

MY LIFE STORY

THOMAS GOODWILL CARR

(1846-1935)



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Secretary of District 1880, 1885, 1893-96, 1899-1901.

Journal Secretary N.Z. Conference 1881-82.

This document was supplied by Estelle Henry (Rennie) the younger daughter of Ivy and Griff, mentioned in the text. The photos and timeline were added by Alec Utting (ed.)

ENGLAND

In the picturesque village of Nether Green, near Eastwood, Notts, lived a family of the name of Goodwill. The head of this family Thomas Goodwill was my Grandfather on my mother's side. He came from Leicestershire and was in the employ of Barber Walker & Co, large Colliery proprietor. He was senior clerk in their office and was at this time just approaching the silver age of 60. He was a Society Steward at the local Methodist Church and used to play his violin as a help to the service of praise, which instrument I now have in my possession, marked on its varnished surface by my Grandfather's chin.

My Grandmother was a lady of whom I have but an indistinct knowledge. I was better acquainted with Grandfather's second wife. I recollect my Aunt on one occasion speaking in reverent tones of the death of her mother, and how afterwards she and my mother did their utmost to make their father comfortable, but in the course of time he persuaded another estimable lady to become his wife.

My recollection of Grandfather was that he gave me a brand new sixpence on my fifth birthday. He was, I think, about 5 feet 6 inches and rather stout and rosy cheeked. He was a frequent visitor at my childhood home. Dear old Grandfather Goodwill occasionally visited Nottingham on the business of the firm. He generally journeyed the eight miles in Rudd's coach. It was when returning from one of these visits that the coach put him down at a stile that enabled him to take a short cut across the paddocks to his home when he had an apopleptic seizure. He was carried to his home quite unconscious and shortly afterwards expired.

In the Parish Churchyard, Eastwood, in a corner is his gravestone with this verse on it -

"Tis Jesus the first and the last
Whose Spirit shall guide me safe home
I'll praise him for all that is past
And trust him for all that's to come."

He was highly esteemed by all who knew him. His widow removed from Nether Green to a cottage in Eastwood, and when I was living with my Aunt I often visited her - fetched water for her from the spring about half a mile away. My father made me a couple of buckets and a yoke for my shoulders and made it easier for me, and Grandma who used to make lovely rice puddings would have a plateful ready when I returned.

My Grandfather left one son and two daughters. After his second marriage his son Thomas also married a lady who was of a literary turn.. I have some of her poetry in my Mother's album. I fear that her poetic skill was greater than her domestic qualifications. They lived in London where my Uncle was senior clerk in a business firm. Previous to this they had lived at Upper Eastwood where Uncle was Superintendent of the Congregational School. He also was a lay preacher. They had

two sons. The elder Harry studied and ultimately obtained a medical degree. He was a great sport and subsequently removed to Australia. His brother Widdowson (Wid) was a designer - skilful in drawing, a clever sketcher. After Harry's departure, Uncle and Aunt left Wid in London and returned to Eastwood.

My mother and Aunt, after their father's second marriage secured a cottage for themselves where they kept a School, taught music and drawing etc. It was here that my father, a young engineer found his way much to my Aunt's chagrin. Strange to say my father's father was also a senior clerk in a Leicestershire firm. My Uncle Joseph was an hotel keeper in Moira and my Uncle William was a tradesman and Grandfather desired Henry, my father to be a clerk, like himself but Henry strongly objected and ultimately ran away from home and put himself to a blacksmith and there joined an engineering firm in Eastwood where he discovered my mother. He must have been a changeable character for after his marriage he for a time kept a Grocer and druggist's shop in a two storey building in the main street of Eastwood and it was there that we three children were born.

Aunt had obtained a situation as lady help when a sad accident occurred. She was travelling by train when a collision took place near Long Eaton Junction. She was sitting opposite a gentleman when he was pitched forward with her nose against the brim of his hat, and he, to save himself pushed her away from him and she fell with her back against the edge of the seat. The bridge of her nose and her back were severely injured and she was conveyed to our house in Eastwood where under her sister's care she lay for many weary weeks. For sometime after she was very lame but ultimately recovered. She received compensation from the Railway Authorities. She was in the bloom of radiant health when she started on that journey, but the shock whitened her auburn hair.

After her partial recovery my father made another change which we boys were rather sorry for, because father had bought a donkey and made a little cart, and we used to drive out to the customers with the groceries, and when Jerry was available we used to have delightful rides on his back, but once I was having a grand time full canter when the old rascal stopped dead, and I was pitched off. Another cause of sorrow was that Eastwood was a great centre where merry-go-rounds and swings and wild beast shows used to appear annually. Still we had to bow to the inevitable.

How strange that our father should obtain a proprietor. As we left the house where we were born I remember looking at an old galvanised tank where I had concealed a broken tumbler. I was the youngest, all the family but Aunt and myself had gone for an excursion. I was helping Aunt wash up and I dropped a tumbler in the wash basin and broke it and it cut my wrist and I deceived Aunt by removing the tumbler and telling her that I'd cut my wrist with the carving knife. The scar remains today the witness of my deception.

