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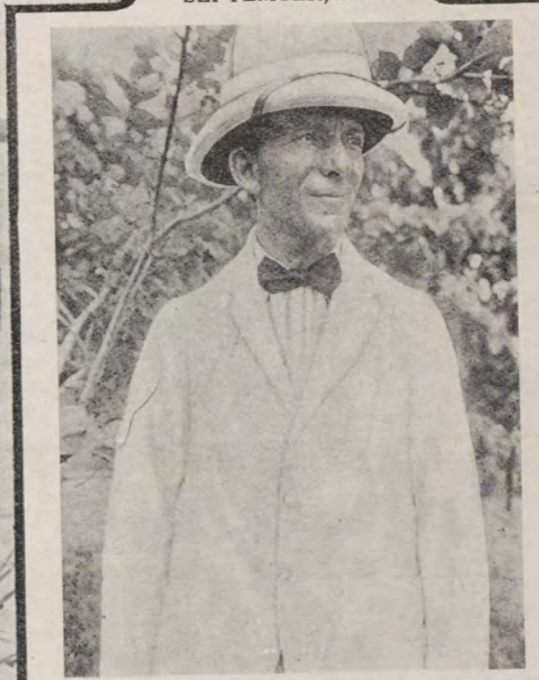
VOL. III. No. 2

Published Quarterly

The Open Door

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

SEPTEMBER, 1924



OUR DEPUTATION (South Island).

"A Great Door & Effectual is opened unto us"
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THE MISSIONARY DISTRICT OF THE NEW ZEALAND METHODIST CHURCH.

THE OPEN DOOR.

Editor: Rev. W. A. Sinclair,
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Editorial Notes and Comments.

A New Zealander's First Furlough.

The Rev. A. A. Bensley is assured of a great welcome on his return from Vella Lavella, at the end of this month, for he was the first minister of our Church to volunteer for service in the Solomons. Mrs. Bensley has been welcomed already in Christchurch and district.

A missionary's furlough, even under ordinary circumstances, is more of a change than a holiday. It is unfortunate, therefore, that Mr. Bensley's delayed departure will not only necessitate considerable alterations in his itinerary, as F.M. Deputation, but will require him to set out on a strenuous tour of the South Island Churches almost as soon as he arrives in the Dominion.

The trying climate, and the unceasing demands of a mission station in the Solomons inevitably sap the nervous system, and entitle missionaries to a period of quiet rest early in their furlough.

On the field, there is a constant giving out. On furlough, missionaries look to receive such physical, mental, and spiritual strengthening and stimulus as will send them back to their people hopeful and glad. And we trust the homecoming of our friends will fulfill their highest expectations.

We had intended to give the place of honour this month to an interview with Mr. Bensley, but now hope to carry out our purpose in the December number. Meanwhile we are grateful to Mrs. Bensley for a valuable contribution.

Well Done, North Island!

The annual Foreign Mission effort in the North Island has now been completed. The Board's appeal for increased contributions has resulted in an increase of £1,000. If the Churches of the South Island respond in similar fashion, the insistent pleas for an extension of the work abroad can be met, and a heartening message sent to Superin-

tendent Goldie, and his co-workers on the field.

"Our Missionary Paper."

Bearing this homely title, the Women's Missionary Union Executive have issued (as an experiment) the first number of a four-page Quarterly Circular, which is to be distributed free to all members of the Union.

Their purpose is to supplement the "Women's Page" in the "Open Door," and to intensify enthusiasm in the cause of missions. We are particularly pleased to find that the O.M.P. will link missionary work in the Solomons with the work amongst the Maoris of our own land. Such noble work as Sister Eleanor Dobby's in the Hokianga district is certainly worthy of the widest publicity. We are of opinion that the new paper meets a need, and will help to increase the circulation of the "Open Door."

If the children may enjoy their own paper, why should not the influential Women's Missionary Union be similarly blessed? We trust that this venture of an enterprising executive will prove to be amply justified, and become a permanent factor in the Union's activities.

An article of moment, entitled "Into the Heart of Bougainville," from the pen of the Rev. H. A. Cropp, reveals the missionary as a protector of defenceless natives against white men who shamefully abuse their power.

We warmly congratulate the Rev. V. le C. Binet on the success of his protracted and arduous efforts to reconcile the alienated Kamunga and Vureleke tribes. The negotiations were entered upon at the request of the Kamunga tribe. Many long journeys by land and sea, and the exercise of much patience, tact, and resourcefulness were necessary before the "Pact of Peace" could be signed at Senga, in the manner so graphically described by "Spectator."

The Changed Challenge of the Solomons.

Everyone in the Islands sees that a change is coming over the people. Its coming was inevitable. It is a sign of growth. In earlier days, heathenism was challenged by Christianity. To-day, Christianity in the Solomons is challenged by the "World" (used in the N.T. sense).

Traders offer bigger wages than we can offer, and, outside working hours, place no restraint of any kind upon the boys they employ. Christianity, on the other hand, claims to control the whole life; and the natives find, as we ourselves find, it is hard to walk the narrow way.

Though they feel the pull of the easier life, the greater part of the Christian natives stay with us. Some have forsaken us, Demas-like, "having loved this present world."



REV. A. A. BENSLY, of Bilua.

Our present day problem then is, how can the missionary exert a more powerful and attractive influence than the "world"? The Islanders have now arrived at the parting of the ways, where a fateful choice must be made—a choice between Christ and Evil; between what is high and pure, and therefore difficult of attainment, and whatever appeals to the lower or baser side of human nature. They themselves must

By Mrs. A. A. Bensley, of Bilua.

choose, and our task for the future is to stand by, and help them to choose aright. With the passing of the old days and ways the power of the Chief also is challenged and has waned. The young folk are impatient of control. Thus the work of our native teachers becomes more difficult, day by day.

During the past years, we have striven to awaken a sense of responsibility, and to develop personality, impressing upon the natives the fact that each one is endowed with free will, and must exercise that will.

The incoming of influences, other than Christian, complicates the new situation. And to cope with it successfully, we must have more white missionaries, of a practical type, in whose lives love, and faith, and works, are well blended.

We also need more, and better equipped native teachers, though these will be available soon. Our task is to show—with all Christ's faithful followers down the ages—"a more excellent way," both in our teaching, and in our lives.

Peter Palliser.

