Miss Phyllis D. Abel
Our New Missionary to Papua

Miss Abel has just returned to New Guinea after four years of study in England. She will enter on her missionary service in the land where her parents have spent over thirty years. The story of the home-coming is graphically told by Miss Abel in this number of the Tidings.
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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Contributions to the work of the Society should be sent to the Treasurer. Checks may be made payable to the "New Guinea Evangelization Society, Inc.," or to Walter McDougall, Treasurer, and may be sent to "The Record of Christian Work," East Northfield, Massachusetts, or to the "Missionary Review of the World," 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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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.
Good Tidings From New Guinea

The Abels arrived in Kwato October 17th.

* * *

Mrs. Abel has remarkably recovered. All of the family are well.

* * *

The hospital is assured through over $15,000 pledged by American Friends.

The Papuans were overjoyed at the return of the Abel family and the work is progressing encouragingly.

* * *

The photographs that illustrate this number of the Tidings were taken by Miss Phyllis Abel.

The Welcome in Kwato

When Mr. and Mrs. Abel first went to Kwato, the district was filled with savages who knew nothing of God and who held cannibalistic feasts. Often Mr. and Mrs. Abel seemed in imminent danger of death at the hands of these fierce tribes. God protected them. In contrast to such hostile surroundings, it is almost unbelievable to read of the welcome received from these same people, rejoicing at the safe return of Mrs. Abel and her two daughters after an absence of four years. Miss Phyllis Abel writes:

Saturday Oct. 16, 1925.

Dear Friends in America:

We are really in Papua at last. It seems almost too good to be true; but the yelling and shouting of the boys as they load and unload the ships bears witness to the fact that we are here.

grotesque. The way they adorn their huge heads of hair is too funny. Some tie it all up in a red bag. Others tie it into a huge mop with a garland of flowers. We have greatly enjoyed watching them work the ship. They treat their work as a huge joke and yell and whoop with delight as they push the loaded trucks along the wharf. They all keep up a perpetual chatter at the top of their voices. The loading goes on till 12 p.m. and starts again at 5 a.m., so you may imagine we don’t get much sleep in port!

We sail at 7 p.m. this evening and will probably arrive at Samarai at 8 p.m. tomorrow! The excitement will be
New Guinea Tidings

Oct. 18, 1925.

Kwato! Kwato at last! O, it seems too good to be true! We sighted Kwato last night about 8 p.m. The captain invited us upon the bridge and as soon as we were abreast of Kwato he let out a blue flare. Suddenly the whole island was a blaze of light from bonfires build all along the sea shore of Kwato and Logea, the island opposite. It was a magnificent sight and the passengers on board were amazed at the glorious spectacle. As soon as we were tied up alongside the wharf, the Mamari (the mission launch) came along and the excitement of the boys on board was terrific. In no time they were swarming up the gangway, their faces beaming with delight.

O, it was nice to see them all again.

Kwato looked perfectly beautiful. I did wish you were here sharing the joy of our home-coming with us. You must, must come some day soon. The yells from the children on the hill were deafening. They were all shouting with joy. We steered very close to Logea and called out "Amatoi Sinamoe eo Romaicoa" (Greetings, our mother and sisters).

As we walked up the hill to our house, there was dead silence except for the chatter of the boys with us. But, as we rounded a curve in the road, there was a huge cheer, and there was a bunch of girls waiting to pounce on us and escort us up. On the top of the hill, at the back of the house, the people were lined up to meet us, from the tiniest tots to the grown ups, and O, what tears of joy they shed—and we did too. The one cry was "P. D. you too fat! O, P. D. you grow too old." It was their way of saying I'd grown up. O, I've praised God again and again for the love of these dear people and for calling me to work here in such ideal surroundings and with such a delightful people. Don't waste your sympathy on me. I wouldn't change places with the queen! After a delicious supper of tea and homemade bread, butter and cakes, we met together to praise God for that hour. Pita led us in prayer and I don't think I shall ever forget that moment. He praised God for all the waiting years, for all the trial of their faith and, above all, for answering their continual weak petitions and for at last bringing us back to them. It was a sweet prayer and showed more than anything the freshness and simplicity of their faith in the Lord.

