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

DECEMBER, 1925

REV. A. J. SMALL.

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Four Thousand Two Hundred.

A radio from the Chairman of the Mission District brings the welcome information that the total income for the Solomons this year is four thousand two hundred pounds. A little over twenty-three years ago Mr. Goldie landed amongst a people who had never heard the name of Jesus Christ and now such a miracle has been wrought by the transforming power of Christ that the people are found reverently worshipping God and joyously bringing their gifts into the treasury of the Lord. Their Christian faith must be a very real thing when it leads them to give in this sacrificial manner. The annual thank-offering Sunday is an outstanding day in the uneventful lives of the natives. In another column Mrs. Bensley describes such a day on Vella Lavella, "The Transformed Isle." The Chairman of the District writes: "It was a great sight in our Church when we held our annual meeting at Kokengolo. Over £900 was the amount laid on the table." Mr. Binet, writing of Choiseul, says: "There were gathered for the annual thanksgiving services several hundred people who had travelled many miles in their canoes for the occasion. Our Choiseul contributions this year constitute a record. We shall reach at least £500 compared with £250 last year." Surely we shall all thank God for such splendid results.

New Zealand Methodists are asked to give Fifteen Thousand.

The Foreign Missionary year is fast drawing to a close at the home base, and all who are interested are anxiously enquiring: "What will the income for the year be?" The Church in New Zealand is asked to give £15,000, which represents about threepence a week for each member of the Church. This amount would enable the Missionary Society to meet all the claims of the year and would also allow something for the purpose of debt

reduction. The effort in the North is now almost complete; sufficiently complete to enable us to announce that there will be an increase of a few hundred pounds in the income of the North Island for this year, but not sufficient to justify the hope that the goal of £15,000 will be reached. The South Island is at present in the midst of its campaign and strenuous efforts are being made in every District to report increased returns.

Campaign of Missionary Education Needed.

The generous giving on the part of the members of the Native Church should have a two-fold effect on the members of the Church in New Zealand. It should first of all stimulate and encourage us to give on a more liberal scale. Already it has had this effect on one ardent supporter of Missions who has forwarded a five pound note as a thankoffering for the splendid contribution from the Solomons. It should also create in us a sense of shame that our contributions are of such a meagre character. Too seldom is there any real sacrifice in our giving. We give spare cash and not money with the blood of sacrifice on it. We give without having any real picture of the need of these natives before our eyes. There are thousands of them still untouched by any Christian agency; there are villages pleading for teachers to which teachers cannot be sent for lack of funds; the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," comes ringing across the leagues of ocean separating the Solomons from the Dominion. Can we remain unmoved by these pictures and untouched by these appeals? Can it be said of us as of those of old "Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." A campaign of more definite missionary education is to be entered upon next year in which the attempt will be made to bring home to every member of the Church the wide claims of the Kingdom of God."

In the Wilds of Bougainville.

By Rev. H. G. Brown.

A Trip to Siwai with the Rev. A. H. Cropp.

The Siwai trip is a periodical undertaking as far as Mr. Cropp is concerned. I had been once before, and made the acquaintance of the surf beach, the long roads, the daily rain, and the constant fare of pigeons and taro. A few weeks ago I was invited to take the journey again in company with Mr. Cropp.

We left Tiop on the "Saga" at day-break one Friday morning, and after calling for a little while at Mr. Cropp's station went on to Soraken, where we arrived just at dark. Next morning we set out on the long journey down the west coast of Bougainville. During the morning we made good progress, and found plenty of amusement catching fish with a trawl line. In the afternoon a head wind and rough sea interfered with our progress and also our fishing. However, we reached a safe anchorage at Binoni before nightfall, and on Sunday morning we went on to the next anchorage in Empress Augusta Bay. Our plans were to land at Siwai beach on Monday morning, but a look at the sea soon convinced us that landing would be impossible that day. We spent Monday and Tuesday lying at anchor and waiting. On Wednesday we resolved to attempt a landing, and set out very early for the Siwai coast. We found a strong surf running, but decided to risk losing our canoe in it. All articles that would sink were tied to the canoe, and the first attempt to get ashore was anxiously watched. Could it be done? That the canoe would swamp was certain, but would it capsize? Would it be shattered on the beach? The exciting moment came—an opening in the long line of surf, and the boys had decided to "shoot." On they went, but faster still a new wall of water arose behind them, then the break. The canoe was beneath a surging mass of water, but the boys had jumped out and were holding the precious craft lest it should be dashed with undue violence on the beach. One canoe load ashore; everything wet but nothing lost. The rest could be managed and we breathed freely. At last, the first experience of landing having been repeated three times, all our

belongings and teachers' supplies were on the beach, and we watched the pinnacle sail off to its anchorage in Empress Augusta Bay, twenty-five miles distant.

The long tramp was now to commence, but first there were wet things to be dried. What an array! Hammocks, blankets, mosquito nets, and—? Had Mr. Cropp suddenly become possessed of a wife and family? Well, well! I guess more than one wife and family welcomed his arrival in Siwai. Leaving the writer to keep guard over the various articles of apparel, Mr. Cropp set out for the nearest village, to find carriers. These arrived with a thunderstorm about 3 p.m., and after a brisk walk in pouring rain we reached our first station at Harenai towards evening. Paula and Miriam Sai were there to welcome us. They are doing splendid work at Harenai, and we left next morning well pleased with the progress that is being made. Another day's walk took us to Kunu, where Silioni Kéau met us. We did not go to Ruisai, where Silioni is stationed as it would have taken us two miles off our course. There are many people at Kunu and the time is far past when they should have had a teacher among them. We spent a pleasant evening playing games with the children, on a large open space which is generally used for native "sing-sings."

The following day we continued our journey to Maisua. By some unfortunate mishap we missed our way. Usually the carriers are trusted to guide us, but—whisper it softly—rumour says that Mr. Cropp was leading the party when we took the wrong turning. However, we found a friendly native who piloted us through a rough bush track on to the correct route. Eventually Maisua was reached—and the pigeons and taro were not despised that evening. Timothy is doing good and faithful work at Maisua. It is a pleasure to visit his station and to take part in the "Lotu" there. But we could stay only one night, and next morning we continued our way to Tonu, the largest and most central of our stations in Siwai. The people there are eagerly looking for-

ward to the coming of a white missionary and are hoping to have Mr. Voyce with them next year. They have already decided on a site for his house, and have commenced to clear the land. We spent Sunday at Tonu, and were able to take part in the regular services both morning and afternoon.

