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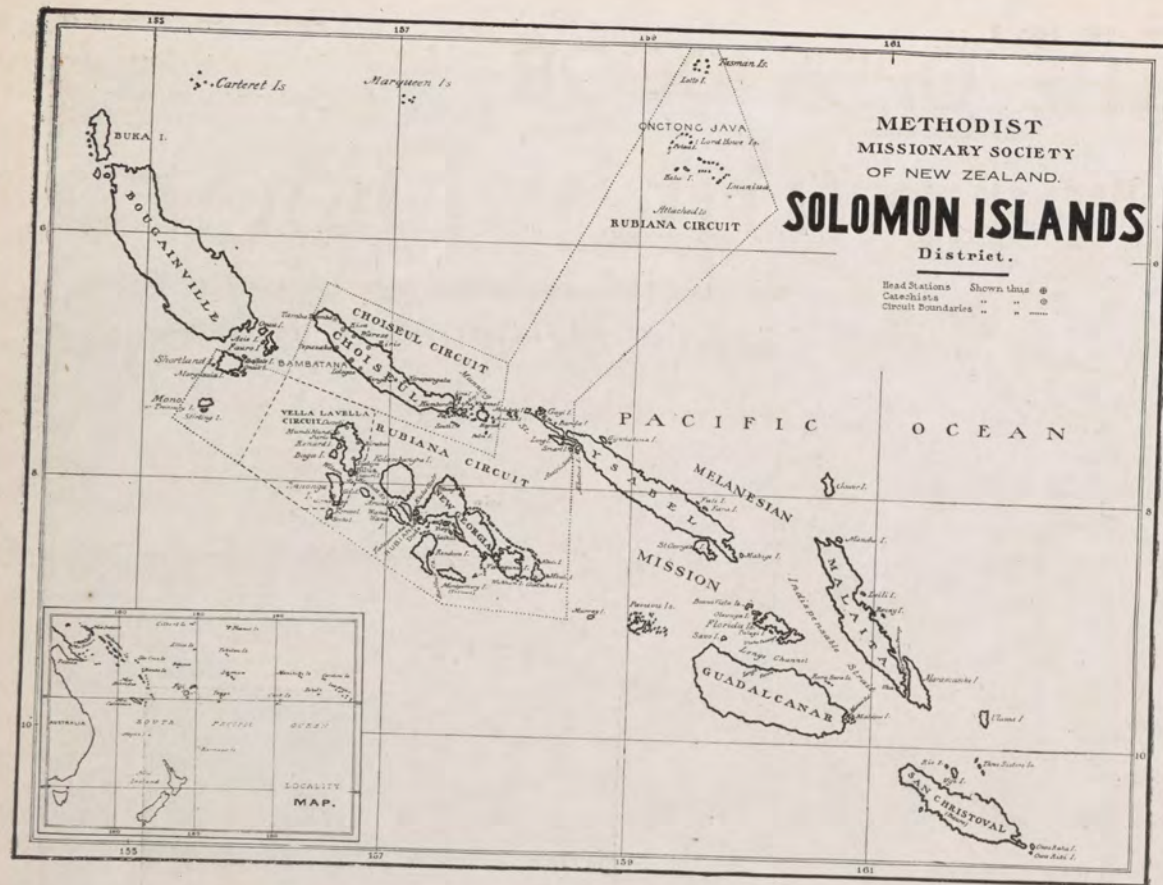
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**THE OPEN DOOR.**

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**Editorial Notes.**

**The "John F. Goldie" Viewpoint.**

After a "rush" visit to Auckland and the Southerly Circuits of the North Island, the Chairman of the Solomon Islands District, accompanied by Gina, Opeti, and the Rev. H. G. Brown, has quietly returned to the Mission Field.

"Mr. Goldie's visit marks the second stage," declared Mr. H. Field at the farewell meeting, "in the development of our Mission work abroad." The foundations have been firmly laid. To Mr. Goldie himself, the visit has been one of great value. He now understands the viewpoint of the leaders, and the rank and file supporters of the Mission, at the Home Base.

Its value to the Board is admittedly considerable.

"What would happen," enquired Mr. Goldie whimsically, "were I to die suddenly, before all the Mission properties which are registered in my name were legally transferred to the Board?"

To our Church at large, the deputation's visit will be of incalculable value if not only the "leaders", but the "rank and file" of our membership, can be moved thereby to adopt the "Goldie viewpoint."

Mr. Goldie is not an egoist. He is the humblest of God's servants. But for 22 years he has laboured and prayed for a people who love and trust him, as John G. Paton was trusted and loved. He was the first to lead them to God. He is to-day their chief counsellor and friend. And if we are to co-operate fully with this devoted man of God we must understand and share his point of view. Those persons privileged to hear Mr. Goldie pray for a lonely colleague, or plead the needs of the unreached dark skins, will surely understand. All others should hasten to read his unvarnished story of the wondrous enterprise.

For if we can look upon the Solomons with Mr. Goldie's eyes, and feel our heart throb in unison with his own, we shall adequately support him with our money and our prayers. We only need to adopt his viewpoint.

Mr. Goldie's aim is to capture the Western Solomons for Christ, and the Methodist Church of New Zealand—while the door of opportunity remains open.

**"Put the Claims of Foreign Missions First."**

The President-General of our sister Church in Australia is urging all Methodist people to put the claims of Foreign Missions first amongst the many appeals which the Church makes upon their generosity. For his warrant he appeals to the words of our venerable founder, John Wesley—"Go always, not only to those who want you, but to those who want you most."

Recognising that many Foreign Missionary contributors will give their £50's and their £10's, Mr. Sugden asks all members to give not less than £1 each, this year. "Even the poorest could put by, week after week, sufficient for this." On what N.T. principle do we give the claims of Foreign Missions second place?

**A Special Number.**

The present issue of the "Open Door" is a "John F. Goldie" deputation number. For two fine photographs we are indebted to Mr. J. P. Blair, of Auckland.

Two extracts from addresses delivered by the "boys", Gina and Opeti, and translated by Mr. Goldie, will be of interest. They reveal striking differences of temperament between the gifted "youngster", and the quiet reflective man.

**"At School in the Solomons."**

One of the sore trials of a missionary arrives when the family must be divided owing to the children reaching school age. In the print "At School in the Solomons" Mrs. Binet, of Choiseul, is giving her boy Grenville a lesson in natural history. The missionary and his wife are educating their little son themselves just now, since the time for separation must soon come.

## Chat with Rev. John F. Goldie, Pioneer Missionary in the Western Solomons.

By Rev. J. Ernest Parsons

The rain was falling in torrents when I found Mr. Goldie outside Pitt St. Church. It was the third day of the deluge that led to "the flooded North," April 7th of this year. As we stepped out together I suggested that such rain was not an uncommon experience in the Solomons—the weather has always been a convenient subject on which to open a conversation.

