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of
New Zealand.

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

SEPTEMBER, 1923



"A Great Door & Effectual is opened unto us."
ST PAUL

Price: ONE SHILLING Per Annum
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Rev. and Mrs. TOM DENT, Morovo, Solomon Islands.



THE MISSIONARY DISTRICT OF THE NEW ZEALAND METHODIST CHURCH.

THE OPEN DOOR.

Editor: Rev. W. A. Sinclair,
509, N.Z. Insurance Buildings,
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Editorial Notes.

An Up-to-date Mission Field

That the Solomon Islands Mission of the New Zealand Methodist Church is the most up-to-date in the Pacific is the claim made by the Rev. J. F. Goldie, the head of the Mission. He bases his claim on the fact that a wireless plant is possessed by the Mission, that two of the stations are lighted by electricity and a third is about to be lighted, and a sawmill is in course of erection, with a modern printing press promised for next year. The credit for this condition of things is due to the enterprise and vision of Mr. Goldie and very particularly to the big-heartedness of a New Zealand layman, who, by his generous gifts, has made the possession of these articles of equipment possible. But much yet remains to be done before the programme outlined by the deputation to the field is given effect to fully. What has been accomplished is but the beginning and not the end, of the forward movement. Missionary work to-day is costly. It involves not only the evangelisation of a people, but their education—mental, ethical and spiritual—their industrial training, their physical and social salvation. They have not only to be saved as individuals, but as a race. This is the task which has been committed to us as a sacred trust, and for which we are responsible in the Solomons. Woe unto us as a Church if we prove faithless in this our hour of solemn testing.

The Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Metcalfe

A visit from missionaries direct from the field serves to stimulate interest in the Home Church, and to provide the necessary fuel to keep the Missionary fires burning brightly. The Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Metcalfe came to us from their island home as total strangers, but they soon made for themselves a wide circle of friends and well-wishers. Mr. Metcalfe, by his quaint humour and vivid pictures of the conditions of the native people and the Missionary at work amongst them, gained the close attention of his audiences and congregations. Mrs. Metcalfe, by her plain, unvar-

nished story of the needs of the women of the Solomons, has stirred the women of the New Zealand Church to fresh endeavours to aid their less favoured sisters in a land slowly emerging from heathenism. The Church at the home base is often so engrossed with its own problems and difficulties and financial efforts that it fails to recognise the claims of our dark-skinned brothers and sisters in the distant isles of the sea. We must not be deaf to the cry of these people to send them the light; nor must we be blind to the vision of their need. Let us also constantly remember in prayer our lonely workers in these outposts of civilisation.

New Testament Experiences of Fellowship

"Question-Notes for the Study of New Testament Experiences of Fellowship" is the title of a pamphlet prepared by the Rev. Dr. Ranston, of the Methodist Theological College, Auckland. In the introductory paragraph Dr. Ranston states "these Question-Notes were first prepared to provide four one-hour studies for a gathering of Bible Class leaders. It has been thought good by two Auckland brothers to give them a wider circulation, and they are sent forth with the prayer that the practice of fellowship may become more general than at present." In order to get the pamphlet into the hands of as many members of the Church as possible it is being issued with the present number of "The Open Door." It is hoped that full and careful use will be made of it by all good Methodists. Fellowship must be restored to its rightful place in the Church. The Church that does not make adequate provision for fellowship is a Church without a future. On the Mission field to-day the old-fashioned Class Meeting is regarded as indispensable for the strengthening of the spiritual lives of the native Christians. There it is a live and flourishing institution. The pamphlet has been prepared with Dr. Ranston's usual care and scholarship, and will, we trust, be made full use of in Bible Classes, Week-night services and fellowship meetings.

First Radio Message from the Mission Field. AN UP-TO-DATE MISSION.

Message from the Rev. J. F. GOLDIE.

The Solomon Islands Mission field is now in direct communication by wireless with New Zealand. The first message came through from the Rev. J. F. Goldie on August 19th as follows: "Installation complete. Many thanks for this great boon."

Writing under date of August 22nd, Mr. Goldie says:—

I sent you a wireless message last Friday—the first message sent out after the usual official courtesy messages. It was thanking you for this great boon. It is a great success indeed. We gave a test concert on the evening of Friday last, and it was quite distinct in Tulagi, and at Rabaul they replied saying that it could not be better. They heard our voices as well as if we were in the same room. They may have heard in other places also as they were instructed by the Amalgamated Wireless Co. to "listen in" on the Australian coast. We could hear quite distinctly messages from Auckland, Sydney, Townsville, Rabaul,

Ocean Island, Nauru and Tulagi. The Gizo people asked us to sing for them while the steamer was in Gizo, and they were simply amazed at the clearness with which everything came through.

To show that it will be useful, and is not a toy, I may mention that we were able, because of knowing the whereabouts of the steamer, to enter the harbour just as she was entering herself, instead of the uncertainty and usual waste of time at Gizo and other places. Also, owing to keeping in touch with the copra market, I was able to obtain £1 15s more per ton than we should otherwise have done for over 50 tons of Mission copra. This will prove to the Board that the installation will soon pay for itself. Again we have to thank the Board for this valuable equipment. It will increase our efficiency as a Mission greatly. I think we may claim to be the most up-to-date Mission station in the Pacific.

REV. AND MRS. J. R. METCALFE.

s.s. Ulimaroa,
Nearing Sydney,
27/8/23.

Dear Mr. Sinclair,

We are now nearing Sydney after a very quick and pleasant trip.

It is little more than three months since we left for New Zealand, but the interim has been filled with so many new and delightful experiences that it seems to have been much longer. In spite of the inclement weather we thoroughly enjoyed the beautiful scenery, and we shall never forget some of the magnificent snow scenes, especially Mt. Egmont, from the gardens at New Plymouth.

In the fulfilment of our appointments, we have made many friends and have been inspired by the heartiness of the welcome we have everywhere received. Those who have occupied the chair at our Meetings have been most considerate and helpful, whilst the giving of the Report by the children at some of the meetings was an effective and much appreciated feature. We have been particularly impressed by the

number of young men and women from the Bible Classes offering for service in our Overseas District, and by the enthusiasm of the ladies of the Auxiliary.

