On each Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday two Bible Classes are held in Kwato from 7:30 to 8:30 A. M. On Wednesday morning at the same hour, is a mid-week prayer service in which neighbors from surrounding villages join the Kwato Christians in worship. The above picture, taken outside the church, shows Miss Parkin's class for young people, conducted entirely in English. The members are a fine band of earnest young converts whom Mr. Abel believes will be a great blessing for the future of the work. There is an effort to foster in their hearts a real missionary spirit.
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.
Mrs. Abel in America

On Thursday, April 30th, Mrs. Charles W. Abel and her two daughters, Phyllis and Marjorie, arrived in New York from England on their way to join Mr. Abel in Kwato. The two sons, Cecil and Russell, remained in Cambridge to complete their college course before entering the work on the field.

Five strenuous weeks followed in America for Mrs. Abel and her daughters, with visits and meetings in New York, Brooklyn, Montclair, Northfield, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago and Seattle. They sailed from Vancouver, B. C., on June 3rd and expect to arrive in Kwato about August 15th. The prayers of many friends will accompany them on their way and will follow and uphold them in their work for Christ in Kwato.

As was the case with Mr. Abel, the wife and daughters, by their Christian characters and charming personality, have won a very warm place in the affections of friends who met them in America. All have become more convinced that God has called them to this work, that He has wonderfully blessed them in it and that it is a great privilege to be partners with them in this field of service. If it had been possible for them to remain longer, friends would have been multiplied and the support of the work would have greatly increased.

The fund in sight for the Kwato hospital, which is so earnestly desired by the government and by the missionaries, is now nearly $10,000. This is promised on condition that the total sum of $15,000 is in hand or pledged before December 31, 1925. This hospital is urgently needed both for the Papuans and for the white people of the district. There is now no hospital within ten days' journey of Kwato. Such a building, with a doctor and nurse whose support is guaranteed by the government, may save precious lives and be a practical demonstration of the ministry of Christ to those who are physically and spiritually handicapped.

Recent letters from Mr. Abel tell of his own illness but breathe the spirit of thanksgiving for the manifestations of God's presence and power, of courage and cheer in anticipation of the return of his wife and daughters and of faith that friends in America will supply the most urgent needs of the work.

D. L. P.

Recent Cablegrams

New York, June 3, 1925.

Rev. Charles W. Abel,
Kwato, Samarai, Papua,
Via Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.

Wife and daughters sailed today. All well. First Thessalonians one, two to four.

American Council of the N.G.E.S.

* * *

New York, June 3, 1925.

Cecil and Russell Abel,
Cheshunt College,

Mother and sisters sailed today. All well. First Timothy four, twelve and fifteen.

American Council of the N.G.E.S.

* * *

New York, June 2, 1925.

Mrs. Charles Abel,
Steamer Aorangi,
Canadian Australian Royal Mail Line,
Vancouver, British Columbia, Can.

Friends and partners in New York, Philadelphia and Montclair send love and best wishes for a happy voyage. We are cabling to Papua and London. Hope you are all well and ready for the welcome awaiting you at Kwato. Second John one to three.

Members of the American Council.

* * *

Vancouver, B. C., June 2, 1925.

Delavan L. Pierson,
156 Fifth avenue,
New York.

Everything O. K. Received all letters. Very greatly appreciated and much cheered. Please convey thanks to all friends. Will answer letters enroute. Second Thessalonians two, sixteen to three one. Loving farewell.

Abels.

A more recent cablegram from Miss Phyllis Abel, sent from Sydney, New South Wales, on June 28th, conveys disturbing news that will lead all friends of Mr. Abel and his beloved family to earnest prayer on their behalf. It reads:

"Mother ill since Suva (Fiji Islands). Impossible to return to Kwato for a month. Love to all." Phyllis.

Here is another evidence of the great need for a hospital at Kwato.
A Letter from Miss Parkin

My dear Friends,

It is nearly thirty years since I came to New Guinea upon what I supposed to be a short visit to my cousin at Kwato. There was very poor communication in those early days between Australia and this out-of-the-way place. I expected to stay in the country only so long as it took the small trading schooner to make her round trip, possibly less than two months. When the time came to leave my friends, we found it meant leaving certain little duties which I had managed to take off their hands during my short stay. It was easy to be persuaded at the last moment to remain a little longer for the next opportunity of getting away. The opportunity came in due course, but by this time I had found the life's work which the Lord wanted me to do for Him, and except for a few visits to Australia on furlough I have been here ever since.