On Monday we left Tonu early en route for Bais. Shortly after setting out we met three natives who were returning from Buin where they had been to work on the police station. Their village is sixty or seventy miles from Buin, yet they were required to walk this distance, do three days' work and return, having received neither food nor pay. We learned that some hundreds of natives from all parts of Siwai and Bais had received similar treatment. One man told us that when he refused to work because he was hungry he was handcuffed and tied to a post for two days as punishment. More will be heard of it.

Our next adventure on Monday was with the chief of a village whose people had stolen a girl from Tonu; but Mr. Cropp is becoming an expert in matters of this kind, and had not much difficulty in persuading the chief that the girl had better be returned to her home.

We did not reach Bais that day, but arrived there after a tiring walk along a rough bush track next morning. Philipi is getting to grips with the work in Bais. There is a much more "civilised" atmosphere than when I called nine months ago. Children were not so frightened, and men were not so careful to keep their bows and arrows or axes in their hands. But there is still much to be done. The work in Bais is only just beginning.

Next morning we set out very early for the sea coast, and a pleasant walk of four

or five hours brought us to a large swamp on the edge of a lagoon. This was crossed with some difficulty, and various remarks about the habits of alligators, but eventually we found ourselves safely on the sea beach. We then sat down to lunch—a few ship's biscuits which had been carried all the way in case of emergency. The walk of the trip followed. "It's only a little way to the pinnacle," said the boys, and off we went, and on more sand and still more sand! If the reader has walked on loose sand under a summer sun he will sympathise. I refrain from guessing how far we walked that day, but it was not without feelings of relief that we boarded the pinnacle just at sunset. "A good sleep," did you say? I heard one man say his ankles ached so much that sleep was impossible. That, however, was not the experience of the writer, who was told a day or two later that he oughtn't to need to sleep again before Synod at the earliest! However, the trip had been a very enjoyable one, and we returned in good health and spirits to our regular work.

Siwai is an interesting district, with great possibilities for missionary enterprise. Through miles of flat fertile country are numerous villages dotted here and there in the bush, and connected by a maze of well-kept paths. Throughout this region one language is spoken—a very difficult language one would judge, but once learned it will be of use through many miles of country, unlike the languages of Buka and the east coast of Bougainville. The difficulty of access presents a very grave problem, but even that has its good effect in that it serves to a large extent to keep the unscrupulous white man from carrying his evil influences among the people of Siwai.

How the Solomon Islanders Give.

By Mrs. Bensley.

Gift Sunday at Bilua.

We held our annual thanksgiving services at Bilua on August 30th. Whatever else in the life here palls, this one day in our year certainly does not. I love it.

Sister Lily White was fortunate in that she arrived the day before. It was a good introduction to her new work and to our people. We had glorious weather and big

attendances. All the teachers from the out-stations were present, each one accompanied by a goodly number of his particular flock, so we had some home gathering.

We were exceptionally favoured this year as Mr. Goldie was able to be present and to conduct the services. He is very

hard to catch. We have tried to secure him before but have not succeeded. The people love to hear him and he is always good to hear. He carries them back in thought to the bad old fear-filled days and contrasts that time with this new dawning day, and we see the look of interest and appreciation deepen in their eyes as they listen. And the old, old people, the strong lusty young men of those old days, nod their heads in agreement. I wonder does a longing for the stirring days of warfare, gone forever, surge over them at times? Probably it does. But they all tell us these days are good glad days, and they mean it, too—days of peace and freedom. New difficulties present themselves with the new light, but they have a Helper whom they are beginning to test and know and trust.

The singing was good that day. New hymns and old were sung with zest. Our own boys rendered very creditably "Sowing the Seed by the Dawnlight Fair," managing the English words very well. At the afternoon service when the collection was made, each group sang a hymn, placed their gifts in the allotted receptacle and passed outside.

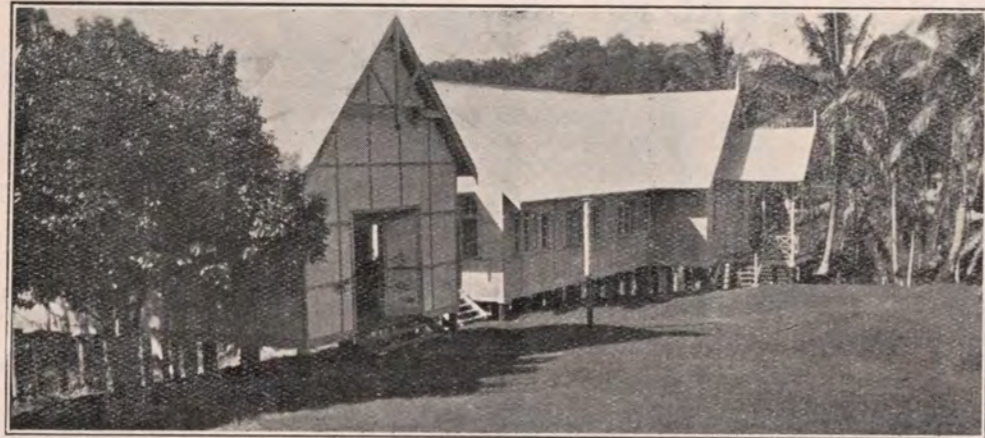
As we had Mr. Goldie here, so we had some of his boys, the Tandanya crew. The night previous they expressed a wish that an extra basket bearing their title "Tan-

danya crew," be placed on the table amongst the others as they wished to take part in the service. Their own annual thanksgiving had not taken place and yet they wanted to help here so their gift will be doubled this year. I wonder how many white Methodists in New Zealand would do the same? I wonder! There were about a dozen boys and their gift ran into pounds. We are thinking of asking Mr. Goldie and the Tandanya crew to be with us again next year.

The collections were splendid, a record one, and the contributions in copra will not be behind any previous year. These people have learned the grace of giving.

As it was a lovely moonlit night, and there were such numbers of people to attend the evening lotu, we decided not to risk holding the service on our frail verandah, so we held it on the grass in the front of our house. I wish you could have seen and heard the people sitting in rows on the grass, their white clothes ghostly in the moonlight, their voices ringing out gladly in the hymns of praise, hymns that we all sing in our home churches in different scenes.

If you could see them and realise something of the pit from which they were digged, your annual F.M. giving would hold some of the joy that ours does.



[Photo: Sister Lina Jones.

SCHOOL BUILDINGS AT THE HEAD STATION, SOLOMON ISLANDS:
College on the left. Day and Kindergarten School on the right.

The Story of the Cambridge Seven.

By Henry J. Cowell,
London, England.

A Thrilling Record of Seven University Men and Their Missionary Service.

Forty years ago a band of seven young British missionary volunteers set sail for China. Five of them were graduates of Cambridge, while the other two were British Army officers. It was stated that "no previous band had ever set out in the midst of such extraordinary manifestations of interest and sympathy." After the lapse of full forty years, all the seven men are still alive, and what is more remarkable, they are all still active in Christian service.