Mr. Goldie smiled, and Mr. Goldie's smile will carry him a long way over rough roads. I was soon to learn that, almost above all things, a merry heart is essential to those who would aspire to serve the Lord Jesus Christ in the distant land where Mr. Goldie has spent the last twenty-two years of his life.

"On my station last year," he said, "we had 128 inches; and I know a place inland where they had more than double that amount."

I thought of Auckland's modest 40 or 50 inches and was thankful for our comparative drought—although we had had fully five months of almost continuously fine weather, three days of soaking rain had put nearly everybody in the dumps.

"Does the constant downpour affect your spirits?" I enquired.

Mr. Goldie's eyes twinkled. "That is one thing the missionary must avoid," he said. "The pessimist stands no chance of success with the natives. Cheerfulness is essential to leadership in the Islands. The native has no sympathy with sickness."

I opened my eyes. "But what about their own sick folk," I asked.

"They take very little notice of them. Of course, they are better in that respect now than they were. Twenty years of Christian teaching has not been without some effect. But they have yet a long way to go before they are fully possessed of the spirit that is always sympathetic towards the frail and the sick. They are a child people, and weakness and complaint almost scare them."

"Then the missionary needs to keep a happy heart," was my obvious remark.

"Certainly," said my companion. "The native is keenly susceptible to the spirit of his surroundings. A gloomy missionary or

missionary sister would kill the work on any station in the Islands."

We trudged on through the storm. "You have seen wonderful changes in the Solomons," I suggested.

"Yes," said Mr. Goldie, musingly, "I have seen some marvellous changes. You know, of course, that I have been in the Western Solomons for twenty-two years—twenty-two years in the one circuit—and the difference to-day from what I found there is al-



REV. JOHN F. GOLDIE.

most beyond realization. When Mr. Rooney and I landed at Roviana, we were in the midst of a fierce, naked, dirty, crafty and cruel people, who spent most of their time in head-hunting expeditions. They knew nothing of love, only of passion. They had no written language. They were ridden by all sorts of foolish and frightful superstitions. Some parts of the islands were almost depopulated as the result of the fierce and constant fighting. I remember passing a small island in Manning Straits, which Gumi, my pilot, pointed out, saying, that once he

and his people had raided it and brought back 200 heads! Gumi died only last year! Within sight of one of our early Synods could be seen, glistening in the sun, a great heap of human bones, the result of one of these raids.

"Compare that with what we have to-day. When I reach my station in August, there will be eight missionaries, most of them married, on the field; and two lay missionaries and seven missionary sisters. We have over 4000 members of our Church, with 60 local preachers. Nearly 2500 children are in our Schools. In New Georgia nearly all the present generation can read and write."

At this point Mr. Goldie chuckled: "It is surprising even to me, sometimes, when I realize how far some of our people have advanced in knowledge. Only last year the Government Land's Commissioner visited our station to make some enquiries, and in the course of a cross examination of Boaz, a son of Gumi who had taken part in the head-hunt to which I referred, thinking it would be necessary to use 'his best pigeon-English,' said: 'You savee place where big feller's bush come up to?' Judge his astonishment when Boaz answered: 'I presume, sir, that you refer to the uncultivated portion of this estate?'"

We laughed together. I thought I saw the mingled amusement and surprise playing together on the face of the high official.

"It's a great story," I said. "I mean the story of the progress you have made."

"Yes," he answered simply; "when I think of those early days when Mrs. Goldie and I—Mrs. Goldie was the first white woman in the islands—sat together on our verandah, and the only sounds which reached our ears were the weird death-chants of the witches as they prepared for some cannibalistic feast, and then, contrast them with the happy singing of Christian hymns, the sound of which is heard in every village to-day—I marvel!"

I could see that was the only word suited to Mr. Goldie's thought. It was indeed a marvellous story.

"Twenty years ago," he went on, "as we looked upon the wonderful and beautiful world in which we lived we could say with truth, 'Only man is vile'; to-day, we are growing saints among the native people. Do you know, Mr. Parsons, that Opeti, who is here with me in New Zealand, gave

£60 to the Mission work last year. Another native brought £60, and when I told him that I thought he couldn't afford it, he answered quietly, 'I can't afford not to give it!'"

This led us to chat about the natives' annual contribution to our work.

Last year, Mr. Goldie told me, the native people gave nearly £1500 in freewill offerings towards the maintenance of Christian services, "and," he added, "I am optimistic enough to believe that someday the work on this field will be self-supporting."

I enquired how the natives earned their money.

"They grow copra, mostly," was the answer. "Much of my time has to be given to the business management of our own plantations, and it is from these plantations that I anticipate an income in a few years that will greatly help towards the maintenance of our work."

As we chatted I was surprised to learn that Mr. Goldie himself had introduced eighty different sorts of trees into the Islands, and I began to realize the wonderful versatility of our missionary guest—teacher, preacher, horticulturalist, business manager, boat-builder, doctor, lawyer and I know not what else.

We were nearly at the end of our talk when I ventured to ask Mr. Goldie if he was quite satisfied with what we were doing for his work on this side.

He hesitated a moment; and I thought I read a doubt in his mind. "Of course, I don't know everything," he said, "that is, all your New Zealand Church conditions—I do know that you have been feeling the pinch of hard times—but as yet, I am not fully convinced that New Zealand has realized the urgency—the opportunity—the privilege," he piled word on word, "of the work for which she has made herself responsible. There is tremendous sacrifice on the field itself. When I think of Allan Cropp away in Bougainville, pioneering for Christ in that vast lonely island, with actually no house in which to live—he has only a boat for his home—when I think of him, without a single thought of self, words fail me; I just thank God for him, and I wonder if the people of New Zealand fully realize all that is being done on their behalf. Our need is money. Work is being held up in all directions through lack of funds. But I don't

Boaz Sanga X

want to appear over-anxious concerning the financial necessities of the work. I know that the money will be forthcoming once New Zealand gets the right viewpoint."

"You would suggest—?" I began.

"Prayer, Missionary Prayer! Get your people to make prayer lists; to name the missionaries and the sisters and the Stations. Do you know the names and stations of all the men and women in the field, Mr. Parsons?"

I found myself wondering—Yes! and I wondered for others besides myself. "Sup-

### Gina, the Eloquent.

"You People of Light and Leading!"

"You must be amazed at a black boy having the audacity to stand before white people.

