

Pioneering on Bougainville.

The Rev. A. H. Cropp writes:—We have been all round Bougainville and Buka, and have finally decided to settle at Petats. It is a beautiful little island, and although there are not too many people on it, yet it makes an excellent centre for the north and west of Bougainville. There are thousands of people on the western slopes of the mountains of Bougainville, and even more on the smaller island of Buka. We have obtained one of the best anchorages in Bougainville.

Another island which took my eye was Tiop, on the north-east of Bougainville. Tiop has, I believe, the largest village in Bougainville.

It has also an excellent harbour. There are 65 houses in one part of the village and about a dozen in another part close by. A very large coral reef near by affords splendid fishing for the natives, who seemed to be more indolent than those of other parts. Unfortunately, it is not a centre, as there are but few villages round about. They want a teacher, and I may settle one of the Fijians there. It would make an ideal island home for a white missionary. The natives, like those of the other villages about here, have but little clothing. The men usually have a calico for a covering, and the women three or four strips of grass. They are fairly healthy, but horribly dirty.

A Fakir's Therapeutics

Miss Hull, of the Bagnan Medical Mission, India, describes, in the "Indian Witness," a Hindu Sadhu who had made his way to her town, measuring himself on the ground like an inch-worm, writhing and contorting as if a maniac. The whole road was blocked with the crowd. People were wiping dust from his feet and eating it, kissing his feet, rubbing and marking themselves with dust he gave them, or carrying away cakes of mud made by him from the dust of the public road.

"When I protested that the dust probably contained infection, the bazaar merchants rose up against me."

Meanwhile the fakir smoked hemp and blew the smoke in the faces of the crowd. Questioned as to his curative powers, he answered:

"I do not say that I can cure disease. I can't. But the people come and demand something, so I give them some dust."

China's Present Need.

The Hon. Joseph Buffington, Senior United States Circuit Judge, who has recently returned from a six months' visit to China, says in answer to questions as to the value of Confucianism as a moral force:—

The Confucianism of China, of which I have been a deep admirer, has failed to build up the one thing that is vital to China to-day, and that is a trusted Chinese officialdom. Some men in official life have ideals of service and integrity, and are of a personal character all they should be; but I found everywhere a widespread mistrust in China of their officials, highest and lowest—a disbelief in their honesty

—and this conviction is so widespread that one cannot but believe it has foundation. Coupled with their disbelief in the fruitage of ages of Confucianism, I found a deep-seated trust in the fruitage of character-building which a few decades of Christian school, college, university, and church had produced in Christian-trained Chinese. Coupled with this confidence in such men, I found in the thoughtful Chinese mind the belief that there must be for China some help from outside herself and her old-time beliefs, and that nothing but Christianity and the character based on Christian teaching and Christian environment was the thing that would answer China's need.

The Open Door

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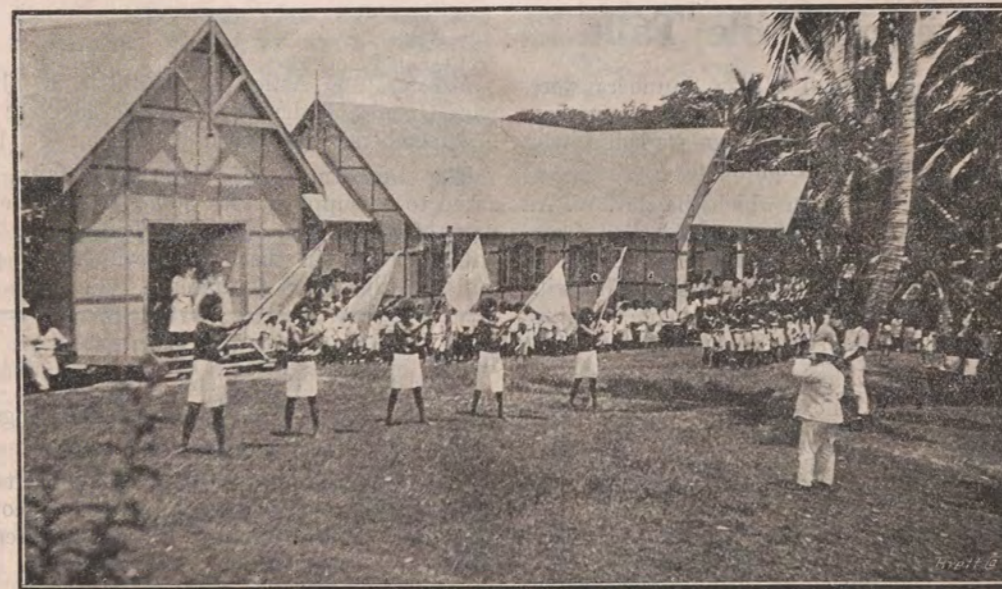
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Editorial Notes.

Our First Year.

The financial statement presented to Conference shows a very considerable deficiency on our first year of missionary responsibility for the Solomon Islands District. The deficiency is due to decreased income in New Zealand owing to severe financial stringency, and to decreased income from the Mission District because of the

slump in the price of copra, which limited the giving power of the natives and reduced very considerably the returns from the mission plantations. The Conference rightly refused to take a pessimistic view of the position, believing that the present year will show greatly increased income from both the home churches and the Mission District. The financial outlook is much brighter in the Dominion, and the copra



MORSE SIGNALLING.

At the Opening of the New School Buildings, Kokegolo, Solomon Islands.

market is slowly but steadily improving. But a very determined effort must be made by every Circuit to increase its returns. Another big deficiency this year will spell disaster. We have, however, sufficient faith in the generosity and missionary spirit of the Methodist people of New Zealand to be assured that the missionary income for 1923 will constitute a record. Arrangements are being made for an appeal to every member of the Church, and if the sixty per cent. and more of our members who do not now give a direct subscription will but respond to the appeal, there will be an overflowing treasury, and there will be no interruption of the aggressive work which is being undertaken for the evangelisation of the people in the heathen parts of the Solomons.

Medical Missions.

From the inception of the Mission, ministering to the bodily needs of the natives has been given an important place in the work of the missionaries and missionary sisters of the Solomon Islands. The pioneer missionaries broke down the prejudice and opposition, and gained an entrance to the hearts of the natives through their ministry of healing. The Board of Missions is placing in the forefront of its programme the development and extension of medical mission work. Nurses Berry, and

Missionary Table Talk.

Nurse Common and Nurse Saunders were booked to leave Sydney for the Solomons on April 11th. Farewell meetings are being held in various parts of the Dominion.

The s.s. "Mindini," on which the Rev. W. A. Sinclair and Mr. J. W. Court travelled from Sydney to the Solomon Islands, has become a total wreck off the Queensland coast. This will probably mean further dislocation of shipping between Australia and the Solomons.

