



Some of our Native Ministry who render effective leadership in the Solomons in these critical days.  
Left to right—Nathan Kera, Aaron Kotosoma, Uziah Sotutu, Paul Havea, Belshazzar Gina.

The  
CHALLENGE  
of the  
SOLOMONS  
in  
WAR TIME.

We respectfully ask your earnest and prayerful consideration of the APPEAL contained in the CONFERENCE RESOLUTION on Page 5 of this issue.

**THE SOLOMONS NEED YOUR HELP MORE THAN EVER.**

FORM OF BEQUEST.

TO THE METHODIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF NEW ZEALAND.  
I GIVE UNTO THE TREASURER OR TREASURERS FOR THE TIME BEING OF THE METHODIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF NEW ZEALAND THE SUM OF \_\_\_\_\_ POUNDS STERLING, TO BE PAID OUT OF MY PERSONAL ESTATE, IN AID OF THE SAID SOCIETY, AND FOR WHICH THE RECEIPT OF SUCH TREASURER OR TREASURERS SHALL BE SUFFICIENT DISCHARGE.

**The Open Door**  
The Missionary Organ  
of the  
Methodist Church  
of N.Z.

JUNE, 1942.

**MISSIONARIES.**

Who are these  
That run along the highways of the world,  
And seek its meanest suburbs with their feet?  
They are the troubadours of God,  
Blowing an airy melody along earth's aisles  
As solid as the masonry of dreams,  
They are the wise eccentrics  
Who reason with divine hilarity.  
They are the canny merchants  
Who buy the hearts of nations for their Prince,  
They are the vivid tailors  
Who push the threads of ages through their hands.  
Who take no blood, to spill it, save their own.  
They are the blessed coolies  
Who lift the loads of folly on their backs  
And dump them into truth's dissolving streams.  
They are the blithe outrunners  
Who trek the world's long reaches for old trails  
Whereon to lay the pavement of new years.  
They are the grave cross-carriers  
Who bear stern wooden gibbets on their backs,  
And nail their loves and treasures to the beams.  
They are our princely brothers,  
Born of the womb which bore us,  
Who speak for us amid the courts of life.

—Quoted by the late Rev. Percy Paris in his dedication charge to Dr. A. G. and Mrs. Rutter.

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



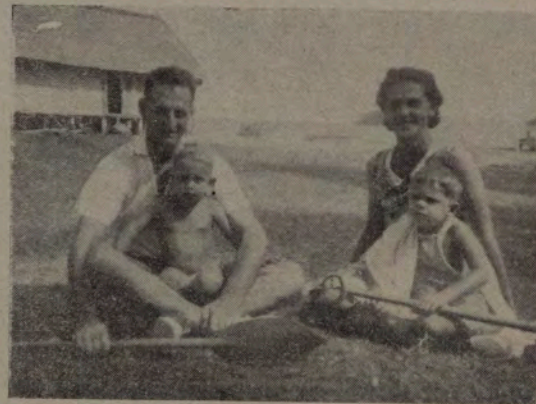


Rev. J. R. Metcalfe.



Rev. A. W. Silvester.

PLEASE PRAY DAILY  
FOR OUR WORKERS  
ON THE FIELD  
AND FOR THE  
NATIVE CHURCH.



Rev. D. C. and Mrs. Alley and their boys.

The Revs. J. R. Metcalfe, A. W. Silvester and D. C. Alley and Sister Merle Farland — whose photo and diary appear on page 10 — are still on the Field and need your constant prayer and support.

What of the Church in New Guinea?

(Continued from page 4).

Britain and bombs began to fall, prayer meetings were held by the natives in their slit trenches. They were afraid, but not panic stricken, their trust was in God.

"One of the questions most often asked at Nakanai was, 'What will the Japanese do about our religion?' My answer was that I thought they would not bother about it at all, and even if they did, a Christian could always pray to God; no power on earth can separate a man from God.

"The few native leaders with whom I spoke before leaving, informed me that they would remain at their posts until the 'great confusion' was over and I returned to take up my work again."

"Conclusion" to "A Survey of the Year 1941"

(Continued from inside back cover).

will bring, the indigenous churches into the very centre of the picture; revolutionary changes in policy may prove to be the price of advance and growth such as the needs of the time demand. But if God shall call to new ventures of faith and ask of His servants much humility and watchfulness, He has also given signal proof of His guiding hand upon us. Are there any men and women in the world who have better cause to trust in God than those responsible for the missionary movement of the Church, who have during these days of cosmic tumult watched in wonder the 'magnalia Dei,' the mighty works of God?—"International Review of Missions."

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The Missionary Organ of  
the Methodist Church of  
New Zealand.

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JUNE, 1942.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

The Campaign for Christian Order

Much is talked and written to-day regarding the need of a New Order that shall make a more definite impact upon the economic, national, international and spiritual conditions of the world. As one thinks of the faith of our fathers, the great Methodist and Evangelical Revivals, and the Acts of the Apostles, one wonders if, from the spiritual aspect, the call should not be for the Old Order. The important thing to remember is that the purpose of Old and New is essentially the same—that is the Christian Order. For this reason we urge our readers to put every ounce of effort into the Campaign for Christian Order now afoot in almost every church in New Zealand, remembering that He who inspired the mighty movements of the past is alone sufficient to-day. Pentecost was not for a particular day or period of history, but for all time and for all men. The fire of the Spirit will rest upon us and transform us as with one accord we seek His power.

"O Spirit of the living God,  
In all Thy plenitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race."

There seems to be an idea in the minds of some that the Campaign is undertaken because the Church has failed and is threatened with extinction. To entertain this idea is a grave disservice to the effort. That we have fallen far short of the command and ideals of our Lord is sadly true, but in spite of its many failures and shortcomings the Church of God grows stronger with every succeeding year. From the days when the Church consisted of a tiny company that went out into the world to preach the Gospel at the command of its Lord, this growth has been brought about mainly by the Missionary. This growth and its method are stressed in his usual striking way by Dr. William Paton in "The Church in Action":—

"Now about this Church. Not many of us have much idea of what it is. It isn't just a British thing, or a European thing, or a white man's thing. The fact is that of human societies it is the most widely spread. Indeed, it is of the very essence of the Church that it should overleap racial and national barriers. In the beginning of its history the decisive battle was fought about that. Was the fellowship of those

who believed in Christ to be for Jews only, or for all? That question was settled, and from that day to this, in spite of many backslidings, the Church has been gathering into its fold people of an ever-widening range of human types, differing in everything that is human and agreeing only in what they knew of God and their Saviour, Christ. Not only in Europe and America and the Dominions, where the white men live, but among all the races and languages and cultures of mankind the Church has taken root. To belong to the Church is to belong to this kind of Society.

