inexorable tide forging against us throughout the length of the China Straits.

Wednesday, May 31. The usual mid-week service in the morning. Arthur Beavis led us in a study of the 103d Psalm. Every time he mentioned the author, "David," his small son David (aged 3), sitting in the audience, nearly jumped out of his skin, convinced it was all about him, and beamed at everyone!

Cecil was busy all morning setting his house in order, and giving us our instructions in view of his enforced retirement from the world, which began at 2 P.M., when they carried him down to the Hospital for the operation he has been expecting.
Thursday, June 1. A distracting day of squalls and rain. Cecil is having an uphill time, an attack of malaria having made the going hard.  

A team meeting this evening to get the work of the week-end clear, and to insure the maximum use of the two boats that will be at our disposal. Philip is taking a team to Koukou on the “Lantic.” People from Kihikihiuna and Gadogadao are coming over on the “Eauedo” to spend the Sunday here; Halliday and Tiraka are taking responsibility for them while they are here.

Sunday, June 4. A big crowd came to Kwato this morning, in spite of the weather, and we had a crowded morning service, followed by a Communion Service. There were special meetings for some of the visitors in the afternoon, and chances for individual talks.

Nevil Young and I spent the afternoon in Samarai, attended the European service in the evening, and supped at the Rectory afterwards.

Cecil still feels rather done in, and needs much care. The medical staff are having a busy time and are being fairly run off their feet. Garoinedi, the head Papuan nurse, is away having a long overdue holiday inland. One of their ex-nurses, who recently became the wife of a Government Interpreter, and lives in Samarai, comes over sometimes as a stop-gap. There is great need for more nurses.

Garoinedi is another of our patriots who took marriage and a career in her stride. Having given eight stalwart sons and daughters to her country, and having at one time run a very efficient village school, she took up nursing when her husband died seven years ago, and has proved a most valuable unit of the medical corps. Some of her old pupils are responsible village leaders now.

Monday, June 5. The “Kwato” returned from Milne Bay at 6 P.M. with a large passenger list, all the chickens coming home to roost. Alas, poor Auntie Parkin, at the thought of whose holiday we had so rejoiced, had to be carried ashore ill. Two days ago, when she seemed to have derived so much benefit from the fresh food, fruit and milk of Koeabule, she got some wretched germ that laid her low with dysentery. She was very bad for two days, but seemed to have recovered enough to brace herself for the dash home. We are all terribly disappointed.

Wednesday, June 6. I led the mid-week service. We studied Christ’s teaching on prayer, the necessity of sincerity as a basis, and the Lord’s Prayer as a pattern for our communion.

Cecil is really improving at last, but Auntie seems no better, and we are very anxious about her.

The place is very full of babies. The Beavises are living in the Big House at the moment with their children, and we have a visitor from another part of the territory with her two, and of course the dozens of little brown toddlers. All of which keeps us young. All who live at Kwato develop into resourceful Children’s Hour entertainers!

Singing practice at the High School again. We were almost obliterated by rain going and coming back, but the singing went well; the boys really opened up and the parts sounded great. Perhaps the rain drowned imperfections!

I got back late at night to the Big House to find Auntie worse, and hung about in wet clothes till midnight waiting for the doctor’s verdict, thereby getting a beautiful cold for my folly.

Friday, June 8. Auntie seemed worse this morning, after a bad night, and very weak for the battle that is required of her. A messenger took a notice board round the island with a message on it in Suau:

“Today our mother Keduruma is very ill, and so at 9 o’clock let us stand aside from our work to pray for her. Let us be of one mind in our asking.”

At 9 o’clock a bell chimed, and a hush swept over the island. Some paused for prayer just where they were, their tools in their hands. Others joined in twos and threes. One saw whole school classes with their heads bowed. A group of laundry girls prayed round the ironing table. Cooks and their helpers put aside pots and pans. Nurses prayed with their patients. The printing office, awhirl with humming machinery since 7:30, when work begins, was quiet. We felt a current of power, and a new peace instead of anxiety.