The Rev. J. R. Metcalfe, of Bambatana, on the island of Choiseul, is expected to arrive in New Zealand about the beginning of May to undertake deputation work in the North Island. His marriage to Sister Ivy Stanford will take place in April.

The Rev. A. A. Bensley is due for furlough in 1924. The Rev. J. F. Goldie is also due for furlough next year, and it is expected that he will be the deputation for the South Island that year.

McMillan are already at work on the field. Nurses Common and Saunders are due to leave for their chosen field of labour next month. Nurse Common is a trained Plunket nurse, and Nurse Saunders a certificated hospital nurse. Miss Trott, a fully qualified Plunket nurse, has entered the Deaconess House for further training, preparatory to commencing work on the Mission field next year. Several other nurses are under offer to go. Mr. E. T. Sayers, a medical student, who has completed three years of training in the Dunedin School of Medicine, has been definitely accepted for medical work in the Solomons on the completion of his course. Native-built hospitals have already been erected, but something more will be needed when there is a medical man on the field. The Women's Missionary Union is looking forward to the day when an "Helena Goldie Hospital" will be established, which will ever stand as a memorial of the grateful and devoted work of that brave woman, Mrs. Goldie. We feel sure that such a programme will appeal to all friends of Missions, and will secure their heartiest support. It has been well said: "God had an only Son and He sent Him to this earth to be a medical missionary." His was a ministry of healing.

"It is the way the Master went,
Should not the Servant tread it still."

Messrs. J. E. Astley, A. J. Buttle, F. Shepard Green and the Rev. A. Liversedge are the new members of the Board of Missions for 1923.

The Department of External Affairs has asked to be supplied with 300 copies of the report of the Commission on Indentured and Other Labour in the Pacific which was presented to the recent Conference.

THE OPEN DOOR.

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Mount Albert,
Auckland.

Bela Bangara, the One-eyed God-maker of Roviana.

By Rev. J. F. GOLDIE.

A timid knock at the study door.

"Come in," the Missionary called, without looking up from his work. He did not want to be disturbed, as he was just settling down for an hour at translation work.

It was seven o'clock on Monday morning. The busy life of the head Mission station had begun an hour earlier. First "Lotu," or morning prayers, which all on the Mission station attended; then work—work on the plantation, work on the boats, and in the carpenters' shop, preparation for school, which would assemble a couple of hours later, and a hundred and one things which called for his personal attention.

Again the knock at the study door, and in answer to the second invitation to "come in" someone fumbled at the door-knob. It was evident to the missionary that some native unaccustomed to doors of any kind, some one from a distance, probably, was seeking him. However, the door responded to treatment, and he turned to meet the visitor as it opened.

It was Bela Bangara, the one-eyed god-maker of Roviana, and whose home was a village about ten miles away. His trade had been a very profitable one, for he was a wonderful carver, and had carved most of the idols which the people worshipped. Like one of old, he had found lately that his craft was in danger because of the spread of the religion of Christ, and so he had bitterly opposed the work of the Methodist Mission.

Now, however, as he stood before the missionary, the crafty, cruel, old idol-maker seemed changed. The shifty look, and hideous grin of the old savage, had gone, and a tender, soft expression illuminated his face—that look of radiant peace which only the touch of the great Healer can call forth.

The missionary saw, and understood. A great joy filled his heart, and as they stood face to face, the soul of the servant of God went out to meet the soul of the savage with a perfect sympathy. Taking his hand, he said, "Thank God, Bela Bangara."

"Yes, thank God, sir."

"Sit down and tell me all about it."

The old man sat down on the floor of the study. "It was yesterday," he said. "I lis-

tened to the preaching of Samuela Aqarau. He told us about the blind man who sat begging by the wayside, and of the Saviour passing by. Sir, I am that blind beggar. It was I who cried out that the eyes of my heart might be opened. I went back to my house, and on my mat I lay thinking of what I had just heard. My little boy came into the house, and, throwing himself on his mat, began to read some words from the Holy Book which you had just translated into our language:

"Their gods are . . . the work of man's hands. They have mouths but they speak not, eyes have they but they see not: they have ears but they hear not: noses have they but they smell not: they have hands, but they handle not."

"I thought of my own gods. As I lay with my eyes shut, the idols made by my own hands seemed to pass one by one before me—Mungeri, the fising god Lingomo, the fighting god, and so on—blind, and deaf, and dumb."

"Sir," he continued, "understanding came to me then: the ears which I, myself, had fashioned were deaf to my cry; the lips which my own hands had made were dumb—they could not frame an answer to my prayer: they had hands, but were impotent to help me. I listened as my boy read on:

"They that make them are like unto them: so is everyone that trusteth in them."

"Yes, sir," he went on, "like unto them—blind, deaf, dumb, helpless. Oh, sir, a great longing filled my soul. A cry went up from me to the Christ, as He, too, seemed to be passing by, 'Lord, that I might receive my sight.'

"My boy turned over the page and read again, and as he read it seemed as if a voice was speaking to me, 'The Lord is my Light and Salvation . . . The Lord is the Strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid.'

"My thirsty heart drank in every word, sir. 'Oh, Lord,' I cried, 'be my light—touch the eyes of my blind heart, and give me sight.'

"I must have spoken aloud, for the lad, putting aside his book, knelt, and joined his prayers to mine, and as I prayed it seemed as if a covering fell from my eyes. I saw and understood, and a great peace filled my heart. I said, 'Let us rise early in the morning, and go to the Mission, and ask Mr. Goldie about this.' Sir, I have made and served other gods,

I have bitterly opposed His work, I have been a very bad man—the very worst. Can Christ save me? Tell me, can He save Bela Bangara?"

Together the old idol-maker and the missionary knelt in the quiet of the study, and He, who alone can change the hearts and transform the lives of these savages, came into the heart of old Bela Bangara, the idol-maker of Roviana,

Pioneering in the Wilds of Bougainville.

By Rev. A. H. CROPP.

Since last writing we have spent a week in the hills of Bougainville. We had glorious weather for the trip around to Siwai, on the west side of Bougainville, and were able to effect a landing in our canoe without even a wetting. We walked the five miles inland to Harinai, and made it our headquarters for the week. Later our two teachers and several of the villagers took us about 15 miles inland, away up on the side of the mountain. Here the population is not nearly so thick as on the broad belt of flat land about six or seven miles from the coast. For a tropical climate, the climbing was a little hard, but the freshness of the atmosphere was quite a change after the hot lowlands. We found a bunch of four villages, and stayed in the cook-house of one of them for the night, this cook-house being a kind of central meeting-house for all villages. The air at even was that keen that our boys sat around a fire all night, and I found little comfort even under a blanket. The morning found us all properly smoked and cured. After lotu, a pig which had been killed in our honour was divided up amongst the folk, and then we had a conference. All the natives of the hills were naked; nearly all were chewing betel-nut, and most of them had a skin disease known here as "bakua," and every now and then one would indulge in extensive scratching. The scene was unique, and a camera would have produced a good picture. We asked them if they desired a teacher and wanted their children to go to school and learn of the lotu? They replied that for a long time they had wanted a teacher like the villages near the coast, and the two teachers which Mr. Goldie had placed in Siwai were always welcome whenever they went up into the hills. We pro-

ana, that day, assuring him of pardon, giving him light and understanding, and filling his soul with joy and peace.

