

THE OPEN DOOR

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From the Mission Office.

£20,000.

"The Conference directs that a special missionary effort be made throughout the connexion in 1929." "That an appeal be made to our people to contribute £20,000 this year to Foreign Missions." Such were the carefully considered resolutions of the last Conference. The campaign to raise this amount is now in full swing in the North Island, and later in the year the Missionary invasion of the South Island will take place. The President of the Conference and the General Secretary, with their native helpers, are pressing the appeal in the Circuits with much encouragement. Services and meetings are being well attended, and much interest and even enthusiasm in some places, is in evidence. The missionary tide is rising in the Church.

Shall We Succeed.

Will the £20,000 be raised? This question is frequently put to the deputations in their visitation of the Circuits. The only answer that can be given at present is that the Church is well able to contribute this amount, and that the result of the effort will depend upon the vigorous prosecution of the appeal to every member of the Church for a sacrificial offering. Where there is careful organisation by ministers, circuit secretaries and committees, the amount allocated to the individual circuits will be reached. If the whole movement is lifted on to a high spiritual plane, and is bathed in the atmosphere of prayer, it will no longer be a mere money-raising campaign, but will be the means of spiritual impetus to the whole Church.

Money Going Out of the Circuit.

We have met officials who think that money given to Foreign Missions and similar causes, impoverishes and weakens a circuit. The very opposite, however, is the case. A Church is enriched and strengthened by this unselfish

giving. Mr. Isaac Holden, a prominent Wesleyan layman, speaking recently in London, made some pertinent remarks in this connection.

He said, "there are depressing whispers of what 'somebody else' had said about too much money going out of the circuit, although, for one, he could not see how that could be, since John Wesley claimed the whole world as his parish or circuit! No method can be adopted to decrease money going out of any circuit without it having the effect of decreasing by twice as much, the money available for work in that circuit. The best way to help forward the work at home is by helping people to obtain the widest possible vision."

The Urgency of the Need.

The needs of the Mission Field at the present time are urgent and great. Much of the work in the Solomons is still in the pioneer stage, and there is abundance of room for extension and development. Open doors invite on every hand in Bougainville and Buka. People in heathen villages are begging for teachers to be placed in their midst. More missionaries are required to occupy strategic positions. The appeal of the people of Senga, which appears in this issue, to have their missionary restored to them, must be regarded. The medical work is full of promise. The reports of the work of Dr. James, on Choisuel, show the sore need of the people there. Another nurse must be sent to strengthen the staff. A missionary sister must be appointed to assist on the lonely station at Siwai, where Mr. and Mrs. Voyce are bravely facing difficulties, and are doing noble work. We are pledged to the erection of the Helena Goldie Hospital at Roviana, next year. These and other needs cry aloud for attention. The Church in New Zealand is asked to find £20,000 this year. What is the response to be? The answer will be awaited on the Mission Field with much interest and anxiety.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

MEDICAL MISSION WORK ON CHOISEUL.

The Rev. Vincent le C. Binet, who has recently returned to the Mission Field after furlough in New Zealand, sends interesting information of the medical work of Dr. Clifford James on the Island of Choiseul. Mr. Binet writes:—

The hospital, erected mainly by voluntary labour, is a scene of constant activity, and already a number of lives have been snatched from the brink of the grave, and actually over a thousand different individuals on Choiseul have been treated by Dr. James during the last three months, involving over 10,000 treatments.

The Doctor and I paid a flying visit to Senga on the "Tandanya," and we had big congregations on the Sunday for the services which were held in the new Church.

I interpreted the Doctor's address in the afternoon, which was listened to with rapt attention by the 350 native people present.

On the following day the Doctor attended to no less than 174 different individuals, whose names, approximate ages, village and malady,

were all duly recorded. Whilst the Doctor diagnosed, I acted as scribe.

A large percentage of the people were found to be suffering from chronic malaria. Injections were also given for yaws, amounting to 74.

A very serious case of cerebral malaria was brought in, and prompt measures were at once resorted to by the doctor, but alas, without success.

On the Wednesday many other patients were treated at Varese, 35 miles west of Senga.

We returned to Choiseul Bay with a large number of bags of gift copra. There, too, a white patient awaited the doctor, and after a dental operation had been performed, we returned to Bambatana.