"I think the girls and boys of the Solomons do much as boys and girls do in other lands. We are fond of a game. We often make such a racket that Mr. Goldie is prevented from getting on with his work. So he comes out and drives us off. But we are not much afraid of Mr. Goldie. We play and enjoy life. We children in the dark old days knew nothing of these things. We were children of sorrow. Can you wonder we rejoice and thank God and you people who have given them to us.

"You look on us and see two black men. Something happened in Australia! A man said: 'I don't believe you are black at all. You are white painted with black.' Well! if we are painted, God put the paint on."

### Opeti's Impressions.

"My Dear Friends:

"If I had not felt bound to speak of the love of God, I would not have the courage. This gathering reminds me that it would not have been possible in our land, before the Gospel came. Such a gathering was only meant for war. Head hunting was once the privileged occupation, and heads were an object of veneration. Our people would take a head, put it in a little house and worship it. Yet to-day they are found in gatherings similar to this. I wonder if you realise how many in the islands are to-day as we were years ago?

"We were amazed at all we saw in Sydney, and were greatly interested in the wax figures in the shop windows—so like human

posing," I said to myself, "we all did pray like that."

"The work is worth it," added the missionary quietly.

As I plunged across the street through the teeming rain, though blackest skies were over me, and slush beneath my feet, my heart was glad.

"The work on the field is full of cheer," Mr. Goldie had said, and as I pondered the amazing story he had told, I found my own heart echoing his words: "The work is worth it; the work IS worth it."

beings. You are a wonderful people indeed!

"As we leave your shores we ask one great thing of you. Pray that God may help us to save the black people in the Solomons!"



GINA AND OPETI.

## Mr. Goldie's Farewell Message.

By "Listener."

On the eve of his departure from New Zealand the Chairman of the Solomon Islands District addressed a large gathering in Pitt Street Schoolroom, Auckland, Rev. P. N. Knight, B.A., in the chair.

"I go back," said Mr. Goldie, "in a different frame of mind. I came here suffering from depression. We had been commanded to 'go slow,' and wondered if New Zealand had bitten off more than it could chew. My fears have vanished. I am sure the New Zealand Church is able to do the work, and will tackle the work in a new spirit. To one Circuit which had been concentrating on local Church needs I was moved to speak very plainly. At the close, the people thanked me for so frankly putting the position before them, and gave their pledge of strong support for the future.

I have greatly valued the brotherliness of all the Ministers. You have your own difficulties and hardships and heart-burdens to carry. Yet you are mindful of the wider concerns of Christ's Kingdom. We have formed a very high opinion of the Christian character of the people here. Everywhere we have received kindness, and feel confident we carry away the sympathy and love of the people of New Zealand.

We missionaries are men of ordinary attainments and no special ability. I have often wondered what mysterious power it was which gave us such marvellous success. The other day, the three of us went to visit a bright-faced old lady who had been bed-ridden for years, and found the dear old saint had been bearing us up in prayer at God's Throne, for years, mentioning us by name. Here is the secret, said I.

Whilst motoring down a steep hill overlooking Wellington, the driver suddenly ejaculated: 'Will you put your foot on the brake?' I did so! But we cannot put the brake on the missionary car. We must go on, or we cannot possibly take advantage of our opportunities. There will be only two white men in charge of Bougainville—a 100,000 population. Mr. Cropp has no house to live in. Never a word says he regarding personal inconvenience, but one day comes a piteous appeal. 'You must come over. My

engine has broken down. It means I can't get round to see my people.' Yes, the door of opportunity is open to-day. It will be shut to-morrow. We are living at a great rate, and unless we get there before the gun and the gin bottle, we shall find the door shut in our face. Other denominations will stand off. So you see, if we don't do the work it will never be done, and anti-Christian forces will come in and triumph.

After visiting many of your Circuits I am returning to the Islands deeply impressed and will say to our Churches: "The people over yonder love you and are going to stand by you in your efforts to win the natives." May the coming year be the best year the Solomon Islands have ever had in their Christian history!"

### What is a Missionary Intercessor?

Every Christian should work as an intercessory missionary. An intercessory missionary is a labourer who cannot go in person to the foreign field, but who has set himself apart to pray for the definite details of the work there. Experience has repeatedly shown that the believing prayer of one humble intercessor at home can bring about a revival on the foreign field and save many.

The following are suggestions how to do the work of an intercessory missionary:—

1. Deliberately decide that this intercession is to be regular. Select hours and times convenient. Begin humbly, letting experience enlarge and guide.

2. Write to the missionaries you are praying for, asking what matters they would like you to mention before the throne of grace.

3. Form the habit of letting God impress upon you things for which to pray. He will do it.

4. Prayer will raise up fresh missionaries and will prevent unsuitable ones from going.

5. Native workers can be raised up, maintained and strengthened through prayer.

6. Individual heathen can be prayed for by name, and the Lord will save them.

7. The money required for God's work and workers can be obtained in answer to prayer.

Be ready, therefore, to patiently toil on without apparent results.

### Oriental Students await Christ.

"Non-Christian religions are powerless to meet the awakened soul of Youth to-day," writes Mr. Frank Hart in the "Methodist Recorder."

"The student world of China have weighed Confucianism and found it wanting.

Shintoism is officially abandoned by Japan, as it is hopelessly out of touch with the needs of modern life.

The leading teachers of Buddhism and Hinduism are admittedly hopeless about the international situation.

The redemption of India, said Sir Narayan Chandavakar, is not with Hinduism.

Ardent young Buddhists and Hindus, even those in the priesthood, are reading the New Testament to learn the secret of the power of the Christian religion, in the hope that they may be able to transfer it effectively to their own religions. The Home Secretary in the Japanese Government has recently stated: "It requires ability to sacrifice and to serve unselfishly, and for men and women of this type the Government is depending increasingly upon Christianity."

2. It is the Spiritual Power of Jesus which is capturing the Youth of the World.

Hundreds of young men and women in the East and in Africa have seen the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

A Chinese Christian student, speaking at the World Conference of the Student Movement in Peking, said: "Christianity is the only solution of the world's troubles. It is the only religion which has the power and the inspiration to solve problems, to unite nations, to rebuild society, to make an ideal world."

Miss Sorabi, a distinguished Indian student, said at Geneva: "Christ is the realst power in the world to-day, and peace, whether domestic, individual, national or international, comes from Him."

Speaking for the student life of Japan, Miss Michi Kawai, whose family for forty generations have been priests of Shinto, says with a confidence which is born of experience: "The spirit of Jesus can transform any narrow patriotism into bigger internationalism."

The students of the world are waiting for Christ. It is daybreak everywhere. The sacrifice and anguish of the war and the long

drawn out sufferings of the nations have prepared the way for spiritual harvests which will astonish the world.

Was there ever such a day for Jesus?"

