

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

SOLOMON ISLANDS MISSION DISTRICT.

MISSIONARIES.

Rev. J. F. GOLDIE	Roviana, British Solomon Islands.
Rev. V. Le C. BINET	Glen Eden, Auckland.
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.

MISSIONARY DOCTOR.

Dr. E. G. SAYERS	Gizo, British Solomon Islands.
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MISSIONARY SISTERS.

Sister ETHEL McMILLAN	Bambatana, Choiseul, via Faisi, Solomon Islands.
Sister ELIZABETH COMMON	Buka Passage, Bougainville, Mandated Territory of New Guinea.
Sister LINA JONES	Roviana, British Solomon Islands.
Sister GRACE McDONALD	Gizo, British Solomon Islands.
Sister RUTH GRANT	Roviana, British Solomon Islands.
Nurse ISABEL STRINGER	Gizo, British Solomon Islands.
Nurse MAY BARTLE	Gizo, British Solomon Islands.

NATIVE MISSIONARIES.

Rev. NAPATALI FOTU	Simbo, Roviana, Solomon Islands.
Rev. PAULA HAVEA	Roviana, Solomon Islands.
Rev. BELSHAZZAR GINA	Roviana, British Solomon Islands.

Add "Methodist Mission" to every Address.

THE OPEN DOOR.

Editor: Rev. A. H. SCRIVIN,
Probert Chambers,
Queen Street, Auckland.

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Editor: Rev. E. P. BLAMIRE

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The Open Door

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

DECEMBER, 1933.

MRS. H. E. PACEY, President, M.W.M.U.

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

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URGENT.

? ? ? ?

Are the Treasurers to suspend payment?

Is further retrenchment to be made?

Are we going to fail those who have gone for us?

Are we going to prove false to our pledge to the Solomons?

We ask these questions, but it is unthinkable that they should be answered other than in the negative. We must, however, face the facts. We have liabilities amounting to some £5000 uncovered by any assets. We are on the verge of our overdraft and have heavy payments to make in the immediate future.

Do

the love of Jesus Christ;
His great command to preach the
gospel to all men;
the fact that tens of thousands
in the Western Solomons wait for
the Light

Mean
Anything
to You.

If they do, what sacrifice are you prepared to make that those for whom He died may know Him?

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THE OPEN DOOR

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

VOL. XII., No. 3.

DECEMBER, 1933.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

From the Mission Office.

M.W.M.U. Conference.

Our readers will be inspired by Mrs. Pacey's letter and the reports of the Nineteenth Annual Conference of the Methodist Women's Missionary Union of New Zealand appearing in these pages. The official report has been printed in book form and records the findings of the Conference and a healthy state of finance. But no printed word can adequately express the wonderful spirit of the Conference. The devotion, ability, and faith of this band of Methodist women were very inspiring. Their undertaking of yet greater responsibilities is a further indication of their vision of our great opportunity and our great responsibility in the Western Solomons. Our wonderful women have shown us the way to accept the challenge of our task, even though the days are difficult. As through Moses long ago, so through the M.W.M.U. to-day, God's answer comes—"Speak to my people that they go forward."

Rev. M. K. and Mrs. Gilmour.

The Rev. M. K. and Mrs. Gilmour arrived on November 27th, to spend a holiday in New Zealand. No welcome could be too warm for these great missionaries who went from our Conference to Papua nearly 33 years ago. It would be a facile pen indeed that could describe adequately the wonderful work wrought by Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour. The record of their work, and the transformation and development among the Papuans, witness by them, would make fascinating reading. For eighteen years we were closely associated with Mr. Gilmour in Papua, and whatever of value there was in our service was largely attributable to his inspiring example, wise leadership, and abiding friendship. An account reproduced from the "Missionary Review" is given in these pages of some of the farewells to Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, but no words can express adequately the loss the native church has suffered by their departure.

"Pelosi"—Rev. S. B. Fellows.

Comparatively few in New Zealand remember S. B. Fellows, to whose life and work Dr. C. H. Laws pays a fine tribute in the "Methodist Times" of November 25th. But his name lives on in Papua, whither he went from the New Zealand Conference with the pioneer party in 1891, and where he rendered such splendid service. He was known to the natives as Pelosi, and numbers paid him the compliment of taking his name at baptism and of naming their children after him. Quite a number of Pelosis to-day carry on, more or less successfully, the high traditions of their distinguished namesake.

As a pioneer missionary and linguist, Mr. Fellows had outstanding ability. The climate exacted heavy toll of him, undermining his health and driving him out of Papua 33 years ago. From then until his death on October 21st he was a martyr to malaria. But, like other real missionaries, he counted no price too great.

Rev. W. A. and Mrs. Sinclair.

The Rev. W. A. and Mrs. Sinclair will be warmly welcomed by their many friends upon their return from the Homeland. They have spent a happy holiday with their sons—Norman, who is a Master at the famous Rugby School, and Ronald, who was home from Nigeria, where he is a magistrate in the British Colonial Service. Although in retirement, Mr. Sinclair should continue to be a tower of strength to our Foreign Mission Cause.

Greetings.

The Editor gladly seizes this opportunity of wishing all readers of the "Open Door" a very Happy Christmas and a New Year rich with God's good gifts. As we experience the peace and joy of Christmastide, let us enquire of our own hearts as to whether we are doing all we can to ensure for the people of the Western Solomons their rightful heritage—the peace and goodwill that Christ came to bring.

M.W.M.U. CONFERENCE, 1933.