I have almost lost touch with England, although I do not forget those who have been my helpers in prayer and other ways during all these years. But, as time passes, letters from the homeland get fewer and fewer. I have been greatly encouraged and cheered lately by receiving from our American friends some very cordial messages, and I write these few words to let them know how deeply I appreciate their affectionate fellowship, and how heartily I wish that their interest and service for Christ in this country may bring to each one of them the rich blessing it has brought to me.

Yours in Christian fellowship and service,
Margaret E. Parkin.

An American Gift to Two Village Schools

We have received from our American Council five hundred dollars towards the erection and outfitting of two village schools. These schools are to be built on two islands situated in the China Straits, and within easy reach of Kwato. The island of Logea is only separated from us by a narrow channel and our station on the island of Sariba is about three miles distant. Every Sunday afternoon our native evangelists go forth to five centers on these islands to take the Gospel to our neighbors.

My first visit to Sariba over thirty years ago was not a pleasant one and a fight between the two islands we are now dealing with was only averted by the intervention of the Government. A few years ago Sir Wm. McGregor, our first Lieut. Governor, some years after he had left Papua, asked me as to the condition of things at Logea and said:

"I found these islanders amongst the hardest natives I had to deal with in the early days of the Administration."

I was thankful to be able to tell Sir William that things had greatly improved and that for many years now the Gospel has been preached to them regularly.

There is much to be done both at Logea and Sariba before we can feel that these people have widely embraced the Gospel, or even before we can say that the church has realized the privileges and responsibilities of its calling in Christ Jesus. The heathen element is strong, and they hold firmly to some of the old customs which have been handed down to them from the generation which has passed away. But pro-
The progress has been made, which, if it could be carefully tabulated, would point a striking contrast between things as they are and things as they were when first we came to live amongst the Papuans.

The white settlement at Samarai lies about midway between these two islands, and the influence of a white community living so near leaves its mark upon the natives. This influence is often disastrous; but not necessarily due to any fault on the part of our white neighbors. It is the inevitable consequence of contact with people of different ideals, and manners, and habits.

Education alone will not do much for the children of these people. We must have the proper kind of school for them and the teachers must be those whose first thought is to lead these young natives to Christ. But schools are a necessity to a community emerging from so crude a condition of life, especially where Christianity is taking root amongst them. Education should be in the hands of Christian teachers. Fortunately, the Papuan Government is willing to allow us to do this work, for if the Government undertakes it, the training of these young natives might be entrusted to those whose interest would be solely secular.

At both of these islands the natives have expressed their willingness to have their children educated more systematically than has been possible in the past. Hitherto some of the children have come over to Kwato for their schooling, but the difficulty has been to secure regular attendance. Ferrying them across was often impossible, and coming, as some of them did, from villages two miles away, they would sometimes return home without reaching the school! The natives themselves felt that the difficulty would be lessened if we had the school on their own ground at some fairly central place, and this is what we have decided to do.

American friends have given us a good start with this work by sending us this gift and the people are very appreciative. They have set to work to do what, without this inducement they would never have attempted to do, and are now busily engaged preparing the timber for their two buildings. The natives of Sariba and Logea have brought the logs of hard-wood from their own forests, and we are reducing these to boards and joists for the floors and rafters for the roofs.

This is why a sawmill is needed for Kwato and a tractor to haul logs. They will save much time and money in building the hospital and other buildings.

Chas. W. Abel.
THE AMBULANCE AT KWATO MISSION STATION
This ambulance and the building were given as a memorial to an Anglican nurse who lost her life in an epidemic. It was built by Kwato native carpenters and was opened by the Lieutenant-Governor, Judge Murray, C.M.G.

Now for the Hospital at Kwato

As the hotter season sets in, which is a time of sickness even amongst the natives, we are reminded almost daily of our need of a hospital and a resident trained nurse at Kwato. I have not been at Kwato, except for one night, for the past two months, but out here in the district we find so many cases which need the skilled attention which we have neither the means nor the knowledge to give.

