At home in New Guinea young fathers sometimes take their turn rocking the baby to sleep in a hanging hammock. The mother is working in the garden—woman’s work.
New Guinea Evangelization Society, Inc.

Room 1018, 156 Fifth Avenue. New York, N. Y.
(Co-operating with the Kwato Extension Association, Inc., London, England.)

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The New Guinea Evangelization Society (interdenominational) desires your sympathy, prayers and financial co-operation. Some may wish to contribute $100 or more a year and others to donate the cost of a building, or to help train individual children in the schools.

NEW GUINEA TIDINGS will be mailed to friends in England, America and Australasia who wish information about the Lord's work in this far-off field. Further particulars can be obtained from any of the secretaries.

Errors in names and addresses of those to whom this magazine is mailed should be corrected by sending a card to Mr. Allan Sutherland, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa.
Editorial Comment

Recent letters from Mr. Abel tell of his hearty welcome back to his station and district and of his great joy in being at work among his people again. After an unusually long absence of two years and nine months there is much to put straight. A young, immature Church has not been free from the subtle, persistent allurements of the heathen world which surrounds it on every hand, and from which it has so recently been called out. Mr. Abel tells of difficulties and disappointments as well as of triumphs. The missionary is seeking the wandering sheep, and by God's grace is leading them back to the fold of Christ. In the majority of cases, those who have fallen into superstition, or been led into some of the grosser avenues of sin, are sad at heart, and are anxious to grasp the hand that would help them back to the Light. There is evidence of true Life in every member of Christ's body where there is sorrow for sin. Remember this aspect of missionary work when you pray for the workers in New Guinea. It needs special grace to correct error, to discipline the young Church, and to help those who are estranged by sin to renew their fellowship with Christ and His Church.

* * * *

When the Papuan Christians at Kwato heard from Mr. Abel of the help that America is giving by prayer and money for the work, they insisted on paying for a cable message from the Church at Kwato, to express their gratitude and their joy in their fellowship with the Lord's people in America.

* * * *

There is abundant evidence that the Holy Spirit has been mightily at work in the hearts of some of the Papuans during Mr. Abel's absence from the mission station. That many of the Christian men and women have been enjoying a deeper spiritual experience than ever before has been especially noticeable in their prayers and their experimental knowledge of God's Word. A fine band of seventeen youths, young men and maidens, have during the interval taken their stand for Christ, and are very happy in their newly-found faith.

Home Again in Papua

Old scenes, old sounds, even old smells peculiar to the tropics, revive the memory of long years of happy service in Papua. My long stay in America, and my wide journeyings, seem to have touched my life like a dream. I begin to marvel that I was able to accommodate myself to such new conditions as I found in great, stirring cities, and to wonder how I managed to undertake responsibilities and duties so strange to me. The explanation is in the fact that I went in and out among the kindest and most considerate friends and I am deeply grateful for all the wonderful experiences I enjoyed during the past two years in the United States.

But Kwato is home to me; for here most of my life has been spent. The place has associations of the most sacred kind. Here personal loss has been keenest, and submission to God's will most complete. Here the most blessed gifts Heaven has had to give have come into my hands. Here my children have passed the sunny days of their childhood together, and in fancy turned matter-of-fact rooms into their fairyland. Every turn in the wide verandahs, every passage in the rambling old mission house speaks to me of the happy days that are gone. I turned my thoughts hither when I sailed from San Francisco on December 4th. How strange it seemed to be going "home," and at the same time to leave all the members of my family in England! With what mixed feelings I sailed away to the South! But deep gratitude to God was the dominant emotion of my heart. I was leaving America a multi-millionaire in the God-given friendships I had formed in Massachusetts, and New York, and New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and Illinois, and Colorado, yes, right across the great continent, where I had landed almost as a stranger eighteen months before. I had said good-bye to those who I knew loved me "for the work's sake," and whom I loved in return. But above the pain of breaking ties there was the remembrance of what the Lord had done in providing for the work at Kwato as the result of my visit to America. Amidst conflicting emotions I kept saying half aloud, "Praise the Lord. Praise the Lord."

The voyage to Sydney took three weeks.
Then after a short wait of eight days in Australia I sailed in the Morinda for New Guinea. This voyage occupied sixteen days. But on the 16th of January I rose at dawn to find that we were only fifteen miles from Kwato, and as the sun rose the familiar bays and headlands of this part of the coast came into view. Before breakfast we had threaded the narrow China Straits which separate Kwato from the mainland, and by eight o’clock we were alongside the wharf at the township of Samarai, which is on a small island only two miles from my station.

