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The Son of a Savage

(The Story of Daniel Bula)

BY R. C. NICHOLSON

Pioneer Missionary to Vella Lavella, Solomon Islands.

EXTRACT FROM THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE:

"Daniel Bula was my constant companion for fifteen years, and during the whole of that time his life was closely interwoven with my own. He was brought up in brutal barbarism until twelve years of age, yet became an attractive Christian gentleman.

This story of a Son of a Savage has been written to illustrate anew the reality of the only power that can uproot hate, and plant love in men's hearts, and make the nations to dwell together in harmony. It is the power of the Christian Message."

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DR. E. G. SAYERS.

"A Great Door & Effectual is opened unto us"

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Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Jenkin.

The North Island has been favoured with a visit from Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Jenkin, of Melbourne. Mr. Jenkin is the honorary lay secretary of the Victoria Foreign Mission Auxiliary, devoting the greater portion of his time to its work both in the Office and as an effective deputation. He is also a member of the Australasian Board of Missions. Mr. Jenkin is a member of the deputation which is about to visit New Britain in connection with the celebration of its jubilee. At the close of his work there he

and Mrs. Jenkin hope to pay a visit to our Solomon Islands Mission in which they have always been deeply interested. Mr. Jenkin, by his able presentation of the Missionary claim, more particularly to laymen, has rendered exceptionally valuable service to our Church in the Dominion, and his visit will long be remembered with pleasure and the deepest appreciation. Mrs. Jenkin has also been a popular speaker at meetings of the Women's Auxiliary. They will leave our shores with our warmest wishes and prayers for success and blessing in all their future work.

An Appealing World and An Unready Church.

Most Missionary Societies to-day are confronted with serious deficiencies in finance. At the same time, there are open doors and opportunities for advance and successful work on the Mission Field such as the Church has never known before. The whole question of Missionary enterprise demands the most prayerful consideration of every member of the Church. The Rev. W. J. Noble, one of the General Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, London, has been getting at the very heart of things in two articles which have appeared in "The Foreign Field" and in "Woman's Work on the Mission Field." We commend these articles to the thoughtful study of all our readers, convinced that, in them, we find the solution of the Mission problem to-day.

GOD and MY NEIGHBOUR.

"I never listen to a missionary address without feeling ashamed." Thus, in my hearing, spoke a little while ago, a man who, one would say, has little cause for shame. His labours for the Kingdom of God are incessant, and he is in a place where every ounce of his energy is demanded and given, in order that the cause may be sustained. But he thought, and said, two things. First, that we at home are in grave danger of doing too much for ourselves in comparison with what we do for others. He mentioned a sanctuary in which he was told, with great pride, that their new organ had cost three thousand pounds. And, indeed, it was a beautiful and exquisitely tuneful organ. It represented the equivalent of more than fifteen years' gifts to missionary work from the church. It was arguable that the service of the sanctuary should be dignified, and even splendid; but he did not think that people who spent three thousand on their organ alone should be quite so complacent when they were giving less than two hundred a year for the pitiful needs of the world outside their own land.

But not only in our churches, in our own expenditure we were doing too much for ourselves and too little for others. There followed some striking illustrations. They were guaranteed accurate in every particu-

lar, but one hopes they were exceptional. They certainly made me gasp. The two-thousand-pound car and the guinea subscription; the bill for private luxuries a dozen times the size of the total of the gifts for the service of God.

There are few things more needed to-day in the Church than a revival of the sense of stewardship, a quickening of the conscience about all kinds of expenditure. Candidly, it is sheer nonsense to say that Methodism is doing all it can for the Kingdom. A few people are doing magnificently, some fairly, and the large balance are sheltering behind them. It is not that we are strained to the limit of our strength or our resources. It is not that we are too poor to do more. I am sometimes dreadfully afraid that we are too rich.

Then the speaker referred to the danger of our becoming parochial and narrow in our outlook. Some people never lifted their eyes from their own pew; they knew every grain in its timber and every button on its cushions, and they thought that was the Church Universal. What would happen to them if for once they looked out and beyond, at the great space of the world where God is working out His purposes of love in the hearts of men and women? Think of China, helpless and bewildered and in ruins, but capable of being formed into perhaps the

finest weapon for God in the world—China, willing to listen to Christ and consider His leadership. Think of India, with her old religions beginning to crack and fall, and Hindus admitting that there is no hope for India but in the teaching of Christ. Think of Africa, with its fetish worship discredited and its people hungering for the living God.

Think of the man or woman whose eyes are on the hassocks in their pews suddenly looking up and seeing that. What would happen? And why are they not seeing it? Is it because they will not, or is it because the vision is not presented to them so vividly and arrestingly that they cannot fail to see it? Surely they could not remain apathetic or parochial if once they got *that* look at God's world and God's work in it?

The fact is that our work is in jeopardy because Christians in sufficient numbers will not put Christ first and will not try to see

The Shortage is in Religion.

Those who are responsible for the direction of the missionary work of our church have had a new sight of an old truth. Looking at estimates of expenditure which were pitifully short of the need abroad, they have been brought to a stand by the utter impossibility and hopelessness of it all. We are answering perhaps one call in fifty or a hundred, and opportunities greater than anything the history of Christendom can match go streaming past us. There are neither workers nor money to seize them.

It was at that point that the old truth was seen again, and to it the church must be called back. The poverty of our response to the missionary need is only a symptom; the shortage of the church is not primarily in

Mahatma Gandhi's Answer.