At Koeabule we have an old native house which, in our extremity, has been dignified with the name of a hospital. This is a mere hut built on the ground, originally to serve as a native kitchen, and is nearly always occupied by patients. The sick come, or are carried, to us from the villages round about suffering from all kinds of serious complaints which, for the most part, we can only roughly diagnose. We do what we can for them, and often, thank God, have the satisfaction of sending them away restored. We keep a Christian native woman constantly employed to look after these patients. The most she can do is to see to their diet, to make sure that they are not exposed to changes of temperature, and to dispense such medicines as we prescribe. These sick people come to us because they know that they are much better off with us than they would be uncared for in their miserable villages. But does not this emphasize the serious need we have of a properly equipped hospital with a competent Christian nurse in charge? How relieved we should be if we could send these cases, and many others which do not come to us, to a hospital at Kwato.

A short time ago I was called to see a sick man in a village near the station where I was staying at the time. He was a fine specimen of a man of about forty years of age. It was evident he was suffering from pneumonia. I found him lying in a draughty hut built of cocoanut leaves, the wind playing all round him. Nothing was being done for him by his distracted people. Miss Parkin went with me and all we could do for the time-being was to order the repair of the hut to keep out the draught, to paint him with iodine, and to make him more comfortable on his rough, earth bed. It was late in the afternoon, the weather was wet and boisterous. We told the people that we would send half a dozen young men the next morning to carry him to our “hospital.” When the carriers went for him he was too ill to be moved, and the news reached me later that he was dead.

Last week a canoe was sent to me eight miles across the Bay to where I was camped with the report that a youth at Manawara was “gigibori and iauiauri” (hot and demented). As soon as I could get into touch
with my launch I sent it across for him. He arrived at our station in fever,—and hand-cuffed! His friends could not control him and fearing he might throw himself overboard on the way across they had borrowed the manacles from a village constable. Friends not trained to medicine will appreciate the difficulty such cases present to us.

Last Saturday I was walking through the forest on my way from the coast to our station at Duabo. There was wailing audible from a village a short distance off the track I was taking. A wild-looking man suddenly emerged from a side-track.

“What is the wailing?” I asked.

“A young woman has just died,” he replied.

“A Letter from Mr. Abel

Dear Friends in America:

When I feel like grumbling about the length of time it takes for letters to reach me from America, I think of the missionaries living only thirty miles to the East or West of me who have no possible chance of replying to letters or even acknowledging them until the mail vessel comes four weeks later! They think I am in clover! And, of course, so I am.

I had a delightful Sunday yesterday—an afternoon class with over thirty young converts, the first of four or five meetings with them before they are baptized and make public confession of their faith in Christ. They were all between sixteen and eighteen years of age and I could speak to them freely in English. I have faced nothing as hopeful as this before in all my service here. These will be the young people who will shoulder the responsibility when our sons and daughters come back to press forward in the name of the Lord.

Our carpenters and boat builders have been kept very busy since my return, largely with government work. This brings in a fair return, though it is not anything considerable. We have pressed on with the mill, and secured the engine from Australia, hoping thereby to save something by utilizing our own native timbers in place of imported lumber.

We have had some hard times (financially) to pass through, but they have never hurt us, and we are prepared to face them again if such is the Lord’s will for us. Our people are loyal and not to be broken to pieces by a little discipline. My disappointment is that I returned here full of great hope that we should now be in a position to go deeper and do better in the Lord’s work by having more helpers, decent accommodation for our students and scholars, good bathing arrangements and, generally, a plain, but adequate and suitable equipment as to schools and dormitories.

When I returned, I told two of our villages that I had a promise of $250 each for them for help in the erection of their school buildings. I did not tell the other two villages at the same time because both these places have set to work with a will, the whole male community going to their forests for the purpose, and they have given me their $500 for the schools in logs for the mill. This has entailed a lot of hard work for them. It was the promise of your help which made their unusual effort possible. They have, at one of the villages, already cleared the site and cut down a hill to level the ground. They are so inordinately pleased with themselves that when I was with them two weeks ago, they gave us a lovely hill site for a new church! They are going to build the church themselves. You may be sure it will not be a less imposing building than their new school and they will not get financial assistance in this work. Their energy has been stirred by their delight to think America had them in mind, and that your gift would be available. It will never be necessary to help them further, but without that initial help, they would not have bestirred themselves.