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The Open Door

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

MARCH, 1928.

"Where His Islands lift their froned palms in air."

"A Great Door & Effectual is opened unto us"
ST. PAUL

UNITY PRESS, AUCKLAND

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Rev. V. Le C. BINET	Senga, Choiseul Bay, Choiseul, Solomon Islands
Rev. J. R. METCALFE	Bambatana, Choiseul, Solomon Islands
Rev. A. A. BENSLEY	Bilua, Vella Lavella, Solomon Islands, via Gizo
Rev. TOM DENT	Patutiva, Marovo, Solomon Islands
Rev. A. H. CROPP	Buka Passage, Bougainville, Mandated Territory of New Guinea
Rev. A. H. VOYCE	Tonu, Siwai, via Kieta, Bougainville, Mandated Territory of New Guinea

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THE OPEN DOOR.

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Editor: Rev. E. P. BLAMIRES

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MARCH 20, 1928.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

From the Mission Office.

Rev. J. F. Goldie, President-Elect.

The missionary work of the Church has been honoured and emphasised in the appointment of the Rev. J. F. Goldie as President-Elect of the Conference of next year. The election, which was by a decisive vote, indicates the esteem in which the founder of the Mission in the Solomon Islands is held by the whole church in New Zealand. The presidency of the Conference will necessitate Mr. Goldie's presence in the Dominion for the greater part of the year. He will be free to devote himself to a thorough visitation of circuits which should result in quickened interest in missionary work and in increased contributions to missionary funds. It is hoped that Mrs. Goldie may also be able to spend the year in our midst. Hearty congratulations to these devoted workers.

Special Missionary Year.

Next year, 1929, is to be a year of special missionary appeal. The Conference resolved: "That in view of the rapidly growing need of our Solomon Islands Mission, and the need for extensive and intensive work in that field, the

Conference directs that a special missionary effort be made throughout the Connexion in 1929, with a view to raising permanently the missionary spirit of the Church." But special effort is required in the present year. For the last two years the income from the Home Church has fallen considerably short of what was needed to meet the expenditure and a heavy deficit has been created. An increase of at least £2000 on the income of last year is urgently required. Retrenchment is an ugly word, but unless the ordinary income can be increased by the above mentioned amount, the Board of Missions at its next annual meeting will be compelled to consider the necessity for retrenchment and probably withdrawal of workers. But this can be avoided, despite the difficult financial conditions now existing in the Dominion, if in every Circuit and Home Mission station our mission work is made a matter of earnest prayer, and thought and effort are put into the annual appeal so that all Church members will have the missionary claim presented to them and the opportunity given to them to become subscribers.

Special Resolution of Conference.

The following resolution was carried by the Conference, all the members standing, while the President commended the missionary work and workers to God in prayer.

"The Conference, having carefully and prayerfully considered the work and financial position of the Missionary Society, rejoices in the reports from the Mission Field, telling of spiritual blessing and advance, is deeply impressed with the urgent need of entering the many open doors, particularly in Bougainville, and while recognising the difficult state of its finances, is not prepared to recommend to the Church retrenchment and withdrawal of workers, but with a firm faith in God and confidence in the Missionary spirit of the Church, challenges the Church in New Zealand to face its responsibility for the evangelisation of the people of the Solomons, and by prayer, sacrifice, and effort provide the necessary means for carrying the work to a triumphant conclusion.

The members of the Conference consecrate themselves afresh to the sacred task committed to them, assured that God is able to make all grace abound to those who faithfully obey and courageously serve."

Daniel Bula's Successor.

By Mrs. A. A. Bensley.

Daniel Bula's best work was that done amongst the small boys of Vella Lavella. He gathered them up from all parts of the Island, boys without fathers in some cases, without mothers in some, and in others without either fathers or mothers. Some of these lads were unwanted as their names signify; one is called by a name that means "despised" while the name of another signifies "abandoned" or "deserted."

Dan loved these little fellows; they were the pride of his life. It seems a very strange ruling that his own small son, whom he never saw, should be left to be brought up by others.

He trained his boys thoroughly in the catechism and in prayer, and every evening he would tell them the stories of Jesus, those stories that have captivated children of all ages and all lands, and he read to them such portions of Scripture as were translated at that time.

His love for the children's Saviour was very real and as simple as that of a child, and he longed and prayed to see that love develop in the lives and hearts of his little boys. He has

left his mark on their lives, and in them his work still goes on.

The best fruit of his labour is Lembu. He has the same gentle bright spirit and it is his ambition and his greatest desire to follow in Dan's footsteps, and to continue the work he had to lay down.

He regards his life as spared to this end. When he was born, some 17 years ago, the Island of Vella Lavella was the scene of fierce raids and fighting. Sito, a conservative chief with a very warlike disposition, was fighting heart and soul to return to the old life, and to conserve the old religion and its practices. He fought against both Lotu and Government, until forced to admit as many another lover of the good old days and customs in many lands has been forced to admit—that he could stay the onward march of neither the one nor the other. But he determined—sturdy old warrior that he was—to save his own villages and his own people from these new influences, and threatened destruction to any representative of either Lotu or Government that attempted to force himself on his domain, and death to any of his own tribe, be it his own brother, who wished to have anything to do with either alien party.



REV. A. A. BENSLEY AND LEMBU.

And he lost his freedom, and finally his life, in the hopeless struggle.

While these fightings were at their fiercest, Lembu was born. These people, in normal times, love their children very tenderly and are very indulgent to them; too much so to our way of thinking.

But in war time families move about, and a lot of young children are a great responsibility and a hindrance. Moreover, the horrid lust of war, kills for the time being all the tenderer gentler qualities in the human heart. So in these hard times, all but the first born were put to death as soon as they came into being. Lembu was the first born—and though the people seldom sacrificed their first baby, such was the stress of that time, that Lembu's grandfather said, at the birth of the child, "Kill him. His cries will betray our whereabouts to the enemy." One old woman, in whose heart pity and love were not stifled, ran away with the infant to a place of safety.

Later on Sito's wife interceded for the helpless child's life with the old warrior himself.

Old Sito looked down the years into the future. "Yes," he said, "spare his life. When I die he can take up my task and fight for our ancient customs." And so Lembu's life was spared.

For years he lived the life of an ordinary Solomon Island boy, fishing, swimming, shooting, care-free and happy. Daniel Bula and Mr. Nicholson got hold of him and brought him to Bilua. Time after time he ran away and returned to his old pursuits. He did not want school and work. Life was simple and happy when he followed his own sweet will.

Why give up his freedom? No boy ever likes to give up his own ideas of a good time.