The "Cambridge Seven" consisted of the following:—

Charles T. Studd, B.A., a member of the well-known cricketing family. In 1879 he was captain of the Eton Cricket Eleven and in 1883 of the Cambridge University Eleven. He was also a prominent member of the All-England team.

Stanley Smith, B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, was a first-rate oarsman, and was "stroke" of the Cambridge Eight in 1882.

Rev. W. W. Cassels, B.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, was curate of All Saints, South Lambeth.

D. E. Hoste was the second son of Major-General Hoste, of Brighton.

Montagu Beauchamp, B.A., was son of a sister of Lord Radstock.

Cecil Henry Polhill and Arthur T. Polhill were sons of Captain F. C. Polhill, at one time member of Parliament for Bedford. Both were in the Eton Eleven, and, later, in the Trinity Hall (Cambridge) Eleven.

The story of "the Cambridge Seven" is bound up with a time of spiritual revival. From November 5th to 12th, 1882, Messrs. Moody and Sankey conducted a mission at Cambridge that was wonderful in its results. This was only the beginning, for there followed two years of remarkable revival among undergraduates of the university. In November, 1884, the British world was astonished to learn that C. T. Studd and Stanley Smith, the one a first-class cricketer and the other an equally outstanding oarsman, had volunteered to go as missionaries to China. Before sailing, the two young men undertook an evangelistic tour, and held meetings of thrilling interest. The meetings at Edinburgh led to the great work among students, carried on for so many years by Professor Henry Drummond. Eventually the five other Cambridge volunteers decided to join Mr. Studd and Mr. Smith. All went to China under the China Inland Mission.

Dr. Eugene Stock, the historian of the Church Missionary Society, has recalled that the year 1885 was specially notable for three events in the foreign mission enterprise—the murder of General Gordon, the murder of Bishop Hannington, and the going forth to China of "the Cambridge Seven." "The influence of such a band of men going to China as missionaries," writes Dr. Stock,

"was irresistible. No such event had occurred before, and no event of the last century has done so much to arouse the minds of Christian men to the tremendous claims of the field and the nobility of the missionary vocation. Deep spirituality marked most emphatically the densely crowded meetings in different places at which these seven men said farewell. No such missionary meeting had ever been known as the farewell gathering at Exeter Hall in February, 1885."

The dedication of Mr. Charles T. Studd to the mission field, and the conversion of Mr. Hoste were the direct results of D. L. Moody's evangelistic work; indeed, all the members of the band were directly or indirectly influenced by this great evangelist.

A marvellous work of grace went on for months in Scotland following the visit of Messrs. Studd and Smith, accompanied by Mr. Reginald Radcliffe. The university at Edinburgh, and the allied medical schools, with from 3,000 to 4,000 students, were shaken to their depths. The work spread to all the other universities in Scotland; and then, as the students separated, it spread far and wide until the whole country was affected. Conversions were numbered by the thousand, and scores of men offered themselves for medical missionary work.

Even this is not the whole of this wonderful story, for a great world-wide missionary movement, which arose out of the action of "the Cambridge Seven," is still exercising its beneficent and far-spreading activities. One of the early leaders of the Student Volunteer Movement writes: "The story of the Cambridge band, particularly the account of the visits of a deputation of these students to other British Universities, made a profound impression on us. Here really was the germ-thought of the Student Volunteer Movement."

Shortly after the sailing of the Cambridge band, J. E. K. Studd (now Sir J. E. Kynaston Studd), brother of C. T. Studd, was invited by Mr. Moody to visit Northfield. Dr. Arthur T. Pierson was also present at the Northfield Conference that year, and largely moved by J. E. K. Studd's story of what had happened in the universities of Great Britain, the Conference issued a stirring appeal for missionary workers. That "Letter to Believers in Jesus Christ the World Over," adopted at the suggestion of Dr. Pierson on August 14, 1885, stirs the heart strangely.

In the following summer (1886) the Student Volunteer Movement was born at the Student Conference at Mount Hermon, Mr. Moody's school for young men. In the fall of that same year John N. Forman and Robert P. Wilder, both sons of missionaries and Princeton graduates, went forth on a visit to various colleges and theological seminaries in America. These visits resulted in 2,267 students (about three fourths men

and one fourth women) personally signing the declaration, "I am willing and desirous, God permitting, to become a foreign missionary."

Four years later, Robert P. Wilder arrived in England and was taken by Dr. Eugene Stock to the Keswick Convention. As chairman of the Saturday missionary meeting, Dr. Stock called upon Mr. Wilder to speak of what had been taking place amongst the students of America. Eventually, as an outcome of Wilder's work, a Student Volunteer Missionary Union was formed in Great Britain.

The interlacing and interlocking of this remarkable story as between England and America is wonderfully interesting. It shows once more that co-operation between these two great Christian nations is not only desirable but happily almost inevitable. D. L. Moody went from America to England; "the Cambridge Seven" sailed for China; J. E. K. Studd went from England to America; Robert P. Wilder went from America to England; and as a result of the organisation of the Student Volunteer Missionary Movement in both countries the whole world is encompassed with missionaries of Christ.

One of the original "Seven" wrote at the time of their departure for China, "The Lord gave us souls both on board the steamers and at each place we stopped at. Landing at Shanghai, on March 18th, meetings were arranged for us there. Some said, 'We will give you a year, or at most two years, and then we shall see you all back—going home again.'" The croakers and the pessimists were wrong—not for the first time!

The Band landed at Shanghai on March 18, 1885, and before leaving for their fields all put on Chinese dress in accordance with the custom of the mission.

Here in brief is the subsequent record of these seven men who, with the joy of the Lord for their strength and His power for their stay, have been



BRASS BAND AT THE HEAD STATION, SOLOMON ISLANDS:
The Conductor is a Tongan teacher, Paul Havea, who is supported by the Mt. Eden Sunday School, Auckland.

[Photo: Sister Lina Jones.]

proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ for full forty years.

Charles T. Studd worked with the China Inland Mission for ten years, then for ten years in India; finally he started the Heart of Africa Mission, which has since developed into the World Evangelisation Crusade. He is still actively engaged in labours in the centre of Africa.

Stanley Smith, having put in forty years' continuous service, is still engaged in evangelistic work in China.

D. E. Hoste also has an unbroken record of work on the field and succeeded Hudson Taylor as General Director of the China Inland Mission. He has recently undertaken a world tour in the interests of the work.

W. W. Cassels, after ten years, was consecrated the first Bishop in Western China by agreement between the C.I.M. and the C.M.S. He is still actively at work on the field.

