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# The Open Door

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of the  
Methodist Church  
of N.Z.

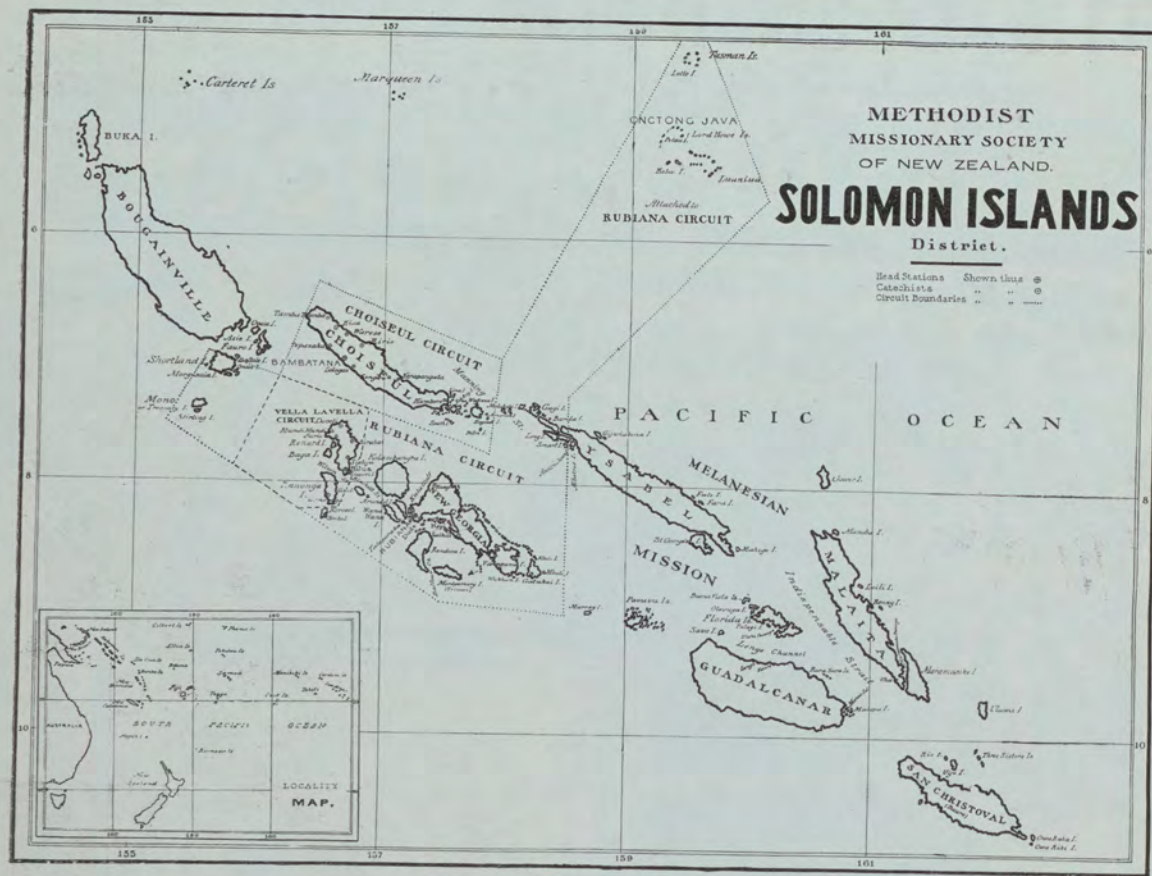
MARCH, 1924

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Editor: Rev. W. A. Sinclair,  
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MARCH 27, 1924.

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**Editorial Notes.**

**The First Maori Volunteer for  
the Foreign Mission Field.**

The appointment of a Maori Minister to the Foreign Mission Field, is a notable event in the history of the Maori Church. During its first century, no Maori left these shores to carry the gospel to the other islands of the Southern Seas. The great Methodist Mission Fields of the Pacific—Fiji, Tonga, and Samoa—have sent hundreds of their sons and daughters to carry the light into the dark islands of the Western Pacific; with the result that great spiritual blessing has come to them. No Church that is not missionary, can be spiritually prosperous and strong, and there can be no doubt that if the missionary spirit had prevailed the Maori Church from its foundation, its history would have been widely different. We believe that untold blessing will come to the Maori Church through the forthgoing of the Rev. and Mrs. Oliver Haddon to the Mission Field.

**The Task of the Home Church  
for 1924.**

Once more we face the sacred task of raising the Missionary income for another year. The home Church is asked to find the sum of £13,000. This is barely sufficient to meet the needs of the year, the expenditure being reduced to the lowest amount possible, and leaves untouched the accumulated deficiency of the past two years. Will the Church rise to the occasion and give us £16,000? This would mean the wiping out of the deficiencies of 1922 and 1923, and would free the Missionary Society for the developmental work so urgently required in the Solomons. The Australasian Board of Missions is appealing this year for £105,000; £85,000 of this is for the ordinary work of the year, and £20,000 is to wipe out deficiency. Shall the Church in New Zealand be less bold in its appeal than the Church in Australia? Last year the Church

in Victoria gave the noble sum of £30,000 for Foreign Missions. Will New Zealand emulate the example of Victoria, and give on the same splendid scale?

**Week of Prayer and Sacrifice.**

The Conference has decided that a Week of Prayer and Sacrifice shall be held this year in every circuit in connection with our Foreign Mission work. It is of the utmost importance that careful and adequate arrangements be made for the observance of this week of prayer. The effort to raise money for our missionary work must be placed on a high spiritual level. It should be a means of grace in every circuit. Missionaries constantly assert that the home Church can help more by prayer than in any other way. The prayer spirit must not be confined to any one week, but must permeate all our work, and must be found at the very heart of the Missionary campaign. The late William Goudie used to call prayer "the cause of causes." If the whole Church this year is suffused, will the spirit of true believing prayer, something will happen, both in the home Church and on the Foreign Field, for something always happens when men pray earnestly.

**Ourselves.**

For the remainder of this year the Editor of this paper will be away from the Dominion on a visit to the Old Land. During his absence, the editorship will be in the capable hands of the Rev. A. Liversedge, of Mt. Albert, Auckland. The Editor desires to thank all who have assisted during the two years of the existence of "The Open Door" in raising the circulation to the splendid total of over five thousand. There are still many thousands of good Methodists who are not subscribers, and we shall not be satisfied until the present circulation is doubled. Will all circuit agents do their best to secure new subscribers?

## A Famous Missionary. Rev. John F. Goldie.

The following article with the above heading appeared in a recent issue of the Australian Christian World. Mr. Goldie is well known in Australia, and his missionary work is highly valued there.