One day Mr. Nicholson called him into his study. There he prayed with him, and told him of God's love for him and of how he could be of service to Jesus Christ. Something entered into his heart, softening it and breaking down all resistance, and from that time his greatest desire has been to do something to show his love to his Lord. For years, ever since Dan's death, it has been his ambition to do for the present day boys what Dan did for him and his friends.

When we return to the Islands, we expect to find a new house waiting for Lembu, where he will take up his new work. We want to

gather up all the boys from about six years to thirteen or fourteen and hand them over to his care.

There are about twenty of these boys that we can get as soon as Lembu is installed in his new house.

And instead of carrying on old Sito's work, and fighting against the Lotu, all his time, all his strength and love will be devoted to leading his people in the new way, and to destroying the influence of the old customs that chained his forefathers in dread and darkness.

Student Volunteer Convention.

Since the origin of the Student Volunteer Movement forty-one years ago, 11,218 of its members have sailed for the foreign mission field. Of this number 406 were added last year to the sailed list. For the quadrennial convention, which will be held in Detroit from December 28th to January 2nd, the following objectives have been announced:—

1. To visualize the world situation to-day and especially to comprehend the new forces and factors which have entered into it.

2. To discern all that is good in non-Christian cultures and at the same time to see Jesus Christ anew as unique, supreme, and necessary to the life of the world.

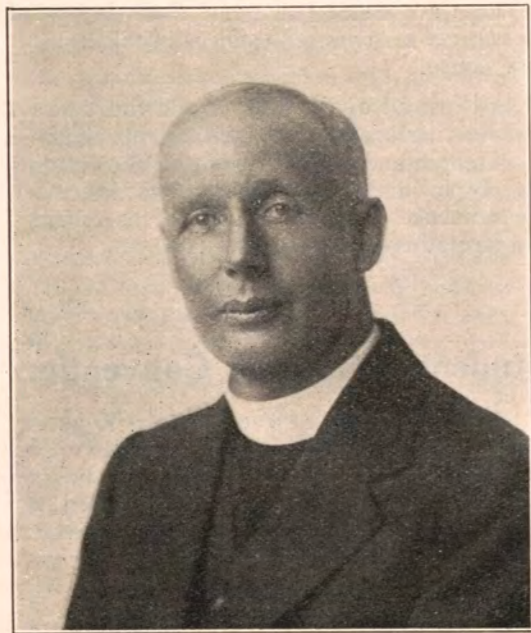
3. To see the task of making the whole world Christian as one having peculiar urgency in our day and as calling for a sustained offering of lives that are highly talented and specially trained, lives above all which have entered into a deep, personal experience of God in Christ.

4. To understand what is involved in present-day missionary service in its manifold aspects and in particular to see the modern missionary as a colleague and fellow-servant with all the Christians of other lands.

5. To open every area of our own lives to the lordship of Jesus, to commit ourselves to the task of bringing His Spirit to prevail in every aspect of our modern national and international life and to make ourselves available to Him for the development of His world Kingdom.

Medical Work in Papua.

By Rev. A. H. Scrivin.



Rev. A. H. SCRIVIN, Papua. ✓

There is a danger, amid the rejoicing over the establishment of a well equipped medical unit, of forgetting the noble part played by the earlier missionaries in the great ministry of healing. In spite of their assertion that they usually drew an imaginary line midway around the patient and prescribed eucalyptus oil for all ailments above the line and Epsom Salts for all below, many of these pioneers did really useful medical work and acquired a knowledge of tropical diseases not possessed by many of the faculty.

One very useful thing these earlier workers did was to carry the battle into the very gate of the sorcerers' stronghold. To the Papuan neither sickness nor death is natural: both are caused by malign influence employed by some enemy. The only way of recovery from illness is to flee from the sphere of influence of the evil sorcerer or to call in the services of another sorcerer whose magic is stronger. I recall a striking case at an inter-circuit conven-

tion held at Dobu. Among the representatives from the Duau Circuit was an aged village headman. Feeling a pain in his side and recalling what he considered suspicious actions of a Dobuan in a neighbouring village he immediately concluded he had been sorcerized. My aid was sought by anxious friends but nothing I prescribed had the least effect. The old man, asserting that a large stone had been placed in his side, saw nothing but death before him, and in two days was too weak to stand. In desperation we put him aboard a boat and sent him back to his own island. No sooner was he ashore—away from the malign influence of the Dobuan sorcerer—than he recovered as by magic and was able to walk over the mountains to his village. It will be seen from this that our medical workers have to fight not only against the maladies to which flesh and blood are subject but also against the powers of darkness in the shape of sorcery and witchcraft and the deep-rooted fear of these evils.

To the early workers a fully staffed and well equipped hospital has been an ideal towards which they have worked and prayed.

The removal of the District Institution to Salamo offered an opportunity that the Chairman (Rev. M. K. Gilmour) was quick to grasp. This wonderfully gifted son of New Zealand Methodism conceived and planned the scheme and it was the unanimous desire of the Synod that the splendid hospital recently opened should bear his name, but his innate modesty forbade. We are fortunate in the services of a fully qualified and very devoted medical staff comprising a doctor, matron, nursing sister and a native medical practitioner (Fijian). In addition to these there are a number of Papuan medical students and probationary nurses. All these are kept busy treating thousands of cases annually.

In addition to the hospital work, our medical unit, at the request of the Government, has undertaken the medical patrol of the D'Entrecasteaux Group containing a population of some 44,000 natives. The work on these patrols consists very largely in giving hookworm "dope" and injections for jaws. Serious cases are sent on to be dealt with at the hospital. As a whole the natives have taken readily to injection treatment, but a good many, particularly

of the older generation, are still dubious as to the possible effects of the white man's "magic." An untoward death through some complication during treatment or an operation is apt to shake the confidence of many. This is a serious matter in dealing with native cases as Papua is a land where mind influences matter very considerably. Thus, in visiting the hospital, unless the case is almost beyond human aid one hesitates to pray with the patient or sympathise too much lest the latter be led to think he is seriously ill, which, in most cases, would be tantamount to being so.

One branch of the work to which we attach great importance is the training of medical students. Our aim is to have a large number of qualified Papuans stationed at various strategic points throughout the District who will be able to diagnose cases, treat those that are simple and forward the serious ones to the hospital.

In addition to training medical students all our theological students at Salamo attend a course of lectures, given by Dr. Judkins, on hygiene, the use of simple remedies, etc., while their wives are being further fitted for their work by a midwifery course.

With the added help of this splendid minis-

try of healing we shall bring to Papua a very definite conception of the Great Healer Himself.



REV. F. H. HAYMAN. ✓



Dr. CLIFFORD JAMES.



Sister VIVIAN ADKIN. ✓

✓ OUR NEW MISSIONARIES FOR 1928.