At 4 P.M., Robin and Margot Knight and Oliver left on the “Eauedo” for a weekend, and also a gang of boys commissioned by the Cricket Club to get logs for the new pavilion they hope to erect. The old one was whisked away by a whirlwind three years ago. Since then we have sat among the ruins to watch matches, with an old sail rigged overhead to give shade; a disgrace to any self-respecting cricket club.
Saturday, June 9. The day dawned dear and bright: a welcome change. Saturday morning is always a busy time. All things crowded out or left undone during the week await one like sediment at the bottom of the cup. Some of us enjoyed a lovely spell off the island in the afternoon, making full use of the fine day, as one always should in the wet season. A cricket match occupied the boys. The reefs, which were bared at low tide, drew a still greater crowd. While others of us, Raymond, Geoff, Archie, myself and some of the High School boys and a few others, went fishing and shooting. We fished from the “Eauedo,” towing lines till 4 o’clock, when we reached Nasalualua, a typical Robinson Crusoe isle. There is a romantic tunnel right through the island, beaches, steep verdant hills, and impossible rocks and cliffs. We scaled the hillsides, scrambling through tangled undergrowth, and stalked up and down razor-back ridges for fat white pigeons. Our shots, however, merely sent them circling happily into the air. We had some strenuous climbing of cliffs before we got back to our anchorage at sunset. We were completely unsuccessful. However, we enjoyed the exercise and the sunbake on the launch, and sang songs all the way home, accompanied by Geoff’s guitar and Archie’s banjo.

Monday, June 12. The weather remained foul. Colds are travelling round. The Smeeaton household is completely overtaken, and has retired into oblivion. Schools and activities continue just the same, and the boats fulfil their programs and battle against the elements.

The “Kwato” returned late at night with a full complement of cargo and buffeted passengers, who reeled ashore, thankful that the darkness hid their green complexions!

Tuesday, June 13. Auntie the same, and pathetically weak. Mary, untiring by her bedside, is trying to keep her strength up with endless sips of this and that. Auntie finds everything unpalatable and is very weary. We sat round her bedside and read the Psalm that Phyllis included in the message that she cabled from England, and we had some prayer together.

Cecil is getting on very well, and now receives visitors, dictates letters and is able to contemplate our affairs a bit. There was such a stream of Papuan visitors waiting to see him that we had to check them somewhat.

Thursday, June 15. Auntie has occupied all our thoughts and prayers today. Yesterday there was a definite improvement but complications have set in, and she really has no strength left for the battle, though she is battling still. We had special times of prayer for her today. Cecil too has had a setback. Malaria keeps pulling him down.

Saturday, June 17. Auntie entered into Life eternal last night at 7 o’clock, after a long, weary day, struggling for breath, though aided by oxygen and all that skill and love could do. In the morning she was obviously worse, though still cooperating in every way with us who could not bring ourselves to let her go. At 2 o’clock she was still conscious, though very restless. “Fear not, I am with thee” was a verse she kept repeating, which comforted her greatly. We read the 23d Psalm and she seemed calmed and grateful, and twice whispered her thanks to us all. Soon afterwards she lost consciousness. A few hours later her spirit found release and all was peace and joy for her; and so ended a brave and selfless life. She was greatly loved by many to whom she ministered, so that there was a hush of sorrow on the island. The house was full of Papuans who wanted to do something to help, or sat around for comfort or tried to shed the courage they had found. All the boys volunteered to do something. Many were up all night preparing the grave.

The following morning, in the Prayer Garden beyond the church, we laid her to rest—the last of the three pioneers who blazed the trail for us, and in much hardship, but in unflinching devotion set a standard of self-sacrifice and service for Papua. May we follow in their steps.
Training Papuan Youth

We have a large family of girls here on the hill top at Kwato, between 13 and 16 years of age. Most of them live in the large house with us, the others in two houses a short distance away. We also have eight of our kindergarten children, four girls and four boys, about six or seven years of age. You can imagine there are endless problems to be solved in this large and varied family. Sometimes one feels at a complete loss to know just how to cope with different situations.

For instance, some of the older girls are training as teachers in our Logea Village School. One afternoon I had prepared to talk to them about how to deal with different problems in children—when they told lies, were quarrelsome, sulked, etc. Half an hour before my class, I learned that one of my pupil teachers had been cheating in school that morning. My first impulse was to send her right away from teaching; then I realized that if we waited for the perfect teacher before we allowed anyone to teach, we wouldn't get far with our education of Papuans. Something had to be done so, when I met my teachers, without mentioning any names I told of the quandary I was in. How could we tackle such things as dishonesty in children when we had not the answer in our own lives? Then we had a short Quiet Time. After this, without the slightest hesitation, the girl in question told of what she had done in school that morning, and said she had asked God's forgiveness, and must tell her class as soon as possible. We thanked God for this new step He had shown us; then we continued with our lesson.