At the great Washington Foreign Mission Convention held in the early part of this year, the Rev. Dr. Stanley Jones, a Methodist Episcopal Missionary of Lucknow, India, related a striking message given him by Mahatma Gandhi in answer to a question. The question was: "I am very anxious to see Christianity naturalised in India—not something identified with foreign people and foreign government, but a part of the national life of India, and contributing its power to India's uplift. What would you suggest that we do in order to make that

with His eyes—that is up-to-date and startling enough at any moment. It is the plain truth of to-day. We are not getting the missionary service (or the home service, for the matter of that), or the missionary income, simply because we have not enough religion. What purpose is there, or what honesty or candour, in offering other reasons, when we know that this one is at the back of them all? God give us a revival of religion that will mean something—that will mean the thoughtful, deliberate dedication of life. No revival is worth even the money it costs unless it brings into the Church of God men and women, youths and maidens, who, intelligently and with full purpose, will make Christ Lord and King, and go into ho'y rartnership with Him to help Him to save the whole world for which He gave Himself. That is the revival for which many of us are praying to-day.

workers or in money: it is in religion. The situation will not be improved by "stunts," but only by sacrifice. A financial campaign might whip up the income, but it is very doubtful if the increase would be either permanent or worthy. It is possible by super-human efforts to raise more money without doing the only thing that really matters, stimulating the conscience of the church and seeking for a new dedication of life.

At all events, the missionary officers at headquarters have declared themselves personally of this faith, and with the hearty assent of their committees two have accepted the plain direction of God that they shall seek to communicate their conviction to the church.

possible?" The answer, well weighed, was fourfold: "I would suggest four things, First, that all Christians, missionaries and all live more like Christ. If you come to us in the spirit of Jesus Christ, then *we cannot resist you*. Second, that you practise your religion without adulterating it or toning it down. Third, put your emphasis upon love, for love is a central thing in Christianity. Fourth, study the non-Christian religions more sympathetically to find out the good that is in them, in order to have a sympathetic approach to the people. Be unafraid of truth anywhere."

The Romantic Isles.

By Dr. E. G. Sayers.

Let me carry you back in imagination to the romantic old days when the supremacy of Spain was being challenged by British sailors—to the glorious days of Drake and the Spanish Main.

Now one beautiful, starlit tropical night there sailed on the heaving bosom of the Pacific Ocean two strange little ships. To us now, with their high, richly carved poops and outlandish square-rigging they would appear quaint and foreign. And if we could have got closer and listened to the conversation of the sailors lolling about on the deck, we should not have been able to understand them. For these were Spanish ships sailing under the flag of the King of Spain, bound on a voyage of discovery.

Under the command of the gallant Alvaro de Mendana, they had set out from Peru to try and discover the great Southern Continent which the navigators of that day thought must exist away South in the Pacific. They must have had stout hearts and adventurous spirits thus to leave the world they knew and to launch out into the great unknown.

They had set out in February and it was now November and still there was no sign of the new continent.

Dawn with all the sudden glory and splendour of the tropics broke over the placid waters, and from the mast was heard the eager cry "Land, land ahead."

All rushed to the bow and there in the bright morning light they beheld an island of exquisite beauty, mountainous and covered with a profusion of vegetation which reached right to the white strip of sand on which the waters of the lagoon gently splashed. Nearer was the long coral reef on which the ocean rollers hurled themselves with a thunderous roar.

As the captain, De Mendana, looked at this beautiful isle the loveliness and the beauty of it entered in his soul, the name which naturally rose to his lips was that of his beautiful wife—Ysabel. And Ysabel is the name of this island up to this day.

Then the two ships sailed on and found that there was a whole group of these islands. For six months they lived in the group. To many of the islands they gave names; Spanish names which still stand—San Cristobal, Guadalcanar, etc.

Then the time came for the expedition to return to Peru and from Peru to Spain. Mendana was so impressed with the latent possibilities of these islands that he longed to see a Spanish Colony formed in the group. After much thought he hit on a rather ingenious scheme to induce his countrymen to settle there.

"In these islands," he told the people of Spain, "are to be found the mines from which Solomon obtained all the gold and precious stones for his Temple." And so arose the name of the "Islands of Solomon" or the Solomon Islands. But 28 long years passed before this dream of Mendana's could be carried into effect because soon after he arrived back in Spain the "Invincible Armada" sailed on its voyage of disaster and, doubtless, Mendana took his share in that ill-fated battle with England.

However, in 1595, he set sail with a party of colonists and everything necessary for the starting of the new Colony. But the Solomons were not to be found. Instead they arrived at Santa Cruz, an island to the East of the Solomons, and here a settlement was formed. But dissension and insubordination among the members of the colony, and sickness and trouble with the natives soon ruined the settlement. There, stricken with malaria, perished the gallant Mendana.

The chief pilot, De Quiros, then set sail with the rest, but all attempts to find the Solomons failed and eventually they arrived at Manila and returned to Spain the following year.

For 300 years men spoke of the Solomons as the "Enchanted Isles," the mythical isles which existed only in the imagination of the old explorers.

* * *

In 1902 three men of our own race and tongue landed at Roviana in the Island of New Georgia in the same Solomon group. Their names were Dr. Brown, Mr. Rooney and Mr. Goldie. And so, my friends, started the modern adventure.

There were the same stout hearts, the same adventurous spirit, the same cheerful overcoming of difficulties and the same patience in affliction. With their own hands they felled trees and with their own hands they built their first homes. They chose Roviana because there were the fiercest and cruellest head-hunters, and there they lived

sweet woman whom he always referred to with such tenderness, his Ysabel.

But, my friends, the greatest and noblest woman in the history of the Solomons is not this proud Spanish lady of tradition, but a little white woman whom though we know her not yet we love and admire—Mrs. Goldie. And after her we intend to name not a pretty isle, not a beautiful lagoon, not a snow-white reef, but a Hospital—the Helena Goldie Hospital.

In this project, my friends, I am of course tremendously interested. In this hospital lie my greatest ambitions, my life's dreams, my hopes of service.

I am trying to fit myself to be a servant worthy to take charge of it and to make it an efficient instrument for service for the Master.

Later on I shall ask you to do your share. For it must be equipped in no mean fashion if it shall be worthy of the name that it shall bear—the Helena Goldie Hospital.



SISTER JEAN DALZIEL
(Shortly leaving for the Solomons).

and preached the Gospel of the Lord Jesus. Since then others have followed in their train and the work has spread and grown.

Let us now briefly compare the old Spanish adventure with our modern adventure.