As they rose from their knees, and took each other's hand to say good-bye, the old man said, "I am sorry to interrupt you in your work, sir."

"God send me many such interruptions, Bela Bangara," was the reply.

mised to send their plea on to Synod. Then started the descent to the lower land. We were accompanied by about a dozen of these naked savages for five or six miles, all of them carrying spears, bows and arrows, or an axe. Our administration had occasion to send an armed native force into this district and they burnt down several villages, and for a white man now to go amongst them without credentials and a couple of natives who are known would be disastrous. Only yesterday the patrol officer at Buin informed us that he had been attacked, and in defence they had killed several natives. But, thanks to the efforts of our Chairman in putting teachers in at Siwai, we missionaries can go about with but little fear of molestation. So far the only interference which we have had from the natives themselves was the burning down of a little native shed which my boys had put up in Tomolei harbour (an uninhabited part of Buin) for cooking purposes, by a hostile Buin chief. This man died of sunstroke a week later, and the natives of an island near by have it that the Methodist Mission must be a very strong concern, when it can kill off in a week's time anyone who interferes with it.

We had a good trip down to Roviana, and, thanks to Mr. Chivers, who did wonders with our engine, we had a better trip back.

After picking up our stuff at Mono and taking a Fijian teacher aboard, we set off for Bougainville. The sea was wonderfully calm, and we had an excellent trip. We went around to Siwai, but a squall coming up from the S.W. we were unable to land in our little canoe. Fortunately a trader came along a little later, and as the sea was too high for him to load copra, we had a loan of his surf boat, and, after three capsize and getting everything wet, we managed to

get safely ashore. The "Saga" then returned to Tomolei Harbour, as the Siwai coast is unsafe at this time, and we tramped off inland to Harinai.

The next three days were occupied in walking to Buin, which is 40 miles away. The paths were in excellent condition and the rivers fordable.

We boarded the "Saga" and started off

for Kieta. Arriving there, we found a letter awaiting us informing us that the island of Petatz was marked in the land book as appropriation property, and we could not make a mission station there. The Petatz people are in tears, and say that they never sold their property, and that it is all a mistake. The officials are callous to the appeals of the natives.

For Those Who Stay at Home.

By F. SHEPPARD GREEN.

Yes—the Stay-at-Homes! The people who count. There never was a time when they were more important to the Foreign Missionary than they are to-day. In those closing days of January, when we turned from our review of the chequered record of 1922 to map out our missionary programme for 1923, it was the Stay-at-Homes who counted.

There were four factors in the problem. The people in the dark—those who (knowingly or unconsciously) wait for the dawning of a day of better things. The Missionaries, who have gone to give them the light. Those of us who have the light (the Stay-at-Homes). And around and above all GOD, Who is Light, and gave His only Son that all might see the Light.

Given those four factors—what then? What was the outlook? As we reviewed the past year we remembered that insistent appeal for a seven per cent. increase. We remembered that as a Connexion we had pledged ourselves to stand by the Solomons; that pledge had been confirmed in Conference, repeated on many platforms to Mr. Goldie and Boaz Sunga and Isaia Zomoro, who in turn had joyfully reported it to their people; the Islanders had looked to us to keep it, and we (the Stay-at-Homes)—we had responded to an appeal for £13,500 with a contribution of only £11,278. Our first year had closed in debt.

True, many circuits had reached the goal. The splendidly organised every-member canvass in Avondale and Auckland East showed what could be done; with a wonderful swing Palmerston North (Cuba Street) had come into its own; Feilding and Levin had eclipsed past triumphs; Marton and Thorndon, Hutt and many others had realised the thrill of progress. Very few South Island efforts had been completed, but one Christchurch Circuit, having failed to reach even last year's figure of £302,

had thrown its energies into a missionary garden party (with a really missionary programme), and brought its total to £326. That seven-per-cent. was possible, even though in 98 Circuits out of 126 they prevailed who said it could not be done.

So much for the retrospect; what of the outlook? Remember those four factors. GOD, the all-abiding, never fails. The Islanders (whether they know it or not) are waiting, and those who do know are trusting to us who stay at home. The Missionaries are doing their part up to the very limit of their resources. It is for us, the Stay-at-Homes, to set the pace; either to say: "Go forward, in God's Name, for we will do our part," or to stay our hand, and break our pledge, and disappoint those who depend upon us.

That is it—depending on us. To carry on this year's work the Solomon Islands Synod asked the Mission Board to authorise an expenditure of £15,793. That included the appointment of an additional Missionary, sorely needed on Bougainville, and of two young Maori ministers who have volunteered for the work. What did the Board reply? Listen to this first.

"We saw there was a gold mine in India," said Andrew Fuller in 1793, after hearing the stirring words of John Thomas, who had been pleading for India, "but it seemed almost as deep as the centre of the earth. 'Who will venture to go explore it?' we asked."

"I will go down," responded William Carey, "but remember that you must hold the ropes."

That is the part of the Stay-at-Homes—to hold the ropes. The Missionary's rate of progress, humanly speaking, is directly dependent on our rate of support. So the Board dared not sanction all that was asked. "Give us £15,793," they said. "No, only £13,000," was the reply. The extra Missionary was de-

clared impossible, economies must be effected. opportunities rejected, and efficiency jeopardised, because we hold the ropes, and we hold them—oh! so tightly. They depend upon us.

It comes to us as the Challenge of a great task: "The Solomons for Christ!" Does it not thrill us that in New Zealand Methodism to-day there is ringing out this bugle-call of God? The great, outstanding need now, as always, is for personal service, sacrificial service that shall find expression in the consecration of life itself as well as in the consecration of wealth. Is the history of Methodist missionary effort that spirit appears in its very first inception. In all the Conferences of Methodism there can have been few greater moments than that in which Dr. Coke, after a full night spent in prayer, offered to the Conference the whole of

Christ and the Outcastes of India.