Phyllis Abel.

When Tourists Come

A Methodist cruise called here a fortnight ago with 350 people. We had everything going in full swing for them to see, but did nothing extra, except calling in a number of long dug-outs to race for them. Marjorie Smeeton and Ida Briggs made tea and cakes; Margot Knight had a fresh lime juice and green coconut "bar" under the trees. Raymond Whale sold hundreds (literally) of postcards, and his office boys ran a book room, selling various literature. The tourists enjoyed themselves greatly, but the success was due to the fact that our boys and girls played hosts and hostesses so admirably, taking people around, and showing them everything, hospital, printing works, etc. The people were charmed. Even Jonty Smeeton and his Papuan playmates did their bit.

The Ship sent picnic lunches ashore. Our guests listened to the choir sing and then we all had a combined and very hearty service of praise. The Papuans were rather surprised at tourists doing such a thing! They took up a collection and gave us £20 for the work. One very important feature was a Fox Movietone party that took sound films. Cecil Abel helped them in what they wanted to take, and they promised us a copy of everything they photographed. I think this will be a great help. They were professionals, and seemed to know exactly what they wanted, and got things from unique angles.

R. A.

On the Hilltop

My wife and I spent Easter at Duabo. We wanted to share the weekend with near-by villagers so we asked our neighbors to come up the hill and keep Good Friday and Easter at the mission.

We had Bible reading and a few quiet words on Good Friday. On Saturday, in lieu of Monday when the villagers wanted to be en route home, we had games for the young people and in the evening sat down to a fellowship feast on the verandah. There were about fifty-six Papuans there, which is a goodly number for the immediate Duabo district, and we feasted on steaming plates of cone, taro, sweet potatoes, etc.

Then Sunday was our day of praise. We had three or four erring ones who were welcomed back into our midst and then a four-fold message from four individuals. The afternoon was given to personal work and in the evening we had the Lord's Supper together.

It was a profitable week-end and a definite aim was fulfilled. We have felt the need of giving our people something to fill the blank in their lives left when they gave up their native feasts. So we have thought that the great Christian feasts days could well be emphasized more. There has been quite a lot of hankering after these old heathen feasts among the unconverted villagers and it has shown us that the native Christians must have something to put in their place. So we felt we had made a start in fulfilling this aim.

Arthur Beavis.
A Letter from Our Nurse

By Mildred Bath, R. N.

I MUST tell you first of all that the men from Dorevaide, with spear wounds, of whom I wrote, healed up and went home. At least, the older man went home, but the younger one could not go back to his own village because the government had imprisoned the man who speared him, so that if he went back alive, there would still be another "pay-back" due. But he is training at Amau and is happily witnessing there. He hopes some day to go back to his own village, not to pay-back the injury done him, but to teach them how to live a new quality of life,—which is Life indeed!

The burden of expenses grows with the expansion of the hospital work, and although at times, it seems too great, yet we are confident that God will not fail us, if we obey Him in doing all we can to utilize all the resources we have, in materials and man-power, and do not allow any waste, and if you will continue to remember us in prayer. Our hospital work in particular, is much hampered by lack of funds for the necessary equipment; beds are needed; each nurse out in the villages (there are five already) needs a simple set of instruments and a bicycle to cover the long distances, which at present have to be covered on foot. Two friends in New Zealand recently gave the money for a new kind of anaesthetic mask, which has greatly facilitated the administration of anaesthetics both for the patient and for me. We are very grateful. Many instruments are still needed for special operations and some which we have are not of stainless steel, and therefore rust quickly in this humid atmosphere. Also, we urgently need a refrigerator for the hospital, as many important medicines do not keep long here, especially those in capsules. Only recently we discovered one lot had perished when we needed to use them. Such things are a dead loss from the financial point of view, and might be an even greater loss to the patient.