### When the Call Came.

By the Rev. H. G. Brown

(Newly appointed Missionary to Bougainville)

I have been asked by the Editor to write a brief statement of how I came to offer myself for foreign mission work, and also to write a few lines expressive of the hopes and ideals which I entertain at the outset.

Well, to begin with, I will have to admit that I have not the honour of being a missionary volunteer. The plain fact is that I have been selected by our Missionary Society to take some part in filling a long-felt need in the Solomon Islands.

I have often been asked how I felt when the request of the Mission Board reached me. That it came as a shock will be readily understood. Yet it did not strike a totally



REV. H. G. BROWN.

unprepared mind. I have always been interested in foreign missions. There have been times when I have felt a strong desire for that class of work, but when those moments came I have, with a somewhat characteristic reservation, always hesitated. The reader will realise how difficult it is at times to recognise the call of Christ to a definite work. However, when the call came to me through the Church, it left no doubt in my mind as to what was the right course to take. Nor have I felt any doubt since. On the other hand, I am convinced that the same call had sounded many times in the inward promptings of the Spirit, and was allowed to go unanswered.

I am told it is an honour to be chosen for this work. To me it is cause for humility. I think of the interest that will centre round me, of the place I will have in the

prayers of many devoted servants of Christ. I think, too, of the fact that missionary enterprise is made possible only through the generosity of Christian people. I feel that there is being thrust upon me a great responsibility—one which I could never bear in my own strength; but I am trusting that the grace of God, which proved sufficient for Prophets and Apostles in olden days, will be sufficient for me also.

I have one hope. It is that I may be found worthy of the trust which the Church is placing me in, and, above all, of the trust of my Master and Saviour.

I have one ideal. It is that I may live in such close relationship with Jesus Christ that His Spirit may work through me; that in my life the love of Christ may be revealed, and that through my instrumentality the salvation of Christ may come to the hearts of many.

## NEWS FROM THE FIELD

### I. "Easter" in Roviana.

Special days in the calendar of the Church are by no means forgotten in the mission fields of the Solomons. Not only because we try to be good Methodists, but from a real desire to remember the "great" days, do we "keep" Easter. This year, in the absence of the Chairman, it fell to my lot to conduct the services in Kokeqolo, Roviana. Quite a number of our people from the out-stations came in for the occasion, and a particularly helpful class meeting on the Thursday afternoon paved the way for the Good Friday services. Early morning Lotu was held at 7 o'clock, when our College Hall was filled to overflowing, and there was a very reverent feeling as we sang our Easter hymns, "Keke toqere buma koa pa sen sisigiti" ("There is a green hill far away"), "Pa Kal'vari si mate Sa" ("On Calvary's brow my Saviour died"), "Totosona dogoria ran Korosi Sanisa Jisu" ("When I survey the wondrous Cross," and whilst we read of the crucifixion and prayed together. At 11 a.m. we held a special service in our Church. It was fine to see it crowded to

the doors, with a people of dark-skinned countenance, who, not a generation ago, were the slaves of heathenism and sin, yet now are clothed and in their right mind, realising and thankful for all that has come to them through the sacrifice of Jesus Christ on Calvary long ago. Our Brass Band, under the able leadership of Paul Hauea, played appropriate music for half an hour before the service commenced. Again, there was a very intense feeling in the service. We sang the anthem "God so loved the world," from Stainer's "Crucifixion," and the Band also played a selection. The presence of Christ seemed to come very near to us. His great love for us all seemed to fill our hearts, and I believe many of us, if not all, prayed that the message of the Cross might be impressed more deeply on our hearts, to be seen more distinctly in our lives.

The afternoon was spent in various ways, some cricketing, some strolling around, and some taking it very easily indeed.

Easter Sunday dawned beautifully bright and warm and still—even for the Solomons. It was a privilege to stand in the pulpit and

lead the worship. The Easter hymns went with a fine Methodist swing—"Toa pulea sa Banara! Aliluaia!" ("Christ the Lord is risen to-day", "Ele pōhūnui Sa, Jisu qua Sevia" ("Low in the grave He lay," as well as Jackson's "Te Deum." With more than our voices we rejoiced in a risen and living Saviour. In the afternoon our Bandmaster, Paul Havaea, one of our Tongan teachers, preached, in the absence, through sickness, of the Tongan native minister, Joeli Soakai, a very appropriate sermon to another churchful of attentive listeners. Evening Lotu brought a very happy Sunday to a close.

Monday was declared a general holiday. We were delighted when the District Officer, Captain Middenway, came along during the afternoon and joined us at evening Lotu.

With Tuesday came once again "the daily round, the common task," but we all turned to with a right good will, strengthened by the blessings received during Eastertide.

T. DENT.

## II. Encouragements.

At present our work is somewhat disorganised. The Chairman is on furlough; Mr. J. H. D. Waterhouse, the headmaster at Kokeqolo, has had to leave the group on account of ill-health; and Sister Ada Saunders has been taken to Kokeqolo in a very weak and ill condition. The rest of us are carrying on happily, though some are facing increased work.

All round the Vella Lavella Circuit the encouragements are more than the discouragements. Lately we have suffered one or two losses. A fine teacher, Peter Jitubule, recently died. He had been working very successfully at Kundu, on the west of the island of Ronongo, but had been hampered by ill-health. We took over another teacher to relieve him for a month or two, so that he could have the benefit of the doctor's attention. While at Gizo, in hospital, he was carried off by pneumonia, which intervened. We had the melancholy task of bringing the body back to Vonunu, where his wife was waiting, little expecting to hear this news.

On Saturday we saw a large canoe battling against a heavy sea and gradually drawing nearer our entrance. As it approached we noticed that there were no paddlers in the centre of the canoe, but that a shelter was erected. This looked ominous. It was another of our teachers, Silione Toroba, and he was very ill indeed. His relatives refused to divulge his sickness to the Catechist on that side of the island, and he had been ill for days before the truth was discovered. They tried to prevent his being brought to the doctor or taken to Vonunu. The Catechist brought along his own people in one of his canoes and sent the sick man along to us. On arrival at Vonunu he was quickly put on the launch and taken into Gizo. The doctor is not optimistic about the issue. It takes a weary while to get the people to depend on us and trust us in everything. After all, such things are not strange. These Vella Lavella people are most passionately attached to each other. If a lad is leaving his village a few miles up the coast to come along to Vonunu to school his relatives will weep most pitifully. They are amazingly attached to their own island and village.

\* \* \* \* \*

Every now and then there is an attempt made by the semi-heathen to revert to old customs. There is one tribe in the vicinity that frequently gives trouble. They are baptised in name but not in heart. Recently they made an attempt to force on a marriage, and, on the refusal of the party chiefly concerned to concur in their wishes, they demanded a money payment. This was frustrated by the missionary, but the members of the tribe did not yield with good grace.