The Rev. John F. Goldie, Chairman of the Methodist Mission in the Solomon Islands passed through Sydney a few days ago on his way to New Zealand to attend the annual sittings of the Board of Missions of the Dominion, which now has control of the Solomons. No missionary of to-day is better known nor better respected in the South Seas, than is the reverend gentleman. He is the founder of the mission in that group, having gone there in May, 1902, and has thus spent nearly 22 years in that part of the South Seas. As showing the value set upon his judgment it is significant that he was recently appointed a member of the Advisory Committee of the British Government, and has already shown his ability in all matters that concern the natives. It is sometimes said that the native people are not grateful for work done in their interests. This, however, is not true as it concerns the people of the island of New Georgia. On the eve of Mr. Goldie's leaving recently, a deputation of chiefs came to see the man who has done so much for them. Mr. Goldie expected to find that there was some new land trouble of which there have been many. To his surprise the leader said that they were much concerned about him, and went on to explain that they were very much concerned about himself. Asked to explain their uneasiness the spokesman said, "Well, sir, we are always afraid that when you visit your native land, you will be persuaded to remain there, and that would be a very great loss to us. We know, of course that your wife

and family have claims upon you, and it would be natural for them, and for you that you should all desire to live together in your own country, and so we are always afraid of losing you. We have therefore been thinking a good deal, and we propose to raise a fund for the purpose of paying your salary quite apart from the Mission, so that you may be our leader, whether living in Australia or New Zealand, or the Solomons. If you go to live in Australia, you could still be to us all that we desire, and if we pay you year by year, your salary, we should feel that we could call upon you to help us in any time of need." The missionary pointed out that it would be impossible for the Chairman of a district to live out of his district. The Constitution of the Church would not admit of that. They still persisted, saying that at any rate the Constitutional difficulties would not arise. Asked as to whether this special fund would militate against the ordinary income of the mission they said that they were prepared to guarantee the income for the mission should increase each year. They then said that the industrial work carried on in the saw-milling had led certain white men to say that the mission ought to pay them a royalty for all the timber taken from native lands. They wished, however, to assure the missionary that it was their wish that the mission should have what timber they liked, and for any purpose whatever, without any thought of royalty. "For," said they, "the value of the business which the gospel has brought to us, is of far more value than all the timber of the Solomons, and our desire is that the mission should use the timber as though it was their own. And that is all. We must not take up any more of your time, for we know that your are busy."

## A Leper Methodist Minister. Let That One Be Me.

Makogai,  
26th July, 1922.

I, Josaia Wacokecoko, native minister, send you an account of my life upon this earth.

I was born at the village of Cautata, Bau, Tailevu on the 30th June, 1871. My age

is therefore 51. I went as a student to Bau, when Mr. Langham was chairman there, and was there four years. Then I went as a student to Navuloa for three years. I was proposed as a Catechist in 1908, and as a native minister in 1911. I became afflicted

with illness (leprosy) in the, no doubt, righteous providence of God, and in 1912 came here to Makogai (the leper settlement). I was at Makogai for one year and eight months when the chairman asked me on my discharge if I would become a native minister at Makogai.

I agreed, because of my love to God and to his people who dwelt at Makogai, and in order that I might manifest Jesus to them.

I was appointed by the Fiji Synod that was held at Bau in 1914, and in 1915 I reached Makogai, where I have been native minister for seven years.

I am earnestly desirous to preach Jesus Christ faithfully to the people. My strength and my life I give that I may be of use in the work of God, our great Lord.

I hold myself in obedience to His will as to whether I shall be delivered from this fearful disease. If so, I shall again take up an appointment in Fiji or in a foreign land.

I shall be obedient to the will of God, and I give myself, sir, wholly to God.

If, at the other hand it is His will that I should be taken (by death), I shall go to Him that I may receive my crown.

Josaia Wacokecoko.

## Let That One Be Me.

These memorable words were addressed to me by Josaia Wacokecoko, the writer of the foregoing autobiographical note, on the occasion of one of my visits to the Government Leper Settlement on the beautiful island of Makogai, situated in Central Fiji.



Photo by Rev. T. Dent

The Mission House (Semi-native) at Patutevu in the Marovo Lagoon; the Residence of Rev. and Mrs. Tom Dent

"Josai, believing as I do that this impulse to come back to these poor unfortunate countrymen of yours as their Pastor is of God, I have no doubt that the Synod will joyfully recommend the appointment to Conference, and may God abundantly bless and prosper you."

Our conversation having thus ended, we immediately betook ourselves to the little church close by already quite full of eager worshippers, and once more I proclaimed to them the Gospel of Hope, and afterwards administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to practically the whole company, no more than a dozen retiring because they were without the badge of membership.

## Historic Event in the Maori Church.

The Christchurch Jubilee Conference of 1924, will live in Methodist history as that at which appointment was first made of a Maori to the Foreign Mission Field. The honour of being the pioneer, belongs to the Rev. Oliver Haddon, the son of the well-known Maori minister, the Rev. Robert Haddon. Oliver is of distinguished Maori lineage. He is a direct descendant of Turi who navigated the Aotea canoe to New Zealand from the islands of the sea. He is a great grand nephew of Titokowaru, the great fighting chief of the Ngaturuanui tribe of Taranaki; also the great-great-grandson of Wiremu Neira (William Naylor) the Maori Methodist evangelist, who was murdered by the Taupo tribes for the sake of the gospel. His father, the Rev. Robert Haddon, was brought up at Parihaka, by his uncles, Tohu and Te Whiti, and as a boy was taught in the o'd Whare-wananga (House of Learning), and Whare-maire (House of Sorcery), afterwards becoming a leader of his tribe, and a distinguished minister of the Methodist Church.

Oliver told the story of his conversion at the ordination service. As a young man he had drifted to America with a Maori Chau-tauqua party, and down into Mexico. One day as he returned from a bull fight at Juraz, he stopped to listen to a blind negro preacher who was telling the old old story of the prodigal son. As he recalled memories of home and mother, the word went home to Oliver's heart, and he said "I will go home."

The Synod following, which took place that year on the island of Bau, Josai's noble offer was cordially endorsed, and subsequently ratified by the Conference. Thus commenced the ministry of this dear brother among his unfortunate countrymen on the island of Makogai, and many are the crown of his rejoicing.

A little over 12 months ago it was the writers privilege to conduct the dedicatory service of a beautiful new wooden church there, erected by an artisan from among themselves, and paid for by their own contributions supplemented by donations from friends and well-wishers.

ARTHUR J. SMALL.

Auckland, Feb. 28, 1924.

## First Volunteer for the Foreign Mission Field.

And home he went to commence a new and Christian life.

His wife Moringa Haddon, is the granddaughter of Metekingi and Potaka, two prominent chiefs of the Wanganui tribe. She is well educated and accomplished, holding the A.T.C.L. degree.

Oliver is a chemist by profession, and this knowledge will be of great assistance to him in his work in the far-off Solomons.