Inland on Bougainville.

By Mr. J. W. Court.

Recently a gracious lady said to me, "When are we to have another of your delightful addresses; is your furlough nearly over?" These are the ruminations of a mere visitor—a transient guest, not a missionary.

The Rev. A. H. Cropp, our representative on Buka, is long overdue for furlough. When he does come to N.Z. he will find our people eager to learn about his work and experiences.

May this short article whet the appetites of many, for the full story of our Mission on Buka is worth knowing.

The head station, "Skotalan," is excellently placed on the coast of Buka except for the 200 feet one has to climb up from the wharf. The Mission House is a native house, with open spans for windows and dining room doorways, yet very comfortable. Here is a wonderful garden—onions, cabbage, tomatoes, cucumbers, not forgetting cannas, zinnias, etc., and from the plantation—bananas, taro, chestnuts, soursops, pineapples, paw paws, grenadillas, limes, oranges, and guavas.

The school was interesting—held in the Church—the teachers and pupils keen and doing good work. I enjoyed play-time with the children, puss and dog, stealing the corpse, blind man's buff, finding the whistler, and football. Then came the bathing parade—off the end of the wharf, with mangroves on each side of the small bay, just the place for alligators.

Then up those 200 steps and I watched the boys lined up outside the cook-house, some with enamel bowls, others with native baskets, etc., all ready for a good helping of boiled rice and stewed paw paw.

Some day perhaps there will be a Missionary Union which will black list a man like Mr. Cropp, who is preacher, teacher, principal of a boarding school, plantation manager, boat builder, certificated captain, carpenter, and house builder.

He has a wonderful wife and one excellent Fijian teacher. He *urgently* needs a nurse, a certificated teacher and at least 12 native teachers.

A brief account of two red-letter days may give you a worth-while glimpse of Buka and our work there.

The Travels of a Deputation.

Sunday, Sept. 25, 1927.

Sleeping on the verandah under a mosquito net, well tucked in under the mattress, i.e., the net, a protection against those terrible centipedes, Mr. Cropp wakes me with a cup of tea, and by 5.30 a.m. we are down at the wharf.

Mr. Cropp points out the Morning Star called the "Shout Bello Day," and also the "Deception" star, one that comes out earlier and is sometimes mistaken for the S.B.D. star. The "mon" (canoe), decorated at the prow with a carved bird and red grass, with about 12 boys, is ready for us. Away we go at a steady pace, through a narrow passage between island and mainland, past a sunken stone of which the natives had been very afraid, past Buka Bluff and a plantation, and on till we have paddled six miles, when we arrive at a jetty of coral rock where we land and have breakfast. Then off we go on a good 10ft. path, except for a few big boulders, climbing somewhat, through forest, over a shallow stream, past a small Roman Catholic Church made of wood, with two sea shells at the door for the holy water, and a stained wood altar. Further on we come to a new House Kiop, plank walls and plank floor for room and for large verandah, each plank representing a log, the natives only having an axe, chopping one side and then the other, leaving an excellent level, straight plank. The natives are compelled by the Government to make and keep clean roads through their lands and every few miles to build a House Kiop for the use of travelling Government officials and other white people. They also have the privilege of paying a poll-tax.

After walking about six miles we arrive at our destination, the village of Hapan. The Chief is building a new house, so under the roof, with no walls and sitting on loose planks, we have Lotu.

Mr. Cropp invites all to come. Some natives stop in front of their huts close by, and about sixteen villages join us. The Skotalun boys do nearly all the singing. Mr. Cropp speaks on "Christ the big fellow Doctor" in weird pidgeon English, while one member of the congregation is strongly feeling the incongruous absurdity of Christian Mission Stations without doctor or nurse. The Chief, a fine fellow, has been to

Sydney; another sturdy man, the boss boy at the Cronulla Plantation has been to the top of St. Matthew's Tower, Auckland. They both speak "Pidgeon," and I enjoy conversation with them.

After taking some photos, we walk back to the canoe, our two friends walking with us quite a long way. The sea has got up a little, and I amuse the boys by pretending to be nervous. We call at the island of Tammi—a model plantation—then on to Petats, an island with about 200 people, a mile out from Skotalun. We walk through the rather primitive village, across to the ocean beach, then through bush, mostly food trees, bread fruit, sago, mango, bitter plums and betel nut on to their coconut plantation, then back to the village. People at once stream into church, practically the whole population, the women in their lap-laps, with their quaint head gear about a yard long, and the baby, then young and old men, children, and our boys, a crowded congregation, some sitting on the white coral sand floor.

Mr. Cropp speaks in Petats, I gave a short address, and Uziah, the Fijian teacher, who has been to four preaching places in the "Saga" gives his farewell talk as he is off on furlough in a few days.

Both Uziah and I shake hands at the close of the service with nearly all the folk.

As we leave the wharf, the Chief says to me, "You are our Kiop."

Monday was a quiet day at home, reading and writing, watching the boys chopping down three big trees. I noticed that they carried on after "bello"—they evidently like falling trees. Down the beach three boys are working the pit-saw doing about six planks a day.

Tuesday, Sept. 27, 1927.

The usual cup o'tea and away down to the "Saga" about 6.15 a.m. It has been raining during the night and it is not too promising, but off we go with a crowd of boys 20 miles up the coast, crossing a large bay, past Kessa plantation, past a Catholic station and with a fine breeze reach our objective, Tandeki, in good time. Nearly all of us land while Daki takes the Saga back as far as Kessa. We are on a lovely white coral beach, a large number of friendly natives follow us for a time, men, women and kiddies.

Both on Bougainville and Buka I believe I was taken for a Government Official, for in my

shorts, with a cane and my soldierly bearing, I was pleased to see a number of natives salute me.

We have an intensely interesting walk of about 8 miles; the first 5 or 6 along the beach, sometimes under trees like our pohutukawas, partly on sharp coral rock, mostly on soft coral sand. The rain soon starts, so I wrap up my shirt in a big green leaf. We inspect the villages en route. Just off the beach are the houses, three and four rows deep, some on the ground, others on piles—20 to 50 houses in a village. All the villages are fenced, very clean, with many bonny kiddies, and lively girls with close, short hair covered with black and red clay in alternate stripes. We come across one party of seven or eight young boys lying on a verandah or open end of a house with hair covered by red clay, but so jolly—specially after we had handed a little jam tart round.

We saw a fair number of canoes, for these people make and trade them, fishing nets on the beach and boys shooting fish with bow and arrow.

When we come to heavy mangrove, we leave the beach and clamber through a new native plantation knee deep in grass, over logs and fallen trees and on to a motor road, a delightful walk through the forest, though the ground was wet and very slippery.

