

WESLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY (New Zealand)

A Society within the Methodist Church of New Zealand

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Editorial

In this issue of the Journal we honour prominent Methodists who have died, examine some missionary history and draw on resources that will equip us for the future.

Bernie Le Heron has completed a successful term as editor of the Journal. We are pleased to print a tribute to Bernie from the pen of Susan Thompson. Bernie has overseen the development of the Journal in recent years and has always been convinced of its important place in the life of the church.

The death of David Lange prompted the Conference to reflect on his relationship with Methodism. John Roberts surveys the life of one of our most colourful Prime Ministers and argues that David Lange was deeply influenced by Methodism both in New Zealand and Britain. His relationship with Lord Soper is highlighted and we are reminded of the challenge Christians in positions of political leadership face when seeking to ground the gospel in policy. John concludes by claiming that David Lange stood most comfortably in the Primitive Methodist tradition.

Primitive Methodism is a significant element in Methodism in the Waikato. Peter Lineham contributes a lively sermon on the history of Primitive Methodism in Hamilton. He portrays the origins and traces the evolution of Primitive Methodism in England and its arrival in this land. Peter believes that the unpolished nature of Primitive Methodism has a contribution to make in our current situation.

We are grateful to Jill Weeks who has provided an obituary for the Bruce Verry, who was a longstanding and active member of the Wesley Historical Society.

Jocelyn Howie and Alan Leadley collaborate in writing an obituary to the Reverend Esau Tusa, a prominent Solomon Island minister.

In some interesting research Frank Paine draws on letters and diaries of the Reverend Charles Creed, early missionary, to demonstrate the adversity he encountered and his determination to proclaim the gospel.

Among Selwyn Dawson's papers the present editor discovered the article "The Joy of Reading". Behind Selwyn's preaching was a mind that was formed by catholic tastes in literature. There is no indication whether this paper was given at a School of Theology or prepared for publication. Perhaps a reader may enlighten us on that score. It is however vintage Dawson. It sheds light on his extensive reading: the writers who fired his imagination and the fields that he delighted to explore.

Finally, two papers from the South Pacific Conference sponsored by the Wesley Historical Society held at Papakura in January 2005 are included. Brian Turner and Barbara Peddie share with us the fruits of their research into their family histories. As part of the presentation under the theme of "Weaving Pakeha Mats" each speaker uncovered deep and diverse Methodist roots.

Terry Wall

Tribute to Retiring Editor- Bernie Le Heron

It was with reluctance that the March 2005 meeting of the Executive of the Wesley Historical Society accepted the resignation of Bernie Le Heron as our Editor.

Bernie was appointed Editor in October 1996 after Ivan Whyte stepped down from the position. A member of the Devonport Methodist Church, Bernie had previously edited the dairy industry journal, *Dairy Technology*. Alongside these professional skills, Bernie brought a keen interest in Methodist history to his new role.



During his time as WHS Editor Bernie worked on eight Journals (from 1997 to 2004) and five volumes of the Society's Proceedings.

The Executive is grateful for the careful way he guided these publications through the often frustrating process of preparation for printing. Bernie was adept at chasing writers for their copy, hunting for lost photos and tactfully editing contributions.

He met these challenges with enthusiasm, good humour and diplomacy and always found the energy to contribute a cheerful Foreword.

One feature of Bernie's editorship has been the close working relationship he has developed with our designer, Derek Olphert. Working with modern computer technology was a new area for Bernie but he was quick to see the possibilities it offered. The creative use of visuals marked many of the publications he edited. Always willing to learn, Bernie set himself particularly high personal standards and his partnership with Derek has done much to improve the quality of the Society's publications.

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A man with a strong quiet faith, Bernie has tendered his resignation because of health and domestic commitments. The Society wishes him a happy, restful and fulfilled retirement.

It is with much sadness that we record the death of Bernie's wife, Bernice on Wednesday, 1 March 2006. Her funeral was held at Devonport Methodist Church on the following Saturday morning. Members of the Wesley Historical Society (NZ) extend their deepest sympathy to Bernie and all the family in their great loss, and acknowledge with gratitude the contribution Bernice made to the Society through her interest in its work, and in her loving support of Bernie's editorial responsibilities.

Rev. Dr Susan Thompson, Convener, Publications Committee

David Lange and his Methodism

John Roberts

Methodism was hugely significant in shaping the mind and heart of the man who was Prime Minister of New Zealand from 1984-1989. His contribution to Methodism was a notable one. David Lange began life on 4 August 1942 and was born into a Methodist family deeply involved in the Otahuhu Methodist Church, only a few hundred yards from the family home on Great South Road. His parents Roy and Phoebe were very much a part of the life of that church community. In his memoir David states, "Sundays started with church at eleven o'clock. Sunday school began at two o'clock. Then back to church at seven in the evening. Sundays were off-limits to almost any secular activity. Sunday prohibitions were almost boundless." David graduated from Sunday School to Bible Class and was also active in the Boys' Brigade company attached to the Otahuhu Church.



Otahuhu Methodist Church 2006

In 1960, when David was eighteen years of age, his parents went on an overseas trip and entrusted his care to the Trinity College hostel in Grafton, the context of Methodist theological education. In his memoir David described this as a wonderful

experience: 'There was a good library, three meals a day ' and I learned to play billiards and snooker.'

In the early 1960s David Lange studied to become a Methodist lay preacher. His sister Margaret remembers David sitting an examination one Sunday afternoon. His father was quite annoyed with David at the time, because he had done so little preparation. He reckoned David did not deserve to pass, but pass he did. David's most active time as a lay preacher was when he lived in Kaikohe, and was a church member in a circuit with many scattered preaching places. A busy law practice in Auckland meant he had little time for preaching there, but David is known to have preached at Kingsland Methodist and Lynfield Community Church. Once David became a Member of Parliament there was even less time for lay preaching, though he kept up church attendance.



The former Lange home.

In 1967 having graduated in law from The University of Auckland and been admitted to the bar, David Lange travelled to London and was introduced to British Methodism. In television interviews filmed shortly before his death, David acknowledged the impression made on him by three citadels of Methodism in London: Central Hall, Westminster; City Temple, High Holborn; the Kingsway Mission, West London; and the preachers associated with them, William Sangster, Leslie Weatherhead, and Donald Soper. All were great orator preachers with commanding pulpit and public speaking skills. Sangster had died some years before David Lange arrived in London, and Weatherhead had retired from City Temple in 1960. Donald Soper however was very much alive and active at the Kingsway Mission. All three had visited New Zealand in the 1950s (Weatherhead in 1951, Sangster in 1954 and Soper in 1956) as guests of the Methodist Church here, and made a big impression on many local Methodists. Their writings became widely read. For many years these three distinguished British Methodists were talked about and held in high regard by New Zealand Methodists. For any New Zealand Methodist visiting London it was almost obligatory to visit Central Hall, City Temple, and the Kingsway Mission. Methodists

of the Lange generation may only have been in their teens when Sangster, Weatherhead, and Soper visited New Zealand, but they could not escape their influence. Some may have heard them speak, but for many it came from hearing their elders speak so well of these three, and from being encouraged to read their writings. It comes as no surprise then that David Lange was so influenced by them.



David Lange and Lord Soper.

For a time David Lange attended Central Hall Westminster, even singing in the choir there. Another factor in drawing him to this place may have been that it was the venue of the inaugural General Assembly of the United Nations in 1946, a fact David recalled in one of the television interviews shortly before his death. However, it was Donald Soper who was to make the greatest impact on David Lange. Rupert Davies wrote that there was no Christian Minister who commanded the attention of non-churchgoers more than Donald Soper: "His significance in the church of today - shown in his picturesque form by his unflinching appearance on Tower Hill and in Hyde Park each week to answer any questions put to him - is that of a man who sees and expounds Christianity in the whole context of social, industrial and international relationships." David Lange met Soper one Sunday when he wandered into Soper's Kingsway Mission. In a BBC documentary 'The Prime Minister and the Preacher' filmed in New Zealand in 1985, David described what he heard on that day: "In that church service I heard a compelling and rational sermon. The mushiness of the life I had seen in the New Zealand church had been stripped bare. It was not dwelling on the metaphysical. It actually talked about how we could change the world. To hear a clergyperson speaking like that was remarkable. I stayed and heard many more sermons. I went to Tower Hill. I went to Hyde Park. For me Soper brought things together. He gave me the chance to leap from Sunday school, right past the church, and into the world. It was a challenge to hear him talk about the redistribution of wealth and the immorality of armaments. Where I came from that was very radical indeed. For me this made all the difference to my life." In his memoir David writes of Soper's ability to speak with great authority and insight, and without notes. In his 'Penguin History of New Zealand' Michael King describes David Lange as: "A

powerful orator in the soapbox tradition." And we all know who his mentor in that tradition was.

It was at Soper's Kingsway mission that David met Naomi Crampton. They married in August 1968 at Barnbygate Methodist Church in Newark, Nottinghamshire. David then returned to New Zealand with Naomi. For a short time they lived in the family home at Otahuhu. A celebration of the marriage was held in the church hall there. David took up practice as a lawyer in Kaikohe where he was involved in lay preaching. The Lange's felt strongly that they should support their local Methodist church. By 1970 they were back in Auckland, living in Freemans Bay and attending Pitt Street Methodist Church. They later attended Kingsland Methodist Church, with a link to Dominion Road Methodist. David served as a board member for the 'New Zealand Methodist' newspaper. In 1975 he was elected to parliament as the member for Mangere.

In 1977 he purchased a house in Massey Road, Mangere, and he and Naomi became members of the Mangere East Methodist Church and on Sundays attended services there. It is this church which features in the BBC documentary filmed when Donald Soper visited New Zealand in 1985. David Lange is shown reading the Old Testament lesson while Donald Soper reads the Gospel. It is clear from the particular readings that it was Covenant Sunday.

Shortly after becoming Prime Minister in 1984 David and Naomi were interviewed on the New Zealand television programme 'Credo'. Asked about his favourite scripture passages, David immediately responded: "I liked the bit about chasing the money changers out of the temple [Matthew 21:12-17; Mark 11: 15-19; Luke 19: 45-48; John 2: 13-25], and the bit about the new heaven and the new earth [Revelation 21-22:7]." It is a revealing choice. The first refers to the rejection of an economics that exploits people; and the second to the vision of a new social order based on justice, wholeness, peace and wellbeing.

Asked about his understanding of leadership, David replied: "I decided my role was to provide the challenge, set the targets after consultation, and to use my skills to get people to work to those ends. You can either lead, or attempt to force people; I chose to lead." David clearly saw himself as a change-agent. "I believe we have the possibility in this life to change things, to accept things, or to drop out. I was called to change things. We need to change the way people think of each other. In biblical terms we need to move away from a preoccupation with money. That must never again be the sole criterion by which we judge all standards of success. Success is when people reach their potential, are fulfilled, become strong enough to be compassionate and not afraid to talk about loving. We must cherish the beauty of this country, appreciating our God-given environment, the blessing of our population mix, and the richness of our people."