But our home was only four miles away from Eastwood. A canal on which the boats used to ply was near by where our father used to perform feats of swimming and vie with a young clerk of the name of Boam as to which could swim the farthest. Here too we used to fish and one day we were having fish for dinner when mother got a bone in her throat. We thought her last hour had come, but she soon obtained relief. We used to watch the colliers go down the pit. They sat in a loop of chain each man in a loop. It was a blunt sort of chain but I thought it must be uncomfortable. They had candles fitted into a loop in their caps. We loved to watch the great pump that emptied the water out of the pit workings. We boys walked the four miles to school. Every Friday we were examined in Scripture by the vicar, half an hour being devoted each morning to Scripture reading. The schoolmaster's name was Thomas Leck. I have a letter from him congratulating me on entering the Methodist ministry. I was a chorister in the Parish Church and often took solo in one of the Anthems. The Vicar Rev. Plumtree, met us as we were leaving school. I took off my cap at his approach and he put his hand on my head and said "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you become a Methodist Preacher some day."

My Aunt, with the money she had received as compensation bought a property in Eastwood and built a house for herself and another which she let. As I have said my father was changeable but by removing at this time into Yorkshire, into Worsbors near Barnsley, he obtained a more lucrative position. As this was 60 miles away from Eastwood I was left behind to live with Aunt and finish schooling. My brother also obtained a position in a neighbouring office. My sister who for two years had been attending a boarding school at Jelkeston run by Miss Padman now returned home.

I have a book in my library which gives a beautiful description of Worsbors. It is rich in historical associations. Here was the seal of the Earl of Strafford. There was the Lord Wharnccliffe's residence and the Earl Fitzwilliams. Here was an antiquated watch tower. There the old Parish Church, and there the Cemetery where rest the family's mortal remains. And there as snug as a throstles nest the village of Worsbors. There was a United Methodist Free Church and mother was organist. For twenty five years she had been organist of the Eastwood Parish Church and I used to go with her to practise and act as blower. You say why organist of a Methodist Church? Father had been a Local Preacher and class leader amongst the Wesleyan Methodists but at the Reform agitation his name had been scored out by an autocrat.

The Wesleyan minister and father had joined the UMF Church. He had a great sympathy with the Rev James Everett, S. Dunn and S. Griffith who were expelled.

My sister about this time occasioned us much anxiety. It seemed as though there was something undermining her constitution. Dr Ransome of Nottingham said that she must have had a fright. But this did not interfere with the moral beauty of her character. She was a valuable worker in the Sunday School. There was a great quickening in the spiritual life of the Church and my sister spoke to me and said "Tom

you're not far from the kingdom of God" as my father said " Tom, have you yet come into saving touch with Christ?"

There was a young man in the village who regarded my sister as the light of his life, but when he found that despite the physician's skill she was becoming worse he was inconsolable. My brother at this time was in Leeds, clerk in a glass factory. I had left school and had been apprenticed to the publishing firm of Harrison and sons, Bingley, Yorkshire, 13 miles from Leeds.

My sister's beau undertook the duty of visiting me and my brother to inform us, which he did with the utmost tact, that our beloved sister, after a series of very trying attacks, had ultimately succumbed and the three of us had to make our way home to stricken parents. How beautiful she was in death. The Vicar paid a fine tribute to her character on the following Sunday as we gathered in the Worsbors Parish Church.

With songs let us follow her flight
And mount with her spirit above;
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

My Uncle and Aunt were living not very far from us when we left the Grocer's shop and were living by the canal near the Colliery. Uncle was fond of fishing and he often obtained grain and threw it into the canal and thus the fishes were attracted, but when our family removed to Worsbors we saw but little of them, until mother received a letter to say that Uncle was far from well. Mother and Aunt went almost at once to see him, but when they arrived were astonished to find him looking very careworn, and not only so but to discover signs of intemperance. His high spirited wife had returned to her son in London, and had indeed practically deserted him. Shortly after their visit he suffered a seizure which proved fatal. Let us hope that though thus overtaken and swept from his moorings by a series of temptations that he may have in his last moments beheld once again the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

The two sisters returned to their respective homes after the death of their brother. But somehow with both her boys away and the loss of her daughter home was robbed of much of its charm. The loss of her brother under such circumstances all acting on a sensitive and affectionate nature brought on an affection of the heart and the old Dr A. when summoned cautioned her to be more careful of her health. She was still organist of the little Methodist Church and her husband took occasional services. She was very fond of her choir. In the meantime much to her relief her elder boy obtained a situation near his own home. Just about this time a visit to her younger son gave her great comfort. She was satisfied that his employer was a just and upright man and that his wife treated her boy as though he was her own.

After her return, however, her health caused much anxiety and several times the family was hastily summoned, but she again revived until she became permanently invalidated and her sister and her younger son were sent for many weeks. It was his joy and

privilege to minister to one of the best mothers. She would tell him her choice passage of scripture and he never forgot her comments upon them. her favourite hymns would be sung and she would be propped up in her chair and accompany them on the piano. At that time there was a very popular hymn, "There was a light in the window for thee" and her face was radiant as we sang it.

The following afternoon she was sitting up in bed and she was supported by her youngest son when the sister seeing that life was ebbing fast took the place of her boy and she was very soon quietly passed away in her arms. Her husband was astounded when he came home in the evening to find that she had passed away.

The words that came into the mind of her younger boy as he knelt by her bedside were..

If though shouldst call me to resign
What most I prized at near was mine
I only yield thee what was thine
Thy will be done

As she lay in her coffin, old Mr. Taylor the father of Hudson Taylor, looking upon the beloved face said

"Her languishing head is at rest
Its thinking and aching are o'er
The quite unmovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more."

