

White

The Open Door

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

June, 1930.



A Papuan. (See page 9).

"A Great Door & Effectual is opened unto us"

ST. PAUL.

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THE OPEN DOOR

Names and Postal Addresses of Missionaries, Missionary Sisters and Lay Missionaries.

SOLOMON ISLANDS MISSION DISTRICT.

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Rev. J. F. GOLDIE	Roviana, British Solomon Islands.
Rev. V. Le C. BINET	Gizo, British Solomon Islands.
Rev. J. R. METCALFE	Buka Passage, Bougainville, Mandated Territory of New Guinea.
Rev. A. A. BENSLEY	Gizo, British Solomon Islands.
Rev. TOM DENT	Patutiva, Marovo, British Solomon Islands.
Rev. A. H. CROPP	Buka Passage, Bougainville, Mandated Territory of New Guinea.
Rev. A. H. VOYCE	Kieta, Bougainville, Mandated Territory of New Guinea.
Rev. F. H. HAYMAN	Roviana, British Solomon Islands.

MISSIONARY DOCTORS.

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Dr. CLIFFORD JAMES	Gizo, British Solomon Islands.

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Sister ETHEL McMILLAN	Gizo, British Solomon Islands.
Nurse LILIAN BERRY	Roviana, British Solomon Islands.
Sister MAY BARNETT	Gizo, British Solomon Islands.
Sister ELIZAZETH COMMON	Buka Passage, Bougainville, Mandated Territory of New Guinea.
Sister LINA JONES	Roviana, British Solomon Islands.
Sister JEAN DALZIEL	Roviana, British Solomon Islands.
Nurse EDNA WHITE	Roviana, British Solomon Islands.
Sister GRACE McDONALD	Gizo, British Solomon Islands.
Nurse Muriel STEWART	Gizo, British Solomon Islands.
Nurse CORALIE MURRAY	Gizo, British Solomon Islands.

NATIVE MISSIONARIES.

Rev. JOELI SOAKAI	Roviana, Solomon Islands.
Rev. NAPATALI FOTU	Simbo, Roviana, Solomon Islands.
Rev. PAULA HAVEA	Roviana, Solomon Islands.

Add "Methodist Mission" to every Address.

THE OPEN DOOR.

Editor: Rev. W. A. SINCLAIR,
Probert Chambers,
Upper Queen Street, Auckland.

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Editor: Rev. E. P. BLAMIRE

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The Missionary Organ of
the Methodist Church of
New Zealand. . . .

VOL. IX. No. 1.

JUNE, 1930.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

From the Mission Office.

Maintain the High Level.

Last year was a year of special Missionary appeal when the founder of the Solomon's Mission was in our midst as the President of the Conference. A record income of £16,121 was then registered. There were several special and some large gifts but the increased income was obtained because of a greatly increased number of subscribers. There is no reason why these new subscribers should not become annual subscribers. This year's slogan is "Maintain the high level giving of last year."

A Missionary Ladder.

In this issue a Missionary ladder appears on which will be indicated in each number of the paper, the steps by which the missionary income of the year climbs, perhaps slowly and laboriously, to the top-most rung of £15,000, the amount needed to maintain the work on the Solomon Islands Mission Field this year. The highest step on the ladder can only be reached if every minister, missionary secretary and collector will put every ounce of strength into the sacred task of securing the required income. The more difficult the task the greater the need for consecrated energy. It is a year of financial difficulty but God's work among these needy people of the Pacific must not be allowed to suffer on that account. Sacrificial giving on the part of all our members will be necessary. If it costs much to send the light to those who sit in darkness, we must always remember what it cost to kindle the light, the sacrifice of the Son of God.

Banga Plantation Debentures.

The Board of Missions is aiming at raising by means of debentures a sum of £6000 for developing and extending the

coco-nut plantation on the island of Banga. This is an island of about 1000 acres, the gift of an old trader to the Missionary Society. About half of the island is planted with coco-nut trees and a considerable area is now in full bearing. An amount of £3400 has already been received and it is hoped that the sum aimed at may be raised by the end of this year. Full information as to interest, etc., may be obtained on application to the Missionary treasurer, Rev. G. T. Marshall, Probert Chambers, Queen St., Auckland. Investors will be assisting the Missionary Society by taking up some of these debentures. Small amounts will be welcomed as debentures are issued in series of £25.

Assistant teacher needed.

An assistant kindergarten teacher is urgently needed for the head station at Roviana. For several years Sister Lina Jones has done excellent work in this school but she badly needs an assistant. Repeated attacks of malaria have drawn heavily on her physical energies. There is a fine opportunity here for a Christian young woman with the necessary qualification to serve the Missionary cause. Information will be gladly supplied on application to the General Secretary, Probert Chambers, Queen Street, Auckland, or to the Secretary of the Women's Missionary Union, Mrs. F. Thompson, Repton Street, St. Albans, Christchurch.

A new map.

A new map of the Mission District in the Solomon Islands has just been published. It shows the location of the various stations, circuit boundaries, etc. The map will be indispensable to Bible Classes, Sunday Schools, Women's Auxiliaries and other Church organisations. A deluge of orders for the new map will be welcomed at the Mission Office.

Progress on Vella Lavella.

By Rev. A. A. BENSLEY.

We are now enjoying a period of calm after a rather bad spell. At this time of the year we expect stormy weather and this year there has been no mistake about it. We have had a succession of severe storms and a good number of prone cocoanut trees in the plantation testify to the unusual force of the wind. The thunder and lightning have been remarkably violent and smitten trees in the plantation are not uncommon. The Sisters had an unpleasant surprise one morning when the lightning came knocking at the door. A switch board was badly fused and a verandah post split. At such times one does not choose to do much boat work though even with careful watching one gets badly caught at times. Recently we just arrived at a fairly safe anchorage when down it came. The force of the wind was such that it seemed as though every stitch of awning must be stripped off the deck and the rain teemed down in what seemed a solid sheet.

Naming a Baby.