When I went to Travancore in 1877 slavery had been abolished, at the instance of the British Government, and it was no longer legal to buy and sell these people, though it was actually done; but they were not allowed to use the public roads or enter a market, and there was scarcely a law-court in the country to which they were admitted. Generally they had to stand from 60 to 200 yards away from the court, whether as plaintiff, defendant, or witness, and police stood in between to shout the magistrate's questions and repeat their replies. Even while passing along the jungle-paths they had to cry out continually to let high-caste travellers know that they were coming, and if warned they had to retreat into the jungle or move for thirty or forty yards. They had to live away from other houses, to call themselves slaves, their children calves, their houses dunghills. I have seen the blood pouring from great wounds inflicted because they did not move quickly enough or not far enough away. Hopeless, degraded socially and spiritually, loathed, treated worse than dogs, we wonder that they had sunk almost to a level with the beasts, filthy in habit, utterly ignorant, some almost bestial? But the Gospel of Christ has come to these people with a wonderful power. Christ receives, raises, blesses them, In nothing is it made more manifest that

his substantial fortune if Conference would only authorise the Missionary work on which his heart was set. Such was the beginning of Methodist Missionary enterprise. Within eight years that work had touched New Zealand, and now—one hundred years later—we are pledged, as the crowning honour of our Centenary celebration, to carry on the glorious tradition in our own chosen Mission Field.

"The Solomons for Christ!" Are we equal to the task? Can we carry it through? We can do it if we will, but *it depends upon us who Stay at Home.* Having said "We will stand by you," we have to face the task, for the next move is ours. The work must be held up and the Missionaries forced to retreat, unless by our gifts and service and prayer we say: "Hold the Line!"

the Gospel comes from the God who made all men, and cares for all whom He has made, than in its teaching that the poorest and lowest are dear to Him, and can be saved and raised and made sons of God and heirs of everlasting life. It is true to-day as in the days of the Psalmist: "He taketh the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy from the dunghill, that He may set him with the princes, even the princes, of His people."—Rev. A. F. Painter, formerly of Travancore.

Unconscious Christianity.

SOME TEACHINGS BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE, THE BENGALI POET.

Why did the lamp go out?

I shaded it with my cloak to save it from the wind.

That is why the lamp went out.

Why did the flower fade?

I pressed it to my heart with anxious love.

That is why the flower faded.

Why did the stream dry up?

I put a dam across it to have it for my use.

That is why the stream dried up.

Why did the harp-string break?

I tried to force a note that was beyond its power.

That is why the harp-string is broken.

(From "The Gardener," by Tagore).

The Minister and the Child.

"As Big as a Church."

In 1856 a slim and delicate-looking lad used to attend the church of the Rev. Gilbert Meikle at Glengarry, Scotland. His parents were thorough-going Christians of the old-time Scottish Presbyterian sort. "Blow high, blow low, rain or snow," his father would go to church, and this small boy would go with him. One day in Sunday school, after the lesson was finished, Mr. Meikle read from the "United Presbyterian Record" an interesting letter from a missionary in Fiji, which spoke of cannibalism and the power of the Gospel. At the close of the meeting, Mr. Meikle said: "I wonder if there is a boy here this afternoon who will yet become a missionary, and by and by bring the Gospel to cannibals."

A boy was there, and upon hearing the pastor's words, he said in his heart, "Yes, God helping me, I will." The impression that God was calling him grew so strong in this lad's heart that, on the way home, he climbed over a wall, and, kneeling down, prayed God to accept him and make him a missionary to the heathen. That boy was none other than James Chalmers who went to New Guinea, and became one of the most successful and famous missionaries of modern times, and who sealed his consecration by a martyr's death. Chalmers was the missionary who became so intimate with Robert Louis Stevenson, and who exerted such a wonderful influence upon the life of the brilliant novelist during his sojourn in the South Seas. For this rugged missionary, Stevenson came to feel a kind of hero worship. He stated once that he had a greater admiration for Chalmers than any man of modern times, except possibly Charles Gordon. His characterisation of him was, "He is as big as a church." He used to call him by the pet native name of Tamate, and one time he wrote to his friend: "Oh, Tamate, if I had known you earlier, how different my life would have been!"

Preachers, take notice! It pays to read the stories in missionary magazines, and to tell the children of your church about them. If in all his ministry Mr. Meikle had accomplished nothing else but to turn James Chalmers toward missionary service, would we not all consider that his ministry had been a great success?

A Father Who Faced His Duty.

The calling of John Coleridge Patteson is a most beautiful incident. Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, had made an address in the church which deeply impressed this eager, serious and pure-minded boy. Later, when in the house, the Bishop said to his mother, half in earnest, half in playfulness, "Lady Patteson, will you give me Coley?" The boy never forgot that remark. Thirteen years afterwards, when his education was complete, and the Bishop came back for the gift he had asked, young Patteson was ready to go. It was a terrible blow to his father; but Sir John faced it like a true man and a devoted Christian, remarking: "But there, what right have I to stand in his way? How do I know that I may live another year?" And then he remarked, "For, mind I give him wholly, not with any thought of seeing him again. I will not have him think he must come home again to see me."

A Tourist's Testimony.

Seeing for Himself.

Franklin H. Chase, who writes frequently for the Syracuse "Journal," made a tour of the Orient some time ago, and came back much impressed by what he saw of missionaries and their work. Among his comments, quoted in the "Continent," are the following:—

"When I went to Korea and China, I had the opinion of many others that missionary efforts, like charity, should begin at home. Then, too, I thought that messing up with another fellow's religion wasn't good religion on my part. But I have completely changed my mind, at least when it comes to China and Korea.

"When you go into a Korean or Chinese village and find the missionaries teaching the natives how to live, how to correct their horrible sanitary conditions, giving medicine to the sick, teaching the children things that will make their lives happier and more prosperous, and making those places safer to live in—you just take off your hat to those hard-working missionaries and thank God that there are men and women in the world willing to give their lives for such a task."

Twenty Years Ago. The Beginnings of the Solomon Islands Mission. By Mrs. J. F. GOLDIE

How I wish you could see the wonderful passage which led into our lagoon twenty years ago, before the white man planted his coconut areas, and ruthlessly demolished the extraordinary beauty of both sides of that channel. Surely there was no more beautiful spot on earth than that narrow, bottomless pass, with its sheer multi-coloured coral sides, which appeared sculptured by a master hand. Its trees met overhead, and were ablaze with colour—crotons, orchids, and bird-life; while flowers festooned the undergrowth. The steamer "Titus" almost touched the sides as she slowly wound her way through those miles of ravishing beauty.

The captain invited me on to the bridge, the better to see the beauty of the passage; but I remembered that "discretion was the better part of valour, and stayed where I was. Only the day before he had told me of two men and a baby organ who went on to the bridge the trip before, and who, becoming alarmed at the narrowness of the passage, prayed the captain to prepare his soul for eternity. Captain was madly incensed, and sprang at them and—but I won't shock you with the details—it was the baby organ's last chord.