Asked about his hopes for New Zealand, David responded: "I hope we can learn to live together. I hope we can use our resources responsibly. The stewardship of this

country's wealth is something we have to work on with whole new theories of how it can be kept going for generation after generation, and to use people productively. In this way we may develop some unique New Zealand tradition, say something much more about our people, and leave it a much happier place where people are not loaded up with hatred, violence and malice."

In the same year (1984), shortly after his election as Prime Minister, David Lange responded to a request from the Methodist publication 'Focus' to share his thoughts on the relationship between church and state. He clearly felt that the Labour government had been elected on the general theme of reconciliation following years of bitterness and division during the Muldoon era. He saw the desire for togetherness as both a spiritual longing and a political necessity. Church and state, he said, shared the role of bringing people together "Tolerance, above all, is the virtue that I admire. Church and state should promote it at every turn". David stated that he was aware "of the need to support the poor, the oppressed, and those who really need a helping hand ... that is a common foundation stone of both the church and the state." Referring to the kind of society he would like to help build, he said it was one "where basic values of goodness, tolerance and equality of opportunity are promoted and recognised".

Speaking in the 1985 BBC documentary, David Lange described himself as a conviction politician, one whose political actions sprang from his Christian convictions. "What I do in my political life is a reflection of my conviction as a Christian as to what is the right thing to do. That's been steeped in me and drawn out of me. You see, I belong to a tradition of Christian socialism." In the 'Credo' programme David stated: "I come from a background in Methodism that is very fundamentally socially anxious for people. It doesn't talk about heaven very much, but has an awful lot to do with this earth. It has a lot to do with the way in which we conduct ourselves."

Donald Soper's visit to New Zealand took place at a time when the country was in the middle of an ANZUS crisis precipitated by the government's strong anti-nuclear stance. Soper challenged the Prime Minister to translate into practical action the radical programme against war and violence that had been a passionate focus of his ministry at Kingsway. David affirmed his intention to put the swords "in the furnace, one at a time" (reforging them into ploughshares), but highlighted the difficulties of a politician, who is presented with the challenge of expressing his faith in complex situations. "I have to face that in a much more acute way than a parson." Soper's response to this dilemma was: "You've exemplified the problem." And he went on to warn that "Politicians may come to believe that what is politically expedient is moral." David commented: "I like meeting with him. He helps me to keep straight."

The style of leadership that David Lange aspired to, together with the vision he embraced, was sorely tested in his first term as Prime Minister. David found himself up against strong minded colleagues determined to implement the neo-liberal economic agenda that became known as Rogernomics. In the end it took a great deal

of courage to stand up to these colleagues and their agenda. Ultimately it cost him his position as Prime Minister.

A major fallout between David Lange and the Methodist Church took place in 1986. That year the annual Methodist church conference expressed a desire to make public its response to the neo-liberal economic agenda being implemented by the Lange led Labour government. Conference announced that it was seeking to meet with the Prime Minister, David Lange, to share its concerns. This public approach, rather than a personal and pastoral consultation, was hurtful to the Prime Minister and damaged the relationship between him and the church. In his memoir, David expressed his feelings this way: "For the first time I found myself out of sorts with the Methodist Church. Its leadership made much of its criticism of the government and announced its intention of coming to see me to tell me about it. I declined. If it had asked to see me first and done the grandstanding afterwards I would have been more receptive." While there were some later efforts by the church to overcome that breakdown in relationship, the harm had been done and it proved difficult to rebuild the relationship.

Much has been said of David Lange's contribution to the New Zealand political scene. Following his death he was typically described as a great but flawed political leader. Some of his political colleagues would say he was great because he had a charisma that led the party to victory in 1984; he presided over the transformation of an economy in terminal decline; and he held firm to a nuclear-free stance in the face of a concerted US campaign against it. They would say he was flawed because he ultimately abandoned the Rogernomics agenda and refused to implement the flat tax proposal agreed to by cabinet in 1987. Some in the Methodist Church would also see David Lange as a great but flawed politician. Great because of his oratory skills, his vision, and his firm adherence to the nuclear-free policy; flawed because he let Rogernomics take centre-stage at the outset of the life of his administration, and later because of his affair, divorce and remarriage.

'Great but flawed.' Maybe we have been too harsh in pointing to the flaws in David Lange's life (after all, most of us are flawed people). One of the most insightful tributes paid at the time of David Lange's death was written by Denis Welch in an editorial in the 'Listener'. Welch attempted to address the question of whether, as a leader, Lange had adequately represented the will of people.

He wrote:

"Hindsight suggests that Lange did represent our will. Between 1984 and 1987 he personified our inchoate desire to shake free of the Muldoon years and remake ourselves in a bolder, prouder way. And in 1988-89, in the teeth of his own government's opposition, he caught the real public mood again by slowing down the Rogernomical juggernaut before it left the planet entirely. This last move remains an act of political courage perhaps unequalled in our time. In short, for five extraordinary years David Lange was us - torn between the old and the new, headily excited by economic change, nervously aware of social

damage, glass of chardonnay in one hand, cup of tea in the other. For that reason, if no other, he was one of our most remarkable Prime Ministers."

David and Naomi had three children: Roy, Byron and Emily. All attended Sunday School at Mangere East Methodist Church. Roy and Emily attended Wesley College in Paerata. Both the parents and the children worshipped regularly at the Mangere East Church. After a week of parliamentary life, Naomi says, "David described going to church as like being in a warm bath. There was no hoo-ha, just ordinary people who didn't hassle you."

By the time he resigned as Prime Minister in August 1989 David Lange was in a relationship with his speech writer, Margaret Pope. He separated from Naomi in October that year and married Margaret in 1992. By 1996 David was quite disillusioned with the political scene and in that year quit politics altogether. In the same year daughter Edith was born. In 2002 David was diagnosed with amyloidosis, a rare blood plasma disease. He died in Middlemore Hospital on 13 August 2005.



On leaving politics David Lange led a somewhat lonely life, and drifted into alcoholism. However, he did manage to pull himself out of the addiction. He also made something of a return to the church. On one occasion David approached the Mangere-Otahuhu Methodist Parish Superintendent, Uesifili Unasa, to be served a personal holy communion in the Otahuhu Methodist Church. David would bring his

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daughter Edith to the Mangere East Methodist Church to attend Sunday School, the teacher being his other daughter Emily. When he returned to collect Edith he would stay and enjoy a cup of tea and conversation with the parishioners. On one occasion he attended an advent service in the church. David was of great assistance in supporting applications for funds to restore the Otahuhu Methodist Church for its 150th anniversary in 2004, and he did attend those anniversary celebrations. In 2002 he began to attend the Onehunga Co-operating parish where he stated: "There was something familiar and comforting about the organ music, and wisdom in the sermons." Margaret Pope says "I think a lot of the things that made church important to him when he was young, came back when he was unwell. He liked the rituals of the church." His private family funeral service was held in the Onehunga Co-operating Church. Hymns chosen by David were sung at the service, including "Guide me O Thou Great Jehovah", a hymn that was sung at his father Roy's funeral service.

At its conference in 2005, the Methodist Church received and adopted a memorial relating to the breakdown of its relationship with David Lange in 1986, in which it stated that it had not been able to challenge the direction of the Lange-led Labour government as sensitively as did Donald Soper over the armaments issue in the BBC documentary:

"The Methodist Church recognises and regrets its failure to offer understanding and compassion to a man working under huge pressures in a highly complex and demanding situation. We trust that these learnings will enable the church to care more adequately for those of its members who hold positions of responsibility in high office, now and in the future. The Methodist Church of Aotearoa New Zealand remembers with gratitude the person and honours the achievements of David Lange. "

Ron O'Grady, an Associated Churches of Christ minister who officiated at David Lange's funeral service, agreed that David was disappointed the Methodist church didn't give him pastoral support when he was Prime Minister. O'Grady says: "He struggled with his conscience over Rogernomics and needed more support from some quarters. His faith, however, never left David. He was disillusioned with the political scene but contemplated the bigger things of life. He always struggled to make his faith relevant to life."

So what should Methodists remember David Lange for? Let's remember him for his oratory, his quick wit, his capacity to engage an audience, all immortalised in his contribution to the Oxford Union debate of 1985, a defence of his nuclear free stance. Let's remember him for his social compassion and conviction. Let's remember him for reigning in the Rogernomics juggernaut. Let's remember him for upholding our country's nuclear-free stance. Let's remember him for his understanding of leadership, and his hopes for New Zealand. And let's remember him for what he received from and gave to this Methodist Church of ours.

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David Lange stated that his forbears in England were Primitive Methodists. The two hallmarks of Primitive Methodism were that it engaged in outdoor or field preaching (which required more oratory skill than indoor pulpit preaching), and was very much a church of the poor. The Primitive Methodist Connexion was formed in reaction to the increasing respectability of the Wesleyans in the early 1800s. It appealed to working class people. David Lange was clearly in the Primitive Methodist tradition.

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Grey Street Church, Onehunga Co-operating Parish

Hamilton Primitive Methodist Centenary

In 1904 the Primitive Methodist Church held its first services in the city of Hamilton on Victoria Street down by the Waikato River.

One hundred years later the Hamilton Methodist Parish celebrated these beginnings with a week of events including a boat trip down the Waikato, a display on the history of Primitive Methodism in the Waikato, a mid-week organ recital, a historical walk around inner-city Hamilton and a special Centenary Service and lunch.

The guest preacher at the Centenary Service was Dr Peter Lineham, Associate Professor of History at Massey University. Like an evangelical preacher of old, Peter held the congregation spell-bound with the following sermon on "Recovering the Spirit of the Primitive Methodists".

Rev. Dr Susan Thompson

Recovering the Spirit of the Primitive Methodists

Peter Lineham



Dr. Peter Lineham

Sunday 24 October 2004

Readings: Haggai 2:1-9; 1 Thessalonians 1:1-10.

Initial Enthusiasm

If ever there was a key word for Methodists, it was enthusiasm! This was what Wesley was accused of by the Bishop of Bristol in an interview on 16 August 1739: 'sir, the pretending to extraordinary revelations and gifts of the Holy Spirit is a horrid thing, a very horrid thing.' Wesley's defence is of great importance: 'I pretend to no extraordinary revelations or gifts of the Holy Ghost, none but what every Christian may receive and ought to expect and pray for.'

