In Memory of a Great Servant of Jesus Christ in Papua
NEW GUINEA EVANGELIZATION SOCIETY, INC.
Room 1018, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
(Cooperating with the Kwato Extension Association, Inc., London, England)

Founder
REV. CHARLES W. ABEL

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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, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. All contributions go to support the work without deduction for salaries or other overhead.

NEW GUINEA TIDINGS
Miss J. H. Righter, Editor

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The New Guinea Evangelization Society (interdenominational) desires your sympathy, prayers and financial cooperation. 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.

Application for entry as second-class matter at the Post Office at Harrisburg, Pa.
IT IS with very great sorrow that the members of the Kwato Extension Association announce what many of our friends already know, that on April 10th, Rev. Charles W. Abel, the founder and leader of the Kwato Mission, died at the Woolwich Memorial Hospital in England, as the result of an automobile accident. To the many who knew and honored him, it seems but fitting that the circumstances of his death be made known to them. He had sailed from America on March 7th, and had spent the short time in England, greeting and interviewing old friends, meeting with the English Committee of the Kwato Extension Association, and making investigations for meeting the future needs of the mission and the equipment of the new hospital. On Saturday April 5th, he and his brother, Rev. Arthur Abel, were walking along a country road, near Leatherhead, on the way to tea with friends. They were walking on the edge of the grass, there being no footpath, facing the on-coming traffic, as was safest, when a car came from the rear and as it passed another car, going in the same direction, it skidded and struck him. He was thrown to the ground, falling on his face and was unconscious for a time. He was taken to his brother’s home where a doctor saw him at once. He was thought not to have been seriously hurt at first, but on Tuesday of the following week, great pain developed in his head and he was taken to the Woolwich War Memorial Hospital, where the X-rays showed that a small crack in the skull had been made by his fall. Septic meningitis had set in and he was kept unconscious with morphia, suffering little pain. Skillful doctors worked to save his life, but to no avail. Very quietly on Thursday morning, April 10th, he slipped away into His Father’s House and those who watched seemed to hear the sound of the trumpets that greeted his spirit, as he entered into the presence of God, in Whose service he had spent his life.

“He that doeth the will of God abideth forever.” His spirit remains among us who were his friends and his work goes on. Thousands of Papuans have been blessed by his life and through him have come to the knowledge of Christ their Saviour. Forty years of service has brought to those who
have been touched by his influence the vision of a happier, more hopeful life. Those children of the past generation and those of the coming ones, look to the Kwato Mission for guidance and inspiration. This is our task, in England and America and Australia, to make possible by our gifts and prayers the continuation of Charles W. Abel's work. His wife and children and others are the workers on the field, we at home are their co-workers. Let us pledge our hearts and minds and wills to the consummation of this high purpose, that the work and consecration of his life may be continued through the years, so that Christ may be brought to Papua and the Kingdom of God to the people whom he loved.

The Future of the Mission

Apart from the shock of the sudden rending of many tender relationships, the tragic removal of our beloved leader, in the midst of so many plans for expansion of the work, seems a supreme calamity. For forty years, as the directing head of this apostolic work, he was identified with every step in its advance. From a mere clearing in a vast jungle of head-hunters and cannibals, the mission at Kwato has become a spiritual center numbering hundreds of happy, helpful Christians and extending its uplifting and civilizing influence to a wide, populous area of now peace-loving, industrious people. Charles W. Abel will be numbered in the succession of missionary heroes, of which Livingstone and Paton are conspicuous examples, who, in the face of perils and hardships without number, made mighty spiritual conquests and lived "to see the savage bow in prayer."

But with the bewildering sense of loss in the home-going of such a leader—taken apparently in the midst of his highest opportunity and achievement—there are reassuring elements which, as they are dwelt upon, gave increasing glimpses of God's hidden purpose. Some of these we may summarize:

The adjustments relating to the purchase and transfer of the mission property to the present organization, which were highly complicated, requiring more than two years to carry through, were finally completed almost on the day on which Mr. Abel was called home.

The equipment of the new hospital building, provision for new school buildings, and the details relating to a general improvement of facilities of the mission had all been arranged as the result of Mr. Abel's last visit.

The staff of missionaries is now the largest and most effective in the history of the mission, making possible a wide expansion of effort during the past year.

Mrs. Abel, who has shared the labors of her husband for these many years, contributing a rare balance of judgment and administrative capacity, has been spared to give guidance at this critical time.

Beyond all, the four gifted children, Phyllis, Cecil, Russell and Marjorie, all born at Kwato, are giving their rare ability to this work for which they have had lifelong training. These members of the Abel family constitute an incomparable asset. Having within a few years completed their education in England and with a complete knowledge of the language and a deep sympathy with their father's ideals, they are equipped to make a contribution of immeasurable worth.