I was apprised of the fact that some rather extensive preparations were being made for my return, because, after we had sailed from Port Moresby, the captain of the Morinda came to me with a wireless message to the effect that the agents for the vessel at Samarai could not obtain sufficient labor for the discharge of the cargo. It was quite evident that my return was affecting the labor market and I relieved the captain’s mind by promising to send help as soon as my welcome was over.

We had been at the Samarai wharf only a few minutes when my launch, the Mamaru, came over from Kwato escorted by four, long, dug-out canoes. In each of these there were fourteen or fifteen brown-skinned, shock-headed natives. As they approached the steamer they put on a terrific spurt, and breaking away from the launch, raced with great energy, and much noise, alongside the vessel. Then, with a series of sharp shouts peculiar to these natives under great excitement, followed by a sustained, full-chested note in two consecutive tones like C and D, they darted off in the direction of Kwato in a regular fury of speed to be in time to take their places in the welcome which awaited me there.

Within half an hour I was in my own boat, with my own boys, and twenty minutes later I landed on my own jetty amidst the deafening cheers of the people who had come to greet me. I took a series of photographs including the handsome canoes, and the long lines of natives through which I passed to my house on the hill, but these were spoiled in trying to develop them by day in a room that was not light-proof. Natives had come in from all parts of the district. They had asked permission to come and see for themselves that I had really returned, and they promised to leave the station as soon as the welcome was over, and not be a burden upon the mission for hospitality. The lines of natives reached happy-faced from the
wharf to the top of the hill upon which the mission house stands. When at last I reached the summit I was welcomed by Miss Parkin who had, through all these long months, faithfully cared for the work. She had recently suffered a serious loss in the sudden death of her little adopted native girl, Nancy, a very sweet child who had been rescued six years ago from being buried alive, and had been a great comfort to Miss Parkin in her lonely life.

Within two hours of my landing the people crowded the Hall and I addressed them in the Suau language again. After a devotional service I gave a brief summary of my wanderings, and told what the Lord had done for me and them, especially during my visit to America, through God-given friends and colleagues I had found there. I felt closed I was waited upon by a deputation of natives who came to tell me of their deep appreciation of the good news I had just given to them, and said: “We have just met in conference and for prayer, and we want to ask you to arrange for us to send a wireless message to our new friends in America, through which we can express our thanks to them for what they have promised to do for us, and for our children after us.” They laid on my table a handful of silver coins, which was more than necessary to enable me, without delay, to carry out their wish.

My first week at Kwato was full of absorbing interest. There was so much I had to tell, and there was so much I had to be told, that Miss Parkin and I, between pressing duties, had to talk in turns. It was a

Shall the Papuan Children Develop into Savages or Christians?

the need of a large map of the United States while I was speaking and am hoping to receive one for our school-room, so that I may be able to point out the location of the places which most of our natives are hearing about for the first time. Naturally I greatly enjoyed this first meeting with my people. It brought to my mind so much for which I feel inexpressibly grateful to God. It was as if I were remembering aloud all the way by which the Lord had led me as I told the wonderful story of Divine help in time of need. At the same time it indicated how help was withheld until faith had been put to the severest tests.

An hour or two after the meeting had week of meetings. I was anxious to begin at once to help my people by leading them to the study of God’s Word, and to this end, seeing there were so many who had come to Kwato from long distances, I gave them each morning at seven-thirty a series of addresses on a portion of St. Matthew’s Gospel.

The keenest interest is taken in our new relationship with Christian supporters in the United States. We are inclined sometimes to underestimate the capacity of the Papuan to comprehend a new situation. But I was surprised to notice how clearly they grasped what had occurred to give them this new and wider interest in America when I heard
them expressing their gratitude to God in public prayer. In one of my addresses I particularly mentioned four city missions which I visited in America, and where I found the Lord's people very interested in this work in Papua. These were the Eighth Avenue Mission in New York, the City Mission in Buffalo, the Hope Mission in Detroit, and the City Tabernacle in San Francisco. A day or so later a member of our church came to me and said that he was the appointed leader at the mid-day prayer meeting that day and asked me to write the names of these missions as he wished to bring them before the church for special portance to have been reported. For instance, I stepped ashore upon a new jetty, twelve feet wide, built of stone and coral, with a solid teak Tee running out into deep water—a tremendous improvement upon our former landing. Then again the swamp which used to be in the foreground of our station, and which had been only partially filled-in, had been made level with hundreds of tons of earth. This was a most gratifying surprise because it is upon this reclamation that we hope soon, with funds supplied by our American friends, to erect some of the buildings of which we stand in such great need.