By SISTER MABEL MORLEY.

Dunedin was beautiful, and Dunedin women goodness and kindness personified. And now the delegates are going home—the Dunedin women are able to be at home again—and the great multitude of the M.W.M.U. have had to stay at home. They have not been able to share in the thrills of this our Missionary Parliament, but several members of the N.Z. Executive and 35 of the rank and file of our 52 auxiliaries—representing over 2699 members — “foregathered” — as the Scotch people say—to look back with deep thankfulness over the past year and years—to look with wide open eyes at the privileged present—and mostly, to look forward with a great yearning and urgency to the task of this new year and oncoming years. For this missionary work is calling loudly — insistently, patiently, hopefully, calling to every Methodist woman to share in this great enterprise—a trust from Our Master to “Come ye” and His last word, “Go ye”—God has wonderfully blessed the labour of our hands—the tiny mustard seed has become a great tree of life, but there is “still much land to be possessed.”

Two giants were with us in Conference—the Rev. A. H. Scrivin and the Rev. A. H. Joyce. Both gave public addresses packed full of information from the far-off fields, and both sat all day long—intently watching and listening—to see how we women do—and what we intend to do—with ever a store of knowledge to give to our eager questionings. They with—other missionaries—missionaries’ wives—Sisters, nurses and doctors have toiled through long days and nights—and it was a real joy to hear from their lips that we had given them real encouragement and high inspiration, as an antidote to the wails of depression and pessimism so often heard.

The programme was a full one, but under the able presidency of Mrs. Pacey, Dominion president, and her efficient staff (all ex-members of the B.C. Movement) the time-table was kept almost to the minute, with no curtailment of free and

frank discussion.

There were two public meetings—a Welcome Social on the eve of the Conference—and one in Trinity Church—when Sister Netta, loved “mother” of Kurahuna, and Mr. Scrivin spoke. Both sides of our great missionary task, the Home and the Foreign, were laid bare, and our hearts burned within us to do more, and still more, for those in such sore need.

But perhaps even more intimately and intensely did we gather from the reports the magnitude of the work to which we have put our hands, and dare not turn back. That fine record from the N.Z. secretary gave us a bird’s eye view of the work of our women, up and down the Dominion, and in no single report from any local secretary had the word depression been used—one and all counting it a joy to be working and helping.

The treasurer’s report told the same tale of brave achievement—£2454 having been raised.

Kurahuna too, tells a tale, of which we are very proud, but it is the reports of our Sisters, both Home and Foreign, that reveal their daily toil, their heroism, their self-sacrifice, their resourcefulness, their desire “to spend and be spent” so that the love of God in Christ may be revealed more and more.

Mrs. Joyce and Mr. Goldie sent messages which we feel sure will move many hearts, for they are to be typed and circulated, together with the reports from our very own Sisters.

We feel that the dissemination of our literature is the very best possible means to awaken and sustain the interest in our work. The Conference decided that there could be no possible retrenchment in our work for the women and children and decided upon a definite forward policy, viz., to increase our membership and to send a Sister to Mrs. Joyce in Bougainville just as soon as she is qualified and in order to assist the Foreign Mission Board, two more Sisters are to be entirely maintained, at an additional cost of £130, making five

Sisters for whom we are entirely responsible. And then—and then—we women are going to build the Solomon Islands Girls’ School, so sorely needed. Can you see it already?

If there be “any virtue, any praise, think on these things,” for it is by thinking these things through with God, that alone are they possible, and dreams come true.

The framing of the constitution was another task — attempted and accomplished — while boxes — medical, Gleanings and Literature Departments—representatives to M. and F.M. Boards, nominations for next Executive and invitation for next conference were all well considered and approved.

Our honoured ex-President, Mrs. Bowron, was made an active life member of the

N.Z. Executive, and true to her wide vision, introduced the subject of a N.Z. Federation of Methodist women, of which, more anon, while Miss Sewell championed the cause of the B.C. Movement and Deaconess House.

Our devotional periods were seasons of quiet waiting upon God—individual prayer life for Christian living out of the ordinary, a launching out in the deep, away from the shallows—being the special themes—while at the communion service, Mr. Paris led our thoughts upon the words of St. Francis of Assisi—the grace of remembrance and the remembrance of grace.”

We would remember and “build on” this coming year.

“At work for God in loved employ
We lose the duty in the joy.”

Honour Conferred.

At the last session of Conference a pleasant little incident occurred, which afforded immense satisfaction to all present. When by kind consent of the president, the secretary of the Christchurch Branch drew attention to Mrs. Bowron’s rare achievement in having filled the position of president of her auxiliary for a period extending over more than a quarter of a century.

She had been Dominion President for two full terms of office, and several times union representative to the Mission Board.

The speaker added that Mrs. Bowron had been unsparing in her efforts on behalf of the missionary movements, and her auxiliary therefore requested that in recognition of her long and distinguished service, the honour of active life membership of the Union Executive be conferred upon her.

Mrs. Pacey added a tribute to Mrs. Bowron’s very fine record, and with the spontaneous and wholehearted approbation of conference, in a gracious little speech conferred the desired honour, and asked Mrs. Bowron to accept with it a bouquet as a mark of the esteem and appreciation of the union.

Mrs. Bowron was obviously surprised,

but contrived to express her thanks and pleasure, and to assure the Conference that some of the happiest moments of her life had been spent with the auxiliary.

JOAN MOOR.



MRS. G. BOWRON.