We are deeply grateful to God for giving us the requisite health and strength to carry out the work allotted to us, and we trust we have been able to give our New Zealand friends a better insight into life in the Solomons and the needs of our native people.

Mrs. Metcalfe and I desire to extend our heartiest thanks to our numerous hosts and hostesses, to the many friends who have placed their vehicles at our disposal, and to all the many others who have done their utmost to make our first trip to New Zealand so very enjoyable.

We expect to return to our work by the s.s. Marsina, leaving Sydney about October 24th, and I can assure you that we shall return with the conviction that New Zealand Methodism is determined to do its utmost for the people of the Solomon Islands.

With kindest regards,
Yours sincerely,
JOHN R. METCALFE.

A Medical Nurse in the Solomons. Working Under Difficulties.

Foundations are being laid for the establishment of a Medical Mission in the Solomons. From the beginning of the Mission there, the Missionaries and their wives have ministered to the physical needs of the people, and some of their number have frequently performed minor operations. With the taking over of the Mission field

The Board of Missions has set aside the sum of £500 from the Emily Martin legacy for a hospital, when the time comes to establish such an institution, which, it is hoped, will be in about three years' time.

Nurse Berry, who is devoting her time to the ministry of healing, has forwarded an interesting report of a year's work,



Duri Mati, a native girl, who for years had an extended arm with no movement at the elbow.

Photo by Nurse Berry.



Duri Mati, now able to bend the elbow and put her hand on her head. This result has been brought about by massage treatment given by Nurse Berry.

Photo by Nurse Berry.

by the New Zealand Church, special attention has been directed to the medical side of the work. There are now five trained nurses on the field, one of whom is a Plunket nurse, and one a Fijian nurse. Another Plunket nurse has been accepted by the Board of Missions for appointment to the Solomons. A medical student in Dunedin, who will probably complete his medical course next year, is pledged to go to the mission field as a medical missionary.

from which we take the following paragraphs. It will be seen that although working under special difficulties, she is securing excellent results.

Nurse Berry Reports

"The average number of patients treated daily is thirty. There has been a great variety of sickness—blackwater fever, cerebral malaria, elephantiasis, pneumonia and tuberculosis. One tubercular native has died. Malaria has been very prevalent, as



THE PRESENT LEAF HOSPITAL.

Photo by Nurse Berry.

have had colds. One case of severe burning and two of fractured arms have been dealt with. Four cases of useless limbs have been restored to perfect use.

"I have truly had an uphill time in trying to do with old boxes and tins. I have spent many hours making tables, cupboards, beds and stools, and have put doors and windows on hinges. It has been quite an experience.

"The hospital at the beginning was an old two-roomed place, very dirty and inconvenient. It had an inner partition. The first improvement made was the removal of the partition so as to make the sleeping apartment larger. Then a women's ward was built and an out-patients' shelter. Then Mr. Goldie got the electric light put into the out-patients' department, and later we hope to have it in the men's and women's ward."

With regard to staff, Nurse Berry reports:—

↳ "Topa has assisted me for eight months, and he has proved a very faithful worker; in fact I cannot find words just now to let you know his value. Simioni is another faithful worker. I have a weekly lecture for them and their ability to understand anatomy, physiology and nursing treatment amazes me. They are faithful boys and



NURSE BERRY AND HER ASSISTANTS—TOPA AND SIMIONI.

love to serve Christ by helping the weak. They delight to meet with me in prayer on behalf of our work. The girls in the Home have been taking a turn, each a month about to help me, but it only amounts to about one month's training in the year, and so they cannot learn much.

"The steriliser which was purchased with money supplied by the Auckland and Wanganui Women's Auxiliaries is most satisfactory, and would suit the needs of any average hospital. The remainder of the money supplied by these Auxiliaries is to be spent on bath, heaters, etc."

Settling a Quarrel.

By Rev. W. W. AVERY.

While in Papua, at one of our Quarterly Meetings, we had a fine example of the reality of the change which the gospel works in the lives of men. Two of our native teachers, Pilimoni Faitele (a Samoan), and Serupi Ratu (a Fijian), had quarrelled. Both were hasty-tempered young men. Something had gone wrong, and angry words were spoken. Pilimoni was a particularly well-built and powerful man. He used to tell of his skill with the gloves while in Samoa, and one day told me that if any white came to Samarai and wanted a fight, he would take him on for five or ten pounds. For a moment I feared he might apply his knowledge of the "noble art," and hastened to stand between the two men, lest angry blows should be struck.

This happened a few days before our Quarterly Meeting. At our Quarterly Meetings the following questions are always asked of our native teachers: Are his habits good? Is his preaching satisfactory? Does he keep our rules? When these questions were asked of these men, Ponipate Vula, our fine Fijian native minister, rose to his feet. "What about these two men," he said, "this Fijian here and that Samoan over there? I hear they have

quarrelled, and have spoken angry words. They have come from Fiji and Samoa to act as leaders of these Papuan people. What kind of leadership is this that they give? If the leaders quarrel, what can we expect from those they lead?" Then, turning to the two men, he appealed to them for the sake of Jesus Christ, who gave His life for them, for the sake of the Papuans who looked to them to lead, and for their own sakes, to bury their quarrel. While he was yet speaking I noticed the Samoan, who was seated on the opposite side of the Church, rise to his feet. At the same time the Fijian also rose. They walked towards each other until they met in the middle of the Church, and there, before that large Quarterly Meeting, they shook hands, embraced and kissed each other, and their quarrel, with its angry words and bitter spirit, was buried, and in the spirit of Christian love they said: "We'll live as Christian men ought to live." Only a few short years ago a blow with a club, or thrust with a spear would have settled their dispute, but the kiss of forgiveness had taken the place of the sterner method. To err is human, very human; but only divine grace could produce what we saw that day.

THE MISSIONARY BOOKSHELF.

"Daughters from Afar" is the title of a book of 192 pages by Rose White, and is published in collaboration with the Women's Auxiliary of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society (England). It gives an account of the work of the Bangalore Jubilee Home. At this Home widows and derelict girls and women, whose lot in India is distressing, receive care and training, and in many cases, under loving influences, become true Christians. The book is well written.