Great interest is being taken by the natives in Oliver's departure for the Mission field. His father, speaking at the Conference Missionary meeting, said it gave him great pleasure to state that the natives were turning towards the work of Foreign Missions. When Ratana at his pa was informed that Oliver Haddon was going to the Solomons, he said; "The 34,000 Maoris who have signed my pledge are behind your back." Ratana had turned and said, "Now people you have heard to-day that one of you and of the church is going forth to the Mission field. Support the Foreign Mission, and support the Home Mission. He then placed a bowl in the courtyard and said, "Do what I told you. "After counting contributions, Ratana said, "It is very small, but the smallest gift was given by a widow as her mite. But some day let us hope it will increase to a very large amount." The sum was £9 13s., although there were only a few people there. Mr. Haddon said he was very glad that his hope that one of his children should go forth to uplift man had been realised, as now his son was going to the Solomon Islands.

## When the Missionary Fire Burned.

Foremost among the public functions at this year's Conference, was the Missionary demonstration at Durham Street. The church was crowded, even to the platform steps, by an audience which began to assemble two hours before the meeting was timed to start, and which thoroughly enjoyed the preliminary musical programme rendered by the St. Alban's choir, under Mr. W. Simpson's able baton.

Mr. J. A. Flesher, O.B.E. (Mayor of Christchurch) was in the chair, and (in addition to those taking part in the meeting) he was supported by Miss Kirk (a direct descendant of the pioneer missionaries), Mrs. A. Bensley, of Vella Lavella, and the Revs. T. G. Brooke and M. A. Rugby Pratt.

In an effective speech the chairman pointed out that the church's power depended on its Missionary enterprise. The people of New Zealand owed an immense debt to the Missionary work of one hundred years ago. Great progress had been made in both the home and foreign departments of the work, and its demands were a constant challenge to the devoted generosity of our people.

A welcome innovation, and one which we hope has come to stay, was the part taken by a carefully trained band of children from Addington and East Belt schools, who recited the Scripture lesson from Isaiah xl. A unique report followed. Master John Gordon summarised the progress made in Home Missions during Mr. Brooke's tenure of office, and spoke of what is being done to-day among the Maoris. Miss Buff Dixon dealt with the work in the Solomons, and although one of the boys harried her with frequent interjections, she turned his interruptions to good account as she shewed that doctors and nurses, teachers and industrial workers are each in their way carrying on the big business of preaching the Gospel to the Islanders. In a winsome appeal she pleaded the need for everyone to work and pray that the world may be brought to Jesus Christ.

The Rev. A. J. Seamer, in a speech of considerable length, declared that the Do-

minion's greatest asset was its Christian consciousness, for life's real battles were fought in the spiritual realm. We spoke of the old Missionaries as pioneers, but we also of to-day were doing real spade work, and the two sides of our Home Mission enterprise—Maori and European—were at last being co-ordinated.

The Rev. Robt. Haddon brought a message from Ratana: "The 34,000 Maoris who have signed my pledge are behind Oliver's back as he goes forth to spread the Gospel in the foreign field," and handed the chairman a cheque for £9/13/11, which had been collected in Ratana's pa. Mr. Haddon was proud and glad that in answer to his prayers one of his own sons was going as the pioneer Maori Missionary to the Islands.

The outgoing Missionaries were introduced by Mrs. Bowron and Rev. W. A. Sinclair. Miss Lina Jones' heart-searching reply was followed by two verses from "O teach me, Lord, that I may teach" by the choir, whose exquisite rendering was one of the finest features in the evening's programme. The Rev. H. Granville Brown spoke of the influence of Missionary biography on his early life. When the Rev. E. Oliver Haddon stood, the whole audience rose and gave him a tremendous ovation. He spoke of the Maori love for the Missionary fathers in the early days—did they not carry Mr. Skevington all the way from Auckland to Taranaki? In a sense they were barbarians and cannibals, but after all were they not all rocked in the same cradle—his history books told him that the British lived in caves, whilst his Maori ancestors had carved houses!

After two verses of "There's a light upon the mountains," sung to 'Lux Eoi,' the Rev. A. H. Scrivin (of Papua), gripped his audience in a speech that thrilled with missionary fire from start to finish. In one part of his circuit the natives shewed him the only evidence (on that Island) of their God—a footprint on a rock. That was their only spiritual comfort, they had no other constraining force in their lives. At harvest time the Papuans held great feasts, when food and clothing were provided for the

spirits of the dead. One chief had said to him recently: "My people are asking, do these spirits really come? Do they really participate in the feast?" That doubt in the old was the Missionary's opportunity to present the new, and the teaching of the Spirit of God. One of their great difficulties was in the missionaries and teachers themselves, in the fact that their people had no other standard than that found in missionary and teacher—who are the Saviour's only representatives. Then there was the problem of rapid development—of work growing faster than the workers can overtake it, with its resultant dissipation of energy. If only the Home Church would send out more workers, the people were waiting to respond. "My father," said the headman of an unevangelised village as he passed through: "Our minds are towards the Light; we are waiting for a man to lead us." Sorcery was another great problem, for it was one of the most potent influences in the life of the Papuan. Mr. Scrivin had asked one sorcerer (whom he knew intimately) whether he really believed his magic to be effectual, or did he practise it merely for gain. He replied: "When I learned the art of sorcery from my father, our people all believed this thing; we had nothing else to believe. But to-day you have come with a new Gospel, and our young men are turning towards it." Concluding, Mr. Scrivin urged two essentials at the Home base. The Church must possess the spirit of Prayer, but that prayer would only be effective in so far as it was intelligent. They must know something of the Missionary's life, must walk lonely trails and sail on perilous voyages with him, must visualise the awful needs of the people—and then pray. Equally essential was the spirit of Sacrifice. He often marvelled at the faithful stand their converts were able to make, but the secret seemed to be in the fact that they appropriated to themselves the spirit of self-sacrifice. Every aspect of their lives had been dominated by sorcery, but when they accepted Jesus Christ they cut themselves entirely adrift from the old life, and found help and strength in the completeness of their surrender. So should we give—not only money and time, but thought and self. One of their native teachers, sick and far from home, had said to him: "My father, it matters not land nor sea, health nor sickness, life nor death, so long as the Kingdom of God moves on."

The Methusaleh of the Conference, Rev. Geo. Bond, having wished "God speed" to Mr. Sinclair, the meeting closed with "God be with you till we meet again."

*NOTE.—The Children's part of the above programme (Scripture, Recitation, Report, etc.) is being adapted for use at this year's Annual Foreign Missionary Meetings. Copies will be ready shortly, and will be sent on application. State date of meeting, name of Church and Circuit and number of copies required, and enclose stamps to*

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### Reported by Juvenile Scribes.

Prizes were offered to the children taking part in the Conference Missionary Meeting for the best account of the proceedings. There is more than one flash of unconscious humour in the essays sent in, from which the following extracts are taken.

"Before the meeting started, the St. Alban's choir sang two wonderful anthems, which were enjoyed by everyone."

\* \* \*

"The meeting *finally* began by the congregation singing a hymn."