Last week we paid a visit to a small outpost on the island of Ronongo and opened a fine little Church. All the teachers from the various out-stations on the island had gathered for the occasion and took a prominent part, of course, in the usual tea-meeting. The little Church could not nearly contain all who had come together but the six mothers with their six black infants to be presented for baptism, were well up to the front. Sometimes the teacher has the names and particulars relating to the babies to be baptised all ready enumerated on a piece of paper, but occasionally the minister has to select a new name all in a hurry and it is then that he runs hurriedly over the names of his brethren in the ministry, and selects from the easily-pronounced ones. The name selected by the parents of one of the six above-mentioned, had the minister guessing the other day. It was written down on the slip of paper right enough, "Meolopa," no less. He was assured that this was "vaka pesio," (English) but he had to confess that his education had been sadly neglected. At

last one of the assembled teachers asked the names of the three wise men who had followed the Star in the East, and then light dawned on the benighted missionary. Of course, what could be easier? Melchior it was and is.

Capable Native Teachers.

Most of these lads in charge of out-stations are doing noble work and I never cease to give thanks to God for the Love that has transformed these native boys into His own devoted servants. The small outpost above-mentioned is part of a large out-station in charge of a teacher named William Kiliqima. He was telling



A native teacher and part of his primary school.

Photo: Rev. J. R. Metcalfe.

me of an experience he had had. Further along the coast is an Adventist village. For some years we have had no annoyance from Adventists at all and the people of different religious training have

lived side by side quite amicably, but the people of this village must have been seized with a sudden zeal. Two large canoes filled with Adventists came along to William's village and the people disembarked and lifted their canoes up on the beach. William asked them where they were going and they said they had come and wanted to hold lotu. William said, "We are not heathen people here but we belong to the Methodist Church. If you wish to hold lotu somewhere you should go to a place where the people are heathen and they would be glad to hear you, but we people here are already lotu people." William said they seemed nonplussed and a little ashamed and they put their canoes back into the water again and went back home.



A Study in black and white—Joy Metcalfe and her native nurse. Photo: Rev. J. R. Metcalfe

The Missionary Spirit.

And so the great work goes on. At first these people heard the Gospel of Light from Samoan and Tongan teachers with the help of a few Roviana boys, who had first been instructed. Then came Mr. Nicholson and these helpers from other parts were gradually replaced by Bilua converts. Now all the teachers on Vella Lavella and Ronongo are Bilua boys with the exception of two. This accomplished, and teachers from other parts released,

the Vella people are taking an active part in turn supplying places farther afield. We rejoice that we have such a fine party among the band of native teachers on Bougainville. Three Bilua boys with their young wives have been working for some time with Mr. Cropp and four Ronongo boys, who were sent to College from this Circuit, are also at work up there. We hope that this number will be increased from the Bilua boys we have sent to College and from those who will follow on later. The Spirit of God is very present among our people and our young people feel the call of the wider field.

* * * *

MOHAMMEDANISM IN TURKEY

The Old Order Changing.

Mustapha Kemal has a slogan, "Break with the past." One astonishing phase of this break with the past is shown in the action authorised by the republic of Turkey toward the entire habits of the men in charge of the worship in the Mohammedan mosques. Here are a few quotations from the project for religious reform just made public by the committee appointed by the Theological Faculty of the University of Constantinople:

"Religion is a social institution. It ought to satisfy all the exigencies of life and pursue a process of development. It is wrong to think that our religion should be bound to the old forms and conventions and thus become incapable of progress.

"Our places of worship must be clean, orderly, accessible and inhabitable. Pews and cloak rooms must be provided in them. They must be entered with clean shoes. (Heretofore no Moslem could enter a mosque with any kind of shoes.) The language of worship must not be in Arabic but in the new language.

"Measures should be taken to make worship beautiful, inspiring and spiritual. For this reason it is necessary to prepare singers equipped with a knowledge of music. It is also necessary to have instruments of music in places of worship."

—Christian Herald.

The Legends of a Primitive People.

SEEKERS AFTER GOD.

By REV. A. H. VOYCE.

The mythology, the legends and the stories of a primitive people always prove of interest, especially if those myths, legends and stories can be secured before those people have become much affected by Western civilisation. The Motuna or Siwai people are still very primitive and to the missionary, the anthropologist, and the ethnologist their mythology should prove of absorbing interest. Personally I am greatly interested. I believe that a knowledge of any people greatly assists one in revealing to them the light of the knowledge of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

Tanutanu.

The people of Siwai have an exalted idea of a supreme being who is the giver of life, the controller of all things. They say that playing in their village home on one occasion were the children, when, during a lull in their playing they looked up and saw a white haired, tottering old man coming down the bush pathway who said to them "what are you doing?"

"O we are playing."

"Where are your parents?"

"Away in the forest looking for food."

"What sort of food will they bring?"

"O not very relishing food, it consists of berries, and roots, and often leaves."

"Well, would you like some good food?"

And of course the children were always eager for something good to eat.

"Bring your saucepan," he said—which is a huge clay pot—"Fill it with water and make a fire." And they did as they were instructed. Then the old man stepped inside the saucepan and said "Cover me with leaves for a bed and when you see the steam rising freely take away the leaves and you will find good food beneath." They hesitated, but he insisted and so they did as they were bid. And when the steam began to rise freely from the saucepan, they uncovered it and found beneath the leaves a bright, hard white substance that smelt very appetising. Again they hesitated but their hesi-

tation was overcome by their hunger and so they took of that food and found that it was very good. And whilst they were eating, again they looked up and saw coming down the roadway that same white-haired tottering man and they were afraid, and said to him, "Who are you?" We put you here in the saucepan, now we find good food; who are you and what is this good food?

The man replied that the food was taro. He gave them some roots, told them to plant them, that they would grow well and multiply and that ever afterwards people would come to buy their fine taro. They promised to do as he told them.

And I know to-day that people come from all over the district to buy that taro.

But still those children were not satisfied. They said, "Yes, this is taro, but who are you?" Then back came the reply "Ni no Tanutanu"—I am God. When their parents came home later the children told them of this old man and of what he had said, and their parents replied, "Yes, that must be he alright—the Supreme Being, the creator of the universe, the controller of all things, the Giver of Life and all good, whom we call Tanutanu."

You all know how Paul of old went to that city of Athens, how he found there the temple erected "to the Unknown God," how he proclaimed God the all loving one, as "He whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

So to-day we go to the people of Siwai and we proclaim to them the All Loving God as this Supreme Being—the giver of Life—whom they call Tanutanu. Still they may cry—"Who art thou" and back will come the reply "Ni no Tanutanua—I am God."