"It is not an exaggeration, it is just the plain truth to say that the last century and a-half have seen the most widespread extension of the Church in all its history. I believe that this is true of the Reformed and the Roman Churches alike, and I shall use the word 'Church' in the widest sense to include the whole great community of those who, along with the other names they use, do profess and call themselves Christians. We do not live in the twilight of the Church, but in a day of unprecedented, vigorous and world-wide growth."

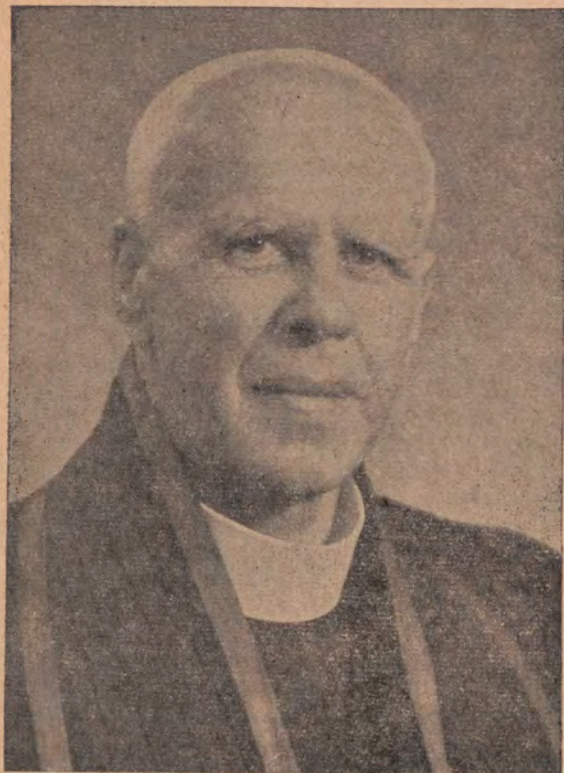
So while we humbly acknowledge our many sins of omission and commission, let us take courage as we face this Campaign in the knowledge that our God is almighty, that His arm is not shortened that He cannot save, nor His ear heavy that He cannot hear. While we set out on our Methodist quest of a ten per cent increase in membership, let us find joyful encouragement in the fact that, while our numbers have grown all too slowly in New Zealand, we have been used of God to bring into being a Christian Church in the Solomons that numbers to-day 18,000 members and adherents, led by 280 native ministers, catechists and pastor-teachers. And that we have also been permitted to share in no small measure in evangelising other Pacific groups where to-day the Methodist Church membership alone, in its various grades, totals nearly 100,000, and attendants on public worship number twice that total; and where 40,000 children are gathered regularly in our schools.

Let us then, as we prosecute the Campaign for Christian Order with all our strength, remember that this Order involves the maintenance and extension of our missionary enterprise.



## The President Calling

MISSIONARY SPIRIT VITAL IN WORLD CRISIS.



Rev. W. Walker, President of the Conference.

I welcome this opportunity of greeting the 5,800 subscribers to the "Open Door," and all who read the missionary magazine of our church.

The crisis created by the World War challenges the Christian Church, and opens to her a door of opportunity unique in her great history. The Missionary spirit has always been vital to the well-being of the Church—even from the first days when her Lord and Founder commissioned His followers to preach the Gospel to every creature. That this spirit is more than ever necessary to-day was emphasised by Lord Halifax just prior to his appointment as Ambassador to the United States and while he was still Foreign Secretary. He had been approached regarding the importance of maintaining Christian Missions in war-time and replied as follows:—

"I am myself quite clear that the support of foreign missionary work in time of war is an essential part of the Church's witness. I should much regret if the responsibility which Christian people rightly feel towards the special needs and charities that press upon us in war-time should

lead them to desert this permanent and universal Christian obligation. To ignore the obligations of fellowship with those young churches overseas now growing into manhood as partners with us in the universal church would be at once failure and betrayal. We would surely be playing truant from a school where we can best learn many of the secrets essential to the building of the better world of our desires."

Our own Solomon Islands mission field is now in the very centre of one of the most critical battle areas, and our hearts go out in eager concern and deep solicitude to the Native Church and her leaders—both white and native. Disaster and destruction have already overtaken some of the mission stations in the adjoining New Britain District, and the Japanese are based on parts of the Solomons adjacent to several of our head stations. The recent Conference was seized with the urgency of the situation and unanimously passed the following resolution:—

"That in view of the inevitable deterioration, and possible destruction, of Mission property and equipment in the Solomons as a result of the evacuation of our European Missionaries, a Special Re-habilitation Fund be established and commended to the whole-hearted support of the Home Church.

"In the event of any of the estimated expenditure being saved owing to mission workers being temporarily employed in New Zealand, such amount be credited to the Re-habilitation Fund.

"All circuits and contributors are earnestly urged to increase their support if at all possible to enable the Mission Board to prepare for the rehabilitation and extension of our Solomon Islands work at the earliest possible moment."

During the past century the Methodist Church has been privileged to take a large share in Christian enterprise in the Pacific—an enterprise which ranks high in the Missionary annals of the world. In a peculiar way we rejoice in the triumphs of the Gospel in the Solomons, and year by year our hearts are stirred as we learn of the coming of the Kingdom of God in that group. In very truth "Our eyes hath seen the glory of the coming of the Lord." Even the tragedy of this war must not be permitted to dim our Christian vision, and very earnestly and confidently, I call our beloved Church in New Zealand to deeper devotion to the Work in the Solomons. By prayer and sacrifice let us strengthen the hands and hearts of our brethren and sisters on the Field and of the Mission Board as they face the present critical situation, which we trust in the Providence of God will soon pass.

W. WALKER (President).

## Minister: Teacher: Doctor.

TYPICAL MORNING OF A MISSIONARY ON PATROL.

By the REV. C. T. J. LUXTON.

Indeterminate sounds assailed my ear for some moments, then as sleep reluctantly slipped away they resolved themselves into the murmur of voices, the low roar of the primus stove, the thumping of the deck by a struggling newly-caught fish. The last vestiges of sleep were then banished by the cook-boy's announcement, "Cup tea, minister. Kanaka like sellim fish and egg."

Sitting up I take in the scene—and the cup of tea. Where are we? Oh yes, we had to wait for a late moon last night so that we could find our way through the reef, and it was in the small hours that we dropped anchor off this village.

I tell the cook-boy to buy the fish, but not the eggs; we have met village eggs before. (One has heard of a colleague patiently opening thirteen boiled eggs before finding one suitable for breakfast). The sky is pale in the first light of dawn, then blushes as the blanket of night is wafted away. The sun blazes into the sky in a matter of moments, burnishing the waters of the little bay and breathing hotly into our awning covered corner of the deck. A brief swim is enjoyed, but it is not very refreshing as the water is quite warm.