The "Titus" anchored off the beautiful island of Nusa Lavata, sheltered by high volcanic Rendova, and with New Georgia just over the way with its new mission house somewhere in the heart of the bush. Imagine the bluest sea you ever saw, and the sky all purple and gold, and gem-like islands everywhere, and you will see Roviana as it was when we anchored.

Presently the captain pointed out the Mission whaleboat in the distance. How I wish you could have shared my pride in that first boat's crew! It was composed of magnificent specimens of manhood from Fiji and Samoa, almost without exception over 6 feet in height, and all dressed in stiff white shirts and white loin cloths, and with something shining in their eyes which fascinated the white girl and filled her with confidence.

When leaving the "Titus" this thoughtless person invited her two fellow passengers to dine on shore. You should have

seen poor Ray Rooney's face! He knew that there was only one small tin of cheap boiled mutton on shore. Have you ever tasted tinned boiled mutton? (not Hel-laby's). "Dog," we call it. The only other food was a tin of carrots. I suggested making some sauce for the latter, but there again I was met with a bewildered look, and

"Make sauce, what with?"

So our only sauce was laughter and apology, and the visitors were glad to return even to the "Titus" to get something to eat.

A few days before this had been Ray Rooney's birthday, and he had gone out shooting pigeons to make soup for his own feast. He prepared the birds and took a lot of trouble fixing up that soup; and he assured me it smelt deliciously appetizing. At night the Chairman and the carpenter returned from a log-cutting expedition, tired and hungry, after slaving in the bush all day with the teachers, and sat down on the boxes they were using for seats, and waited for this aggravating smell to eventuate in something more satisfying. Mr. Rooney, who was given the more easier work of preparing the feast because it was his birthday, called to the head boy to "Bring in the soup." He called to the second cook, "Paleke mai na supu," and he passed the order on to the third cook, who came running in with something. They drew in their seats and prepared to enjoy the feast, but alas! He had thrown away the soup and brought in the bones. Poor men, and poor wasted soup!

The Mission house on the mainland was almost finished right in the heart of the virgin forest. Very little light penetrated through that dense undergrowth, and mighty trees which had stood for generations. The men found, as they cleared a space round the house, all sorts of gruesome objects, for this piece of waste land, which is now a coconut plantation and a thing of beauty, was the dumping-ground for all the dead bodies in the district. We were not very surprised to find the fever and many worse tropical troubles unusually severe and virulent, for the soil was eminently suitable for the cultivation of disease

germs. How we survived those first years puzzles me. "One step" was certainly enough in those days.

The first services were rather weird. A favourite hymn was "O for a thousand tongues." We would sing it altogether—Fijians in their tongue, Samoans in theirs, and we in ours. I often wondered what would happen if our wish for a thousand tongues were granted. The whole congregation, excepting the teachers, were armed. In fact, it was many years before any natives would walk even through the Mission station without their axes and spears

and my hair would really stand on end. I developed a deep affection for Risivate, and a profound admiration for his life of love, but also a very one-sided religion because of these sermons. I had a burning desire to blot out all this talk of judgment and eternal damnation, and give our people a gospel of love: for it seemed to me they surely suffered enough torture here and now.

"Risivate" one of the greatest friends of my life, was one of the first to make the supreme sacrifice for our people. Feeling that something was wrong, I went out into the night, and found him staggering across



THE CANOE RACE.

and shields. Very often, when returning home in the evening, I would meet

numbers of armed men

taking a short cut through our head station. I would command them to put down their weapons or go right round the beach. Not that I cared much about their weapons of defence, but to me it was unseemly to make a thoroughfare of a place which stood for peace and love, carrying weapons of warfare.

Our first teachers were beautiful characters, especially Risivate, the most lovable of men; but he invariably preached a detailed sermon on Hell, and with not one horror left out. The other Fijians would shiver,

the hill. I tried to support him as he fell, but he was big, and I was a skeleton in those days. He passed out with shining face, trying to sing "Precious Name, O how sweet." Richard's influence is still with us. He is only one of many who gave gladly all they had to give.

(To be continued.)

The spirit of missions is the spirit of our Master; the very genius of His religion. A diffuse philanthropy is Christianity itself. It requires perpetual propagation to attest its genuineness.—David Livingstone.

Christmas at Bilua.

By Mrs. A. A. BENSLEY.

Christmas festivities at Bilua commenced on Saturday evening, the 23rd December, with a display of fireworks. The boys and girls began the fun after evening lotu. Various exclamations greeted the shooting of rockets, etc., from a post in the backyard, and the groups of boys were often scattered with yells, when some mischievous girl threw a cracker into their midst from the vantage ground of the verandah. The cracker skirmishes and the shouting and laughter combined to make plenty of noise. The Tongan teachers, clothed in dignity, took up their position on a seat outside the fray, and looked on. This could not be countenanced, and several attempts were made to draw them into the fun by the throwing of crackers amongst them. All in vain! They simply brushed away the ashes and examined their clothing to see if it had sustained any damage, and continued to watch. After about an hour of hilarity the boys and girls drifted off to their houses, and silence reigned.

Sunday was a great day, enjoyed by every one. For some days previous the teachers and their people had been arriving at the station until, on the Sunday, it was considered that about 600 people had assembled. Early morning lotu was held in the church, which was crowded. The large church could not contain all who assembled for the 11 o'clock service. There was an air of suppressed excitement everywhere, and the sight of the bright faces of the people, and a realisation, in part, of the transformation that had been wrought in their lives, filled us with a great gratitude to the Father of us all, and we earnestly prayed that we might more worthily continue the work so well begun. The singing was splendid. For weeks previous our Vonunu boys and girls had been practicing Christmas hymns, "Ring, ring the bells" (old S.S. hymn book), "Thou didst leave Thy throne," etc. The girls had learned the duet, "Somebody came and lifted me" (Alexander), and all had learned to chant the Lord's Prayer. These were all sung in English very sweetly and tunefully, to the surprise of the visitors and the gratification of ourselves. The Tongan teachers are very keen on singing, and are constantly teaching

the people new hymns. They visit the other stations near by, and help the other teachers in this way. The feeling of competition between Vonunu and the out-stations thus aroused is good for all, and the mutual surprise and admiration at new productions proves the existence of friendly relationships. The afternoon gathering took the form of a song service, each station rendering a hymn. Evening lotu was conducted as usual about 7.30, and soon after the white folk retired to bed the carol singers, who had been watching for "lights out," took up their station in front of the mission house and began their sweet singing. Old familiar hymns, "Ring the bells of heaven," "Christians, awake," "O come, all ye faithful," etc., instantly brought near again former Christmas seasons at home, the remembrance of "old friends, old scenes." When one choir had completed its programme and had gone up to the Sister's house to reepat it, another took up the running at the Mission house, which in turn did likewise. As the two houses are close together, both enjoyed four programmes. The choirs were led by the two Tongan teachers, and they were given parcels of sweets to divide among their singers. The sound of native singing stealing through open windows and doors on the soft, tropical night air, is an experience to be coveted.