"In a book of true African tales, 'The Whispering Bush,' published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, is to be found the amazing story of Peter Palliser. Once a circus clown, physically degenerate, and incapable of putting an 'h' in its proper place, Peter was converted at a recent revival meeting. Without a second's training, he was sent to the Coast as a missionary by a small American society, his sole equipment a plucky heart and a wonderful faith in God. When a lion visited his camp one night, Peter raised himself, looked him full in the eye (a yard away), and the lion bolted into the night. Peter's explanation was: 'The Lord shut the mouths of the lions in Daniel's den, and He did the same for me because I am on His business.' Ultimately, Peter received a letter from the Commissioner, thanking him for all the good he had done in the town that for years had been one of the biggest problems in an unruly district, and asking him if he would commence operations in the two neighbouring towns. The alternatives were, either a punitive expedition, or Peter Palliser."—The Methodist Recorder,

Into the Interior of Bougainville. By Rev. Allen H. Cropp (Pioneer Missionary)

Our three-monthly visit of the Siwai district (where Mr. Goldie first started work on Bougainville) being due, we started off in the little Mission yacht to travel the 200 miles down the east coast of Bougainville. At Kieta our party was joined by Mr. Booth, an ex-lay-agent of our mission field, who, for some years had charge of Ulu Island, in the New Britain district. This charge he relinquished to take over the more responsible managership of Numanuma, the largest station on Bougainville, a plantation covering over 4,000 acres of cocoanuts. As Mr. Booth required labour for his plantation, we decided to go up into the interior together, he for recruits, and I to open up a new mission station. Some time ago the people of the interior had sent word to David, one of our teachers in Siwai, that they desired a teacher. But before granting their request, I wished to speak to them, and to note the number and condition of the villages.

We left Kieta and travelled down the coast to the south of Bougainville. As my companion had a very bad attack of fever we anchored in Torolei Harbour from Saturday until Monday, by which time he had recovered sufficiently to enable us to resume our journey. Torolei Harbour is a fascinating place. Although it abounds in fish, oysters, native nuts, etc., there is not a native resident on its shores. One tradition says that the Mono people wiped out those living there, and since then it has been tabooed. According to another theory the harbour is a happy hunting ground of the natives of Buin, and that it is used for fishing alone. Certain it is that though some natives do spend a few days there, it is but little visited. A singular phenomenon for which no one seems to have an adequate explanation is, that although frequented but little by natives, enormous numbers of flies seem to claim the place as their own, and viciously attack any person encroaching on their domain. This place—and most parts of the coast of Bougainville—is full of alligators. Some time ago near our residence in Buka we trapped two of these ugly brutes, and were able to kill them. The people living near by would not eat them, but explained that had the alligators been caught some distance away, they would have

readily done so. These, they did not like to eat because "they were countryman! Belong me feller!"

We left Torolei Harbour on the Monday and landed with our goods on the sandy beach at Buin, some 10 miles from Torolei. The boys then took the mission yacht back to Torolei Harbour, as this is the only safe anchorage on the south-west, south-east and south coast of Bougainville. As our little engine was not running at all well, we deemed it unsafe to attempt the west coast and land on the beach at Siwai. So the 40 miles up to Siwai, from Buin, had to be walked again. The heavy rains had ceased some days before and we were able to negotiate the rivers easily and with safety.

After three days' walking we reached Ruhaku, our first teacher's village, and after spending some time there went on to Harinai. Harinai was the first village opened up by the Mission some years ago. The Fijian teacher, who was placed here a year ago, had been very ill, and was unable to continue his work. So we decided to remove him and place him where he would have a better opportunity of getting medicine and attention. The people were about to move their village and the teacher's house, as the latter was in a perilous position, and the former was unhealthy. We opened a new church which had just been finished. From Harinai (which is about 4 miles from the coast of Siwai) we went inland to Tonu. The teacher, whom Mr. Goldie placed here a few years ago, has got hold of the children in a wonderful way. We counted over fifty children—besides grown-ups—in attendance at the "lotu." David, the teacher at Tonu, had been the means of opening up Maisua, a district of 5 or 6 villages, a further 6 miles inland (from Tonu), lying at the foot of the mountains. He had also prepared the way for an advance into a thickly populated district named Bais, about 15 miles north of Tonu.

We started off along the "made" track with two teachers and about fifteen carriers. Two of the carriers were a little rebellious, as they believed we would not return, for the Bais people had the reputation of being rather wild. After covering 5 miles or so of good track, we came in the pouring rain to a native rest house. Here we tried to

ascertain from our guides the distance yet to be traversed to reach Bais, for we had learnt that the road ended near the rest house, and that only a bush track remained. Natives are very bad at estimating distance. "Near," "Not very far," "Not a very long way," mean much the same to them. They have, of course, no knowledge of "miles." The day was far spent and as it continued to rain, David said we would not be able to cross the big river in such a downpour, as it floods very quickly. Fortunately, we decided to stay the night here, for we found, on the morrow, that it took us the best part of the day to reach our destination. Had we attempted it the day before we should have had the unpleasant experience of spending a night in the bush with no food, no fire and no shelter.

Starting out early next morning we soon came to the spot where the good path ended and the bush track began. The 10 mile walk along this track defies description! Mud, water, hills, thorns and stinging ants, were only some of the unpleasantnesses of the journey. Then, to cap it all, near the end of the march, a river about 100 yards wide, 4 feet deep and flowing very quickly, and full of moving boulders. The smaller members of the party went up stream some distance and succeeded in crossing safely. Mr. Booth became venturesome and started off alone. He had almost succeeded in reaching the other shore when, unfortunately, a swirl in the river carried him off his feet. Grasping a huge boulder he hung on for dear life. Some of the boys scrambled quickly across and reaching out to him a stick, drew him in to safety.

When we reached the Bais district we found few people about. To our dismay we learned the "reason why." Six months previously, an officer of the Government, with some police boys, had come upon the villagers suddenly, and seemingly without cause had fired on the village, burnt three houses, stolen about £10 worth of native money and abducted a little girl who had been left behind when the villagers fled for safety.

We sounded them regarding their reported wish for a teacher and found them most desirous to have one sent. The old chief nearly wept when pleading for a teacher. He said that "they were not a people now. They lived scattered around in the bush. They had no real villages and dare not make

proper gardens, as they were afraid the police master would come again and attack them. They were people no longer, for they were living like pigs in the bush." We earnestly assured them that this sort of thing would not happen again without cause; that the Methodist Church stood for right; and that we white men were ashamed of any of our race who did such things. With tears in his eyes the chief begged for a teacher, that his people might be enlightened and brought together again into a proper village. Retiring from the Bais district by a much longer route we later found out where the little abducted girl was, and had her returned to her own people.