A happy little event recently was the opening of a new Church at Pouvana, on the island of Ronongo. A good crowd of us went across from Vonunu by launch and canoe, to rejoice with the teacher and people at this place. It was a delightful day, and the proceedings were marked by real happiness. The new Church was a pretty little building set in enchanting surroundings. At this opening service the teacher presented for baptism the last of the unbaptised people in that locality. The Vonunu boys and girls sang very beautifully, and the service was one of praise to

God. In his remarks the teacher said to the people: "Why have you come together to-day? Where are your spears and axes? You have come together under the banner of love. This will only be a true Church opening as you open your hearts to God. You will not bring anything dirty into this new Church, because it is God's house. Your hearts are God's, so let no evil thing enter therein."

Three other new Churches are in course of erection, and the teachers at these places hope to get them completed and declared open before the missionary leaves on furlough.

Here is a bit of the life of a lad from Sambala, Ronongo. He came to us with a body all covered with the native form of dermatitis and was not a pretty object. There was a strange seriousness about him. Truly he had come for cleansing and light. He came to the missionary and pointed out the unclean state of his body. "Could he get some medicine?" He wanted to stay and come to school that he might receive instruction in the way of Christ. Now his body is clean and his skin is soft and glossy black. One day he stood up in class and said: "I am not a good boy. My heart is full of darkness and sin, but I still come to God and seek His help. You know my body was unclean and I came to the minister for medicine. I had to come again and again because my skin was very bad. I said to myself, 'Perhaps the minister will not give me any more medicine as it is expensive.' But he gave me more. So I come to God, and I come again and again because the sin is deep in my heart." Devita is a serious-minded boy and he has deep longings. He waited on the missionary after class one day and made known his request. "I am afraid to ask," he said, "but do you think I will ever be able to see New Zealand?"

Every day we are seeking by prayer, work and word to lead the people along the new and living way. One seems to feel a little of that so often experienced by the Master when He said: "I have many things to say to you, but you cannot bear them now." We feel we have much to tell, but first the people must learn the principles of common honesty and uprightness of life. Indeed, so must we all, and it is the work of a lifetime!

—A. A. BENSLEY.

## An Administrator's Testimony.

Twelve years ago I wrote a book on Papua, and in the preface, after calling attention to the inevitable disappearance of old customs and beliefs, I went on to say "unless the missionary is there to help him, the native is left like a ship without a rudder, and will run a great risk of being wrecked in the sea of an alien civilisation."

I was comparatively new to native administration then, but further experience has only confirmed me in my views.

It seems to me that many people, in their objection to theological dogma, allow themselves to underrate the enormous moral and social force of Christianity, and consequently underestimate the effect of Christian missions among native races; and I am glad to see that Dr. Rivers, in the collection of Essays, to which I have so often referred, gives expression to the view which most British administrators have always held. "Experience," he says, "has amply shown that Christianity is capable of giving the people an interest in life which can take the place of that due to their indigenous religion."

—*The Population Problem in Papua,* by  
J. H. P. Murray, Lieutenant-Governor of Papua.

## "Boom—Amen!"

"The East is profoundly suspicious of the Materialism of the West." "Mohammed Ali, leader of the Nationalist Moslems of India, declared: 'I have nothing against missionaries. I have nothing against Christian preaching. It is only the "Amen" to which I object.' 'What do you mean by the "Amen"?' was the enquiry. 'The gunboat,' he replied, 'which says "Boom—Amen!"' " "Mr. Sherwood Eddy was content to preach individual conversion. Now he preaches international conversion."

—Paul Hutchinson in the "Atlantic Monthly."

\* \* \* \* \*

Are you aware that £10 a year will keep an unmarried native teacher in the Solomons, or that £15 will suffice for a married teacher? Do you know of any better investment for your money?

## The Impact of the West upon Japan.

A recent number of *The Missionary Review of the World* deals with Japan. The following extracts shew that there is an evil influence of the West upon that Eastern country which will need the utmost efforts of the Christian churches to counteract. We are indeed their debtors in more ways than one:—

### Strong Drink and Narcotics.

The introduction of whisky and other high per cent alcoholic Western drinks has been going on apace and to-day "Scotch Whisky," (often made in Japan) is sold at every railroad station and in eating houses far out in the remote corners of the Empire. This developing taste for stronger and more alcoholic beverages is making the liquor curse more deadly and the fight against it more difficult.

Japanese have acquired an unenviable reputation as traffickers in opium and other narcotic drugs, especially in China. Investigations show that the great bulk of the opium and other drugs which Japanese are smuggling into China comes from America and Europe. As agents, the Japanese are searing their consciences by engaging in this illicit trade but the West must bear the greater guilt as the producer and exporter.

### The Degenerate Movie.

The movie has captured Japan. The cities are completely under its spell and country villages are feeling its influence. While a few good films are filtering through, too often it is the scum of the film-world of the West which is being dumped upon Japan's shores. Films which fail to pass the censorship in the Occident are sent post haste to the Orient. Here they not only undermine the morals and lower the ideals of the people, but they picture so-called Christian lands in a false light. Through many of these films Western womanhood is defamed, the Western home is made a laughing stock, and sex relations are turned into a scandal. Many of these films are an international menace, and instead of helping the Orient to understand the Occident and its institutions they are creating false impressions and dragging the most sacred Occidental relations and institutions into the mire.

### Militarism.

In recent years there have been times

when a limited section of Japan's leaders have dreamed of Empire building and been infected with the militaristic germ. In the early phase of her modern development, however, Japan did not choose militarism. It was forced upon her. Wherever she looked in those early days she found the Western nations putting confidence in the mailed fist. She saw nation after nation in Asia coming under the supremacy of these sword-swinging nations of the West. Moreover, she herself had some experiences which drove the iron deep down into her soul. Commodore Perry, buttressed by an American squadron, forced her to unbar her long locked doors to Western commerce and in 1861 an English fleet fired on her Kagoshima forts and razed them to the ground. In 1863 her Shimonoseki fortress suffered the same fate and in 1895 Russia, France and Germany, backed by their fleets, compelled her to return to China the Port Arthur peninsula which had been ceded to her as the spoils of the China-Japan war. No sooner had she withdrawn, however, than these three nations stepped in and laid claim to large sections of Chinese territory. She read in it all a threat to her national security and to her place in the Asiatic sun. In self-defence she began building a navy and organizing an army.

Since that time Japan has kept her finger on the pulse of the Western world and has shaped her policies accordingly. No nation reacts so quickly to the international atmosphere. When imperialism runs amuck among the nations and they madly expand their armament, she catches the fever and joins in the race. Her record at the Washington Conference shows, however, that Japan is not infatuated with militarism and when the Western nations return to sanity and sincerely plan for peace she is ready to make her full contribution toward the realization of this goal.