The Dobuans' Farewell to Rev. M. K. and Mrs. Gilmour.

By Miss M. H. HODGE, Salamo.

IT is thirty-two years since Rev. M. K. Gilmour and his wife began their work in Papua, and twenty-five years ago Mr. Gilmour was appointed Chairman of the District. During that time they have both laboured unceasingly to bring the people to a knowledge of God and His love.

With a deep-seated faith in the possibilities of the Papuan, Mr. Gilmour has led these people along new paths in industrial work, so that during his chairmanship the students in the Training Institution have been led step by step, until many of them are experienced craftsmen.

Several launches have been constructed, cement buildings have been erected, and in carpentry and boat-building the Papuan students have proved apt pupils.

The Bromilow Memorial Church at Dobu, facing the passage where the first mission boat cleared the waters of Dobu, stands also as a landmark in the progress and development of the Papuan. It was built entirely by Papuan students from Salamo, under Mr. Gilmour's supervision.

The edifice stands the crown and pride of Dobu, a witness to the power of God to raise a people from darkest savagery and cannibalism.

It is, however, on the hearts of the people that the work of the Chairman and his wife have made the deepest impress.

On Saturday, June 18, the people of Dobu and the neighbouring islands gathered together to bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, expressing their love to them and their sorrow at their departure in many ways.

A wonderfully interesting pageant was dramatically displayed on the water. Old men of Dobu had been requisitioned to delve into the past to give in detail the setting forth of a cannibal expedition by water in the old days.

As the launch bringing Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour from Salamo drew near to Dobu, a phalanx of large massed canoes became a stage, whereon a horde of apparently wild, painted cannibals, armed with cruel-looking spears and weapons, performed an old-time war-dance, with its usual vocal accompaniment of piercing cries, taunts and threats. It was a never-to-be-forgotten sight, and the old saying took on a more vivid meaning, "The Dobuans are the fiercest head-hunters in the Pacific."

At a given signal the canoes were propelled landwards, and suddenly the dense throng of onlookers on the beach became a howling frightened mass, as the pseudo-cannibals began their work of destruction. Women and children disappeared like magic. The powerful acting of attackers and attacked was very realistic.



Canoes Taking Part in the Pageant, "A Cannibal Raid," displayed at the Farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour.

—Photo: Miss M. H. Hodge.

About 2,000 people had gathered on the beach to do honour to the Chairman and his wife, and 73 canoes, from nearby islands, fringed the beach. Teachers and students formed a guard of honour, and as their guests passed another interesting pageant was displayed. From an enclosure of plaited coconut leaves heartrending crying and shrieking proceeded. Suddenly the flimsy structure was broken down, and a crowd of dancers leapt out, the leader carrying a Papuan house in miniature on his head, to execute a dance which had come down through the centuries.

Then followed the sagari or native feast, when cooked, and raw food was distributed to the natives, and the guests of honour were entertained in a specially-constructed booth.

Still in the open, with waving palms and trees as a background, representatives from different places came forward to give of their best. Illustrative dances had been borrowed from other parts of Papua, also from Fiji and Samoa, so that variety and novelty were not lacking.

A cassowary dance, where the dancers imitated with easy grace the movements of that bird, was followed by an equally realistic one, portraying the swaying movements and quick pounce of the fish-hawk in search of food.

With beautiful paradise feathers, painted bodies, and native ornaments, the dancers then gave the siwau (small fish) dance, showing the keen sight needed in its pursuit and capture.

After each dance a representative from each group made a short speech to Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, and presents of yams, curios, and other gifts were made to them by each party. Among these representatives was Wiliami, one of the earliest converts of the mission, now an old, old man, but tottering with age, he came to lay his gift with the others.

A Wallaby dance, Snake dance, and Ant dance were then performed, and these were followed by a very picturesque dance, borrowed from the

Orokaiwa district. Another, depicting the anchoring of a steamer, then one illustrating the production of rubber, the tapping of the trees, etc., being very faithfully imitated. The beating of native drums and blowing of conch shells accompanied each dance.

The dances were interspersed with speeches, one of which was "Our hearts are heavy because you are leaving us, and we are doing this to show you a little of the great love we bear to you. We will never forget you. Saragigi (Dr. Bromilow) planted the seed in Dobu. You have been like him, and have truly shown us what God can do for us. We thank you, thank you from our hearts."

Native teachers and students then joined in some Fijian and Samoan dances, followed by a presentation of beautiful mats and baskets to Mrs. Gilmour, by the wives of teachers, students, and the school children of Dobu.

One of the teachers' wives made a speech—a hard thing for a Papuan woman to do, in which she thanked Mrs. Gilmour for the help she had given to the women of Papua, and the training and guidance to them, the teachers' wives assuring her of the deep love and remembrance in which she would always be held.

Darkness brought to a close the day's proceedings, and as the canoes carried their burdens away to their homes, the evening air was filled with heartfelt Kaiones (good-bye) from their occupants.

The next morning over 300 people came to the prayer meeting at 7 a.m., and over 700 people filled the church when teachers and others spoke and told of their love and gratitude



Farewell Feast at Dobu to Rev. M. K. and Mrs. Gilmour. Native Teachers Preparing the Tables.

—Photo: Miss M. H. Hodge.