Montagu Beauchamp (now Sir Montagu Beauchamp), after being engaged in pioneering work in China for thirty years, returned home on account of his wife's health. He served as naval chaplain in the Great War, and is now secretary of the Army Scripture Readers' Society.

Cecil Polhill studied the Tibetan language and worked on the borders of Tibet. He now resides in England, but visits China at short intervals to engage in evangelistic work. One of his daughters is married to a missionary schoolmaster at Suiting, in the far west of China.

Arthur Polhill has done a good deal of pioneering work, and has co-operated extensively with Bishop Cassels. He is at present in England on furlough, but after forty years' service is as keen as ever, and he is hoping to return to China in September.

(Missionary Review of the World.)

Missionary Table Talk.

The Rev. G. H. Findlay, of Papakura, Auckland, who came to New Zealand last year from England, has been approached by the Australasian Methodist Missionary Society to undertake work in connection with the Indian Mission in Fiji. Mr. Findlay, who has had several years' experience in India, has consented and will be leaving the Dominion for Fiji next April.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Chivers have arrived in Auckland for their first furlough after three and a-half years' service in the Solomons. Mr. Chivers, who is a lay missionary, has had many duties to perform and latterly has superintended the erection of the saw-mill.

Sister Lilian Berry is also on furlough in New Zealand and is quietly resting at her parents' home in Wanganui, slowly recuperating after her strenuous nursing duties on the Mission Field. Sister Ethel McMillan is on furlough in Australia.

Sister Lily White has been appointed to Bilua, Vella Lavella, for the present, and Sister Jean Dalziel is supplying at Bambatana, Choiseul, during Sister Ethel McMillan's furlough.

Sister May Barnett's furlough is fast drawing to a close. She expects to leave Sydney for the Solomons by the January steamer.

The Rev. and Mrs. Tom Dent having completed their furlough, have returned to their work in the Solomons. Mr. and Mrs. Dent won golden opinions by their deputation work in the South Island.

Mr. A. H. Voyce, a theological student who has been designated for work in the Solomons next year, will spend each morning during the summer vacation in the Out-patients' Department of the Auckland Hospital, gaining some experience which will fit him for work in Bougainville.

Miss Adkin, of Levin, and Miss McDonald, of the Deaconess House, Christchurch, have entered St. Helens Hospital, Wellington, preparatory to undertaking work on the Mission field in the Solomons.

Mr. Oldridge, of Victoria, has consented to return to the Solomons to supervise building operations, and later to undertake the management of the Banga plantation. Mr. Oldridge had previously spent several years in the Solomons. Mrs. Oldridge, who is a qualified nurse, was formerly a missionary Sister in the Solomons.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Jenkin represented the Australasian Church at the Jubilee celebrations in

New Britain. They were greatly disappointed that steamer arrangements did not permit of their visiting the Solomons as they greatly desired.

The organ which was given to the Rev. V. Le C. Binet by the Hutt Junior Christian Endeavour Society was duly dedicated at Bambatana to the Choiseul Circuit, Sister Jean Dalziel and Mr. F. Chivers taking part in the ceremony. At Senga also a service was held to dedicate musical instruments which had been presented to Mr. and Mrs. Binet.

A small model native canoe house, showing the material and style of native houses in the Solomons, has been received from Mr. Goldie and is being forwarded to the South Seas Missionary Court in the Dunedin Exhibition. Specimens of the ordinary school work of the scholars at Kokengolo have also been received and will be sent to the Exhibition.

Dr. Sayers has been appointed ship's surgeon on the s.s. Pakeha, which is due to sail from Wellington via Cape Horn, about the beginning of the New Year. He will enter the School of Tropical Medicine in London early in March.



Tongan Missionaries on furlough from the Solomons. William Faiga, Vai his wife, and Ekani their son. They have served five years on Choiseul. Supported by Trinity Sunday School, Wellington South.

A Tale of Two Tally-Sticks.

By Rev. Vincent Le C. Binet.

Two sticks, each about a foot long, lie before me on the table as I write. Notches have been cut on each of their edges. The notches record the depredations made by one tribe upon another on the island of Choiseul, in the Solomon Islands. The tribes of Kamunga and of Vuruleke on the eastern side of Choiseul had been at daggers-drawn for several years past, and refuge had been taken in the barricaded villages in the hills. An equal number of lives had been lost by each tribe, but the ruination of gardens, the spoilation of canoe houses, and the general wreckage which follows in the wake of war had been perpetrated by the Kamunga people, who, finding the enemy absent, had sought their revenge upon the aggressor in this manner.

After several years of such intermittent warfare the chiefs of both tribes sought the aid of the Government, taking a journey of 150 miles to Gizo in order to come to terms of peace, but the Vuruleke chiefs seemed dissatisfied with the official ruling. The tribes returned to Choiseul, with the usual marks of unavenged wrongs still upon their faces—disshavelled hair and unshaven chins.

The Kamunga chiefs then turned to the Missionary at Senga, and asked for his assistance: "We know how the Missionaries have brought peace between the tribes of Senga and Vurulata, and we have come to you to ask for your help. We desire peace with the Vuruleke people, and we have come to ask you to use your influence to bring our enemies and ourselves to terms of peace. Will you go to see them, and come back to us and tell us the result of your visit? There will be no need for you to take the long journey into the bush to our barricaded villages, but we will arrange to be down at the beach at a certain secret place ten nights from now, and will listen to the word that you bring back from the enemy's camp."

I promised to do this, and took the long journey—about 50 miles by sea. A long tramp was also undertaken through the bush—"a vile track," so my diary records, across fallen and slippery trees bridging over a number of rivers—until at last I came upon the village where the Vuruleke chiefs then lived.

I was soon in conversation with the leading chiefs. "No," they said, "we cannot possibly think of peace until the sum of £50 sterling, or eight pieces of native money, has been paid over by our enemies."

I pointed out that the reparations asked for were excessive. "But the French Catholic priest has told us that we have the right to demand these reparations—just as the French are demanding adequate reparations from the German nation," said one of the chiefs. "Yes," I answered, "but such demands are unjustifiable—in their case as well as in yours, and you must ask for something more reasonable." "We cannot," they replied.

They would not modify their demands by a hair's breadth, although pleaded with to be reasonable. Neither coaxing nor scolding had the slightest effect upon them, and, greatly dis-

appointed with the result of this effort for peace, I returned the way I had come, and, on the tenth night as agreed, anchored at the place named by the Kamunga chiefs. Concealed among the dense vegetation were a score or more of armed black men, who, with their bearded faces, presented a somewhat formidable appearance, but who waited with eagerness the word I had brought back.