In our reading from Paul we are reading probably the second oldest part of the New Testament. Only Galatians is earlier. And like Galatians it is written in the white hot anger and compassion of new Christians in trouble and needing help, but with Paul unable to return to them because of the difficult circumstances that forced him to depart - circumstances described in the earlier part of Acts 17.

But who can fail to be impressed by the quality of the transformation of these people who so recently had abandoned paganism. Faith, love and patience are all in evidence in them. They are full of hope and purpose.

Turning the World Upside Down

The evidence was not noise or trouble although there was certainly some expectation of something radical: Acts 17:6. When they couldn't find them, they collared Jason and his friends instead and dragged them before the city fathers, yelling hysterically, "These people are out to destroy the world, and now they've shown up on our doorstep, attacking everything we hold dear!"

But the heart of it was extraordinary inner change. In the face of overwhelming pressure, their difference was plain for all to see. It didn't mean that everyone found the changes agreeable, but in the long run they did.

Hugh Bourne

If this is the mark of the work of God, then we strikingly see it in the early Primitive Methodists. It was like this for the first Primitive Methodists as well. When they began, everyone thought they were mad. Their beginnings were dramatic, in the roughest and wildest parts of England, in Staffordshire.

Hugh Bourne was born in 1772 near Stoke on Trent, in a farming family. In 1799 he joined the Methodists, and remained based in north Staffordshire. In 1800 he moved to the Cheshire border near Harseahead and he began to evangelise among his friends and workmates. Soon four coal miners were converted, and he began prayer meetings and a lively little revival began. He did visit Methodists in Leeds in 1808 and London in 1810.

Lorenzo Dow

There was nothing much to commend the first preacher. Crazy Dow as he was called. Lorenzo Dow (1777-1834) was an American preacher, famous from the camp meetings there. He had begun his pilgrimage through odd means:

As an instance of the native eccentricity of his mind, the following incident may be useful. He was scarcely twelve years of age, and feeling anxious to know if God would answer prayer, as in primitive days, he promised to serve him provided he would enable him to gain the highest prize in a small lottery then about to be decided in the place. He gained the prize, nine shillings! Broke his promise, and was very uneasy for several weeks.

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He was a 'Christian Primitivist' and it may well be that he (and not the golden plates) was an inspiration to the Mormons. But in 1799-1801, and again in 1805-7 Dow visited England, and on the second trip came across a group of independent Methodists at Manchester and he set this group of 'screamers' alight with excitement. Millennial beliefs of the kind that excited and confused the Thessalonians were all part of the potent brew.

Camp Meetings

Back in America Dow had become intimately involved in Camp Meetings. These were incredibly colourful events, under the control of no denomination, but basically they were extraordinary scenes of religious passion in which 'the falling exercise', 'the laughing exercise', 'the barking exercise' and the 'jerks' were all signs of people deeply struck by spiritual conviction.

So when Dow came to England the second time he was full of excitement at Camp Meetings, and determined to introduce them. So he called for the holding of a camp meeting at the deserted spot of Mow Cop, in the Potteries District of Staffordshire. This first camp meeting took place at Mow Cop on 31 May 1807.

The Wesleyans were determined to prevent these meetings taking place. Through the difficult years of the French Revolution they felt the loss of their founder with his aristocratic connections, and so they became extraordinarily conservative and sensitive to criticism. They withdrew their religious practice into their chapels, and they sought to make the religious events there as solid and conservative as possible.

In June 1808 Bourne was expelled from the Burslem Quarterly Meeting. So he formed the 'Camp Meeting Methodists'. Later in his life he became a great temperance campaigner as well. He died in 1852.

William Clowes

But at least Bourne was a quiet person. One of Bourne's converts was William Clowes. Born in Burslem in 1780, a potter, dancer, boxer, gambler and drunkard, he was converted in Tunstall in 1805, firstly joining the Methodists. He was influenced by contact with James Crawfoot of Delamere Forest, the mystical figure. He was expelled from the Burslem circuit in 1810 and a group of followers, the Clowesites were created. The converted Clowes remained rough, forceful, a great evangelist, based particularly in Hull. He died in 1851.

The Primitive Methodists begin

In a kitchen in Tunstall on 26 July 1811 the Primitive Methodists began. They were shaped out of a number of small groups including the Camp Methodists, the Independent Methodists and the Clowesites. All of these were anxious to keep the fire in Methodism. They began a movement that rested on revivalistic assumptions. It

spread rapidly across Staffordshire towards Derbyshire. The first conference was held in Nottingham in 1819.

A People's Movement

Lacking Wesley's gentry background, they added extra fire as well, because they had none of the sense of decorum that he had. They were a democratic connexion, giving equal representation to lay people and ministers. They encouraged women to preach, they used simple crude language; there was no pretension among them and they could not abide people who preferred polish to power. They loved revival and emotion and crude jaunty tunes because they cared about conversion, and they despised ministerial pretensions because they were creating a Christian community among the poor.

It was not incompatible with learning. No-one could call the great academic at their Manchester College, the eminent Professor A S Peake, a simpleton. But he knew how to preach words of hope for people. He could rant.

Humble Chapels

Their buildings reflect their priorities. The Primitive Methodists used simple preaching houses, designed to make the poor feel comfortable. And so while the Wesleyans built grand mahogany chapels, the Prims, the Ranters as they were called, reached out to the poor especially in the country districts, the impoverished farm labourers. Although my own relations in Bedfordshire were nominally Anglicans, it seems likely that they went to the Primitive Methodist chapel nearby.



St Paul's Church, London Street Hamilton

In Hamilton at first this was even more the case. They began using the Borough Council Chambers in Victoria Street. Rev. Peter Mairs who began the work had come from the PM heartland of Cheshire.

Missionary Work in New Zealand

The General Mission Committee in London had a vision to reach the pioneer settlers of New Zealand, responding to a call by a keen layman, J Harris. So Robert Ward arrived in New Plymouth in 1844, not to compete with the Wesleyans, but to reach the needy people of the district. He worked with local Bible Christians, another Methodist schismatic group. Later he began to explore Auckland needs, and began a class there, and when Rev. Joseph Long arrived from England, Ward moved north and opened a chapel in what is now Airedale Street, and soon spread to other working class suburbs of the city. Mechanics Bay, Freeman's Bay, Onehunga and the Fencible Settlements. Meanwhile Rev Henry Green established a church in Sydney Street in Wellington, but it didn't go very well - many of the members later joined the Brethren, who had better preachers. They became a district of the English Church in 1873, and an independent conference only in 1893.

Wesleyans in Hamilton

But they were very slow to come to Hamilton. Hamilton was of course a small place in a troubled part of the colony. Wesleyan preachers had been active along the coast at Raglan since 1835, and particularly in the 1850s. Much was disrupted during the wars of the 1860s, but in 1864 the Rev. J S Rishworth was assigned by the Wesleyans to be a military chaplain in the Waikato to the British soldiers, and so in Hamilton he organized a Methodist society. But he was moved on after the war, and it was three years later that the denomination sent the 21 year old Joseph Berry to be a regular minister in the Waikato. Almost immediately Dr Rayner gave land in Collingwood Street, and a church was opened on 1 November 1868. A new church was built alongside it in 1882. By this stage the Wesleyan Methodists of Hamilton were a significant influence in the business sector of the town. The Wesleyan tradition, the tradition of decorous religion, wanting to be thought respectable, had come of age.

Running out of Steam

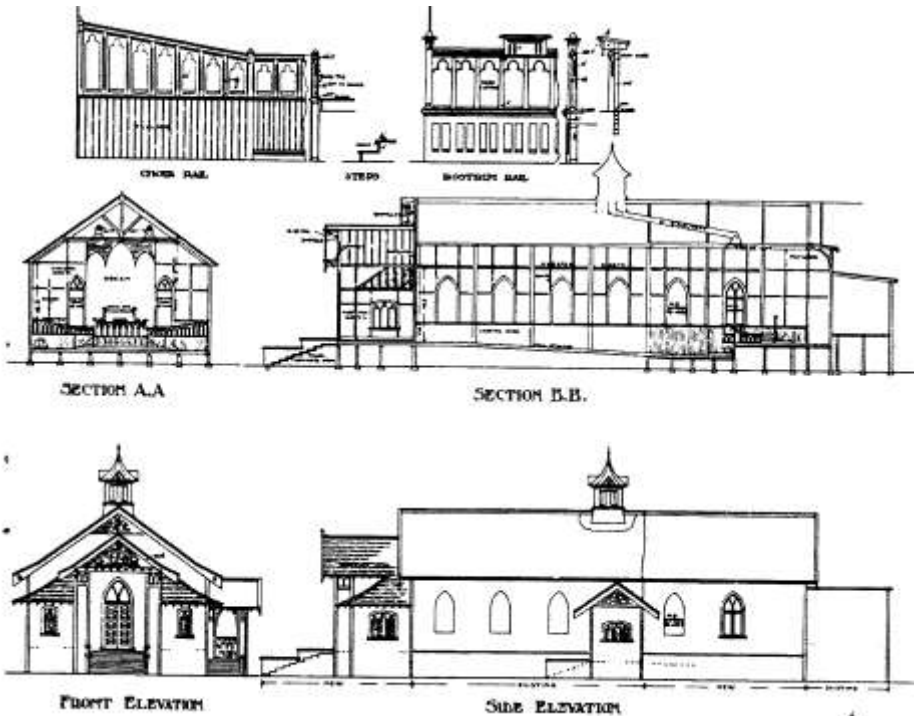
But the Primitive Methodists were not altogether satisfied to go to a Wesleyan Church. So they demanded a new church of their own. Now, when they arrived in Hamilton, the Primitive Methodists had begun no new preaching round for ten years. This was begun so well, with an expensive site, and soon a handsome chapel.

They did attempt to do it well. It is extraordinary that they raised the money to buy the property in London Street, and we may assume that they received substantial assistance from outside. Maybe it was this building that led Wesleyans to think that amalgamating with the Prims would bring an influx of numbers into the church. In fact London Street struggled for support, and was very relieved when finally in 1913

the amalgamation with the Wesleyans which had been discussed since 1883 took place across the whole Dominion. And it was natural to combine into the London Street Church which was doubled in size to cope with the enlarged congregation.

Where have the Glory Days gone?

It is a fascinating story. But what does it mean for us? The fine building still remains, as well as the wonderful buildings erected in 1862. But the role and mission has changed a great deal since those days or even from the days of the 1950s, when the church was bursting with young families and life.



Detail of development plans for St Paul's Methodist Church Hamilton

I want to take you to our first Bible reading. It was the words from Haggai, exhorting people to build a replacement temple, after they had returned to Jerusalem after their seventy years of Exile. The building of the second temple did finally take place, a pale miniature of the first temple and its treasures. So when the old people saw it, remembering the glories of Solomon's temple, they mourned and cried. See Ezra 3:12: 'many of the older priests, Levites, and family heads who had seen the first Temple,

when they saw the foundations of this Temple laid, wept loudly.' Joy and tears mingled on that celebratory event.