A crowning Providential circumstance, at this time, when so many matters call for counsel and adjustment, is in the fact that our own fellow-workers, Mr. and Mrs. Delavan L. Pierson, who have had such intimate contact with the development of the mission, are now traveling in the Orient. Mr. and Mrs. Pierson have agreed to proceed at once to Kwato and give their invaluable counsel and aid.

God buries His workers, but His work goes on.

Hugh R. Monro.
IT IS passing strange that Rev. Charles W. Abel of Kwato, who had escaped the innumerable dangers in savage New Guinea, should have met death by a motor-car in a sleepy little town in Surrey. Three weeks ago he had reached England, coming here to secure aid for a more extended campaign for carrying the Gospel into the vast interior of Papua. He was sixty-seven, but still as tough as oak, and full of the very wine of life. A few days before he met his death he was telling me of his plans for extending industrial missionary work along the Papuan coast, and rejoicing that at last he was to have a doctor to work in his new hospital.

Yet "nothing is here for tears." In the hour of his death I can glory in the splendor of my friend's wonderfully complete life. For forty years Charles Abel lived his life to the uttermost, and he has left an indelible mark on Papua. He is almost the last of the old adventurer missionaries—the type James Chalmers symbolized. It was the call of the wild in his soul that took him to New Guinea in 1890. Dr. Lawes had just opened that *terra incognita* as a romantic field for missionary enterprise. The island was unexplored behind the coast line. Abel, London born, had been to sea on a windjammer, and spent some years in New Zealand before his longed for chance came to be a missionary.

Robert Louis Stevenson's famous description of James Chalmers—"an heroic card," has been applied to Charles Abel. The phrase fits both men, who were closely akin in their inspired audacity and zest for adventure. Charles Abel was an unconventional missionary. Colleagues on the spot, and missionary committees no doubt, found his disregard of regulations surprising. The student who slipped off on an examination day at Chestnut College to play in a county cricket match could not be cribbed, cabined and confined by any rules in a Red Book. He went his own way. There was nothing for it with Abel but to "loose him and let..."
him go." Dr. Wardlaw Thompson shook his head gravely when Abel, defying regulations, began large scale industrial work at Kwato. But he was a missionary statesman who studied big maps, so he put his blind eye to the telescope and gave Abel his head. There was, he perceived, method in Abel's madness. Abel was convinced that the impact of Western civilization and civilized men's diseases would exterminate the Papuan people unless they were Christianized and, at the same time, were taught industries within their villages. Kwato, his station, was an island, and he planned its development with a long horizon in his mind. His plan was to gather native children—some of them saved from burial alive along with their dead mothers, which was the Papuan prac­tice—and bring them up in a Christian home atmosphere, training them in habits of indus­try from the earliest years. Some of his friends who distrusted this segregation policy, feared that he was wrapping his natives in cotton-wool; but at the end of thirty years his vision had become a fully realized achievement. Only a fortnight ago he told me that the children he had raised are now, as men and women, Christianizing their fellow-Papuans as they work alongside them in the coconut plantations.

Charles Abel made Kwato a tropical para­dis. He and his first colleague, F. W. Walker, had found it a pestilential swamp. Charles Abel—who could do anything from engineering to type-setting, or even amputat­ing a limb—drained the swamp and laid it out as a cricket-field. On higher ground, with the labor of natives, whom he taught to cut down trees, work a steam sawmill, do carpentry, smithery, and use a set-square and plumb-line, he built a model village for his vast family. Later he taught them launch building, house construction, coconut planting, copra making, and printing, as well as the English games of cricket and football. Mrs. Abel acted as schoolmistress, and when Revs. Frank Lenwood and A. J. Viner visited Papua in 1916, they found a higher standard of education in Kwato than had been hoped possible, and a church, co­terminous in membership with the population of the island in which a very high spiritual and moral standard had been at­tained. Just before the war, a delegation of Australian senators who visited Papua, reported that until they saw Kwato they felt that the New Guinea savages were too wild and degraded to be educable, but at Kwato they completely reversed their opinion. Charles Abel was above everything a Chris­tian evangelist, but to him evangelism had a wide place for work, sport, and fun. He was a Great-Heart, grave and humorous by turns—a man to whom nothing human was alien. My last glimpse of him was a fare­well wave of his hand as he left me at Waterloo Station a fortnight ago to go and see a boat-race at Barnes.