\* \* \*

"The Rev. A. J. Seamer spoke at some length on the *rights*, aims and principles of the Methodist Church."

\* \* \*

"The Home Mission address was given by Rev. A. J. Seamer, who said that he liked to be in Christchurch again, and to walk round by the River Avon. After that there was another song for everyone to sing to wake up a little bit."

\* \* \*

"Mr. Bond, speaking of Mr. Sinclair, said he was a fine man, and the President pronounced the Benediction."

\* \* \*

"The last item on the programme was called the Benediction, and was given by the President of the Conference."

\* \* \*

"I think everyone enjoyed the meeting by the way they went out of the Church, and I know I enjoyed myself if nobody else did."

## The Passing of Jiosifa Esi.

By Rev. Vincent Le C. Binet.

The Methodist Church of Tonga has already sent a large number of some of its best men to the Solomon Islands District, and there are many flourishing causes which owe their success to the ability, energy, and devotion of their Tongan leaders. Some have come, and returned to their homes, and come back again for a further term of service; others have come, and have never seen their earthly homes again. Here and there throughout this District rises a sacred mound of earth which covers the mortal remains of a servant of God, who, finding the Light in Tonga, brought it to some dark spot in the Solomons, and helped to kindle many a heart with the sacred flame. Then, their duty done, God called them to higher service.

To the Honour Roll of these warriors who have made the supreme sacrifice, must now be added the name of Jiosifa Esi who, on January 9th, 1924, at Ririo, Choiseul, died after two days' illness.

Some three years ago, when the chairman of the District (the Rev. John F. Goldie) visited Tonga, and appealed for Missionaries, Jiosifa Esi, with his wife Vika, responded to the call of God. But it was not without a wrench that they left their own home. They left behind them the graves of their five children—three having died in infancy, and a grown-up son and daughter had passed away on the same day during the world-wide epidemic of Spanish influenza of a few years ago. But the confidence of these members of Christ's flock, though tried as by fire, was not shaken for all the tragedy of their domestic bereavement. And now Vika is left. Her calm assurance in God's unerring wisdom is a rebuke to the despairing cry of those who are stunned by the sudden removal of their Christian teacher and friend. Our prayer is that she may be continually comforted and fortified by the grace of God.

As our Senga station is only 25 miles from Ririo, I had many opportunities of observing Jiosifa's work. I should say that he was a born Missionary—and yet how mysteriously short was his stay; barely two years among us. At first, I understand, he did not impress some of our white brethren too favourably. It might have been because he sported a big black frock coat on Sunday, and other articles of attire which seemed to them a little strange in such a hot climate.

Perhaps they thought he was proud! But I know one Missionary Sister who said how well his tall figure looked as he stood in church ready to take the service. Proud?—possibly he was in some things, as most of us are. But he was humble too.

The station allotted to him on the north-eastern side of Choiseul, had already been partly evangelised, but it still contained, then as now, many elements of heathenism, Spirit houses are still built and maintained upon the hilly slopes facing the sea and the rising sun, and their devotees pay periodical visits to them. A people superstitious and suspicious, crafty and cruel, diseased and dirty. Among these Jiosifa was placed. Like wild birds they kept off for a long time, but gradually grew more confident and more confiding, until they became tame, and looked upon the Missionary from Tonga as their friend. Other Missionaries on the Field might have profited by observing his methods. He never frightened them off by standing on his dignity. He talked with them. He laughed and played with them. And what a happy, hearty laugh had he! He gathered them around him, and he looked upon them, these betel-nut chewing gentry, as his flock, his children. They were his charges, and he their guardian. He was jealous for their interests and even their comfort. I remember twelve months ago at Christmas, Jiosifa bringing three canoes full of his people—some, God be praised!—already a credit to his work, and rejoicing in a new birth, but others as yet embryonic Christians, smoking their pipes, chewing the betel-nut, sucking the lime-stick, and spitting with that unlicensed liberty that holds no place or time sacred. "Where are my people to stay?" asked Jiosifa. A shelter, certainly rough, but better than many places in which the native sleeps, was pointed out to him. Ah, the look of scorn upon his face, and in his attitude—I have not yet forgotten it. Yes, but they were *his* people. To him they were the best people in the world, for he knew their hearts, and he had found them responsive to the greatest thing in the world. How he reminded one of the words of an English writer: "It is not enough for a man to disapprove of Pimlico, or to approve of it. The only way out of it seems to be for somebody to love Pimlico; to love it with a transcendental tie and without any

earthly reason." If we substitute "Ririo" for "Pimlico" we get the secret of this Missionary's power and influence.

Though he loved and attracted the people steeped in heathenism, he spoke out courageously when the occasion demanded it. The last Sunday before he died he had had occasion to protest against the tendency to revert to heathen practices, involving the worship of spirits, and though a member of his congregation—a chief, at Ririo—was greatly incensed, Jiosifa would not retract one word he had said, although the Chief was insulting and provoking. "Let not the sun go down on your wrath," quietly replied Jiosifa. But the Chief went away, abusing all and sundry. Meanwhile Jiosifa had been taken ill. "I am going, and you are to stay here," he said to Vika. She was amazed by these words, but her protests made no difference to him. "Jesus is calling me, and I must go. I see two ropes let down from heaven. They are for me," he said. He remembered a debt of a few shillings he owed a trader, and made arrangements for having it paid. . . . When the Chief returned his faithful pastor had been summoned to give an account of his stewardship, and may we not anticipate the words that would greet him: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will set thee over many things."

"Our lamp has gone out," was the cry of one whom Jiosifa had led to cut his beard off, for that beard was the sign of an unforgiven injury which was helping to keep a whole village barricaded. "We are blind people left without a guide," was the comment of another. Many were in tears on the day of the funeral. A coffin was made from the salvaged boards of a wreck which formed the floor of the house. "Our teacher is demolished; demolish the house!" said an old man. There is a gap in the floor of that house to-day, which tells of a gap in the ranks of our faithful Tongan Missionaries. Who will fill the vacant place?

The service was a solemn one at the graveside, and "Rock of Ages," was sung by the people present. The task of filling up the grave was begun by some of the mourners. Someone was about to fill the grave with soil. "No! no!" cried a young man, with a catch in his voice. "When Jiosifa was alive he told us that if we really loved our departed friends we would not fill their graves with common soil, but with sand." "But the grave is big, and the sand is heavy to carry from the shore here. Let us fill it with the soil lying about here." "No! no!"

was again the answer. "It would not be right. Let us all set to work, and it will soon be done," and he led the way, followed by all the people in the village. And because of Jiosifa's little fad—nay, more!—because they loved him—the little boys and the little girls, and the grown-up men and women folk, filled coconut-leaf baskets with sand and tipped their contents into the open grave. By dusk their task was done.