The clutch of the "Te Karere," which had been repaired in Sydney, had been recently



THE HOSPITAL STAFF AT ROVIANA.

Nurse Lilian Berry, Dr. E. G. Sayers, Nurse Edna White and native helpers.

Early Days at Roviana.

By Rev. J. F. Goldie.

ROVIANA, 1902.

The old steamer "Titus" steamed slowly through the narrow entrance of the Roviana Lagoon, and the two young men looking over the rail were drinking in the beauty of the wonderful tropical scenery—the vari-coloured foliage of the tropical forests on either side reaching out and almost touching the sides of the vessel, the beautiful shades of the waters on the coral reefs, the canoes filled with curious yet timid natives. It was all a new experience to them, and they were thrilled with the idea of the new life in these wonderful islands—with the great adventure upon which they were now fairly entering.

The young Methodist Ministers—one of them just entering upon his term of probation, and the other just ordained to the work of the Ministry—had been appointed by the Conference of 1902 to "the Solomon Islands District." Their names were down on the list of "Stations" as John F. Goldie and S. Ray Rooney. With a few native volunteers from the older Mission Districts they had been sent to a portion of the Pacific where not only were there no Methodists, but where the people were still savages, and where the name of Christ had never been heard.

With sanctified audacity these two young men had set out to win the savage tribes of the Western Solomons for Christ.

The "Titus" was not exactly a floating palace. The cabins were small and very dirty, and one had to be content to share them with the rats and other vermin—friendly enough in their way, but rather inclined to take too much for granted. Dim smoky oil lamps were the only means of illumination at night, so that reading was out of the question. There was no ice or cooling chamber, and so a sheep was killed every morning for food—generally one whose life was already despaired of. For over three weeks this old iron tub had been "home," since their departure from Sydney. The voyage had been a rough one, and on their way up they had touched at Norfolk Island, and visited some of the Presbyterian Mission Stations in the New Hebrides, called at the Government Station in the Eastern Solomons, and now they were almost at their journey's end. To-morrow they expected to leave the "Titus," and land somewhere in New Georgia, and begin their work in real earnest.

"Sorry to leave the old Ark, Ray?" asked Goldie of his colleague, "or would you like to remain on this floating 'home, sweet home?'"

"Sweet enough, old chap," replied Rooney, "but I know when I've had enough of a good thing. For three weeks that pen of sheep has been

just outside my cabin door, and the crew have found it impossible to wash down owing to the deck load of timber and other cargo."

"Well, my nearest neighbours are the pigs," said Goldie, "and they certainly want the ship to themselves. However," he added, "Dr. Brown says that we shall be sleeping ashore to-morrow, and if we are successful in securing a site for our station we will soon be hard at work putting up our house."

As the little vessel dropped anchor in the Lagoon some of the canoes ventured a little nearer. Dr. Brown, who had visited the spot the previous year, and who had accompanied the party in order to assist his young colleagues to establish the first station in this wild region, was anxious to get into communication with some of these canoes, but they stood off at a respectful distance. "There are some of your parishioners, Goldie," he said.

"Yes, but they don't seem to recognise their Pastor, Doctor?" was the reply.

"Well, they have the reputation of being the worst natives in the Western Pacific, and no doubt they well deserve their reputation. Warships have stood off and shelled their villages, parties have been repeatedly landed to burn their houses, and to punish them for their head-hunting raids, but they are just as bad as ever. Now you will have a fine opportunity for work, and of seeing what the Gospel of Christ can do for them. I am not afraid of the result," added this fine old Missionary.

"Remember that Rooney and I are both young men, and without any experience of natives, Doctor," said Goldie. "We have no knowledge of their language, manners and customs. There is, however, the universal language of love, and I have no fear that the Gospel will fail. It has never failed yet, and I am confident that Christ lifted up before these dirty degraded savages will win them to Himself."