We soon come to Kessa, a fine coconut plantation, where we have afternoon tea with the manager. The wind has freshened considerably and we have a wavy passage in the small dinghy and then a great sail home, arriving at dusk.

Mr. Cropp has told you that walking through the villages along the beach we counted 318 houses approximately 1,270 people, and there would be many villages close by—the total population of Buka is ten to twelve thousand, and although the Roman Catholics occupy some of the ground, it is tragic to know we have only one missionary and one native teacher on Buka, now on furlough in Fiji. Uziah is persuading a number of Fijians to volunteer—but with a stationary income and increasing expenditure shall we be able to accept them?

How much per member per annum is your Circuit giving to our work in the Solomon Islands?

Is your Circuit saying Hold Back or Go Forward?

Pioneering on Bougainville.

By Rev. A. H. Voyce.

I think I will tell you the story of the difficulties of getting supplies, mail and mission boxes, etc., to our station in Siwai. Mr. Cropp landed our supplies, at Empress Augusta Bay on January 5th, and Mr. Ebery (a trader) landed other supplies and goods for us at Tokuaka on January 9th. Neither of these people could get near the Siwai beach as the surf was too bad. When we get the gift surf boat of the children of the N.Z. Sunday Schools located on our beach, cargo can be landed within ten miles of Tonu without mishap. Well, Empress Augusta Bay is thirty miles north from Tonu, and Tokuaka is twenty-five miles south of Tonu.

A note from Mr. Cropp telling me the goods were at Empress Augusta Bay arrived whilst I was away in another district. However, I received it at night on arriving home. That afternoon we experienced the heaviest tropical downpour and the biggest floods since coming to Siwai. The floods did some damage to our mission gardens, as the streams overflowed their banks within an hour of the commencement of the rain. It was impossible to send to our teachers and get them to come and help with the goods, as the rivers were impassable. However, two youngsters of about 11 years of age volunteered to go by night to their district of Maisua in the hills—10 miles away—and get our teacher Timothy from there. They had to swim one river about 50 yards wide and get across several smaller ones as best they could (and all this at night). Well, they got there and arrived back just with the first streaks of dawn, and then half an hour later set out for the 30 mile walk to Empress Augusta Bay, where they arrived at about 4 p.m. After getting some of the goods together they set out again at midnight, by the light of the moon for home. That's a practical Christian spirit!! However, I am getting on too fast. All the mission boys who were able (for with the commencement of the north west season we always have a lot of sickness in Siwai) and some others that we persuaded set out at dawn for Empress Augusta Bay, our chief and I following an hour later on bicycles. The rivers had subsided somewhat, though some were still in high flood.

About five miles from home we came to one which was racing along in good old style. The chief and I took hold of one cycle between us and held it above our heads, and started to cross. We stepped into water up to our waists, but it gradually rose up to my shoulders in the deepest place, which meant it was round his neck, as he is a smaller man. Coming back for the other cycle, we both got into a deep hole and had to swim.

Another great inconvenience in travel was the fact

that there were hundreds of trees blown down across the roads, of all sizes, necessitating that we should climb over them with the cycles, or else make a circuit round them through the bush.

However, eventually we arrived at Empress Augusta Bay and found Mr. Cropp gone. There was a great pile of stuff to be carried, and of course, I hadn't been able to muster enough carriers to take half of it away. There were 6 months' supplies for ourselves (all in tins, so rather weighty) three cwt. of rice belonging to teachers, two mission gift cases for Christmas 1927, besides mail, etc. Most of the boxes being too heavy to carry 30 miles through the bush, we had to unpack on the beach. We got ready what the boys could carry and then had tea and Lotu and rested until midnight. Fortunately I had brought a canvas bed with me, though I couldn't rest as it was far too cold. That afternoon we again had a tremendous downpour equalling that of the previous day. I bought a fowl for tea, and cooked some rice, but had no sugar or milk, and no "implements" with which to eat my food, so I not only had to take the fowl up in my fingers but also the rice. For a delightful beverage I enjoyed fowl (or fowl) water, out of the saucepan.

Well, at midnight we got away by the light of the moon. We had done about six or seven miles when we were forced to halt by coming to a deep river, flooding over its bank in grand style. There was no chance of getting across in the dark, so must await the light. This was about 4 a.m. I should judge, and by this time the moon had disappeared behind the tall timber. All the way along the road we had been walking through water. Then immediately the sky clouded over and it began to rain. The boys fumbled round in the dark for large palm leaves to build small shelters for the goods and for ourselves. By the time they had got anything like a shelter erected we were wet through. Then came the dreary wait for daylight, huddled up on our haunches, in leaf shelters, that leaked very distressingly. The next person who tells me that dawn comes suddenly in the tropics (and many preachers refer to it in some way or other, at some time) I am going to ask them to share such an experience as I had. The dawn seemed countless ages in coming, still the boys seemed to find something to laugh and joke about, and others, tired out, were asleep on the ground in the rain. For my own part I sat (as best I could) gloomy and glum, thinking of the comfortable bed at home.

The daylight came at last, and I saw the position; a raging torrent twenty yards wide and then over-spreading the banks some two to three feet in depth in places.

Difficulties of Transport.

There were three things we could do. First, wait till the waters subsided! Though perhaps this meant only half a day, it was out of the question. Then we could either build a raft or else fall a tree across the river and make a temporary bridge. Of course had we not had cargo, those of us who could swim could easily have got across.

I got two gangs of boys going. One commenced to make a raft, and the other to fall a large tree across the river. We hadn't an axe, so the only thing was to do the best we could with an island knife, and though it was slow work, the tree "won" and fell in good fashion right across the river. It was now an easy matter for the boys to cross and fasten a kind of "supplejack" across the stream as a "hand-rail"—though a very shaky and insecure one. However, we got everything across without getting wet by 8 a.m. or 8.30 a.m. Then I started to cycle on, but got a bad puncture, and walked on to the place we proposed to have "Kaikai," arriving there about 10 a.m. After a breakfast of a few biscuits and a drink of water from a neighbouring stream I went on home, and arrived quite safely, in the early afternoon. I found Mrs. Voyce rather sick, but she had got up during the night to answer a call to a sick boy, and another early this morning. Immediately on arrival I was called to see this boy in question, and I could see that he would not live, as he was in a raging fever, and, native fashion had decided he was to die, and so he must do so. I did what I could for him, but about midnight I was called out but only just in time to see him die. He was a bonny bright boy of about 14 years, and we were very fond of him.

I found there was a lot more sickness and so I was kept busy. The boys with the goods arrived about 11 o'clock on Sunday, and tired out as they had all carried heavy loads. At service on Sunday I took the opportunity to speak on John 3:16, making special reference to the Christian belief in the life to come and to the first death of a mission boy.