If we overcome the church's tendency to focus on buildings and forget that the church is people, we may understand their tears. For like them, we have much to lament. It would be wonderful to see the great days, the life, the vigour, the activity of the Primitive Methodists in their prime. Like the ancient Israelites, we may rejoice, but we may also grieve, that the temple now seems so small, so inadequate. Or perhaps we may say, that the story of Christianity in this land is now so run down, so weak, so feeble, that Methodism thankfully has great resources in its Polynesian members, but that the Palangi community seems weak.

For us, then, the words of Haggai's encouragement are the word of God to us. Let us ponder them. Let us listen to Haggai's encouragement: 'I'm living and breathing among you right now. Don't be timid. Don't hold back.' For Haggai sees that if God is still living and working among them, then the divine presence promises so much of hope and of purpose. We need to hear Haggai's encouragement 'work for I am with you, says the Lord'.

This reminds us of John Wesley's words at the end of his life, 'the best of all is God is with us.' And this is our hope. While God is with us, we can move confidently from the past to the future, with joy reawakened from the stories of the past. And if we listen and attend to what God is doing, we may recognise that there is deep spiritual hunger in this land, hunger from the needy and the unprivileged and the lost. Will you be there to share the good news?

So Primitive Methodism can live again. Of course in some respects it does still live, for the Ranters tradition passed quite directly to many of the newer churches and groups. But what of its original base? So many Primitive chapels in England are now abandoned turned into cafes or houses, or even with trees growing through them.

But where the life is recognised, the seed is still good seed, ready and able to grow. We celebrate today because we have the light of life, and we need to once again take it from under the basket and let it shine into the dark places.

For we still have good news, good news that can transform and reshape lives. Whenever it begins to work now, then - in different ways from the past, but as unpredictably and as profoundly as then - God still speaks and works among his people.

Obituary

Bruce Verry



Bruce was an early member of the Wesley Historical Society with an interest in all that contributed to its aims and practical work. This included searching for and collecting books, registers and files that were part of the Methodist Church. A letter he wrote in 1974 to the Pitt Street Church Trust indicates his deep concern and distress for the casual and sad state of 'these priceless treasures'. In his letter, he also suggested a panel of qualified people should undertake the huge task of dealing with the responsibility for the records and documents of these - the early history of the Church. The names included Mrs. Lucy Marshall, Mrs. Verna Mossong and Miss Pat French. Bruce himself gave much time and effort to bring these valuable items to the first storage places that the Archives in Auckland were able to use. And he worked for many years in Turner Street when Rev. George Carter established a team of volunteers and an office there.

Bruce was an active and loyal supporter and a keen member of the Wesley Historical Society. He served on the Executive Committee and was made a Vice-President in 1979. He became an Honoured Member in 1996. Even with failing health, he made every effort to attend meetings and it was a great joy that at the age of 90 years, friends brought him to the Annual Meeting held at the Ponsonby Tongan Church in November 2004. Bruce's health deteriorated soon afterwards and he died on 12 March 2005. A service was held at Trinity Methodist Church, Pakuranga. Those of us who knew him and worked with him have special memories and pay tribute to his work for the Society.

Jill Weeks

Obituary

The Rev. Esau Tuza **MELANESIAN CHURCH HISTORIAN**



Rev. Esau Tuza

Esau was born on Choiseul Island (Lauru) in the Solomon Islands on 6 December 1939 - he did not have a birth certificate, but his father insisted this was his birth date. He was the eldest son, but second child in a family of two girls and four boys.

When Esau was two or three, the Second World War started to make its impact on the Solomons. The family who had always lived by the coast were forced to retreat for safety high up into the central mountains of inland Choiseul. Esau told the story of how his father carried their possessions, his mother carried the new baby (his brother Jacob), and his elder sister, only six at the time, carried him! Life must have been hard cut off from their usual food resources of fish and gardens planted by the coast.

He was not able to start school until he was 11, but he was resolutely determined to succeed. He passed one of his primary school exams so well he was allowed to skip the next year and jump a year ahead. He struggled with subjects he was unfamiliar with, and at that time he was living with other students in a dormitory. He would wake in the night, light a lamp underneath a blanket and study. This was strictly forbidden, but he was determined to succeed. During his high school years in the Solomons students were expected to grow their own food. One year the crops failed and the principal gave each of them a handful of peanuts twice a day. Esau survived because his father was able to come at weekends and bring him food.

He was one of a select group of four secondary school students to be sent to New Zealand to study. They had very little orientation as to what to expect in New Zealand. They had never eaten breakfast cereals and at a hotel on the journey they ordered rice

bubbles because 'rice' was a familiar word and they knew what it was. They were completely baffled by what they received.

Esau spent time at Wesley College. He found the cold - Wesley College had cold water for their showers - and the strange food very difficult to cope with. After Wesley College he spent one year at Trinity Theological College in Auckland at the School for Christian Workers.

His desire to be a minister took him to Rarongo Theological College, near Rabaul on the island of New Britain in Papua New Guinea. During his training he spent some time pastoring on Bougainville. He graduated as an ordained minister of the United Church of Papua New Guinea and the Solomon Islands and went on to the University of the South Pacific where he graduated with a BA.

On his return to the Solomons he became assistant pastor in Honiara but was recalled to Rarongo to be a lecturer in Church History. He was married for a brief time to Kelera, a Fijian woman, and raised an adopted daughter Doris while at the College. Esau was later sent to the University of Papua New Guinea in Port Moresby to do his Masters Degree. He was the first Solomon Islander to gain this qualification. His MA was on the subject of the Eto Movement and the establishment of the Christian Fellowship Church, a breakaway from the original Methodist Church in the Solomons. His study involved him travelling to New Zealand to do research in the Methodist Church archives. Jocelyn Howie was working as a secretary in the church office in Auckland and this was when they met.

In 1975, after Esau had finished his degree and returned to Rarongo, Jocelyn spent a year as a volunteer at Malmaluan, a nearby church institution where Alan Leadley was Principal, to familiarise herself with the Melanesian culture and with Esau!

They were married at the end of 1978 by which time Esau was working for the Melanesian Institute, an interdenominational research institute in Goroka in the Highlands of Papua New Guinea, while awaiting plans to come together to send him to Aberdeen University in Scotland to study for his PhD.

The time at Aberdeen was preceded by a three month relief pastorship of a small Congregational church in Edinburgh where the senior elder warned him not to preach about anything controversial or make any political statements!

Eighteen very happy months were spent at Aberdeen. However, the professor at the Religious Studies Department moved and the new professor did not accept Esau's original thesis topic. This necessitated a return to the Solomons to do three months research, travelling from village to village. The subject was a comparative study of the early missionary leadership provided by Revs J F Goldie and John Metcalfe. During this time Jocelyn returned to Auckland to work, where Esau later joined her. It was deemed better for him to complete his thesis at Auckland University because of the expense of travelling back to Aberdeen. However, in Auckland Esau felt lonely and isolated in a small central city flat in contrast to the large house filled with overseas

students where they had lived in Aberdeen. He suffered fortnightly migraines, which took considerable recovery time. His lecturing position was vacant at Rarongo so the family returned to Papua New Guinea where to his delight Steven was born three months later.

After four years at Rarongo, Esau accepted a two year lecturing position at the University of Papua New Guinea in Port Moresby. The plan was for him to work part time so that he could complete his PhD thesis. However, when he arrived in Port Moresby, the professor he had been negotiating with had left. The History Department was short staffed and he found himself working full time. Consequently he never wrote his thesis. He was very happy, however, when Simon was born at the end of the first year in Port Moresby. Living in Port Moresby was a complete contrast to rural Rarongo. The University environment, restaurants and shops provided a lot of stimulation.

The end of his contract in Port Moresby provided the opportunity for a long desired shift back to his home country. The University of the South Pacific in Suva had a small centre in Honiara, and it offered Esau a lectureship which he accepted. Happily Kerewyn was born during this time. The marriage, however, had been unhappy for some time and Jocelyn, Steven and Kerewyn returned to New Zealand. Esau and Simon spent several more years in Honiara and then moved to Munda on the island of New Georgia in the western Solomons where Esau worked for a time as General Secretary for the United Church.

He married Mali Bero of Kindu village and moved back to his home village of Boe in Choiseul where he worked for the Lauru Land Conference. At the time of his death (18th July 2005) he was living in Munda and had just finished working on the history of the Lauru Church for its centenary celebrations in May 2005.

One of the abiding contributions which Esau has made to the Church in Papua New Guinea and the Solomon Islands is in the area of study, travel and training opportunities he helped to make available to church leaders, lay and ordained. He developed contacts with Mission Boards in New Zealand, Australia, North America, the United Kingdom and Europe (as well as international bodies such as CWM and WCC) equal to none in the 1980s and '90s. Many women and men now in positions of key leadership in church and community owe their personal and academic development to Esau's tireless search for scholarships, and to his advocacy and fundraising efforts.

Esau will be remembered for his charm, sense of humour, resourcefulness and undaunted spirit. He possessed an abiding commitment to the Melanesian church and to the recording and interpretation of its history. He often provided a robust critique of European historians and their writings (such as those of Alan Tippett and George Carter) by providing a Melanesian perspective of events. Esau is truly a gift of God to the people of God in the Solomons, in New Zealand and in the wider world.

Jocelyn Home and Alan Leadley

Charles Creed

Intrepid Traveller

Frank Paine

Charles Creed arrived in Hokianga in March 1838 along with his fellow missionaries: John Waterhouse, John Bumby, Samuel Ironside, and John Warren. At Hokianga and Kaipara he acquired a full knowledge of the Maori language, and acquainted himself with the customs, traditions, and legends of the Native people.



Rev. Charles Creed

The Rev. T A Pybus writing about Creed says: "One secret of Mr Creed's success as a missionary among the Maori people was his intimate knowledge of Native mentality and his strict observance of Native codes of etiquette. He had a genius for understanding the Maori people to whom he ministered. To the Maori he was a Maori. He loved the dusky people in his charge, and they in turn loved him."

Here was a man with the gifts and strength to take up the appointment to that vast circuit which stretched from Banks Peninsula to Stewart Island, with a Mission Station at Waikouaiti.