And in our translations of the Scriptures and of Christian hymns we have used that word Tanutanu to translate our idea of God, believing that it conveys to them a lofty conception of the Father of all Mercies.

A True Story from the Solomon Islands.

SAVED FROM THE HEAD-HUNTERS

The son of an old-time Head-Hunter becomes a Native Minister.

By BELSHAZZAR GINA.

In the following article, Belshazzar Gina, popularly known as Gina, tells the story of his father and grandfather, and of his own conversion and Christian experience. The article appears as written by himself. He made excellent progress during his two years residence at Wesley College, Paerata, Auckland, and now speaks and writes in quite good English. He was received by the last conference as a probationer for the native ministry. He is now back in the Solomon Islands.

Many years ago the people in the Solomon Islands lived in the dense darkness of heathenism, and the people were always killing each other. In some parts people were cannibals. But first of all let me draw your attention to the discoverers of these Islands. Most people believed that the man who discovered the Solomons was Captain Cook, but that is not so. In the year 1567, a man was sent by the Governor of Peru (a Spanish Navigator) to go to the Pacific to discover some new land, his name was Mendana. When he went to the Solomons he thought that these were the islands where King Solomon, as we read in our Bible, got his gold for the Temple, so he gave the name Solomon Islands. Also he gave a name to one of the islands of the Solomons, Isabel, after his beloved wife Isabel.

To my surprise, when I went to some big schools to address the scholars, very often I found that they didn't know anything about the Solomon Islands. On one occasion I went to a big High School in the North Island and my first question to the people was this—"If any of you girls or boys know where the Solomon Islands are put up your hands and tell me." There was no answer! After my address was finished the head master of the High School came and whispered in my ear, saying, "I am very sorry Gina, because I don't know it myself."

Many years ago a band of savage Solomon Islander warriors left Roviana, on the island of New Georgie, on a head-hunting expedition to the island of Isabel. They raided a village, taking the inhabitants by surprise, killing everyone, and beheading their victims. The part which they like is the head, that is why we were called head-hunters. To the Solomon Islanders the heads of their enemies had

more soul value than anything else, and it was believed that the more human heads one secured, the better time he would have when he passed on to the spirit world. After the slaughter in this village, the raiders set about counting up the heads, and it was found that there were three hundred in all.

Suddenly they heard a little baby cry in a nearby hut, and going in they saw a little baby boy lying almost covered with the heads of his father, mother, brothers and sisters, whose beheaded bodies were lying near. The natives of Roviana were very savage people in the old days, but were not cannibals, with this exception, that the head hunters often returned with one little baby for cooking and eating for their sacrifice, and so when they found this little mite they took him back with them to Roviana, and on arriving at the beach, there was quite a crowd waiting to greet the victors returning from Isabel.

The head-hunters then lined out on the beach in one long line according to custom, commenced to throw the little baby into the air. The first man would throw him up, and the next would catch him and as he caught him, he gave his little body a squeeze, and then throw him up for the next man to catch and squeeze, and so on, until bones would be broken, when he would be cooked and eaten by those savage men. A baby very seldom cries in the Solomons, as all children must keep very quiet for fear of attracting an enemy. Children soon learned that it was not safe to stray even 1000 yards from their village. And so too if a baby cries while it is being thrown up into the air in this manner, it would be regarded as a message from the spirit world, and so the baby would not be eaten, but kept as a slave. It happened that on this occasion there was on the beach an old woman who

had been saved from death when she was a baby because she cried. She was waiting near, hoping that this little boy would cry. This he did just before he reached the end of the line, just before many of his bones had been broken. The old woman took charge of the little chap and in a few weeks he was well again. Later he became the slave of the high chief of the district, and by the time he had grown to manhood he became a great head-hunter, very brave in many ways.

To get a wife in the Solomons one had to buy one. This head-hunter, however, was a slave and could not afford to buy a wife, but the high chief thought so much of his bravery that he purchased a wife for him. (Lucky man). Later, a little son was born to them, but the mother died. As it was not the custom for anyone to look after other people's babies the little orphans were often buried alive along with the dead body of the mother, so that they can be together in the spirit world. However, just as this wee mite was being put into the grave with his dead mother, a woman jumped in and took him up, saying, "I will look after him." And so an-



Belshazzar Gina.

other little fellow was saved from death in the nick of time.

As the years went by he grew up to manhood and later became a head hunter and also married. By this time the missionaries had come to the Solomon Islands and so commenced their work at Roviana. This man was a painted warrior, and he had a little son of his own. He was a dirty, naked little savage like the other boys but later on his father became a Christian and sent this boy to the Mission School and soon became quite interested in the Mission, although he was not very fond of school and often ran away from school. But there was something which made him go to school more regularly while the mission boat was in the bay. He used to go and amuse himself and others by climbing the mast and diving feet first into the water. Sometimes he would go to the door of the cabin and stand with a fan watching those inside, amongst them two chiefs from New Zealand, Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Court. Asked one day if he would like to be a teacher he promptly replied "Yes, I would like to be a teacher." Asked if he would like to be a missionary he again replied in the affirmative, and then, as though he thought he might have appeared to be ambitious, said "One thing I know, I am going to be a Christian." Thank God that I am a Christian to-day.

I am he whose grandfather was saved from the head hunters and whose father was saved from being buried alive.

As you all know I am leaving New Zealand for my great work in the Solomons, after having spent three years gaining knowledge in this land. It is my great joy to be the first Solomon Islander to become a Native Minister of the Methodist Church, and I am proud to call myself a Methodist, and my greatest ambition is to become a missionary in the parts where the Gospel has never been preached.

I can still remember the day when I came face to face with Jesus, when one Sunday afternoon at Roviana, Mr. Goldie appealed to the Native College boys to go out as missionaries. There and then I felt my Saviour calling, and it has been fulfilled. I am one whose life has been transformed by the Lotu, going back to

preach that wonderful news that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

I am very, very sorry to say "Good-bye" to you New Zealand friends, but I am looking forward to my life's work over yonder. Thank you all throughout New Zealand for all your kindness to me in your homes and otherwise. I want you all to pray for me that God may help me to win the hearts of the people at Ontong Java. I shall find everything different but I have no doubt you friends here will pray for me and other workers on the fields.

"Out on the mountain far away,
Out in the cold and danger
When I was wandering far astray,
Still to my Saviour a stranger,

Love won my heart,
Christ died for me,
God's love to me, deep as the sea,
So strong and free,
Love won my heart."