Someone suggested a head-stone. A flat stone was commandeered which had formed the roof of a spirit house, where lay the bones of previous generations, and once the *rendez-vous* of heathen worshippers, the last of which had just recently joined the Christian congregation at Ririo. With a penknife Jiosifa's name was deeply engraved upon the white stone. And that little mark of respect that his human friends have showed him is surely an earnest of an eternal memorial: "To him that overcometh will I give . . . a white stone, and in the stone a new name written."



THE PROFESSIONAL GROUSER

From "The Foreign Field."

FOLK WHO DON'T BELIEVE IN MISSIONS.

### Visit of the Rev. J. F. Goldie and Two Native Boys.

The Rev. J. F. Goldie is to be the chief Missionary deputation in the North Island this year. He is due to arrive in Auckland on April 1st, and will spend some six or seven weeks in our midst. He is to be accompanied by two native boys who will no doubt receive a warm welcome everywhere. One of the boys is a little chap called Gina, his baptised name being Belshazzar. The Rev. W. A. Sinclair and Mr. J. W. Court when in the Solomons, took a great fancy to this boy because of his bright open countenance and his glorious contralto voice. He very much desired to accompany them to New Zealand, but he was too young to take from his home. His voice is now in the process of breaking, consequently he will not be able to delight his audiences with songs, but as he is a member of the Koken-golo Brass Band, he will be able to entertain them with cornet solos. Mr. Goldie told the Board of Missions of some of Gina's experiences in Sydney recently. One day Gina accompanied some ladies on a shopping expedition. He was attracted by the sound of a cornet, and received permission to go and listen. A returned soldier was the player, and noticing the little black faced boy listening, said, "You could not play this thing." "Couldn't I," said he, "You try me," and the cornet was handed to Gina. To the astonishment of the listeners he gave them "Rule Britannia," "Advance Australia" and other selections. A great crowd speedily gathered, necessitating the interference of the police, and coins rained on the soldier to his great delight. When the ladies went in search of Gina, they found him returning with a large water-melon under his arm, his share of the spoils. All the chief centres in the North Island will be visited by the deputation. Look out for the local dates, and keep them free for what are certain to be great and interesting meetings.

### News From the Mission Field.

It is only about two years since the Rev. Vincent le Binet commenced work on the eastern coast of Choiseul among a semi-heathen people. Fighting had taken place there, not long before Mr. le Binet's advent. He writes:

Some of our young pupils at school have

now learned to read and write here at Senga. It was difficult to get the girls to school at first because their chiefs wanted them to work in their gardens all day, but the objections have been over-ruled in many instances, and it is a great pleasure to mark the progress of these young people, and to see the look of victory on their faces when they find they have got a sum right. Others, however, will pull a very wry face if they are wrong, and sometimes an elderly scholar exclaimed loudly, so that all can hear; "Keleke! Kame irogo," which freely translated means, "Goodness, I forgot to carry." In our day school at Senga we have 70 scholars in attendance. After two hours schooling, from 6 a.m. to 8 a.m., the boys are drilled from 8 to 8.30, and they take a delight in learning the different movements, and also the physical exercises which are now being introduced by an ex-police boy, recently baptised Luke.

Of course we have as yet, no Girls' Home here, but Mrs. Binet is looking after the girls and women, and is conducting sewing classes, the members bringing material bought by their brothers and husbands from the traders. The material is cut out, and the girls are taught to sew and make their own dresses. The dresses received from New Zealand recently have gone to the out-stations because they are so far away.

### Reinforcements for the Solomons.

#### THE OUTGOING PARTY.

Three new workers are shortly to leave for the Solomon Islands Mission Field. Miss Lina Jones has been an active worker in Addington Church for many years. She is a trained and certificated teacher, and will specialise in Kindergarten work at the Head Station.

The Rev. Hugh G. Brown has just completed three years' training in the Theological College, Auckland. He was last year awarded the first Edson and the first Garland prizes. He goes highly recommended by his college tutors and others. His appointment will enable a missionary to be sent to assist the Rev. A. H. Cropp in the pioneer work in Bougainville.

The Rev. Oliver Haddon will be stationed in the Ontong Java group. A European missionary formerly resided there, but for some years there has been no resident missionary in this group.

Opeti Pina  
was the other

Miss Jones will leave Auckland for Sydney by the mail steamer, Makura, on March 28th, and will spend a few weeks in Sydney gaining further experience in Kindergarten Schools.

The Revs H. G. Brown and O. Haddon, will probably undertake deputation work in the

North for a month or two, and will accompany Mr. Goldie when he returns to the Solomons in June.

The prayers of the whole Church will go with these young missionaries, and we wish them much success and blessing in their work in the Mission Field.



REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE SOLOMONS.

Rev. Hubert G. Brown.

Miss Lina Jones.

Rev. E. Oliver Haddon

## Missionary Table Talk.

The Rev. A. H. Scrivin, of Papua, received a warm welcome at the Conference. He leaves for Sydney on March 28th, and will spend a short time in deputation work in New South Wales before returning to the Mission field.

The Rev. A. J. Small, after 45 years of strenuous and successful toil in Fiji, has retired from the active work of the Ministry. The whole of his ministerial life has been spent in Fiji. For 13 years he has been chairman of the Mission District. Mr. Small will, at the request of the Australasian Board of Missions, engage in translation and literary work.

The Rev. R. L. McDonald is the new chairman of the Fiji District. We wish him much success in the great task which he has undertaken.

The Rev. J. W. Burton, after ten years' residence in Melbourne as Conference Missionary Secretary, is removing to Sydney where he is to take charge of the Department of Literature and Education in connection with the Australasian Missionary Society.

Mrs. Bensley, the wife of the Rev. A. A. Bensley, of Vella Lavella, who has suffered much from frequent attacks of malaria, is at present recuperating in Christchurch. Mr. Bensley is expected to arrive in New Zealand on furlough in August. He will later undertake deputation work in the South Island.

The Board of Missions has invited Mr. N. J. Jenkin of Melbourne to pay a visit to New Zealand with a view to creating deeper interest in Missions among the men of the church. Mr. Jenkin is an honorary worker, and devotes practically the whole of his time to the advocacy of Foreign Missions. It is not yet known if Mr. Jenkin will be able to accept the invitation.

The Board of Missions has authorised the purchase of another launch for the Solomons. It has been largely subscribed for by the young people of the church in New Zealand through the Centenary Fund. It is to be named "Te Karere"—The Messenger. It will be used by Mr. le Binet in his pioneer work on the eastern coast of Choiseul.

## Problems of the Pacific.

From Yesterday to To-morrow.

By the Rev. A. B. Chappell,  
M.A., Dip. Jour.

I.

The Pacific! Was ever name common in geography so full of human concern as this? Four hundred years ago a Portuguese navigator wrote it across a chart in token of the welcome calm he met upon the waters westward of the Horn; and now it is engraved deep in the heart of the world, a name of grave portents and hopes.