Of stories, adventurous and humorous, about Charles Abel a hundred might be told. James Chalmers recognized in him a man of his ilk—adventurous, without fear. They shared in many hazardous enterprises. Chalmers' dash up the Aivai River along with Abel and Mrs. Abel is now a classic among missionary adventure stories. Armed warriors, naked, stood like statues in war canoes lined on both sides of the river. Only Chalmers's sublime audacity made escape possible. Chalmers always teased Mrs. Abel afterwards for objecting to cockroaches in her cabin after coming out of that breath­less escapade without a tremor. Such hair­breadth escapes were Abel's portion on in­numerable occasions. A woman's motherly impulse by Mrs. Abel saved her and her husband from certain death on an occasion when they visited a remote island and found the natives unfriendly. To gain time and show confidence, they sat on a fallen tree. A newly-born baby lying in its mother's arms, in a hut near by, caught Mrs. Abel's eye. She crept inside the hut, took the baby in her arms, kissed it, and then brought it to her husband for him to kiss it too. The armed savages, who had been gathering ominously round, threw down their spears, and an hour later escorted their intended victims, loaded with gifts, to their boat.

Charles Abel rarely talked of his thrilling experiences in tight places, though I recall a night he spent with us in a cottage in the Surrey hills on his last furlough, when some­thing threw him into a reminiscent mood, and we sat around a blazing log fire, listen­ing, fascinated, until long after midnight, as he opened the romantic book of his memo­ries before us.

Twelve years ago a deputation from the L.M.S. board proposed to cut down the grants for Kwato. All the industrial ex­periments would have been frustrated. Charles Abel came home, though the sub­marine campaign was at its height, and
fought for freedom to carry through his schemes. The London Missionary Society Board yielded, granted him a lease of Kwato for a term of years, and allowed him to form a Kwato Extension Association, with committees in England and America, to provide the money needed for the ventures. He lived just long enough to see the dream of his life come true.

Arthur Porritt.

ALTHOUGH I had heard of the work of Charles W. Abel and had met some of his fellow laborers many years ago while on a cruise along the shores of Papua; yet it was not until about three years ago that I met face to face this distinguished missionary. We met at Samarai, and shall I ever forget that meeting! From the moment I met him I was conscious that I was in the presence of a far seeing statesman of the Kingdom of God, a man thoroughly in earnest about his work.

It is only a short run from Samarai to Kwato, so stepping aboard the mission launch “Marmari” we were soon alongside the mission jetty.

I was pleasantly surprised with the whole surroundings. I have visited many hundreds of missions throughout the world but none that surpass in beauty and utility the location at Kwato. At the end of the jetty is the mission store, over to the right is a well-equipped, well-managed sawmill, next appears a boatbuilding factory with some of the finest workmen known to that part of the world. Some distance apart is the blacksmith shop. I had the pleasure of teaching the native craftsmen the art of tempering steel, as we were blasting rock with which to make a lime kiln, and it was very necessary that the drill points be kept sharp and well tempered to drill the igneous rock. On the other side of the island is located the lime kiln, the copra drier and the hospital, while towering high above all these are the dwellings of the missionaries, the school, chapel and electric plant and native bungalows. If you can visualize this in the midst of a tropical setting you will have a fairly good idea of Kwato.

From this central station, for one hundred miles or more along the coast of Papua and adjacent islands are located the substations and plantations of the mission. The guiding genius of this important mission, with all its ramifications, was Charles W. Abel. His was a worthy task and most worthily was it being carried out according to the letter of the law of progress and the spirit of our Christ. His was a noble ideal,
to mend the manners and improve the physical and spiritual condition of the Papuans. All his plans were worked out methodically until the whole mission seemed to move to the rhythm of industrial cooperation, human sympathy and Christian love.

Every phase of this great industrial, civilizing and Christianizing mission was nicely articulated, and each and every individual seemed to coordinate in perfect unison for the one grand purpose—the uplift and betterment of all. Hundreds of boys and girls are gathered in from their jungle homes to be trained at Kwato. It is a most inspiring sight to see these children of the forest wrestle over their first problems in education. How it must delight the heart of the missionary to see these young people slowly shake off the fetish of the forest and finally give themselves to God.

"Go teach all nations," is at once the most obligatory and universal command ever delivered to mankind by the Deity. To carry out this command demands men and women of heroic mould. But what a foretaste of heaven it must be, to be a real missionary. What a joy to be found worthy to represent the King of kings in foreign courts; to be heralds of a higher civilization; messengers of the glorious gospel; servants of the most high God! It takes a high degree of courage. Courage of a nobler type than the field of battle ever knew. To go alone, unwelcomed, unknown and unarmed, penetrate the pathless jungle, ford the bridgeless river, scale the mountains where never before the foot of thy race has trodden, and there amid these dark, primeval forests meet singlehanded earth's untamed warriors of battle and blood. To be the first to win their confidence and friendship by deeds of love and human kindness. To be the first to press to the lips of this savage race the Water of Life of which if a man drink he shall never die.