We have had such a busy time since we arrived home. Nearly the whole of yesterday was taken up entertaining tourists. There is a week's holiday in honor of our return and as soon as the mail has gone we shall be able to see more of them and to tell them of our happy visit to the States and of all the very dear friends there.
Letters from Mr. Abel

Kwato, October 22, 1925.

My dear Friends:

Home at last! Disappointment and anxiety are things of the past. At the right moment and after the necessary discipline has been met, in God's own appointed time, we are graciously permitted to resume our work for Him on the spot endeared to us by a thousand memories, and where the Lord has so often shown us His love and has so greatly blest our ministry.

At midnight, after the excitement connected with our home-coming subsided, we met at the Throne of Grace in a short inspiring service of thanksgiving for all the mercies which have followed us during a long separation, and we rejoiced together in the evidence of answered prayer.

My wife, whose serious illness delayed her and my daughters' return, and called me to Sydney two months ago, landed back on Kwato fully recovered. To some of the friends who called upon us yesterday I heard her say, "I feel better today than I have felt for years." Could it be otherwise when letters just to hand from so many of our friends who will read these words implored the Lord in her behalf?

* * *

We have just returned to Kwato from a fourteen days' tour round our district, calling at all the principal centers, to allow my wife and daughter, after their long absence from Papua, to meet the Christian natives.

Our little 30 foot boat, the *Mamari*, was taxed almost beyond the limit of her slender carrying capacity. Under an improvised awning we found accommodation on top of the wooden roof of the launch. Never once was the weather so rough that we found any serious inconvenience from our elevated quarters, although on more than one occasion it meant holding on with both hands to keep our places in a beam sea. Papuans are the best people in the world to suffer inconvenience cheerfully. They always seem bent on making the best of things under disagreeable conditions, and they never tire of seeking little ways by which they may add something to the comfort of others. This short itinerary, journeying as we did on two occasions by night, made big demands upon the patience and endurance of our traveling companions, and for the hundredth time we found ourselves recording the fact that the Lord had called us to serve Him amongst a people whose affection for us made them always considerate.

This visit to the outstations gave the people an opportunity of welcoming us to their villages after an absence of four years from Papua. This long break had to be made in order that our daughters, Phyllis and Marjorie, and our two sons, Cecil and
Russell, might continue their education in England before returning to the country of their birth to labor for God amongst people who had known them all through the years of their childhood and youth. The homecoming of the advance guard had been keenly anticipated for a long time. Just when we were ready to welcome my wife and daughters back in July, we received a cable from Sydney conveying the news that Mrs. Abel was seriously ill, and that I should come to them in Australia. A world-wide circle of prayer, from Australia and New Zealand, from America and England ascended to God on my wife's behalf, and in many a native hamlet in New Guinea little bands of Christian people met daily to ask the Lord to restore to health one whom they had learned to love because they had received the knowledge of Him through her devoted service amongst them. In a most remarkable way prayer was answered. My wife was not only restored; she returned to Kwato feeling stronger than she had felt for years. At Kwato, when we first landed, and everywhere we have been during our recent journeyings, it was clear that the natives added to their gratification at seeing old friends back amongst them again their glad appreciation of answered prayer.

At Haroani, Vasaloni, Lilihoa, Koeabule, Lauiam, Maivara, Duabo, Wagawaga and Gwavili, we had inspiring meetings with the people who came out in large numbers to greet us and to hear our message. We spent much time in personal interviews with those who sought our help in the Christian life, or who came to seek a way back to the Master from Whom sin had separated them. Our days were full of happy service, and our hearts were gladdened as we saw the working of the Holy Spirit in the hearts and lives of so many of the people.

Among the surprises which were in store for us on the north side of Milne Bay was a new church just recently completed at Lilihoa. Then, at Rabi, we saw a large building framed on top of high teak piles. Deaboibo informed us that it was a church they were erecting. It is something new for these people to take the initiative in this way. At Barbara, also, the people are erecting a church. And I heard from Lelevoduke, who visited us at Duabo, that they are erecting a new hut at Gwavili for our accommodation hoping thereby to entice my wife and myself to stay amongst them sometimes.

These facts show that the natives are everywhere seeking help.

The New Year will find us back again amongst these villages, making longer visits to these small companies of Christian people and to gather their neighbors together to try to lead them to Christ. We ask for the prayers of our friends and co-workers that we may be made fit for the Master's use, and for those to whom we shall minister that their hearts may be open to receive Him whom to know is life eternal.