The teacher greets us on the beach and a crowd of youngsters surge round us, grinning and pushing one another about as we turn into the palm-lined path that leads along the shore to the House Lotu. We pass an old stone image which has witnessed many a cannibal killing. Two boys run ahead and vigorously beat the wooden drum that summons all to morning devotions.

Schoolboys are already lined up under a senior boy and march into the church; they are followed by village folk of all ages, in various styles of dress, and in every stage of undress.

The minister conducts the service. Then Joshua, Samson, Paul and Sera are baptized. We file out of the church, but about fifty young people remain for school. We chat for a moment with the village people, but the school children's sing-song repetition of the 'five times' table fills the air and conversation is difficult. I go inside again and stay a while to see the school at work.

After breakfast we come ashore again, with the medical kit. We are expected and a crowd is assembled at the teacher's house, and on his verandah we set up our paraphernalia. While waiting for boiling water we take stock of the assembled patients. Mostly yaw cases, some pretty bad, one youngster seems in danger of losing his nose altogether, however this N.A.B. is marvellous stuff, and it is amazing what an improvement will be

seen in a week's time when I come back to give a second injection. There is a nasty tropical ulcer somewhere nearby—phew. Well, old man, what is wrong with you, toothache? Let us have a look at the tooth, that it? It seems very loose, a black, betel nut stained incisor, yes, I think we can do something about that—there you are, but go and do your spitting somewhere else.

We get on with the job of giving the injections, give seventy-four of them altogether, and what a howling the poor children set up, oh well, it is all in a good cause.

Who is next? What is it? Pain along bel—there is a good remedy for that, too. Here is the ulcer; wish I had a gas mask—my word that is a mess, the whole of the heel has gone, we can clean it up a bit, but you must go back with me to the Government Hospital to have that fixed up. Several other minor matters are attended to and that seems to be the lot.

We wander along to the village. Women are sweeping the ground outside their houses, or peeling taro with their shell knives in readiness for the morning meal. Several little girls are carrying babies almost as big as themselves. A party of women with empty slings on their backs are going down to the canoes, evidently going off to gardens on another island.

A group of men are sitting in the shade smoking and talking. Several more are mending their fishing nets, while two others are adzing out a new canoe. One man sitting in the sand chopping at a large plank is the chief, though one would never imagine it to look at him; that rough piece of wood will eventually become a very neat paddle.

We investigate a low leaf shelter on the beach, there is an old man inside, he has fever and came out here to sleep in the cold sand in an endeavour to find comfort and relief from the fever. We send along to the boat for some quinine.

A young fellow has been shadowing us for some time, now he plucks up his courage and asks if I will marry him next time I come. Why not this time? Oh, she isn't paid for yet. All right, if that part of the business is fixed up I'll marry you on my next visit. He promptly tries to raise a loan from one of the boat's crew.

After a further talk with the teacher and the local preacher we make arrangements for a class meeting next week when we will be on our way back to the head station. Everything seems to be in satisfactory order. Now it is time to move on.

All aboard; and we wave farewell.



## Latest News from the Field.

After a long silence further news has reached us from the Solomons, letters having been received from our missionaries dated February 24th and March 6th.

The Rev. J. R. Metcalfe, who was appointed Acting Chairman when Mr. Goldie left for furlough, has made Kokengolo in the Roviana Lagoon his headquarters. He reports much confusion at Gizo owing to the sudden departure of Government officials and other Europeans, but our mission stations had not suffered and the work of our institutions was proceeding in spite of the handicap of a reduced staff. The native teachers were proving steadfast and loyal, and they and the students at the District Institution were very optimistic regarding Mr. Goldie's return.

Some disquieting news reached the Rev. A. W. Silvester, who was also at Kokengolo with Mr. Metcalfe and Sister Merle Farland, regarding some masterless Malaita men who had threatened the peace and property at Bilua. Happily, however, he found, upon his hasty return, that the threatened trouble had been averted. He and Sister Merle continue their good work at Bilua, and the latter is assisted at the Hospital by the native nurses and orderlies.

The Rev. D. C. Alley wrote from Kieta on 24th Feb. by what was probably the last evacuee boat—a small launch in which a number of planters

were seeking safety. He states his determination to remain with his people and to carry out as much patrol and medical work as possible. "We often see planes and Buka and Kieta have been bombed—no one hurt." Margaret, the wife of the Rev. Usaia Sotutu—Fijian minister at Buke—had written to Mr. Alley stating that Skotolan, our head station at Buka, had been machine-gunned by the Japanese, but all on the station were safely in trenches made under Usaia's direction three days before. She added that they (the Fijians) were unafraid and would carry on as if nothing had changed.

Mr. Alley reports having patrolled the Taunita and Ramazan districts and all near villages where he had done much medical work. In passing he remarks that on one Friday they had twenty-five inches of rain.

Since the above letters were written the Japanese are reported to have occupied Kieta, Faisi and Santa Cruz in addition to Buka. Such occupation must have increased very considerably Mr. Alley's problems and will have brought the invaders much nearer our stations in the British Solomons. We are greatly encouraged however, to have received the cheering messages from our missionaries and commend them and the Native Church to the continued earnest prayer and loyal support of every Methodist in New Zealand.

## What of the Church in New Guinea?

The Rev. R. S. Brown, after perilous experiences in New Guinea for two months after the Japanese invasion, has reached Australia. He reports that, with the exception of the Rev. G. J. Platten who escaped earlier via the Solomons, all our missionaries in the New Britain District have been interned by the Japanese. The four Nursing Sisters who were not evacuated with other white women are reported to be serving in a Japanese military base hospital.

He had reason to believe that the invaders had not shown any respect or consideration for Missions as such, and that his continued residence on his station would be a potential source of danger to the native people on the station and in the nearby villages.

Mr. Brown, in a statement to the Board of Missions, says: "I have faith enough in our Native Church to believe that, whilst the set-back to our work caused by this tragedy will be tremendous, many fine Christian men and women will remain firm in the Faith, and that they will emerge triumphant from this, the greatest testing time in the

history of our Mission.

"The basis of my faith is two-fold. In the first place history and experience prove that the light of the Christian life once it has been lit and tended until it burns with a strong, pure light, can never be put out, and secondly, I believe that the Light burns strongly in New Guinea. The organised Church will suffer incalculable loss—there will be no pastor-teacher training; the supervision necessary to the effective working of village schools and circuit training institutions will be lacking; absence of medical attention will mean pain and suffering and an increase in infant mortality; many who are weak in faith will turn from the Saviour; the old paganism not yet forgotten will be revived, and the new paganism will flourish; any many disasters will check the growth of our Church. There are, however, men and women in each circuit who are strong in the Faith, who live by prayer, and who know Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour, and they will not fail Him.