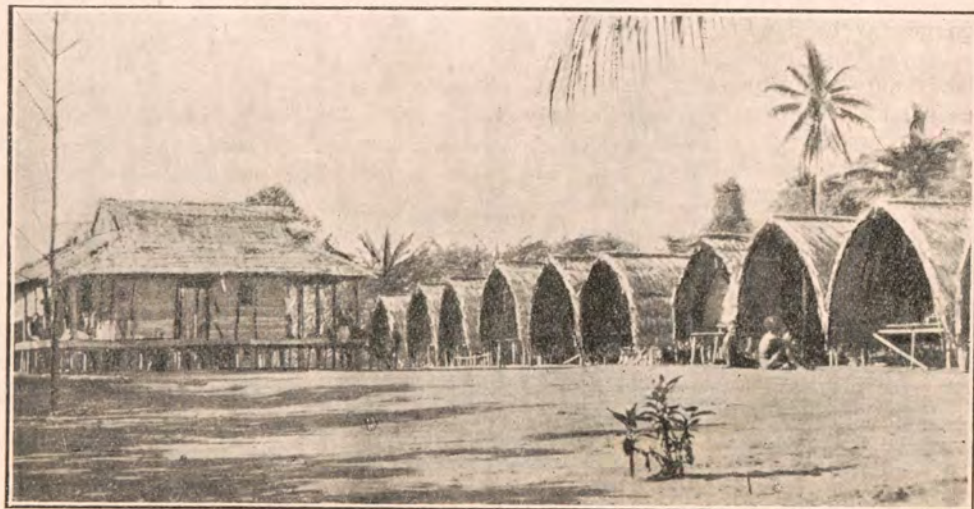
to Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, and of their great sorrow and grief at their departure.

—Reproduced from "The Missionary Review."

A Review by the 'Super's' Wife.

Mrs. Metcalfe writes from Tiop in June:

WE also were thankful that there were no fresh withdrawals this year, and I am wondering how things are going on financially in New Zealand. There is no hope of the natives of Bougainville doing much to help for many a day, I'm afraid. Copra is £4 10s. a ton here, and when that is all the traders get you can imagine the portion which falls to the natives—100 nuts for 1s., I think it is, and some have to be carried for many miles. The next best thing for them is to recruit on a plantation, where they get 5 or 6 shillings per month and their keep. Under the circumstances one cannot expect them to give much, however they may appreciate the Mission. It is a joy to know that these people are not to be left without a white missionary for awhile. It is uphill work, but the general progress is encouraging and unquestionable. The boys and girls are a fine lot, and do splendidly, some of them, I am sure, are beginning to have a real Christian experience. At Tiop we have, as yet, baptised only three—fine young men—and we are praying that they may lead many to the knowledge of the love of Christ. The older folk are difficult, suspicious, and often mercenary. They



A VILLAGE IN CENTRAL BUKA.

—Photo: T. Murphy.

have come in contact a great deal with the purely commercial white man, and consequently seem to have a firmly rooted idea that whatever we do for them we expect to make something out of them. They are very heathen still, and some of their customs and superstitions are interesting, some amusing, and some annoying.

I have done and am doing all I can to prevent the women from feeding their babes on taro; they actually give it to them within half an hour of birth and from then on. A nursing mother is not allowed to eat fish or anything which comes out of the sea; this practically limits their diet to starchy vegetables, various fruits being also taboo.

Young married women are the principal workers in the gardens, and they leave their babes in charge of any old or crippled person. They leave the village early in the morning and only return at dusk. Natural result that many of them have little to give their babes, and the children are ill-nourished and miserable, and very often succumb to illnesses which should not be dangerous.

There are about 300 people on Tiop Island, and a census of families proves that there are far more children die than live. A couple who have had five children

that have lived past babyhood are considered phenomenal. The Government exempts from tax any man who has four living children by one wife, and there are only two such exemptions in Tiop.

I have a class for Lotu, mothercraft and hygiene on Thursday afternoons, and it is well attended, and the mothers bring their babies to me to be weighed and treated when sick. I have two babies bottle-feeding and others coming daily for treatment.

Abel Viuru, our Roviana-trained doctor boy, does very well and has a lot of patients, but the tiny babies are brought to me. I wish that I had more training, or better still, that we could have a Karetane nurse stationed here!

Apart from the joy of helping, we feel that we need the babies for the future;

we shall be able to do so much more with the rising generation. There are signs of racial improvement in the Solomons.

Mr. Metcalfe is away in Siwai, going all round with Mr. Voyce before he leaves on furlough. Mr. Metcalfe has been away for fourteen weeks in the last six months; we are really too busy to be lonely, and Elizabeth is splendid company. I often think of Mrs. Goldie alone on Roviana in days gone by, and Mr. Goldie away in a sailing boat for weeks at a time, and visiting places where the people were quite untamed. No fine mail steamers every six weeks, as we have. Is not Sister Ethel McMillan wonderful? A while ago she saw no white face and had no mail or any word from outside for three months—and she did not complain. What a crown she will have some day!



THE TOP-CLASS BOYS AT BUKA: MORSE SIGNALING.

—Photo: T. Murphy.

WHEN MISSIONARY INCOME IS REDUCED.

What would have happened at the front in the World War if the reinforcements and supplies for the army had been withheld? Whatever sacrifices are made by the folks at home, the sacrifices on the field of conflict are infinitely greater. The same is true in the Christian missionary campaign. When the Church sends out representatives to be Ambassadors of Christ on the frontiers, with promises of adequate support, shall we withhold reinforcements and supplies? The campaign is still in the balance.

—“The Missionary Review of the World.”

An Urgent Reminder!