Most of us met it first on the broad page of some atlas, a great expanse of blue dotted with a south-western cluster of names mostly underlined in red. Almost like a lake it looked, with its sweeping shore stretching from the Horn right up to the Arctic Circle, and thence running down past China to Singapore—a shore unbroken save where Magellan found first his gateway, and man's ingenuity has cut the Panama Canal, and nature's old bridge from America to Asia, was broken down when earth caught a chill. Flung out into the blue below Singapore, were the East Indies and New Guinea, with Australia standing guard behind, and New Zealand's twin sentinels set far out upon the right. Spreading north and east from that shelter, like playful children stealing out before dawn to discover the track of the rising sun, were the thousand islands decked with red, and their few companions unadorned with such gay favours. To the south, almost completing the circle of this vast ocean-shore, the great white land of the Antarctic lay, where Cook once went sailing to find a storied southern continent. Such was the Pacific of the map-makers.

There is a notion that a great whirling flake, still quivering and half-molten, went flying off from this side of the earth to make the moon. That may have been: the bed of this vast ocean could well have spared enough to form our mirror of the sun. Even yet, in the story of the man in the moon, that notion has an echo, and twice a day the waters that fill the vast depths left behind own openly a wish to follow. But, whatever the origin of the moon or of the fabled man in it, human interest has gone cold about them both; while the fervour the Pacific attracts waxes more and more.

To its island fastnesses that kept their footing on the deep ocean-floor came adven-

turous men, brown-skinned and brawny, bringing with them thoughts and things shared in the world's more settled dwelling-places. Here, the world forgetting, by the world forgot, they made them homes and hunting grounds, basking awhile in the sunshine and making forays across the vacant, sparkling waters, until white men from Europe found them in their distant pleance.

Keats, seeking a simile for his youthful joy at finding Homer, lighted upon that fateful happening:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Only Keats was wrong about Cortez. It was not the conqueror of Mexico, and the last Montezuma, but Balboa, following rumour's whisper of a great western ocean, who had that discoverer's rapt vision. Columbus, seeking a new ocean highway to far Cathay, found America blocking his path and turned back: Balboa, running away from his creditors in San Domingo, made Darien famous and the Pacific known.

Soon, from east and west, European navigators came, and the Pacific's new era began. For fable, history; for vacant spaces, trade routes; for idle, easy, care-free dallying with the hours, an eager enterprise of ownership and exploitation. Upon the dim stage of yesterday the curtain fell, to be raised again with incredible swiftness on a moving drama full of tense action.

Nation vies with nation for foothold. Germany intrigues in the Isthmus where De Lesseps and the French Canal Company failed to make a way, and seeks to win strategic positions by trading companies, until the inevitable end comes in the war, the Prussian spirit precipitated, and its "world-dominion" is sent packing. French penal colonies are established, and the tricolour waves over ambitions leading to misrule. The Dutch establish themselves diligently in the East Indies, and move on to Papua. Portuguese and Spaniards essay fitful conquests in the offing of the China

Sea, and fail because of decadence at home. America, losing sight for a while of the Monroe Doctrine in the dazzling glitter of this Newest World, lays hands upon the Sandwich Islands and the Philippines and cuts a gateway from the Atlantic. Japan possesses herself of Formosa, and sends colonies of her fast-increasing people to California. And all the while, through good and evil report, the Union Jack that Cook bore here and there across the watery wilderness in the eighteenth century wins grace and favour. Its blended crosses, set in the hoist of the proud white ensign of the Royal Navy, become the dread and envy of marauding selfishness. Under "government by commodore" the island peoples learn to distinguish real friends from crafty exploiters, and crave the protection of British sovereignty.

Not that Britain's influence is always exercised wisely or without thought of national gain, nor that her traders and adventurous explorers are uniformly bent on righteous dealing. She too has her blame for moments when the Pacific is no better than the world's backyard, and would consign her criminal rubbish—not always so ugly and noisome as it seems—to its outer darkness. But blood tells; the mingled strain of Viking and Roundhead and Covenanters is soon impatient of dominion without decency, and where its red mingles with the ocean blue upon the map, the brown man finds the white man may be trusted.

That does not come all at once. There are pathetic splashes of real martyr red suddenly flecking the blue. Cook and Williams and Patteson, are sacrificed upon the new day's threshold, and many another done to death in the misunderstandings of its dawn. Yet, nation for nation, the British come to sovereignty through service, and when at last, the Great War over and the Round Table of Goodwill set, it is British statesmen and commanders who sit with easiest consciences when the fate of the Pacific is to be discussed and mandates given for the care of its half-grown island-peoples.

There are forms unseen at that Round Table. Their voices whisper compellingly. Their hands shape the judgments. To the New Pacific they contribute most of all, although their names may never have mention. Stalwart though no longer in the flesh, they mould the policy of to-morrow. Who are they? White men whose family cradle

was girt about with love of liberty, and love of God for many generations in lands looked upon as old. When the history of the Pacific Pact is fully written, when the problems of the peace for this great hemisphere are solved, it will not be William Bligh or Theodor Weber or Bully Hayes that will be remembered best, but men of Christian insight and sympathy, sometimes all gentleness, sometimes "merciful and fierce" like Cromwell—men of whom William MacGregor and George Brown are shining examples. What they thrillingly have done makes possible the Pacific of a brightening morrow.

We are in the morning twilight of it. The old perils, the old horrors, the old misunderstandings are not all gone. International differences are not solved. Some readjustments are inevitable. The present partitioning is tentative. Some day it must be faced anew.

There are problems of political import. What is to be done about the New Hebrides, and the ghastly failure of the condominium experiment? When and how will the United States fulfil the promise to give self-government to the Philippines? Can Japan find a satisfactory way of dealing with the so-called savages of Formosa, a way that will dispense with the weaknesses of blockhouses and barbed-wire entanglements? How will Papua emerge from its divided national ownership and the oversight of Australia? Who can cast the horoscope of Samoa? All the problems, like these, are human.

It is good that statesmen and scientists, and best of all that missionaries, are putting their heads and hearts together to understand the need. There is a chance, a divine chance, that the problems occasioned by the impact of Western Civilization upon unsophisticated islanders may be solved. And in that process, given into the hands of men by the Creator of the least as well as the greatest of them, the heart must have its way or failure come. The white man's burden must not fall on reluctant shoulders. It is the pierced hands of Calvary, which once lifted Empires from their hinges, that would place it on them. His Gospel, in all its broad wisdom and deep love, holds the key to all that now perplexes; but to use it is the duty and the privilege of those whose thought and deed He quickens.

(To be continued).

## WOMEN'S PAGE

## M.W.M.U.

Methodist Women's  
Missionary Union of  
New Zealand.

Dear Fellow Workers,

There is a wonderfully stimulating, strengthening, zestifying force in a united effort.

Methodism has at least one such effort in the raising of her Easter offering, by the Auxiliaries of our Women's Missionary Union.