That night in Bais was an anxious one. We noticed that as the people gathered around us, each man came with a small long-handled axe, which he seemed loath to allow out of his hand. Not a woman nor a child was to be seen. Were they suspicious of us? Were they angry with us because it was a white man who had burnt their houses and stolen their little girl? Were the tears of the chief just a subterfuge to allay our fears and suspicions? These thoughts ran through our minds and made us a little anxious for our own safety and the safety of the boys we had brought with us. Night came and the hammocks were put up. We two white men decided that it would be discreet to divide the night into watches. These people had been offended by white men and some of them might take revenge on other white men. Not a boy slept properly, and when morning broke it was a joy to all. The rather ludicrous part about it was that while we slept little, the natives of Bais, who occupied a hut near by, slept the whole night through.

We held a morning "lotu," and told the chief that at the earliest possible moment he should have a teacher. We also promised to return in a few months' time. At the time of writing, a teacher from the Roviana school is on the station at Buka ready and willing to go and start his work amongst these people. We had evidence that the district is a large and populous one. Geographically it is nearly the centre of Bougainville. The teacher's task here will be a very arduous one until he has completely won the confidence of the people. Had we a white missionary resident in Siwai or Bais, the work there would leap and bound ahead,

for the two districts are thickly populated. The difficulties of transport and the isolation, however, make such an appointment almost impossible. The only landing is through the surf, on the ocean beach, and this can be done only in very calm weather. The nearest harbour is 45 miles away. In the months of January, February and March it is impossible to approach the Siwai coast, and last year (fortunately an exception) the heavy southerly gales continuing month after month would have left a missionary resident in Siwai without communications or supplies for a considerable time. We did manage to keep up our visits, but only by walking the 40 miles up from Buin.

On reaching Siwai the two white men parted company, Mr. Booth to walk back to Buin, there to wait for his schooner; whilst I hired a large ocean-going canoe, belonging to the Harinai people, and travelled down the coast to Tonolei, where the Mission yacht was anchored. The trip down was without incident, except that the canoe leaked very badly, keeping three boys bailing all the way, and that in the launching, a crowd of children anxious to come with us jumped aboard just as we were pushing off through the surf, and nearly succeeded in swamping her. As these youngsters could not swim, several of the bigger boys had to jump over board and swim ashore with them.

This short description of a part of our work on Bougainville may give the readers of *The Open Door* some little idea of the needs of the dark-skinned folk here. Exploited by Government officials who profess to be ministers of British justice; living in ignorance of God, Christ and brotherly love; with their bodies disfigured by suffering, and tropical diseases, the needs of these people call forth our best missionary efforts for their protection, and salvation from filth, sin and ignorance.

"There has been no service for the race like that of Foreign Missions, and the 'subsidiary humanitarian efforts' of the friends of missions."—Rev. F. Lenwood.

"In India there is a law against Obscene Representations." This law, however, does not apply to representations "on or in any temple, or on any car used for the conveyance of idols, or kept or used for religious purposes."

Blind Mrs. Sung.

By Mrs. J. Bell of North China

"When I had my eyesight I did not know that I was blind. Now I am blind I see." These words were spoken in our women's gathering in San Yuan in 1922 by Mrs. Sung, when someone pitied her because of her loss of sight. "I used to attend every service," she said, "because I wanted a little excitement. But I did not feel any need of a Saviour. It was only after I became blind that I began to think of the mercy and love of God."

One day Mrs. Sung was sitting in our preaching hall when I was teaching the Phonetic Script to some women who were rather slow to learn. It was a very hot day. After going over the same thing again and again, I ejaculated: If Sung Ta Sao could learn she would be a quick scholar. Suddenly the thought flashed into my mind. Why not teach her the Braille system? On mentioning it to the Bible women, they said: "Our C.E. text book tells of a blind man becoming able to read and teach others." There and then I resolved to write for a Braille lesson book, and within a month Mrs. Sung was learning to read. All through the hot summer season she came daily for her lesson, quickly learning the alphabet, primer, and the first chapter of Mark. Now she requires no help, and is enjoying the gospel of St. Matthew, of which she has a whole copy. She reads her gospel aloud in her home, where she is the only Christian, and I am looking forward to the time when she will be teaching others who are blind.

Items of Interest.

We learn with deep and sympathetic regret that owing to the state of Mrs. Haddon's health, the departure of the Rev. and Mrs. E. O. Haddon for Roviana, has been postponed indefinitely. The medical report will keenly disappoint our friends and the Maori people, no less than those who have been anticipating their coming.

It is not possible to indicate, at present, the date of Miss Trott's departure.

We understand that the International Missionary Council proposes to ask all the Churches in the Dominion to observe Sunday, November 30th, as a Day of Special Prayer on behalf of World Missions.

A Heathen Chief's God Comes Ashore. By Rev. V. le C. Binet.

The chief Dalikale is a typical heathen. His photograph recently adorned the front cover of *The Open Door*, and he could be seen standing near his spirit-house, where he makes occasional offerings of food and money, hoping thereby to gain and retain the favour of the spirits from whom he expects fine weather and good health. He wears quite a number of dirty bits of string tied round his neck, and some right across the chest under one arm-pit over to the opposite shoulder. If you ask him what these strings are for he will tell you they are "medicine." Others will say they represent the abodes of the spirits who fence the wearer round with protective power so that no sickness can reach him.



THE FATE OF DALIKALE'S GOD.

Like many others of his kind, Dalikale has also deified one of the sea-monsters, for anything in nature which inspires fear is treated with respect, and in order to keep on good terms with such terrible reptiles as alligators, or to avoid unpleasant experiences with earthquakes, a tribe will deify these objects of terror, making offerings sometimes of food and sometimes of money. A tribe that has chosen an alligator as its deity will never attempt to kill one, or any of its family, such as an iguana or a lizard. The other evening Dalikale had a terrible surprise. The tide had gone out, and there

flapping itself about on a reef, deserted by its bosom friend the sea, was Dalikale's god. The monster had been deceived first of all by the high tide. It had been swimming about during the day looking for shoals of little fish to find shelter within its capacious mouth, when the tide, receding without due warning, had left Dalikale's god high and dry. Men stood in awe of it—especially Dalikale—for was it not his god? But it was tabu for him to kill his god. So he got over the difficulty by getting his son to do it, whose god was different from his father's, for he had learnt of Him at the Mission School. Lubara, the son, sallied forth with his axe and killed the monster. There was plenty of good flesh on the giant

fish, but again, it was tabu for Dalikale to eat his god. So he offered it to our Senga Mission boys, who accepted the gift, and left it for the night near the reef, intending to tow it ashore the next morning.