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In 1844 Charles Creed, who was 32 years of age, was appointed to succeed James Watkin at Waikouaiti. He sailed with Mr F Tucker, a surveyor, on the schooner *Deborah*. The Rev. J F Wohlers, a German missionary bound for Ruapuke, was also a passenger. Arriving at Port Cooper (Lyttelton) on 5th April, Mr Creed met for the first time the Chief Taiaroa and Tuhawaiki, a chief of great standing among the Maori people. Both these chiefs were clad in sailor suits. On Sunday, 7th, Messrs Creed and Wohlers set out for Port Levy to visit and conduct services for the Maori where Mr Watkin had appointed a Native Pastor, Taawao. Also at Port Levy was Hohepa Korehi, who was a Native Evangelist sent from the Cloudy Bay Mission by Samuel Ironside. On their way they became hopelessly lost among the mountains. At last they arrived at Lake Waihora (Ellesmere) and Wohlers wrote: "Here we are lost, hungry and tired, no roof and no food." They subsisted on wild turnip and native berries. On the morning of the third day, weary and faint, they despaired even of life. On the fourth morning, continuing on their journey over the mountains, they rose above the clouds and saw in the distance Port Cooper and the *Deborah* once more - a welcome sight.

The *Deborah* resumed her journey southward on 11th April and reached Waikouaiti on 19th April, where James Watkin greeted his successor in the joking words: "Welcome to purgatory, Brother Creed." Watkin returned to Wellington on the *Deborah*.

On 26th November 1845 Creed wrote to the Missionary Secretaries in London, having returned from "nearly two month's journeyings among the natives of this Circuit". In the letter he gave a brief resume of the journey.

Visits Banks Peninsula

For a long time Creed had been desirous of visiting Bank's Peninsula, and, as we shall see had concern for the natives on the West Coast. He looked for a vessel to convey him to Akaroa. When he heard of a schooner which was going to Wellington and might probably touch at Akaroa, he immediately made arrangements to go in her. They were four days and nights on board, having had contrary winds, and came to anchor in Akaroa on the 26th of September.

"I then commenced my overland tour; visited Akaroa, Pigeon Bay, Port Levy and Port Cooper on Bank's Peninsula; thence travelled along the coast to Waikouaiti: the whole distance I had to walk was about 270 miles. We generally kept near the coast and can therefore say little as to the nature of the country. We travelled 50 or 60 miles without seeing a tree or shrub with the exception of the Ti-tree (*Cordyline australis* - Cabbage tree) which in some places is very abundant."

Description of Journey

In a letter to the General Secretaries, dated 23rd December 1845, Charles Creed sends "extracts of my journal, during my recent journey to Banks Peninsula".

September 22nd 1845:

"About 8 a.m. the Schooner belonging to the natives, in which I intended to proceed to Banks Peninsula, came out of Otakau. I made all possible haste to be ready. At 1 a.m. she came off Waikouaiti. I commended my wife and family to the merciful keeping of our heavenly Father, took my leave of them, and went on board without delay, as the vessel did not come to anchor. When we got out to sea, the wind became contrary: we beat to and fro, but made little head way. I became very sick and ill."

For the next three days the same conditions prevailed and Creed continued very sick. By the 25th he was very depressed.

"I was induced to lay before the Almighty in earnest supplication, praying that he would grant us a favourable wind."

He was feeling quite faint, having eaten little since leaving home and had eaten nothing all day.

"I opened my Testament on the chapter [Acts 27] containing the account of St Paul's shipwreck ... I looked to the Lord for help and direction. The 34th verse was powerfully applied to my mind, 'Wherefore, I pray you, to take some meat, for this is for your health, for there shall not an hair fall from the head of any of you.' I immediately sent for some food, which I eat with thankfulness still waiting upon God in expectant prayer."

"The wind had been blowing strong all day from the north: however within a quarter of an hour after I had taken refreshment, it suddenly changed from north to south and blew a strong and steady breeze: my heart gladdened, I rec'd it from the Lord, felt truly thankful, believing he would make my journey prosperous. In the evening I had an interesting service with the natives."

September 26th:

"At daybreak we put on full sail and by 10 a.m. the schooner had anchored in Akaroa. I went ashore immediately, and after taking some refreshment, walked about 2 miles to the European settlement, called on Mr. R. the Police Magistrate, with whom I spent an hour or two, and returned to the village."

From then until the beginning of October Creed visited the Maori settlements on the Peninsula. He preached whenever he had an opportunity, baptised those who had been prepared by the Native teachers; married many couples, some of whom were Europeans, marrying Maori wives with whom they had been living; and burying recently deceased Maoris.

On 2nd October Creed records:

"I wrote a letter to a chief and his people at Poutini on the West Coast, Nearly the same latitude as Banks Peninsula. I sent them some Testaments. There are two or three hundreds in that neighbourhood who have embraced Christianity,

and have been waiting two or three years for a Missionary to visit them. The journey across the island from Port Levy to Poutini may be performed in seven or eight days. Should no other missionary visit them in the interval, I purpose by the blessing of God to return in the course of next year and visit these isolated people."

Homeward Bound

October 6th:

"I made arrangements for starting homeward; took leave of the people at Port Levy and walked over the mountain to Port Cooper. My mind is deeply affected with the destitute state of the people on Banks Peninsula and the neighbourhood. There are about 300 natives residing at Port Levy, and from 150 to 200 at all the other villages in this part of the district; and were it not for the more powerful claims of other places, I should recommend that a missionary, or at least an assistant missionary, be stationed at Port Levy. There are two principal "Karakias" at this place, that of the Wesleyans, and that of the Church of England. At sunset the boat came round from Port Levy with my things and my three travelling natives; we crossed over the Port to Rapaki, a small village where we held Divine service."

October 7th:

"About sunrise I preached to a few natives, and proceeded to the head of the harbour in the boat; from thence we went on to the Waihora Lake, we had to go round by a circuitous route to the head of the lake. I could easily recognise the place where Mr. Wohlers and myself descended from the mountains when we were lost in the thick fog about 18 months ago. In proceeding on our journey we met with a fishing party, to whom I preached the Gospel. We then travelled on till quite dark, and halted for the night. This is the last day of my 33rd year. I lay down to sleep very happy in God."

October 8th:

"About midnight the wind changed to the southward, and shortly after it began to rain a little, which continued all night; not having a breakwind, our things got wet. We started early in the morning, and, after travelling about 15 miles, with the wind and rain in our faces all the way, at noon we reached Taumutu, the end of the lake where a few natives are residing. After getting breakfast and changing our wet clothes, I felt refreshed."

Crossing Dangerous Rivers

October 9th:

"One of my travelling natives has his foot so swollen that I was obliged [sic] to leave him behind, and get another to supply his place. We left about 8 a.m.,

and, travelling along the coast, saw the wreck of a boat, supposed to be one that left Moeraki about three weeks ago for Te Waitemati, to which place we are now travelling. At 10 a.m. we came to a river called Ohineware. The water was very rapid, and about the loins. We crossed all at once, so that the force of the water was broken before it came to me. These rivers are oftentimes exceedingly dangerous, especially in the summer when the northwest or hot winds blow; the snow on the immense ranges of the mountains inland, melts so rapidly, and the falling of the avalanches, the rivers are swollen so very high as to render fording them impossible. The next river we came to was the Korakaia, generally much worse than the other; we crossed one, two and three branches, which were dried up, expecting to come to the principal stream by and bye; we travelled on, and to our great astonishment, found it also quite dry. We travelled till 4 p.m. when we came to a place where we expected to find water; but it was dried up. So we had no alternative but either to spend the night parched with thirst, or travel about 15 miles further to the next water. It was about midnight when we reached Hanganui, a freshwater lake. Here we gladly halted for the night. The distance we travelled was about 40 miles, and what made it more fatiguing was, the last 10 or 12 miles we walked on a loose shingle beach."

October 10th:

"Early in the morning we proceeded onward, crossed the Wakatere river, the water being to the knees. At 8 p.m. we reached Pukihaukuku, raised a little breakwind, and having made a pretty good fire, lay down for the night."

October 11th:

"Started early this morning and soon came to the Rangitata, a river very dangerous to cross. We found the water a little above the knees. We proceeded from thence to Hapi, an outlet for the waters of a small lake, the tide being high we could not cross. We had therefore to ford the upper part of the lake. The water was above the waist, but there being no current, we crossed with safety. About noon we reached Te Waiateuati, a small native village, the population being about 80 souls including children.

This village is situated on one of the most extensive grass plains in New Zealand. We have been travelling along it since we left Banks Peninsula, and have not seen a tree, with the exception of a grove about five miles from this village. Further than the eye can see is nothing but an extended plain, north and south, and in a westerly direction about 30 miles distance are those immense ranges of snowy mountains which extend from Kaikoura to Waitaki. So far as I can learn, this plain must be from 200 to 250 miles on length and averaging about 30 miles in width; and no doubt will ultimately be made available for very extensive cattle and sheep runs. In the evening I preached to people from Matthew chapter 5."

October 12th:

"Sabbath: Early this morning I held a prayer meeting. At 10 a.m. preached and in the afternoon, met some candidates for baptism. At 5 p.m. preached from Rev. 20:11 etc. The word appeared to take effect on them and many countenances seemed to express their earnest desire to have a place at God's right hand. Afterwards I baptised eleven adults and children, and married two couples. In the evening a prayer meeting."

October 13th:

Creed preached and gave instruction during the day.

"Some natives returned this evening from Timaru; they had started to go to Waikouaiti, but the wind being contrary, and they hearing that I had reached the village, they came back to see me; so that thro' a kind providence, I shall have an opportunity of sending to my dear wife, who has not heard from me since I left home."

October 14th:

"From all I can hear, the boat which was wrecked at Taumutu left Moeraki with nine on board; one European and eight natives, men women and children, all have perished. One of the native men, Hahepa Kirihauka, was a teacher from Waikouaiti, on his way to visit friends at Port Levy. At 5 p.m. I preached in the open air to a good congregation. In the evening I met a few more candidates for baptism they being from home on Sunday last."

October 15th:

The morning was given to preaching; ten more were baptised, and one couple married.

"About 11 a.m. I took my leave of them, and proceeded to Timaru, a distance of ten miles. In the evening I had a class meeting with my travelling companions, and other natives who are going in the boat."

October 16th:

At 8 a.m. Creed and his companions set out for Waitaki; reaching Makihikihi they halted for the night.

October 17th:

At sunrise and after a time of prayer the travellers proceeded on their way.

"The sun set before we had reached the small village on the Waitaki river. We had some difficulty in finding our way in the dark. About 8 p.m. heard the barking of a dog, which soon directed us to the place. We found 7 or 8 natives including children. We have travelled 30 miles today. I feel much fatigued."

October 18th:

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"Went about 5 miles inland to another village on the other side of the river, but found all the natives away from home, and there being no Mokihi (reed boat) we could not cross over. We lighted fires, as signals for the scattered people to come to the village and waited till sunset. No one came; so we had to remain where we were for the night, having a hut for our accommodation."