This offering is not confined to our Dominion, but is an almost universal one in the Methodist world. For weeks before Easter the prayers, and thoughts, and efforts of our officers are focussed upon the Easter offering, and how to make it a record one, and secretaries are busy writing letters, committees are busy arranging the best ways and means of circulating the letters with the small Easter envelopes, or distributing the books or boxes among the collectors.

In the Homeland they have an Easter Offering Secretary, with the result that their methods of receiving the Offering are very well organized, and the Annual Report for 1922 shows the splendid result of £6990. Canada adopts the same method, and their report records an Easter Offering of £12,000. New South Wales also has an Easter Offering Secretary, and their women collected and gave £322 5s 0d., while our women in the Dominion report the sum of £252 3s 4d. as the result of last Easter's appeal. But I think some of our Auxiliaries passed the Easter gifts through the monthly collections, and so it is not counted in the above amount.

Easter 1923 witnessed a forward movement in India. It was the first year that our Methodist Hindu women had taken an Easter Offering; and how their dusky faces must have shone when the result of their "labour of love" was announced to them. For those women did work for the Women's Missionary Auxiliary.

Wherever this offering is taken, the objective is the same: To help in the advancement of women's work for women, and by this means helping to extend the Kingdom of the Living Christ.

There is an interesting company watching

our Women's Easter Offering. Our Church Ministers and Circuit Officials are watching, and we thank them for the big lift they render us by the pulpit announcements, and kindly reference to our work. The Board of Missions is watching, knowing that the income is materially augmented by the result of this Offering. The officers of the Union, and of each Auxiliary are watching, knowing that generous giving strengthens the Missionary Spirit, and makes advancement possible. The tired collector is rewarded as she watches the amount of the accumulated tiny mites. And we are watching ourselves, to see that we carry out our good resolves of increased giving, and to see that we do not put the Easter Appeal out of sight, until the Easter Meeting, but that we keep it ever before us to help us in making real our dreams of self-denial. And He who watched the tired toilers in times gone by "changes not" and is still watching—watching every worshipper—Those who cannot come to the Easter Meeting. Yes, dear invalid, He watches so tenderly as you reach down your box, and hand on your gift, and He sees the rushed tear, and hears the unspoken word—Do you catch *His answer*? Listen in—No, that is *not* all you can do now. Your prayers, your patience, your sympathy, your love are all in that Offering this Easter tide—and may be that He will raise a living monument out of your love-gift—He counts so very differently to our clumsy ways, and values not so much the grand total, as the loving spirit that longs to express its worship to "Him who loved us and gave Himself for us" by passing on the best things of life, that have been handed on to us.

Will all Methodist women share in the privilege of this united effort of Easter 1924?

Sincerely Yours,

A. C. STEVENS.

### PERSONAL NOTES.

Mrs. T. H. Stevens, our new Union President, will be ably supported in her responsible position by Misses Carr and Buttle as



joint secretaries, and Miss Mather as treasurer.

Buttle! Carr! Mather! Of a surety the mantle of Elijah descends upon Elisha. For do not these names shine forth in letters of gold upon our past and present Missionary and Ministerial Roll of Honour?

The joint secretaries are excellently matched. Miss Cissie Carr portrays the ideal daughter of the Methodist Parsonage. Ever interested in anything pertaining to her beloved Church, she started her Missionary work as Look-Out Member for Birkenhead. Later she became secretary of the Auckland Auxiliary, a post she retained for some years, besides occupying other positions of trust. She delights alike in Home and Field work, and while enjoying Conferences, is happier when engaged in the ordinary routine. Of a naturally quiet and retiring disposition she yet impresses one with her steadfastness of purpose and her oneness of aim. With Miss Carr, "to will is to do."

Miss Jean Buttle combines a charming personality, with much sound common sense. She can fill almost any gap, and has more than once acted as relieving secretary. She revels in Executive work, having a keen eye to business. A good organizer, she has a genius for details, and will never spoil an effect for want of one. Blessed with the talent of song, she is always ready and willing to use her God-given gift in the great cause of Missions.

Miss Edna Mather, the treasurer, is a joyous creature with the bump of mirthfulness well developed. Verily an invaluable trait for one who "sitteth at the receipt of custom!" From her youth up she has inhaled the Missionary atmosphere, and for two years was assistant-secretary of the Auckland branch. She inherits a natural business capacity, and has had some financial training which should stand her in good stead. When faced with perplexing problems, as doubtless she will be in her treasurership, our dauntless Miss Mather will cheerfully,—

"Laugh at impossibilities  
And cry, 'It shall be done!'"

The varied talents of the above trio combined with the sweet saintliness of our president, Mrs. Stevens, should go far towards maintaining and increasing the splendid

success which has attended the devoted efforts of our retiring president, Mrs. Bowron, and her fine Band of Assistant Workers.

E.M.K.

### Notes on the Last W. M. Conference. (Continued).

What shall we say of the lantern lecture by our esteemed F. M. Secretary, Mr. Sinclair? Good! Yes, it was good—just what we expected from him. A well-packed hall, first-class lantern, fine pictures, and a thrilling story well-told, made an enjoyable respite from our daily routine. Then the Communion Service! Dare I who have been writing in lighter vein touch upon that "Holy of Holies?" Yes, surely, for did not I too rise from my knees realising that the Divine radiance had rested upon me.

"Here, Oh my Lord, I see Thee face to face." May He grant to each one who took part in that Service the power to reflect that brightness! We sat quietly expectant, "waiting the message, and the message came." As we were soothed by the soft sweet music, and drank in the beautiful words of a Service, with which we have been familiar for many years,

"Heaven came down our souls to greet  
And glory crowned the mercy-seat."

The closing hour of Conference was very precious to us. Work was finished in good time, and we had a few minutes in which to voice our thanks to all who had helped to make our Conference of 1923 such a success. These Conferences seem to us as milestones along the way, and it is interesting to look back upon the problems which time and experience have solved. Looking forward, all kinds of hopes beckon us, and we know no fear feeling that "in quietness and confidence is our strength," because God it with us. Our stones of remembrance are our president, secretaries and other officers. Reverently we thank God for the past Executive, and joyfully get into step with the new one. Yes, there is more work ahead than we can do in a day, but each year makes our work easier, because we are learning each year how to do it better. In the best interests of every home church we want all our women to become members of our Auxiliaries, whose battle cry is "Christ for the whole wide world."

ELIZABETH.

## Of a Young Man's Fear and General Feng.

By Rev. J. Ernest Parsons.

"To listen to that man makes me wonder whether it's worth while supporting missions."

The speaker was a young man of average intelligence. He is a regular attendant at church services, and he reads as much as the ordinary church member. He had just returned from an ordinary church service where the preacher had been a missionary from, (I think), India.

"Why, what was he saying?" someone asked.

After a pause he answered, "Well, he seemed to boast that he had baptised six people in the course of a year. Just before that he had told us how many millions of non-Christians there were in his district. *Six out of millions!*" he exclaimed. With a smile he added, "Makes you wonder whether he's worth the four or five hundred pounds a year it costs to keep him there, doesn't it?"