Chas. W. Abel.
We left Kwato at 9:30 p.m., on November 3rd, to make a tour of the district stations. On board our little two and one-half ton launch, the “Mamari,” were father, mother and I, with Dalai and Kareiani, two Papuan helpers, and the crew of three. Much to our disappointment, there was not room for Marjorie, but she came down with Auntie (Miss Parkin) and the Class VI girls to see us off. Their aios (farewells) were terrific!

We stopped at Ebuna and sent a box of chocolates ashore to our little band of lepers who called out loving messages and waved their lanterns until we were out of sight. It was a glorious night with a bright moon and a calm sea.

We reached Kanakope at about eleven o'clock and, as soon as we dropped anchor, our captain gave a lusty call for “Mareko”! He and his buxom wife soon appeared, rubbing the sleep from their eyes. We thought it a shame to wake the school girls but Mareko said that his life would not be worth living if he had not let them know we were there. After a little talk and prayer, we went on board again at 1 a. m. and found that our dear old cook had made ready for us a tray of delicious tea with thin bread and butter.

The next morning was beautifully peaceful and very early we saw little groups of people sitting on the beach at Killerton ready to greet us. Canoe-loads of natives were arriving from the mainland, including two large twenty-three-paddle dugouts, with bow and stern beautifully carved. When we landed, the people lined up and saluted as we passed. We were glad to be relieved of the dreadful custom of handshaking!

The place was very clean, and the great stone house was prepared to welcome us with new cocoanut leaf mats on the floor. We held a short service with the people in the church and after breakfast we each took a meeting—mother with the Christian women, father with the men and I with the kiddies and afterwards with the unconverted boys and girls. They were keenly attentive while I talked to them on why Christ came into the world. It was the first time I had spoken in Suau since my return, but I was not held up for a word. The Lord helped me in a wonderful way. In the afternoon,
father had more meetings with the Council and the church members, and we closed the day with a service at the Lord’s Table. The ranks of the members have been depleted as a number have had to be suspended for participating in feasts for the dead. On the whole, however, it was an encouraging day. The people are hungering for God’s Truth. One boy came to me with the stump of a pencil and a dirty notebook and asked me to write down the points of my talk and the New Testament reference. He said he wanted to read them to himself again and again. Killerton is in a large district and should have a white teacher. There are quite a number of children, but nothing much is done for their schooling.

On Thursday morning, at five, we landed at Koeabule and found a good number of people from the villages ready to welcome us. As we stepped ashore, a whistle blew—a signal for a hearty cheer which was repeated three times. At eleven a.m., we had a service, followed by interviews, and in the afternoon visited the cocoanut plantation. A large portion is fenced in and looks in splendid condition. On the road, we met a bullock cart, drawn by a fine pair of bullocks beautifully matched. The cart, except the wheels, was built entirely by the boys who also trained the bullocks. While we were at dinner, the Class V boys sang hymns to us. Though these were difficult in time and tune, they rendered them perfectly. We were greatly surprised to see how much they have improved.

The next day was spent in interviews and in a visit to the plantation. Mother is so tender and helpful to these little brown children of hers just as she was to her own boys and girls when they came with hearts burdened with youthful sins and left with hearts lightened and eased by Jesus’ cleansing and forgiveness.

Father declared a week-end holiday and there was an enthusiastic game of miniature croquet which is the rage here. At dinner time, we looked out and saw five miles of the coast a blaze of light from torches and bonfires. It was a wonderful sight and we were touched by this further demonstration of the people’s joy at our return. We were not long in replying with ten big fires on the beach.

On Saturday, after an early breakfast, we took a number of the boys and girls on the “Mamari” to visit Lilihoa. Here we found a large crowd of over three hundred lined up to meet us. As we stepped ashore, there was the usual “’ip, ’ip ooray”! It was thrilling as the cheer came from the throats of the most awful looking, shock-headed heathen. Yet, they were genuinely glad to see us back.
These people are hungering for better things, and, in proof of their desire, have built a church without help or suggestion from us. It is beautifully decorated, but too small to hold a quarter of the crowd that came so we held the services under the trees. They are going to build a small bungalow for mother and father to camp in when they visit this station. This was a particularly difficult center for years, and we praise God for this fresh evidence of His work in their hearts.