As the foreword says: "Some of the pages glow with tropical sunshine, some are sombre with the gloom of secluded interiors, some are chequered with strong contrasts of light and shadow, but everywhere the colouring of the picture is convincingly Indian." Four-fifths of the book are taken up by three tales of women who have passed through the Home, of which the last, about "Nangamma of the Coffee Gardens," is a gem which will delight all who read it.

The Pearl of the Pacific, Bougainville, for Christ.

By Rev. A. H. CROPP.

It is reported that when the Kaiser heard of the loss of his Pacific Island possessions, he mourned most the loss of the island of Bougainville, in the Solomon group. Called the "Pearl of the Pacific," the "Kaiser's Pearl" is indeed a wonderful island. Different in structure and appearance from its neighbours, New Britain, New Ireland and the British Solomons, Bougainville affords great interest to the traveller who is intrepid enough to pierce any distance inland. The southern end of Bougainville is spread out into a wonderful rich, soily flat. This extends for miles and miles, and is well watered by the many cool, quick-flowing streams coming down from the hills. These "hills" reach in places 7000 feet, and one will never erase from his memory—when standing on the deck of the Mission yacht, which was about ten miles off the shore—the sight of the Buin flats spreading over 600 square miles or so, and gradually rising toward the towering peaks in the background. What is the future of these soily plains? For agricultural purposes they stand alone, but having no adjacent harbours have never as yet been touched by the white man. These Buin flats are the home of the butterfly. Huge insects with gorgeous wings flit here and there. A couple of entomologists travelling through the islands landed at Buin, and here obtained a set of butterflies which they had been long seeking, and which completed their collection. Bougainville is rich in harbours, but unfortunately they are nearly all on the north and north-east coast, leaving the whole of the south and west with but two. Bougainville is rich also in mountains. Practically all the centre of the island is a mass of mountain peaks, many rising to 7000 feet, and one, Mount Balbi, which was at one time a huge volcano, and is still slightly active, thrusts his proud head through the clouds to a distance of over 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. Bagana, a much smaller mountain about 30 miles to the south, is the real volcano, continually issuing forth huge volumes of smoke, and at times vomiting ashes and fire, often to the great discomfiture of the natives resident on the coast nearby.

Alligators abound in the rivers and swamps near the coast, and for this reason, and also that the soil and water near the coast are poor, most of the natives live some miles inland.

A Dense Population

Kieta, the capital of Bougainville, is a pretty little place set in the midst of hills. Cocoanuts fringe the water's edge, and the few red-roofed houses of the resident officials give the place quite a pleasing appearance. Everyone lives on a hill in Kieta except the Chinamen. The view is splendid—nay, glorious! but has usually to be earned by a rather hot climb. The administration has furnished Kieta with a resident medical officer, and a white assistant. The hospital, which was built by the Germans, and is for natives alone, is set in the midst of grass lawns and cocoanut palms on the edge of the beach, and is kept in good order by the inmates, who are generally known as "sore-legs," whether it be a sore leg or head they have! The concrete floors, the white-washed walls and red roofs, lend a picturesque appearance to the whole.

With an area of little more than any of the British Solomon Islands, and much less than either New Britain or New Ireland, the "Kaiser's Pearl," with an estimated population of over 80,000, exceeds the number of the people resident on any of the islands just mentioned. Buka, an island about one-twentieth the size of Bougainville, and immediately adjacent to the north of it, and separated from Bougainville by a deep navigable channel only about 100 yards wide, is even more thickly populated than Bougainville. Its estimated population ranges between 10,000 and 12,000 people. The average Buka native is bigger, cleaner and more intelligent than his brother on the larger island. Many of these Buka natives have been recruited, and have served indentures on plantations hundreds of miles from their native homes.

A Modern Babel

The language problem of both Buka and Bougainville is a real one. On Bougainville there are more than fourteen different languages. On Buka, with but one-eighth

of Bougainville's population, there are about twenty-five different languages. On Bougainville there are districts, and each district may have ten to twenty villages all speaking the same language. On Buka practically each village has a separate language. There are very few dialects on either island. They are distinct languages, although the next village might be but a couple of miles away. It was probably the language problem which forced the Germans to adopt "Pidgin" English. This is a vocabulary of English words with a few Rabaul and other ones variously twisted and distorted so as at times to be hardly recognisable, and a grammar which has probably been formulated by the native himself from his own language, and which also allows of considerable latitude as regards its laws. But "Pidgin" English has become the Esperanto of New Britain and the Solomons, if not of the Pacific, and is a great boon to the newcomer. Most of the children of Buka of five years and over speak "Pidgin." With the help of a native who speaks good "Pidgin" one need have no fear of soon learning the language, although when accomplished the range of communication is small, as it is but the language of one village, or a small district.

Against the native population of over 80,000 there are only about 66 Europeans. The Germans opened up the territory some years ago. The Roman Catholic Mission has been here for over sixteen years, but cannot be said to have in any way pioneered the country, as all they have accomplished is to possess a few plantations. Their school boys can neither read nor write. All the Mission has taught them is a "sing-sing" composed of the vowel sounds and sung in different notes. Usually their teachers (?) which have been placed in the villages are dirtier and lazier than the rest of the natives. The real pioneers of Bougainville have been the German Government officials. Through these men we now have good paths nearly all around the coast, and the 40 miles from Buin to Siwai, which we have had to walk several times, is not by any means a great hardship.

The waters of Bougainville abound in fish. The coast natives grow but little food. Usually they catch fish and trade them with the bush natives for taro and yams, and through these frequent market

meetings a message can be got inland with but little difficulty. Although the bush is fairly alive with bird life—pigeons, parrots, hornbills, etc.—the bush native seems to have devised but little means of obtaining these, and depends for his meat diet upon a few opossums and the fish which he buys with his taro. Travelling the 50 miles down the coast from Kieta, the capital, to Tonolei, the only harbour on the south, the troll line has been responsible for as many as 14 huge kingfish in one day, much to the delight and health of the native crew. Tonolei harbour is uninhabited. There is a story current that the fierce Mono natives wiped out all of its inhabitants, besides many others in the south of Bougainville, and took them as slaves to Mono. These Mono folk have reached places more than half way up the eastern coast of Bougainville. A little north of Kieta there are two villages with a language similar in many respects to Mono-ese, and a native gave out that long ago the Mono folk came and conquered that part and settled there.