Now, I must stop and say not good-bye, but, Au revoir.



A group of lepers in the Solomon Islands.

The Archbishop of Canterbury recently made this statement: "With increasing knowledge comes a deepening conviction that what matters most, that what ought to loom the largest, is the directly Missionary work of the Church. Be quite sure that the place of Missions in the life of the Church must be the central place, and none other. Let people get hold of that, and it will tell. Secure for that thought its true place in our plans, our policies, our prayers, and then—well, then the issue is God's, not ours."

The Earl of Lytton on Indian Missions.

Sir Henry Lunn writes in the Methodist Recorder.—

During Lord Lytton's stay in the Alps this month I have had the opportunity of hearing his views on many Indian questions. Before the War he spent Christmas several times in Switzerland, and in the intervening years has been successively Parliamentary Secretary for India, Governor of Bengal, and Viceroy of India. His father was also Viceroy of India, and in Calcutta he lived in the Residency where he himself was born in 1876, and worked in his father's room. At the commencement of his term of office he tells me that he won many friends by saying, "I am an Indian." With this background he has always taken the greatest interest in everything Indian, and it was possible for him to bring all the wealth of his experience to bear on the great question of the future of religion in India.

I therefore asked him what was his considered opinion of the work of the great army of Indian missionaries. Without any hesitation he replied: "I know it to be excellent. The Missionary Societies are doing splendid work. All the missionaries whom I have known throw themselves into their work with the devotion of a life-long consecration to a high task. I have often realised in hearing or reading Missionary Reports at home how impossible it is for the missionary advocate to reproduce the ethos and atmosphere of the beneficent establishments, educational, medical and technical, which are rendering such an immense service in these years of constitutional change in the life of the Indian people. I have felt it a privilege to bear testimony in public to the noble and self-sacrificing work of these men and women who have gone to India for the sake of her people. I may best sum up my feelings about them by repeating what I wrote home soon after I arrived in India. 'The red carpet which is spread for me at official functions would be more fittingly laid under the feet of the missionary men and women whom I am meeting from time to time.'"

Missionary Table Talk.

Information has been received from Melbourne that Mrs. Goldie has quite recovered from the accident which happened to her in Sydney, when she was knocked down by a motor car.

* * * *

Sister Elizabeth Common is at present in the public hospital, Auckland, where she is undergoing treatment. Though still far from well, she is much better than when she arrived here on furlough early in the year.

* * * *

Sister Vivian Atkin, after two years service on the Mission field, has resigned from the work.

* * * *

The Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Voyce, after furlough in New Zealand, have returned to their work on Bougainville. Mr. Voyce has rendered splendid service as a missionary deputation while Mrs. Voyce has done effective work in addressing meetings of the Women's Auxiliaries. They have taken with them large quantities of materials for their work, which have been sent from all parts of the Dominion.

* * * *

The Rev. J. F. Goldie is now back at his post of duty as Chairman of the Solomon Islands District. Very important matters are waiting to be dealt with by him. On his return journey, Mr. Goldie flew from Sydney to Brisbane, where he joined the steamer for the Solomons.

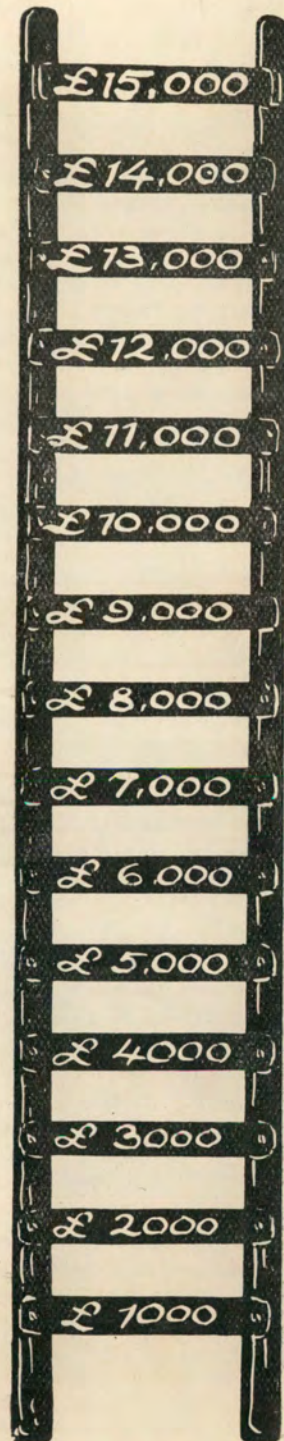
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Belshazzar Gina travelled by the same boat as Mr. Goldie. After spending time in gaining some medical knowledge under the direction of one of the doctors, he will leave for his work in the group of islands known as Ontong Java. Several people in New Zealand heard him as he sang and spoke over the wireless in Sydney.

* * * *

The late Miss Cameron of Dunedin, an old and faithful member of Trinity Church in that city, has provided in her will for a legacy of £50 for our Foreign Missions. Since our New Zealand Church became responsible for the Word in the Solomon Islands, notification has been received of about fifty legacies.

The Arrow indicates the amount already received by the Treasurer.



OUR MISSIONARY LADDER.
£15,000 needed this year.

Thirty Years in Papua.

SPLENDID RESULTS.

The Rev. M. K. Gilmour of Papua was the gift of the Methodist Church of New Zealand to the Methodist Missionary Society of Australasia. Mrs. Gilmour also is a New Zealander. They have given thirty years of most valuable service to the Mission in Papua. For several years he has been Chairman of the Mission District. Mr. Gilmour's many New Zealand friends will be pleased to learn that his health is wonderfully improved.

The following is a report of an address delivered recently at Brisbane by Mr. Gilmour:

Over fifty years ago I knelt in the snow, away in Scotland. I was a little fellow, and had my tam-o-shanter on, and there in the snow I asked God to make me a Foreign Missionary. By His grace and through your liberality I am, and have been for many years, a Foreign Missionary, and I want to thank you for the privilege of living the fullest life, the biggest life, that it was possible for me to live. I want to thank you for making it possible for me to have those glorious blessed years.