During the night, however, some hungry sharks had had a good meal off one of the fins of the monster, but there was plenty left of it when canoes and rafts were brought into requisition to tow the creature ashore. With considerable difficulty it was brought to land and its peculiarities of structure observed, before it was finally cut up into joints and steaks.

It had two elephant-like heads two feet apart, this space being taken up by a capacious mouth. Two eyes were in each head. Its two large triangular fins, placed on either side of the body, measured 18 feet from tip to tip, a spear-like sting was concealed in its whip-like tail, whilst its skin was as rough as the coarsest sand-paper. It was a mammal with gills.

When the boys were cutting it up, a wonderful discovery was made. That monster had tucked away out of sight a baby-monster, with its fins neatly folded up and its two heads turned towards each other as though in close converse—a *tête-a-tête*, as the French would say. So innocent-looking, but yet with a big mouth about a foot wide, and when its fins were outstretched they measured 8 feet wide from tip to tip. It

had a whip-like tail and a sting, too. In fact it was a perfect miniature of its monster mother. Photographs were taken (several of which are herewith enclosed) and a search made through the Encyclopaedia for "sea-elephant," for that *must* be it, we thought. But the illustration given of a sea-elephant was quite different to Dalikale's god, and its name is unknown to us in the English language. The native name is "miley." Sometimes it has four heads, say the natives, and they use its skin stretched over a piece of flat wood as a rasp for the smoothing down of canoes, paddles, etc.

All the villagers from the surrounding neighbourhood came and cut off a slice of the monster, carrying a portion home, where they cooked it in hot stones, and ate with relish the remains of Dalikale's god.

The Best Friend of the Orient.

Sometimes we wonder what kind of world situation would confront us to-day if the foreign missionary forces had not been active in the lands of the Orient.

Visualise the situation in China to-day, as Dr. John Mott describes it. On his first visit twenty-five years ago, China seemed like a stuffy room with all the windows and doors hermetically sealed, and everyone inside gasping for breath. When he saw it last year, it reminded him of a house wide open, with all the breezes of heaven sweeping through. At an incredible pace old things are passing away. A "New Thought" movement is bringing to China all the science of the West, and all the materialistic philosophy of the West. Anti-Christian forces are seeking to capture her youth. Unless Christ is offered to China what will the future be? She is profoundly distrustful of the West. The gap between East

and West has not been bridged even by the Christian. But the Christian forces are in China. At this time of reconstruction the Christian Church stands a proved friend in the hour of need.

The Government and the Christian schools are co-operating to evolve a better system of national education. Missionaries are co-operating with merchants.

The *Church Bulletin* of the National Christian Council has the largest circulation of any Church newspaper or periodical in China. The literary attainments, and the standard of living of the Christian group, are well above the average of other Chinese. The influence of the Christian Church touches every phase of Chinese life. China has an industrial problem, and the Church stands alone in facing it, and trying to prevent the miseries which industrialism has brought into the West.

A Little Argument with Myself.

If I refuse to give *anything*, I practically cast a ballot in favour of the recall of every missionary.

If I give *less* than heretofore, I favour a reduction of the missionary forces proportionate to my reduced contribution.

If I give the *same* as formerly, I favour holding the ground already won, but I oppose a forward movement.

If I *add* fifty per cent., I say "Send out one-half as many more."

WHAT SHALL I DO?

I surely do not favour the *recall* of our whole missionary force, nor any part of it;

Neither am I satisfied simply that we hold our own so long as the great majority of the people in the world have never yet heard of Christ.

I do believe in greatly increasing the present number of our missionaries, therefore, I will increase my former offerings to missionary work. —L.M.M.

The Church Triumphant.

By Spectator

To-day is Monday—the sixteenth day of June, 1924, to be precise. While it is fresh in my memory I will endeavour to describe one of the most astonishing Methodist Church services I have ever seen, either at "Home," or abroad.

It happened only yesterday (Sunday), at Senga, one of the head Mission Stations on Choiseul.

In the home-land on a Sunday morning I have often heard the church bells ringing, summoning the various congregations to worship, and seen neatly-dressed men and women, some carrying hymn-books, making their way to the house of God.



THE "KAMUNGA" CHIEF.

But yesterday morning I heard no church bell. In its stead the sound of a conch shell was borne in upon my ears. In certain dark places on Choiseul, the conch shell does not bring neatly-dressed worshippers together. It inspires men with fear; and they are apt to seize the nearest weapon they can lay their hands upon. Sure enough this Sabbath morning I saw thirty dusky men walking in single file along the sea front, with axes across their right shoulders and shields in their left hands. They took up a position in an open space just outside the Methodist Church. They were the Kamunga tribe, not over-dressed, excepting perhaps the chief, who had put on a white shirt, which had beautifully printed butterflies

on the front, and a gorgeous peacock printed on the pocket. Soon another armed company arrived from a different direction. They were the Vuruleke tribe, whose chief wore a blue-striped singlet, which looked like a football jersey, and a loin-cloth of red and yellow stripes. On the chief's chest an elaborate ornament (cut out from shell and decorated with beads and shirt buttons) reposed in dignified splendour. He, with his brother chief, had uncombed hair and whiskers—tokens of still unavenged wrongs. As I gazed upon these two bodies of warriors, now facing each other, my ears caught the tramp, tramp, of a well-drilled squad, and looking up I saw, through the cocoanut trees, a double line of Mission school boys, dressed mostly (though not all) in white singlets and loin cloths engirdled with a red sash. Their sergeant brought them to a halt near the two lines of armed men. A greater contrast it would be difficult to imagine—the one line still enshadowed with darkness and fear; the other touched with light and love. A large number of the "outside public" had also assembled, many of whose hands once stained with blood were now made clean. I saw Bookie the Chief, who, it was told men, had started the big war between Senga and Vurulata years ago. He was now clothed and in his right mind.

Dressed in white were a number of school girls, calmly looking at the scene before them.

We saw Noah Goza marshalling the two tribes (formerly belligerents) until they stood quite close to, and opposite each other. Two shell armlets were then placed on the ground, and stepped upon by the two leading chiefs, who shook hands, and with a smile, said "Sa nöe" ("Good").

Then someone started "All hail the power of Jesu's Name," and after the Benediction was pronounced, the school boys sang the "National Anthem."

The people, however, did not disperse. The warriors stacked their arms outside the church and went inside to worship. Former enemies sat cheek by jowl, listening to a Missionary who expounded the words of the Psalmist, "He maketh wars to cease." A spirit of peace and goodwill dominated that triumphal service. And with the pronouncement of the Divine blessing ringing in their ears, the tribes disbanded. They returned home—"to learn war no more."