I shall not stop to record the after-course of the conversation. What was said in reply is not to be found in this article. Only let this be said in passing, that young men who talk like this must be dealt with very gently, firmly if you will, but gently. There is nothing to be gained either by shouting or by sarcasm.

The best way perhaps, is to show them one of the six, or of a similar six, revealing the change in his soul by his conquests for his new Master, Christ. We shall be in a very happy state if we can bring our missionary sceptic to a full realisation of the saying that "a Christian convert is not a unit but a multiplication table."

Supposing one of that six should become a General Feng. And who shall dare to be the doubter?

General Feng to-day is one of the most outstanding men in China; in many ways he is the most striking personality that China knows. He is a great man, and a great Christian. He has been the Governor of states, and is now the leader of an army of more than twenty thousand troops, the majority of whom are definitely Christian. There are those who see in him a man who could save China, making her a President far better than any she has yet honoured.

And whence comes this great Christian general? Just over twenty years ago he was an ignorant private soldier, shackled with all the foolish superstitions of his people. He has said that he believed that the

foreigners were taking the eyes of the children to make medicine with which to send telegrams. He could scarcely write his own name. "When the soldiers were sent through the city to shoot into the air to scare away the cholera demon that was raging in the city, he fired not merely into the air, as the rest did, but put a bullet hole through each of the three characters of the sign-board of the Presbyterian Mission to show that he thought the cholera demon and the mission were equally hateful to him."

Just over twenty years ago,—*ignorant, superstitious, hating the foreigner. To-day*, a Christian leader of a Christian army, ever ready to welcome into this camp Christian workers from all parts of the world. What has happened?

One day he heard the story of how Miss Morrell, an American missionary who was murdered by the Boxers, pleaded for the women and children of the city. Let them take her if they would, but let them spare the others. "While I heard that," he told a visiting missionary, "then, for the first time in my life, I felt the stirrings of conscience."

He had become a major before he began to study the Bible. He had attended two of Dr. Mott's meetings, and at the second he signed a card promising to attend a Bible Class. A little later, twelve years ago now, he was baptised in the Methodist Church at Peking.

To know the value of this man to the forces of righteousness in China, one should see his army, and note the difference between the conduct of his men and that of the ordinary Chinese soldier. The soldier of China is a notorious looter. The pitching of a Chinese camp in any district, is to strike fear into the hearts of all the surrounding country side. When General Feng's army came to one place, all the tradespeople shut up shop. But they did not know General Feng's men. When the army left, the Chamber of Commerce, voted each of the men a medal as a token of the esteem in which they were held, and for the fine work they had done in the city. A wonderful army this! The majority of the officers have been with General Feng for years; they are earnest Christians, interested in Christianity not simply "to curry favour with the General, but because of their own experience, and their realization that China's only hope is

to be found in belief in the Lord Jesus Christ." Among the men there is no drinking, smoking, gambling or venereal disease. "It is the cleanest army in the world," asserts Rev. E. Stanley Jones in *The Belfast Witness*. The General himself is largely responsible for this excellent state of things. While he prays with his men "Lead us not into temptation," he takes care that no removable temptation is allowed to remain undisturbed. There is no liquor allowed in the camp, and on his arrival in any district all prostitutes are ordered to leave immediately. And the order is enforced. One such woman, imagining that the law would not be carried out, stayed in the district beyond the allotted time. She was shot.

The General is strict with his men, but all the hardship he imposes on them he himself is willing to share. Best rice for the army could not be secured without looting or the acceptance of bribes,—the army pay was long over-due. Then he himself joined the men in eating second grade rice. One day one of his staff caught him mopping the floor. He remonstrated with him; such work was degrading for him, "the General and the Governor," and he quoted Confucius to that effect. Feng answered, "Yes, Confucius says that, but what says the New Testament? Here is a New Testament. Find some passage that bears on the subject." It was this: "Whosoever would be great among you shall be your minister and whosoever be chief, let him be your servant." So the General by his own example seeks to inculcate the principles of Christianity in the lives of his soldiers.

It is interesting to compare the camp life of this army and that of the ordinary Chinese camp. Here the men are catered for in every way,—physically, mentally and spiritually. A daily programme of drill, sports and manual training is prepared. Leaving the camp the men go out with a trade,—spinning, weaving, leather working, carpentry, tailoring, bootmaking; all these are included in the trades taught. Different from the ordinary soldier, these men go out to be useful citizens. The ordinary Chinese soldier, untrained except for soldiering, allowed to loot while in uniform, leaving the army unprepared for civilian life, all too often turns bandit, one of the many who prey on the common people.

On the intellectual side the General makes large provision for his men. Most of

them come from the ignorant and superstitious farmer and coolie class, but they are taught to read and write, and visitors to the camp witness to the progress the men make in their studies.

The supreme emphasis, however, is put on the spiritual. Over every man's sleeping place hangs a tag reminding him to read so many verses of his Bible every day, to learn so many new characters, to do his drill and exercises, and to pray. On the reverse side is a prayer asking for help to obey orders, and also for the peace and unity of China. Those who are definitely Christians are scattered throughout the camp, and definite efforts, by evangelistic services and personal work, are made to bring others to decision for Christ. Bible classes and prayer meetings which the General himself attends and in which he takes part, are held regularly throughout the camp. Visiting missionaries are welcomed by the General, and every opportunity for work among the men is offered. Every bedroom has its Bible and hymnbook.

So this great Christian man, "this bright spot amid the corruption of Chinese officialdom" seeks by word and by example to capture his men for Christ. After this who shall estimate the value of one convert to the Lord Jesus?

I think I shall send this article to the young man who feared that the conversion of six people in the course of a year was scarcely worth the money expended. It may, perhaps, convince him of the truth of that saying I quoted earlier, that "a Christian convert is not a unit, but a multiplication table."

The Rev. G. T. Marshall has been appointed Acting-General Secretary during the absence of the Rev. W. A. Sinclair in England.

The Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Sinclair leave Auckland by the R.M.S. "Makura" on March 28th, for Sydney en route for England. They are travelling via Suez. They hope to be back in the Dominion by Christmas time.

Mr. R. K. Sorabji, an Indian barrister, said at Bolsover on October 3rd: "I sometimes wish that the Bible could come to you in England as a new book, because I believe you would then appreciate it far more than you do now. You ought to send your religion based on the Bible to other countries, because it is the best thing you have."

## The Methodist Missionary Society of New Zealand.

General Secretary: REV. W. A. SINCLAIR.

Treasurers: REV. G. T. MARSHALL and MR. J. W. COURT.

Mission Office: 509 New Zealand Insurance Building, Auckland.

Telegraphic and Cable Address: "Nomolos, Auckland."

Correspondence should be addressed to Rev. W. A. Sinclair.

Letters containing remittances should be addressed to

Rev. G. T. Marshall,

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