And then, on behalf of Methodist Papua, I want to thank you for Sir Hubert Murray, the Lieutenant-Governor of Papua, a delightful, devout, humble-minded Christian gentleman, an outstanding example of sympathetic, sane, statesmanlike administration. An Australian, tall and lank, with typical stoop, with an expression in his eyes that leads one to think of the far distances, an Empire-Builders with his vision of to-morrow, one who builds for the future; sometimes with money-grubbers, and exploiters of native peoples, like puppy-dogs, snarling at his heels, but he stands just and fearless. Australians ought to be proud that where-ever the care of native races is discussed Sir Hubert is quoted.

A Lovable People.

Now, I want you to love my Papuans, and all these brown peoples in the South Seas. I had a sunny brown Papuan with me a few years ago, Mataio, who in this Conference told you that if you had any duffers in the N.S.W. ministry you should keep them here and not send them to Papua, because, here if they can't preach there are plenty of local preachers who can preach, and if they cannot manage the business side of the work there are plenty of business men who can do it for them, but down in Papua there is no-one.

Mataio was away in Gippsland staying in a delightful home and one day the little son of the house said "O Mataio, I do love you, but Mataio you are brown. Never mind, I will make you white." So he spat on Mataio's hand

and rubbed it with his handkerchief, and rubbed and rubbed, then he got some sand and rubbed and rubbed, and then he looked at it and said, "Mataio, you are still brown." Mataio turned the palm of his hand which was white and the little chap looked at it and said, "Mataio, I know what happened, long ago, when you were a little boy you used to play every day in the mud and wouldn't let your mother wash you and so you stayed brown, but O Mataio, never mind, I do love you and I want you for my own."

A Sense of Humour.

I do want you to love my Papuans. I know you would like to have them white, but we are not trying to make them white, not even trying to make them like the white man. You will have to love them brown, in the colour God made them, and they are lovable, and they are worth while loving. Why, they even have a sense of humour. You know that one of the great peoples of the earth are supposed to have no sense of humour.

Years ago, I was travelling in a whaleboat. We had been two days without shelter under the sweltering rays of the sun. The General Secretary was with me, he was a man of comfortable proportions, he had an all round comfortable waist-line. One of my boys was holding an umbrella over the General Secretary, for the sun streamed down. In those days I was lean and lank and angular. The General Secretary said to the boy "Why don't you hold the umbrella over your Chairman, we can get plenty of General Secretaries in Sydney, but it would be hard to get you another Chairman." The boy looked him all round and then said "Please sir, don't you know grease melts in the sun." Further, they can even beat them at their own game, arriving at a bargain. We are inclined to measure things by money and trading standards. We had a boy who belonged to the trading tribes and one day a man complained that this boy had bought a fowl from him and hadn't paid for it. I called the boy in,

for above all things we like them to live up to the Christian standards, and said to him "Esau, this man tells me that you bought a fowl from him and haven't paid for it."

He said, "That is true, sir." I said, "What about it." He said, "Well, it was like this, that man had a fowl that I wanted and I said, if you will give me that fowl, when it lays some eggs I will set the eggs and if they hatch I will give you a chicken in payment for the fowl."

We are Responsible.

I want you to face the fact that these peoples are our responsibility. They lie close to our shores, all along the north of this great continent, and away to the East lie these wonderful, romantic and mysterious islands of the Coral Seas. Some of them with great mountain peaks piled one upon another till they are lost in the clouds, others little flat coral islands, the home of the birds of paradise, lands of pearls and gold and sweet-smelling sandal wood, and all the lavish luxuriousness and colour of the tropics and beauty and grace of the palm. Set in these sunlit seas with their matchless ribbons of reef colour, they are near us, near us in the plan of God, and God, I believe, does nothing haphazard. We have made a terrible mess of things with the blacks of our own land, but God, in His infinite mercy, gives us another chance in these brown, sunny peoples. Some of them are also our direct responsibility by mandate. They are ours to protect and develop and care for, and a sacred trust of civilisation, committed to us, because we have risen in the scale of civilisation, while they, in their childishness are unable to protect or develop or care for themselves.

Sphere of Influence.

Others, as in Papua, are in a field set apart and recognised as the sphere of Methodism, a trust accepted by us and by our acceptance of that trust other helpers are shut out. They can only look to us. I thank God that we have these spheres of influence that mean so much in missionary energy, which would otherwise be squandered and dissipated. They are our peoples, not for the tropical produce of their lands, for which we are so greedy, the gold and pearls and the oil and the copra. Ours, not for what we can get out of them. They will always cost us more in material things than we shall get in material returns. They will cost us in the life and blood of these who go out of this continent. It is our responsibility, not to get, but to give, to find our souls in developing others, to prove our right to nationhood by

nurturing these peoples.

And then I want you to face the fact that we have injured them. They are dying of our diseases. Our magnificent navigators and explorers went in among them blazing a trail. They were followed by our traders greedy for the treasures of these islands, widening that trail. All along the way they entered, our diseases passed, and now these poor people are decadent and dying as a result. It is one of the humiliations that the impact of our civilisation destroys their civilisation, for they were civilised. They had their own laws, but they were wrapped up in what we often term foolish, childish superstitions, and grotesque fancies, and supported by their old isolations. In destroying the fantastic outer wrappings we destroy the kernel of good, in breaking down the old isolation we rob them of their old reinforcements—so we have shattered and destroyed their laws.

We have written a terrible history with our blacks, we have an awful record against us; here is our chance to profit by the past, to make good, and be assured of this, that when we as a community sin, as a community we suffer. Nations have no corporate existence after death and hence, while on earth they must suffer for their sins.

Marked Progress.

Then, I want you to face the fact of those five fateful years. I am not going to toll the bell; if I had my way, when you think of Papua I would make you sing the Doxology. I want you to remember that down there we have nearly 13,000 meeting in class and nearly 35,000 attending public worship. Our increase of those meeting in class for the year is 1,199. During those five fateful years we have increased the number of our village pastors by 42%, our class leaders by 42%, our local preachers by 122%. We have got into such a habit of measuring things by money and yet in those fateful years we have had an increase of 96% in our giving.

Last year we had 830 admissions to hospital, a daily average of 53. In addition to that we gave 27,000 other treatments. Even a layman passing the island can see the immense difference that has been wrought by this medical service. In those five years we have practically developed Salamo and have now a great institution numbering over 300 people. Our technical work has been developed.

Sacrificial Giving.