January 15th is the last day on which money can be received at the Mission Office for inclusion in this year's accounts.

Amount received to November 30th, 1931	£9,170
Amount received to November 30th, 1932	£7,415
Amount received to November 30th, 1933	£6,855

The need for increased giving at the Home Base is more urgent than ever this year because of the falling off of the Island income on account of abnormally low prices for copra. So far the income in New Zealand is less than last year.

How have you planned your spending for Christmas? It will be a doubly happy season if you sacrifice something for the extension of His Kingdom whose birthday we celebrate. His peace and goodwill are for the Solomons, and you are God's means of letting them know—even as the angels to the shepherds.

A Christmas Gift for Jesus, please!

All amounts must be in the hands of the Treasurer by January 15th.
Treasurer—Rev. G. T. Marshall, 27 Kenneth Avenue, Morningside, Auckland, S.W.1.

Challenge and Inspiration from the Field.

CHALLENGE.

The great opportunities for advance that confront us to-day are a definite challenge. In spite of real difficulties, we shall be encouraged to go forward by remembering the following facts outlined in recent letters by the Chairman of the Solomon Islands District:—

1. We have a very special obligation to the Solomon Islands District as we asked for it from Australia.
2. Since we have taken it over, great things have been done in Spiritual, Social, and Medical work.
3. The people are taking an ever-increasing measure of responsibility upon themselves, but must of necessity depend on us for many years to come, and we must not fail them.
4. The world depression has hit them perhaps harder than it has hit any other part of the world, and yet they are bearing bravely up against great odds.
5. Our work is really the salvation of the race. Already the people in our Mission District have taken a new lease of life, and are on the up grade in every way, and as they were the leaders in the bad old days they realise that they must lead in the new and living way."

INSPIRATION.

"The Mission is doing a great work. The Vital Statistics for the Protectorate have just been issued by the Government for the past five years (not obtainable before) and the remarkable fact stands out that the district in which the Methodist Mission is working is the only district which shows a consistent improvement for the whole period. All other districts show a decline. Of course, this is not due entirely to the medical work. It indicates the operating of vital spiritual forces—a new outlook, a new hope, a new incentive to live—brought about by the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

Annual Thanksgiving—Bilua.

By A. A. BENSLEY.

A beautiful morning, bright and fresh, with the sun peeping over the shoulder of Duke, the 5000ft. high land mass that rises to the eastward of us; a sight of varied and unforgettable beauty. "It is going to be hot to-day," we say. It has been hot for days, and the rain has fallen round about us, but has missed us. The streams and springs in the bush have



LEAVING THE CHURCH AFTER ANNUAL THANKSGIVING.

dried up or the water has become undrinkable and we are anxious about our tanks.

For two or three days the people have been coming from the islands of Vella Lavella and Ronongo. The beach is littered with large canoes and canoes of all sizes, and people are camping everywhere. They have been coming up the hill with tins and bottles and native water contain-

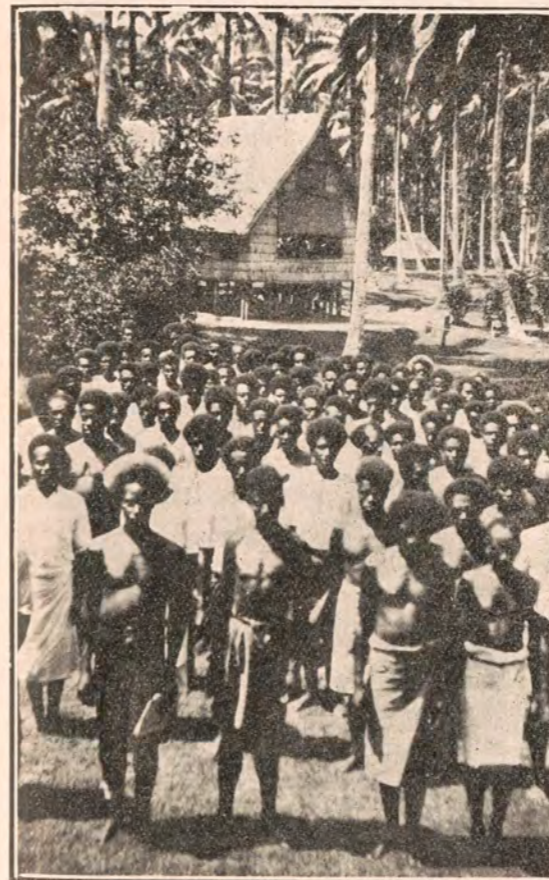
ers for a day or two, and have been drawing on our tanks. Every now and again I would hear the splash of water on the ground and would call out, "Ke meva, kativailomo ko ju." Hey, there, you people, go easy on the water.) Every now and then I would hear a thump, thump, thump, down towards the beach, and I would know that someone has climbed a tall coconut and is sending down bulo poso (drinking coconuts) for his friends. Anyhow, they may as well drink the coconuts, as there is very little in the ripe nuts these days!

We saw the Tandanya coming yesterday, and we went down the hill to meet the Chairman who had come to conduct the services.

During the night there is not much sleep, as we hear the native choirs everywhere trying over their "star" items for to-morrow. How they love to sing, these people. Sometimes we get "fed up" and the light of enthusiasm burns dim. We become fretted and tired with the heat, and prayer becomes a task almost too difficult to perform. Then we hear a burst of song. The boys come along on Sunday night at our evening lotu with a new hymn they have learned, and they sing it with such enthusiasm that we know it comes right from their hearts. Then things readjust themselves and we are quietened and prayer comes again with soothing and healing influence.