My Trip to Amau

Recently some of the Kwato staff suggested that it would be good for me in every way if I joined Margot Knight and went for a trip on the "Kwato." The boat was to leave at about noon that day and we should
be back sometime on Thursday. Such an offer was too good to be refused, so I packed a few things and was ready when the boat left, bound for Duram the landing place for Amau.

We reached the L. M. S. Station at Isuleilei, Fife Bay that evening and were kindly welcomed by the Rev. and Mrs. Rich to dinner. They are very old friends of Kwato, as they began their work at about the same time as the Abels, and most of their children were born at Kwato.

We sailed away again at 10 p.m. and Cecil piloted us through the night. Mahuru, the Papuan boy who went to Sydney with Russell last year, was our captain all the rest of the time. We anchored off Duram at 1 p.m. but could not go up the river as the tide was out. It had been a calm trip, but a heavy swell made the boat rock, as she carried no cargo. We went ashore by dinghy, the boys carrying us the last bit of the way, as the coral was too sharp for us to wade.

At Duram we inspected the house that Mary had had built, when she bravely went alone to carry on the work which Cecil had begun on his first tour. Now there is a neat "store" there too, but the work has gone further inland and there are not many people actually living at Duram now. At 3 p.m. we were lifted onto a large native canoe to start our journey in to Amau. It took one and a half hours in the canoe, up that wide, curving, beautiful river, flanked on both sides with tropical forest, and with the sun glinting over the tops of the trees and blue sky overhead. They told us the river was full of crocodiles which often snap the men off their canoes, so we were not sorry not to see any.

At 4:30 p.m. we arrived at Amau landing and then began a sharp three hours' walk inland to the village. At 6 p.m. it was dark and we continued the rest of the way by the light of hurricane lamps and torches, which added to the fun as we sloshed through swamps and mud. The soles of both of Margot's shoes came off. Tired, but happy, we reached our destination at 7:45 p.m. and were thrilled by the shouts of "Sarl-O" that greeted us, as soon as we entered the compound. The little band of five Papuan girls from Kwato, who carry on the work there (with some of our boys), had prepared a hot shower-bath for us and a tempting meal and after that we thankfully tumbled into bed.

The morning saw us up at 6:30 a.m. and eagerly gazing from every window at the beautiful scene around us. After a light breakfast, we made a tour of inspection, having first received greetings from the Chiefs and the school children, and later from the women.

Only a year ago, this had all been dense bush, like the rest of the country round; there had been no real village, just a few scattered huts here and there. Now, there is something like an old English estate; tall shade trees dotted about, with rich green grass underneath; the river, swift flowing from the mountains behind, sweeps in a wide curve right around us; the native village, complete with a good cricket pitch, lies on the other side of the river, and you can go across over a wide suspension bridge of bamboo which Cecil helped them construct. Margot went boldly over it, but there was a bit too much "suspension" about it for my liking!

In the "Kwato" compound there is a semi-native style school-house, where we stayed, a boys' house, and store and hospital, one of the chief's house, and a new house going up for a married couple. These are all built along the river-side. Round the school-house there are neatly-planted flower-beds, gay with vivid tropical colorings. A tidy fowl-house and run encloses most of the poultry; but a few proud mothers cluck around with their little chirping broods.

While Margot went over the swaying bridge, I talked with Panaloea, our Papuan nurse. She finds there is much disease but mostly of a type that responds well to simple treatment. When she first went there, there were many little-child wives and many still-born babies, but now things are different. She finds a great opportunity for spiritual work among them.

We asked the girls what they did about the other villages. They told us that they go and visit them.
"How long does it take you to get there?" we asked.
"Oh, it is three days' walk to Dorevaidi," they answered.
"And that is the farthest you have been, then?" we asked again.
"Oh, no! The farthest we have been, is six days' walk from here," they said.
"What do you do there?"
"Oh, we hold meetings and talk to the people and get to know them."
"Do you find them responsive? Do they listen well and accept your message?"
"Yes, they are very ready and eager for it, but we cannot go very often."
"Is it flat country, like here, where you go?"
"No, we go right over the mountains, and it is very high and cold up there."
"Do the people here speak Suau, the same as you do?"
"No, they speak Motu and we find it very difficult to learn. It is a very hard language."