WOMEN'S PAGE

M.W.M.U.

Methodist Women's
Missionary Union of
New Zealand.

OUR PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Laoto and Eroni.

Dear Fellow-workers,—

Away on the densely-populated island of Tiop, forty-five miles from our next station lives Laoto, the brave Fijian nurse, for whom we unitedly pray each Friday. Laoto lives in a little grass hut which her husband built for her. And by trading beautiful mats, baskets, fans and a few brooms which her nimble fingers have made from the leaves of the pandanas, she has furnished her house with two chairs, a neat little table, a bed and a few other things. Now she is starting a mat-making class among her girls, which will enable her to get more things to carry on the work she loves. She is literally "giving her life" in service for the Master, for although constantly administering quinine to others to check the dreaded malaria, her constitution is such that her system will tolerate but little. Consequently, living in a land where malarial fever is rife, she becomes a victim to constant attacks. But notwithstanding all her illness she works on, and always greets one with a cheery word and a smile. She is daily engaged in medical work, and sores of a most repellant nature are dressed and looked after until the patient is well. When Laoto, with her husband Eroni settled in Tiop, the Roman Catholic priests, some miles away, used to come over and tell the folk they would die if they attended the school of the Fijians. With superstition also to contend against, these two fought a battle and won. To-day Laoto and Eroni have more than half the children of the village in their school. Not long ago a French priest settled on the opposite side of the village, but even the prestige of the white man has not been able to draw the children away from our noble loving Fijian teachers.

"Out of all my teachers," writes Mr. Cropp, "Laoto and Eroni have had the biggest fight and the worst time, but have won through with the greatest results."

Mr. Cropp will always see that Laoto, Eroni and his other teachers share with him in the contents of all boxes that he receives from us. So on Fridays remember that though "severed far, by faith we meet around one common mercy seat": not only with our white Sisters, but with our Fijian and Solomon Island workers too.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

A. C. STEVENS.

An Ideal to Strive For.—"Every woman in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Denmark is a member of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society."—Women's Miss. Friend.

An Appeal for Aid from Fiji.

A letter from Rev. L. M. Thompson, M.A., Superintendent of the Indian Orphanage, Dilkusha, Fiji., has been received, asking if any suitable lady who wishes to go to the Mission Field, but whose health would not stand the malarial climate of the Solomons, would consider a position as assistant to Miss Graham, who has sole charge of the girls in the Orphanage. There are 50 of these, ages from babies to the marriageable. A suitable lady would have the charge of the intermediate ones, and would find it a wonderful opportunity to do really important and telling work. Many of us in N.Z. know and very highly esteem Miss Graham, and would very much like to send her a sympathetic and efficient helper from this Dominion. Further information may be obtained from Mrs. G. Bowron, 43 Hackthorne Road, Christchurch.

Active Auxiliaries

Wellington.

The Wellington Methodist Women's Auxiliary held an "At Home" in Wesley School-room on Wednesday, July 30th. A large number of members and friends were present, and there was a liberal response to the request for straight-out giving. Rev. W. Greenslade, Chairman of District, presided.

Dr. Pinfold and Rev. A. N. Scoller gave bright, inspiring addresses. Musical items were contributed by Mesdames Kennedy and Bath. Afternoon tea was served and a delightful meeting closed by Rev. C. Eaton pronouncing the Benediction.

As the Annual Effort was being continued at night an adjournment was made to the Y.M.B.C. room, where a High Tea was prepared for all who wished to remain. At 7.45 p.m. the schoolroom was packed for an entertainment, consisting of musical and elocutionary items of a high order, and a missionary tableau entitled "Beneath the Southern Cross," depicting the work that is being done in N.Z. and the Solomon Islands by the Women's Auxiliaries. It was a dazzling picture as the 33 auxiliaries grouped beneath a Southern Cross of electric lights, arranged for that occasion by Mr. Maunder. The various committees engaged in the production of this pleasing display had worked indefatigably under the direction of Mrs. Hill and Sister Lily White, who, with their willing band of helpers, are deserving of special praise, as the great success which crowned their efforts was undoubtedly due to their untiring enthusiasm.

E. PINFOLD,
Wellington W.A.

Rangiora.

On August 20th a party of friends from Christchurch, including Mrs. A. A. Bensley, motored out to Rangiora to a gathering of ladies interested in Foreign Missions. Rev. Blair presided, and after a few gracious words of explanation and welcome, introduced Mrs. Bensley, who spoke about the need of the "Sisters on the Field" for garments and materials for their work, giving a list of the things most welcome and helpful. Great interest in the subject was shown by all present. Some musical items and afternoon tea lent variety and brightness to the proceedings. Since then a fine box of garments, etc., has been sent by the Rangiora ladies to the depot, to be forwarded to the Solomons.

Ohoka.

Under the enthusiastic leadership of their minister's wife, the Ohoka ladies are devoting afternoons at regular intervals to hearing Missionary letters and other literature read at their Guild, and have already been planning to make garments, etc., for the boxes.

Little Sketches of Life in the Solomons:

1. Lilieta.

"Yes," said the Missionary's wife, with a far-away look in her eyes. "We do see some poor specimens of humanity sometimes over there. And there is a humorous as well as a pitiful side to the life. Poor old Lilieta now! Many a laugh we get at her queer ways! She is very old and infirm, and hobbles with a stick. She loves her pipe, and tobacco is one of the very few pleasures of her life. She will come stumbling up our steps, and sit huddled up on our verandah. We know very well what she wants, but tease her a little by taking no notice. As it is not polite to make her request straight away, she begins by enquiring kindly after our health. We respond in the same strain; she then remarks upon the weather, etc. After a short period of silence, in a casual and off-hand manner, she "supposes we have no tobacco"—and presently, as we do not fulfil her expectations, finally pleads, "Love me because I am very old; I have no money, do give me some tobacco." Politeness forbidding an immediate departure after receiving a gift, she sits a little longer, fanning herself the while, and presently rises, stumbles down the steps and hobbles away, her prize safely tucked out of sight! Her spiritual perceptions are almost non-existent, and yet though she understands so little, her life is one of service—constant and uncomplaining. She has only a very young girl about seven to help her, yet she still works in her garden—not for herself, for she eats very little—but for those around her. I have seen her after a day's work, just as evening comes on, stripping pieces of wood from dead and half-burnt trees, and carrying a huge bundle of them on her back, to burn in the fires that cook the food. And we are glad to think that even to such as Lilieta we can bring a share of the Blessings that "abound where'er He reigns."