No Sabbath Travel

October 19th:

"This morning we returned to the village we left yesterday. Had we not gone in search of the people yesterday it is probable that we should have proceeded towards Moeraki as the food is very scarce in this place, and under the circumstances, there would have been no alternative for us to sit or spend the Sabbath on the coast, without a house, and very little or no food, or, otherwise travelled on to Moeraki on the Lord's Day, which however justifiable in case of necessity, might be much abused hereafter, both by natives and Europeans. One of my natives fretted a good deal under the disappointment, and would have proceeded on the journey today, had I not most determinately refused to travel on the Sabbath."

October 20th:

"I preached at 6 a.m. from John 3:16,17 and then started for Moeraki. We crossed the Waitaki river on a Mokihi. There are several channels in addition to the principal one. The water is rapid in its course; we crossed in perfect safety. This river appears to me to be the only important obstacle to horse travelling from Banks Peninsula to Waikouaiti; and even here a horse accustomed to New Zealand travelling might with care when the river is not flooded. We walked five miles, and took some refreshment. One of my natives having got some food from a distance.

We have had very little to eat these last two days. We travelled on till 8 p.m., and reached a small river called Kakaunui where we rested for the night."

October 21st:

"At sunrise we set forward: it was a rainy morning: travelled 5 miles, and had breakfast. Met a white man, with whom I had much conversation. I proposed reading and prayer which was readily assented to; at last I found he was a poor backslider, having been united with a Christian Society in America; his mind seemed fully open to conviction; I hope he will return again to the Bishop and Shepherd of Souls. In the afternoon reached Moeraki, heard from my beloved wife. All well at home, I feel unfeignedly thankful to the God of all our mercies for his continued goodness to us."

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October 22nd:

"Preached this morning and at 5 in the afternoon. In the evening we met the classes. I hope the work of grace is deepening in the hearts of many members. Since I was here last time one of the members has passed out of time into eternity. There was hope in his death."

October 23rd:

"Spent time preaching and teaching. In the evening met the people in School, was much gratified with their advancement in Scriptural knowledge."

October 24th:

"Immediately after morning service, I started for home, walking 8 miles then took breakfast. We then travelled on, and at 5 p.m. reached Waikouaiti. Found my wife and child well. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for all his mercies to me and my dear family during my absence from home! "

Throughout the journey Creed took every opportunity to present the claims of the Gospel through prayer meetings and preaching; performing baptisms and marriages. Even when he encountered individuals, he took time to present the Gospel. Creed was very strict in his observance of the Sabbath, even when they could have benefitted from pressing on. Indeed the Sundays 12th and 19th of October were full days of religious activity.

His observations are interesting as he contemplates the future uses of the grass plains or whether horses could be used when travelling the same journey. It is not easy to pin point some of the places mentioned, but 'Poutini' was the name given to the southern portion of the West Coast.

Sources:

***A Worthy Pioneer* - Rev. Charles Creed**

Written by the Rev. T A Pybus for the *Evening Star* (Dunedin)

Charles Creed Letters to General Mission Secretaries, London

26th November 1845: Brief introduction to the journey 23rd December 1845:

Copy of Diary of journey.

THE JOY OF READING

Selwyn Dawson



If I had to choose between books and television I would reluctantly but decisively choose books.

One can read anywhere and at any time - not excluding the bathtub; indoors on a rainy weekend, outside under a sun umbrella; during the sleepless hours, in the sickroom.

The tramper can carry Shakespeare - or Ludlum - in his backpack. Long after one's rugby boots or ice axe are put aside, books retain their magic. One does not grow out of reading but into it.

Books are readily available, especially if one lives in Auckland. One can drop into any of the twelve branches of the City Library service or into Central, borrowing or returning as many books as one can conveniently carry. As if that were not enough, a well stocked mobile library is likely to trundle into one's neighbourhood each week, offering its bounty. Costs (to the borrower) are minimal. Each branch carries such a proliferation of titles and topics as makes the best stocked video library look like a roadside stall. A bonus for me is a friendly neighbour, a noted litterateur, who sends me home with armfuls of review copies, hardly yet in the shops. That I should be so lucky. I'm not dependent on electronic gadgetry, the services of Tisco, or the whims and cheeseparings of the programme selectors. If the lights go out I can, at a pinch, read by candlelight.

Borrowed books are one thing - one's own personal library is another. One builds it up carefully over the years as a wine buff stocks his cellar. Each book sits patiently occupying its inch of shelf space. Years later, one takes it down for another dose of pleasure, inspiration or information. Meantime, the serried jackets add to the unique decor of one's rooms.

And the cost? Little enough. The equivalent of one meal in a restaurant will buy a 600 page masterpiece - or current blockbuster (they are not necessarily the same).

What induces one to acquire the reading habit? It is seldom a desire to improve one's mind. One reads first of all for pleasure. My generation cut its reading teeth on Tarzan Of the Apes, William, Biggies, Anne of Green Gables, Treasure Island along with a goulash of Triumph, Champion, Amazing Stories, Boys Own Annual and Chums. If we were lucky, parents and friends encouraged us with books as birthday gifts. There were exceptions. One middle aged woman told me, years later, that if her mother caught her reading, she would snatch the book from her, hand her a broom and say "I'll give you something useful to do." To my mind, a clear case of child abuse.

In our teen years we went on to read Sapper, Rafael Sabatini with his swashbucklers, P.C. Wren who enlisted us in the French Foreign Legion, P.G. Wodehouse who made us laugh and Clarence Mulford with his westerns. By now we were safely astride, and, like Stephen Leacock's horseman, galloped off in all directions. We learned early not to be afraid of substantial volumes, solid blocks of print, and not to demand illustrations or settle for comic books. When we discovered a new author - Edgar Wallace, Dorothy Sayers, Warwick Deeping, Jeffery Farnol, we wolfed them down volume after volume. We found time for Dickens or Scott if nothing else was at hand.

Our reading habits didn't turn us into myopic, wimpish bookworms. We swam, fished, canoed, played tennis and hockey, flew kites, joined the Friday night ogling procession around the shops, camped, tramped and picnicked. But with no television, and radio stodgy and spasmodic, we had time left over to ransack the local library like pigs after truffles. Our tastes were omnivorous, our discrimination meagre, but little by little we widened our interests, found what stimulated our taste buds.

Half a century later the fascination remains, and for a perfectly good reason; books continue to be written, new titles in profusion keep tumbling out of the publisher's cornucopia. The world rolls on, grinding out new material in prodigious quantities. Sheer naked curiosity is the spur - a lust to know just what is going on, the bizarre antics of our fellow humans, the nature and characteristics of the space ship we inhabit. There are benefits. The addict is not likely to be taken in by the latest fad or fallacy, some ancient heresy presenting itself in a new guise (laissez faire masquerading as the new economics?), or to live shallowly in a one-dimensional present.

What to read? Thank God they no longer seem to be issuing those lists of the World's Hundred Great Books - which suggest a lifetime of sedulous boredom, and a guilty

conscience if one has not read Gibbon - all six volumes. One reads for interest and delight - all else comes as a bonus. Tastes are as singular and various as one's finger prints. For myself, I find it necessary to have several books on the go at one time.

When to read? There's a time and a mood for 'serious' reading. For me, that time is the morning, when one is seated upright at a desk, pencil in hand. That's the time to grapple with Theology - Kung's 'Does God exist?', a biography of Karl Barth, an abridged report of the Social Policy Commission, or to delve into one's commentaries.

The Bible is another matter - not to be reserved until one is stranded on a desert island. A life time habit of spending five or ten minutes, first thing following a prescribed reading pattern enables me to tap into the world's most influential literature - history, biography, drama, poetry, philosophy, composed over a thousand years, yet bound between two covers. I browse through the utterly familiar, much that seems irrelevant, only to find from time to time that passages leap out like laser beams illuminating and resolving some personal or social issue. Those few moments help me to set my values and agenda for the day.

It's good to have a book of poetry, preferably a New Zealand anthology at hand. Much of it is arcane, contrived, in-group stuff which leaves me out, but a poem by Baxter, Fairbum, Curnow or Stead can send shivers of recognition down one's spine.

Not all one's reading needs to be serious stuff. I've always got some light fiction - usually thrillers-on hand. I avoid the megabuck blockbuster, made strictly to formula; 'Take sex, violence, glamour, money, politics, and usually, a family dynasty, add a dash of intrigue, pepper with obscenities, keep one eye on Hollywood, and pre-sell to the paperback moguls; if you bring it off, its bound to make a million.' But there's still plenty left. A new Le Carre brings pure joy - why bother with Spycatcher when you can keep company with Smiley? Murder has its charms for the timid and respectable Kellerman or George V. Higgins, or E.D. McBain, P. D. James, Ruth Rendell, but please, not Agatha Christie. (Why do women do so well in the trade of fictional murder? Wishful thinking, I suppose.)

But fiction also illuminates, I'll read anything by Keneally, Salman Rushdie, Gore Vidal, John Updike, Saul Bellow, Doris Lessing. In my irresponsible moods I turn to Tom Sharpe and Fay Weldon. With good fiction, after the sheer fun and diversion of reading, there's usually some residue of wisdom or knowledge left behind. Janet Frame and Keri Hulme introduce me to people I care about.

Fiction rules OK - but one soon learns that truth is stranger - and more fascinating than fiction. What author would have dared to invent the Profumo affair, Watergate, Irangate, the undeclared wars of the CIA, (Woodward's 'Veil'), the Vatican story (Thomas and Morgan-Witts), Arthur Alan Thomas and the Chamberlains, China's long march, the Kennedy family, McCarthyism - each saga with its own attendant cluster of literature. The Jules Verne story of my youth 'Journey to the Moon' can't compare with Norman Mailer's 'Fire on the Moon', his account of the real thing. For

New Zealanders, Erebus is a sad story still being written up and the Rainbow Warrior seems to be a growth industry. History, as written by Barbara Tuchman shows a drama and fascination we never glimpsed at school.

Some invest hours each week in following the fortunes of race horses. For me, politics is more fascinating by far. One picks up scraps of the jigsaw from the dailies, the weeklies and the pundits, but seldom feels one knows what is really going on. The books telling the real story of today's politics can't be written yet. Events move too fast. Colin James and Simon Collins do their best but are always caught up by events, can't look through keyholes, or read the diaries of the participants. In five or ten years' time we may get closer to the true story. Meantime there's the fascination of reading Barry Gustafson's 'Cradle to the Grave' (Savage), Keith Sinclair's 'Walter Nash', Margaret Hayward's 'Diary of the Kirk Years'.

My continuing interest in American politics began when I first read a brief life of Abraham Lincoln, to my mind, the greatest statesman of the modern era. Speak nicely to the librarian at Central, and she will produce from the stackroom, the six volume biography by Carl Sandburg - providing months of absorbing reading, and much background to American politics, ancient and modern.