I then did my best to get other carriers from different places to go and get the remainder of our goods. But I found it very difficult, as there is so much sickness, and again boys are not keen to walk 30 miles and then carry loads 30 miles back again. Still I got a fair number to go and they brought what they could a week later. Another batch of carriers came in to-night—20 of them—and it's exactly a fortnight since the goods were landed, and still there is a number of loads at the beach—about 12 to 15 loads.

Moreover, some things have "turned up missing," but what can we do. I left a teacher in charge of the goods for a time, but of course I couldn't get him to stay on the beach indefinitely. I don't know

when I will be able to get the other goods brought here.

Then about a week ago I got a note from Mr. Ebery to say he had had to land our goods at Tokuaka, 25 miles south of Tonu. These consisted of a large number of stores we had ordered from his store in Kieta (because we were right out of all European foods), and also other things ordered from south. So on Monday morning at daylight I got a lot of carriers away and I followed an hour later. I got to Tokuaka, opened the heavy boxes, made the goods into bundles, etc., bought food for the boys, etc. By this time they had arrived, and so after getting them away again to where they were to sleep, 10 miles on the homeward journey, I left again for home, going a few miles out of my course to do some business for the Master's cause, and arrived home about 5 p.m., having cycled 56 miles since 7 a.m. I conducted evening Lotu and then had tea and so to bed, tired out. The boys arrived with the goods about midday yesterday. Of course you will realise that all this carrying entails a great deal of personal expense, as one cannot expect the boys to do such big "carries" for nothing. In fact if I did expect it for nothing I would be unable to get anyone to go.

The Much-Maligned Missionary.

I hold no brief for the missionary. . . . I am not even religious in the orthodox meaning of the word. . . . But I have known missionaries, and have observed the results of their labours in every great field of evangelistic endeavour, from Persia to Polynesia, from the Congo to the China Seas, and it irritates and angers me to hear missionaries and their work condemned and derided by persons who are speaking from malice, prejudice or ignorance.

I am a roving writer, and my job takes me to the four corners of the earth. That's why I can speak first-hand about so many missionaries.

It has often seemed to me that no class of public servant—I use the term in its broader sense—has been so persistently maligned, and so generally misunderstood as the missionary. . . . Yet, though maligned, misrepresented, miserably underpaid, often desperately lonely, frequently facing death . . . he has pursued the tasks assigned him with a courage and devotion which merit the admiration of every right-thinking man and woman.—E. Alexander Powell, in *American Magazine*, November, 1926.

Missionary Table Talk.

Dr. Clifford James.

A cable has been received from Dr. Clifford James, stating that he has been appointed surgeon on the *s.s. Port Pirie*, and that he will arrive in New Zealand about the middle of June. After devoting some time to deputation work, he will, later in the year, leave for the Mission Field.

Sister Lina Jones.

Sister Lina Jones left Auckland by the *Maungani*, on March 16th, for Sydney, en route for the Solomons. Sister Lina is returning for a second term of service after spending her furlough in the Dominion. She is doing excellent work in introducing modern educational methods at the Head Station at Roviana.

Sister Vivian Adkin.

Sister Vivian Adkin left Wellington by the *Marama*, for Sydney, on March 16th, to commence her first term of service in the Solomons. Sister Vivian has been trained at St. Helen's Hospital, Wellington, and in the Deaconess House, Christchurch. After spending a short time at Roviana, she will proceed to Bougainville, where she will be the pioneer missionary sister.

Rev. Frank H. Hayman.

Mr. Frank Hayman, who has completed three years of training at the Theological College, has been appointed assistant to the Rev. J. F. Goldie, at Roviana. Mr. Hayman is at present visiting Davui Levu, Fiji, to gain some insight into the educational work of that great Institution, said to be the finest educational establishment in the South Sea Islands. Mr. Hayman will specialise in educational work at the Head Station.

Rev. and Mrs. Tom Dent.

Owing to the illness of Mrs. Dent, the Rev. Tom Dent is taking furlough this year. Mrs. Dent has undergone an operation in Melbourne and is now making good progress towards recovery. A long rest, after eleven years in the Tropics, is necessary in order to ensure complete restoration to health. Mr. Dent has commenced deputation work in the South Auckland District.

Rev. and Mrs. A. A. Bensley.

Mr. and Mrs. Bensley, who are on furlough this year, have both been in the doctor's hands, but in

each case, satisfactory progress is reported. Mr. Bensley will devote a considerable amount of his furlough time to translation work in which he will be assisted by the native boy, Lembu. He will engage in deputation work in Wellington and Auckland Cities, and also in the Manawatu District.

Mrs. A. H. Voyce.

The serious illness of Mrs. Voyce necessitated her removal from Bougainville by steamer to Rabaul, in New Britain, where she is being slowly nursed back to health. Much kindness and attention have been shown to her there by the missionaries of the Australian Board. Heartfelt sympathy will go out to Mr. and Mrs. Voyce, those brave pioneer workers in inland Bougainville.

Rev. H. G. Brown.

Acting on medical advice, the Rev. H. G. Brown, who has been on furlough in New Zealand, after more than three years' service in the Solomons, will not be returning to the Mission Field. Mr. and Mrs. Brown much regret the necessity for such action as they were happy in their work on Bougainville. Their new appointment is at Tauranga.

Gift of a Launch.

The gift of £500 for the purchase of a launch to be used by the Rev. Tom Dent, has been made by a generous friend of Mission in Wanganui, who desires to remain anonymous. Our best thanks for this splendid gift! We can do with many similar contributions.

Semese Nau.

Semese Nau, a retired Tongan minister who served for several years in the Solomons, has died at his home in Tonga. Semese Nau was one of the heroes, who many years ago, along with a Samoan teacher, laid siege to the islands of Ontong Java and endeavoured to claim them for Christ. Permission to land was refused and their lives were threatened. Persisting in their attempts, they lived for three months in an open boat off the coast, praying that the way might open for them to land. At last the way opened and these two brave men laid the foundations of excellent work among the people of Ontong Java.

The Methodist Laymen's Missionary Movement, Victoria, Australia.

Annual Conference.

By Rev. Tom Dent.

It was my privilege to be able to accept an invitation to attend the Methodist Laymen's Missionary Movement's Convention, which was held at Ocean Grove, Victoria, from January 28th to 30th.

The objective of this live organisation is the world-wide extension of Christ's Kingdom, and the topic before the Conference was "The Enlistment of the Whole Church."

A delightful car-run, on the forenoon of January 28th, of nearly 70 miles from Melbourne, in the company of the Rev. A. Wesley Amos, the energetic and able F.M. Secretary for Victoria, and the Rev. and Mrs. G. S. Shinkfield, B.A., from Samoa, brought us to Ocean Grove, the place chosen for the Convention.