"When the Japanese opened their attack in New  
(Continued on inside front cover).

## Personal and General.

### SYMPATHY.



All readers of the 'Open Door' will unite with us in extending heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Paris and her daughters in the sudden passing of the Rev. Percy Paris shortly after our last issue. Mr. Paris, among his many gifts and graces, always rose to a special occasion. During his Presidential year he dedicated Dr. A. G. and Mrs. Rutter to

their work in the Solomons. In a splendid charge, he quoted the striking lines that appear on the cover of this issue, and concluded:—

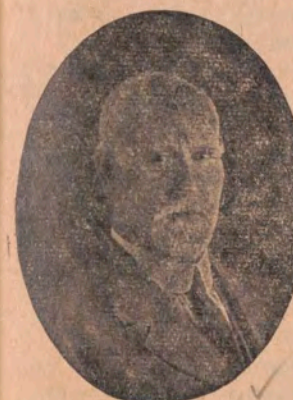
"Let me remind you of some lines in Browning's 'Paracelsus.' Paracelsus says to Festus:—

'Are there not, Festus; are there not, dear Michal; Two points in the adventure of the diver: One—when a beggar, he prepares to plunge, One—when a prince, he rises with his pearl? Festus, I plunge!'

"You, my brethren, now take your plunge in faith. Your sufficiency is of God. You will rise with treasures far beyond a prince's. You will come with the love and confidence of the natives, and with the record of their healed bodies, balanced minds, and saved souls. What priceless pearls to gain and bring to the Master of us all.

May the blessing of God abide with you both, and may you have the joy of seeing the work of the Lord prosper in your hands."

### 90—AND THE BEST IS YET TO BE.



Mr. S. Gorman, of Nelson, celebrated his 90th birthday on 2nd May, and the whole Church unites in affectionate congratulations and the prayer that he may be granted continued health and strength. Mr. Gorman was 50 years old when our work in the Solomons commenced and 70 years when New Zealand assumed full responsibility for

that Field. We greet this Grand Old Man as he

enters the tenth decade of his life and thank God for the wonderful help and inspiration he has been to the Church both at home and in the Solomons.

### METHODISM RISES TO MISSIONARY APPEAL.

We rejoice with British Methodism in its wonderful response to the 1941 Missionary appeal. In spite of the war and its many claims the income in Britain reached the remarkable figure of £322,158. Of this total the Home districts raised £217,261, an increase of £15,918 over the previous year. The total Women's Work income was £102,634—a very wonderful result, and the first time in the history of the Women's Work that a six-figure income has been reported.

It is a triumphant result, states 'The Methodist Recorder,' especially in view of the uprooting of so much of our church life. With all our hearts we thank God, and every worker and every giver. Whatever other meaning may be read into the figures, we cannot fail to see that Methodism is still true to the evangelical call of its great founder, and to the challenge of the spiritual experience of Salvation in Methodist hearts. Methodism has, in an unmistakable way, shown that, given any degree of material prosperity, it will support to its fullest ability any and every enterprise for the winning of the world to the spirit of Christ. Every district, except two or three which have been heavily raided during the year, is up. Coventry, despite its terrible experience, has raised more than it has ever done since Union.

### RIGHT USE OF MONEY.

"Money is as sacred as life, for it represents life. When I receive my pay check, it represents mental work, physical strength, nervous energy which were expended during the days of the week or the month, hence it is so much of me. It is my life in minted form. When I put some of it into an envelope and bring it to church on Sunday, I am laying that much of me on God's altar. It is an act of worship. When I give to missions I am going in coin form to work for God where I cannot go in person. Through it I can tell the story of Jesus in many languages, heal the sick, give sight to the blind, care for the fatherless, teach hundreds of little children. When we fully realise that where our money is, there we are, then our money becomes a glorious ministry."

—Mrs. S. S. Haugh from "Jesus and Possessions."

"Fauro Chief."—"Fauro Chief," in which some of our workers made the perilous voyage from the Solomons to Queensland, has been taken over by the Military.



## Early Days at Roviana

In view of the 40th Anniversary of our Solomon Islands District, celebrated on 23rd May, 1942, the following extracts from an article contributed by the Rev. J. F. Goldie on the occasion of the Semi-Jubilee in 1927 will be of special interest.

—EDITOR.

### ROVIANA 1902.

The old steamer "Titus" steamed slowly through the narrow entrance of the Roviana Lagoon, and the two young men looking over the rail were drinking in the beauty of the wonderful tropical scenery. Their names were down on the 1902 list of "Stations" as John F. Goldie and S. Ray Rooney. With a few native volunteers from the older Mission Districts they had been sent to a portion of the Pacific where not only were there no Methodists, but where the people were still savages, and where the name of Christ had never been heard.

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

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

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

"Well, they have the reputation of being the worst natives in the Western Pacific, and no doubt they well deserve their reputation. Warships have stood off and shelled their villages, parties have



THE OLD—Men who were primitive savages in 1902. Gina's father on left.

been repeatedly landed to burn their houses, and to punish them for their head-hunting raids, but they are just as bad as ever. Now you will have a fine opportunity for work, and of seeing what the Gospel of Christ can do for them. I am not afraid of the result," added this fine old Missionary.

Their reception by the natives was certainly not gushing. The difficulties of communication were great. The dark-skinned sullen savages knew nothing of English, and looked with evident suspicion on the new arrivals. The white men knew nothing of Roviana language, of course, and hand-shaking was not understood. The lagoon was disturbed and the people excited about the killing of a man on the same day that the steamer arrived. One man, a tall, well-built fellow, who spoke a little pidgin English and appeared to be very friendly to the Missionaries, was an interested spectator of all that went on. He turned out to be the chief of Kongu on the mainland of New Georgia, and Goldie managed to persuade him to accompany him in his search for a site for the head mission station. The native knew every inch of the country side, which they tramped over for several days, and had a story to tell about every part. Fights and raids, witches and evil spirits, and these came out as they tramped along the shore, or sat for a spell on a fallen log in the forest. He always carried a battle-axe or club, and his shield, and rarely laid these aside even for a moment or two while he joined his companion in having something to eat. When at last Kokengolo was selected, he was of great assistance in negotiating for the purchase of the land. It turned out that this chief—Mia Bule—was one of the most notorious head-hunters in the district, and according to the Resident Commissioner, had actually dared to threaten the Captain of the H.M.S. "Royalist" on his own ship. To the young missionary, however, there appeared nothing treacherous about him in spite of his unprepossessing appearance, and during long years of friendship following that search for a site for a mission station, he never had to regret the

confidence he placed in this old savage.