As I expected, they refused to consider the large sum that had been named by their enemies as legitimate reparation, and they returned to their barricaded villages in the hills sorely depressed at the failure in the negotiations. But I had determined that no stone should be left unturned in the pursuit of peace, and a letter written to the Government official brought back word that the Vuruleke people had no further legal claim on the Kamunga tribe, and asking the Missionaries to use their influence—as they had done before in previous cases—to maintain peace.

When later I returned to the Vuruleke chiefs and told them the purport of the official letter, they contended that, unknown to the Government, the Kamunga tribe were still in default, and must make suitable reparations.

I then called together a number of neutral chiefs of various tribes, and a League of Nations in miniature was formed to deal with the matter. This, no doubt, helped to bring the Vuruleke chiefs to reason, for when I paid them a visit a little later I found them much more tractable and reasonable.

A stout, notched stick was handed me with 35 notches cut on one side—the depredations made by the enemy, so I understood—and 19 notches on the other—representing the reparations still to be made. They were now willing, they said, to accept one large piece of native money and five smaller pieces as reparations.

Armed with this news, three weeks later I found myself among the barricaded villages of the Kamunga tribe, and showed them the stout tally stick, and they acknowledged the record of their depredations.

They then produced their own tally stick, a lean one. "We have already made these reparations, as you see," and I looked and noticed a long line of notches on one side of the stick. "But there are a few outstanding accounts against us, we admit; and these we have marked as you see on this side. They depict six outrages, for which we have not as yet made any reparation; but which we are now willing to make good, and to pay our enemies one large and six small pieces of money."

This was great news, as the Vuruleke chiefs had only asked for one large piece and five smaller pieces of native money.

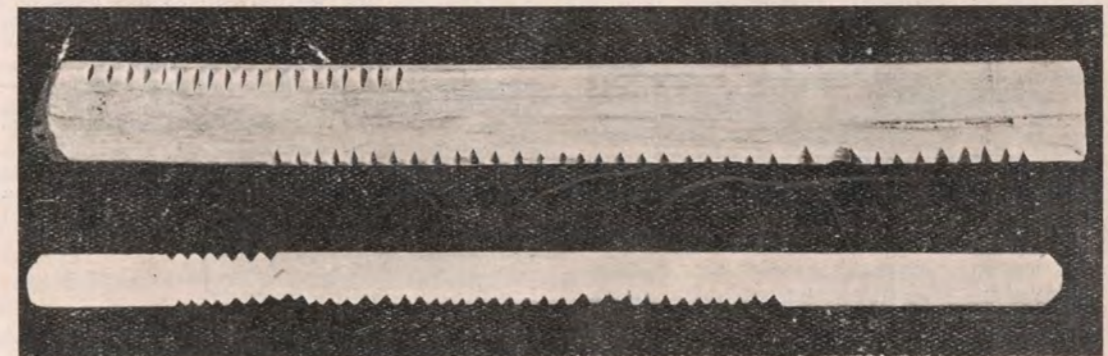
I looked at their stick. "You have here seven notches, and yet you said just now that you only owe for six outrages," I said.

They laughed. Apparently some joke had been unconsciously perpetrated by me. "Where's the joke?" I asked in my very best dignified Choiseul.

"You have counted the notches. That is wrong. You should have counted the points left by the notches."

Four days later I was again with the Vuruleke chiefs, and told them that the Kamunga tribe had now agreed to pay the money, even a little more than was demanded. "But what about all the depredations?" I told them that we had gone into all that before, and reminded them that they had agreed to accept one large and five small pieces of native money.

They denied point blank that they had demanded so small a sum. Unfortunately there was no Minute Book with a record of the last meeting to appeal to. I was reminded of what had been told me some time previously by one of the chiefs of Choiseul when a record of a conversation was read out to him. "Ah!" he said, "you white people put down our words in black and white, and there they remain. They cannot be changed. But with us black people all our knowledge is gained and imparted orally, and it may be that we make slips sometimes, but it does not very much matter. But your method of writing down everything puts a check upon careless speech."



THE TWO NATIVE TALLY-STICKS, SHOWING THE NOTCHES REFERRED TO IN THE ACCOMPANYING ARTICLE.

Fortunately I was able to produce a couple of witnesses who stated that they had been present when the chiefs had asked for the sum named as suitable reparation. "Then," they conceded at last, "the piece of money will have to be high."

Let me here explain that the value of a piece of Choiseul money is always determined by its height, for unlike the English pound sterling, the native money varies considerably. It is made up of nine serviette-like rings of shell, "which the gods made," for no man, it is said, knows the art of making such money as this. Many years ago the money was discovered on an island near Senga called "Holy Ground," but how it was "minted" remains a mystery. The nine rings stand one on top of the other, and the higher they attain, the more valuable the money is. The various measurements are kept usually upon the handle of a man's axe, which thus becomes a ready-reckoner in more senses than one. A piece of money about 22 inches high is very valuable, and is known as Momongo; one 20 inches high is called a Roongisi; one 18½ inches high is called

a Moko; and one 18 inches high is called a Gilam-barry. Others under 18 inches are commonly called Keisa, with no other distinctive name.

One of the Vuruleke chiefs then obtained the backbone of a sago palm leaf, and measured it on the handle of his axe. He handed me this improvised foot rule and I passed it on to a neutral chief. "How's that?" I asked. "Impossible!" was the reply. It was 22 inches long, a Momongo! "Offer a fair thing," I suggested, handing back the stick. The Vuruleke chief broke off about an inch. "Still too long," was the reply. "Break off a bit more," I said. Another inch was reluctantly broken off. "We can accept nothing less than that," said the chief. "Still too much. Take a bit more off." "We cannot." "You must." Here the other Vuruleke chief took the stick and broke off about ¼ inch. "Here," he said, in effect, "that's rock bottom."

The guage had now been reduced to 18 inches—the height of a Gilam-barry. "That's a fair thing," said the members of the league who were present. So we took the guage-stick back with us, and a fortnight later it was in the hands of the Kamunga chiefs for their consideration.

Three days later the Kamunga people came to Senga: "We cannot manage a Gilam-barry," they said, "it's too much."

At last, however, they agreed upon the amount, and suggested that the Vuruleke chiefs should come to Senga and receive their reparations, and peace could be made at the Mission Station.

A few weeks later another journey of 50 miles brought me again to the Vuruleke chiefs in their bush village, and they were informed that as the reparations were ready to be paid over, they could accompany me back to Senga where peace would be formally made.

But again hours were spent in persuading the chiefs to come. They had received word, they said, from the French Roman Catholic Fathers—to whose Church they were attached—to have nothing to do with the "Wesleyans" (sic), but to wait until fuller reparations could be obtained from their enemies, even as France was demanding adequate compensation from Germany. "And deserving the just condemnation of the other nations for its selfish action," I interpolated.