After this the elder brother persuaded his Aunt to come and keep house for him, and some months after his father married again. The younger brother soon after this, his apprenticeship having expired joined a fellow workman in partnership, after purchasing the business of a tradesman in the town of B. They were both local preachers, and in their spare time were both studying for the ministry amongst Methodists for although the boy was brought up in the Church of England the terms of his apprenticeship had compelled him to attend the Methodist Church. The very first Sunday he was kindly invited to Bible Class and then to the class meetings on Tuesday evenings. When 17 years of age he was sent with three others to take a service at Morton. Then he was asked to accompany 2 or 3 of the local preachers, and in his 19th year he passed his examination as a local preacher and was admitted to a place on the Plan of the B. circuit.

After two years these two young men became pupils in Boston Spa College under Rev John Wood, B.A. and by their diligence in study passed the quarterly meeting of the Tadcaster circuit as candidates for the ministry. They then presented themselves before York Synod, but F. did not succeed.

The ordeal was trying, he was nervous and though undoubtedly gifted he failed by the very elaborateness of his preparations. His failure caused our estrangement. He

returned to business. Occupied candidates in the interval between District Synod and Conference preparatory committees often obtained supply work and such an opening occurred in Aylsbury. The first service was on a Sunday evening at the close there was much blessing. The young preacher was invited to supper at Mr. K's and whilst conversation was proceeding he was called into the boy's bedroom where two of them were anxious. Prayer and counsel were given, even the father joined, who for some time had been cold and indifferent. During these months of supply great good was done, the churches revived and there were a number of conversions. Much was accomplished in pastoral visitation.

The next ordeal was what is known as the July committee in London. The candidates occupied the rooms of the Normal Training College at Westminster. There were written examinations in the Lecture Hall and then the men in batches received a fusillade of questions from Dr Osborn.

The concluding ceremony was the gathering to receive the results. In the interval earnest prayer meetings were held. Papers were handed round with the verdict written Institute Omissions. There were many on whose faces could be seen an expression of disappointment and failure, but to the majority it was a season of Joy. Several ministers spoke. There was one there who only wished his mother had been alive to have heard the news of his acceptance, but his brother was still alive and his father, both of whom were living in Barnsley. Also my dear Aunt. To them it gave tidings of joy and indeed it meant that for some time her sewing machine was spinning round in preparation for College life. It was a joy to meet the home folk and to have a thorough holiday - to listen to great preachers and rub up my Latin and Greek.

RICHMOND COLLEGE

And then came the eventful arrival at Richmond College - close on 60 students from all parts of the Homeland.

Some had stood for examination at the York Synod - they had faced over 30 Ministers as they preached their trial sermons in old Centenary Church - others were met at the July examinations in Westminster, but the great majority were strangers. To greet us were Drs Osborne and Moulton, Revs D. Sanderson (Govr) and Marshall Hartley.

What a fine building, what spacious and beautiful grounds; each man had his study and his bedroom. Fine dining room - Lecture Hall - classrooms - College Chapel.

Richmond, Surrey is a beautiful spot: to stand on its terrace and look down through the spacious avenue of trees to the windings of the Thames, or to wander through the Park past Earl Russell's residence, to look away and see the flag waving above the old tower of Windsor Castle:- How rich was the old spot in historical associations.

In this College great Missionaries and Preachers had been trained, - how inspiring! How high such a vocation. Hugh Price Hughes visited the College - spoke of

Evangelistic work in his circle and of his Temperance sympathies. Dr O. Punshon, W.O. Simpson and other London Ministers came and spoke.

It was a memorable time when on Fridays the Sunday appointments were read out. What glorious trips to fulfil these engagements. When there was no appointment to be able to go and hear Spurgeon or Dr Parker or Canon Farrar or some other notability. When the May Meetings were on to go to Great Queen Street and hear Dr McLaren or to sit in Exeter Hall to hear Missionaries from foreign fields or go to Cannon Street Breakfast and listen to notabilities and hob nob with them and the President - to drop in to Dr Stephenson's Homes and see the great work of philanthropy.

"Oh, what an age of Golden days."

On Saturdays tracts were supplied and the men in batches would scatter in house to house canvas - to rouse interest in the approaching Sabbath services, - each group concentrating on a certain suburban Church.

One memorable day the men were summoned and a telegram read from the Mission House; "Two men wanted for West Coast of Africa" - volunteers were required and instantly two men offered and after medical examination were accepted. On the day they left the College all the men gathered on the stairs and balconies and the two men shoulder height were carried to the outer door - singing in chorus - "God be with you till we meet again." Cabs were there in waiting and amid cheers the heroes were whirled away to the great metropolis, whilst salutary thoughts dwelt in the minds of those left behind.

There were other gatherings of the men of the College when comparatively private matters had to be discussed, and there were debates when some very fine speeches were given - Gardiner Scates and J.J. Curvis being very prominent. At one of these meetings it was decided to discard the brown ale jug and its contents and to adopt pure milk at supper time - sometimes the menu of the dinner table was unfavourably spoken of and strong resolutions passed.

Three happy years sitting at the feet of Dr Osborn in Theology, Dr Moulton in New Testament Greek, Rev Marshall Hartley in Latin, History, Mathematics, Physiology and Homiletics and Hermeneutics in morning 9-12. Afternoons - Football (association), cricket, Tennis or Walks. After tea, grinding lessons, supper and family prayer 8-9. All lights out 10.30. Every man in his study by 7 a.m.