"On Choiseul woman is bought and sold and kept in subjection by the whim of her chief or her relatives. Even in their heathen state the women, generally speaking, take no part in heathen worship. In the Christian villages the faces of the women shine as they take part in the services. They are literally a new creation in Christ Jesus."

Rev. V. le C. Binet.

## WOMEN'S PAGE

## M.W.M.U.

Methodist Women's  
Missionary Union of  
New Zealand.

### NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

#### From Sister Dorothy (Bilua)

"The native teachers were here last month for Quarterly Meeting, 16 of them. They are a fine lot of boys, and we don't realise how very hard it is for them, who have had so little knowledge of Jesus and His love, to train and teach the people of their villages. Some of their faces reflect so much character, and their hard, earnest work reveals how very real is their desire to live up to their light."

#### From Sister May (Roviana)

"The Rev. T. and Mrs. Dent are here to look after us all in Mr. Goldie's absence. The girls and boys are greatly rejoiced, for now they can learn some new hymns. Both Mr. and Mrs. Dent are good singers. Mr. Dent is taking my class at school, and I have the infants. About fifty of them! Some of the bigger ones are keen and eager to learn, but many are very troublesome, tearing their books or drawing pictures instead of trying to write. One boy in particular in a little imp! Poor kiddie! He has had a lot to fight against. His father was a German and his mother a Lord Howe woman. The majority of the white men in the islands are no credit to the race. It makes mission work so much harder when the natives see such shocking examples. We are looking forward to the coming of Miss Jones. She will be a big help in the school work. Our house is becoming very old and shaky, but it is to be rebuilt after Mr. Goldie's return. Meanwhile we are very anxious when the wind blows hard, as it can in these islands. A little while ago we had a few very heavy "blows," and we all wondered if the house would "weather the storm." Some of the girls were terrified and clung to us in fear. Others wanted to go outside, but we were afraid they would be injured by falling trees and branches. However, daylight and less wind calmed our spirits."

#### From Rev. A. A. Bensley

The women are still the most difficult. One day Sister was called to a case, and she travelled round in the canoe. The woman patient was very sick and in great difficulty. She was a heathen woman, and did not want to have anything to do with Sister. It was a case of urgent necessity, and after trying in vain to persuade the woman to accept the help freely offered, Sister had to help the woman in spite of herself. Things went all right for a time, but there came another call from the relatives of this woman. Sister went round in the launch, and when the woman knew she had come, though too weak to walk, she crawled off into the bush and refused to return. Some few days afterwards she died.

### PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Fellow-workers,—

Have we not all some time or other been interested in the home of a bride-elect? And as in response to an invitation to "come and look over her house" we have watched her radiant face as she has pointed out the beauties of the home, hearts have gone out in glad felicitations. Again we visit our friend's home. The charms of our hostess have not waned, but deepened—intensified. And we soon perceive that it is not the house, nor the grounds, nor the views that have enriched her, for the privilege and hope that motherhood brings is revealed in the glad softened light of her eyes.

It is now three years since our M.W.M.U. entered the "Open Door" of our new home in the Solomons. With bride-like pride we have talked of our El Dorado. We have given thanks for the Sisters who have gone as our representatives. We have prayed and talked; worked and given. That is good, but not sufficient. Not as one body of Methodist women have we yet realised the vastness of our calling to be mothers

in Israel. The fact that we have over 3,000 children in our schools yonder, and that many thousands more are not cared for in any way has not yet caused some of us one pang. The desire to make it possible to send forth more teachers has not yet been born in some of us. That we as Methodist women have a definite work—over and above our local Church work—has not yet been fully realised by hundreds of our women. So we need your help.

In reply to a question, the Rev. J. F. Goldie told us that we were not giving them as much assistance as our Australian Sisters

only women can do. All missionaries tell us that the educational department is one of the most important branches of their work. Educationists assure us that the early years are the most important years of a child's life. There are to-day in the various mission schools 1,699,775 scholars enrolled in the primary department, and the kindergarten and primary work is undertaken chiefly by women. That this work is well worth while in the Solomons has been demonstrated by Gina and Opeti, who have accompanied the Rev. J. F. Goldie in his deputation work.



AT SCHOOL IN THE SOLOMONS.

rendered before we took over the charge from them. When we consider what they did, and what women have attempted and accomplished in other lands, we shall, I think, resolve, in God's strength, to rise to the full possibilities of our womanhood, and with increased forces and a devotion born of self-denying effort present ourselves in unbroken rank for the great work of uplifting the women and children committed to our charge. Let us ever remember that it was Mary's Child, Jesus, Who revealed to our lost world God's wonderful love. And only eternity will show the part in His plan that He appointed unto woman. In all mission fields to-day there is much that

Many graduates of our colleges are entering the portal of life's opportunity for service. The call from "Fields Afar" for more teachers offers an opportunity "to touch life at its most impressionable stage, to mould character, to display the kindness and serviceableness of Christianity, to reach the home, to leaven the national thought, to lay the foundation of the Church." What shall your answer be?

And you who wish to help at the Home Base. A letter to our Secretary will bring full information of our "Women's Work for Women," and will indicate to you the privileges and responsibilities that an "Auxiliary" formed in your Church would confer.

Every new Auxiliary formed and linked up with our Union strengthens our work in a permanent way, and opens to the individual a means of crystalizing vague longings and desires to help.

Yours sincerely,

A. C. STEVENS.

### News from the Auxiliaries

The Canterbury Women's Auxiliary has succeeded this year in raising £111 for its Easter offering. A special thanksgiving meeting was held in the Rugby St. Schoolroom, St. Albans, to mark the occasion. The Rev. Mr. Ryan gave an inspiring address, and the large audience united in singing the Doxology when the total sum was announced.

The Women's Auxiliary in Hamilton is doing good work under the new President, Mrs. Ready. A very successful meeting was held at the time of Mr. Goldie's visit, when the two Solomon Island boys, Opeti and Gina, delighted the audience with their vocal and instrumental items.

The Lepperton W.A. presented Mrs. Avery with a beautiful rose bowl as a token of their love and esteem on her removal from Waitara to Eltham. The members will ever be grateful for all Mrs. Avery has done among them in the great cause of Foreign Missions.

The M.W.M.U. is hoping for encouraging news from Invercargill and Napier Auxiliaries under the leadership of Mesdames McBean and Metson, the wives of the ministers lately appointed by Conference to those places.