I reminded them that if they lost this opportunity of making peace, then in all probability no compensation at all would be available from the Kamunga people, who had offered them a fair reparation.

At long last the chiefs promised to be ready by the morning to go on board the launch which would take them the 50 miles to Senga.

But when morning came the chiefs were not ready to go. They had received a letter from the Catholic Father telling them not to make peace yet. "Don't talk rubbish!" I exclaimed, and I took him by the arm. "Alright," said he, "I can go by myself," and he jumped up, and flourishing his axe in one hand and his shield in the other, ran towards the beach where the dinghy was waiting. At last both chiefs and a number of their supporters were on board the launch.

It took us two days to get to Senga, and word was sent to the Kamunga people to come at once with the money.

Several canoes of armed warriors were soon on the scene, and the two parties met at the Mission House on the Saturday afternoon.

Hours again were spent in bargaining—all, of course, in the native language, and so excitedly did they all speak that it was difficult for me at times to follow them. The money was not high enough; some of the shell rings were cracked, and must be replaced. Oh! how they talked! They took the rings into the light and examined them for possible fractures; some slight cracks were seen, and very reluctantly the rings were changed. In order to help matters on I myself contributed a couple of shell rings which I had treasured as curios. Some old men criticised Vuruleke's extortionate demands, while others anathematised Kamunga's stinginess.

At last the reparation money was accepted, then wrapped in leaves and placed in a dirty little string bag.

The next day was Sunday. At 10.30 the conch shell was blown, and outside our Methodist Church the Kamunga people first lined up carrying their weapons. They were a motley crew—some with dirty singlets on, some with dirty loin-cloths; some with a simple T bandage; some with dirty "medicine" strings round their necks and chests; others with coral-lined hair; the chief in a white shirt, with gorgeous peacocks printed upon it; all dirty heathen, they walked in single file to the place allotted them.

Very soon after came our own schoolboys—dressed in white singlets and loin-cloths, engirdled by a red sash. Luke, an ex-police boy from Tulagi, had them well in hand, and as they stood at attention facing the eastern side of the church, what a contrast they presented to the others!

The Vuruleke now assembled, and their attire was even more gorgeous than the Kamunga's, long spears being borne by their supporters.

Noah Goza became the Master of the Peace Proper. He brought the two lines of the opposing parties closer together, and the chief of each side put a shell armband down on the ground, and put his big toe on that of his opponent's armband,

thus showing in the native fashion that mutual friendliness was now established in place of war.

The leading chiefs shook hands with their former enemies and said "Sa noe" ("Alright.") "All Hail the Power of Jesus's Name" was sung by our Mission people, and the Benediction was followed by the National Anthem.

Both sides were then invited to the indoor service at 11. There was hesitancy at first, each other's suspicions not yet being fully allayed—then at last their arms were stacked outside, and former enemies sat side by side in the church, and listened most intently to the hymns, and to the sermon based on Psalm 46, 9: "He maketh wars to cease."

Since peace has come, the people of both tribes can move about fearlessly, and they bless the Gospel that has brought peace to their land; and the Kamunga tribe are asking for a teacher, to lead them further into the light.

Some months after peace had been made, a Government official, in the presence of no less than three Roman Catholic priests, thanked the Methodist Missionary for bringing the two tribes to a peaceful settlement of their differences.

The tale of the two tally sticks has been told as it affected the native tribes involved, but from the Missionary's standpoint every notch marked on those two sticks—or every point, if one so desires to call it, and there are about 100 in all—represent the number of weeks negotiations were in progress before an amicable settlement was arrived at. They also represent, I suppose, a hundred interviews, more or less, before mutual satisfaction was obtained; and every point on each of these two sticks represents 10 miles of journey by sea and land that was undertaken in the interests of peace.

President Coolidge on the Missionary Movement.

The missionary effort of the nation cannot rise higher than its source. If we expect to be successful in this field, we must provide the correct influences for it at home.

The most effective missionary work will be that which seeks to impress itself rather through example in living rightly than through the teaching of precept and creed. The works of charity and benevolence, of education and enlightenment, will best lay the foundation upon which to rear the permanent structure of a spiritual life.

One of the most Christian things I have observed about Organised Christianity is the missionary spirit which pervades it.

The missionary movement is the one most important, the most absolutely necessary movement in the world to-day.

Gathered from Many Quarters.

Bishop Fisher said in an address recently:—"Some people are praying for another Pentecost. Why the Methodist Episcopal Church has one in India every month, for we baptise 3,000, and all the missionary agencies baptise 10,000 every month. We have a waiting list of 92,000, but we lack men and money, for we will not baptise in a town or village till we can supply a teacher."

The "Christian Patriot" of Madras, edited by an Indian Christian, says of the lectures on "Jesus" delivered by Rev. Charles W. Gilkey of Chicago: "The intensity of interest and unflagging attention . . . was maintained at white heat. . . . It is Jesus, Jesus, and Jesus again that India will listen to . . . not to any other claims, institutions or ecclesiasticisms."

"The Times" in its Literary Supplement, pays the following tribute to Missionaries:—"The modern missionary is often a man—and more often a woman—of affairs. The idea that he is likely to be a narrow and somewhat foolish fanatic has vanished. The great missionary organisations are of international importance. Their leaders are consulted by statesmen, and their advice is not without influence on public policy. The sympathy of missionaries with native races and their knowledge are of obvious value to officials."

United States Methodism last year gave £1,613,000 for world service. Although this is a drop of £800,000 on the centenary period, it is considered satisfactory because it represents what can be done without the high pressure of a special appeal.

The following paragraph is taken from the annual report of the British Wesleyan Missionary Society:—"In many ways the past year has been one of quite exceptional blessing. The baptism of 12,000 adults and over 22,000 children, with over 71,000 converts under instruction for baptism, an increase of 3,400 in the full membership of our churches, and a total

Christian community of over 600,000 is at once a joy and an embarrassment, a strain that is quite beyond our present resources. Our nets are breaking."

Mr. J. H. Oldham, the well-known Missionary statesman, in the course of a recent address, quoted Mr. Ghandi's saying:—"The most interesting fact about India just now is that it has begun to acknowledge Christ openly." "More and more," said Mr. Oldham. "Hindus and Moslems are adopting Christian standards. Christian ideals in regard to the attitude to women, to children, to the untouchables, are permeating the life of the people. Emphasis is being laid more and more upon service rather than upon remuneration, so that Mr. Ghandi can say, 'With God the deed is everything, belief without deed is nothing.'"