Christmas holidays meant, after a series of examinations, a long vacation, spent of course in Barnsley for the most part, but a great opportunity was given by invitation of a student friend to visit North Wales. Can I ever forget the Cader Idris, and the little maid that sang so sweetly in the Vale of Slangothlen To see the Welsh women with their peculiar hats as they transacted their business in the market place. To see Bethgelert where the faithful dog was buried and in the very early morning with a trusty guide to tread the rugged pass, climbing, climbing until the Snowden summit

was reached and to gaze, when the fog had lifted, at that magnificent panoramic stretch of sea and those historic scenes. How inviting was the cup of coffee and actual ham and eggs that were consumed while the clouds lifted, and then down the Aberglasson Pass - the Swallow falls, Betys and Coed - Oh! how weird - how lovely that stretch of rusticity. The meeting at Llawdiono with a fellow student, and then the steamer trip to Liverpool and Birkenhead and home.

To return to Richmond. For three Sundays in succession the person to entertain the students was in the leather trade. The first was a walking appointment and lunch was provided by a widower, a working shoemaker. There were six children. It was the father who strained the potatoes and placed them in the vegetable dish. The boys were not under strict discipline and it was astonishing to see one of them grab a potato from the steaming dish and appropriate it whilst his father's back was turned. Even the dining room was redolent with wax and leather. The next Sunday appointment was at Dorset. The Boot Shop was in the lower storey and the living rooms over the shop. The host was a prosperous tradesman with a large family and here again discipline was bad. We were scarcely seated at the table before a perfect babel of conversation ensued in which one member of the family would contradict the other. The third Sunday appointment was at Shooters Hill. The host was a wholesale leather merchant. On arrival at the Railway Station the family carriage with a pair of greys and driver and footman in livery awaited the student who was driven to a beautiful mansion approached by a winding carriage was along an avenue of trees. The beautiful daughter of the house welcomed the student to a most lovely home. Language fails to describe its equipment. The services on Sunday - the visit to the Sunday School in the afternoon and the five guineas received from the occupant of the palace are a very pleasant memory, and do you wonder if I thought after these three Sundays that there was nothing like leather.

It was again Xmas holidays and this time a student friend invited the students to Scotland - to Dumfries where his father was Minister. The Scotch Express bore us from Richmond to Carlisle and Dumfries. Early in the morning we were awakened by the chatter of women, who with bare feet were trampling blankets - it was amusing to watch them. Dumfries abounds in memorials to Bobby Burns. Our tour lead us to Edinburgh and its beautiful Princes Street, Holyrood House, the Castle, Arthurs Seat and the antiquities of the old town. At the water of Leith we steamed to Callander, Alloa and the Trossachs. Those wonderful canyons, and then our eyes beheld the glories of Mountain and Lake - the bonnie banks of Loch Lomond and Katerine. We were delighted with the Glasgow Cathedral with its marvellous illuminated windows.

Brother and Aunt still dwelt in Barnsley. As he was frequently away from home she did a great deal of work amongst the neglected, the poor and the needy. She had acquired considerable knowledge of nursing. Brother had commenced as a mere office boy but he has attained the very highest position in the Office and ultimately became Managing Director in the absence of Mr. Dymond. Father was now traveller fro a firm

with a large saw and planing plant - Neatly Brothers of Barnsley, and during my vacation I used to accompany him as he drove in his gig. Sometimes I went with him on his preaching tours. I have often wished I was as faithful as he was, for frequently at the close of the service there would be a Prayer Meeting and many enquirers.

When I was at College in October 1871, I received a wire to tell me to hasten home as Aunt was very dangerously ill. It was 3 o'clock on the 10th October when I got the news. I caught the 4.20 train and arrived at Barnsley at 10 p.m. but I was too late, she had died at 4.45. She had been ministering to a cancer patient and had contracted blood poisoning and though medical aid was immediately obtained she died in great pain. She was indeed a second Mother to brother and myself and to him especially it was a great loss. In Worsborough Cemetery her remains were interred where sleep Mother and sister, and as I said goodbye to my brother at the Railway Station we clasped hands in holy covenant to be true till death.

It was on 27th February 1872 that there were great demonstrations of sympathy with the Royal House - the Prince of Wales had been so dangerously ill that his life was despaired of, but in answer to a Nation's prayers he was restored and in St. Cathedral a service of thanksgiving was held. My brother happened to be in London at the time and we joined together in the celebrations. It was a great sight to see the dear old Queen and the Prince and Alexandra, as they drove away from Buckingham Palace - to stand under the grand old dome and hear the pealing joyous anthem "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord".

It was in June 1872 that I received a very cordial message to take the Anniversary services at East wood. What memories were revived as I stood in the pulpit. There were many who had known me as a boy. There was old Bessie Lees, our family nurse, there was Mr. William Smith who had rescued my brother from drowning in the canal at Langley Mill, and Miss Stone a great friend of Mother's. Perhaps the greatest joy was to receive a nice little cheque to cover my expenses, with a few words of congratulations from some of Mother's friends.

It was late in this year, 3rd week in September that I received an invitation to my brother's wedding. It was in Doncaster, the bride's birth place, in the old Parish Church that the event took place. Brother had got tired of housekeepers - they were too expensive. I learned from him that he was about to resign his position as Managing Director of the Oaks Colliery and was arranging for a position as Secretary of a Manufacturing firm in Barnsley in which he had a monied interest. I was delighted with his wife Annie and when I left them to return to College I was glad that he was so happily settled.