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

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

On the very spot where in 1902 Dr. Brown sat with his young colleague—a spot sacred to hundreds who since that day have made surrender to Christ there—stands the headquarters of the Methodist Mission. Church, College, School, Mission houses, workshops and all the activities of a great Mission. There is only one of the original party of Europeans left, but the same young minister—with streaks of grey in his hair now—looks out on the actual realisation of his dreams. From the spot on which he stands he looks over the beautiful waving palms of a fine plantation extending to the shores of the Lagoon which ripples in the sunlight nearly half a mile away. The crude language of these savage people has been reduced to writing, and greatly enriched by new and Christian ideas, and from every village on the shore comes the sound of Christian song. The erstwhile cruel, crafty, filthy savages have lost their stolid indifference, and their bitter opposition has been overcome, and they are crowding the schools and churches—thirsting for God. The superstitious fear, born of their grotesque delusions that drove them to bloodshed and witchcraft—that made devils of men, and for little children turned the whole of life into a tense evasion of death, that turned wifehood into slavery, and made motherhood a thing to be dreaded and avoided—this soul-crushing fear has been replaced by a reverent love of God, and to the listening ear comes the sound of happy, care-free laughter of the children wending their way to school.

It is Easter Sunday, and the same preacher who with Dr. Brown sat on this very spot nearly twenty-

five years ago, and with a great confidence in God tried to visualise the future, is facing a great congregation of dark-skinned people. The "hole in the bush" is now a busy scene, for the people are gathering for the public worship of God. On the porch of the College the band, composed of the sons of the old head-hunters, is playing the "Gloria." The church is more than crowded, for many have to sit on the steps, and others sit under the trees near by. As the preacher looks down on that crowd of dark faces his heart is strangely moved. He knows everyone of his congregation, and marvels at the wonderful transformation that has taken place in their lives. On his right the college students and the men—the same men whom he met as naked-painted savages years before. On his left the women—no longer down-trodden slaves of the men, but happy wives and mothers with clean bodies, and clean garments as well, and with smiling, happy faces, they reverently and intelligently take their part in the great service. The college students follow the preacher with eagerness, and with note-book and pencil take written notes of his address. The singing is wonderful,



THE NEW—A junior class at Kokengolo, out of which will come ministers, teachers, medical assistants, technicians, government clerks, etc.

and as the old Methodist tunes ring out, one feels that they are singing with the spirit and with the understanding also. The choir, with the music before them, sing the "Hallelujah Chorus," and the preacher's heart is lifted up in praise to God as he realises that here before his very eyes the words they sing are being fulfilled, and the "Kingdoms of this world are becoming the Kingdoms of our God and of His Christ." A church of the Living God has been called into being. By the transforming power of the Gospel of Christ a race is being born again.



## The "Bilua's" 900 mile Evacuation Trip.

THE REV. C. T. J. LUXTON RECOUNTS A THRILLING VOYAGE FROM BOUGAINVILLE TO PORT MORESBY.

The radio news on January 22nd revealed the seriousness of the situation at Rabaul, and I decided to return immediately to Buka. On January 23rd I departed from Kihili in the "Bilua" at 3 a.m. About half-way to Kieta I called at a plantation and the manager informed me that the Buka radio had been silent for two days, that certain installations had been bombed, and that it was presumed that Buka Passage was in Japanese hands. He also told me of the Kieta evacuation plans, which involved the commandeering of the "Bilua." This was the first intimation I had received of the evacuation scheme.

When within about 10 miles of Kieta I sighted a small boat heading south, keeping close in shore; soon afterwards it turned and came out towards the "Bilua" signalling for us to stop. It was a party of evacuees from Kieta.

The situation was explained to me and I had no option but to take aboard the evacuees, their baggage and the cargo of benzine. My native passengers and crew transferred to the other boat.

In reply to my questions concerning Mr. Alley and others, I was informed that all possible measures for their safety had been taken, and it was planned that a plantation schooner would be used in emergency for their evacuation.

We returned to the plantation which I had visited earlier, and owing to my suffering an attack of malaria, we were obliged to remain there all night as there was no one else able to run the boat.

Next morning natives reported having heard detonations from the direction of Kieta. We departed for Kihili after the daily Japanese reconnaissance plane had passed; and a little later overtook a Catholic Mission boat in the



Auxiliary Ketch "Bilua," 9½ tons.

charge of Bro. Carl, who informed us that a warship had been reported off Kieta that morning.

At Kihili we learned that another party of evacuees had preceded us. Instructions had been left for us to proceed to Maiwareka, in Empress Augusta Bay. We travelled throughout the night and next morning joined the others at Maiwareka. Here we held a Conference. There were 15 of us, and the District Officer, who was in charge of the party, instructed me to prepare the ship for a voyage to Woodlark Island. The day was spent in sorting and stowing cargo, and in taking on water. All was ready by mid-afternoon and at 3.41 we sailed from Maiwareka. The Bilua is a 9½ ton ketch, 44 feet in length. As we had no nautical chart we had to rely on a map of the New Guinea and Papua territories supplied by the police officer.

There were no experienced seamen in the party. I asked Mr. Cyril Pascoe (a fellow New Zealander), Seventh Day Adventist missionary, to share with me the duties of navigator and engineer. The other members of the party were allocated the duty of steering and watching, and during the remaining hours of daylight we taught them to steer by the compass. The weather was overcast and turned to rain, the sea became rough and our steersmen were reduced to three. On the third day the weather cleared and we were able to dry out our blankets, and the spirits of the party rose when land was sighted at 12.30 p.m.

By the time we reached Woodlark Island darkness had fallen and there was heavy rain. We sought a secluded bay and anchored for the night. I had hoped to disembark the party at Woodlark Island and return to Bougainville in an attempt to locate the men who were still there; three of the party had offered to go back with me. However, the District Officer refused to allow a landing at Woodlark, as we did not know whether it might be occupied by the Japanese. At daylight we sailed for Normanby Island—and had to negotiate reefs throughout the day until about 4 p.m., when we were again in open sea. It had been necessary to have a mast-head lookout, and during his watch Mr. Max Mann was thrown heavily against the rigging and fractured a rib.

Normanby Island was sighted one morning before dawn and passed by mid-day. We negotiated reefs throughout the afternoon, and anchored for the night at Sariba Island. Here we saw some natives and ascertained that the Japanese had come as

near as the Trobriands, but that Samarai was still intact, though almost wholly evacuated. We reached Samarai next morning and were very well received by the Resident Magistrate, who arranged for a meal for us at the hotel, and supplied us with stores and petrol sufficient for continuing our voyage to Port Moresby. A number of boats with evacuees had passed through Samarai and all charts and all native pilots had already been requisitioned.