I have seen such heralds of the Cross at work, far beyond the borders of Anglo Saxon civilization, silently breaking down the barriers of hate; wooing from the hearts of the headhunters the confession of their guilt; dispelling with the light of the gospel of Christ the accumulated darkness, vice and superstition of centuries; and all this without the blare of trumpets, the roar of cannon or even the plaudits of the press. To such a noble band did Charles Abel belong, and in such a galaxy his name must shine for evermore.

Now since our comrade in arms has fallen, or rather has been exalted, let us lift the torch that has fallen from his hand and raise it high until its radiant light shall have penetrated the darkest recesses of that land, until all its benighted sons and daughters shall have had a chance to learn the story of Him who came and died to make men free.

These are times that call for more faith, more prayer, more sacrifice if the great work which cost our sainted brother the labor of nearly forty years is to be conserved. To falter will mean failure! To retreat would be treason to our King! Forward then and possess the land for the Lord!

Kwato is a sector on the battle front from which we dare not withdraw. It is a point of strategy on that far flung frontier of Christian civilization which is destined some day to play a decisive rôle in this age-long struggle between Light and Darkness.

A. MacKenzie Meldrum.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Rev. Charles W. Abel brought to our own home and to our church and seminary a very vital and strong message. He was no new friend to us, for on former occasions he had given to us the inspiration of his splendid personality and message. He seemed to have the element of humanity so mingled with his genuine piety that all were attracted to him. Those who were not ordinarily attracted by our missionary friends were won by him immediately and few men could grace any type of platform or immediately grasp a situation in any home as he. His adaptability was never forced or other than natural, but his insight into the character of others and his appreciation of their viewpoint made him valuable. Wherever he went his story read like a romance and was always told with that modest and earnest manner which so characterized him.

We cannot understand the Providence which removed him, for he seemed so needed by all, but we believe God's hand is back of all experiences. I believe the kingdom of heaven here on earth has been made more vital and real to us all who have known Charles Abel.

JOHN TIMOTHY STONE.

CHICAGO, ILL.
ANY people knew Charles Abel as a missionary speaker and writer, others knew him more intimately as he visited in their homes and sat at their tables, but to few was it given to see him day by day in his own home with his family and his “Children in the Faith.” It was my great privilege to spend a year in Papua with him and his family, and during that time my love and esteem grew stronger daily until he was to me like a beloved brother.

He was essentially a home man. The center of its life, its priest, its head, its example. The prime mover in its religious life and also as keen in promoting fun and good times. No frolic was complete without him, and no one more keenly entered into and enjoyed the fun or entertainment of others than did he. A game of cricket drew him with almost irresistible power. He was full of amusing anecdotes and experiences so that meal time was usually a time of relaxation and enjoyment. Some one else always presided at the carver’s end of the table, as he would get so absorbed in some tale that he would forget all about the roast.

He was an unusually versatile man and seemed not only a “Jack of all trades,” but also a master of many. It was amazing to see the things he could turn his hand to and direct others in. He could draw accurate plans of new buildings and compute the materials needed and the cost. He could survey and lay out a road down a hill, cutting through and building up until the grade was just right. He could write music and improvise on the piano, and he taught the “Sol fa” system to the Papuans, who now can read music at sight and teach it to others. Even the little kiddies can sing in parts. He was an interesting writer and could preach a well thought out, spiritual, gripping sermon and he had translated hymns and much of the Scriptures into Suan.

Although Mr. Abel lived forty years in the tropics, where the climate was most trying at times, he never allowed himself to go about in negligee. As we saw him going about superintending the work on many different jobs, he always reminded me of a general. He was very particular about his appearance and never looked anything but the gentleman that he was. He always wore white, with a white pith helmet, and even in the hottest weather he wore his coat, collar and tie. We used to beg him sometimes to leave off his coat, but unless he was doing actual manual labor he kept it on. No unexpected visitor to Kwato ever caught him looking...
unkempt, and his appearance lent dignity to his position as head of the mission. He was consulted about everything in connection with the work and spent much time in interviewing the Papuans, who often came long distances to consult with him and get his fatherly advice and counsel. To all—old and young who had ever lived at Kwato—he was "Father." To those from other islands and villages he was "Taubada" ("Big Man"). He settled many native feuds, family or tribal, and in most cases his word was law.

Charles Abel never considered or spared himself. If one of his "children"—as he called them—needed him, he would give his time and strength, day or night, to the limit. He braved countless dangers by land and sea and many times his life was threatened. He would sometimes spend an entire day, and far into the night talking with seekers after "The Way." He was severe with wrongdoers, but always ready to give the penitent another chance. He set a standard for good, honest, faithful work and trained competent, skilled workers, so that they could be trusted to build boats, houses, etc. without having a white overseer.