By this time, the children were coming out of school, which is held in different groups, either in the school-house or under it, or under some shady trees; they looked as care-free and happy as any English children and with charming diffidence they clustered round the steps and then came up to shake hands with us. I was struck by their beautiful white teeth, for mostly the natives teeth are brown and ugly from chewing bettle-nut. Then with happy laughter, away they ran home. They were very attractive. How I wished I had my camera with me. But even then, it would have lacked the coloring which made it all so beautiful.

We had an early lunch at 10: 30 a.m. and at 11:15 we regretfully started on our way back. How our legs ached by the time we reached the canoe again! But in the daylight, how marvelous the colorings were in the forest. One very beautiful flower we noticed. I do not know its name, but it grew on a big tree and looked something like a wild large orchid, with a cup of brown plush. We dared not stop to examine it as we had to get back by a certain time, and were a bit late starting. It took us even longer going down the river, as the tide was coming in and the current was against us. On the way we had a gay and friendly race with another canoe, paddled by two women, while the man sat in the rear and nursed the baby. We had hard work to beat them, and then they quietly overtook us again later.

We found the "Kwato" had entered the river-mouth and was all loaded with timber and waiting for us, so after tea we started on the homeward voyage. The next morning it was very rough with a choppy sea that tossed and pitched and rolled us, but we ploughed on, and were thankful that the ship was well loaded, as it helped to steady us. At 10 p.m. we reached Fife Bay again and dropped anchor for the night. Then at 9:30 a.m. we were off again, on the last lap of the journey home. It seemed even rougher and wind and tide were both against us. We were not sea-sick, but were glad to lie very quiet, if not still, in our bunks. Finally, at about 4 p.m. we arrived safely back at Kwato, glad to have been away and glad to be back. Aioni! (Suau for Good-bye).

The Coming Jubilee

WE ARE thinking a lot about the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Kwato Mission, and feel that it is going to be an important time for Kwato. The event will take place about October, 1940, when the rains will be over and the hot weather not yet begun. We are hoping that some of our friends from overseas can be with us. For this reason we write of it early. We want this Jubilee to be a witness to the world. It will be, if we are faithful and guided in our stewardship of time and opportunities. It will not only be a time of looking back over the past 50 years, but of getting a new vision for the future, of planning for Kwato to be of maximum help, to Papua and the rest of the South Seas, and to the world. We do wish some of you could be here then. I am sure you will pray about it, and will come if possible. Probably the opening of the Memorial Church will take place as part of the celebrations, and perhaps the laying of the foundation stone of the new High School, if God opens the door for that.

We do need more money! It may sound trite, but we do. There are some directions in which we simply cannot go ahead for sheer lack of buildings. It is very difficult to conduct educational work in an efficient way, and hard too to maintain the best kind of discipline when our students are really camping, crowded wherever they can find space. We are praying about this. If we do what we can, God does what we can't.

R. A.
Messages from Papuan Christians

(SPOKEN AND TAKEN DOWN VERBATIM BY RUSSELL ABEL)

FROM Nora Bagi, a nurse in the hospital, now in charge of a village dispensary and clinic at Maivara. Her husband, Philip Bagi, is an evangelist and is in charge of Dago, the station adjoining Maivara.

We nurses have not always been a united team. The reason is that Christ has not really been first in our lives. Other things have had that place, and that has blocked us. We have been convicted of those things. We want to put aside all our failure, for the sake of the sick who need our help, and for the sake of the future and growth of our hospital.

The real purpose of the hospital is that people should find Christ there and be healed of their ills. People have come to us from all parts of the country, and from other countries: Tongans, Samoans, Kunikas, half-castes. They have come hungry. Sometimes they have gone away still hungry. They have not seen Christ in us. We have failed them.

We nurses are determined to put this right, and not only in words. We want to take Christ into the hospital, to have Him in our hearts so truly that it will be He who walks in and out of the wards, and ministers to the patients through us. That they may see Him, and know Him. That is our aim. May we never lose it.

* * *

Dorea Gotei, 23, mother of two children and wife of Muia Gotei, a carpenter in the boatbuilding shed at Kwato. Dorea teaches in the village day school.