NEW ZEALAND

As the year 1872 was closing I was reminded that my College days would soon be over - Student Brewer had sailed for Canton - Jeffrey had been designated for Jamaica. Our exams were over and as we were preparing for vacation it was necessary to have a

sale of our effects and then return home and await the Governor's summons. It was early one morning that the Governor's letter arrived requesting me to go to New Zealand. My brother was wild - 'stay at home' said he, "and I'll secure you a decent salary - you are as greatly needed here as in New Zealand." Friends were consulted - prayers were offered and the Governor's offer was accepted. I said goodbye to father, but my brother and his dear wife insisted on going to London to see me off. Busy weeks intervened - Annie, my sister-in-law aided me in securing my outfit all she could, and brother was very generous - friends in different places sent useful presents.

I preached a farewell sermon at Salem Chapel, Barnsley. I returned to College and had a good send off. I interviewed the secretaries at the Mission House, London, and Rev Geo. T. Perks, as he grasped my hand, said, "Its an honour, young man, to be able to influence a young nation at the very spring of its career." Dr Osborn, Dr Moulton, Rev's Daniel Sanderson, the Governor and Marshall Hartley, and students Thomas, Riddett, Hocken and others spoke kindly words.

My brother and his wife came down to Gravesend to give a final farewell and when I got into my cabin with Brother Bond I was surprised and delighted to see that my brother had placed there a beautiful Harmonium. But, hark! boat just leaving! all aboard; Having said goodbye to students Goodyer and Grayson, I had to say farewell to my brother and his dear wife. It was a solemn moment - we felt it was the last time-our last embrace in this world - our feelings were too big for words.

The Warwick was a noble vessel, and though there was at first much confusion and litter of luggage this was soon remedied. the Pilot was already on board and the anchor weighed; the noble vessel started on her voyage. Mine was the top bunk in our cabin and Mr. Bond and I passed a comfortable night. We were in a new world - new faces - new scenes - surely nothing but the love of Christ could account for such a wrench, but that is sufficient to account for any sacrifice. Like the Patriarch we were bound for an unknown country by an unknown way, let us hope we were swayed by as mighty a faith. We soon got used to Sailor's song as the sails were set, but it was not so easy to get used to the heaving and rolling of the vessel.

We were soon off Beachy Head, and then the Cliffs where Shakespeare is supposed to have composed "The Tempest" came into view. We had a short service in the tween decks on Sunday, but the sailors could not attend. We found the Doctor a strange character - very set in his opinions and very fond of an argument. We were now off the Isle of Wight and the Pilot now leaves us and in a day or two we are in the Atlantic, but the weather is boisterous and the carpenter has made safeguards for table - a very laughable incident occurred at noon -the Steward was bringing in the soup when the vessel lurched and down Mr. Fairbairn's neck on plateful disappeared. The next day the Warwick Times was published. We were now off Lisbon, when one morning a peculiar bird about the size of an ordinary blackbird landed on deck - it was a landrail. That night there was a peculiar phosphorescent brightness about the waves.

The next day was Sunday and I conducted the first service, but the rain made it unpleasant. I was made Superintendent of the Sunday School and there were twenty eight scholars. We were now off Madeira, so called because of its wooded slopes. It belongs to Portugal and produces tropical fruits. It was a great luxury whilst in the tropics to get a shower bath on deck in early morn and we were excited one day by a shoal of dolphins and then by flying fish and that night by a shower of meteors. We hooked a shark one day, but he got away. The Portuguese Man-O-War is like an oval bladder, on surface beaut, white stripes down sides like oars of an ancient craft. If you touch them they'll give you electric shock.

Whilst in Tropics we noticed beautiful sunrises and sunsets - it was interesting to watch Mother Carey's chickens as they fled before a storm. I cant go into particulars of this 98 day voyage. There was the usual fun about Neptune's visit - the hoop iron razor used was as clumsy as ever and the sudden dip and the chasings after victims, but it was all taken in such good humour and in the spirit of true sport that it served well to vary the monotony of sea life.

As far as it was possible Divine Services were regularly held, also Sunday School and Bible Classes. The single women were visited every morning and family prayer was conducted by Rev. Bond and myself and we visited in turn each evening the married and single men and held short services. Pastoral visits were made to sick in hospital and there was family prayer each morning in the saloon. Miss Annie Warwick-Smith was duly baptized at one service and the Captain gave a champagne supper in honour of the event.

With the exception of a little insubordination on the part of one of the Officers, there was great harmony and good will amongst the passengers, officers and crew. This insubordination was an eye-opener as regards the tremendous power possessed by a Captain on the high seas. Christmas and New Year's Days were spent on board and suitable note was taken.

To most of us it was rather strange to celebrate Christmas under sunny skies and warm weather conditions and as we drew nearer to our destination with the prospect of entering on new responsibilities in a new land, what wonder if as we entered the new year new resolves - new determinations were recorded. We were now under the Southern Cross, each night its stars gleamed brightly upon us and who will be surprised if he who bore the cross and despised the shame was often in our thoughts.