It had been a week of hard work for the two young pioneers. All the stores, timber, boats, and other equipment had been landed and stacked carefully. Dr. Brown had left in the Government vessel for a trip to Lua Nua. Tired, but happy in their work, and confident of the success of their mission, the two men visited the villages which dotted the shore line of the wonderful Roviana Lagoon. Their reception by the natives was certainly not gushing. The difficulties of communication were great. The dark-skinned sullen savages knew nothing of English, and looked with evident suspicion on the new arrivals. The white men knew nothing of Roviana language, of course,

and hand-shaking was not understood. The Lagoon was disturbed and the people excited about the killing of a man on the same day that the steamer arrived. The man may possibly have been guilty of some serious offence against tribal customs, and swift and sure vengeance had overtaken him. But his own tribe resented this, and they were preparing to make reprisals. One man, a tall well-built fellow, who spoke a little pidgin English and appeared to be very friendly to the Missionaries, was an interested spectator of all that went on. He turned out to be the chief of Kongu on the mainland of New Georgia, and Goldie managed to persuade him to accompany him in his search for a site for the head mission station. The native knew every inch of the country side, which they tramped over for several days, and had a story to tell about every part. Fights and raids, witches and evil spirits, and these came out, as they tramped along the shore, or sat for a spell on a fallen log in the forest. He always carried a battle axe or club, and his shield, and rarely laid these aside even for a moment or two while he joined his companion in having something to eat. When at last Kokeqolo was selected, he was of great assistance in negotiating for the purchase of the land. It turned out that this chief—Mia Bule—was one of the most notorious head-hunters in the district, and according to the Resident Commissioner, had actually dared to threaten the Captain of the H.M.S. "Royalist" on his own ship. To the young Missionary, however, there appeared nothing treacherous about him in spite of his unprepossessing appearance, and during long years of friendship following that search for a site for a mission station he never had to regret the confidence he placed in this old savage.

Dr. Brown, on his return from Lua Nua, was not enthusiastic about the site selected for the head station. "Too far from the shore, Goldie," he said. "You will never get the natives here. It will be nothing but a hole in the bush." The two sat on a little hill called Kokeqolo. A few trees had been cut down, but the dense tropical jungle met overhead. The old Missionary—doubtful about the wisdom of the choice, but with full confidence in his young colleague. The younger man, although not a visionary or dreamer, casting his mind forward, and calling up mental pictures of the years to come, and confident that by God's Grace those pictures would some day have a corresponding reality—a scene of missionary activity, the tropical forest cleared away, and beautiful cocoanut palms flourishing over the flat land from the hill on which they stood to the sea. Church and school and hospital and crowds of happy Christian people formed part of that picture. His faith in God made possible these things, made the future as real to him as the present.

As the two sat in the jungle discussing the difficulties that for the present faced the two young Ministers there was no thought of failure in their hearts—no room for such a thought. The language was strange and uncouth, and had never been reduced to writing. It would probably prove a very poor and inadequate medium for conveying to the untutored minds of these savages the sublime truths of Christ's message. The people were cruel, crafty and filthy, and driven by their superstitious fears to their grotesque and horrible practices of heading, sorcery, and witchcraft. Not a man, woman, or child had even heard of the name of Christ. Not only this, but they did not want the Missionary. When fear did not sting them to active opposition they were absolutely indifferent. Humanly speaking the two young men with their few native assistants were attempting the impossible.

It is years ago since the two young Methodist Missionaries—Goldie and Rooney—with a faith in God that laughed at difficulties and scorned impossibilities, landed on New Georgia and literally started to cut down the virgin forest, years that brought no exemption from dangers, sickness, pain, trial, and disappointment for the little band. Some of that pioneer party were called upon to make the supreme sacrifice, and were laid to rest on that far off shore. Others were called upon to stand at the graveside of their loved one—wife, brother and child—but there were no hard or rebellious thoughts in their hearts. They had all come to this work knowing that this might be required of them, and so they dried their tears and turned again to their work.

It is years since the leader of that little band, under the shade of the tropical bush on the little hill named "Kokeqolo," had called up mental pictures of the future. But those drafts on the Bank of Faith have been all honoured, and the dream has been translated into a glorious reality.

On the very spot where in 1902 Dr. Brown sat with his young colleague—a spot sacred to hundreds who since that day have made surrender to Christ there—stands the headquarters of the Methodist Mission. Church, College, School, Hospital, Mission houses, workshops, and all the activities of a great Mission. There is only one of the original party of Europeans left, but the same young Minister—with streaks of grey in his hair now—looks out on the actual realisation of his dreams. From the spot on which he stands he looks over the beautiful waving palms of a fine plantation extending to the shores of the Lagoon which ripples in the sunlight nearly half a mile away. The crude language of these savage people has been reduced to writing, and greatly enriched by new and Christian ideas, and from every village on the shore