### Rev. A. A. Bensley Arriving

The Rev. A. A. Bensley is expected to arrive in Auckland in time to begin deputation work early in September. He will conduct meetings in the South Island only. Mr. Bensley was the first missionary to go to the Solomon Islands from New Zealand Methodism. He is sure of a hearty welcome in all the circuits which he is able to visit while on furlough.

Miss Trott is expected to leave for the Solomons in August, to fill the vacancy caused by the return of Miss Saunders.

### Come Ben

Who, having once heard the magic welcome of the words, "Come Ben," from a Scotchman, will ever forget it and all that is implied thereby? We knock at the door a good many times before we receive this invitation to go past the best room, and it is only when we "Come Ben" that we enter the heart of the house and see all that is there, the needs and deprivations, as well as the treasures and joys. Past the best room with all its polish and brightness into the inglenook with all its warmth and lights and shadows, right into the inner life.

Our Prince of Missionaries, George Brown, found a closed door in the Solomon Islands but he knocked with such insistence that the door was opened, letting him into a room of wondrous beauty—God's beauty apparent on every hand. The door now stands widely open and we hear not only "Come In" but "Come Ben," and as we get into intimate touch with our brothers and sisters we are realising that much of love and sympathy and many material blessings are needed there. I invite our "Open Door" readers to "Come Ben" with me just now, and take note of some of the confidences given by Sisters whom we have sent to represent us on our own mission field. The Sister whom I have in my mind is fresh and young and sweet. This is how she writes in one letter: "You see after nearly four years the old longing for home-faces comes back at times, but it passes." What I do really see—for her photograph is on the table as I write—is this sweet girl, sitting under a tree, with a wee black baby in each arm, and two little toddlers holding on to her, and she has written on the back of the photo: "Are we down-hearted? Not much! I have just had the exciting experience of putting Bon into his first rompers. He looks such a shiny black cherub, but so sweet and quaint. The girls were delighted and said, 'Sister he's a white baby!'" Who amongst our women at home would like to send a contribution to the nearest Women's Auxiliary so that material might be obtained for the sewing classes that native women may learn to make their own garments and those of their children?

I must stop now, but will continue in the next issue.

ELIZABETH.



## Heroism in the Pacific.

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

One finds appreciations of missions and missionaries in strange places, sometimes, and they are all the more welcome in consequence. Unsought and unexpected, like nuggets leaping into vision in the bed of a brook, they give a thrill to the wayfarer who thought to see only rippling water and grey sand. They are scattered about in books descriptive of the Pacific no less lavishly than in the travel-tales of other tracts of earth where the heroism of Christ's evangelists have toiled; but they have not been gathered yet in any number.

You will light upon them in Stevenson's letters. A few of rare worth are in Darwin's journals. Some gleam with strange suddenness in the serious reports of commissioners. Some day a patient collector will set them out in bright array; and then they will shame the unseeing globe-trotter, often neglectful of such wealth beneath his hurrying feet, even as they charm the heart of those to whom the love of God is eyes.

In that day the gospel story of our wide Pacific will come into its own. Men will wonder at the work that has been done to win the isles for the great Kingdom, and prize the pen-pictures, wrought by many hands, that limn the lives of worthies unknown and unnamed by us.

When that day comes there will be given a place to golden passages lifted from a volume lately published—Jack McLaren's "My Odyssey." Some to-day peering through the "Open Door" may not see these; so they are put here in their hands for pleasure in the sight and whatever use their hearts may dictate.

But first let us look a little at the book in which they lie. It has a fascination all its own. The atmosphere of island life moves all about it. There are rough rocks and swirling eddies, dark depths and sparkles of beauty; and here and there a glint of priceless gold.

Papua, Thursday Island, the Solomons and Fiji are the scenes of thrilling deeds, not always pleasant to dwell upon, yet always illuminating. Through all the recital of fact, as absorbing as ever fiction can be, runs a thread of shrewd comment. There are wonderful peeps at Kanaka psychology and bo'd estimates of sundry experiments in island administration. Real pictures, too. Take this: "The sky was blue and cloudless, as only

a tropical sky knows how to be, and the night-wind being done and the day-wind not yet come, the wide half-circle of the sea lay smooth and still, clear to the clean, sharp line which was the horizon. It was a French-grey sea, exquisite of tint; and in its broad stillness was a sense of waiting. This sense of waiting was omnipresent; the land, illimitable and flat, with not even the makings of a hill not a tree higher than its mates, seemed hushed and silent; the cutter lay motionless to the dead tide. The only sound was that of the philosophical captain, softly chanting a fragment of some village dancetune. Then the blue of the eastern sky gave place to a flushing pink, which presently was scored by a thousand flaming fingers; and when the sun's upper limb peered up like an inquisitive eye, they came slowly down and lay clean-edged upon the water like ribs of a giant fan; and the once grey sea became alive with the hues of iridescence; and the flat land lost its dull greenness and sparkled with colours and high-lights; and the fancy came to me that it was all a play, a gorgeous extravaganza in which the coloured land and broad display of the sunrise were wonderfully painted backcloths and the deck on which I stood the floor of the stage."

A gay humour, not over-sensitive of others' feelings, sparkles on many a page. Always, the spirit of adventure broods. But the golden gleams of missionary goodness are best of all. Let us take them in order.

First is an unforgettable picture of Daru, in Western New Guinea, port of entry for a district half the size of England, and holding seventeen whites amid its dark-skinned people. "And one of the seventeen was a woman. She was the Missionary's wife, a dear old lady who made much of me, and mothered me, and gave me tea in dainty china cups at her beautiful home, which was manned by trained servants and delightful with the touches that only a woman can give, and which made my house at Adele seem distastefully crude, and a cook who dried dishes on his loin-cloth a most impossible person, however faithful. Like other missionaries' wives I have met and come to know, she had endured much privation, danger and sickness in her devoted accompanying of her husband to strange and little-known places, traversing incredible

distances in native canoes and small, inadequate sailing craft, tramping endless beaches, living in villages where risk of attack by natives was always present, eating foods on which no white woman should ever be called upon to live—and enduring it all with a heart-whole courage that many a strong man might envy. I am no upholder of missions, and my beliefs are the beliefs of Huxley and Herbert Spencer; but I raise my hat to the splendid steadfastness of such women as she." That's fine, incomparably fine. A nugget indeed. Jack McLaren is no weak sentimentalist; but he knows a heroine when he meets her.

Now, having honoured the righteous rule of *place aux dames*, let us look at some missionary men Jack McLaren found. Walking on "the sloping road," as he calls the beach, he journeyed far to the eastward of Adele, and came at length to strange villages. But other white men had been there before him, and one who was not forgotten.