A C.M.S. missionary, Rev. W. Holland, says of India after 25 years' service: "To-day it is the rarest thing to come across hostility to the Lord Jesus among the Hindus. Jesus Christ occupies the summit of the reverence and admiration of thinking India. It is hardly too much to say that He rules Indian thought."

MISSIONS AND DAFFODIL BULBS.

Last year the Rev. W. W. Avery, of Eltham, sent us £30 which he received as special donations for Foreign Missions, the donors receiving in return a collection of daffodil bulbs. Mr. Avery has this year proved himself to be one of the leading amateur growers in New Zealand, winning seven trophies, including the Hutt Valley Horticultural Society's Cup, the highest amateur daffodil honour in New Zealand; also the big amateur class, and cup for Champion Vase at the Wellington Show. He again gives his surplus bulbs to help our work in the Solomon Islands, and offers to send good value in daffodil bulbs to any who will forward a special donation to go towards sending Dr. Sayers to London for further medical training before going to the Solomons. Donations for this purpose, from 10/- upwards, will be gladly received by Mr. Avery, and bulbs will be forwarded to donors in January.

Ghandi's Favourite Hymn.

Bishop Fisher, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in an address delivered at the Lyceum, Sydney, in connection with the Methodist Central Mission, spoke of the remarkable influence Ghandi has over the people of India. Bishop Fisher believes that Ghandi will yet come out definitely as a follower of Christ. Already the Hindu sage bows his head in homage to the ethic of Jesus as revealed in His life and teaching; he accepts the law of the Sermon on the Mount and gives it first place as a formative influence in his public teaching—as for instance the doctrine of non-resistance.

Bishop Fisher also told of a getting together in conference of various religious types among the people of India—Hindus, Mohammedans, Bengalis, etc.—in order to find a common formula by which to solve the tremendous problems of the future of their country. The Bishop declared that the differences between these naturally antagonistic groups were composed by the effect upon the inner consciousness of the disputing parties, of the knowledge that on their behalf Ghandi had brought himself to the very gates of death by fasting for 21 days.

When Ghandi was informed of the wonderful moral victory gained through his action, he asked those who brought him the news to sing his favourite song, and the song they sang was not Mohammedan nor Hindu, but the famous Christian hymn, "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross on which the Prince of Glory Died."

The Cinema Film and Missionary Publicity.

The possibilities of the cinematograph as a publicity agent are now being increasingly recognised by our various missionary societies. The latest co-operative enterprise on the part of five English societies to obtain films illustrative of missionary work in India has just been completed, and has resulted in the production of about five miles of cinema film. The societies uniting in this venture are the Society for the Propagation of the

Gospel, the Church Missionary Society, and the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society. Each has contributed to the outlay, and the net profits will be divided; although their aim is not profit, but missionary publicity. Mr. T. H. Baxter, of the Church Missionary Society, who was accompanied by an experienced professional cinematographer, spent the winter in India in order to obtain the films, and travelled right through the country from the south up to the Khyber Pass. The films are stated to be up to the highest standards of the trade. The Rev. G. E. Ryerson, of the S.P.G., has recently gone to Canada with a cinematographer, on a three months' tour to prepare a film of the conditions of life of the new settler in Canada. Nothing, of course, can equal first-hand knowledge; but this use of the cinema puts us in possession of perhaps the next best kind of information.



[Photo: Sister Lina Jones.]

DAVID PAUKUBATU:

The chief assistant of Miss Lina Jones in the Kindergarten School. Supported by the Sentry Hill Sunday School in the Waitara Circuit.



[Photo: Rev. V. Le C. Binet.]

DARKNESS AND LIGHT—THE OLD GENERATION AND THE NEW.
Choiseul man of darkness escorted by the Children of Light.



[Photo: Rev. V. Le C. Binet.]

After destroying a good part of each other's gardens, due to the resuscitation of an eight years' old quarrel, these two men have come to the Missionary for advice, and an agreement has been made and ratified by hand-shaking.

WOMEN'S PAGES

M.W.M.U.

Methodist Women's
Missionary Union of
New Zealand.

OUR PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Fellow-workers,

It is hard to know what to leave out of this letter, as there is so much of interest to relate. But as my space is limited, and you will shortly have the Official Report of our Conference from our indefatigable Secretary, and should have received by now the deeply interesting account of the Women's Conference from Mrs. Frank Thompson (which will take the place of the Quarterly Letter this time), I will confine my news to items received too late for inclusion in them. But I must first tell you each how deeply we have appreciated your loyalty and love, and faithful service during the year just ended. The success which has attended our lead could not have been possible without your faithful following. Will you unite with us in sincere thanks to our Great Leader for guidance and help, and answered prayer, and for the spiritual help that the Auxiliary meetings have been to our members throughout the Dominion? We thank, too, the Rev. W. A. Sinclair, the Rev. G. Bond, and our Methodist Ministers and church officials for their sympathy and help.

We regretted very much the absence of Sister Lilian Berry from Conference. She is still suffering from the strain of her first three years' wonderful service in the Solomons. None of us can fully understand all she has borne and sacrificed and accomplished during this time. We are looking forward with eagerness to the time when Dr. Sayers will have charge of the medical treatment, and thus save our Sister Lilian Berry much responsibility and enable her also to devote her skill and powers to nursing alone. But during the waiting time Sister is saving many lives and bringing health and happiness to suffering ones. Not only is she giving her own life in loving ministry, but she is giving valuable and efficient training to native boys and girls, with a view

to their going forth to help their own people in the native villages. The girls are trained in midwifery cases only, the boys in general hospital work.

Speaking of her first "boy," Lopa, Sister Lilian writes:—"He was a willing boy and ready to put aside all pleasure to relieve the suffering ones, and to help me in every possible way. He soon carried out plans for improving the old building, and helped to make many useful articles for the comfort of the patients. He was kind to the sick and rapidly acquired a good knowledge of many illnesses, and treated sores and wounds with much success. When I left I considered him equal to a third year nurse. Of course he had little surgical training except the giving of anaesthetics and the opening of abscesses. Lopa left the hospital work as I was about to depart, to begin a teacher's work among his own people, and I know he will relieve much suffering. Isaac is another boy I have trained. He too is clean and thorough and trustworthy. Isaac has proved himself so trustworthy that I have left to him the use of my own outfit for the treatment of male patients during my furlough. He is splendid at treating sores and injuries, skin troubles and abscesses."

Sister Elizabeth Common is in charge of the hospital during Sister Lilian's absence. May I ask your fervent prayer on her behalf, also for her native helpers?

Your December Auxiliary meeting promises to be one overflowing with good things—a real Christmas meeting—with a real generous Christmas offering I hope. Sister Lilian's report, and a letter brim full of interest from Sister Lina Jones, will be forwarded by Mrs. Newcombe in time to be read at this meeting.