The old adventurers set out on a voyage of discovery and surely our missionary enterprise has been full of wonderful discoveries; discoveries of the wonderful redeeming power of the Gospel of Christ and discoveries of what men can do when inspired by His Spirit.

The old adventurers came in search of treasure but they failed. But we have found treasure rich and abundant. We have found the "Pearl of Greatest Price." And the little children growing up in the Master's service will be jewels, precious jewels in the crown of the Redeemer. And though we build not the temple of Solomon yet we build something inconceivably greater—the Temple of the Living God.

The old adventurers came to found a new colony for the King of Spain. We are trying to extend the Kingdom of God and bring heathen hearts under the sway of King Jesus.

As Alvara de Mendana gazed at the beautiful island before him he called it after the



SISTER LILY WHITE
(Shortly leaving for the Solomons).

Our Medical Missions. Nurse Lilian Berry at Work.

The following paragraphs are taken from a report of Nurse Lilian Berry to the General Secretary. She is now due for furlough but is loath to take it on account of her great love for the work in which she is engaged.

The first two and a half years in the Hospital here meant very uphill work because the building was old and leaky, and the people had not got used to hospital methods. However my two boys and I have made the best of our inconveniences and hundreds of people have been cured. I seldom write about my work for my hours are long and I have few minutes for writing.

* * *

I get some dreadful cases of Yaws—sores from thigh to ankles—and the smell is simply terrible. Many are crippled with crooked toes, and contracted fingers, hands, elbows, knees and all because of neglected sores. Yaws is certainly one of the foulest of diseases.

* * *

My compulsory trip to Sydney hindered my work greatly, and the two boys were left to undertake more than was good for them. Most boys, as a rule, will not stick long at anything, but these two boys are splendid and are gaining a good knowledge of diseases and drugs. They diagnose most cases that are admitted and state the treatment. They know a great list of drugs and their uses. Isaac is able to dispense five kinds of ointments and make many solutions.

* * *

The leaky hospital is a thing of the past. It gradually fell to pieces and at the end of last year a new leaf building was erected and this we have converted into a nice hospital. Inner walls of fine clean leaf have been put in, and out of benzine boxes that stand three on top of one another, we have made several cupboards and table tops. Then Mr. Goldie got a medicine cupboard made for me and I have one real table in the dispensary. I am very thankful for the dispensary experience I gained in Sydney and I am able to dispense all needful mixtures. I got many useful prescriptions from a chemist and Dr. Pettit also gave me a number.

Lope and Isaac have carried out my plans for the hospital; they built a landing, a bath-room and a tank stand, erected a tank, built a cookhouse, put in an old cast off stove which is a great help in boiling clothes and sterilising utensils. Recently we have planted many fruit trees near the hospital in order to provide food that is suitable for the sick. The feeding of the sick is a great problem, as with the native as well as the white, the cure depends much on the diet and a great deal of bovril, condensed milk, barley and bread are used in the hospital.

* * *

I just love the work among the sick and the dispensing, and I do not wish to go on furlough before September so as to leave the boys as well equipped as possible. Lope is very good at incising abscesses and he must learn teeth extraction during the next three months. The training of the two students, the supervision of hospital, nursing the sick, prescribing and dispensing is only a part of my work.

* * *

The boys and I have often to visit the sick in their homes and use persuasive means to get them into hospital. Then I have two babies to care for. One, I have had three months and the other eight months, and they require constant care. I have a children's meeting with an attendance of about fifty, and a Bible class of thirty-six boys on Sunday.

* * *

Resident patients in the hospital during January, February, and March averaged six per night. Out-patients who come night and morning for treatment averaged eleven per day. Casuals who come for a bottle of medicine or some treatment and do not need to return averaged thirteen. The doctor in Gizo visited the hospital recently and he said I had everything in very nice order and that it was a more convenient place than his.

Christianising the Indians of Fiji. Some Problems and Possibilities of Missionary Work.

By John Bairagi of the Methodist Boys School, Dilkusha.

Mr. John Bairagi is an Indian Teacher in the Dilkusha Methodist Boys School, Fiji. Some years ago he accompanied his Missionary Teacher and friend, Miss Graham, to N.Z., and remained in Canterbury for a two years' educational course. Since his recent visit to India, Mr Bairagi has been pleading passionately for the provision of an adequate Christian education as the only means of saving the Indian population of Fiji.

During a recent visit to New Zealand, I was deluged with questions concerning Mission work among the Indians in Fiji, and it is impossible in this short article to do justice to a subject so vast and important.

What has been accomplished among the Fijians is generally known. Christian missionaries have been instrumental in transforming a race of cannibals and barbarians into an amiable, hospitable, and God-fearing people. On the other hand, they have only been able to convert a mere handful of the Indian population. The results of work done for the Fijians are most encouraging, while the Indian results are most disheartening, notwithstanding the fact that the Indian is naturally religious. Many reasons might be given to account for the lack of success among the Indians in Fiji. I shall touch upon only a few.

In the first place, the religious susceptibilities of the Hindus were deeply wounded by the iniquitous system of indentured labour. It broke down the caste system, the cement which holds together the Hindu religious structure, and substituted nothing in its place. In India the caste system is a veritable curse, and a very great hindrance to missionary work and progress, but in Fiji the absence of a substitute for the caste system is the curse and hindrance. Had it been judiciously broken down, the disappearance of caste would have been a great blessing to the Indian community, and a great help to the Missionary. But the people who were responsible for its abolition cared little or nothing for the social welfare of the Indians.

There was no restraining force to check vice, no laws to excommunicate the culprit, or to protect the weak from injustice and oppression. Thus the natural religious instinct of the people became hopelessly paralysed, and "life among the Indian labourers in the 'coolie lines' became unspeakably corrupt."

What appeal could Christianity make to such a people? A few were converted. The

majority preferred to remain in a new and bewildering chaos of sensuality.

Another reason is to be found in the conditions of physical discomfort which prevailed. They were so absorbed in the humdrum quest of providing the bare necessities of existence that the gospel message was unheeded. The love of Christ can only be implanted in the hearts of such people by Christlike actions—such as, a raising of the standard of living.