We returned to Koeabule in time for a wedding. Ioana, the bride, was dressed in a gown of pale crepe, carried a bouquet of zinias and wore a pink rose in her bosom. The church was prettily decorated with ferns, cocoanut palms and crotons. The ceremony went swimmingly until the bridegroom put the ring on the wrong finger and had some difficulty in getting it off again. The friends and relatives provided a huge feast of pig and native food, and the happy pair sat back-to-back throughout the evening.

We had our usual Saturday night prayer meeting and were drawn very near to the Lord and to our praying partners all over the world. To use a native expression “my liver cracked with joy” for the honor of being a sharer in this work for the Lord.

On Sunday, after an early breakfast, we held a service under the trees, with a large congregation—too many for the schoolroom. In the afternoon, we went over to Maivara, a most difficult part of the district, and, in terrific heat, we held a service with a large attendance of men of the wildest type, but very attentive. Nothing but the mighty power of God can awaken these people. We must pray without ceasing for Maivara.

We arrived at Duabo, my future station, at sundown on Monday evening. Mother was carried up the high hill on the shoulders of ten stalwart youths, while father and I climbed with the aid of six young Papuans. I had some apprehension about my ability to take charge of the work here, but the Lord’s promise was given me, “My strength is made perfect in weakness.” I was uncertain how I could manage these little boys for they are so unlike white boys, but as soon as I had met the little men, I was at ease for they are the jolliest bunch imaginable.

We found the old homestead worn and dilapidated, the walls riddled by borers and white ants, and windows fallen out of the sashes. It is beyond more than temporary repairs. The native grass school building and boys’ dormitory collapsed in a heavy storm the night before we arrived so that the children must be accommodated on the veranda of the small homestead.
The first evening we spent slaughtering beasties! The whole insect creation seemed to have left the bush world to welcome us. Cockroaches, crickets, beetles, moths and every conceivable kind of insect hideously infested our corner of the veranda! We were glad to get within the safe precincts of our mosquito nets.

Aimania, the native girl-teacher, has done marvelously with the school. Without assistance, she has had to educate small boys, some of whom know little and some knowing nothing. Yet she has taught them so that they speak English, some brokenly with a mixture of native words. Their singing is quite remarkable, with all the parts in perfect tune and time. They open their mouths and sing so earnestly the hymns that children in America and England have known from early childhood. How different is the lot of other children we have met in our tour who have never learned to praise their Maker and Saviour and who know nothing of the joy and love these little boys know in their happy Christian home!

We spent the evening planning schools and choosing sites for dormitories, etc.—an act of faith! A text on the wall caught our eyes as we were looking over the dilapidated place: "Your Heavenly Father knoweth what things ye have need of." What a promise at such a time! Here is the need: the Lord will provide. We can plan and choose with His promise to embolden us.

The Old and the New—A Contrast

By Charles W. Abel

Daniela, our evangelist at Vasaloni, has recently passed away and his passing is a peculiar loss for he was an old, tried friend and colleague. Daniela was in charge of the little station at Vasaloni where he worked for God amongst his own people. The old man, of about seventy-five, with almost white hair—most unusual feature in a Papuan—was the recognized leader of the small Christian community in this section of Milne Bay.

Forty years ago Daniela's first wife was carried away by a raiding enemy to be killed and eaten. Daniela, then in the prime of life, was the recognized leader of the tribe living between Lililhoa and Hahiona. His bitterest personal foe was Paolo, the chief of a tribe living on two islands, Sariba and Logea, about thirty miles to the south. Paolo was a youthful chief, combining craftiness and horrible cruelty with unusual energy. He was feared by his enemies for many miles round and even among his own followers some regarded his excesses with disfavour. It was Paolo who raided Tavara when Daniela's wife was carried off to be tortured and eaten by the Logea marauders. Daniela himself was disfigured by a very ugly scar which he received from his quarrelsome neighbour. In his last fight against Daniela, Paolo found himself in a tight corner and was taken back to his village with five serious spear wounds in his body.

In the providence of God, two of the first converts in the south-east of Papua were Daniela and Paolo. Under their influence old customs weakened and gradually ceased. Amongst the first of these was war and the horrible cruelty which was practiced upon their captured victims.