Just as we were about to depart the Government carpenter offered us the services of two of his carpenter boys. He said they were not seamen, but they knew where all the beacons were as they had worked on them. They also knew where the minefields were. We were glad to accept the services of these boys. We were able to travel only in daylight for the remainder of the voyage—continually watching for reefs by day and having to reach certain anchorages by nightfall. Twice we had to run for shelter from squalls. One day we ran on a sand-bank, but were off again in eight minutes. Dropping anchor one night in what seemed a good anchorage, we found ourselves aground at 1 a.m., and had to wait for the turn of the tide to float us off. On the second day out from Samarai we had a fair wind, and for the only time we were able to hoist our sails. That night we anchored off a London Missionary Society's station and I went ashore to renew acquaintance with my old college mate, the Rev. Jack Wilkinson. I found him in bed with malaria fever. He had returned only that day from a trip after farewelling his wife and little daughter who had been evacuated. (I learned later in Australia that Jack had died from Blackwater fever eight days after I had seen him).

We now saw aircraft for the first time since leaving Bougainville, both R.A.A.F. and Japanese. Head winds and contrary tides made progress very slow. On the last day we were brought to a standstill, and then forced back, though running full-speed ahead—with the turn of the tide we again made headway and late in the afternoon entered Port Moresby, where we were met and escorted in by a naval cutter. We had travelled 900 miles.

taking twelve days. At 3 a.m. we were awakened by the air-raid alarm, and ten minutes later we saw Port Moresby being bombed.

We had to register with the military authorities and four of our number were drafted into the militia; two others were ordered to report for special duties in Australia.

We remained in Port Moresby for about a fortnight, during which time there were seven air-raid alarms. We visited the town each day, and each time there was an alarm we endeavoured to run the boat out for safety. There was an unpleasant moment one day during an alarm when the engine refused to start, but fortunately it was only a reconnaissance plane and no bombs were dropped. During the time we were in Port Moresby the military authorities took over the administration and all civilians were ordered to prepare for evacuation.

At last the expected steamer arrived. A Japanese reconnaissance plane also arrived and was met by anti-aircraft fire. In the afternoon 301 evacuees were embarked on the ship which usually carries about sixty passengers.

When we left the "Bilua" a party of naval ratings immediately took over, and as she went to her new duties we felt as though we were parting from a friend. Looking down upon her from the deck of the steamer we recalled, and agreed with, the words of the naval officer who had said "she is the prettiest little craft in the harbour."

Just before the steamer was due to depart word was received that a number of enemy planes had been sighted. The ship cast off and began to circle and zig-zag down the harbour. She slipped through the reef at dusk, and under cover of darkness began the voyage which ended at an Australian port three days later.

PLEASE forward promptly all Foreign Mission money to the Treasurer: Rev. W. A. Sinclair, Probert Chambers, Queen St., Auckland. Delay means overdraft charges.

### SOUTH ISLAND AND NORTH AUCKLAND FOREIGN MISSION DEPUTATION, 1942

	Rev. A. H. Voyce	Rev. A. H. Scrivin	Rev. C. T. J. Luxton
North Auckland . . . . .	Aug. 2 - 14	August	August
Nelson . . . . .	Aug. 23 - Sept. 10		
North Canterbury . . . . .	Sept. 13 - Oct. 1	Sept. 13 - Oct. 8	
South Canterbury . . . . .	Oct. 4 - 16	Oct. 11 - 16	
Otago-Southland . . . . .	Oct. 18 - Nov. 12	Oct. 18 - 29	



## Extracts from Sister Merle Farland's Diary

WRITTEN BETWEEN 4th FEBRUARY and 7th MARCH.



Sister Merle Farland.

"I investigated our stores (at Sasamanga, Choiseul) and made out a tentative ration list for 6 months. Apart from flour, we had a quite satisfactory amount of stores—and flour will not keep in any case. Also held a meeting with the teachers and headmen and made plans for a

warning signals, also for building a small place back in the bush."

"We arrived here (Patutiva in the Marovo Lagoon, having travelled by launch from Choiseul via Batuna) after dark last night, met some of the folk, then dined and retired. This is a large new native house, just completed on the site of the previous one where Rev. and Mrs. Dent used to live. I did not think I would be seeing Patutiva so soon. It is a lovely place, though the rain is hiding most of the beauty to-day. We have had a meeting with the teachers and chiefs and told them all we could. They seem very glad for us to stay, though they do not want us to be in danger.

The weather is keeping us back. We intended leaving at dawn for Kokeqolo, but have had several gales and the sea is too rough outside for us to go on. It has given us the chance to see more of these people and join in their Class Meeting this afternoon. Mr. Metcalfe spoke to them and then they gave a few testimonies. Gina briefly summarised Mr. Metcalfe's points.

Still at Patutiva. To-day being a National Day of Prayer there is a special service arranged. Mr. Metcalfe and Mr. Silvester, with the local chiefs and teachers, held a session yesterday morning, while I was seeing to the commissariat department. I have seen several sick folk and examined some ante-natals. There has been a considerable number of typhoid cases here by all accounts—two here now, a babe and a man. I went through the medicines with Ben (native medical assistant at Patutiva) and tried to impress on him that he

must be very careful with them all.

Left 6.15 a.m. (Monday) in very calm weather which lasted until about 10 a.m., when a storm came up. We had a very rocky passage and just managed to make shelter behind an island in time for the benzine tank to be filled. Had a cup of tea and some food there, then on again in more sheltered water, reaching Kokeqolo at 5 p.m. I am esconced in Sister Lina's room and Tite and Josie will sleep up here too. John Afu (Tongan minister) has been in charge here. The boys have taken quite a lot of stuff to a house in the bush. In the meantime we are dining together at Mr. Goldie's house. Mr. Silvester and I will get away again on Wednesday if possible for Bilua. I want to know what medicines are available, etc.

A full day (Tuesday) Lotu 6 a.m., then breakfast; listened to the news for a few minutes and back to the Sister's Home where I made a list of the stores on their shelves. Saw the five patients in the men's ward, then down to Oliyi—four patients there—one child very sick—I think T.B. Back up the hill to see to lunch, then after that took stock in the Dispensary. Meeting with the teachers and chiefs at 3 p.m. to discuss the position. Went to Hospital after that, had a tussle with a nasty back tooth, opened an abscess on a woman's neck, then around to Dude to see Harry Wickham's child Betsy who has typhoid, then back just as Lotu finished. Had a Japanese plane over to-day. It circled and came straight towards us, so close we could see the markings.

Had a perfect trip over to Bilua on Wednesday. The only women folk in evidence were Madgie, Evelyn and Varina, the rest having fled. The Station and Hospital boys were all there, but not



Native Nurses and Babies, Bilua.

many others. Some outpatients still come, and twenty odd arrived for injections on Wednesday. I have a midwifery case in now and a Malaita boy with a nasty leg. There is only about an ounce of ether in the place and one box of ethyl chlor, the two anaesthetics I want. The theatre has been altered slightly, making an entrance passage and room for the steriliser which is an imposing part of the theatre furniture. I have taken stock in the dispensary. Quinine supply is fair; sulphanilamide and M.B. only medium. We will have to be very very careful in our use of things. My main problem is to try and establish a scheme for the women's ward work. I think I should spend as much time as possible here.