During the first three weeks I have visited Logea, Sariba, Harowani, Duabo, and I am now at Koeabule. The tour of the district will take about three weeks. So far everywhere I have had good meetings with the natives, and I feel glad indeed to be back to help them in the Christian life. I should be denying the Papuan the help of your prayers for him if I were to conceal from you the fact that I have met with some disappointments in those who have reverted to heathen practices. I am here, as your representative for Christ, to woo back to Him those who greet me with sad hearts because temptation has overwhelmed them, and they have fallen into sin. But how these instances of the devil's activity in our midst point the contrast to the glorious triumphs which I could record had I the opportunity of doing so! The Holy Spirit has been mightily at work amongst us. Lives have been transformed by His power so that I hardly recognize the persons who have come under His influence. In many hearts, once dark, the glorious Light of the Gospel has shone. We can truly rejoice together over those who have found Him, and for those who have "overcome" in His strength.  

Charles W. Abel.

* * * *

Two New Books

Abel of Kwato is a small gift book, interesting and informing, that tells briefly the story of Mr. Abel's experiences and the results of the work in Kwato. It is published by Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. Price 60c.

* * *

Tales Told in Papua is a small paper covered booklet, by Russell W. Abel, the son of Charles W. Abel. It contains four Papuan folk love tales, retold in English and illustrated with drawings by Alma Elliott. They give an idea of New Guinea life and interests. May be ordered from George H. Doran, New York. Price 25c a copy post paid.
Government Offers to Support a Hospital

A cablegram has been received from Mr. Abel as follows:

Papuan Government grants full annual cost of maintenance of Kwato hospital if erected early next year (1925). Will cost about $15,000. Governor keen to have American friends take responsibility for un-evangelized section in Western Papua, Tu­rama Bamu, if London Committee agrees.

Abel.

* * *

Needed—A Saw Mill

Lumber for new buildings in New Guinea must now be brought from Australia or America since the Papuans have no way of cutting up the good timber that is to be found in abundance nearby. This importation of lumber involves such large expense that it makes impossible the building of needed houses, hospitals, schools and shops.

The Board of Directors of the New Guinea Evangelization Society are ready to send out this simple sawmill as soon as the money is in hand, and have already in sight $850. This leaves only $650 more to be secured. Total cost, $1,500.

A Cable from the Papuan Christians

Note handed to me this morning by a native chief, after a meeting held by the natives alone at Kwato, he asking me to cable this message to America at their expense.—C. W. Abel.

(How their message read)

AMERICA ENADI

Ehamaieao America eai amatoi emi nuato­atoa aniona ai itaeao au gadosiemi Keriso debeana eai arimai vasamin amns Tamamai i heribamai nuamai se lors aie Kode Eaubaea ai lautoiei eo omi ninage ai lautoiemin amatoi. Taide aioni ai Kwato.

(The translation)

TO OUR FRIENDS IN AMERICA

Our greetings to you. From what our father has told us of you we see the (fruit) result of your compassion for us, and your love for us for Christ's sake. We rejoice with great joy. We thank God for your help, and we thank you all. That is our word from Kwato.

SUBSCRIPTION CARD

NEW GUINEA EVANGELIZATION SOCIETY

CHARLES W. ABEL, Missionary

To help in the work of winning the people of New Guinea (Papua) to Christ, and to train them for Christian life and service, I agree to give the sum of $................ per month per year for five years, payable monthly annually on or before the ......................... day of ........................ to Walter McDougall, Treasurer, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Signed

Address

Church

Donor

SUBSCRIPTION

$................ For General Expenses—A full share is $100 a year for 5 years.

For Equipment—Special needs include hospital, school building, shops and dormitories ($1,500 to $15,000 each)

For Missionary Salary—Requires $750 to $1,500 a year depending on type of service and whether married or single.

For Training Native Worker—Requires about $100 a year. After training they are self-supporting

Date | Payments