We have to face the fact of financial depres-

sion; and the clouds are heavy and the outlook is dark, but is it as bad as we are making ourselves believe? Won't you face these facts of financial stress in the real Papuan way? I am thinking of the district round about Salamo, a people with whom we have more recently come into contact. Some time ago the Government instituted a tax on natives. The people of the Salamo district gathered together in great consternation and discussed the position. Some said that if they had to give to the Government they could not be expected to give to the missionary meeting, but the others said that God came first and the government came after and they were going to give to God first, and even if they have to suffer they must keep up their giving to God and that if it is right for them to give so much money to the Government they should have been giving so much more to God. And so with each succeeding year they

have had an increase in the giving at the missionary meeting. I remember a missionary meeting where a steward was making an appeal to further exceed the record and a young man spat a shilling out of his mouth, where they very often keep their money, and said, "Well, I was going to keep it for tobacco, for I do love tobacco, but if I had kept it and bought tobacco it would have been lost in smoke, if I give it to God it will never be lost, but will remain for ever."

I see that overseas investors in Australia have been seeking an assurance that their investments and returns will be certain and safe. Now here is something in which your returns are always assured and your capital is safe for all time, and beyond that when time is no more. While even here it will be returned a hundred fold.

Prize Missionary Hymn.

This hymn by Professor Henry Hallam, of the Divinity School of Yale University, was selected by a Committee of the American Hymn Society as the best new missionary hymn written in the modern spirit. A prize of 100 dollars offered by the Hymn Society was awarded to the author. More than a thousand manuscripts were submitted in the competition.

Eternal God, whose power upholds
Both flower and flaming star,
To whom there is no here nor there,
No time, no near nor far,
No alien race, no foreign shore,
No child unsought, unknown,
O send us forth, thy prophets true,
To make all lands thine own!

O God of love, whose spirit wakes
In every human breast,
Whom love, and love alone, can know,
In whom all hearts find rest,
Help us to spread thy gracious reign
Till greed and hate shall cease,
And kindness dwell in human hearts,
And all the earth find peace!

O God of truth, whom science seeks
And reverent souls adore,
Who lightest every earnest mind
Of every clime and shore,

Dispel the gloom of error's night,
Of ignorance and fear,
Until true wisdom from above
Shall make life's pathway clear!

O God of beauty, oft revealed
In dreams of human art,
In speech that flows to melody,
In holiness of heart,
Teach us to ban all ugliness
That blinds our eyes to thee,
Till all shall know the loveliness
Of lives made fair and free!

O God of righteousness and grace,
Seen in the Christ, thy Son,
Whose life and death reveal thy face,
By whom thy will was done,
Inspire thy heralds of good news
To live thy life divine,
Till Christ be formed in all mankind,
And every land is thine!

Mrs. A. J. Small, of Fiji.

FIFTY-ONE YEARS A MISSIONARY.

By Rev. R. B. Gosnell.

To have reached the age of seventy-five demands more than passing notice. To have spent more than fifty-one of such years as a Missionary in the Isles of the Pacific is a record of which any Church might well be proud.

Often it has occurred to me, what were the thoughts in the minds of the happy young couple, Arthur James and Emma Small as they sailed out of Sydney

bered, for, favoured with the best of weather, mother and daughter had many outings together, paying visits of comfort and cheer to the aged and ailing. When pressed to continue her stay in New Zealand for at least another month, the oft-repeated reply was "No, I must go back to my people of Fiji." But God thought otherwise.

The evening of Anzac Day was spent quietly in the home of her daughter. After supper she retired to her room but soon a call of alarm came from Mrs. Gosnell and hastening into their room I found that translation had taken place—she was not for God had called her. Truly a beautiful way for a saint of God to go home. The sadness and tears are for those who remain, but 'midst all the sorrow and pain of parting, we see the wondrous hand of Divine and Eternal Love.

Laid to rest in the beautiful Te Henui cemetery, New Plymouth, we feel that very few "Mothers in Israel" have left behind a more excellent record than Emma Small of Fiji. Never once during a friendship of over twenty-five years did we ever see her anything but bright and unselfish. Her first thoughts were always for others; her whole life, an instance of sane devotion to the cause of Jesus Christ.

And so we say "Good-night" to one who must be thought of as the last of the pioneer missionaries of Fiji. Truly a wonderful record; fifty-one years of loyal missionary service for her beloved Methodist Church; fifty-one years of patient and noble labour for the Glory of God; fifty-one years packed full of loving regard for all of God's creatures—for "we are members one of another"—and then, the rapture of an immediate entrance into the Divine Presence, the oft-longed for re-union with her partner of many years and the sight in glory of the Redeemed of Fiji who stand around the Throne. I can only think that the Portals of Glory opened very widely and the song of the Ransomed was like "the voice of many waters" as Emma Small of Fiji entered into the Eternal Glories on the evening of Anzac Day, April 25th, in the year of our Lord, 1930.



The late Mrs. A. J. Small.

harbour in the "John Wesley" on May 29th, 1879, for their first ministerial appointment. Thus it happened that the whole of the ministry of these devoted servants of God was spent in the tropics and the consecrated energy and love of a full life given unreservedly to the people of Fiji.

And it was with heart and mind still alive to the work God had given her to do, that Mrs. Small had arranged to return to Fiji on the 19th of May after a holiday with her younger daughter in New Zealand. The holiday will long be remem-

Missionary Policies.

By Rev. G. T. MARSHALL. II.

"The challenge of Central Asia" in the "World Dominion Survey Series" contains an interesting account of Nestorian Missions. The Nestorians were persecuted with such vigour in the West that they were forced to go beyond the bounds of the Roman empire and they found scope for their missionary zeal in the East, especially along the great trade route by which, by caravan and in successive stages, the products of China were brought to Western Asia and Europe. "They were men of great faith, deeply versed in the Scriptures, fervent in prayer, gentle and humble in manner, and full of love to God and man."

The golden age of their missions lay between the fifth and ninth centuries. An inscription in Central China bears the date A.D. 781 and the names of the Bishop of China, of sixty seven persons who were apparently Western Asiatics, and of sixty-one Chinese Christians, all but two of whom were priests. So extensive and so well sustained was the work; yet of this successful missionary enterprise only very faint traces remain to-day.

The causes of this decline seem to have been of two kinds, internal and external.