During the afternoon service several babies were baptized, amongst them being the infant, Daniel Bula, son of the late faithful right-hand of the missionary. It sobered all present to see the young girl-widow, standing alone with her wee son, presenting him to the Christ on His birthday, and I think everyone felt a sadness steal into the heart as they thought of the father who did not live to see his son. I am sure all prayed that the son would follow in the footsteps of the father, and when the time shall have come, that he, too, will enter into the Master's service, with consecrated powers.

Christmas Day service was held at seven o'clock in the church, which, by the way, had been very daintily and artistically decorated by the Vonunu youths and maidens for the festive season. Their decorative ability is surprisingly excellent.

The service was bright and helpful, the singing, as on the previous day, being sweet and tuneful. Several of the teachers rose from their lowly seats on the floor and spoke of the joy they experienced in their present lives, attributing it to the coming of the Child Jesus. Such times as these make us realise how much has been done, and as we see their shining faces and dark glowing eyes, as we hear their earnest words, we are ashamed that we at times feel discouraged. We resolve to try to unfold to them more and yet more of the love that was revealed to men so long ago at the birth of a little Child.

This service was followed by a long morning of games and fun and laughter, canoe and swimming races. These were entered into heartily, and when they were over, there still being plenty of energy, the boys started a man hunt. One would mention the name of some man who had not been in the water, and with a hue and a cry a number would rush off, presently returning and carrying the victim, who was then unceremoniously emptied into the sea. The look of agonised expectancy on the faces of some was very laughable, but each one came up smiling, and no ill-will was felt. No one escaped, no matter what the hiding place.

A Hindu on Christianity.

Mr. G. M. Thenge, at the public meeting held in the Hall of the Wilson College, Bombay, in memory of Pandita Ramabai, is reported to have said: "We Indians ought to be very grateful to that great lady for administering relief to our own girls and women, providing for them happiness and comfort all along. But for her, what would have become of these poor and helpless creatures—our own kith and kin, so to say? We left them to die, and they were saved by Christian charity and love, and yet the Christian missionary, instead of being thanked, comes in for a share of blame. Is it not strange? Our own kith and kin, whom we have wilfully discarded and neglected, are as safe, or perhaps more safe, under that religion than our own! What a debt of gratitude we owe to Christian love and charity! Our untouchables become quite touchables to us and enjoy as good a social

Mr. Bensley was at to be thrown in. The teachers asked Rama's consent, which was readily obtained, and they unobtrusively formed a ring round him, and while one lifted his hat off the rest spilled him over the end of the wharf, jumping in with him. Sister was also immersed. The opening of their ovens had a sobering effect, and no one seemed so hilarious after the large "eat." Some ventured on the greasy pole, shrieks of laughter greeting the inevitable plunge. The high diving stand was well patronised, but the majority were content to squat about the beach, being entertained by a group of Choiseul boys, who were playing their reed instruments and dancing. This music at first sounds very weird, but not unpleasing. It grows monotonous, as there is no change in the programme, and they keep going for hours.

Lotu at about 7.30, with more singing, followed by a picture show, thoroughly enjoyed by the visitors, who seldom see such wonders, brought our happy Christmas Day to a close. Early next day the people began their return home, and before long the station had resumed the even tenor of its way, and Christmas, 1922, was added to our store of happy memories.

position as our own as soon as they become Christians! What a magic wand Christianity is! The spread of education in this country would never have been so rapid, so general, so cheap, but for the extraordinary help rendered by the Christian missionary.—Wesleyan Mission Fields.



NURSE COMMON

Travelling to Synod in the Western Solomons. Wanted, a Motor Launch.

By Rev. TOM DENT.

There are two ways by which Roviana can be reached from my Mission station, at Patutiva, in the Marovo Lagoon. One way, by the open sea a good portion of the way, a distance of 60 miles; and the other, through Lagoon waters, but entailing also a tramp of eight or nine miles across a narrow portion of New Georgia, a distance altogether of over 90 miles.

As my only means of travelling at present is by canoe, and as, too, there had been several weeks of rough, stormy, wet weather previous to the day of our starting for Synod, the "boys" felt it was too big a responsibility to take me in a small canoe by the open sea route! So the alternative route it had to be.

On Monday morning, at 7.30, on November 13th, myself and a crew of eleven boys pulled away from Patutiva.

It was a lovely morning, and as we journeyed we sang and talked and enjoyed life to the full. Several fine fish were tempted on to our fishing line, and at noon we pulled into the bay of a little uninhabited island and had lunch. It reminded me of the Forest of Arden, as I sat and picnicked there.

Soon we re-started, but had not gone far before we ran into a thunderstorm, and, despite the awning rigged up for my shelter, I got a fair soaking from the rain and the roughened sea.

However, by dusk we reached Ramada 45 miles from Patutiva, where lives Isaiah Zomoro, who was companion to Boaz Suna, when they and Mr. Goldie visited New Zealand.

Here I stayed the night, and Isaiah and his wife made me as comfortable as they always do when I visit them.

We were off again just after lotu next morning, and for a couple of hours continued our way up the Lagoon. It narrows considerably, and in places was just deep enough to allow the canoe to float over, whilst in other places

overhanging bush

had to be cut away before we could proceed, and several times the boys had to manoeuvre the high-pointed vessel under

huge tree trunks that had fallen from bank to bank.

The foliage was delightful: trees of all kinds and sizes: birds not a few: and insects in plenty and of great variety.

Occasionally we passed another canoe-load, and one such we heard approaching for quite a time before they appeared in sight, for they were singing "There shall be showers of blessing" in English. It sounded very strange yet very beautiful.

By-and-bye we pulled to the bank, disembarked, and unloaded the canoe; and then the boys built a stand and pulled the barque, placed it upside down on the stand, covered it with foliage, and there we left it until our return.

The next part of the journey was the tramp over the island. There was only a bush track, and each boy shouldering a portion of the baggage, in single file we pursued our way.

The way was rough and slippery with the undergrowth and heavy rains; whilst overhead the sky was often invisible, and

overhanging barriers

had to be removed time and again before our path was clear.

There were streams to be jumped and rivers to be forded, whilst before long we began to ascend the ridge of the island: a climb of anything from 1,000 to 1,500 feet.

It was almost perpendicular in places, and bush to the summit, so that by the time I reached the top I was in a bath of perspiration! As though this wasn't enough, we were then treated to a rare old thunderstorm: thunder, lightning, and torrents of rain, and we looked for all the world like drowned rats.