Some Strange Customs

Some of the customs of the natives are curious and some are hideous. The man in the south of Bougainville burns his dead and makes a feast some days later. The northern man buries his dead (or so they say in Pidgin English, "Plant 'im!") and he too kills the fatted pig and makes merry some time later. Both in the north and south it is the custom to cut the chest, arms and back of children when they are three or four years old, and some of the scars testify to the awful ordeal that is imposed upon these poor little innocents. Young men reaching manhood usually wear a peculiar tall hat plaited from leaves. They force their frizzy locks into the crown and leave them there for some months. Knowing the uncleanness of a native's hair, one needs but little imagination to have a vision of the menagerie it contains at the close of the appointed period. Some of these head-dresses are very well got up, and are of some value as curios.

As before mentioned, but little real missionary work has been done amongst these people. Mr. Goldie placed a few teachers among the Siwai folk some years ago, and they have done finely, holding their own

with the French priest in the same district. The people are frightfully ignorant and superstitious and are still in the dark stage. The chief of a village near to our station, with whom we have made friends, sent one morning for me to come to him as he was very sick. Along the slippery, muddy track, and in the pouring rain, we went expecting to find him with a toe ache or a slight cough, and hoping that he had less. But we found him weak and helpless. His father had died and they made a feast and had a "sing-sing." Fever came on him and he fell sick. The R.C. teacher told him he would die, and that God was angry with him for accepting the lotu Wesley. The R.C. teacher then proceeded to put "god" in the leaf roof of the chief's hut. We gave him some medicine and told him that he would not die, and that God did not hate him, but that He loved him.

ONE DOCTOR TO A MILLION.

MOUNT EVEREST CLIMBER BECOMES A MISSIONARY.

Dr. Howard Somervell, medical and artist member of the recent Mount Everest expedition, passing through Southern India after the famous climb, discovered a district in which one overworked doctor was waging a lone-handed fight against disease and suffering in a district inhabited by one million people.

His professional sympathies were aroused. He offered a helping hand and stayed for ten days.

Then he returned to England and applied to become a medical missionary under the London Missionary Society. He was accepted.

Dr. Somervell told the story at one of the London Missionary Society's recent May Meetings in London.

"What I saw in those ten days of the appalling need changed the whole course of my life," he said. "I knew all the catch-words about our dear brethren in darkness

I was tempted to take "god" out of the roof of his hut but refrained. Later he came to us quite well, and is now more friendly than ever.

The New Zealand Church has started her work here, but does her responsibility cease with that? What are a European and a few native teachers amongst 80,000 natives, with so many different languages, and a community of Frenchmen who seem to spend their time in doing but little else than formulating attacks on the party of new comers? "Bougainville for Christ!" is a slogan we can to-day, as a church, take up and maintain, but it needs backing by prayer and volunteers. Christ has been with us mightily and has worked wonders for us. Will the New Zealand Church respond to the Macedonian call of these poor, blind and ignorant folk?—"Come over and help us."

and so on, but the sight of the people themselves was a very different thing. I could not do anything else."

Dr. Somervell is going out to the Neyoor Hospital in the autumn, but the London Missionary Society has arranged to give him complete freedom to join any further Everest Expedition which may be organised.

—*The Westminster Gazette.*



The Tongan Teacher, Devita Ofa, and his congregation, at Lunga, Island of Ronongo. Devita is supported by Mr. F. W. Stone and Family, Mt. Eden, Auckland.

Photo by Rev. A. A. Bensley.

WOMEN'S PAGE

M.W.M.U.

Methodist Women's
Missionary Union of
New Zealand.

Dear Auxiliary Members,

The outstanding event to us women lately has been the visit to New Zealand of the Rev. and Mrs. J. K. Metcalfe from the Solomon Islands. These young people, especially Mrs. Metcalfe, have given us a very vivid glimpse into the life of those distant lands. Mrs. Metcalfe (who was Sister Ivy Stanford) has spent seven years there at work among the women, and she has boundless faith in their capacity to become, when taught, true servants of Christ and teachers of their own people. She considers that the Solomon Islands women are just as capable of understanding the truths of Christianity as the men; but it takes longer to bring them forth from the bondage of old heathen customs and conventions because they have been more kept down, and the feeling that they are inferior in ability has been so long impressed upon them. But when they are given a chance to develop their natural aptitudes they manifest a spirit of love and service that is very beautiful.

One of the results of Mrs. Metcalfe's reputation work will be a better understanding on our part of the geography of the Solomons, and the difficulties of travel there. We realise now better than before how difficult it is to get from the different circuits to the head station at Kokengolo. We were interested and amused at Mr. Dent's account in a recent number of the "Open Door," of his journey over land and sea to get to Synod. We felt that one of his needs was a motor launch, so that some of the greatest obstacles to travel might be removed. But desirable as it is that he, who only has to travel through comparatively sheltered seas, should have a strong and serviceable launch, how much more necessary, nay, even imperative, is it that Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe and the Sisters on the more distant and exposed island of Choiseul should, as soon as possible be provided with a suitable vessel in which their journeys can be made. It makes some of us women very uncomfortable to know that in case of sickness and need, to get to the

doctor at Gizo, or to the head station, there is nothing but an open whaleboat to brave wind and weather in. Here is a definite object for the prayers of all our members. At our Sunday 2 o'clock prayer-time let us each have this great need of our workers in mind. We very much regret that it was not possible for Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe to travel further south than Christchurch; but we expect before long to have Mr. and Mrs. A. Bensley with us on furlough, and hope they will visit the circuits in the South Island.

We are glad to report more evidences of growth in Auxiliary Work. There is a new Auxiliary in Stratford with very capable officers, and the ladies of Rongotea also are thinking of making a start. A fine new branch of the Auckland Auxiliary has recently been opened at Epsom, and we believe other branches are in course of formation.