(1) Mrs. Creighton, in her book on Missions in the Home University Library, says that the ideas of Nestorians as to the nature of God, "were sympathetic to Eastern minds" and this facilitated the acceptance of his teachings among the people to whom he came. Nestorius divided the person of Christ, stating that His divinity was distinct from His humanity. He whom we know, according to this teaching, is the man Christ Jesus, with whom the deity is connected in some unknown way, so that God is still the Unknown Being to whom the world, through the ages, has erected its altars. This notion accorded with the vague Pantheism that prevails in the East. The concession already made prepared the way for further compromises with the various cults and customs of the people among whom the Christians found themselves.

"The note of urgency and definiteness which had been characteristic of their message in the early centuries had disappeared; the Ladoicean period of their history had set in."

The experience thus briefly sketched may teach us that to preach the gospel and the whole gospel is our task. There is to-day much study of the religions which confront the missionary as he goes about his work. That is good but not if it leads him to dwell so long on the "broken lights" of God that he concludes that all religions mean much the same thing and so devotes himself to improving the social or economic condition of his flock as the chief or only way in which he can benefit them.

Contrast the weak message of the Jerusalem Conference to non-Christians with St. Paul's boldness at Athens: "God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent;" and see if we do not need to return to the primal spirit and power of our holy religion.

(2) Persecution and war put an end to the churches that had been gathered in the East. There is a kind of Christianity that does not survive persecution but denies the faith rather than suffer for it. Moreover a general massacre sweeps away faithful and unfaithful alike in one great holocaust. Asiatic wars were waged with a savagery unknown in Europe. Furthermore Asia has been more cursed with men who have aimed at universal empire. "The final blow to Christianity in Central and Northern Asia and in Mongolia was dealt by Tamerlane (A.D. 1336—1455). He hated the Christians, destroyed their towns, churches and monasteries, hunted the terror-stricken refugees out of their dens and caves among the mountains and massacred them by the thousands. So great was the terror he created that it has been said that his mere nod was sufficient to cause vast multitudes to abandon Christianity."

In view of these happenings in the past we cannot but view with concern the dead set against all religion that is being

made by the present rulers of Russia. The real position is obscure it is true but that an assault upon our faith such as we never expected to see in these days is being made is not to be doubted. The use of carnal weapons is denied us. No one will think of repeating the methods of the Crusaders. Argument is of no avail. The opponents to the faith are not accessible to it. There is but one weapon left to us:



A native witch.

“praying always with all prayer and supplication in the spirit and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.” Such an exhortation seems peculiarly appropriate at the present time.

“The Literary Digest” announces that “the Retreat has been sounded in Soviet Russia’s war on God,” and gives quotations attributing this to the prayers offered on behalf of the persecuted by Protestants and Catholics throughout the

world. It gives this heartening extract from the Detroit Free Press. “Atheism eventually can get nowhere in Russia, or in New York, or in any other place, if believers in religion will work reasonably well at the job of making and keeping their faith pure, vigorous, sincere, and free from mundane corruption and adulteration.”

* * * *

AN EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Chief Justice Taft an ex-president of the United States who died in March of this year, speaking a short time ago said:

“I have known a good many people who were opposed to Foreign Missions. I confess that there was a time when I rather sympathised with that view. Until I went to the Orient, I did not realize the immense importance of Foreign Missions . . . Missions in those Islands are doing a grand and noble work . . . I thank you for the opportunity of speaking on behalf of this body of Christian men and women who are doing a work which is indispensable to the spread of Christian civilization.”

* * * *

TESTIMONIALS TO MISSIONS IN INDIA.

The Right Honourable Srinivasa Sastri, P.C., who has been Agent-General for India in South Africa, and is not himself a Christian, in a lecture on Christianity in Capetown, said: “It would take too long to recite the vast services that Christian missionaries have rendered in my country. Hundreds and thousands of my countrymen have been educated in Christian colleges and schools; hundreds and thousands of them have found relief in Christian hospitals; hundreds and thousands have been given help in time of distress through fire or flood. The Missions are more to us in these respects than the secular institutions for which the British are responsible.”

WOMEN'S PAGES

M.W.M.U.

Methodist Women's
Missionary Union of
New Zealand.

Our President's Letter.

Dear Auxiliary Friends,

By this time most of you are in the midst of active Auxiliary work, collecting goods and making garments for the Sisters' boxes; some of you no doubt are also making up parcels for Sisters Eleanor Dobby and Netta Gittos but I trust that in addition to this very practical work, every member is making a point of regularly attending all Auxiliary meetings, for it is there where we replenish our stores of information and inspiration. I also especially hope that each is trying to induce other members to join our ranks, for we are still very far from making every Methodist woman an Auxiliary woman. Last year, in spite of quite a number of new branches our total membership showed only a slight increase; this pointed to a good many lapsed members. There is sure to be that every year but let us watch carefully each leakage for it is a very important point. When anyone moves away to another circuit let her Auxiliary officers notify those of the circuit to which she goes. Let each of us strive also to keep up the attendances at the meetings for however good our officers may be, it is the ordinary member who makes or hinders the success of our work. What avail ever such an inspiring President, active Secretary, or intelligent Treasurer, without the support of the members, composed of units. So do not think your presence at the meetings does not matter—it does, very much indeed—you are needed to make part of the friendship and fellowship which are the life of our movement.

In the North Island many of you have been privileged to see and hear Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Voyce, whilst those in the South have to be content with reading about them. But all of us feel because of their recent visit to New Zealand that we know a good deal more about our Mission Field and especially that great island of

Bougainville. We can also understand better the need there is that Mrs. Voyce should have a Sister to keep her company during the enforced absences of her husband. Let us do our best to fill that need as soon as possible.

We are also needing very badly a trained teacher to help Sister Lina at the Head Station. May I ask every member to pray specially that these two positions may soon be filled by **suitable** women? The members of the Union Executive are doing all they can, but we do need the guidance of the Holy Spirit in making such important choices.

I am glad to be able to report that in Wellington the Women's Auxiliary has conducted its first District Convention, with marked success, having a large proportion of visitors from country districts as well as town members. Palmerston North is following on and Auckland is planning for June. Reports of these conventions will come in to our Conference and their advantages will be examined and discussed.