Another stumbling-block arose from the Indian view of Christianity as a foreign religion. It was the religion of the white man, who exploited the weaker and helpless races. White capitalism in Fiji conveyed a wrong idea of the English character, and the Englishman's religion. Such a looking back into the past breeds pessimism, and out of the dismal past has evolved the less gloomy present. The older generation has lived under a labour system which was abolished six years ago. Their minds have become morose; their ideas fixed. And their influence on the younger generation is disastrous. Most of the young men and women of to-day were deprived of maternal care in infancy. The sugar companies provided no educational facilities. A few of their number attended the Methodist Mission School's, but the majority have grown up in dark ignorance, and in a morally depraved environment. Some however, who had thoughtful parents, were saved from the malign virus. And most of those born in the free Indian settlement were free from it. Yet even they have grown up uneducated, and untouched by the Christian Gospel. The evil system of indenture vanished, but many of its consequences remained. Social discontent was followed by strikes and open rebellions. The employment of military force caused a cry for repatriation, and shiploads crossed to India where, having become outcasts, they were unwanted. Yet in spite of such appalling obstacles to missionary work, and of the small number of missionaries, there are a fair number of Indian Christians to-day in

Fiji. Sunday services are regularly held, and in the sixteen Methodist Mission schools, Scripture lessons are taught to about a thousand boys and girls.

One of the most important Mission agencies is to be found in the Orphanages. Here children receive a real Christian training and the part which the girls will surely play in helping to emancipate the Indian womanhood of Fiji, in future days, cannot be over-emphasized.

The hope of the future is in the young. Out of a total Indian population of sixty thousand there are 14,000 boys and girls of school age. They should not be allowed to grow up untrained and un-Christianised.

The present needs of the Indian community in Fiji present a challenge to Christianity, and the Christian Church. Like other Eastern people, the Indians need the love of Christ. They need to have the principles of Christianity applied to their social life. This means a change of manners and customs. It involves a change of attitude. Nothing can bring about this change but education, education of the right sort, education of which religious instruction is the core. Only Christianity and the Church can provide that education.

At present merely 10 per cent of the children of school age are receiving a primary education. This deplorable state of affairs is partly due to a lack of educational facilities. But it arises chiefly from a failure of the parents to realise the value of education. One result of the Residential Tax now levied by the Government will be a demand for more schools, primary and secondary, for Indian children. The entire control of these schools, however, will be in the hands of the Government or of Indian bodies. Religious instruction will not be provided and the education will not be permeated by Christian ideals.

Here is a golden opportunity awaiting Christian philanthropy and mission enterprise!

A mere primary and technical education will be utterly inadequate. A truly higher education is needed so that the future wives and mothers might provide that sympathetic Christian home atmosphere which is now lacking in most Indian homes in Fiji. Higher education is necessary also if the claims of Christianity are to be intelligently entertained. The Indians have their own religion, which is a system of philosophy, sprinkled

with religious elements. This system of philosophy has taken deep root in their hearts and minds. They must be mentally qualified to compare and contrast their own religion with that of Christianity before they can be induced to choose the best of all religions for themselves.

Moreover, primary education needs to be supplemented by agricultural and technical education. It must turn out efficient primary producers who will help to raise the standard of living for the entire community. The Methodist Mission has already planned and established an institution for teaching the science of agriculture. It must be remembered, however, that the equipment necessary for teaching agriculture on scientific lines is costly. Yet if the institution is to be successful this equipment must be provided. Educational work and evangelistic work should go hand in hand. We must never lose sight of the goal towards which we are striving—the winning of human souls for Christ.

Unquestionably, the greatest problem which demands and awaits solution is the colour problem. Christianity alone can provide the solution, a Christianity practically applied. It is easy to write essays or to preach sermons on colour prejudice, but the practical solution is quite a different matter. I have often wondered why missionaries came from other countries to work here among the Indians, and I have found the answer in Our Lord's Prayer—"Thy Kingdom come." Jesus laid the foundation, and commanded His followers to build upon it. Yet the Kingdom tarries. It is our duty as Christians, whether coloured or white, to help make that Kingdom a living reality, in our time.



PARSONAGE MILK SUPPLY.
Goat-house behind.

A Farewell Message from Mr. N. J. Jenkin.

Auckland, June 12, 1925.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I have nearly completed the work given me in the North Island, and before leaving your hospitable shores I would like to express my admiration for your wonderful country, well described as God's Own Country.

Its snow-clad mountains and deep gorges remind one of Switzerland; the emerald green intermingled with autumn colouring charm and delight the beholder.

After visiting two of your principal cities and several inland towns, one is impressed with the enterprise and forethought of your statesmen and civic fathers. Your educational institutions are greatly to be admired, and in your care for the young places New Zealand in the front line of true national life.

There seems to be an air of prosperity and quiet contentment on every hand that is quite enviable. What can one say of the people and of the kind hospitality meted out to my wife and myself on every hand? I am at a loss to express my feelings of gratitude and appreciation. In our short stay we have formed friendships which I am sure will be lifelong.

In your church life, work amongst the young people deserves special mention. Your Bible Class movement is the finest bit

of Christian work it has been my lot to witness, and I go back to my own State determined to try and rouse "the powers that be" to emulate you on these lines. As a Church I am inclined to think you are a bit too wealthy. Your endowments and large trust properties relieve you of the necessity of exercising to the full those powers of generosity which I know you possess, for you have not yet given the all-important question of the Kingdom of God in its broader aspect its proper place. You have not yet placed Foreign Missions at the very forefront of all your Christian thought and activity. If you would do this it would revitalise the Church and make it what its great founder Our Lord Jesus Christ intended it to be, an invisible force which will not only overthrow the strongholds of Satan in the Home Land but will reach out to the uttermost part of the earth.

The ministers and laymen of the Methodist Church have graciously co-operated with my efforts, and I do thank them.