We are expecting a good delegation of members to our Conference at Timaru, in October, especially from the S.I. Auxiliaries. At this Conference the present M.W.M.U. Executive Committee, located in Christchurch, goes out of office; and for the next three years a new executive will sit in Auckland, Mrs. T. H. Stevens being President, Misses Carr and Buttle joint Secretaries. We ask the earnest prayers of all for these ladies taking over the burden and responsibility of Executive work; also for the success and inspiration of our Conference, a full report of which will be sent to each affiliated Auxiliary.

With cordial greetings to all.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

MARY E. BOWRON,

M.W.M.U. President,

PERSONAL NOTES

Mrs. J. H. Stevens, our New Union President

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new." This will be the case with the M.W.M.U. when in October next, the Christchurch ladies now forming the Executive,

hand on their duties to their Auckland sisters. The mantle of presidency is to fall upon Mrs. T. H. Stevens, who for the past few years has been President of the Auckland Auxiliary, and has proved herself admirably fitted for the position. A mother's influence implanted a love for Missions in her heart at a very early age, and later this was fostered by enthusiastic Sunday School teachers, one of whom was our revered Mrs. Dellow.

When barely twenty years of age, Mrs. Stevens—then Miss Carrie Porter—started her public work in connection with the Church as leader of the Senior Girls' Bible Class in the Helping Hand Mission, a position which she accepted with fear and trembling, but in which her efforts were mightily blessed. A constant visitor among the sick and poor, she brightened many a sad home with the sunshine of her presence; nor has she ever wearied in well-doing, especially among the young people, her love for her Bible Class work being second only to her intense devotion to the Missionary cause. A sweet and gracious lady is our President-elect, and of a disposition so retiring that she suggests the lines—

"Content to fill a little space,
I 'thou be glorified."

With a wonderful power in prayer, she reflects in her face and by her actions the Glory of her Master, Whose she is and Whom she so devotedly serves. To know Mrs. Stevens is to love her.

Mrs. M. Smethurst, our Dominion Box Organiser

Maungatoroto is a pretty country village about 100 miles north of Auckland. It was there Ada F. Kirk was born and received her early education. When only ten years of age she was a member of a Girls' Cricket Team, and made a name as a good fielder and fast bowler. In 1894 her parents moved to Auckland city, where their daughter attended the Helping Hand Mission at Freeman's Bay and there gave her heart to God and her life to His service. As a member of Miss C. Porter's Bible Class she was drawn into active Christian work, becoming the leader of a Boys' Mid-week Class. Mrs. M. K. Gilmour, now of Papua, was in those days a member of that Mission and had a great influence upon Ada's mind and character.

In her early twenties Ada gained certificates for first aid, nursing and home hygiene, and during the influenza epidemic of 1918 rendered valuable aid to the St. John Ambulance Association. After her marriage to Mr. Mark Smethurst she still continued to take an active part in all activities of the Methodist Church, and at the last conference of the Methodist Women's Missionary Union was made the head of all the arrangements for sending Gift Boxes to the Solomon Islands and other places for the use of Missionary Sisters with the title of Dominion Box Organiser to the M.W.M.U. Under her capable and business-like management, this activity of all the Auxiliaries is becoming of great value.

Finance

Amounts received by Mrs. W. H. Seed, Union Treasurer, since June:—

	From	£	s.	d.
Aux.	Hastings	33	5	0
"	Christchurch	140	17	0
"	Blenheim	27	10	2
"	New Plymouth	30	5	0
"	Wellington	65	15	0
"	Wanganui	6	0	0
"	Thames	5	0	0
"	Palmerston North	26	3	6
"	Nelson	2	15	0
"	Waitara	5	8	6
"	Greymouth	2	6	
"	Masterton	15	0	
"	Auckland	84	10	0
"	Whangarei	3	12	6
"	Kaitangata	2	6	
"	Feilding	5	0	
"	Invercargill	19	5	0
"	Gisborne	14	7	6
"	Hawera	65	0	0
"	Napier	2	6	
"	Hamilton	14	15	0

These sums received from the Auxiliaries are for various purposes such as Sisters' Salaries (both Home and Foreign), Affiliation Fees, Contributions to Executive Fund, Special Gifts for Medicine, etc.

Extracts from "Letters from the Front"

Sister Elizabeth Common writes—

Sister Ada and I arrived at Gizo on Sunday, May 6th, and were met by Rev. J. F. Goldie in the Tandanya. It was a beautiful day, bright and peaceful, and as we proceeded on the last delightful part of our

journey. . . . we felt we could not grow tired of gazing at the lovely varying tints of the wonderful foliage so soothing to the eye after the glare of the tropical sea. . . . We had not been able to leave Gizo early enough in the day to reach home before dark, so we were obliged to anchor for the night about six miles from Kokengolo, as it is unsafe to venture up the Roviana Lagoon after sunset on account of the reefs. The weather had changed by morning, and we finished our journey in torrents of rain. However, Mr. Goldie waited till the shower was over before taking the Tandanya in to the landing, so that we found the staff and a big number of natives gathered there to welcome us "home."

It has been a great joy to me to feel, at the outset, that the people here want us, and are grateful to the Missionaries for coming over to them. As you see, I am still at Kokengolo, and am to stay here at

present. Sister Lilian Berry is in charge of the Little Leaf hospital, so that the need seems rather for teachers than nurses. Possibly, later on, we may go out to the adjacent villages, where there will be scope for Plunket work. . . . You may be interested to hear that I have a class of boys in the day school. They are doing their best to teach me Roviana, while I am trying to teach them English in return. . . . In spite of not being able to understand the language, I have found the morning and evening "Lotu" and the Sunday services most helpful, because, though words may be unintelligible, one can still enjoy the atmosphere of worship, and appreciate the deep reverence and spiritual tone of many of the meetings. Since my arrival, two college boys have preached, and if one can judge by the way in which they held the attention of their hearers, and their own animation, they had a very happy time. . .

Missionary Table Talk.

The Rev. J. G. Wheen, General Secretary of the Australasian Methodist Society, is visiting the Aborigines Mission in North Australia.

Mrs. Chivers, wife of Mr. E. F. Chivers, lay missionary in the Solomons, after spending a few months in Auckland, has returned to her home at Kokengolo.