The whole of the delegates, some of whom were accompanied by their wives, were accommodated at the Green Gables Hotel, and were catered for in royal Methodist—and Missionary—fashion.

The Conference of 60 or more men and women was under the presidency of Dr. E. L. Gault, and opened with a devotional service at 2.30 p.m. in the local Methodist Church, and this was followed, at 3 o'clock, by short addresses from several of the Missionaries present.

The Rev. G. S. Shinkfield, B.A., (Chairman of the Samoan Methodist District) spoke of the work in Samoa; the Rev. H. D. Lelean (Fiji) gave a fine account of his industrial work; whilst the Rev. A. G. Adamson, M.A., Dip. Ed. (Fiji) gave an inspiring talk on the evangelical side of his work. These addresses were all very illuminative and suggestive of the work being done on the Samoan and Fijian Methodist Mission Fields.

Mr. W. B. McCutcheon, one of Melbourne's leading laymen, summed up the addresses delivered—professionally Mr. McCutcheon is a lawyer!—and enabled us to carry away a concise epitome of all we had heard.

At the evening session at 7.45 it was my privilege to speak of the work going on in the Solomon Islands Methodist Mission District, and from the kindly and sympathetic hearing given, and in conversation afterwards, one felt that this particular Field has still a very warm place in the hearts of Victorian Methodists.

My talk was followed by a very choice address from Mr. T. Thomas, of Melbourne, on some aspects of Mission work in India, from personal travel observations.

It was nearly midnight before the small group in the drawing room separated for the night, and conversation on things missionary still continued for a time, in the bedrooms where three or four delegates found themselves quartered together.

A few of the more energetic ones were up and out for a swim early on Sunday morning, and quite a nice company gathered for morning prayers at 7.45.

Morning service was at 11 o'clock, and was conducted by the Rev. G. S. Shinkfield, B.A., who also preached from Luke 17 v. 17: "Where are the nine?" on "The Grace of Gratitude," whilst Mr. A. S. Eggleston, of Melbourne, gave a sparkling address on "Mary and Martha," stressing the need of constantly sitting at the Master's feet. The service was followed by the Communion Service, conducted by the Rev. A. W. Amos, when some 80 to 90 people took the Sacrament, at the Lord's Table.

The whole service was a most reverent, impressive, and heart-searching one.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon we gathered outside the Methodist Church for our Session, and another enjoyable time was spent in the sea breeze and warm sunshine, giving added pleasure to the gathering.

At this Session each of the four missionaries present—Revs. Shinkfield, Adamson, Lelean and myself—were put in the "witness-box" in turn, and questions were fired by the company present, without cessation for 15 to

20 minutes or so, at each missionary as he took his turn.

In this way, quite a fund of information was gained by the delegates, respecting the Mission work going on in Samoa, Fiji, and the Solomons.

The "finding," in each case, was that each Missionary be "sent down" for another "term".

Mrs. Beckett, sister-in-law of our own Rev. Beckett, gave an interesting account of the work being done amongst the Chinese in Fiji.

Before this Session concluded it was a treat to hear Dr. Douglas Thomas, a worthy son of the worthy Rev. John Thomas, B.A., speak on behalf of the Methodist Foundling Hospital that is shortly to be built in one of the suburbs of Melbourne.

Having to return to Melbourne before the evening service, I was not privileged to join, and take part in, the service conducted by the Rev. A. W. Amos, and at which Mr. L. R. Williams spoke.

This service was followed by Lantern Pictures of Samoa, by Rev. G. S. Shinkfield, B.A.

Monday morning was taken up with five-minute addresses from the Missionaries on the tasks awaiting on the Fields; with a talk from Mr. T. Thomas on "Impressions Abroad"; with a conversation regarding the enlistment of the laymen in Missionary service; and with a Discussion on the Mission Board's Programme and the L.M.M. Programme, for 1929.

After greetings had been sent to various bodies and to good friends unable to be pre-

sent—including the Rev. C. O. Lelean (Fiji) and Mr. N. J. Jenkin, both of whom were, unfortunately, on the sick list, and who were sincerely missed from the gatherings—the Convention closed, and delegates wended their respective ways homewards, during the course of the afternoon.

The tone of all the meetings had been a high one: it was good to have been there.

We realised again the value of the Missionary spirit and work, if it be kept alive in our churches.

We felt, again, the inspiration it gives to the Missionary to know that those at the home bases are remembering and helping him in his great and privileged task, of bringing Christian light and love and laughter, into the hearts and lives of the coloured brethren of the South Seas and elsewhere.

TONGA METHODIST COLLEGE BOYS' CHOIR.

The Tonga Methodist College Boys' Choir, 30 strong, is at present touring Australia giving their unique concerts and assisting at missionary meetings. The Rev. A. H. Wood, M.A., B.D., Principal of the College, is in charge of the boys. The Crown Prince of Tonga, Taufa-a-hau, is a member of the Choir. A concert was given in Auckland with wonderful success as the boys passed through on their way to Sydney. The Town Hall has been booked for a return concert on Thursday, April 19th.



TONGA METHODIST COLLEGE CHOIR.

What is Wanted for 1928.

We take the following paragraphs from "The Missionary Review." What is true of Australia is equally true of New Zealand. We urge all our readers to ponder deeply these urgent needs in connection with our Missionary work.

We want in 1928 a fuller support of our work. We have had, in the past, to practise much false economy, both at home and abroad. We stunt the fields of seed corn and wonder why the harvest is so scanty; we place double burdens upon the shoulders of our men and women and marvel that they do not run well in the race. If it were that we at home had reached the limit of our financial resources, it might be different, and we could, with a sincere heart, counsel our missionaries to have patience; but when we see so much spent by our own people on luxury and self-enjoyment, we feel that our missionaries do well to be angry at the unchristian character of some of our so-called Christians. There are very few of us who, if we felt the call and urgency of these great tasks overseas, could not *double* our subscriptions. Let every one of us who

reads these pages ask, "Could I not, by personal sacrifice, double the amount I gave in 1927?" We imagine there are very few who, in the presence of Christ, and in face of these needy people, could truthfully answer, "I cannot."

And last of all, *we want a deeper and more intelligent Spiritual concern.*

Sometimes we question whether we have not lost something that our fathers had—the sense of the surpassing wonder of the Christian Message, which was nothing less than Good News to the souls of men. Have we not become stale Christians and grown blase regarding the Grace of God? We must widen the limits of our spiritual concern, else we shall be short of workers and still deplore financial failure. The problem at base is spiritual and personal. We cannot blame a Church, we cannot blame a Society, we cannot blame an Organization—first and foremost the wrong is personal: it is ourselves, and we must face it in the quiet of our own souls, listening for a voice, at once authoritative and compelling, which shall awaken in us shame for the past and hope and high resolve for the future.