Some of us younger married women have been facing up to things. We realize that our living is not very wonderful, and we haven’t been good witnesses for Christ. We trace our failure to our lack of Quiet Times. Through failure here we have let our salvation become dim. If I am to be one to lift up Papua and be a strength to the married community I will have to get to the place where my Quiet Times mean something real. I have a new vision of how different my life could be, and how I could grow through communion with God. I know it is not enough to have vision, I must take definite steps forward. For this I need your prayers.

* * *

From Bohe, a youth at the High School. His fiancée, Rumania, is an assistant teacher at Stasiada, Buhutu Valley.

This is not just my thought, it is the thought of all the High School boys. We thank God for the opportunities He has given us. Our leaders have very high thoughts for us, and they have given us the vision that they have for our lives and for Papua. We have pledged ourselves to realize these aims. We do not say that we have fulfilled their hopes, but we are on the way; we are trying. We ask our friends to help us by their prayers. We ask those at Kwato, if they see us getting slack or failing outside school, to come straight to us and hold us up. We are grateful to all who have helped by their gifts to give us this chance of education.

* * *

It seems appropriate here to insert an extract from a letter received from Bohe’s fiancée in Buhutu, as it shows the spirit of the girl he is marrying. This letter was written after hearing the news of Miss Parkin’s death. A few years ago this news might have been weeks in reaching them. But white neighbors on a Buhutu rubber plantation heard the news broadcast on their radio a few hours after, and passed it quickly on to the Mission outpost. Rumania wrote:

“When I heard the news of ‘our mother’ I said: It is enough, her life has borne its fruit and God has called her Home. Let me take up the work that she has left and do my part. And now for both our mothers* their job on earth ended when God called them. But ours is still to hand. Let us carry on.”

You will be interested to know that the appeal for women’s bicycles, made in the News from Kwato, has already resulted in two, sent up from Sydney. The doctor is very pleased about it, and the nurses have lessons in riding in the afternoons, to the amusement of all! They still find it a bit difficult.

The senior girls gave us a delightful evening at their end-of-term reception. John Smeeton, who is very fond of Kipling, gave a running commentary on the man and his poetry, and this was punctuated by songs and recitations from Kipling, by the girls. It was really well done. Doris Purcell is an expert on singing and has trained the girls in voice production. They would have gone down well on the radio in America—the standard was tiptop. It was a most enjoyable evening.

The work in its many aspects grows more thrilling every day, in spite of trials and disappointments. Just now there are so many signs of real progress that one cannot help feeling a sense of adventure from day to day. One notices real growth and responsibility on the part of some of the Papuan team.

* Mrs. Abel and Miss Parkin.
Progress on the Memorial Church

You will be glad to know that we are really on with the church again. It has been a long wait and even now, with copra so low, humanly speaking it is difficult to see where the money is coming from. But all the natives are very keen to do their bit, especially since Mrs. Abel's death. I think we can expect a small but steady income in money and a fairly big income in gifts of logs, etc.

It is fortunate that in the past year we have been able to buy logs extensively from the natives. It has been a great help to them to feel that they could get enough money to pay their head tax to the government. Selling timber to the local community has helped us to help the natives, ourselves and the said community. We do not conflict with any private interests here and the actual running of the mill and an increasing proportion of the office work is done by the native staff. It may well be that, if our mill business keeps up, the money we pay out for logs will come back in the shape of gifts to the church.

Arthur Beavis.

One of our boys had to have his tonsils out a short time ago. He had very bad ones which made him almost unable to breathe through his nose at all. As he went down for his operation, one of the children was heard to remark, "The doctor is going to cut Hebo's throat so that he can shut his mouth!"

On another occasion we had a visitor here for the week-end; he had been playing "Touch-you-last" with the children on Saturday. On Sunday after the service he suggested playing again. But one of the little girls, with a puritanical look on her usually mischievous face, said, "I'm not playin' tag on Sabbathy Day!"

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Amau is a wonderful spot. I wish we could get there more often for rest and recuperation. It is a spiritual tonic too, for we are in the midst of people whose whole social life has radically changed, and who have let Christ into such mundane things as house building and garden making. We always come back realizing how full of compartments our lives are, and how many are the compartments that we look after ourselves in our own human way.
The Kwato Mission of Papua

New Guinea Evangelization Society Inc.

Area of British Papua 87786 square miles
Population about 275000

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