Perhaps the death of the Steward's boy, after lengthy illness, and also the death of a passenger, lent solemnity to our thoughts. To us there was novelty and impressiveness in a burial at sea and with the knowledge that there were those waiting on shore whose grief and disappointment would be acute. As we neared the coast of New Zealand an incident occurred which made some of the stoutest hearts tremble for we were very near to the breakers ; had it not been for the skill of our Captain and the good qualities of our gallant ship there would have been another sea tragedy to record.

It was in the early morning of February 3rd 1873 that we glided along past the Tiri Tiri lighthouse, and we shall never forget the sight of Rangitoto - the rounding of the North Head - with a calm and almost transparent sea and the first glimpse of the city of our destination. All the discomforts of our voyage were forgotten as we gazed, so long had we been gazing on sea and sky that to our eyes it was wonderfully restful to behold in the glare of a semitropical sun the fair city of Auckland. Oh! the excitement as we passed Devonport - Pitt Street Church and the Windmill was pointed out and now we are nearing anchorage. The signals were seen from Victoria Heads. Then came the officials - the health officer - and who was that little man with the radiant face, who but the Rev. J.J. Lewis - would he ever once cease gripping and shaking our hands. Three parsons were the cynosure of all eyes, especially when the crowd noticed the apparent genuineness of the regret of the crew and passengers as they left the ship. How peculiar was the feeling of terra firma.

Very soon after arrival the two young Ministers, Mr. Bond and myself were ushered into the presence of two veteran Ministers, the Rev. James Buller and the Rev. Thomas Buddle. How much depended upon their opinion - neither of us could have conjectured - but Mr. Bond was to be sent South and myself North.

Oh! how beautiful was that first moonlight night and what a treat to get into a homely bed. The partition walls were thin, and to our amusement we heard a young fellow making love to the servant girl in the kitchen, but even this did not deter us from a dreamless sleep. I did not know until years afterwards that eyes had watched me that day which were destined for nearly fifty years to watch over me in love. But we hadn't finished with the "Warwick" for both Mr. Bond and myself have silver inkstands which were presented to us on board before a goodly array of passengers, as a token of appreciation of services rendered to the sick, suffering and dying ones on board.

I ought not to forget that night of our arrival we attended a Prayer Meeting in the Pitt Street School room, and to this day we remember how the stalwarts of that day made the school room ring with their prayers and songs of joy. Mr. Bond was entertained at Mr. Welman's, and I at Mr. T. Buddle's and Mr. R. Arthur's.

As Mr. Bond was booked for Christchurch and the "Warwick" was proceeding there, I felt deeply the parting when the old ship bore him away with several of our shipmates.

WHANGAROA

After a few weeks sojourn in Auckland, in which I took services in the High Street and in Pitt Street and Grafton Road, I was then appointed to Whangaroa North, and Mr. Edson the Chemist, accompanied me in the "S.S. Rowena" - our first port was Bay of Islands where we stayed for some hours during which we visited several historic places. The old Church - Flagstaff Hill - Waitangi - Busby's farm, etc. It was poring with rain when we reached Whangaroa, but Oh! how beautiful as we passed the heads and gazed at that lovely Harbour with St. Peters on our left and St. Pauls on our right - there was Holdship's mill and the workmen's cottages and the store, and Christie's

Store. and there was Davison the Manager, in whose home I was entertained for two years. When Mr. Edson realised that the rain was likely to continue for days, he introduced me to Davison and Christie and others, and went on to Mangonui in the steamer. I stayed at Christie's that night. Next day Mr. Hare, senr, came in his boat to greet me and we were soon fast friends and his sons became my helpers - his wife a sort of mother. I was always welcome here and at Lane's and Gibb's and Nesbit's up the Kaeo, but Whangaroa became my centre. Here we built a school - Chapel because the old Maori Church was too dilapidated. Old Mr. Shepherd and his family were staunch supporters.

I was expected to be a travelling preacher, so I started one Saturday in my boat and rowed across to Totara where I left the boat and borrowed Bell's horse to ride on to Oruaiti to Mr. Ball's, where I stayed the night - taking services in the little Octangal Church he and the settlers had built, then rode on to Capt. B's for lunch, who rowed me in his boat to Mangonui, where I conducted an afternoon service in the English Church: after which I rode on to Oruru (young Wilkinson having led a horse for my use) to Wilkinson's and after tea we rode over to the service in the school- room and stayed at Wilkinson's and rode back with his son next morning to Mangonui - and whenever I came he would guarantee that the collection would never be less than a £1. Mr. Wilkinson took me over in his boat to Capt. Bell's, making calls on the way - got my boat and rowed home to tea at Davison's.

This became a monthly trip. Another monthly excursion was to the Bay of Islands - I used to row to Kaeo (or ride according to the tide) and up through steep Kukuparere hill (I drove the horse up, holding on to his tail). This led me to rolling fern country, over a mere track to an island where Mr. Brown and Sons, Boat Builders, lived (Mrs. Marshall's father). On Sunday morning they rowed me across to Russell, where I conducted service in the old Church - Mr. Ford, lay reader, giving me carte blanche.

The Brown's had brought lunch and we rowed then to what was called the loading ground at Opua, where we had afternoon service and the Brown's returned home and I went on by loco to Kawakawa where I conducted service in the hall with the miners and settlers - the hall being sometimes quite full. I stayed with the Colliery Manager, and the Brown's met me at Opua wharf and rowed me to their home from whence I returned to Kaeo and home for tea. This also became a monthly arrangement.