"Come Ben"—Concluded.

In the last issue of "The Open Door," I left off after telling you about little Bon with his first knickers. Another photograph I have shows the same Sister standing with nineteen native girls around her—all smiling! The religion of the Lord Jesus has

that effect upon "people and realms of every clime," and now after twenty years of self-sacrificing toil on the part of Missionaries and others, the women of the Solomon Islands are realizing that His religion brings joy and peace to them also. Speaking of that work the Sister says: "I cannot tell you how dear these women become; they just twine themselves round your heart!" "Word came that the mother of a six-weeks baby we had baptized 'John Wesley,' was ill. So Alesi, Doresi, and I set out, reaching her home at dusk. We found her in a high fever, and the baby crying for food. After making the mother as comfortable as possible, we took the baby and tramped through the bush a little further to procure some food for it. Returning we found the mother no better, so had to go back all the way home for different remedies and again walk through dense bush in the blackness of night, watching by the patient through the rest of the night. At 3 a.m. the baby again had to be taken away to be fed. It was cold in the bush at that hour. As I sat by the sick girl I looked over the calm and silent sea, and up into the starry sky. Nature brings one so much closer to God, and more sensible of our own shortcomings! And I realized that I am far from being what I should be, and found myself in the valley of humiliation with my impatience and oft-times failures."

Surely, dear Auxiliary women, we have "Come Ben" just here! and must feel that our Sisters need a lot of loving sympathy from us who have the easier task at home! Much prayer must go up that they may be guided and encouraged. Let us not forget either, the material gifts—books, medicine, equipment of all kinds are needed on the Mission Field. Consecrated womanhood at home to pray and consecrated womanhood to cross the seas to take "The wonder and the glory of the Light" to those who, having opened their doors, are now saying "Come Ben."

ELIZABETH.

Auxiliaries are reminded that the Women's Missionary Conference will be held at Hastings from Oct. 7th to 10th inclusive. Names of delegates should be sent as soon as possible to Miss Carr, 33 Grange Road, Mt. Eden, Auckland. This is an opportunity not to be neglected of getting into close touch with all the leading spirits of the Auxiliary movement in New Zealand.

Mrs. A. A. Bensley of Vella Lavella.

Mrs. Bensley will accompany her husband, as F.M. deputation to the South Island, so that a few personal references will doubtless be appreciated by our readers.

As Sister Constance Olds, Mrs. Bensley was trained at Deaconess House, and for four years did good work at St. Albans,



Mrs. A. A. BENSLEY, with MILI (on her right)

Wellington, and Hastings, before volunteering for service in the Solomons. Prior to her marriage she laboured at Vella Lavella under the Rev. R. C. Nicholson, and at Roviana under the chairman of the District.

She is a keen missionary who loves the native people and seconds her husband's efforts most admirably.

Gifted with a vivid imagination and power of expression, she is able to send interesting letters from the field. If her health will stand the climate she will undoubtedly render most valuable service to our Church.

While on furlough, Mrs. Bensley will do

How Christianity Gained an Entrance into Japan.

"The task of saving Japan must be done quickly or the opportunity will soon pass."—R. C. ARMSTRONG.

To many people in this country the story of how the first Japanese converts were won for Christ is quite unknown, so that even a brief sketch of God's dealings with the little brown people of the East may serve to warm the heart and strengthen faith.

In the 17th century Japan closed her doors to the West. For nearly 200 years the country was covered with anti-Christian placards which proclaimed a stern decree: "So long as the sun warms the earth let no Christian be bold enough to come to Japan, for if he violate this command, he shall pay for it with his head."

Sunday, July 10th, 1853, is a red letter day in the history of modern Japan, for on that day the doors were opened again to receive the Christian ambassador of America.

Shortly afterwards a British man-of-war anchored off Nagasaki and was granted the privilege of obtaining supplies. At the same time Lord Wakasa flung a cordon of boats around the warship to prevent any forbidden thing from reaching the mainland or the ship. The only thing seized by the watchful Japanese was a little book which floated to them on the waters. In response to his enquiries, Wakasa was informed that the book concerned a certain Jesus, the Saviour of the World. On learning that it was also printed in the Chinese language he managed to obtain a copy and began his study of the New Testament. Soon he was longing, like the Ethiopian of old, for an interpreter who would make the message plain.

all in her power to interest home supporters in our Mission.

In the accompanying photograph, which was taken the day before she left for New Zealand, Mrs. Bensley is seen in the centre of a group of old women belonging to Bilua. On her right is Mili, a fine Christian, of a particularly sweet nature, who is helpful with the girls in the Sister's house, and wherever there is sickness.

Mili's two sons are successful teachers in the Vella Lavella Circuit. One of her daughters is the wife of a teacher in the Roviana Circuit, and another daughter assists in the Sister's House at Bilua.

Now, a few years previously, in 1859, the ports had been opened to foreign trade and settlement, and a missionary prayer circle which met weekly in an American City heard of the open door, and sent a Dutch Reformed Church missionary, named Verbeck to Nagasaki.

Hearing of Verbeck's arrival, Wakasa arranged that his brother should go to Nagasaki, receive instruction in the New Testament from Verbeck, and post the results to him.

Thus it came to pass that six years later my Lord Wakasa, accompanied by his brother, and a friend, presented themselves at Verbeck's door, seeking Christian baptism.

At this time the missionary was not allowed to preach the Gospel, and the anti-Christian placards were still in force.

But though Japan refused to admit the religion of the West, she found it necessary in self-defence to learn Western sciences and languages, and Verbeck was appointed by the Government teacher of English and of the British Constitution. Two of his pupils were afterwards ranked amongst the foremost statesmen and makers of modern Japan. And when the Government, faced by the necessity of fashioning a new Constitution, sent an embassy on a tour of Europe and America, to gather first-hand information, Verbeck's two brilliant pupils were prominent among its members.

If therefore Japan was able to promulgate a modern constitution which placed her at once on an equality with Western nations, we must not overlook the broaden-

ing and far-reaching influence of missionary Verbeck's teaching.

Leaving the Embassy to tour the capitals of the West, the story now introduces a remarkable personage, named Neeshema. The gift of an atlas, when he was sixteen years old, aroused within the youth an irresistible longing to know the world. And a copy of the Scriptures which came into his hands about this time set his soul on fire with love to his Maker. Escaping from Japan, he landed at Hongkong, where he exchanged his sword for a New Testament, and began to learn the English language. From China he sailed to Boston. There he met the owner of the boat, who proved to be a foreign missionary enthusiast. Discovering in Neeshema a treasure, the wealthy Christian shipowner decided to have him educated for the Christian ministry. Thus it came to pass that when Neeshema was busy with his studies at Andover University, the Imperial Japanese Embassy arrived in Chicago, and, requiring an interpreter, ordered Neeshema to come to their aid.