Writing of these two men, my thoughts go back to an incident in our early missionary life which has left a lasting impression upon my mind. It was Sunday morning. Our little church was filled with a strange looking congregation sitting closely packed upon the floor. The work of the Holy Spirit had begun in the hearts of some present and scattered amongst the people were those who had "heard" and "believed" and "called" on the name of the Lord. But the foundations of this little body of believers were easily shaken.

That Sunday morning I tried to lead my congregation back to the narrow way of Christ and I frankly expressed the keenness of my disappointment in their declension while I urged them to repentance and more steadfastness.

Before I closed the service with prayer, I was aware of some slight disturbance towards the back of the church. Then I noticed that in the midst of the congregation Paolo was standing up. He had the Gospel of St. Mark in his hands (the only portion of the Word of God printed in his language at that time). For a time he made an unsuccessful attempt to find some passage that he wanted to quote, then he said that they knew it was true that they had failed and had lost their hold on Christ. They would earnestly seek the Lord again. His mercy had saved them. His mercy would restore them. But, for my encour-
agement, he wanted me to see that the power the Gospel had been amongst them, weak and prone to backslide as they were. So he went on to say, "Teacher, there is a man sitting beside me here, named Daniela, who has come on a visit and who will presently sit with a few of us at that sacred table of we receive him here as our friend and brother because we know Christ."

Later our small company of believers partook of the Lord’s Supper and the elements were passed to us by Paolo and Daniela! Six years ago Paolo passed away at Kwato. He lived to a good age and from the day of his conversion he walked with God. And

AN ATTRACTIVE SCENE AT KWATO—MARJORIE ABEL ON THE PATH UP THE HILL TO THE MISSION BUNGALOW

the Lord. Until we heard of Christ this man and his people were our bitterest enemies. If by any chance he had been blown into our waters a few years ago he would have been killed and eaten. Today now Daniela, too, has been called into the presence of his Master. We thank God for every remembrance of these two faithful fellow-labourers. How truly they had “put off the old man” and had “put on Christ.”

IMPRESSIONS OF A NEW FELLOW WORKER

Mr. Victor Lyndon has resigned from the Kwato Mission and his place will be temporarily filled by Rev. F. W. Walker, who has spent thirty-seven years in Papua and retired from the London Mission two years ago. In the early days, he worked for twelve years in the Kwato field. The following is a quotation from a private letter written by Mr. Walker on October 21st, last, to a friend in London, Rev. J. G. Henderson, giving his impression of Kwato:

“I know of no place where it can be more truly said than it can be said of Kwato, that the work is ‘in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.’ We had an early morning service this morning and Abel gave a simple talk to the young people and a few of the Logea Christians. To see the happy faces of these people, their wrap attention and lovely Christian expression, thrilled me with joy and thankfulness. Abel made no attempt at oratory, no striving after effect. It was just a loving, simple, Christian talk of a father with his children, full of thankfulness that God had brought him and his wife back again in their midst. Both he and Mrs. Abel have the secret, and it is a great one, of winning affection.”
The Hospital Assured

On November 30th, a letter was mailed to friends of the New Guinea Mission, asking for co-operation in completing the fund of $15,000 to make it possible to send a Christmas cable message to Mr. and Mrs. Abel to say that the much-needed hospital was assured. At that time about $3,500 more was required before December 31st to make available a $5,000 conditional pledge. Members of the Board of Directors underwrote $2,000 of this sum, leaving $1,500 more as the minimum amount needed. Much prayer was offered for this project.

The response to the letter was so prompt and so generous (over $4,500 being subscribed, payable before June 1st, 1926) that the following cable was sent to Mr. Abel on December 18th.


American Partners."

The receipt of this cable caused heartfelt thanksgiving in Kwato as the following reply cable, received on December 21st, indicates:

"Your splendid Christmas gift greatly rejoices everybody. United loving greetings.—II Corinthians 1:11 and Titus 3:15.

Abel."

There has not been time to receive letters since the cablegram was sent, but letters previously posted brought with them the architect's plans for the hospital of which the accompanying plate is a reproduction (reduced). All of the money pledged will be needed as the $15,000 does not provide for any equipment—beds, cooking utensils, operating table, sterilizer, surgical instruments, etc. These are also needed.