We have had a big congregation to-day (Sunday, February 15th) at each service. All the teachers but one are in and most of the class-leaders. Not many women-folk from a distance, but quite a number of the local ones.

We have not been visited much by planes here. One went overhead on Friday, but fairly high. I have heard others in the distance. They have not worried us yet, and I don't think they will.

Still at Bilua (Thursday, 19th February) and plenty to do. On Monday Mr. Silvester interviewed his teachers and then held Quarterly Meeting. I attended and gave them a little talk about medicines and general care in the villages. We cannot give them the ordinary supply of medicines, but if they will co-operate, we should be able to prevent too tragic deterioration in the general health of the people. I seemed to get quite a good hearing and have not had any complaints. Several of the teachers have sent or brought canoe loads of people in for injections and Zingi brought in a wee little babe that had been left in the bush to die after the death of his mother. He is a wizened wee mite, he has a cold, but otherwise seems fairly vigorous. Zingi said it was only when he went



Tulagi, capital of the British Solomons, figuring so prominently in the War news.

to collect the mother's body for the funeral and asked where the babe was that he was rescued. They pointed to a towel under a tree, and Zingi, thinking the babe was dead, went to pick it up and discovered that it was still alive. His wife and another woman were the only two who would touch it, and they did their best with expressed B.M. and a teaspoon. Zingi said he and Pique will have this babe back when it gets a bit bigger.

Have written out a dispensing note-book for Abel and Hiki (hospital orderlies). They can do most of the everyday medicines and lotions. Kobaka is doing most of the necessary ones on Choiseul. Hiki has done a patrol around Vella. The teachers in the far villages requested it and promised to see to his food and transport. He has given over one hundred injections, but says that, apart from a couple of villages, things are not bad. Stella (native nurse) and Reuben are in. Admitted another woman with a nasty swollen hand and a sick child. Our wee babe is doing well—now just 3lbs. Madgie (nurse) is very proud of him and does not seem at all nervous about looking after him when I am not there. I think she will do very well.

Had a good trip yesterday (to Kokeqolo). Went first to Gizo to see what I could rescue from the little Hospital there, but there was not much. From there we went to Kukudu, the Seventh Day Adventist place where their hospital is. All their white staff have gone from the Group. I thought there might be a chance of getting a few medicines, etc. I got some artery forceps and some ether, which I was glad to get, but their stocks of other things were very poor.

The "Hygeia" arrived to-day and we hoped we might get some mail. We did; but most disappointing. I received a Xmas card, Mr. Metcalfe a bill, and Mr. Silvester a few old papers. The rest have been sent back to Australia!

Hughie Wheatley (Native Medical Practitioner) is staying a while (at Roviana), so I am returning to Bilua to-day (March 7th). We should be away now, but have had a surprise visit. Two small boats arrived about 7 a.m. with seven white men on board—great excitement. They are from Bougainville and are trying to make contact with the Government down east, hoping to get south. We are trying to get a bit of mail away, but I haven't had much chance—called to a difficult midwifery case—so this will have to suffice. We are well and glad to be here—only wish we could get some mail. Love to all the folk."

**PRAY! WORK! GIVE!** for our Work and Workers in the Solomons.



## WOMEN'S PAGES

## M.W.M.U.

Methodist Women's  
Missionary Union of  
New Zealand.

9 Ranfurly Avenue,  
Feilding,  
April, 1942.

Dear Co-workers,—

It seems such a long time since I last wrote to you through the "Open Door"! I suppose it is because life moves so rapidly these days and momentous changes throughout the world fill every day with special meaning. How are we facing to-day's situation? Are we filled with fear and foreboding regarding the future? Or are we calm and confident in the sure knowledge that come what may we have an unchanging and Omnipotent God who is our Father? Our faith is built on great unshakeable foundations which nothing can take from us. Our sureness of God can keep us calm no matter what "tempests rage without." Are we "casting all our care upon Him?" I read recently these words: "True faith drops its letter in the letter-box and lets it go. Distrust holds onto a corner of it and wonders that the answer never comes." My friends, are we letting God carry all our care or are we holding onto a corner of it and so missing the inward peace that perfect trust alone can bring us? God helps us to let go. "Let go and let God."

**Workers:** In consequence of the great world upheaval, there has come further dislocation of our Overseas Work in the evacuation of most of our workers. You will all have heard or read of the hazardous trip made in the Fauro Chief which brought Sisters Lina, Grace, Effie and Vera safely to Australia. They eventually reached New Zealand in safety, and we are thankful indeed that in all their journeying they were kept from harm. Sisters Lina and Grace, both of whom were far from well, are due for furlough this year and are at present resting. Much to our regret, Sister Vera's resignation has been handed in and she is pursuing her nursing career at Waikato Hospital. The report that she was taking up other work is not correct.

Sister Effie has taken up temporary work under the Government Child Welfare Dept., and we do pray for her in the difficult work she has undertaken. We know she will accomplish it with courage, grace and tact, and be used to bring cheer into many lives. Sister Joy has done splendid deputation work round South Auckland and Bay of Plenty Districts and now goes on to continue the good work among our North Auckland Aux-

iliaries. We know she will inspire and encourage wherever she goes. Of our loved Sister Elizabeth, I have no very recent word, but she was with her sister in Central Otago when last I heard. We pray for Sister Merle, who is carrying on her good work in the Islands.

Our Home Work, too, has suffered interruption in the enforced rest, through illness of both Sisters Olive and Atawhai. We remember them in our prayers, and also the North Auckland Maori women and children who are missing their leaders. Sister Marama, assistant matron of Kurahuna, has had to leave the work on account of her parents' health, and Sister Madeline Holland has moved from Rangiatea Maori Girls' School, New Plymouth, to take her place, Sister Ada Lee replacing Sister Madeline at Rangiatea. Then, too, has come the resignation of Sister Marara, assistant to Sister Ivy, in view of her marriage. We wish Sister Marara every happiness. Miss Joyce Webber has been appointed to help Sister Ivy for this year, prior to her entering Deaconess House for training. I know you will rejoice to welcome Sister Jean Miller, stationed at Hawera, as one of our M.W.M.U. Sisters in place of Sister Marara. We are proud to now claim Sister Jean as our very own.