The liquor question led to a difference between Mr. Davison and myself, but ultimately seeing that I was uncompromising in my hostility to the traffic, we agreed to differ, especially when he found that much good was done amongst the Mill employees by our Good Templar Lodge and our Sabbath services - some notorious characters being reclaimed.

At times our ordinary congregation was augmented by Captains and crews of vessels that were loading timber at the Mill, and the Mill hands numbering between 40 and 50

and their families mostly came along - Bushmen and draughtsmen occasionally dropped in.

At Totara, Messrs Lane and Brown carried on a Ship Building industry - they contributed to our congregation, and as they had a school-room we held afternoon services at intervals. Mr. Joseph Hare, senr, took services alternatively and was my main stay. He was a good man and had kept the flag flying for years in the Kaeo District where he lived. He was essentially a Protestant and a staunch anti-liquor and very hospitable. He was an Irish Wesleyan Lay-reader, and although at times I thought him too rabid, we worked well together.

I found that caution was very necessary in visiting the different homes - the families being closely connected by marriage - Mr. Hare's eldest son was married to Miss Elsie Brown of Bay of Islands - his second son to Miss Goulton. The Shepherd's and the Lane's were also intermarried.

In visiting, I treaded my way one day through the intricacies of a Kauri forest - those noble trees and as you admire their goodly proportions your ears are regaled by the notes of the Tui or the Bellbird or the sound of the Creek waters as they rippled over their stony bed. The bush I found was being demolished by man's ruthless hand. About 700 men were employed felling or squaring the timber - others with bullock teams dragged the logs to the creek bed - others gathered the logs into rafts in the water-way, often I saw these men amongst the mangroves immersed to their armpits. To these men a fresh in the river was a godsend.

The Kaeo was a tidal river; I was returning from the Kaeo village on horseback, but when I reached a bend in the river thinking to cross a mudflat I found the tide was half in and I had to swim my horse - it was an anxious time but I got through. On another occasion I was returning in a boat that I was trying - it was a keel boat and the tide was running out rapidly and I missed the channel. It was a herculean task to pull that boat back into the channel and it was 3 a.m. when I reached home, but how joyful was the sound of an elderly voice as I passed by a window - "Is that you Mr. Carr? come in and have a cup of cocoa!" - "As soon as I have got into dry things"

Dr Ford had furnished me with a lancet and some lymph and I not only christened but frequently vaccinated the babies. I also carried homoeopathic medicines with me and frequently relieved children and even adults of their many ills.

Many a day was I storm stayed and as I carried my books with me I had splendid opportunities of studying for my probationary examinations. Rev William Rouse was the Missionary at Wainia, Hokianga and I rode 40 miles to see him - he went round with me to the Maori Pas and one day he took me to see Honi Tawkai - a Maori veteran very friendly to the European, a grand old hero of the wars. Mr. Rouse opened our Whangaroa School room. My harmonium was very useful in the services, which were largely attended.

The Wainai parsonage reminded me of John Hogg, John Warren, James Wallis and Nathaniel Turner. Here and at Kaeo was historic ground. Here Samuel Marsden, Sam Leigh in the old cannibal days, had so self sacrificingly and heroically begun the emancipation of the Maori. At the Bay of Islands I saw at Te Puna the Marsden Cross where the first sermon was preached in New Zealand. Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, etc, and as I stood in the pulpit in our Church at Kaeo I could see the grave of Nathaniel Turner's child which was rifled by the Maoris to obtain the blanket in which the child was wrapped. During the two years that I laboured in this wide District I never had to bother about money - the people gave freely and I left the district in so flourishing a condition that a married Minister was appointed without a grant.

GISBORNE

The Conference of 1875 was in Auckland - I was ordained in Pitt Street Church and appointed first to Lawrence in Otago, but this was altered to Gisborne. It was during the sittings of this Conference that I was introduced to Miss M.F. Thorne, one of the most excellent ladies that the human eye ever gazed upon and supremely of high character and talent. My regret was that I had to leave Auckland; of course I made the most of my opportunities and the visits to the Ponsonby residence were frequent and on the croquet lawn and other social functions. A kind providence enabled me to form an engagement, but in Gisborne I found courtship by letter somewhat unsatisfactory.

I found Gisborne a very much over-rated place from a Methodist standpoint. I was not enamoured of its traders - they were not all of a high class morally. The Maoris differed greatly from those of the North - though they were better off in a worldly sense - they were not of such high moral character. I was astonished to find the Rev. Root, whom I had known on the Warwick, was Presbyterian Minister. One could hardly regard him as possessed of much stability:- first he was a Baptist, 2nd Presbyterian, and 3rd Church of England Minister. In explaining his frequent changes, he said the Baptist Church was the seedcorn, the Presbyterian was the thin tender blade, and the Church of England was the full corn in the ear - Yes, said an old Scotchman and you'll take it to Rome to grind it.

The Courthouse was our place of worship, and its associations were not helpful - I at once began to stir up the people to build a Church. Mr. Tutchén had promised £50 to the stipend fund if a Minister was appointed - he paid £25 and when the new church was suggested he said he would give the other £25 to the building fund. If so, I said, it will go down as my subscription, not yours, and it did and I was that £25 out of pocket.

We had a fine man, a sawmiller of the name of King and he very kindly promised the timber for the Church, and he would not press us at once for payment. That was to stand over until we were able to pay. Owing to Tutchén's action, and the building of the new Church, the stipend fund suffered, and to recoup myself I started a school, obtained about 30 pupils. Parents were delighted and it proved successful, but at the

District Synod, I was reprimanded - it being I was told, against the law of the Methodist itinerancy for a Minister to carry on any other business or profession and that I had to dismiss my scholars - no grant was given me from Home Mission Fund, so that I was considerably out of pocket at the end of the year.