"These men were worshippers of 'Tamate' Chalmers, the 'Livingstone of New Guinea,' who was killed by the cannibals of Goarabari. His picture hung in the place of honour in their houses, and memories of him lived vividly within them. They greatly admired his personal courage and fearlessness. He was a Man who Did Things, they said. Certainly there was nothing of the common or garden variety of psalm singing about this great, good white man who had been the first to take missionary-explorer enterprise to the unknown Gulf of Papua. He was one intolerant of knee-drill when there was real work to be done; supplication was all right when all else failed. As he used to say, he believed in 'doing his darndest first.' In a letter I once saw, written to a friend, he said, speaking of the wreck of the mission vessel 'Harrier':

"Some of the papers are jeering. They draw ridiculous pictures of a shipload of missionaries praying for rescue. . . . Hey, mon; but there was little time for praying, I wouldn't allow it. . . . It was all hands to the pumps. . . . We prayed afterwards. . . . Offering thanks for deliverance . . ."

It was mainly this quality of forcefulness and trust in his own ability that made him the most beloved missionary in the whole of the Islands, that made Robert Louis Stevenson call him 'The man I love,' and the notorious South Seas buccaneer, Bully Hayes, remark admiringly: 'He is a Man!—that

made his savage murder more deeply mourned by a thousand native tribes than the death of a dozen kings."

Yet again there is a picture of a man devoted to his work for Christ. This time the scene is the Solomons, and the portrait peeps out from the grim setting of a chapter significantly captioned "Trading in Humans:"

"In this part of the group I came to know one of the bravest men I have ever met. He was a missionary, a thin, gaunt man, old before his time, with sunken eyes and skin much yellowed by constantly recurring fevers. His station was close to a village in which every man had at some time or other taken human life, and was still taking it. Only very infrequently did he visit Makambo or other places where white men gathered; and each time he left for his lonely station it was predicted he would never return. He died a year or two ago from fever—the fourth in succession to give his life in the attempted establishment of a mission in that savage spot, and the only one of the four to die in a bed. The others had been killed and eaten and their smoke-dried heads hung in the canoe-houses. I raise my hat to the memory of his great courage."

No wonder. In that place Jack McLaren's life was nearly forfeit. He bears yet the mark of an arrow in his neck, and says somewhat ruefully—"I never returned to that village; it was no place for a mild-mannered young man intent on making a living by peaceful means." He knew courage when he saw it, and gave the missionary due honour.

In "My Odyssey" are other missionary gems; a few quaint figures of native teachers and a chapter entitled "A Sermon or Two," calculated to inspire matter-of-fact preachers at "the home base" with a desire to deliver modernised versions of the New Testament parables. And, to round all off, a description of "a dear old white-haired lady, gentle of manner and speech and pathetically frail of body"—a teacher in the most central island of Torres Strait, several days' sail from other white inhabitants, alone yet "not alone" in her great Christian enterprise.

Usually unidentified by name, but given honour for their work's sake, these—and such as they—are the makers of the new Pacific that shall be.

### India Accessible to Christianity

Author of *The Goal of India*, Mr. W. E. S. Holland, a C.M.S. missionary who was formerly in Calcutta and it now the head of a missionary college in Travancore, writes as follows about Mr. Gandhi: "The Hindus seem specially accessible to Christianity just now. There is no doubt that Gandhi's arrest has had a strangely unforeseeable effect. Missionaries from all over the country will tell you that the story of Gandhi's arrest, trial, and imprisonment has set the Hindus thinking with a new wistfulness of the gentleness of Christ. They recognise that Christ is unmistakably the inspiration and model of the man whose bearing and spirit they so immensely admire. They want to understand and see for themselves. Never have I during all my time in India known Hindus so accessible, so responsive; just when one would expect them to be most angry! Christianity is receiving a new publicity through the Indian press. Quite literally one seldom takes up a Hindu political weekly or monthly paper without finding some explicit recognition or discussion of the teachings of Christ, and always respectfully sympathetic. The truth is that Gandhi's teaching of non-violence has sunk far more widely and deeply into the mind of India than his particular political programme. Any recrudescence of nationalism along the lines of violence will encounter a new and solid mass of opposition.

"Gandhi's paper the other day asked the significant question: What has caused the disappearance of the bomb and revolver from Indian politics? There is perhaps more political assassination than ever in the West since the war. India was using it for fifteen years before the war. Why not now? It is Gandhi's spiritual ideals that appeal to the Indian heart rather than this political programme, and it is significant of the permeation of Christian knowledge that the Christian source of his ideals should be so widely recognised."

### Increase of Christians in India.

A well-known Indian missionary recently wrote to the British Weekly, pointing out the great increase of Christians in India during recent years. He said:—Attention has already been called to the great increase of Christians in India, as revealed by the Census of 1921. In the 1911 there were

3,876,203, an increase of 952,962 over the Census of 1901. In 1921 the increase in ten years was 877,876, which meant a total Christian population of 4,754,079. To put it in another way, while the whole population of India has increased by 1.2 per cent., the Christian population has grown by 22.64 per cent.

When we consider some of the provinces the figures are still more remarkable. This is peculiarly noticeable in the case of the Punjab, whose figures have just been published. In 1881 the Christian population of the Punjab was 3,796. In 1901 it was 37,980. In 1921 it was 315,031. But even these figures are eclipsed by the progress in certain parts of Assam. In the Khasi and Jaintia hills one-sixth of the population is now Christian; in the Lushai hills one-fourth.

The Census superintendent in his report says that he was afraid that some zealous Christian enumerators had made entries in accordance with their own wishes rather than with the facts. But he tested many entries himself, and gives as a proof of the rigorous methods employed the amusing statement that he found that a five-year-old child of a Christian had been put down as an animist because "the young scoundrel was so greedy that he failed to say grace before meals."

As there is a tendency in some quarters to speak of Indian missions as having failed to produce many tangible results, it is worth while recording these facts. To increase from 1½ millions to 4¾ millions in forty years is no small achievement.

### Japan and China

The Editor of the "Chinese Recorder" declares that during the past year Christians in China and Japan have drawn closer to each other.

This is, to a large extent, due to the widespread response on the part of Chinese Christians to the need of the Japanese after the earthquake. . . . The National Christian Council sent a delegation to Japan to present Yen 3,500, which had been contributed directly by Churches in China.

One of the delegates makes this comment on the situation:—

I believe that while both Chinese and Japanese Christians should be thoroughly patriotic, they should also be loyal to the ideal of world peace, and to the teachings of the Master.

## 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,

Mt. Albert, Auckland.

## Methodist Women's Missionary Union of New Zealand.

President: MRS. T. H. STEVENS, Woodward Road, Mt. Albert, Auckland.

Joint Secretaries: MISS CARR, 33 Grange Road, Mt. Eden, Auckland.

MISS J. BUTTLE, Selwyn Road, Epsom, Auckland.

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