"Love begets love," and he won the devoted love of all but the evildoers, so that in times of extra stress many of the Papuans would work all night long to get some necessary work finished, and there was no grumbling or complaining. It was voluntary service. They would have laid down their lives if that were necessary.

Mr. Abel trained them to give and to save regularly from their meagre earnings. At one time Mrs. Abel was far from well and her husband did not know what to do. He felt that she ought to get away, but he had no money to send or take her. One day a number of the men came to him and said "Father, we think Mother is not well and needs to go away for a rest. Here are all of our bank-books, the money is yours, take her and go away until she is well!" Are these people worth saving?

In going about on the mission launch to the outstations, we were deeply impressed by the loving reception we met everywhere. Clean white nigi were donned, the little chapel or schoolhouse decorated with flowers, and an audience gathered to hear what the white father had to say. Often a great heap of fruit, vegetables, fresh fish or live fowl were brought as tokens of love to the Abel family.

Charles Abel has rightly been called "The Man of Kwato" and it is hard to think of that mission without him.

Anna Pierson McDougall.

Ripe in Experience

From the time when I first met Charles W. Abel he has always impressed me as an altogether exceptional man in his combination of sturdy strength, and unswerving courage, and childlike faith expressed in highly productive missionary activity, always with a deeply spiritual personal life, and an eminently sane view of the practical application of the far-reaching vision that was so evidently the gift of the Lord to his soul. In all my conversations with him he always seemed to me to take into full account the difficult factors in the missionary enterprise, but never with any other thought concerning them than a determined, God-reliant purpose to overcome them with prayer, with steady unremitting work, not in his own strength, but in the strength of the Lord. He was so utterly modest that it was not always easy to get him to speak about his experiences, but the total effect of his personality upon me was that of a pioneer, ripe in experience, and enriched in personality, and understanding, and faith by the Lord’s use of him over many years of valiant service.

Charles Abel will be tremendously missed as one of the heroes of the faith with whom we have actually had personal touch in these great days.

Philip E. Howard.

It was a precious privilege to know the Rev. Charles W. Abel. Seldom have been combined so keen a sense of humor, so alert a mind and such a spirit of Christian devotion as were manifested in his radiant personality: All those to whom he was introduced felt that the horizon of their lives had been thereby immeasurably widened. His work is imperishable, and the memory of his life will be an abiding inspiration.

Charles R. Erdman.
My Brother  
as I Knew Him

TO WRITE of the early days of my dear brother's life, and to give some of my impressions of his character is a task which I lovingly attempt, yet I do not find it an easy one. Those early days are a long way off, and many things have happened since we were boys together. During our later years, we have been much separated, he in Papua, and I in England, but our mature lives have been enriched by our brotherly affection and by our mutual interest in our work of Christian service.

As children, we had the unspeakable privilege of being born into a Christian home. My father would be considered, I suppose, in these days, very narrow-minded. Almost as soon as we could walk, we were taken twice every Sunday to a Place of Worship, and we were never taken out of the Church before the sermon commenced. Indeed, as far back as I can remember, sermons always interested me because I had to repeat what I heard to a dear old grandmother, whom we often left at home. She usually gave me something sweet to the taste out of her secret drawer as a reward.

The old-fashioned Lord's Day was anything but a dull day to us. I have recently met people who absent themselves from public worship on the ground that their parents took them too frequently when they were young and made little martyrs of them. I thank God that we boys and girls found so much enjoyment in that kind of martyrdom.

Our week-day recreations were chiefly provided by the Church to which we belonged. Healthy lectures, Band of Hope meetings, simple entertainments in the winter, and cricket and walking clubs in the summer, gave us all we needed. These, I suppose, would be considered rather tame and uninteresting for young people today. The Church, the Sunday School, and the Band of Hope brought us a large number of kind and life-long friends, and many happy influences and memories that have remained with us ever since.

At home we had plenty of fun, for my brother, Charles, was the family entertainer. He had gifts that would have made him a most popular comedian. He had remarkable powers of mimicry, and could, without any effort, assume the voice, manner, and expression of a politician, a preacher, a college professor, a nervous proposer of a toast at a city banquet, or a seller of quack medicines in a market-place. I have never met anyone else who could do exactly the same thing. It was all impromptu and spontaneous. He made no preparation, and yet ideas and words never seemed to fail him.