A Hindu Christian.

The Rev. Frank Lenwood, late Secretary of the London Missionary Society, in his book entitled "Forces of the Spirit," tells the following story of a converted drunkard of South India who had settled down to honest work:—

"At the season for reaping he was attacked by bullies, who reaped his field, cut off his fingers with an axe, and decamped with the harvest. The public conscience of the village was roused; they gathered subscriptions to help Abraham to prosecute. The Indian Y.M.C.A. Secretary, who had been the means of his conversion, urged him to go to court and lodge an information, for he knew who the bullies were. Abraham looked at the bags of money and then at his fingerless hands, and after a few moments' silence said: 'Sir, just two things would I say to you. You are an educated man; I am an illiterate man. You have been a Christian all your life, and I accepted

Jesus not long ago. But when I became His follower I promised to follow in His footsteps. You told me how He was crucified. The nails were driven through His hands and feet. The crown of thorns was placed on His head; but He never said: 'O, God, punish My enemies.' His last words were: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' So, just as my Master forgave His enemies and prayed for them so must I pray for mine and forgive them, for they have done this in the ignorance of their hearts. They did not know anything better.' When his enemies in hiding heard that he was giving up all thought of revenge, they were so touched that they came in to beg his forgiveness, to work his fields for him, and to listen to the message of Jesus." Mr. Lenwood remarks: "Our Churches of a longer growth will learn much from men who can follow Him with such simple obedience.

The Rising Tide.

The spiritual tide is rising. There has been nothing like it in all history.

There is a rising tide of *opportunity*. It is difficult to mention a country not open to the Gospel.

There is a rising tide of *beneficence* and interest in Christian missions.

Vewing the rising tide of *expectation*, it seems to me that the loving Heavenly Father is brooding in love over all His earthly family.

Up and down the world I see the rising

Striking Tribute to the Work of Christian Missionaries in China.

Dr. Timothy Tiufang Leu recently replied in *The English Review* to an article which had appeared in that *Review* by *Mencius* entitled "An Indictment of Christian Missions." In the course of his reply he quotes from an article in *The Forum* for July, 1927, by Dr. Hu Shih of the National University of Peking. Dr. Hu Shih is not a Christian, but a self-acknowledged atheist. He has not received directly any part of his education in an educational institution under the auspices of Christian Missions in China, and he is not connected in any way with Christian Missions in China. He is the acknowledged leader of the Renaissance Movement and a leader whose scholarship in history, literature and philosophy is well recognised. He regards the part which Christian missionaries have contributed to the modernisation of China as not to be scorned but to be remembered with appreciation.

This is what Dr. Hu Shih says:

"The part played by the missionaries in the

Volunteers for the Mission Field.

One of the most encouraging features of our Missionary work at the present time is the number of young people who are offering themselves for service in the Mission field. There is no shortage of volunteers as far as the Home Church is concerned. During the last few months a fully-qualified nurse, two certificated teachers, an experienced engineer, candidates for the ministry, and other young people without any special qualifications have

Thoughts from Dr. John R. Mott.

tides of *faith*, a turning from irreligion to Christianity.

I see the rising tide of *vitality*, like a river flowing from the city of God and the Lamb bringing life for the healing of the nations.

If ever we needed strong pilots and a definite goal, we need them now. We need wise pilots, who know the Port, who know the course, and know the sources of power. May God help us that we may not miss the opportunities of this hour.

modernisation of China will long be remembered by the Chinese. They were the pioneers of the new China. They helped the Chinese to fight for the suppression of opium, which the pirate traders brought to us. They agitated against foot-binding, which eight centuries of esoteric philosophising in native China had failed to recognise as an inhuman institution. And they brought to us the first rudiments of European science. The early Jesuits gave us the pre-Newtonian astronomy, and the later Protestant missionaries introduced modern hospitals and schools. They taught us to know that there was a new world and a new civilisation behind the pirate traders and gunboats.

"Many of the Protestant missionaries worked hard to awaken China and bring about a modern nation. China is now awakened and determined to modernise herself. There is not the slightest doubt that a new and modern China is emerging out of chaos."

been in communication with the General Secretary, eager to find a sphere of service on the foreign field. Our young people are prepared to make whatever sacrifice may be involved in service on the Mission field. There is life in the Church that can produce so many workers of this type. Doors stand wide open, workers are ready to enter, but lack of money prevents the forward move.

WOMEN'S PAGES

M.W.M.U.

Methodist Women's
Missionary Union of
New Zealand.

OUR PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Feb. 23rd., 1928.

Dear Fellow Workers,—

Your appointed representatives were privileged in recent days to attend the annual meeting of the Foreign Mission Board. It was a time of inspiration, and much information of the work and its needs was received. As we were reminded of the achievements of the past years we realized more fully the devoted service being so faithfully given by our workers on the Field. It is thrilling to think of our own share in this great task, and of what its fulfilment means for the up-building of Christ's Kingdom.

With the growth and development of the work new and great problems are confronting the Board, and we need to co-operate in prayer that wisdom and guidance may be given our leaders to make the right decisions.

The Annual Report of the Union was presented and the following resolution was passed: "The Board expresses its hearty appreciation of the valuable work of the Women's Missionary Union, and the Women's Auxiliaries and thanks all who have assisted during the year.

"It urges all circuits to establish branches of the Women's Auxiliary, and where this is not possible, to hold at least one meeting of women during the year in the interests of Missions."

Will every Auxiliary where possible give effect to this request of the Board. I feel I must keep before you the need for extension work. Congratulations to Ashburton on the fine start they have made with extension work. Now that the holiday season is over Auxiliaries will be planning the winter's work. May I stress again the urgent need of the training school for the girls in the Solomons and for the Maori girls. These are our special objectives this year and are appealing for our help.

We take this opportunity of thanking those Auxiliaries who have already sent in fresh contributions to the Salaries Fund. May we remind treasurers that affiliation fees are due and remits for the Executive Fund will be appreciated.

Prayer Cycles.—In view of pending changes on the Field we have not been able to prepare the new prayer cycles, therefore will all members use those of last year.

We regret to learn that Mrs. Dent is ill and has been in hospital in Victoria. Our love and sympathy goes out to her in her weakness, and we pray that the healing touch may be hers.

On March 16th Sister Lina is expecting to leave for the Solomons. We are glad to report she has benefited greatly from the change home and is keen to be back again to the work she loves. Sister Vivian Adkin will accompany her. It is expected that later she will be transferred to Bougainville. With her special gifts she will do fine pioneer work. Pray for her; the women and children of that great Island need her love and help.