The tramp downhill was almost as bad as the uphill climb, but merrily as schoolboys we trudged on, wading the last half-mile knee-deep in water.

We reached the other side of the island, and whilst an advance guard had gone on to Seikeli for another canoe, the remaining members of the party made a shelter from the rain, built a fire, and cooked a meal, whilst I had a washing and drying day as well!

Our canoe arrived, and we all reached Seikeli about 6 p.m., where we stayed for the night.

Our Tongan teacher and his wife made me a very cosy bed on the floor: new mats, clean sheets and pillows, and a mosquito net withal.

I took lotu at 7 that evening, and again at 5 next morning.

Day broke with heavy rainstorms, but they cleared away by about 8 a.m., and a good wind blowing up, we decided to make use of an old cutter with a sail for the last stage of the journey—35 miles.

So away we started again. However, after an hour or so, the wind dropped and rain came on, and for four hours we were almost becalmed. We got

another good soaking,

and all pulled at the oars—though we did not make much headway—to keep away colds, etc.

Once more the rain ceased and a fair wind blew and carried us slowly to within eight miles of Kokegolo, when, with sundown, the wind again dropped. There was nothing for it but to take to the oars, and by short shifts and with right good wills, the remaining miles were soon covered, despite the blackness of the night and the reefs round about us in all directions.

Just before reaching Roviana we stopped for lotu, and to the music of the water we sang and prayed our evening prayer.

Eventually, all serene, though somewhat tired, a trifle damp, and much begrimed, we anchored safely at our destination.

A bath, a meal, a bed, and a good sleep kept away any ill-effects, and when morning came we were none of us any the worse for our three days' journey to Synod.

But a small launch for the Marovo District would be

very welcome,

and is, in fact, essential to the work. There are eight stations to be visited regularly, the farther ones entailing the use of a tomako, taking over 20 boys to pull it, whilst the mola takes 10 or 12. This means that whenever I make my visits quite a number of boys are away from Patutiva and their daily work, and this is unsettling to the village organisation. With a small launch only a couple of boys would be neces-

sary, there would be more protection from the changes of weather, and it could be used for sleeping in as well. Much more effective work could be done here if such a means of travelling were forthcoming.

One further plea I put forward. There is a fair amount of sickness here. Occasionally there are cases which require the trained nurse and the hospital, but to send a patient a two-days' journey in an open canoe is taking a big risk on his life, whilst to stay is only to face an alternative risk.

Will not someone come to our rescue?

Lord Reading's Message.

The influence of Christian education on the peoples of heathen lands has been attested by statesmen the world over. A short time ago, Lord Reading, Viceroy of India, gave Bishop Fred B. Fisher, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a message to the 500,000 Indian Methodists, in which he said: "Every administrator in India must acknowledge that the educational system of India was created and developed by the missionaries, that many of the reform movements in society and government were brought about by missionaries, that the human contacts of one race and colour with another race and colour, which are creating a new India, were the direct result of the preaching and practicing of the brotherhood of man by the missionaries."

The New Woman in Turkey.

The new freedom that is being claimed by Turkish women is described in an article in the "Association Monthly," entitled "Turkey in Terms of Girls." It is stated that "the modern, enlightened Turkish girl, who is beginning to assert her independence, if contemplating marriage, insists that she be the only wife." Again, that while the women in the interior of Turkey still go heavily veiled, "in Constantinople not only the young Turkish women, but the majority of their mothers, either throw back the face covering or wear none at all." They are finding a place in the business world: in offices, in stores, as translators for newspapers, interpreter in banks, and in governmental departments.

WOMEN'S PAGE

M.W.M.U.

Methodist Women's
Missionary Union of
New Zealand

President's Address.

Dear Auxiliary Women,

The Annual Meeting of the N.Z. Board of Missions was held in Auckland on January 24 and 25, and I have had the honour of representing our South Island Auxiliaries on it. I was asked to give a short report of the work of our Union, and at its conclusion Dr. Laws, our President, asked me to convey to you all the appreciation of the Mission Board for the work of our Women's Auxiliaries. This message I now pass on to you. We are very fortunate in having the full sympathy of our ministers, who do all in their power to help us. In England the Women's Auxiliaries have had long to fight to win the recognition which has been given to us so graciously and freely. Can it be that in New Zealand the men are more advanced and enlightened than in England?

At this year's Annual Meeting the time of the Board was much taken up in considering the big deficit in our income, both North and South Islands coming a good deal short of what they raised last year. This, with the shrinkage in the contribution from the Islands, due mostly to the low price of copra, made a grave shortage in the income, and caused much serious discussion of ways and means. We women must take this matter to heart, pray about it, and wherever we go do our best to increase the Missionary Spirit among old and young. This, of course, will be a slow process, and in the meantime our Sisters and Missionaries will have to go short of equipment for carrying on their work. This is a great pity, and much to be deplored.

Very shortly after the Conference in Dunedin, at which they will both be dedicated, Sister Elizabeth Common and Nurse Saunders will be leaving New Zealand to take up work in the Solomons. There will be farewell meetings held for them in various places, and all Auxiliaries are asked to take a keen interest in their welfare. Don't forget to add their names to your prayer list,

and remember them at the Sunday hour of prayer.

I hope you are all at work making garments for the boxes. You will note that in the last number of the "Open Door" Mr. Binet asked for loin-cloths for the men at Senga, as well as dresses for the women, and Sister May Barnett asks for large sizes in women's dresses.

Soon our new Box Department will be in full working order, and you will be notified where to send your parcels for shipment; in the meantime you could send some small ones (under 11lb. weight) direct by post.

Further information can be obtained from Mrs. Smethurst, 3 Ladies' Mile, Remuera, Auckland.

With cordial greetings to you all,

Yours in the good work,

MARY. E. BOWRON.

Mrs. Egglestone.

Seven Years President of Victoria, W.A.

Mrs. Egglestone, of Melbourne, a member of the Australian Board of Missions, has recently spent some months in New Zealand, and, wherever possible, has taken the opportunity of visiting our Auxiliaries and passing on greetings from our sisters in Victoria.

A granddaughter of Rev. N. Turner, one of our honoured pioneers of Methodism in this land, one is not surprised to find in her the same missionary enthusiasm that characterized his life.

For many years she has been one of the foremost workers in Victoria, holding the position of President of the Women's Auxiliary from 1914 to 1921.

She has made it her business to keep in touch with their Sisters on the Foreign Field, and her kind letters of sympathy and cheer have encouraged many of them. Realising something of the loneliness of these workers, having resigned the presidency, she journeyed to Fiji and spent some months visiting all the Sisters in that district, getting to know each one personally, and learning all the different departments of their work. She speaks most enthusi-

astically of their self-sacrificing and devoted work, and says: "We must never lose touch with them, and do all that is possible to prevent their feeling cut off from their Home-land."