Your earnest secretary, the Rev. W. A. Sinclair, with whom I travelled so much, has become my comrade and friend. As a people the New Zealanders are fortunate in having such a man as Mr. Sinclair as their leader in the great work of Foreign Missions.

Yours in the Master's service,

N. J. JENKIN.



—Photo: Rev. V. le C. Binet.

SACK RACE, SENGA SPORTS.

Four Anniversaries. How an Attack was Foiled.

By the Rev. V. le C. Binet, of Choiseul, at present engaged in deputation work in the North Island, New Zealand.

To-day is the 23rd day of May, and also the 23rd Anniversary of the landing of the first Methodist Missionary Party in the Western Solomons.

To-morrow, world-wide Methodism will be reminded of John Wesley's evangelical conversion in Aldersgate Street 187 years ago.

To-morrow also all British subjects will remember that Empire Day has come round once more.

The day before yesterday was commemorated as Ascension Day, and on that original Ascension Day the very last words that were spoken by our Lord were in connection with His programme of redemption "unto the uttermost part of the earth" (Acts 1. 8).

These four "anniversaries" are not only commemorated together in order of time, but are also co-operative. For instance, the evangelical revival of which John Wesley was the human instrument "saved England," so our historians tell us, and our far-flung Empire would have a far different complexion on the map had it not been for the revival of religion which left its influence on Church and State.

Then again, because of Christ's last injunction, John Wesley went away as a Missionary to Georgia in America—to return a disappointed man; but his Whitsun was not far away, and the new spiritual vision and experience which he received so stimulated later generations that not only has "old" Georgia become a powerful centre of Methodistic influence in the Southern States of America, but *New Georgia* and other areas adjacent to it in the Western Solomons have all become transformed isles.

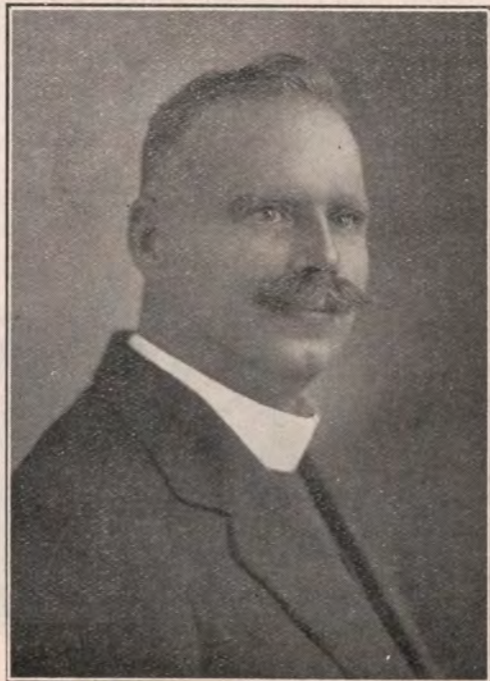
In Dr. Brown's "Autobiography" he states: "We anchored at Roviana on Friday, May 23, 1902, a day which will be historical as that on which the Solomon Islands Mission was definitely commenced." That first party consisted of the Rev. Dr. Brown (now deceased), the Rev. J. F. Goldie (Chairman of the District since its inception), the Rev. S. R. Rooney (who has since returned to the home work), Mr. Martin, a carpenter, and several native teachers of Fiji and Samoa. Two days after their arrival, it being Sunday, Dr. Brown conducted the first service

of the Mission, ashore, and spoke in three languages—Fijian, Samoan, and English—emphasizing the fact that the greatest power in the world was that of LOVE.

The success of the work in the Solomons is due to the emphasis which is laid on this the greatest of all virtues—love—and wild savages have gasped with astonishment at the men who, unarmed, landed in their midst, and proclaimed to them the love of God.

Attempts of another kind in the form of punitive expeditions, organized by the Government in former years to bring these people to order, had not tended to win their confidence.

The Rev. S. R. Rooney, the first white Missionary appointed to Bambatana, on Choiseul, tells the story of a Chief of Senga during the earlier days of the Mission who resented in no uncertain way the operations of a punitive expedition upon his people who were embroiled in war with another tribe. This action by the Government simply stirred up the savage feelings of the Chief against all white men in general, and it was the Chief's



intention to get his revenge for the high-handed action of the white man's Government. The Government officials had long since returned to the Government Station, some 300 miles away, but this did not cause the Chief in any way to relinquish his purpose. One white man was as good—or as bad—as the other. The white man whom people called a Missionary was at Bambatana. The Chief thereupon got his warriors together and made preparations to attack the Mission Station, where Mr. and Mrs. Kooney, with their young children resided. Having made torches of the dried ironbarks of the coconut tree, the Chief and his men sailed forth one night, all armed with weapons of one sort and another, with the Mission Station as their objective.

A native, friendly to the Mission, happened to come out of his house which was situated on a hill, and seeing the procession of torches, at once took in the situation, and immediately sent word to the Missionary, who at once called all the Mission boys together, and apprised them of the danger in which the Station stood.

The boys told the Missionary that the enemy would first have to go over their dead bodies before they did him or his family any harm. Having commended themselves to the care of their Heavenly Father, the Missionary and his Christian boys made whatever preparations they considered necessary, to ward off an attack. It was thought as well to let the enemy know that their coming was expected, and all through the night the boys kept up an incessant din, shouting and stamping round the verandah of the Mission House, thus testifying to the world around that they were wide awake, and would not be taken by surprise.

Meanwhile the Chief and his followers had encamped at a place in the bush not very far from their objective. That night an opossum was caught, and, with the superstition of his class, the Chief considered this an omen either for good or ill. He told one of his men to look after it for the night. If it was found to be alive in the morning, then the attack would be made; but if it was dead by the morning then the sooner they returned to the village the better, otherwise if they remained there was no doubt that they too would be as dead as the opossum. Humanly speaking, there seemed

little hope for the Missionary, for opossums are generally sturdy little creatures, and do not easily succumb. However, when day broke, the Chief went to the place where the opossum had been put, and to his amazement the little animal was dead. This omen was plain enough for the Chief, who immediately ordered a retreat—and the Missionary's life was saved.