As you know our next Conference will be held at Napier sometime in October. Any resolutions Auxiliaries wish to bring up should be under consideration now, and be sent in to the Union secretary by the end of June. Let all Auxiliaries in the North Island take advantage of the Conference being held in a more central place this year, and see to it that there is a good representative gathering of delegates. New Auxiliaries are urged to send at least one delegate, for more can be learned at one Conference than by years of correspondence. A lady who can bring back a good report should be chosen. By means of these Conferences we get to know each other and gain the inspiration of corporate thinking and prayer.

I am very glad to be able to tell you of a new Auxiliary formed at Cambridge, which has made a good beginning with eighteen members. We are indebted to

Mr. and Mrs. Voyce and Mrs. Brown for helping our friends to take the initial steps towards organising. We wish this, our youngest Auxiliary very great success and welcome the members most cordially to our ranks.

The ladies of the Ashburton Auxiliary are to be most sincerely congratulated on the success of their Missionary Pageant. Their enterprising President gathering a bevy of devoted and hard-working members around her, laboured diligently until she felt the young people were perfect in their various parts, and on the appointed evening everyone felt repaid as they witnessed this most effective and brilliant interpretation of missionary endeavour, through Sisters and Nurses—to show forth the "Light of the World."

Easter is now well over, leaving we hope, many thankful hearts rejoicing at successful Easter offerings. One small mission has a band of mothers meeting weekly, who out of their small means gathered twenty-five shillings for the "dark women and children overseas." This is a much greater offering than appears on the surface and I am sure brings a great blessing in its train. A young country branch also sent in two pounds fifteen shillings and sixpence as its first Easter gift. Such instances give to our leaders great encouragement and joy.

Sister Elizabeth Common is now in New Zealand on furlough. We are sorry to report that she had rather a bad illness before leaving Bougainville. We trust, however, that soon the rest and change will restore her health again. She will hardly be able to do any deputation work as her health is the first consideration.

Sister Ethel McMillan is also on furlough but not in New Zealand. Her native land is Victoria and she is enjoying a well-earned holiday among her own people. We hope she will get the rest and change she so richly deserves and that sometime in the future we may have the pleasure of seeing her in our country.

Those who are left on the Mission Stations bearing the responsibility of the work, are in very great need of our sympathy and prayers. Let each Auxiliary member be faithful and constant in the daily use of our prayer circle, for our mis-

sionaries, sisters, and nurses are in the fore-front of the battle and have many difficulties and problems beyond our understanding for which nothing is sufficient but the grace of God.

With much appreciation of the loyal co-operation of all our Auxiliaries and every good wish for their continued success,

I am, Yours Sincerely,

Mary E. Bowron.

* * * *

AUCKLAND NOTES.

Over 130 women of the Auxiliary met one afternoon in Pitt St. to say farewell to Mrs. Goldie. Every branch was represented, the President speaking in appreciation of the personality and work of the guest of the afternoon, a beautiful basket of flowers being given as a love-gift.

Easter meeting was a fine gathering, the Rev. and Mrs. M. K. Gilmour of Papua being the honoured guests. After listening to words of welcome from our President, Miss Somerville, they both addressed the meeting. The words of such tried and devoted missionaries thrilled and inspired all, as they told of the value of lives devoted to others, and the necessity of sacrifice.

At the April Council meeting Mrs. Voyce spoke of her work at Siwai, and answered numerous questions, giving us food for thought and much information.

Mr. and Mrs. Voyce and Mrs. Gilmour left for Sydney en route to the Mission Field, their cabin being filled with flowers by loving hands, many friends being on the wharf to say "farewell."

* * * *

DUNEDIN NOTES.

A successful Bring and Buy sale in April realised about £17. Mrs. Vernon Smith opened her home for the afternoon. A beautiful flower stall lent charm and colour, while the goods' stall and afternoon tea added to the funds. Our President, Mrs. Duke, is fully occupied at home, although Mr. Duke is somewhat better. When Mrs. Brown's letter came asking five shillings a year extra from the members for two years, Miss Cameron, one of our first members, gave her ten shillings, saying "I'll give it now, I might not be here in two year's time." Her words came true, for in less than two months she was called "Home."

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RANGIORA YOUNG PEOPLE'S MISSIONARY AUXILIARY.

Saturday, April 5th was a red letter day for Southbrook when the young people celebrated their first anniversary.

Mrs. Young, the President welcomed Mrs. Bowron, and Mrs. Blair, (to whose interest the Auxiliary owes its existence) a number of visitors. The programme opened with the children's missionary Hymn "Over the sea there are little brown children." Bouquets were presented to some of the guests and Cecily Watkins read the Story of the Good Shepherd.

Mrs. Bowron gracefully acknowledged the gift of flowers and read a letter from Sister Lina Jones, whose work is the special interest of the children, also one from Dr. James, telling of his Hospital work. Mrs. Nelson in acknowledging her gift congratulated the children on their first year's work and exhibited a number of curios.

Mrs. Blair thanked the members for their loyalty and enthusiasm, saying how worth while it was when such men as Gina and Kera were presenting themselves for the Ministry.

A large birthday cake had a place of honour made by Miss Shepherd and iced by one of the boys. Later slices were sold and afternoon tea dispensed.

MISSIONARY PAGEANT.—The Light Bearers.

The Ashburton branch of the M.W.M.U. is to be commended for the work and enthusiasm they have shown in staging this beautiful pageant. The principal character was "The Church" attended by her assistant maidens "Faith, Hope, Love and Prayer." Their Grecian dresses gave the play a stately beauty, and symbolised by the lighted candles which they bore, the Light which will come to all who follow the Way of the Christ.

Seven "Sisters" in white, and five "Nurses" in uniform, represented the workers in the Home and Foreign Fields, supported by The Women's Auxiliary, while six little girls, under their matron, shewed the care of the Church for the friendless children in our orphanages. Four little Maori girls and five Solomon Island boys represented the children's share in our Missionary work. Each of these also carried a candle lighted from that of the Church, and as the procession moved up the aisle and on to the platform appropriate hymns were sung by the choir in the background. "Lead Kindly Light" was most beautifully sung by a soloist. The closing march, with the lights turned down was a scene of great beauty, bringing into relief the strength and significance of the Light which Christ brings to a darkened world.

Space to let on this page—Apply to Rev. G. T. Marshall.

Methodist Missionary Society of New Zealand.

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Treasurers: REV. G. T. MARSHALL and MR. A. J. BUTTLE.

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Methodist Women's Missionary Union of New Zealand

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