Six thousand copies of the last number of "The Lotu," the Children's Missionary paper, were published. It is hoped that the paper will be introduced into every Sunday School.

The Revs. M. K. Gilmour and A. H. Scrivin, of Papua, are both due for furlough next year, and are expected to spend some time in New Zealand. They will receive a warm welcome from many friends in the Dominion.

A valuable diamond ring has been forwarded to the General Secretary to be sold for our Missionary funds. Mr. Sinclair will be pleased to supply full particulars to anyone desirous of purchasing the same. Accompanying it is another gold ring, a plain band.

The Board of Missions has decided to place £500 of the Emily Martin legacy to reserve for the new hospital in the Solomons and £500 to working capital in accordance with the regulations of that fund.

The Dunedin Women's Auxiliary has the honour of being the first Auxiliary to be formed in New Zealand. It has just celebrated its twenty-first anniversary, special meetings being held to commemorate the event.

The General Secretary, the Rev. W. A. Sinclair, has spent three weeks in deputational work in Canterbury. Later he will visit the South Canterbury, Westland, Nelson and Marlborough Districts. Despite the prevalence of influenza the meetings in most places have been splendidly attended.

The Women's Conference is to be held this year in Timaru. The retiring president, Mrs. Bowron, of Christchurch, has rendered splendid service during her term of office. Mrs. T. H. Stevens, of Auckland, has been nominated for the position of President for the next term, when the Executive of the Union will be located in Auckland.

A Heathen (?) Peace Celebration at Senga.

By Rev. V. le C. BINET

Kukuti, the big black warring chief of former days, has just celebrated peace. He organised a Feast in order to celebrate the paying off of his war debts to his allies, which marked, as far as he was concerned, the end of the war. He had enlisted the services of several tribes when the Chief Lilliboe became such a menace several years ago, and now—practically two years after peace had been actually made—he had been so pressed for the payment of his war-debts that he could no longer putt off the evil day. There was first a consultation with his brother-chiefs as to the amount of money to be offered to his former Allies. The native money, it must be explained, is highly valued here, and is made up of shell rings, their appearance at first sight reminding one of serviette rings. Each ring is called a "lerpey"; three "lerpeys" make one "sallakka," and three "sallakkas" make one "kayser." Nine "lerpeys" are stood one upon another, then the height of the cylinder thus formed is very carefully measured—usually with the backbone of a sago palm leaf. A short cylinder is not readily accepted by a successful litigant, who usually has the short and long measurements of previous monies that he has been acquainted with, marked on the handle of his battle-axe, which thus becomes a sort of ready-reckoner in more senses than one.

Kukuti and his brother-chiefs, having decided upon the minimum amount of money to be offered, and the maximum amount to be paid, a message is sent to the Allies, and five delegates arrive in due time. After long deliberation the delegates express the opinion that the three "kayser" offered is an inadequate sum, and courteously suggest that five "kayser" a worthier offer for the great risks involved. At long last, four "kayser" are decided upon, the money is handed over—having first been carefully measured—then it is afterwards made up into "sallakka" lengths, and wrapped up in leaves, and tied round with "nokoso" (native string). The delegates then go back to their villages carrying the money with them, and a few days later they return with a party of about 60—all armed—who are to take part in the Peace Feast.

A Weird Scene

Let us take a peep at the feast ground. There are several leaf houses which have been built which will accommodate visitors and their canoes, and also food—especially taro—which, on examination, is found to be very large and good-looking. The fact is, many people on this large island of Choiseul, will half-starve themselves throughout most of the year—feeding mainly on poor taro and on cocoonut—in order that they may have something to offer when a feast is announced—an unselfishness which is worthier of a nobler object.

A large basket-like structure, looking like a huge mushroom, some ten feet high attracts our attention. It is called a "soongoo," and contains many pounds' weight of nuts and taro mashed and cooked into a pudding. At the base of the structure are two carved heads; they represent two former enemies—Jipe and Lilliboe. The "mushroom," we are told, is to be felled, and this, we assume, will indicate the final overthrow of those two brave, but misguided chiefs.

A group of men-folk, sporting feathers in their hair, brandishing fire-arms, spears, axes and shields, contort their bodies as each man blows his "kew"—which is a double octave of hollow sticks of graduated lengths—from which weird sounds emanate. Some distance away is a group of girls be-skirted with many gaily-coloured lengths of material, and with decorated hair and arms keep time to the music with more or less callisthenic grace and propriety.

We are informed that a sham fight is soon to take place, representing an early morning attack on a village, and one individual with a loaded gun comes close to us and asks if he may discharge his weapon so as to lend a little realism to the scene. "Of course, I would only shoot into the bush," he explains. He is warned to be careful, as a gun-shot at a feast nearly led to a real fight a few years ago, although it was only "done in fun."

We see chiefs moving to and fro, some with their insignia of office upon their breasts, and wearing many armlets of marble-like shell. The old chief Ongelley

comes up laughing: "I am happy to-day," he exclaims. "Kukuti has paid off his war-debts. But it's the Missionary that has brought peace to our land and cleaned up the strife of former years." "We rejoice together," we reply, "and thank God that peace has come."

Here is another—Gangavekke—and on seeing him, one instinctively asks: "Where did you get that hat?" "Oh, this hat?" he asks in return. "It was Lilliboe's; he was wearing it when he raided us." "It seems to fit you," we remark. "Fit me? Ah, it becomes me well to-day."

And here is Goza—Noah Goza—but his story must be told another day.