When some misfortune had spoiled the dinner and our mother was a little depressed thereat, I have seen him suddenly rise at the table and solemnly propose a vote of thanks to the good lady who had provided such a sumptuous repast. Under the spell of his ovation, the clouds soon passed away. I can see now the silent enjoyment of my father and the tears of laughter running down my mother's cheeks. We had no need to go away from home in search of entertainment as long as Charles was there. And how dull we all felt after we had waved farewell to him when he sailed for New Zealand!

I think I am right in saying that the earlier visits of Messrs Moody and Sankey to England made a deep and lasting impres-
sion upon my two brothers, as well as upon myself. The Gospel, as presented by these great evangelists, was to our souls like showers of refreshing rain upon a dry and thirsty land. We, and many of our young friends, entered into a rich and joyous experience of the love and power of God in Christ Jesus. It was a time never to be forgotten.

And our new life soon began to express itself in active service in the church at Wandsworth, where we had become members. The joy of the Lord was our strength. We threw ourselves, heart and soul, into Band of Hope work, Mission work, Sunday School teaching, house to house visitation, and even Mothers' Meetings. We did not know then that all this was a preparation for labors in the years before us.

Charles carried this fervent spirit with him when he landed in Auckland, far from home, among perfect strangers, and without funds. He had many trials and temptations, and he suffered many hardships; but the Lamp was, by the Grace of God, kept burning all the time. He found time and opportunity to preach Christ to the Maoris, and to take the temperance pledge to their young people. He told me once that it was the earnest desire on the part of an old Maori Chief to learn the way to God that led him to dedicate his life and powers to missionary work. It was a call from the heathen for light. It was like Paul's vision of the Man of Macedonia.

Charles returned to England and entered Chestnut College, and, as the college was only a few miles out of London, I had frequent opportunities of seeing him. He sometimes came to help me in my work in Islington. These years passed all too quickly, and once more, he bade us 'good-bye' to begin his life's work in Papua.

It has been a great work, a peculiar work, an original work. I think I can say it has been a success, and yet a struggle; delightful and yet difficult. My brother has always reminded me of those men under Nehemiah, who built the walls of Jerusalem with anxious, watchful eyes, holding a trowel in one hand and a sword in the other. The very success of his work in Kwato brought fresh demands, presented new difficulties, and created problems hard to solve. But the God who has done such wonders in the past will not forsake those who are left behind to carry on that work. The friends in America and England will see to it that sympathy, prayer and financial support will be given in loving and grateful generosity. We can pray with the Psalmist "Make us glad according to the days wherein Thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil. Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants and Thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it."

The chief things about my brother's character that most impressed me were first, his unswerving trust in the presence and guidance of the Holy Spirit. Amid varying circumstances, disappointments and difficulties, this simple, yet strong faith, enabled him to go steadily forward. Like David, he encouraged himself in the Lord his God. Then he had the remarkable gift of keeping old friends and making new ones. Wherever he went, he formed friendships, and after many years, those friendships remained. I never heard him speak harshly or unkindly of anyone. He was always ready to make excuses and to look at things from the other person's standpoint. And whenever he spoke to me of ill-treatment, he seemed puzzled, rather than pained. His nature was so kindly that he could not understand unkindness in other people.

Again, he was from his boyhood singularly pure-minded. His humor was absolutely clean. I never remember any word passing his lips that could not have been uttered in the presence of a little child. Perhaps he knew by a blessed experience the deep meaning of the Saviour's words, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

He was a man given to much prayer, and this accounts for much of his power, his charm and his courage. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." His faith was a working faith. It produced results. It united him to a living, loving, almighty Saviour, and prayer became the necessary fruit of such blessed fellowship.

I think all who were intimate with him must have noticed how equable his temper was. You always knew what he would be like when you next met him. You could depend upon his being true to himself. He was never very excitable or highly elated, and I never saw him downhearted or irritable. If ever he was, he had great powers of
self-control. His spirit was happy, free and calm, and he seemed to be always thinking of others rather than of himself.

He has gone to his rest and reward. We will, in the midst of our sorrow, remember his great joy. We give thanks to God for him, remembering without ceasing his work of faith and labor of love and patience, of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God the Father. For the Gospel came not unto him in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.

May all those whom he loved so dearly and for whom he labored in the Gospel become followers of him and of the Lord. And may the Spirit that dwelt in him, and that enabled him to do such great things, be given in abundance to those who are left behind to carry on the work in Papua, that will be associated with his name for many years to come. 


Friend and Comrade

MY FRIENDSHIP with Charles Abel has lasted for fifty-three years. It began when we were boys—he a year or so older than I, when our families were neighbors at Wandsworth Common. The open air life of his boyhood, with its opportunities for cricket, football, sailing and skating, probably contributed to the vigor of Charles Abel’s constitution, which withstood the tropical climate of New Guinea for more than forty years. The Abel family group was a happy one—the father and mother, three boys and two girls. The father, William Abel, was a pioneer in introducing the tonic-sol-fa system of music, and was never so happy as when he was conducting a choir and orchestra at some festival connected with his church, the East Hill Congregational, at Wandsworth. All the children inherited this musical ability, and could improvise at will, and the daughters became accomplished musicians.