Two years after, when the Rev. Mr. Rooney was about to leave the Islands on account of the ill-health of Mrs. Rooney, the Chief who had headed the party to make the attack on the Mission Station, came to the Missionary and apologised for having had such evil intentions, and for being so foolish. Now he requested that Mr. Rooney might use his influence to have a Christian Missionary placed in his village in the hills. Mr. Rooney promised to do his best, and although a white Missionary could not be sent, Christian teachers from Tonga and Roviana were stationed among these people, who, becoming imbued with the Christian spirit, did not retaliate when attacked by their enemies in 1919, but by their loyalty to their new principles made possible that peace which was made between the previously warring tribes at Bambatana on August 8th, 1921, the Rev. J. R. Metcalfe having seized the psychological moment to culminate a pact of peace.

The present writer had the great honour, three years ago, of being appointed among the people at Senga whose evil intentions some ten years before were thwarted by the hand of God in such a marvellous manner when Mr. Rooney and his family were in danger. Already they have proved themselves to be following the gleams of spiritual light so far received, and their energies, once exercised in the pursuit of their savage ambitions, are now being directed in the building up of the City of God upon their own island.

"I am one of the captives of Foreign Missions. I was converted from a pagan heathen to be a Christian Minister. When I was converted I learned there was a Father in Heaven. I know what the true meaning of Christianity is, and I know that Foreign Missions are a great international movement which will win the whole earth for Christ."
—Toyohiko Kagawa of Japan.

Missionary Table Talk.

The Rev. and Mrs. Tom Dent and Sister May Barnett left the Solomons on May 26th by the S.S. Melusia for their first furlough. They are assured of a cordial welcome in the Dominion.

Nurse Lilian Berry and Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Chivers are also due for furlough and will be leaving by a later boat.

Nurse Lily White and Sister Jean Dalziel are booked to leave Wellington for Sydney by the Moeraki on July 19th. They sail by the Melusia from Sydney for the Solomons on July 29th. Sister Jean has completed a short term of training at St. Helen's, Auckland, and has also gained some experience in the Out-patients' Department of the Public Hospital.

Dr. Adelaide Gault, daughter of Dr. Gault, of Melbourne, has been appointed by the Australasian Board of Missions as their medical missionary in India.

The Methodist Missionary Society has accepted a contract for the erection of a Methodist Mission Hospital at Ba, Fiji. This hospital will specialize in work among the Indian women and children, and will fill a long-felt want. A woman doctor has been appointed, and a matron with exceptional qualifications has been accepted by the society. The cost of the hospital will be about £4,000.

The jubilee of Methodist mission work is about to be celebrated in New Britain. The Rev. J. W. Burton, M.A., the newly-appointed general secretary, Messrs. P. N. Slade,

"Farewell."

On March 14th, of the present year, on the beach at Senga, Choiseul, there were gathered some 200 people, to bid farewell to the Missionary, and his wife and child. Everybody felt sad; those who were going away and those who were remaining. The Missionaries were loath to leave, but the time had come when their little son of eight years must commence school in real earnest. A short service was held, after which hand-shaking commenced. Over fifty of the people

W. J. Jenkin, with a Fijian native minister, will represent the Mission Board and the General Conference at the celebrations.

Dr. Henry Judkins, the son of the Rev. G. A. Judkins, has accepted for foreign mission service, and has been appointed to the Methodist Hospital in Papua.

Dr. Wilisoni Lagi, who recently attended the Victorian Methodist Conference, has gone to take up work in Papua. Standing six feet, as straight and square as a builder's plumb-board, weighing fourteen and a-half stone without an ounce of fat, crowned with a mass of curly black hair over a strong pleasant face, and wearing his national kilt, this native medico is a splendid specimen of manhood. The tale of this son of an ex-cannibal qualifying for service as a native medical practitioner in the Government service and rising to an important position is a thrilling story. To then surrender these prospects to enter the mission school and qualify for ordination to go as a medical missionary to Papua is a moving illustration of Christian sacrifice. Truly he is one of the trophies of the Cross. The Papuans should soon feel the benefit of this cultured, skilled personality.

The Rev. and Mrs. V. le C. Binet are now on furlough in New Zealand. They have been the pioneer Missionaries on the eastern coast of Choiseul, and have seen wonderful results during the last three years at Senga. They are proving themselves an acceptable and popular deputation in the North Island circuits.

By Mrs. V. le C. Binet.

had brought love-gifts, consisting of opossum teeth, carved shell, amulets, shell armlets, and other tokens of their love. Many who had no native article to give asked if an English shilling would be accepted. Quite a little ceremony was enacted in presenting the shell armlets. In the act of shaking hands a boy would slip an armlet from his own arm over the joined hands on to the Missionary's arm, thus typifying the unbroken link of friendship. Among those

gathered on that occasion were Kukuti, who by his act of forgiveness, had helped to bring



MRS. V. le C. BINET.

to an end a feud which had lasted many years; Zangi, who less than a year ago, had made peace on the Mission Station at Senga with his enemies, and is now wanting a native teacher for his village; and many others who a few years ago were constantly at war with their enemies, and now are waging a war against sin. Whilst the farewell was taking place a village choir was practising at the back of the canoe house the well-known hymn: "God be with you till we meet again." As the Missionary and his family stepped into the dinghy, the village choir commenced to sing a piece they had been practising. By the time they had finished, the launch had been reached, and the rest of the party on the beach commenced to sing a well-known hymn: "Ra ko tunini Jisu, naqu Sevia": and as the launch moved away from the anchorage the words of the chorus were borne upon the breeze: "For you I am praying . . . I am praying for you."

It is the custom of the people to pray for the Missionary when he is away, and they will be doing so now until he returns to them again

Tribute to Missionaries.

Lady Forster, the wife of the Governor-General of Australia, last year visited the mandated territories in the Pacific for which Australia is responsible. She was greatly impressed with what she saw of the work of Missionaries there. Lady Forster was one of the speakers at the Annual Conference of the Victorian Women's Auxiliary, and paid a tribute to the work of the women in supporting Missionary enterprises in the Pacific. The following report is taken from the Melbourne Argus.