Mission Tableaux.

Shown in the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall, Auckland.

In reviewing the many memorable gatherings in connection with the recent M.W.M.U. Conference, undoubtedly the one standing out as pre-eminently unique is the Mission Tableaux entertainment. The tableaux—nine in number—were taken from photographs, and were faithful portrayals of life in the Solomon Islands. Each was introduced and explained by the Rev. W. A. Sinclair.

The stage, with its wealth of luxuriant foliage, transported one in fancy to the tropical regions, while the amber-tinted electric lights gave just the desired effect of sunshine.

All taking part were Methodists, the "chief" in the first tableau being one of our Home Missionaries, while the others were in the main, members of our Bible Classes, with one or two theological students in addition.

Tableau 1 represented a typical Solomon Island chief arrayed in all the "war paint" of olden days, before the advent of the missionary. Bedecked with numerous ornaments—armlets, ear-pendants, the "bakia" suspended from the neck, and the beautiful tortoise-shell "dalah" on the forehead—our "chief" made a striking picture. In one hand he carried a native shield and axe, while in the other was a spear poised for throwing.

Mat-making, which formed the subject of the second tableau, showed a number of girls in various attitudes busily engaged, under the supervision of two Sisters, in splitting and plaiting the flax for the mats; while one or two finished articles proved the excellence of their work.

Tableau 3 represented the men bringing in food from the fields, the cocoanuts and vegetables being strung together and hung from either end of sticks carried across the shoulders.

Tableau 4 portrayed Woman, the burden-bearer; a poor miserable-looking creature returning after a hard day's work, and carrying vegetables, etc., in a kit swung

from her forehead, the weight being anything up to 70lbs. In one hand she bore an axe, emblem of her arduous toil. This sordid picture saddened us.

But in pleasant contrast came Tableau 5. Here a number of happy-looking, neatly dressed girls were busy with various kinds of needlework. Some were engaged in the more humdrum business of dress-making and machining, while others revelled in the delights of embroidery work, for which they show special aptitude.

Tableau 6, "Boys' Meal Time," and Tableau 7, "Girls' Meal Time," showed a somewhat curious difference in their manner of eating. For while the boys ate their meal of rice from large leaves, the girls sat round in a circle and dipped into a big boiler of rice placed in the centre, thus having one dish in common. Both boys and girls used shells in place of spoons.

Tableaux 8 and 9 portrayed a particularly important department of missionary enterprise, viz., the medical work.

In Number 8, entitled "Hospital Staff," a trained nurse stood with her two native assistants—a man and a woman—one on either side of her. The woman was clad in a spotlessly white frock, while the man wore a white shirt and white loin cloth.

No. 9, "Hospital Work," showed an animated scene. Bending over an open fireplace were two natives attending to the sterilizing work. A sweet-faced nurse was carefully dressing a wounded hand, while at a little distance a dainty Sister bandaged a broken arm. In the foreground a stalwart native assistant was seeing to a damaged ankle. Truly a most interesting and inspiring sight!

Here in New Zealand we cannot imagine the difficulties of hospital work in the Solomons. Clean white linen is so scarce at present that natives under treatment have to wait and boil their own bandages one day for use on the next. Surely this matter needs our serious consideration.

Limited space prevents my writing all I want to concerning our Mission Tableaux evening. The idea originated with our honoured President, Mrs. Stevens. The carrying out of the idea was entrusted to Miss Sissie Carr and Miss Jean Buttle. Requiring no committee, these two put their clever heads together, evolved their scheme, and carried it through without a single hitch.

Letters from the Field.

From Sister May Barnett.

You will have heard, no doubt, that I have been moved from Bilua to the Head Station at Kokengolo. It is like beginning all over again here, the language is different and the people strangers. Two of the girls here know the Bilua language, so I go to them when I want to make myself understood.

My trip here from Bilua was quite an experience. Mr. Goldie had to go to Tulagi, so sent the Tandanya for me. I was the only white person on board, a woman at that; but I was as safe and well taken care of as though the crew had been white men. Solomon, the cook boy, made morning and afternoon tea, as well as lunch and dinner, and made up a bed for me at night. We had to call at Simbo for a sick Tongan teacher, and were delayed four hours, so

Spiritual Life in Korea.

A returned missionary, in speaking of the wonderful spiritual movement which has recently taken place in Korea, is quoted in the "Sunday School Times" as having given the following explanations of it:—

"First. The Korean Christians have literally devoured the Word of God. They commit great sections of it, and will put Christians in America to shame by their intelligent use of Scripture passages.

"Second. They depend mightily on prayer. Their early morning prayer-meetings are often as early as 2 a.m.—and what crowds gather, and how they pray!

"Third. As soon as they are converted they are told to go and win at least one other soul to Christ before they will be accepted into church membership.

"Fourth. They have been taught to give until it hurts, but they love to feel the hurt of giving.

"Fifth. Feeling that this old world will never be right until He comes to reign whose right it is to rule, they spread the news of the 'Blessed Hope,' and, expecting His speedy return, they want to be found busy when He comes."

did not reach Kokengolo till 2 a.m. next morning. We anchored for a while, and pulled into the wharf about 6 a.m. I was just getting up when Sister May Mansfield came on board. One of the boys went up very early and told her the Tandanya was in. I received a very warm welcome from the staff, and soon felt at home.

The Sisters' house is very old and shaky; it really needs rebuilding. But we have the electric light, which is a great boon. . . . Sister Lilian Berry has just had another room added to her hospital, so now she can treat both men and women, keeping them private. . . . Do you know that parcels posted to the Solomons are free from duty if "a gift" is written on the slip to be filled in? Loving greetings for 1923 to you all from S. May Barnett.

Merchants Welcome Christians.

The anti-Christian movement among the students of China was discussed in an editorial in the August "Review." "The North China Herald" reports a counter-demonstration to the activities of the anti-Christians, when delegates to the World's Student Christian Conference visited the city of Tientsin:—

"When the delegates arrived at the railway station an inspiring spectacle greeted them. Bodies such as the Chinese Chamber of Commerce and the guilds were there with banners waved on high, and brass bands hard at work, and explanations were speedily forthcoming that it was as an offset to the recent outbursts of the non-Christians that it was taking place. Furthermore, the delegates were informed that these same bodies had telegraphed to kindred associates throughout the country, asking for as hearty a welcome to the delegates when they might visit other centres. . . . In comparison with the students the merchant classes are largely inarticulate, so that when they resolve to demonstrate . . . we may be certain that their feelings have been deeply stirred."

The Open Door
The Missionary Organ of the Methodist Church of N.Z.

JUNE, 1923

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