Too much absorption in the current and contemporary leaves Jack - and Jacqueline - dull people. The march of science can be both fascinating and liberating - even to someone who hasn't a clue as to the significance of $E = MC^2$, and wouldn't recognise a differential calculus if he fell over one. In my teens, I invested eighteen pence in a Pelican paperback 'The Mysterious Universe' by Sir James Jeans. (No one under 40 can understand what we owe to Alan Lane and his Penguins and Pelicans, for making serious writing available to us at prices we could afford.)

Jeans opened up to me for the first time a universe both vaster and more mysterious than I had ever imagined. Since then, per kind favour of Fred Hoyle, Patrick Moore, Nigel Calder, Carl Sagan, and Stephen Hawking, that initial picture has become still more wonderful and mysterious. Without a stitch of mathematics or physics, I have been able to get glimmering ideas of the big bang, black holes, negative anti-matter, distant galaxies, and our own backyard, the solar system. Modern kids yawn at the idea of man walking on the moon which doesn't match the excitement of space invaders - but I don't.

One interest leads to another. Why be fascinated by Mars and remain ignorant of one's own planet? People of my generation have lived through a revolution in perception not unlike that initiated by Darwin. Plate tectonics may seem an abstruse concept, but when we realise that continents, riding on the backs of great interlocking plates, drift around the globe like ice floes grinding at each other's edges, that's another story. Add to that the knowledge that New Zealand sits astride the boundary between two plates (the Pacific and the Indo-Australian) and that goes far to explain a host of natural phenomena, our earthquakes and volcanoes, the uniqueness of our landscape, forest and wild life. Fortunately, in Graeme Stevens, 'New Zealand Adrift' (1980) and

'Prehistoric New Zealand' (1988) we have a populariser in the best sense. By text, picture and diagram he and his colleagues lay bare to the layperson the anatomy of our islands. Searle's 'City of Volcanoes' and Cox's 'Fountains of Fire' give us a - sometimes foreboding - picture of our Auckland setting. Even a slight knowledge of geology enables one to see the familiar landscape with stereoscopic eyes.

Books do more than merely divert us. They provide the data which enable us to tackle current problems we often prefer to tackle in blind ignorance. It is evident that Maori and Pakeha have as an immediate task the working out of a covenant by which we share the same country in peace and mutual respect and enrichment. To help us understand each other, there are many superb books available. We can begin with biographies - Michael King, on Te Puea and Whina Cooper, Ann Salmond on Eruera and Almiria Stirling, Patricia Bums on Te Rauparaha. We go on to Tipene O'Regan's 'Natural World of the Maori', Sydney Moko Mead's 'Te Maori', James Belich's 'The New Zealand Wars'. Witi Ihimaera's 'Matriarch', and Maurice Shadbolt's 'Season of the Jew' are only two of the illuminating books of fiction which tell us our own story. Breaking my own rule that no one should be told they 'ought' to read this or that, I believe that Claudia Orange's 'Treaty of Waitangi' is required reading for anyone who wants to pontificate on that subject.

It's good sometimes to stand back from our own culture and civilisation and turn to others more remote. Years before Robert Graves' 'I Claudius' appeared on television, I read it in paperback. It opened the way to the Rome of the Caesars which in turn led me to Periclean Athens and Socrates. (The great I. F. Stone left as his legacy last year his study on the 'Trial of Socrates', drastically revising our understanding of that towering figure, and raising almost every modern question about politics and the just society.) Illustrated books on ancient Egypt are available in profusion in the local library, and splendidly evoke an ancient and utterly different world.

Art is well served by a plethora of works, bringing us masterpieces dating from the Lascaux caves of 30,000 years ago to the shapes and daubs of modern art Elva Belts in 'New Zealand Art' serves us well though many readers, like myself will be left baffled by much of it. But the European artists of the intervening centuries make one realise that great human achievements were possible before the microchip and the computer.

One must stop somewhere in the never ending cataloguing of one's treasures. There's no end to them or one's interest, so long as one has sight and grey cells. Books are there to serve us so long as the human drama rolls on. One reads, not to kill time but to telescope, encapsulate and enrich it. Shakespeare has the last word:

*'So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.'*

SD 1989



Selwyn Dawson welcomes James K Baxter as guest speaker at a National Council of Churches Annual Church Service in the 1960s.

JOHN AND SUSAN ORCHARD

Bible Christians

Barbara Peddie

In 1986 the descendants of Rev. John Orchard and his wife Susan celebrated the centenary of their family in New Zealand. Barbara A Peddie marked the occasion by compiling 'John and Susan Orchard Centennial History 1886-1986'. Early chapters of this record give valuable information about John and Susan and their service of the Church in Australia and New Zealand. John's ministry spans the most vigorous period of Bible Christian activity in New Zealand, of which undoubtedly the most outstanding figure was John himself, ably assisted by his wife.

The following account is drawn from that family chronicle, with grateful thanks to the author.



Rev. John Orchard

On 1 April 1886, the SS *Wairarapa* sailed into Lyttelton harbour from 'Melbourne and Southern ports'. Among the passengers were Rev. John and Susan Orchard, and nine

of their children. John Orchard was born in Devon, England, at Holsworthy, on 12 December 1838. His father was a shopkeeper. Although his mother lived on into her nineties, we are told that John 'very early in life was thrown upon his own resources', which suggests that his father may have died when he was small. There is no record of any sisters or brothers.

John attended the Bible Christian Sunday School at Holsworthy. The Bible Christian Connexion was one of the charismatic off-shoots of Methodism, founded in Devon in 1815 by William O'Bryan. Largely confined to the west of England, it grew rapidly. In 1821 The Bible Christian Missionary Society was formed, and among its overseas missions were those of Victoria, Australia (1855) and New Zealand (1877). John was to serve in both fields.

John was converted at 15 and began his work of evangelism at 17. At age 20 he became the assistant, possibly with stipend, to the circuit minister, William Hopper, who was there from 1856-59. After one year John was accepted for training for the ministry.

It has been said that the training of Bible Christian ministers was 'an enigma wrapped in mystery'. However, we know that John was sent to the Bible Christian Proprietary School for boys in Shebbear, Devon. Candidates had special classes from the headmaster and probably joined in other classes. Shebbear School is now co-educational. John's training, although interrupted first by illness and then by the death of the headmaster, J S Lose, probably took place in 1860-61. In the latter year he was admitted 'On Trial' to the ministry and later he was received into full connexion by the Conference after ordination. His first appointment was to Gwennap in Cornwall.

In 1863 the Bible Christians in Ballarat, Victoria, appealed to their Missionary Society for a married minister and offered passage money. Years later John told how he saw on the wrapper of the 'Magazine' an advertisement for a young minister for Victoria, and 'placed himself in the hands of the Committee'. He was then asked to make haste and get married with all speed, and to sail almost at once from Liverpool. He confessed to being a little obstinate, not wanting to marry so soon. Moreover, his preference, having been married, was to spend his honeymoon among his friends, rather than on board an immigrant ship.

However, whatever the history of his courtship, John Orchard, bachelor, aged 24, was married to Susan Pearce, also 24, at Hicks Mill, on 1 June 1863. John is described as a Bible Christian minister of St Day, Gwennap, and Susan as a grocer's assistant of East End, Redruth, daughter of Nicholas Pearce, grocer. Nicholas had previously been a sailor.

In the late 1830s, he was master of a vessel plying between England and France, and on one voyage there was a young French Huguenot woman, Lydia du Pen, among the passengers. She was leaving France because of discrimination against Protestants.

Nicholas married Lydia du Pen in Falmouth in 1838 and the young couple moved to Donegal in Ireland where he was a coastguard, where Susan was born.

John and Susan sailed from Plymouth in July 1863 on the *Alfred*, third class. 'The Treasurer was very desirous that economy should be studied' During the voyage they were enlivened by 'thousands of bugs'. John, who was said to be the 'strong man' of the village, floored a 'rowdy individual', one of a gang that threw things at their cabin door, and he preached a sermon on board on 'Faith, hope and charity'. By the time the voyage ended Susan was pregnant, which no doubt added to the discomfort of the voyage.

There followed crowded years in Victoria from 1863 to 1886. John served in Ballarat, 1863, Sandhurst (now Bendigo) 1867, Melbourne 1871, Runnymede 1872, Ballarat again in 1877, Shepparton 1879, Numurkah 1882, and Sandhurst once more in 1884. For her part Susan, during this period, bore 13 children, 11 of whom survived.

During his Australian ministry, John Orchard built a number of churches and pioneered many developments for his church, preferring such work to his city ministries. In a speech made in 1889, John tells how he arrived in Ballarat 12 years after the diggings were discovered, and built seven churches and a parsonage there, and had many conversions. He also told of churches built at Sandhurst and Lake Cooper as well as preaching in such places as a blacksmith's shop 'neither watertight nor air-tight'. He travelled 150 miles to open a mission at Goulburn River, being accompanied by Susan and eight children and a servant, and having to throw off his clothes and plunge into a lagoon when a horse foundered there, and also having to search for one of the boys lost in the bush.

John, like St Paul, was in dangers often on land and in water. He said he was not afraid of bushrangers 'because they could not get much out of a Bible Christian minister'. There is a story in his family that Susan once entertained the Kelly gang for tea, which, though probably not true, at least indicates that her grand-children considered her quite capable of doing so! The family certainly endured the hardships of a pioneering life, and her children told their descendants of sucking leaves and bark during a drought.

In 1886 John Orchard was transferred to New Zealand where the Bible Christian Church was not going well. A society had been formed at New Plymouth in 1841 but had merged with the Primitive Methodists. It was not until 1877 that the Connexion was established again in New Zealand, at Christchurch. It would appear that this venture lacked strong direction and was somewhat divided. John, moved by the same spirit that had led him to Australia, offered himself for the New Zealand work and was immediately accepted. The Victorian Bible Christians did not want to let him go, saying that he was the one minister they could least spare. The Connexional Editor said, 'We cannot speak of this with pleasure. He will be of great service to New Zealand; still, we cannot but say we are deeply sorry he is going'.

The expenses of moving John and Susan and nine children to New Zealand, according to John's accounts, totalled £82.3.6. They sailed in the *SS Wairarapa* on 2 April 1886, leaving their two eldest daughters behind. The Lyttelton Times introduced John by noting that one third of all Bible Christian chapels in Victoria had been built under his superintendence. He preached at Addington and Lower High Street on 4 April. It is said that the welcoming delegation on Christchurch Station who met the Lyttelton train were visibly shaken when eleven people alighted as they had not been given notice of the size of the minister's family. However, fund-raising was soon in full swing and on 29 July a 'commodious two-storeyed parsonage' was in course of erection for the minister of the church in Lower High Street. By May the following year the parsonage was finished and, expenses further aided by a bazaar in Warner's Assembly Rooms, Cathedral Square, at which the mayor commented on the large increase in the congregation since John Orchard had arrived. Many insights into the life of the parsonage with its lively family are recorded in the family chronicle.