Learning to Forgive

And here comes Kukuti himself. A big, clumsy-looking body—not over-burdened with clothes. He has got a wide, white lime mark across his ample chest and also from forehead to cheek—marks which are used for identification purposes in wartime, for it need hardly be said that the uniform of the invader is useless for purposes of mutual recognition in the dim light of dawning day when a raid is generally made. We recall the day when Kukuti was approached by the Missionary (in 1919) to refrain from retaliating when four of his women-folk had been killed at the time of Lilliboe's last raid. The thought of allowing these women's deaths to go un-avenged filled him with grief, and his eyes filled with tears at the thought of the outrage that had been committed, but which he was asked to "forgive." He, eventually, agreed not to retaliate, but he had to keep on the defensive. Two years later Kukuti and several others were on night duty, keeping watch. It was teeming with rain, and the men sought shelter in a canoe house on the beach. The night was inky black; just the sort of night for an attack by the enemy. And unknown to Kukuti and his companions a canoe was on the water, filled with men. The strokes of their paddles could not be heard on account of the pattering rain. Unseen, they stepped ashore, and pulled their canoe up on the beach. They made toward the canoe house, and, Kukuti hearing a voice, immediately thrust the muzzle of his gun through the doorway until he felt it come into contact with a body. Before he could fire a hand grasped the barrel and thrust it on one side. "Who are you?" asks a

voice. "Who are you?" retorts Kukuti. "We are Mission boys from Bambatana," says Lazarus. "Why, I thought you were the enemy." "No, we have come with a message of peace. . . ." And Kukuti listens, and for several days afterwards conferences between the different chiefs are held. Some clamour for the continuation of hostilities, but others, greatly influenced by the Christian teachers, Willie Faiga (a Tongan), Joni Hopa (a Roviana boy), Lazarus (of Bambatana), Amos Tozaka, and others, vote for peace, and Kukuti accepts monetary compensation, and on August 8th, 1921, the Peace Treaty is signed at the Mission Station at Bambatana, in the presence of a representative of the Government.

Peace and Happiness

But we are digressing. Let us return to the feast.

A pungent odour assails us from the earth ovens. The pork is cooked and the shamfight is soon to commence. The visiting shamfighters are grouped together some distance away, blowing their "kews." Kukuti and several other chiefs run round the group brandishing their axes. This is the signal for the fight to begin. With uplifted weapons, the enemy slowly advance in a kind of dance—two warriors reconnoitring the position on tip-toe, and returning with signs to their followers to proceed.

The mock advance is made, and with growls and yells the village is attacked—which simply means that the first group of village dancers give place to the pseudo-raiders, the "rye," as they are called. The first group then become the attackers. A gun-shot is heard—then another—but fortunately everybody knows "it's only done for fun"—and the dancing and the yelling continues.

Then Kukuti heads a procession of men from his house. There are 34 of them, each carrying a "kayser." A hundred golden sovereigns would scarcely equal in value all this native money here displayed. The chief raises his axe, looks terribly fierce, shouting loudly, and looking in our direction.

We almost tremble, but there is no need to fear. But what is he saying? Kukuti is paying a tribute to the Missionary cause. Listen to the translation: "The Missionaries stopped us making war," he exclaims. "All

the money here I would have given to the tribes, and we could have made a *big* war. But the Missionaries prevented us. So all this money is valueless as far as war goes. It is God's will, and His will is best. Peace has come, and I am happy."

Kukuti moves on. The procession encircles the dancers, and then returns to the Chief's house, and the dancing and the "kewing" ceases.

The steaming ovens are uncovered, and the food is made up into about 60 different lots—one lot for each village represented at the feast.

The Moslem World.

In order to be well informed on Missionary topics it is necessary not only to be acquainted with the incidents of work on the Mission field, but also to consider such aspects of the work as the Missionary motive, the Missionary message, the method of approach to non-Christian peoples, the character of non-Christian religions, their relation to Christianity, and the like. As a means to this end I can confidently recommend "The International Missionary Review." The January number is of exceptional interest. The primary place is taken by a series of articles on "The Missionary Significance of the Last Ten Years in Moslem Lands." The general view on the basis of numbers is not encouraging. Throughout Turkey the present missionary force is but a fraction of what it was ten years ago. If the number of Christians as over against non-Christians is estimated there has been a most terrible overthrow of Christianity. The writer says, however, that we gain courage by reflecting upon the similar situation in China in 1900, and the phenomenal growth since then of the kingdom of God in that land. The contact of the leaders of the present nationalistic movement with the West and the new desire on the part of Moslems to become a part of the thinking and active world may open the way for first the tolerance and then the acceptance of Christianity. The changed occupations of the missionary workers and the part they have taken in relief work have brought them into wider contact with the people and have brought

Then the supports of the "soongoo" are chopped away, and the great mushroom-shaped basket falls with a crash to the ground, with the effigies of Jipe and Lilliboe looking on. "How are the mighty fallen!" Peace with honour has been secured, and, taking their portions of food with them, the visitors depart.

Yesterday morning Kukuti sat in church, tidily dressed, wearing a loin cloth for the first time in his life, and reverently listening to the story of Him who came reconciling the world unto Himself.

By Rev. G. T. MARSHALL.

workers of various sects into closer intercourse with one another. These things are of hopeful augury. It is always to be remembered also that we do not live by encouragements, but by faith; that the attack on Islam by other than carnal weapons began less than a century ago; and that results have shewn beyond a doubt that Moslems can be converted to faith in Christ.

Two striking facts emerge in the Editor's summing up of the papers.

(1) The first is the underlying cause of the massacres perpetrated by the Turks. According to the canon law of Islam, "the Christian and Jewish minorities are not reckoned as integral parts of the nation possessed of equal citizen rights and responsibilities with Mohammedans, but as subject-aliens whom it is the duty of the Mohammedan State to protect as long as they themselves accept the position and the status imposed upon them. But the moment they in any way challenge that position, much more take steps to make good that challenge, they lose the conceded right of protection, and revert to the position of enemies at war whose lives it is, of course, not a crime to take." Again, "the active preaching to Moslems on the part of the subject minorities is a definite violation of the constitution conferred upon them and makes lawful the shedding of their blood." That they are permitted to live at all is considered an act of great mercy.

Thus the massacres which horrify the Christian world are not the result of some

special depravity in the Turk. As far as natural badness and natural goodness are concerned he is on a level with ourselves. In this "there is no difference" as St. Paul says. Indeed those who have dealings with the Turk say that he is a good fellow, easy-going, goodnatured, unexcitable, steady in an emergency, and of good material as human nature goes. The massacres are the result of a false creed and a false way of life. Let the Turk become a Trinitarian instead of a Unitarian; let him exalt Jesus Christ as the true prophet of God and he will be as fit as the Britisher to rule over subject peoples.