**Gift Boxes:** While we live in the present, we must look to the future: so I ask you to hold your Gift Afternoons for our Solomon Island Boxes, as usual. All goods or money will be held against the day of re-opening our work, when our gifts will be more than ever needed, so please maintain this splendid work. Remember also our Maori people. The winter may be a specially hard one, and we remember Christ's "I was naked and ye clothed Me . . . Inasmuch . . ."

**Conventions:** Ten centres are busy planning Conventions. More than ever we need to have times of fellowship to build one another up, and we pray for all Conventions, a very rich spiritual experience.

**Conference:** We cannot plan anything definite at this stage, but I know you will trust your Executive to decide as seems best.

**Close:** "Toil on: faint not: keep watch and pray."

My love to you all,  
ISABEL TAYLOR.

\* \* \* \* \*  
SOUTH AUCKLAND.

Hamilton held its first meeting for the year recently and there was a record attendance of members and visitors, Mrs. Tinsley presiding.

After a scripture reading from I. Peter 12:13-19 she gave a short message on the reason for fiery trial and suffering to-day, and urged listeners to use all the gifts they had, whether quiet inward prayers or outside activities, for good in drawing others to God. The President's quarterly letter and a special Missionary letter were read—Easter envelope stewards were appointed, also a stamp cleaning committee set up. It being the eve of our President's departure from Hamilton, opportunity was taken to present her with suitable gifts from Guild and Auxiliary members. Members spoke in eulogy of Mrs. Tinsley's great spiritual influence amongst those she contacted.

In recognition of her past services as secretary, Mrs. Baty was the recipient of a gift for her infant daughter. Afternoon tea and the pronouncing of the Benediction closed a memorable meeting.

### WELLINGTON.

An afternoon was held recently in the Taranaki Street Schoolroom for the presentation of the Easter Offering. Mrs. Nicholson presided, and greetings were given by representatives of sister societies—Mrs. Green, Mrs. Walker (Fiji), and Rev. Scrivin. The Easter Offerings were brought forward and dedicated, the amount received being £61, collection £5. Items were rendered by Messrs. Gandle and Ellis. The large attendance showed that interest in Missionary work was being steadily maintained.

Lower Hutt reports a well-attended Communion

## "Conclusion" to "A Survey of the Year 1941"

By WILLIAM PATON, D.D., and MARGARET SINCLAIR, M.A.

If either the future historian or the contemporary sceptic desires proof that there is reality in the 'oecumenical movement' and the 'world-wide church,' it is surely to be found in the mass of facts recorded in the preceding pages. The Christian society is seen, as it ought to be seen, interwoven with the changing and tragic events of the time, and yet sustained by a purpose and a power which are not mere proofs of the historical process. In a period when the human idolatries of race and nation, drawing strength from the vacuity of modern secularism, have torn asunder the body of humanity, the proclamation of the Gospel and the witness of the universal fellowship that is in Christ continue to call mankind to the only source of wisdom and power.

Of concrete impressions which the record makes, three may be singled out for mention. The first is the unmistakable evidence of a steady heightening among the non-white races in the consciousness of their own worth and destiny. It is not necessary to accept the 'Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere' to realise that the Asia of the future will be conscious of its own independent life. We have called attention to the new interest of China in India. It is certain that future developments of the International Missionary Council will include an Asiatic office. In Africa on the one hand the

Service held in connection with the Easter Thanksgiving Offering, the amount handed in far exceeding that of previous years. Rev. F. J. Parker spoke on the subject of "Dedication"—the need for dedication of ourselves as well as our gifts that the utmost may be given to the Lord's service. Contribution to the Kurahuna penny-a-week fund are made regularly, and the Stamp Secretary records good sales. Mrs. V. Wakelin will address the next meeting on the work of the British & Foreign Bible Society, thus helping to stimulate and broaden our missionary outlook.

### NORTH CANTERBURY.

Another new branch of the M.W.M.U. has been formed recently, this time at Somerfield, making a total of 11 branches in the North Canterbury district. The Quarterly District Committee meeting was held in April, with representatives from Oxford, Rangiora, Woodend and Leeston. All are showing great and growing interest in mission work. Woodend has just celebrated its second birthday, and Central Branch its thirteenth. The "King's Messengers" (Addington Junior Group) still meet weekly with an average attendance of 18. The Stamp Secretary is very pleased about the sale of stamps.

Christchurch members are looking forward to the Thanksgiving Service in Durham St. Church, also the Convention on May 20th, which includes in its programme a Communion Service, Study Circles and an address on Maori Mission Work.

growing menace of the colour bar, on the other the rising African national sense, offer to the Christian Church an opportunity of historic moment.

The second impression is of the close connection which is seen to obtain between the spiritual life of the Church and the secular concerns of humanity. Much space has been given to social, economic and political developments and to the social efforts of the churches; if anyone thinks this 'unspiritual,' let him bethink him of the manner in which moral issues are bound up with the present world struggle, and of the turning of many minds to the truth that the foundations of any 'new order' must be laid in the moral and spiritual realm. The charge of unspirituality does not lie against churches because they concern themselves with the outward life of man; it may rightly lie against them if they fail to treat of the things of this life in the power of the world to come.

A third impression is of the many and radical changes confronting the organised missionary movement in the obscure and ambiguous future, and of the need for alertness and flexibility of mind in the leaders of that movement if they are rightly to discern the signs of the times. In a vastly impoverished world, financial difficulties will be great; the trends of the day have brought, and

(Continued on inside front cover).





Some of our Native Ministry who render effective leadership in the Solomons in these critical days. Left to right—Nathan Kera, Aaron Kotosoma, Uzziah Sotutu, Paul Havea, Belshazzar Gina.

# The CHALLENGE of the SOLOMONS in WAR TIME.

We respectfully ask your earnest and prayerful consideration of the **PRESIDENT'S STIRRING CHALLENGE** on Page 2 of this issue.

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.**

We gratefully acknowledge the following generous contributions:—

<b>General Fund.</b>	
"Anon" .....	£1 10 0
<b>"Maintain the Doctor" Fund.</b>	
"Kia Ora," Hamilton .....	5 0
"Tithes," Johnsonville .....	£3 0 0
Mrs. Richardson, Morningside .....	£1 0 0

**Special Leper Fund.**

Previously acknowledged .....	£1301	8	2
Miss A. Harper .....		2	6
Snell's Beach .....	1	0	0
E.F., Blenheim .....	2	0	0
Hutt .....	1	0	0
Rahotu Ladies' Guild .....	5	0	0
E. H. Symons, Rahotu .....	1	0	0
T. P. Hughson, Rahotu .....	2	0	0
C. Hopping, Rahotu .....		10	0
A. W. Martin, Cambridge .....		10	0

Total to date .. £1314 10 8

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# The Open Door

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

SEPTEMBER, 1942.





The late Mr. J. H. L. Waterhouse, for many years a Christian Educationalist in the Pacific (see page 4).

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