By 1888 John was engaged in fund-raising for a new church at Addington which cost £409 plus £76 for furnishing. In 1891 a new church was built at Kaiapoi. John took an active part in the work of the temperance movement and was president of the Addington Bible Study and Mutual Improvement Society.

William Ready, one of New Zealand Methodism's most colourful figures, and founder of the Dunedin Central Mission, arrived in 1887 to assist John Orchard in the work of the Christchurch Bible Christian churches, of which John was Superintendent.

John produced and edited the Bible Christian *New Zealand Magazine*, the first issue being in August 1886. In 1889 the new Lower High Street Church was opened debt-free and John preached morning and evening. Susan had taken a full share in the fund-raising activities associated with all these ventures. In his first editorial in the magazine John had reminded his people that they were not to be an exclusive sect and at the opening of Lower High Street new church ministers of other Methodist denominations had joined in.

John was now fifty and he and Susan left for their first trip 'home'. They sailed from Lyttelton to Melbourne in the *Te Anau*. There John was deluged with requests to preach and lecture. In June they left on the *Oroya* to attend the 71st Conference of the Bible Christian Connexion in England, calling at Adelaide, Albany, Colombo, through the Suez Canal, on to Naples and Gibraltar and so 'home'. John, as the only Protestant minister on board, was busy chairing meetings and conducting services in the steerage and second class quarters, the Captain reading prayers in the first saloon! Susan cared for mothers and children on board.

When they arrived in England they visited Redruth and then Holsworthy, where the Conference was held and they both met their mothers again, now enfeebled but alert. John spoke at the Conference for an hour and a half to two to three thousand people, the largest meeting ever held by a Bible Christian Conference. He told his audience that in 26 years' preaching, he had not missed a single Sunday. When they left for

home (New Zealand), his native circuit gave him an illuminated address and a purse of sovereigns. Susan received a marble clock from friends in London. They had also visited the Scilly Islands and Channel Islands, West Country towns where the Connexion was strong and Paris for the Paris Exhibition with its Victorian and New Zealand Courts. They returned in March 1890 on the *Manapouri*, to be met by another illuminated address and to plunge into work again. John lectured for an hour and a half on their trip and conducted open-air services in Cathedral Square on Saturday nights which were 'generally large and for the most part orderly'.

Until 1892 John had acted as General Superintendent for the Connexion in New Zealand, being appointed by the English Conference. Now the church was formed into District Meetings, independent of the home church, John becoming the first President of the Canterbury District. John preached in other Methodist Churches as well as in his own Connexion, and the District Meeting affirmed the desirability of having only one Methodist Church in New Zealand. John took part in interchange of pulpits for the Wesley Centenary. For some years he was immersed in the cause of Methodist Church Union. In 1883 a Committee of the four churches in New Zealand had agreed on a basis of union which was approved by Annual Courts of each church only to be turned down by the General Conference of the Australasian Wesleyan Methodist Church. Now in 1893 another attempt was made to achieve union, in which John was a leader, and it resulted in the union in 1896 of the Bible Christians with the United Methodist Free Churches and the Wesleyan Methodist Church as a part of the Methodist Church of Australasia. John was not to live to see the final Methodist Union in 1913 when the Primitive Methodist Church joined with the other churches the same year as the New Zealand church separated from the Australasian church.

In 1894 John visited the Cromwell area. Between Lawrence and Cromwell 32 horses were used. He and Rev. B H Ginger visited the lakes district and climbed a 4,000 foot mountain at Nevis with snow eight feet deep on top - and a brass band in attendance. John did much preaching as usual. His voice broke down when addressing a congregation of nearly 2000 at William Ready's Dunedin Central Mission Hall. It was an ominous sign. John was a vigorous preacher and had not spared himself for 30 years. He suffered occasional nose bleeds in the pulpit and his health began to trouble him.

After nine years in Christchurch - a record pastorate for those times - he was appointed to Waikari for a year. The quieter parish did not restore him to health and a year later he was granted a year's leave as he had temporarily lost his voice. Undaunted, he acted as second minister at Durham Street in 1897-8, while fully immersed in the preparation for union. He was a member of the Auckland Uniting Conference when the Bible Christian Church brought into the new church 609 full members, 4835 adherents, 872 Sunday School scholars, 25 local preachers and 11 ordained ministers. An English Bible Christian magazine at this time called John 'The Bishop of New Zealand'. In 1899 he was elected President of the United Church. By the time he handed over to his successor, though he gave a 'characteristic' address, he

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was very ill and in great pain, which was made known next morning. He was at death's door for some days but after some months' illness, he recovered sufficiently to become Methodist Minister at Kaiapoi 1899-1901, after which he became a supernumerary, only to become almost as active in retirement as ever. His colleagues said, 'We have never known such a vigorous, tireless, full-worked supernumerary.' He continued preaching 'bright, inspiring and uplifting' sermons, served as a city councillor for two years and was a member of the Licensing Council, the Board of Management of Technical Schools and the Charitable Aid Board. In 1906 he topped the poll for the Licensing Committee.

Susan also began to fail in health and a trip home to England to see her 92-year-old mother and her daughter Etty, studying in Edinburgh, failed to help. A house was built at Cashmere, above the smog, and she moved in before it was completed, but she died of tuberculosis on 1 June 1904. The Methodist *Outlook* in its tribute said that in all her travels, hardships and changes, Mrs Orchard never complained, but rejoiced that she was counted worthy ... her affection for her Church was deep and constant and as a worker in it she could hardly be surpassed'.

John himself was by now suffering from chronic Bright's disease and the shock of his wife's death hastened his own death. He preached almost to the last and was to have preached at High Street at 11.00 a.m. and Durham Street at 6.30 p.m. the Sunday after he died. He was ordered to bed on 3 January 1907 and died on 8 January. He was buried beside Susan in Linwood Cemetery. The city flag was flown at half-mast on the Civic Offices and the tribute in the *Outlook* spoke of him as 'a big, genial, generous man', one who was 'intensely human and whose friendship men coveted'.

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"A Pot-pourri of Catholicity: The Intermingling of Various Traditions and Emphases Within One's Family".

Rev. Brian Turner

On my father's side, I noted:

Origins in the rural villages and then mining villages and emerging pottery towns of North Staffordshire and especially Hanley, now the city centre of Stoke on Trent.

- A possible linkage of the Turners of Hanley with Joseph Wedgwood of Wedgwood China fame. Wedgwood is reported as having little or no sympathy with Methodists, but he had to tolerate his pottery apprenticed nephew, William Clowes becoming one of the founding leaders and outstanding preachers of Primitive Methodism.
- As the Primitives predominated in the North Staffordshire mining and pottery towns, it's possible this was my paternal forbear's first contact with Methodism.
- Given that the family also moved between Staffordshire and Cheshire, they may have touched base with the Meeting Movement of the Primitives which centred on Mow Cop Hill on the border of Cheshire and Staffordshire.
- However, by the turn of the twentieth century, grandfather Joseph Turner is a tinsmith in Manchester and marrying Margaret Wagstaff at Trinity Wesleyan Chapel, Ashton under Lyne on 23 July 1904. Until they sailed for New Zealand in 1911, my paternal grandparents lived in Droylsden, Manchester not far from a continuing Moravian settlement, but presumably attending one of three Wesleyan Churches in Droylsden.
- Upon arrival in Auckland, New Zealand, the family remain Wesleyans through their association with first Zion Hill Birkenhead, and then St Paul's Northcote Point Wesleyan Churches, both of which were planted by Pitt Street Methodist Circuit, the then hub of Auckland Wesleyanism.
- My parents married in Devonport Methodist Church, across the road from my mother's Anglican Parish and some distance from my father's Northcote Methodist Church.
- My maternal grandmother, Ethel Stanford (nee Osbon) initially attended St Paul's Anglican Church in her home city of Hartlepool, Yorkshire. Then she acquired Congregationalist leanings, possibly in association with the non-conformist emphasis of the suffragette movement which interested her as well. On arrival in New Zealand, she met and married Arthur Kynaston Stanford, son of a devout Anglican family and as a consequence was confirmed an Anglican in Whangamongana, East of Stratford, where her husband ran a livery and my grandmother played the piano at silent movies!

Although Arthur Kynaston Stanford was the son of a magistrate and former Anglican priest, he chose farming and forestry work, although his forbears were strongly involved in Church, law, education and the sea.

- I've been tracing this side of the family back through a fascinating array of threads: a professor of Greek for 40 years at Trinity College Dublin, engineers and electricians working on Trident submarines and Exocet missiles at Barrow in Furness, Anglican missionaries in South Africa, sea captains, a High Sheriff in County Cavan Ireland during the controversial "plantations" of the mid to late 1770s, and most proudly of all, a one Bishop William Bedell -Anglican Bishop of Kilmore in County Cavan from 1628 - 1642, a man well ahead of his time in requiring all his clergy to speak the vernacular and to have good relationships with their Catholic counterparts - a man who was deeply loved by the people and remembered by all and sundry, even today, as the first translator of the Old Testament into Irish.

I had the rare privilege in August 2003 to see his old Cathedral, visit his grave and view the sycamore tree he planted there in the 1600s. I also held one of his own Bibles in the Museum Library in Cavan.

So in both my Methodist father and my Anglican mother, we find a rich pot-pourri of traditions and emphases - threads indeed of weavings of the past and of the present and a rich store of Catholicity for the future.



August Brian Turner and granddaughter MacKenzie Te Rua 2005



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ANNIVERSARIES FOR 2006-7

1856 150th Anniversaries

18 June Nelson second Church opened

1906 100th Anniversaries (Centenaries)

16 January Island Bay stonelaying
14 February Reefton Church stonelaying
21 February Hastings YM Hall opened
4 March North-East Valley Church opened
13 April Hawera new Church opened
29 April Waimataitai Church opened
12 May St Kilda Church stonelaying
27 May Western Spit second Church opened
22 July Reefton new Church opened
2 September Balclutha Church reopened after alterations
13 September Whangarei new Church opened
16 September Kaitoke Wanganui Church opened
23 September St Kilda new Church opened
3 October Rotorua Church stonelaying
11 November Mahakipawa Church opened
16 December Rotorua Church opened.

1907 100th Anniversaries (Centenaries)

2 March Opawa Church stonelaying
14 March Timaru school stonelaying
4 August Timaru new school opened
18 August Opawa Church opened
20 October Teviot Street Invercargill Church opened
9 November Birkdale Church stonelaying
5 December Deaconess House (first) opened Christchurch.