Lady Forster said that, when visiting the territories last year, she was much impressed with the teaching and nursing of the natives at the mission stations, and the splendid spirit of devotion and sympathy shown by the missionaries. Though there were many people who were ready to criticise any attempts to civilise and uplift the hitherto unsophisticated peoples in the territories, nothing could be said against the extremely judicious manner in which natives were being educated. Though she was much struck with the loyalty and profound gratitude of the natives to those by whom they were assisted, and their strict sense of honour, they were by no means a uniform race. The population was indeed, an interesting study in anthropology, and combined the characteristics of the inhabitants of many lands. It was inevitable that when the natives

mingled with the different classes of white people the evils and diseases common to the white people should gain a foothold, and she was satisfied that it was absolutely necessary that missionaries of proved temperament and a high standard of education should be sent to alleviate their sufferings and cultivate their intelligence. Though excellent work was being performed by the present mission stations, only the fringe of the native country had been covered, and no fear existed of overlapping. In no country in the world was there greater need for missionary work than in the mandated territories.

"Of one thing I am convinced, that do with it what we will or oppose it as we may, it is the Christian Bible that will sooner or later work out a regeneration in our land."
—Maharajah of Travancore, India.

WOMEN'S PAGES

M.W.M.U.

Methodist Women's
Missionary Union of
New Zealand.

OUR PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Fellow Workers,

It is with great pleasure that I give Mr. and Mrs. Dent's invitation to all or any of you to visit them in their beautiful Island home. But even if we cannot do this, we can at least spend a day with him in imagination, that great gift which, taking no notice of the ordinary difficulties attending such a journey, will transport us at a moment's notice to whatever place we wish. So now let us quit the hustle and bustle of our everyday life and sit with our Missionary and his wife on that verandah, drinking in the beauty of the tropical scene before us, the quiet hush of evening enfolding us, as we listen to our host's graphic description of the busy day just gone:—

"The bell to begin work was rung at 7 a.m.—we do not have school here on Wednesdays—and most of the married women and big girls went away to their gardens, with knives and baskets, to find food for the day, and returned later carrying their basketful of vegetables on their heads. I went down to where our new Church is being built and found the married men and boys working there. They work hard in gangs at the jobs they can do best. Some are making the floor: others the pulpit. Our Church is going to be a beautiful building; the best of its kind in the Solomons. Our folk are putting a lot of good work into it.

The roof is a double gabled one; and the leaf on it is a foot thick. The floor is raised about a foot from the ground—this foundation is of stones and earth and sand, and the stones had to be carried by hand quite a distance. On this foundation is a cement surface. The walls are of native timber, our folk cut the logs from the bush and brought them here; cut and carved them into 4ft. by 8in. boards and with planes smoothed them to one surface. The pulpit is built of a very beautiful and hard wood and the "boys" put their best into it. It is great to see these people at work, and to see the

things they turn out with their native implements.

I went in another direction and found the small boys—well they were supposed to be weeding! They certainly began to do so—and at a great pace—when they discovered I was on the scene. Boy—and girl—like, eh? To the small girls I had given, this week, the task of clearing the path to the cemetery, on top of a nearby hill. They are such terrible chatterboxes that I generally find them something to do as far away as possible. Up the hill I went and found they had by no means been wasting their time. The path was cleared of grass and weeds, etc., stones had been rolled to either side, and small shrubs planted all along. These youngsters are from 9 to 11 years old! Two or three of them I found "absent" and was told they were playing the "wag." A short time afterwards, I came across them—accidentally—in the village, and they immediately made a bee-line for their working quarters accompanied by a little lecturette! They are great, though, these youngsters, and I have not the heart to be really hard on them. They sing like angels, but are sometimes very much of the opposite. But so we all are more or less! Work goes on until 2 p.m., although several of our workers when on the Church, kept on a little longer. From 2 o'clock or thereabouts, every man's time is his own, and is usually spent in gardening or fishing, or preparing food, or learning school lessons, etc. Evening Lotu is at 7 o'clock, here on the verandah and at 9 p.m. the bell is rung for all lights in the village to be extinguished. So our day closes. Last Monday we had a picture show here. Mr. Goldie gave me one of the lanterns Mr. Sinclair sent by Sister Luia Jones. I have a number of slides of all descriptions, so we rigged up an enlarged sheet at the end of the verandah and spent a pleasant hour, after Lotu "picture-gazing."

Mr. and Mrs. Dent will soon be with us, and will have many wonderful things to tell us.

Yours sincerely,

A. C. STEVENS.

How Our Auxiliary Work Began.

Beginnings in Dunedin: (Continued).

In a former issue of the Open Door an account was given of the beginning of Women's Auxiliary work in N.Z., Dunedin having the honour of leading the way.

This account brought the work up to 1908 when the Dunedin Auxiliary was in a position to support a second Sister, Miss Lill of Ashburton being chosen. A visit from Dr. and Mrs. Bromilow, of New Guinea, was a great inspiration at this time and gave wonderful impetus to our work, and the need of devoted and capable women to guide and teach those in heathen lands was more vividly realised. Sister Julia Benjamin was the next one to go out, taking the place of Miss Jeness. The same year Miss Lill married Mr. Harrison. Sister Julia served till 1913 when ill-health compelled her to resign. In the Homeland there had been changes among the officers, Mrs. Liggins becoming President, Mrs. E. Rosevear, Secretary, and Mrs. Walter Bull, Treasurer. These three ladies made a strong team, and gave devoted service, doing an unusually fine work during their term of office. In 1915 this Auxiliary affiliated with the M.W.M.U. thereby entering into close touch with other Auxiliary workers in N.Z. In 1917 the Union Executive was removed to Dunedin, Mrs. Rosevear becoming Union President, Mrs. West, Secretary, Mrs. Duke, Corresponding Secretary and Mrs. Osborne, Treasurer. Four others were added and this Executive remained in office 2½ years, during which period the work was considerably strengthened and extended. Unfortunately through great sorrow brought by the Great War, Mrs. Rosevear suffered a breakdown in health and was compelled to lay aside the work she did so well. Mrs. W. H. Duke succeeded her as Union President, also President of the Local Auxiliary, and has continued in the latter office ever since, and only relinquished the Dominion Presidency on the removal of the Executive to Wellington. In 1921 Sister Lily White served this Auxiliary in Fiji, and after the Solomon Islands became the Foreign Field of N.Z. Methodism, Sister May Barnett was supported. Now under the new regulations the responsibility of all the Sisters is shared by all the Auxiliaries yet the Dunedin Auxiliary continues to contribute the same amount to