I think many will be constrained to help even more than ever in our women's work. The Executive have a list of Sister Lilian's needs for the carrying on of her work after her furlough. So may I ask any who are moved to help to communicate with us, or send gifts of money to

our Union Treasurer, or of kind to Mrs. Smethurst? You will be sorry to know that Loata, the Fijian nurse, has been seriously ill with black water fever. She spent two months on her back, and as soon as she was strong enough Mr. Cropp took both Loata and her husband to Buka for a change; but, now they are both back at Tiop and enjoying their work for the Master.

Mr. Cropp says that the children of Buka respond quickly to the story of Jesus and His love, and already he has the nucleus of a kindergarten school which should gratify the heart of any kindergarten. He has sixty boys in residence on the station, and more are asking to come in!

Again expressing our deep appreciation of your love and faith and works. With loving Christmas greetings from the Union Executive, and reminding you each as we step forward into another year of service:—

"This, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come."

Yours very sincerely,

A. C. STEVENS.

M.W.M.U. CONFERENCE.

DUNEDIN, 1925.

Bright sunshine and a warm welcome greeted the delegates to the eleventh Annual Conference of the M.W.M.U. as they stepped from the dusty train on to the busy railway station at Dunedin on the afternoon of October 27th.

The cordial smile of the Secretary and cheery words of the President of the local Auxiliary smoothed out the tangles of "Who is to go where?" and before long the last laggard was shut into the taxi with her luggage and those responsible looked at each other with an exclamation of "Thank goodness! That's over!"

Next morning saw all the delegates

bright and early at Trinity Church ready to begin with the usual strains of "I'll Praise my Maker." Mrs. Duke followed with the reading of the opening verses of Psalm 103, "Bless the Lord, O my Soul," and this note of praise continued through all the proceedings. The attendance was rather disappointing, there being only about 30 representatives present, but an encouraging feature was the large proportion of those attending Conference for the first time.

The devotional half-hours were entrusted to Mrs. Bowron, Mrs. Blamires, and Mrs. Thompson and were as usual uplifting and helpful. The Communion Service, conducted by Revs. H. Bellhouse and W. Walker, proved a veritable "Gate of Heaven" to all who attended—between 50 and 60 devout women. But there were lighter moments. First and foremost a very jolly luncheon given by the warm-hearted and hospitable Dunedin President at her own house. The delegates with their hostesses being entertained with bountiful fare, daintily served by true friends, in an atmosphere of gaiety and gladness. Such an interval between sessions not only refreshed mind and body, but spirit as well.

Then on Wednesday evening the local Auxiliary entertained the visitors at a social in the schoolroom, which was gay with flowers, good spirits and enjoyment. Sister Eleanor, our indomitable little Deaconess in the Maori work, being especially entranced by the beautiful singing of several young people of our Dunedin Methodism. To her, fresh from her labours amid hard and trying conditions, this Conference has meant more than to most—"a feast of reason and flow of soul!"

The morning sessions were devoted to business. A fine annual report read by Miss Carr showed a year of steady progress, and a "digest" drawn out by Miss Mather, the capable Union Treasurer, made plain just how the money was raised and by whom, and how it was expended.

Mrs. Stevens' Presidential Address dealt with the beginning of the British Women's Auxiliary, and was full of interest and information. She was followed by Sister Eleanor, who, with a twinkle in her eye, as though it was all a good joke,

told of her work in North Auckland where she spent her days travelling over rough roads, swollen streams, and trackless country, to visit schools where she taught the bright-faced Maori children the truths of the Gospel, and implored wild young men to sign the pledge and abjure the drink which stole away their brains and their manhood. She also told of visits to homes where she taught the women to care for their babies and keep the house clean and comfortable. Also of ministrations to sick and dying men and women, prayers and exhortations, as well as practical help of all kinds.

Another day we were thrilled by Sister May Barnett, home on her first furlough after three strenuous years in the Solomon Islands. As we listened to her quiet convincing voice we were transported in spirit to the "Transformed Isle," where we looked on while Sister Lina Jones and others unfolded the delights and mysteries of education to a people who not long ago "walked in darkness," but who now responded gladly to the Good News.

Truly our Women's Auxiliary is very well worth while, if we can train and support women like these two Sisters, who added so much to the educational value and delight of our Conference!

In spite of a little delay at the first, caused by the non-arrival of the Secretary's books and papers, the business was completed in good time, leaving an opportunity towards the close for questions from some of the newer delegates seeking help with a few of their problems. On the whole, the Conference proved of educational value and showed a fine spirit of interest and comradeship, and an earnest exhortation from our devoted President, Mrs. Stevens, brought a very profitable time to a fitting close.

On Saturday afternoon the visitors were privileged to see over the grounds and buildings of the great Exhibition shortly to be opened in the Edinburgh of the South.

A Fishing Expedition in the Solomon Islands.

Told by a Sister.

At 7 a.m., when the tide was going down we set out in our canoe to join

the others on a fishing expedition. There were 21 canoes in all. When the desired spot was reached a large circle was formed. Then four canoes which were filled with seaweed which has wide, grass-like leaves, very long and very strong, went round and round the inner side of the circle letting down the seaweed until it formed an enclosure with thick walls. Then they beat the fish into the centre, cutting the grass and joining it up again to make the enclosure smaller and smaller. When this was about 12 feet in diameter the natives got out of their canoes and speared the big fish. When all had been speared (except those that got away) the circle of seaweed was drawn into a narrow channel opening into a deep pool. All the smaller fish quickly swam into this pool, then the entrance was blocked up with rock, and an old chief opened a basket which was filled with crushed leaves. These he sprinkled on the top of the water. The fish became first wildly infuriated, then anaesthetized and floated on the top, over 500 of them. Everybody was overboard in a twinkling, hauling the fish into the canoes. Oh! what fun we had! I never experienced an outing so exciting before! We got home in time for afternoon tea and everybody had fish. It was indeed a memorable outing.

Rev. A. J. Small.

(See Inset front cover).

The Rev. A. J. Small, who passed away at Suva on September 28th, was the last of those who may be described as the Missionaries of Old Fiji. The whole of his ministry, extending over 45 years, was devoted to Fiji. For 22 years he was Chairman of the District. He loved the Fijian and the love was reciprocated. Many years ago Mr. Small established a printing office which has since done excellent work for the Mission. At the time of his death he was engaged in writing the story of his life and work in Fiji. It is much to be regretted that he did not live to complete what must have proved a most valuable work. Mrs. Gosnell, the wife of the Rev. R. B. Gosnell, is a daughter of the late Mr. Small.

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

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