Long before the bell goes at 7 o'clock for the morning prayers the people are streaming up the hill, and we go up to the Church to lead them in the day's thanksgiving. A delightful rustling and a most fragrant perfume greet us as we enter the Church. The boys and girls had been busy decorating the previous day, and the long fringes of stripped palm fronds rustled gently in the faint breeze and the perfume of clusters of oleander flower drifted about. We recited Psalm 84 and sang our morning hymn of praise and then prepared for the 11 o'clock service.

Before the bell went the people began to assemble and we knew they could not be accommodated in the Church. Some minutes before the service I went up to see how things were, and to try to squeeze a few more in. After we had done all we could there still remained a hundred or more outside, and our church is not small. These seated themselves in the shade of the trees or the eaves of the building, and were able to join in.



MEMBERS OF THE QUARTERLY MEETING.

How that great crowd sang, and what better hymn for beginning with than, "Christ the Lord is Risen To-day!" It was sung in several languages and sung with great power. I wish we could have broadcasted it to you. Then the prayer followed by, "O God of good the unfathomed Sea," sung in the Roviana language.

The Chairman then took hold of the great congregation. Though there was such a crowd and the day was more than warm, there was no stifling atmosphere within the church. It is a fine native building, very lofty, and with large unshuttered spaces for the cooling breeze. The native congregation listened with intense eagerness as Mr. Goldie spoke. He reminded them of the great benefits that had come to them through the Gospel of Jesus, but what they had as yet got was as nothing compared with what remained. They must not be side-tracked, but must yield themselves utterly to Christ, giving all, since He had given all. Then the Bilua choir sang the anthem, "Exalt Him all ye people," and they sang it splendidly.

It was at the afternoon service that the contributions were made. A table was spread with small native baskets. On each basket there was a strip of paper, on which was printed the name of a village, one basket for each village. As the people entered the church they sat with their village teacher in the order in which the names of the villages would be called. Of course, the representatives from many villages were not able to enter at first. The opening exercises were brief, as there was much to do. Then one of the Bilua native teachers called the first name, "Bilua!" All the local people stood, old men and women, boys and girls, and joined in a specially-prepared musical number. When this was completed they filed past, dropping their contributions into the basket marked "Bilua." Then came the next village and repeated the performance, and so forth. Some of the village choirs reserved their special item till the evening gathering, and for this we were glad, as we had a long programme as it was. As parties filed out other teachers led their people in, till all had been called. The singing was really excellent, and a good deal of work had been done to train these village people. Then the amounts in the baskets were counted, and the gifts of the native people, together with contributions by the white staff, amounted to £80. Those who know the sources of native wealth, copra and the prevailing price, will realise how fine a gift this is.

Filling up the Ranks.

It is comforting to know that, as our valuable and experienced workers are being forced home by the exacting climate of the Solomons, volunteers of rich promise, with the eager light of service in their eyes and the call of God ringing in their hearts, are coming forward to maintain the strength of our staff.

All who know him will rejoice that Mr. A. G. Rutter has offered to take the place of Dr. E. G. Sayers, who will be retiring from our work at the end of his present term. Mr. Rutter has been remarkably successful as a medical student and expects to qualify at the end of next year. He is not only a brilliant medical student, but also a very acceptable local preacher. He is conscious of a clear call to Foreign Mission work.

The Rev. E. C. and Mrs. Leadley heard the Macedonian cry years ago and have been fitting themselves for the time when God should open the door. Mr. Leadley is to be ordained at the forthcoming Conference, and the Mission Board has recommended his immediate appointment to the Solomon Islands District. He should make a fine missionary. Mrs. Leadley is a qualified chemist and trained nurse and will find in the Solomons a wonderful field for her consecrated skill.

There are a number of other volunteers for work in the Islands among our young ministers, and a special committee has been set up by the Board to recommend the order in which they shall be nominated for appointment.

Nurse Vera Cannon, who has been appointed to Roviana, possesses splendid credentials, both as a nurse and a Methodist. She too has felt the constraining hand of God upon her for years past and has trained with the definite idea of service on our Foreign Field. She expects to be ready to sail early in the New Year.

We understand the Y.W.B.C. Executive has a worthy successor to Ruth Grant in mind for when the latter lays down her great work among the young folk in Roviana.

The splendid courage and vision of the M.W.M.U. have made extension work, even in these difficult days, possible. These

wonderful women have undertaken the full support of an additional Sister to be appointed to Tonu to assist the Rev. A. H. and Mrs. Voyce in their great work in Southern Bougainville. The Board and the M.W.M.U. Executive are already in consultation regarding the appointment.

Sursum Corda—"Lift up your hearts."

MR. W. E. DONNELLY'S APPOINTMENT TO SUVA.

The Australian Mission Board is to be congratulated upon securing Mr. W. E. Donnelly, of Whakatane District High School, for the Headmastership of the



MR. W. E. DONNELLY.

Block by courtesy of B. C. Link.

Toorak Boys' School at Suva, Fiji. Mr. Donnelly is well known all over New Zealand for his excellent services, when a few years ago he was Travelling Secretary for the Young Men's Bible Class Movement. In other capacities also he has rendered great service to our church—as local preacher, circuit steward, etc. It was his idea to inaugurate the Summer

Schools which have become so valuable in training young Bible Class leaders. The missionary spirit is strong within him, and he will have much joy in taking up this new work in Suva. The school at Toorak has over 300 boys enrolled, about equal numbers from the Indian and Fijian races.

Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly and Janette will be greatly missed by us in New Zealand, but we rejoice as we think of the wider interests of the Kingdom. They are to leave Auckland on February 6th, and our prayers and good wishes will follow them. —E.P.B.

The New "Helena Goldie" Hospital.

The accompanying photograph gives some idea of the progress made in the establishment of the "Helena Goldie" Hospital. The building in the centre is the new central block around which we hope soon to build a number of wards in European material for the native patients. At present the native buildings seen in the picture, and other similar structures, are doing duty as wards. It does not need a wide stretch of imagination to be able to realise how unhygienic and unsatisfactory such buildings are for medical work. It will be a great day for the people of the British Solomons and for our doctor and nurses when the hospital is completed.

Concerning the new central block, Dr. E. G. Sayers writes:—"Yes, we are installed in the new hospital now and a wonderful boon it is. As I walk round it now,

with a very definite feeling of pride, I can't help wondering how we managed before, and I can't understand just where we put everything. The operating theatre and laboratory are particularly good, and the white patients' room has been occupied most of the time since its erection."

"The work grows and grows all the time. It is getting almost too much for one man and two nurses. The expense, of course, grows—more people, more medicines, more food, more operations."

For years we have been imploring God's blessing upon this great ministry of healing. He is answering our prayers. May His faithfulness, the devotion of our doctor and nurses, and the great crying need, be a challenge to us to do still more that the work be not hindered.



Men's Ward. Out Patients. New Central Block. Women's Ward.

—Photo: Rev. A. A. Bensley.

Pioneering on Bougainville (Contd.)

By REV. A. H. VOYCE.

Let me digress again to tell of an incident. We have often been amazed and impressed with the telepathetic dream-visions of these peoples. Arriving at Orimai on the Sunday just after service was over, we noted that the teacher there did not seem very excited about our arrival. Later he came to me and said, "I think Suavita (the teacher from Kekemomo) and his assistant will be here this afternoon. I wrote yesterday and told him you were coming! I told him to come and see you!" I stared in amazement, and said, but you did not know we were coming to-day or this month? Yes, I saw you in a vision in my sleep last night, at least I saw Naphthali and someone else, who I thought was Simeon, but it must have been you! Sure enough Naphthali was with us, and had slept with us at the rest house the night before, but had been sent off by us to a different place that morning. I did not say any more, but waited to see if the person to whom he had written arrived, and about 3 p.m. sure enough he



THE LAKE—5000ft. above Sea Level.

did, along with some of his boys, and quite casually, as though he knew all about our arrival, shook hands. Shortly after he returned to Kekemono, about an hour and a-half away, to conduct evening lotu.

Whilst here we learnt of a further invitation to open work in a village some distance away, but as reports as to the size of the village were somewhat discouraging, we left it in the hands of the



TEACHER'S HOUSE, KEKEMONO, LULUAI VALLEY.
(Roroai) Base used for Ascent to the Lake.

teacher to make further inquiries, and to visit the people in their village.

March 22:

Rising at dawn, we got our breakfast of hot curry over (the morning was very chilly in the mountains here), and then after morning lotu, we left in company with our boys and teachers (total 7) and 5 locals for the taboo lake called Duno, on the top of the mountain called Tekuai. Two and a-half years ago, a party consisting of Mr. C. F. Warde (the local patrol officer), C. M. Deland (the medical officer of the district) and a Mr. Kajewski, a botanist collecting for the Herbarium in Brisbane, made the ascent, and reached the lake rim, but failed to make the descent, stating that the sides were

very steep and craterlike, and it would be impossible to descend without ropes. The M.O. spoke much of some prehistoric amphibian creatures, that in schools (or should it be shoals) rose to the surface to breathe, and then dived down again into the depths. All this had made us curious, and anxious to see something of the lake ourselves, and we had often promised ourselves the trip. The recent opening of the station at Kekemono (a good position to begin the ascent), made this long look-forward-to trip eminently practicable.

Another reason for my desire to see this lake, was that it is the fabled abode of the souls of those, who according to native ways of thinking, are the good people. It is very sacred (or taboo), and also it is the abode of the great spirit, who is much feared, called Hogig, and the abode also of a certain bird, reputed to have only one leg, which is the messenger always despatched by Hogig to herald Death to those appointed to die. The lake incidently was said to be salt like the ocean.

Hence we set out that morn, with great expectation, carrying bush knives and a light axe, a gun and cartridges, a camera, and one of the very necessary firesticks, without which natives seem to travel nowhere. The morning was dull, but we thought it would be clear. When about an hour on our way up towards the mountain, it began to thunder and to drizzle. The natives counselled immediate return, being afraid of the mountain cold, one exclaiming, Bye and bye this cold belong mountain 'i make 'im you savee! But we considered the rain would not be much, and that it would soon pass. We gave instructions for a rough shelter to be built, and we proved correct, for in an hour or so, all had passed over, and we set out again for the lake, rather wet and cold, but in good spirits. The ascent was gradual until we reached

the mountain "head," as they called it, and that was hand over hand work, and very stiff going for a time. Later we reached a small ledge, and they showed us where the other party had camped for a couple of nights. From there to the west we could glimpse the lake corner, which looked black and forbidding beneath a dull clouded sky. Half an hour's walk further on brought us to the edge of the lake, beautiful in the somewhat brightening light, looking like a half circle from where we stood, being narrow—perhaps a quarter of a mile wide. Here we cleared a space for a picture. Then away in the distance to the right we beheld something which seemed to rise to the surface of the lake, with a shimmering white, long body, and then almost immediately disappear again, but being about half a mile away, we could not see what it was, nor what it resembled. We were, we confess, somewhat excited, remembering the M.O.'s, antideluvian creatures. Just then our attention was attracted by the boys to a type of bird, swimming on the lake nearer at hand below us. It looked very much like a bird which we had seen on a small lake in the mountains behind Tiop at about 2000ft., a bird which we believe is a species of grebe. These birds kept diving down into the water, and rising again



SOME PEOPLE OF SULEKUNU.