the Sisters' Salaries Fund. Other responsibilities have also been borne in the shape of support for Native Teachers, Orphans, etc. There have always been presents sent, and outfits provided for Sisters and others. And in late years a share has been taken in the support of Women's Work among the Maoris as well as contributing to the Home Mission General Fund. Comparatively recently definite efforts have been made in the direction of extension, with the result that Roxburgh and Kaitangata have become interested in Auxiliary Work. Dunedin is also one of the Five Packing Depots for forwarding boxes of goods to the workers in the Solomon Islands.

Letters from the Front

From Mr. Binet acknowledging a Box:—
"I wish to thank you for your boxes of gifts, which were greatly appreciated, especially as they arrived just before Christmas, when people from out-stations come in for the Christmas Festival. Some were given as prizes for races run and won by our boys and girls. There are hundreds of people in this district who benefit by your gifts of medicines, writing and dress materials, etc., and their eyes sparkle with delight as they—so scantily clothed—sometimes receive a garment—the hall-mark of civilization. The "golliwog" which you sent may yet become the mascot of "Te Karere" (the Messenger) our new launch which has already travelled hundreds of miles through the district, bringing messages of goodwill and cheer to many living in distant places."

Extracts from Sister Elizabeth's Report

"On October 18th four of the bigger girls in residence in the Sisters' Home were married. It will be of especial interest to those who met Opeti in N.Z. to know that he was one of the bridegrooms. The others were Milton, Philip and Pita—all college boys; and the names of their brides were:—Eda, Unaisi, Salomi, and Emili. The girls looked bonny all dressed in white with a single Franginanni blossom decorating their hair. The weddings took place in the Church at 9 a.m. Before-hand as you may imagine, there was great excitement in the Home. The self-respecting native girl has her preparations to make, as well as her white

sister, who is anticipating marriage. It was enlightening to watch those four girls. They are able to make their own dresses, and with Eda, who sews very nicely as chief dress-maker, they produced some very creditable results. Another part of the preparation was the weaving of their "tego" or sleeping mats. Our girls make them very nicely, taught by the Tongans, and it is something of an industry requiring considerable skill as well as labour. The cutting of the "agana" something like flax, for the purpose, and the drying, sunning and entire preparation of same, calls for thoroughness and patience, to ensure a nice white, durable mat. Shortly after the wedding Pita and Emili left Kokengolo to labour in a place in Choiseul. Pita is a beautiful character and should make a good teacher, and we hope Emili will prove a true helpmate in their work for the Master."

Translation of a Letter sent by a Native in Senga

"Dear Friends in New Zealand,
"We rejoice that the Work of God has reached Senga. The Love of God is a wonder-working power in our midst at present. Another matter: We are very pleased that Marama (Mrs.) Binet, our Minister's wife, holds a sewing class for us, the girls and women of Senga. We have begun to cut out dresses from the material which you kind friends of New Zealand sent us. We rejoice that the Love of God has reached us here in Senga. We send our thanks to you for that new launch of ours the "Te Kare-re." We Senga people rejoice in your love to us. Finished are my words.

I am, your friend,

I. DORCAS TABUQILA.

Thank you."

From Sister May Barnett.

"You will no doubt have heard of my baby; he was brought to me when ten days old; his mother having died. He weighed 6½ lbs. then, and now at three months is 10 lbs. I was very fearful at first, not knowing much about tiny babies, but Mrs. Metcalfe has helped me a lot, and I am thankful to say the little chap is doing well and beginning to take notice. He promises to be very black. His father comes to see him sometimes, and is pleased to see him grow. My

chief trouble with him has been broken nights, he rarely sleeps all night long, and when he cries it means I too lose my sleep. I am afraid I will find it hard to part with him when I go on furlough. The rest of my family keep well on the whole. John Wesley is improving lots, and getting to be a happy child. He does love the baby."

Home News.

We are all glad to learn that Sister Lily White is to leave for the Solomons early next month, and that Sisters May Barnett and Lilian Berry will be coming home on their first furlough. What a story they will have to tell of the first three years among the Solomon Islanders? There should be a great increase of enthusiasm as a result. Sister Jean Dalziel will also leave with Sister Lily White, and the prayers and good wishes of many Methodist women in this Dominion will cluster round those two devoted women, who, given good health will undoubtedly come up to the standard set by the first Sisters to leave these shores for the Solomon Isles.

Extension Work.

We are glad to report the formation of a new Auxiliary in Rangiora. For some years past the members of the Ladies' Guild and others in that pleasant country town have worked for the Native women, with the result that gifts of money and goods have been periodically sent forward through the Canterbury Auxiliary. Now the ladies feel the time has come to do more definitely organised work. Therefore they have affiliated themselves with the M.W.M.U., and from henceforth will take their place as a separate Women's Auxiliary. In Willowby also a movement is on foot to form a Branch, much interest being shown by the ladies of the district.

Up to date figures show that since 1900 the number of Protestant communicants has increased, in Asia from 622,500 to 1,533,000; in Africa from 343,000 to 1,016,000; in Pacific indigenous populations from 117,000 to 648,000; in China from 113,000 to 811,500; in Japan from 42,800 to 134,500, and in Korea—a wonderful increase—from 8288 to 277,377. These are heartening figures, forming a mighty challenge.

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