(2) The second fact that emerges from the articles is that Islam propagates itself (and it is spreading) without possessing Missionary societies. With us "missions have hitherto been the work of a corps of enthusiasts at home or abroad, rather than of the Church of Christ itself; and also have been carried on by a small band abroad standing proxy for the Church, or

rather for that corps in the Church at home. Now Islam, above all other movements, compels us to see the inadequacy of this method; for Islam propagates itself—as Christianity did in the first centuries—by the collective belief of the community in its message and in itself." "Christianity must re-learn the lesson, or at least unlearn its mental dependence on Missionary societies for the completion of its worldwide task." These are weighty words from one who is as interested in Missionary societies as is the Editor of "The International Missionary Review." Unfortunately not all who are called Christians are Christians. Our zeal for Foreign Missions should lead us to do our utmost to make those around us Christians indeed. Meanwhile we must work our societies for all they are worth. In many places on the confines of civilization the only chance of a presentation of Christ to the inhabitants is through the missionary whom we may send.

News from Many Lands.

Our Opportunity in China.

Dr. John R. Mott, on his recent return from China, said of the "New Thought Movement," which is sweeping over the educated classes: "There has been nothing like it intensively or extensively since the Renaissance in Europe; and this transcends that in the number of people involved and in the greater variety of mental interests touched and exhibited. . . . In the late eighties the missionaries and the home churches had a great chance in Japan, though not as great as the New Thought Movement to-day in China. Then we missed our opportunity in Japan. It is here now in China."

AIMS OF THE CHINESE CHURCH.

Mr. T. T. Lew, in his address at the Shanghai National Christian Conference, set forth the aims and aspirations of the Chinese Church as follows, says the "Chinese Recorder":

- (1) Be a fearless fighter against sin.
- (2) Be a faithful interpreter of Jesus.
- (3) Stand as the flaming prophet of God.

- (4) Be an obedient disciple of the Holy Spirit.
- (5) Be a worthy teacher of the Bible.
- (6) Be a genuine servant to the Chinese people, thus making her own contribution to the world, in such a way as to free her of being stigmatized as a foreign institution.
- (7) Be a defender of Christian unity and comprehensiveness.
- (8) Be a courageous experimenter in co-operation.

The Methodist Episcopal Church in India last year baptized more than 37,000 persons; that is a Pentecost of over 3,000 each month, or more than 100 a day. Bishop Fisher reports that many thousands of people are crowding towards mission centres and demanding baptism, and that there are movements in Hinduism, Buddhism,

"The medical missionary often has the key which is so hard to get, the key to the innermost recesses of the heart of the man or woman he has healed."—*Amy Wilson Carmichael.*

Twenty Years Ago.

By Mr. J. F. GOLDIE.

You would have seen some strangely-garbed men at those first services, for all garments were alike to them "Veto," one of our chiefs, came to church one Sunday feeling very grand. He had either borrowed or bought from the trader a coat trimmed with braid and brass buttons, which he wore next to his skin, with a singlet on top of that, and a waistcoat on top of the singlet, and minus pants of any description. As he walked up the hill with me after church I asked him why he wore the singlet and vest outside. He looked at me in amazement and said, "Who would see them if I wore them underneath?" That trader in our lagoon was responsible for a lot. He would sell nightgowns or anything to the men, who would wear them all to church. Some of the things they wore I daren't describe to you. The men simply grabbed this new prerogative and wore any garment they laid their hands on. The first Auxiliary boxes were a great haul to them. There were only blouses in them, and we distributed them to the women on the first Christmas Day, but the men grabbed them and came to service with them on—some tied round their necks, some round their waists, and some put on properly, with nothing as accompaniment. We were often convulsed.

For the first couple of years we could only get five boys to do any work. We were hopeful for a few weeks, for a number came and almost completed a very beautiful large native house; but, not knowing anything of their customs and superstitions, I made a terrible blunder in taking a new Fijian baby into this house. The boys heard it cry, and flew for their lives, with not one look behind, and never returned to ask for pay for building the house. Only two boys remained on the station after this episode, and they were publicly cursed by the old witches; one lost his reason and died, and the other we nursed through some terrible sickness. He, too, lost his reason, but recovered months afterwards. Without labour, the very thought of clearing that forest of gigantic trees was a nightmare—and yet it had to be done. To make the station habitable we must have light and fresh air. Presently three or four more boys came who were the crew of that gallant little sailing vessel the "Bondi," in which the Chairman

opened up practically the whole of our vast Mission district. You can imagine the work was slow, although white men, and teachers, and these boys slaved in that fierce tropical heat. It was very exciting as each island came slowly into view, wondering which it was, for all sense of location seems lost in the heart of the bush.

That period was one long night of struggle—struggle with fever and delirium, and with repeated epidemics of terrible tropical dysentery, which swept through the land, taking many of our people, and some of our bravest and dearest. We are glad we can't live through that again.

Our first school-house and church were built on the beach, a neutral spot, where these people might meet without killing each other. Mr. Goldie was busy when at home, teaching, translating lessons, portions of Scripture for the Sunday services, catechism, and other things, with house-building, book-keeping, and a few other things thrown in. Ray Rooney was now on Choiseul getting a school together, making his station, translating, and doctoring the sick—who often drank the liniments and nearly died, and rubbed tonics, meant to be taken internally, into their bodies by the hour. However, faith is a great factor; He, unlike the Chairman, was able to concentrate on his station at Babatana and care for Mrs. Rooney and Gordon, while Mr. Goldie and his native crew—some of the grandest boys we have to-day—spent a large portion of their time buffeted about by gales of wind, all weather-bound, and just floating on an oily sea with the fierce sun beating down upon them, bringing out the latent malaria. Pioneering! We at home had at least some little personal comfort, but for years he and those boys hadn't anywhere decent even to sleep. But the district developed faster than the Chairman could get men to take hold of the work. While he was doing this developmental work, a native teacher would take the Sunday services, and would often get painfully mixed with the language. Ratu Aparosa one Sunday exhorted the people to use their fins if they wished to reach heaven. They came and asked where heaven was, that they must all turn into fish to get there. Another time he got a word for love, and the whole place was at attention.

(To be continued.)

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