Mr. Abel’s elder brother, Arthur, was a Congregational minister—now retired. The next brother, Robert, emigrated to New Zealand when a young man. After a short time spent in business, Charles Abel joined his brother in New Zealand, and began some missionary work among the Maoris. He became so interested in this, that he decided to devote his life to missions, and returned to England, where he became a student at Chestnut College, in Hertfordshire, not very far from London.

There is a story of his playing in a cricket match at Chestnut and having his arm broken by a fast bowler, but in spite of the pain, he finished his innings, batting with one hand. He was altogether fearless. When at Chestnut, he went out to little villages in Hertfordshire, preaching on Sunday. I was with him on one occasion, and after all these years, can remember his text, and the powerful impression which his words made upon me. He had a winsome way with him, and he had a great genius for friendship.

He kept in touch with us during his years in Papua under the London Missionary Society, and for some years before the Kwato Extension Society was formed, he constantly wrote to me on the subject of industrial mission work. I entirely agreed with his views, and am glad to know that he was able to carry out his carefully made plans, and to interest the Papuans in agriculture, home and boat building, and many other minor industries.

In all this, he was ably seconded by his beloved wife, of whom he was so proud. He could not have carried out the magnificent work he set out to do, but for her devotion and ability.

He was as full of enterprise as ever, and at our last meeting, told me of his plans for the extension of his work in Papua. He was indeed a great man, and I have lost a very dear friend.


My interest in the work in New Guinea extends over the last twenty-five years. I never met James Chalmers, for he was never in this country, but we corresponded, and in many of his letters he spoke about what splendid co-partners he had in Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Abel.

We corresponded with Charles Abel many
years before we met him, and the more we wrote, the more eager we were to meet him face to face. We shall never forget our first meeting, the outcome of which had much to do with the later history of the Kwato Mission, so much beloved by us.

SAMUEL R. BOGGS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Co-Partners in America

To his associates, Charles Abel seemed ten years younger than his age. For forty years he had endured the tropics, worked uncomplainingly with fewer helps than he really needed and faced continually situations that to most of us would have looked hopeless. He and his wife also brought up a family of four who have all chosen to follow their father’s life work.

Charles Abel was never alone. Every day he lived in fellowship with his Lord, and if at times a pressure of work and engagements left him short of prayertime, he has been heard to remark “Come, let us have a season of prayer, I’m starved.” Often have I seen him return to our home after a speaking trip, fagged out, but a cup of tea, a chat with us and prayer together never failed to cheer him and bring the spiritual nourishment he required in large measure for the responsibilities and burdens he carried in fellowship with his Master.

His plain simple narrative of the work, and his self-effacement impressed all who heard him, and many times those sending in gifts have written of “having received a great blessing from his message.”

His life was the working out of a constantly unfolding vision for the people of Papua whom he understood and loved. Their union with Christ and development in spiritual power was the purpose behind all his plans. The future will witness the fruits of his patient teaching and example.

The church in Papua, from now on, will undoubtedly carry larger responsibility in taking the gospel to new areas, for Charles Abel helped them to form habits of thought and action that will bear fruit.

Adjustments to new conditions, without his wise personal leadership, will take time, but there is a consecrated corps of workers on the field and the life work of Charles Abel will go forward, for it had in it the forces of life.

WALTER McDougall.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

It has been my privilege to know a great many missionaries, and Charles Abel stands at the very forefront of the great missionary host whom I have known. His name is always bracketed in my mind with that of Grenfell, Dan Crawford of the Congo and Robert Laws of Livingstonia, all pioneers, with the highest Christian ideals of service, assiduous in their duties to the point of self-sacrifice, all finding a genuine joy in their high calling and all of them imbued with a keen sense of humor, devoid of all that is unreal and sanctimonious, and thoroughly practical in their interpretation of the missionary message. The gospel they preached was physical and intellectual as well as spiritual. Industrial training and the healing of the body, as well as emancipation from fear, each had a place in their message.

Perhaps the highest tribute to Charles Abel was his genius for friendship, for all who knew him loved him and found in his modest narrative of missionary experience a story of thrilling interest and devotion. It is indicative of the genuineness of the man’s character and service that he leaves two sons and two daughters, educated in Great Britain, but imbued with the ideals of their parents, who are now in New Guinea, in the spirit of their parents “carrying on” among the cannibal tribes of that country.