Seizing his opportunity, the young Christian student pointed out to his fellow countrymen that he was under sentence of death for leaving Japan, but promised to gladly obey their orders if he were granted a pardon, and a permit to preach the Gospel in Japan. His conditions were granted at once, and a cablegram was despatched to Japan requiring the anti-Christian signboards to be pulled down.

On the completion of his missionary training Neeshema was accepted by the Missionary Board as a missionary to Japan, and astounded the Board by unfolding a scheme for the erection of an educational institution in Japan, in which native ministers would be trained. Moreover, he insisted on receiving a thousand pounds to begin the work, at once. Refusing to leave the room unless his request was granted, his arguments, zeal, and tears, at last gained the victory.

On February 19th, 1873, the anti-Christian placards were removed.

A few months later, a revival broke out among the students at the military college. This astonishing work of grace is traceable to the teaching and influence of Captain Janus, an English military man, who was appointed by the Japanese Government to train young men in English and science.

At first he did not dare to utter a word about Christ or religion, but later, when his fine character and work were fully recognised, he was permitted to teach the New Testament. Often, we are told, the students were moved to tears by his earnest expositions. The fruit of such devotion to Christ was seen when forty of the students, knelt in prayer on a quiet hillside and signed a pledge to consecrate themselves wholly to Jesus Christ, and the spiritual reformation of Japan.

So bright a light could not be hid under a bushel. The school was closed, and the young converts went home to face a storm of persecution, many of the parents threatening to kill themselves unless their sons recanted.

Only a few months previously the first Japanese prayer meeting had been organised in Yokohama to pray that the first Christians in Japan might possess the spirit of the early Christians.

The prayers were surely answered, for, though disinherited, the young men stood fast. From this student group have come the most powerful preachers in modern Japan, including the Rev. Paul Konimora.

And when they were ready to receive their theological training, Principal Weishema's Training College, which afterwards developed into the famous Doshesha University, was ready to receive them.

Christianity in Japan is now past the experimental stage. Tens of thousands would die rather than betray their Lord.

("Japan is menaced by a Western civilisation divorced from the spiritual ideals of the West.

Materialism has made such headway that the significance of the Eternal, the sanctity of human life, and the high ethical ideals of Bushido are being set aside in a mad rush after materialistic values. The historic soul of Japan is being threatened. She has lost a living faith in the old religions, which have assisted in restraining unbridled individualism, and most of her people are suspicious of Christian influences. Unless the Japanese Christian Church and its missionary co-workers can gain a hearing and avert disaster, social disorder will eventually fall upon the nation." Such is the prediction of a competent Canadian Methodist missionary now residing in Japan.)

Christian Forbearance in China. By Rev. A. Liversedge.

When, in 1920, the Bible Union of China was formed, the Christian world realised that a deep line of cleavage had been drawn within the Chinese missionary body.

On the one hand were missionaries trained in modern universities and colleges, who believed that the careful study of the Bible in recent years shows that some of the conservative views are untenable, and, being erroneous, should not be taught to the Chinese or anybody else. They were termed "Modernists."

On the other hand were older missionaries, who were concerned to preserve the Bible and the fundamental doctrines of Christianity from what they considered were the errors of destructive criticism. They believed a new version of the Bible was being taught which eliminated the supernatural, and that the modernist movement would develop into avowed unbelief. These were the "Fundamentalists," who formed the Bible Union.

The Constitution of the Union contained a list of doctrines which were thought to be in danger: among them, the Virgin Birth, the Miracles of the Old and New Testament, and the Inspiration of the Scriptures.

Protestant missionaries were invited to sign the constitution, which was to be a rallying point for loyal missionaries, and a test for missionary candidates.

A raging controversy immediately burst forth in the Chinese Churches and the press. Strong objection was taken to the use of any list of fundamentals as a test for the rejection of brethren who had heard the call of Jesus Christ to leave home, and preach His Kingdom. The "Modernists" claimed to be as loyal to Christ and as obedient to the Spirit as were their critics. Most of them were firm experimental believers in the truths thought to be endangered. And they denied that because they held to the method of Bible study, called the Higher Criticism, they practically eliminated the supernatural from the Bible. Indeed, they agreed that if the supernatural element is taken away there is no proper Christian religion left at all.

Thus the controversy proceeded, neither school of thought yielding in its convictions. Daily growing in intensity, the con-

troversy threatened to jeopardise the whole Christian movement in China. The Fundamentalists called Dr. Griffith Thomas from America to investigate and advise. The Modernists received a visit of cheer and counsel from Dr. Fosdick. There were signs, however, in 1921, that the move to divide the Christian forces over questions of interpretation and criticism was subsiding. The majority of Christians in China were more concerned about the great business of bringing people into contact with Christ, than deciding as to whether the Fundamentalist or the Modernist were in the right. Danger only arose when the dogmatists of either party attempted to force dissenting brethren to accept their position, or leave the field.

Soon it became apparent that the missionary body was divided into three, not two parties. Those who favoured the Bible Union movement, those who opposed it, and those who doubted the wisdom of it. The two conflicting parties were found to be holding such different views of the world of nature that they could not understand each other. But each was trying to follow the same Lord and the same Divine Revelation. As the National Christian Conference approached (Shanghai, March, 1922), members of both schools appealed for a spiritual preparation of heart. An outpouring of the Holy Spirit came to be recognised by all as the chief need.

A spirit of tolerance began to be cultivated, and the conference proved that the existence of "differences" did not prevent great tasks being undertaken together, on national lines. Convictions neither changed nor were weakened, but a desire for quiet discussion and spiritual fellowship had driven away the desire for open controversy. And there was a willingness to wait patiently for the undiscovered solution.

Twelve months later, it was possible for the Shanghai Missionary Association to discuss the vexed question of "what is fundamental" without a breaking up of fellowship.

At the first meeting of the National Christian Council, which met in May, 1923, controversial topics did not gain attention. The keynotes were understanding, fellowship, discovery, adventure. It was a triumph for the spirit of conciliation.

Problems of the Pacific. By the Rev. A. B. Chappell, M.A., Dip. Jour. CONTACT WITH PRESENT REALITIES.

II.