Interesting letters come regularly from the Sisters, these will be circulated in due course.

We are approaching the Easter season, when our thoughts turn to Calvary. As we arrange our Easter gatherings, may we catch the Spirit of love and sacrifice that led Jesus to lay down His life, thus giving to all Eternal Life.

We are glad to announce that Miss Cunningham has kindly consented to take on the treasurership of the Union. Her address is Here-taunga St., Palmerston North.

With every good wish for a happy year's service.

Yours very sincerely,

MARGARET W. PACEY,

Extracts from Missionaries' Letters.

Sister Lily White writes as follows:—

Choiseul, Jan. 11, 1928

"Thank you all very much indeed for the boxes; all the contents proved very useful. The dresses were all divided among different out-stations, as our people each had one last year. But there were not nearly enough for every woman on the out-stations; however the

teachers know those in most need. About half the teachers on our side of Choiseul are married and their wives can help the native women to cut garments out, and teach them to sew. We had a special meeting for teachers' wives at Christmas time, and advised them as to keeping homes, clothes, and bodies clean, because others would look to, and be led by them. We also gave them simple remedies for sickness, and instructed them in the uses of hot and cold water and rubbing.

We are sometimes able, through the kindness of our friends in Australia and New Zealand to supply condensed milk for babies that have lost their mothers. This is a great boon!

We are also very glad to receive needles, tapes, buttons, and cotton for the use of women learning to sew. Needles especially, are useful, for they rust so quickly and the natives also break a lot. Many thanks for the lollies which were delicious, and the soap which proved most useful. I need quite a lot myself for bathing the sick people and washing their clothes, bandages, etc.

We are now quite settled down to schoolwork after two weeks' holiday. We are pleased to have over 100 on the rolls, about 80 in school and 50 in kindergarten. We are beginning to train them in some new hymns for Easter. They love to sing!

Dozens and dozens of people, at Christmas time, were asking for injections, or "pricks," as they call them. This is the medicine for native sores, and it is very efficacious; unfortunately it is very expensive, so we cannot use much. We are buying a cheaper drug now; but although it will cure children and the less chronic sores, it will not touch the big ulcers the adults suffer from. I am afraid it will take a large sum of money to furnish enough of the expensive drug to clear this district alone of these horrid sores!"

"Foreign Missions" at the Conference

"Conference!" Magic word to the "people called Methodists!" Thursday, February 23rd, was Missionary Day. Rev. W. A. Sinclair, the General Secretary, presented the Annual Report, in which hopes and fears were mingled. High hopes of the medical work just begun by Dr. Sayers; the prospect

of the "Helena Goldie" Hospital; the sending of Mr. Hayman to the College at Roviana; the proposed Training School for Native Girls; the success of the work on the great island of Bougainville, but tempered by fears lest our people in the Home Land should fail to see the great importance of seizing the present opportunities for splendid pioneering work in that needy field; and neglect to provide our devoted Missionaries and their helpers with the all-necessary equipment!

Mr. and Mrs. Bensley are in the Conference and are called to the platform. Is it any wonder the Conference rises to its feet to honour such devoted workers? Mrs. Bowron and Sister Lina Jones are the next to be called. Mrs. Bowron speaks briefly of the work of the Women's Auxiliaries, their care for the Sisters, the boxes sent, the money raised, and challenges the men to "go and do likewise." Sister Lina says a few words of farewell and appeal for interest in her kindergarten work among the little children at Roviana. Still another call—and the Rev. A. H. Scrivin, from Papua, receives a hearty welcome; he pleads as one who knows, for the early establishment of training schools for native girls, nor do his listeners forget all the valued work done in this direction by Sisters and Missionaries' wives, but the time seems to have come when more facilities for training girls to be useful as teachers' wives should be provided.

The President pronounces the Benediction, and the people stream out to find seats at the Tea Meeting to be held in the adjoining Scholroom and the S.A. Citadel across the road. What a meeting of friends! What a babel of voices! What happy re-unions! What lovely flowers! What loaded tables! A Tea Meeting such as that is surely part of the genius of Methodism—and it is the fellowship which makes it such a delight!

Then after tea—and much talk—back again to our beautiful old Church, which is soon packed from floor to ceiling. What interesting people on the platform! including Lembu, the native helper who has come to New Zealand with Mr. Bensley to assist in translation work. During the evening Lembu's talk, interpreted by Mr. Bensley, proved one of the most interesting items on the programme. Time and space fail me to tell of Mr. Brown's appeal for the Home Mission work; Mr. Scrivin's wonderful tribute to Mr. Gilmour's work in Papua, or Mr. Scotter's fascinating account of his visit to the Solomon Islands as one of the deputation to share in the Semi-Jubilee celebrations. Suffice it to say that the great Missionary Meeting was a fitting crown to a most interesting Foreign Mission Day at the Conference!

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Assistant Secretary: Miss JAMIESON, Albert St., Palmerston North.

Treasurer: Miss CUNNINGHAME, Heretaunga St., Palmerston North.

Dominion Box Organiser: MRS. M. SMETHURST, 3 Ladies' Mile, Remuera, Auckland.

BOOKS

The Romance of the Pioneers and Missionary Enterprise.

- PAPUA FOR CHRIST.**—The story of the land and its people; Missionary efforts and results.
By J. W. BURTON. 3/4 posted.
- MAHATMA GANDHI,**
An Essay in Appreciation.
By R. M. GRAY & M. C. PAREKH. 4/4 posted.
- A RETROSPECT.**
By J. HUDSON TAYLOR. 1/9 posted.
- ALEXANDER DUFF,**
Pioneer of Missionary Education.
By WILLIAM PATON. 7/6 posted.
- SHEPHERD OF UDAIPUR,**
And the land he loved.
By GEORGE CARSTAIRS, P.D., 8/- posted.
- SUNDAR SINGH,**
The Lion-Hearted Warrior.
By E. SANDERS 2/9 posted.
- VILLAGE FOLK OF INDIA,**
By ROBERT H. BOYD. 2/3 posted.
- THE MOSLEM WORLD IN REVOLUTION.**
By W. W. CASH. 2/9 posted.
- IN CHINA NOW.**
By J. C. KEYTE. 2/9 posted.
- JACKSON OF MOUKDEN.**
By MRS. D. CHRISTIE. 2/10 posted.
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By J. H. MORRISON. 3/- posted.
- CHALMERS OF NEW GUINEA.**
By ALEX. SMALL. 3/- posted.
- LABRADOR DAYS.**
By W. T. GRENFELL. 2/10 posted.
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