Blind, Yet Seeing

A POOR blind man, an old friend of ours, lost his sight after a serious illness about four years ago. He told me last Sunday that he was in the habit of having the Word of God read to him by one or another of the members of our Church, but he said "I get the most help from those few portions of the Scriptures which I have committed to memory."

"I read them in my mind," he said. When I asked him what portions he had memorized, he said he knew by heart the third chapter of St. John's Gospel up to the riba laitaina (the great word).

"Which do you regard as the great word?" I asked.

"Verse 16," he replied.

Then he told me that he knew the whole of the 15th chapter of St. John, and the whole of the second chapter of the Acts. These portions were his own choice, led, we believe, by the Holy Spirit.

The epistles have been only very recently given to our people.
Leprosy in Papua

On Thursday, October 15th, soon after I arrived in Port Moresby, I received a message from Dr. Strong, the Government Chief Medical Officer of the Territory, that he wanted to see me. I supposed he was about to ask when our Kwato hospital is to be forthcoming. However, Dr. Strong wanted to see me principally with reference to the serious discovery, during the last week or two, that four children at Kwato, who were being treated for yaws, are found to be lepers! It is quite evident that leprosy is much more prevalent than was supposed. Dr. Strong gave me the tally of 28 cases along the South Coast which had been brought to his notice, and a patrol doctor later gave me information of other cases he had discovered. It is quite clear the Government will have to take action in this matter. Leprosy will have to be sought for, and lepers isolated. Dr. Strong wanted to find out the best way of doing this. Is it to be purely a Government matter? In that case the lot of these unfortunate people will be hard indeed. Or is it to be undertaken by the missions? I believe that our American friends will be with me to a man if I ask them to seek the means to enable us to accept this work for the Lord.

I need not point out how vastly different would be the lot of these poor victims under the alternative control of a Government or of a missionary institution. A work, calling for real sacrifice such as this, must needs be in the hands of those who, for His sake, will undertake it, and whose first thought will be to bring the hope of the Gospel to the hearts and lives of these outcasts. My wife and I rejoice in this God-given opportunity of a larger service for Him. We cordially invite your loving cooperation.

We suggest that we utilise the island of Bonaruahiririhi, adjacent to Kwato, and one of our leased properties from the L. M. S., for a leper home, and that to it all the lepers found along the coast, from East Cape to Cape Possession, should be brought and properly treated. Bonaruahiririhi is a small island very close to Kwato, separated only by a narrow, deep, sea channel, but, according to the Chief Medical Officer, sufficiently isolated for the purpose. Patients there would be able to receive frequent visits from us; they could have regular services and schools, and with a fine, sandy beach and a perfect little harbor, calm in all weathers, they could have their canoes and pass some pleasant hours fishing.

The cost is something I cannot go into at present, but from my experience in getting out estimates recently for the general hospital, I am fairly certain that proper provision for a leper home could not be thought of for less than $25,000. Our original estimate was for $50,000 to meet Hospital needs, and the Committee cut it down with an idea that we had better begin in a small way and enlarge as need arose.

*   *   *

October 23rd, 1925.

Since posting my letter I have seen the Governor, Sir Hubert Murray. He cordially welcomes our offer to try and help the Government by suggesting that we take over the extra medical missionary work of caring for the lepers. He expressed his warm appreciation of what you have already promised to do in supplying us with a general hospital at Kwato and is of the opinion that a leper colony can only be adequately superintended through a Christian missionary agency. He told me that if America sees its way to supply us with a leper hospital, the Government will supply funds necessary for its maintenance.

We have now three Christian women and four small children, belonging to Christian parents, isolated for leprosy during the past fortnight on a small island where venereal disease is isolated. The Governor gave me permission to remove them to the small island near Kwato of which I spoke. We shall have to build some kind of rough native houses for them, and to make tanks and a corrugated iron catchment for their water supply. These are some of the "unforeseen" items in a missionary budget! But the leper colony will have actually started before you get this letter. I have no doubt we could gather a hundred cases if we looked for them carefully, and I suppose we shall have to make provision for some such number. We shall pray much about this important new responsibility. If it is the Lord's will we are pleased to accept it. We can only do so with you as our co-workers. May the Lord very clearly direct you.