"I suppose you are going on to deal with the missionary problems," said one after reading the first article under the general title of these endeavours to ventilate the task of the Christian evangelist in the Pacific. The remark was an arresting reminder of the need to set that task as clearly as possible in the light of present, practical realities. Apparently, the attempt to portray the human Pacific of to-day, as it passes our doors on a momentous journey from a storied yesterday to a beckoning tomorrow, was not wholly successful. Yet, if anything at all is certain, it is sure beyond cavil that no constructive mission work can be done without very definite realisation that it must be done in vital contact with things as they are; and things as they are cannot be understood without reference to what has produced them.

History is not a matter of dates, but of deeds. It is not a series of obituaries, but a procession of lives. It cannot be put away on shelves nor bound between covers never to be opened. There is no dead past. There was never a yesterday that does not live in to-day. No tomorrow can come but by birth from to-day. The missionary is of all men the most committed to dig among the roots of human life. He deals with a living growth, and unless he know the life-history of that growth he runs a criminal risk of failure to bless it with "the engrafted Word."

Here, then, is the Pacific of to-day. Its native peoples, long aloof from Western civilization and strangers to Christianity, have experienced an irruption of alien thought and manners. They have become the interest of invading nations. Their ocean fastness is traversed by the tearing keels of warships and traders from Europe. Their lands are sought for commercial gain. They themselves are exploited as labour in an industrial revolution. Their customs, long sacred, are violated. A power not themselves urges them out upon the road. Where does it lead?

They cannot know. They can but hope—and fear. Startled by the invasion, bewildered in the unwonted glare and tumult, they are at the mercy of the alien. And a cruel mercy

it has often proved. In the international conflicts that others have imported they have fallen between cross fires. Unscrupulous traffickers have stolen their lands, their bodies, their precious treasures of tradition. Unbidden guests have become tyrants, and those to whom they have given shelter have turned again and rent them.

If this seem too sympathetic an indictment of their mis-users, if it appear to overlook the fact that these island peoples were themselves savage and unrefined, let it be remembered that they were, and are, undeveloped and unsophisticated. If it seem to forget the good intent with which some of the invaders came, let it not be forgotten that much well-meant kindness was clumsy. The principle of "noblesse oblige" was not wholly unhonoured, but its application was spasmodic and limited. Taken by and large, the invasion was neither unmixed blessing nor unmitigated curse, but it was inevitably astonishing and hampering. Old things could not be given quietus without a struggle, nor new things come without pain.

Into this maelstrom of mingling currents the missionary came. What contribution did he make? He was not always wise. Here and there he was not even fully kind. But he shared with the British navy's splendid "government by commodore" a service to these island peoples that is the one redeeming brightness of the Pacific of yesterday. And this is the special glory of the missionary's service—he rendered it in glad obedience to a commission of beneficence that less directly commanded the servants of the White Ensign. Commissioners have borne grateful witness to this service. Travellers like Jack McLaren—quoted freely last month—have given testimony to the heroism and sacrifice of Christian men and women devoting their all to this enterprise of disinterested love. More than all others, they have broken the blow of the West's contact with the East, have soothed the bewilderment and dressed the wounds. Hated by self-seeking traffickers, misunderstood by unspiritual politicians, suspect sometimes of the natives they sought to befriend, they have had no easy task. Yet is their record worthy and undying.

To-day, the missionary stands where he did in earlier times. His is the duty, in loyal heeding of the divine imperative that sleeplessly dwells in his heart, to temper the impact of the new upon the old, to care for both white man and brown in the meeting that is critical for both. Unless he do his part whole-heartedly, sane-mindedly, the Pacific of to-morrow may be a godless arena of warring interests, fit neither for white man's nor brown man's habitation. In this great task his first duty is to understand the native peoples. "Education begins with the child," and the islander is a child. His Christian education, meaning by that term all his spiritual quickening and moral growth, calls for the missionary's closest study. Even the work at the home base cannot be intelligent and effective without that study; but, for the missionary himself, an unwearying effort to take the native's point of view is as essential as an unshaken determination to Christianise him.

A point of contact with these child-peoples must be found and kept. The missionary cannot work in a vacuum. The native mind must be the home of his own thinking, else will he never know its need or its possibilities. Nor dare he be profanely ruthless about its cherished, traditional beliefs. "Who do men say that I am?" was the Master's first question of the evangelists he sent among the people of His earthly day: unless there were knowledge of what those people already thought, the truth's imparting would stop short at the threshold of their minds. To lift the primitive to the advanced, to displace the old with the new, to take away the first in order to establish the second, involves a close and sympathetic acquaintance with what exists already.

The missionary's task is to raise a harvest, not to raze a fortress. He may pound away at island customs in thought and manners until he demolishes them; his reward will be a ruin. He may sow seed in soil that he understands and his joy will be "the planting of the Lord."

This fundamental principle of missions was emphatically expressed by Dr. Döllinger. "No founder of a religion has ever encountered a people or society who in naive simplicity would allow themselves to be moved by his preaching if it contained an entirely new and strange revelation. Nobody, indeed, has ever undertaken simply to set aside

or eradicate the received religion and to substitute a totally new one in its place."

And the Pacific has its own peculiar demands for a comprehending appreciation on the part of the missionary. Polynesian and Melanesian are not exactly like others nor exactly like each other. It is, says Henry Drummond, "just as absurd for a man to choose in general terms 'the foreign field' and go abroad to rescue heathen, as for a planter to go anywhere abroad in the hope of sowing general seed and producing general coffee. The planter soon finds out that there are many soils in the world, some suited to one crop and some to another, that seed must be put in for each particular crop in one way and not in another, that he requires particular implements in each case and not any implements, and that the time between sowing and reaping, and even between sowing and sprouting, is an always appreciable and very varying interval. The mission field has like distinctions. Some crops it is a mere waste of time to try and plant in one place; the specialist's business is to find out what will grow there. Some crops will not and cannot come up in one year, or in ten years, or in even fifty years; it is the specialist's business to study scientifically the possibilities of growth, the limitations of growth, the impossibilities of growth."

But enough has been written to prove amply that the mission enterprise that hopes to succeed must be well equipped with knowledge of those to whom it goes. It remains to be discussed what particular problems the Pacific presents in the islander as he is in this day of critical change.

A Word to Subscribers and Agents.

If subscribers will kindly show their copy of the "Open Door" to non-subscribing fellow Church members, or adherents, the circulation of the magazine can be doubled. By so doing, they will surely add to the number of enlightened and sacrificial supporters of a work which is the glory of our Church, and demands all the money, prayer and lives she can give to it.

Agents are requested to advise the Rev. G. T. Marshall in good time of the extra copies required.

The Methodist Missionary Society of New Zealand.

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Mt. Albert, Auckland.

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