W. R. MOODY.

EAST NORTHFIELD, MASS.

(Reprinted from the New York Times)
Greetings to American Friends.

(These messages were written on board the steamer which took Mr. Abel from America to England and were intended for this issue of the Tidings.)

FOUR months spent in America between November and March, enabled me very happily to renew some former much-prized friendships and to make many new contacts which will stimulate our work with deeper and wider interests and enrich our service with a larger burden of intelligent prayer.

Entering the United States from the West, I was able to spend a few days in San Francisco and Los Angeles and, on my way East, to have three days in Denver before hurrying on to New York to meet our directors.

At the important directors’ meeting held on December 9th, letters from the former Governing Committee in England were read which recorded the completion of the new arrangement of our affairs by which the future responsibility for the direction of our mission is to be shared between England and America, as explained in the last issue of the Tidings. On both sides of the Atlantic, as well as on the field in Papua, great satisfaction is felt with the reorganization which binds our English and American friends and supporters together in a common purpose for the evangelization of a part of the great and needy island of New Guinea. As a result, the outlook of our mission is more hopeful to-day than it ever was before.

At the beginning of the New Year, a two months’ itinerary was carefully planned for me, which took me, during that time, to Troy, Rochester, Buffalo, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Chicago, Minneapolis and back to the east by way of St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and Trenton. I had some final meetings at Newark and Brooklyn, and also a further meeting with our directors before sailing for England on March 7th.

I want to take this early opportunity of expressing my deep gratitude to all our friends at the places visited who so warmly welcomed me to their homes or who provided other forms of unstinted hospitality. And I also want to thank those who so freely invited me to their churches and missions and made it possible for me to make so many happy contacts with God’s people. There is only one story to tell from first to last of splendid welcome everywhere I went, and of a patient sympathetic hearing of my message. I look back with inexpressible gratitude to all those inspiring good times. As the days pass, and when I am happily engaged again in my work in Papua, I shall say over and over again with the Apostle, “I thank my God upon every remembrance of you.”

I am writing this message on board the S. S. “Pennland,” one day out from your shores. The impressions of my few months’ stay amongst you crowd upon me as I have leisure to survey them. For all that you did for me personally at every place I visited, and for all the deep interest you showed in the Lord’s work in Papua of which it was my privilege to inform you, I praise God continually. America has sent me on my way rejoicing. I realize I am very wealthy in the affection of God’s people. Through the “Tidings” we will do our best to enable you to share with us the deep joys of the work. With your faithful support in prayer, its inevitable burdens will be lightened, and my heart and the hearts of my colleagues encouraged to work for and expect fruitfulness in our service.

Let us remember our copartnership with Christ in this respect

“Lo, I am with you alway.”

“Laborers together with God.”

CHARLES W. ABEL.

Papua Looks to America

Papua lies in the southeastern portion of the island of New Guinea. The greater part of the territory of this vast island is yet unexplored. It is the last large area on the globe in which cannibalism, savagery and heathen superstition still hold full sway.

Under the leadership of the missionaries who have labored for forty years in this field, a powerful spiritual and evangelical movement has been built up, so that the children of former cannibals are the active leaders in a flourishing native church.

Such transformation from savagery to devoted Christian living has rarely been witnessed in a single generation, yet such is
the earnest purpose of these native disciples of Christ that they are actually giving thousands of dollars each year from their meagre resources to extend the Gospel in Papua.

And now an advance upon the vast, untouched area of interior New Guinea is projected. Numbers of soundly converted and trained Papuans are available for this service. Others are in training in the schools of the mission.

In truly apostolic order, the indigenous church extends its borders and proclaims the “Good News” abroad.

This advance upon one of heathenism’s last strongholds calls for many prayerful helpers at home. There is every sign that the miracles already witnessed in Papua are to extend to this wider field, with many resultant blessings. These natives under mission leadership have had such training in industry and self-support that a rare ideal of voluntary service and economical administration has been realized.

CHARLES W. ABEL.

### Until the Day Dawn

We walked together for a little while,
Until we reached the parting of the ways;
Then my beloved heard the Master’s call
To nobler service and to sweeter praise.

With happy mem’ries of the one I loved
Springing around my path like summer flowers,
Onward I press, while God’s bright promises
Comfort my heart in sorrow’s lonely hours.

He giveth faith to make my weakness strong,
And hope to shine above my pilgrim way,
And love—the love of God—to fill my heart:
With these I journey till the break of day.

So I endure: and soon shall come the Morn
When in the Father’s House we meet again;
Then standing in the presence of the King,
We shall forget the parting and the pain.

ARTHUR E. ABEL.

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KWATO DISTRICT

SHOWING OUT-STATIONS OF THE MISSION

MILNE BAY