—Photo: A. H. Voyce.

to the surface after some time, and then making sudden darts on the surface of the water.

(To be Continued.)

WOMEN'S PAGES

M.W.M.U.

Methodist Women's
Missionary Union of
New Zealand.

Wellington,
Dec. 1st, 1933.

Dear Friends,—

The Conference of 1933 has come and gone. We went forward in a spirit of expectancy, and I believe as a result of our meeting together, we will be nearer God and to one another, and will face the future with glad assurance of ultimate triumph that comes from a sure knowledge that God lives and cares.

We now enter upon another year of opportunity and service. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few: Pray ye therefore that the Lord send forth labourers into His harvest." We are fellow-workers in His harvest field, may every member of our M.W.M.U. be faithful in prayer, in service, in sacrifice.

It has been a good year in the truest sense. The Auxiliary members have been most loyal in their service, never losing their sense of responsibility to the people of the Solomons, or to the Maori people in our own land. As the reports have come to hand, your Executive has been thrilled at and deeply thankful for the fine spirit so manifest; we realise that there has been faithful praying, sacrificial giving and self-denying effort.

The reports from Sisters at the Solomons and from the Deaconesses working amongst our Maori people were full of interest and inspiration, and we thank God for their loyal, devoted, selfless service so lovingly given.

Sister Ruth Grant's resignation came to the F.M. Board last mail. Sister Ruth is the representative of the Young Women's Bible Class Movement. Mr. Goldie writes: "Sister Ruth has rendered us fine service, not merely as a trained teacher, but as a Sister capable of leading the women and girls of the Solomons. I would never ask for a more devoted Sister than Sister Ruth, and we part with her very reluctantly. She has a very rare combination of bodily health, grace, gifts,

and sanctified common sense, and above all a sense of the external fitness of things which is one of God's greatest gifts." We wish Sister Ruth every happiness in her new sphere of life. Realising that we must move forward and carry more responsibility, the Conference decided that we take the full support of two more Sisters (having the full support of two sisters already). Hitherto we have paid salary only, and an extra £65 per Sister annually is necessary, which covers linen allowance, freight, retiring allowance, furlough allowance, travelling expenses, etc.

Also the Conference realised the urgent need there is for a Sister to be sent to help the Rev. A. H. and Mrs. Joyce at Siwai, Bougainville. It was very cordially decided that a Sister be sent as soon as possible, the M.W.M.U. carrying the full responsibility of her outgoing. The Dunedin Auxiliary gave a great lead in promising a further £30 a year to help meet our new responsibility, and this was followed by the promise of further donations from other delegates.

As a Union we dread further retrenchment in the Solomons, particularly as doors are opening and villagers pleading for help.

This can be averted if the women of our churches will respond to the appeal; we must have increased membership with the vision of the work and its needs. Our church membership at the last Conference was 25,390, and a junior membership of 8033. In these figures I should think there are 15,000 women members—that is a moderate estimate. Our M.W.M.U. membership is 2724—these figures speak for themselves.

This year we are concentrating on membership, and we must not fail in our solemn obligation to the peoples of the Solomons: will every woman member of our churches respond to the great challenge that God's great harvest may not go unreaped, as it is our responsibility.

Mr. Goldie writes: "Please tell the women how much we are looking to them to stand by us in this great work. Tell them the results are well worth all their loving efforts. The heathen are being won to Christ, and that means to all that which makes life worth living. Not only is there in the Solomons to-day a living Church of about 7,000 earnest members, but life is putting on a new aspect to the people. Christ means a new outlook on life, the

people have a new grip of life, and a new incentive to live is theirs. Where the populations were declining the vital statistics reveal the fact that this decline has been arrested, and a nation, and even a whole race, is being born again, and born into the Kingdom of God."

The Executive join with me in warm seasons' greetings.

Yours sincerely,
Margaret W. Pacey.



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

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Rev. V. Le C. BINET	Glen Eden, Auckland.
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.

MISSIONARY DOCTOR.

Dr. E. G. SAYERS	Gizo, British Solomon Islands.
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MISSIONARY SISTERS.

Sister ETHEL McMILLAN	Bambatana, Choiseul, via Faisi, Solomon Islands.
Sister ELIZABETH COMMON	Buka Passage, Bougainville, Mandated Territory of New Guinea.
Sister LINA JONES	Roviana, British Solomon Islands.
Sister GRACE McDONALD	Gizo, British Solomon Islands.
Sister RUTH GRANT	Roviana, British Solomon Islands.
Nurse ISABEL STRINGER	Gizo, British Solomon Islands.
Nurse MAY BARTLE	Gizo, British Solomon Islands.

NATIVE MISSIONARIES.

Rev. NAPATALI FOTU	Simbo, Roviana, Solomon Islands.
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