Yours affectionately,

CHAS. W. ABEL.
Obligation, Opportunity, Blessing

One aspect of the missionary obligation is very often overlooked. I refer to the reaction of missionary work upon the Church as a whole, and more especially upon the individual members of the body of Christ. Much blessing comes from God to those who by prayer, and the sacrifice of money, and leisure, loyally engage in His work.

It seems idle to ask today whether a strong missionary church is successful. It may be numerically small, but no one will doubt its spiritual force, or question its success in the highest sense. A true church is concerned in the spread of the Gospel. Its missionary zeal reacts upon all its local work.

Some years ago, I was to speak in a church in the south of England. I reached the place three-quarters of an hour before the service and entered what I supposed to be an empty building. Soon after, a very poorly-dressed man came in order that he might speak to me alone and unobserved. He handed me a small parcel which afterwards I found to contain nearly two pounds in very small coins. "Use that," he said, "for the Master where you think it is most needed." His interest in missions had been awakened only twelve months before. He was very poor indeed, but, with his face radiant, he said, "We have prayed very earnestly for the Lord's work in heathen lands and this is one result of our prayers, but it is the other result I want you to know about." Then he told me how this new interest had brought the Lord's richest blessing, not only to him, but to all the members of his family. "It has made all the difference to our home; my wife and I are deeply grateful for what this means of grace has done for us."

What was a means of grace to this humble man and his family might bring like blessing to thousands of others—to whole households, as well as individuals—if they would regard this neglected commission of our Lord as their personal concern and by prayer and real sacrifice share consciously and heartily in the work which our Lord has so much at heart. In giving to the Lord we are recipients; and, in seeking to do His will, we are rewarded with a fuller measure of His companionship, and a richer experience of His blessings.

Chas. W. Abel.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

General Fund

From September 1st, 1924 to December 31st, 1925.

Receipts

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 1st, 1924—Balance on Hand</td>
<td>$1,707.65</td>
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<tr>
<td>Contributions on pledges</td>
<td>$4,250.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot; other than Pledges</td>
<td>1,739.70</td>
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<tr>
<td>Interest on Bank Balance</td>
<td>43.21</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total</td>
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Disbursements

Budget Items

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>B.I. 4—Miss Phyllis Abel's Salary</td>
<td>750.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot; 5—Upkeep of Evangelical and Educational Work</td>
<td>1,000.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot; 14—Educational Allowance—Marjorie Abel</td>
<td>180.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot; 15—Educational Allowance—Cecil Abel</td>
<td>1,125.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot; 22—Passages to Kwate</td>
<td>1,074.70</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot; 29—To building of Village Schools</td>
<td>500.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot; 53—Special Educational Allowance, for Russell &amp; Marjorie Abel</td>
<td>2,550.00</td>
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<td>Total to Field</td>
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Home Expenses

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<td>Cable to Papua</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stationery &amp; Printing</td>
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<tr>
<td>New Guinea Tidings Expense</td>
<td>406.09</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bank Commission on Checks</td>
<td>52.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hospital Publicity</td>
<td>21.27</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total Disbursements</td>
<td>450.07</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total Disbursements</td>
<td>7,629.27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 1st, 1926—Balance on Hand, General Fund</td>
<td>110.79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>$7,740.56</td>
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NEW GUINEA TIDINGS

Receipts
April 1 to Dec. 31, 1925 other than pledges .................................................. $4,554.34
Receipts on Pledges ............................................................................................... 2,075.00
Total Contributions to Hospital to date.................................................................. $6,629.34

Disbursements
Dec. 1925—Payment No. 1 .................................................................................. $500.00
" " —Balance in Bank .......................................................................................... 6,129.34
Balance due
Balance due on old Pledges .................................................................................. $7,925.00
" " —New Subscriptions payable on or before June 1st, 1926......................... 2,935.50
Cash Fund .............................................................................................................. 6,129.34
Total Hospital Fund paid and pledged .............................................................. $16,557.84

Contributions September 1st, 1924, to December 31st, 1925

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Summary:
Applicable to General Fund .......................................................... $5,989.70
Applicable to Hospital Fund ............................................................ 6,629.34
Total .......................................................... $12,619.04

Respectfully submitted,
WALTER McDougall,
Treasurer.

Jan. 11, 1926.