Visits were made monthly to Ormond, some 10 miles away, and afternoon services were held at Matawero and Makuri, 3 or 4 miles away. I was dependent on a Mr. Stevenson of the Livery Stables for a horse and sometimes the creature would only have three legs and a shaker.

In spite of all our difficulties our new Church was opened by the Rev. Root, who closed his own Church for the occasion, and I took the evening service, and when I left there were good congregations and the people were working harmoniously together.

At first I lodged at the Hotel, then at a Boarding House, but ultimately I rented a four roomed house occupying myself the two front rooms and rented the two back rooms to a couple who were childless. I found the climate of Gisborne trying, but good work was done and there were some good cases of conversion in the ordinary services. I became acquainted with the Rev Smalley, and when his church was blown down I exchanged with him and for some weeks I conducted services in the Oddfellows Hall in Napier. The change to me was an excellent tonic for under Mrs. Smalley's care my health greatly improved.

In the meantime matrimonial matters had so far progressed that the wedding day was fixed for the 6th April, in Pitt Street Church, the Rev John Warren and W.J. Williams to conduct the ceremony. Pitt Street Church was almost filled and the wedding breakfast was held in the dear old house at Ponsonby and the honeymoon at Devonport. Our circuit was fixed at Balclutha in Otago and accordingly there was great excitement on board the "Hawera" at Onehunga wharf.

BALCLUTHA

It was the first break in the Thorne family and to them it meant an unspeakable wrench, especially to the invalid mother. As I saw the luggage I opened my eyes. Did ever a queen rejoice in a more complete trousseau. I learned afterwards concerning a marvellous little sewing machine and what had been accomplished through strenuous months. "Give me your purse", says Uncle Will and he lined it. Did ever a girl have such brothers. the Manakau bar was duly negotiated and New Plymouth reached, where my beloved friend F.W. Isitt was located. - a most inhospitable port, from whence we steered for Nelson.

Our Captain Wheeler's home was in Nelson and our stay there was lengthened. Rev Geo. Harper was at St. John's and upon him we called and attended the 11 a.m. service. Bonnie little Nelson. Picton was touched with its beautiful sounds and then the Empire City. Captain Wheeler's violin was helpful in evening and the Rev Potter and others had many a good sing in which the Captain often joined. Revs Reid and Harry

Dewsbury were in Wellington and there were also our dear friends the Britains and as Wharfinger there was old Captain Prince a great friend of all Methodist itinerants.

Once more we steam down the coast to Port Lyttelton - of course we took the opportunity to visit Christchurch and called on Marley and had a chat with Berry. As we came out of the Tunnel how very like as English landscape, with its hedgerows. What a contrast between Wellington and Christchurch, the one hilly and cramped, the other flat and spacious - the river lending its charm to the scene.

And now it is Port Chalmers, the port of Otago. Strange to say, the weather though cold, was fine, and what a greeting we got from dear old father Keall - how he helped us with our luggage; how comfortable he housed us in his parsonage. What a jolly laugh he had and how proud he was of his first born. We were friends for life after that experience, and what a strange history was his. Rejected by the July Committee of the British Conference by a fluke - a mistake in the number, - persuaded to come out on spec to this country with the lady who became Mrs. George Harper; becomes a bridge-builder; takes services frequently; becomes caretaker of an estate in the absence of the owner in England. and has a beautiful pony at his disposal. Pressed by Rev Thomas Buddle to become candidate for the Ministry - is accepted and entered our work.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform"

After a Railway journey from Port Chalmers to a break in the line, and then another couple of miles by coach, we arrived at the little parsonage and received a cordial welcome from Mr. Hope, the Circuit Steward and old Margaret who had been housekeeper to W.J. Williams, F.W. Isitt and F. Dewsbury (single Ministers) - the Parsonage contained two front rooms and a lean to. We found it a dirty, leaky, uncomfortable crib, but under the new management there was a radical transformation. We were quite surprised on our first Sunday to see a lady and gentleman in a buggy drive up to the 11 a.m. service. It was Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Oakden, formerly of Tasmania. They had driven some 14 miles to our service. They were in charge of a sheep run, a stud farm belonging to Dalgety and Co. They were true Methodists. They lunched with us and ultimately presented a beautiful Brussels carpet and hearth rug for the front room. We prepared for it by digging out the sacking and druggetting that had covered the dirty floor in bachelor days.

It was a brick Church and we found the people very hospitable - regular in their attendance, appreciative and cordial. They not only contributed in cash but also in kind. It was really a Presbyterian community and at Te Houka I preached in the Presbyterian Church. They sat to sing and stood to pray, and a tuning fork was the only instrument, but didn't they listen, and Oh! how devout they were and how they loved the Minister to visit them. I preached there every alternate Sunday afternoon.

Early on our first Sunday morning we were awakened by a crackling noise, and found that a haystack in the back yard had fired. In my endeavour to put it out I contracted a

severe cold. It was with difficulty I got through my services, and on Monday I couldn't leave my bed. Arrangements were made for a public welcome and Revs Fitchett and Keall came to the welcome service, but we could not be there. It was a very long time before I got over that throat trouble. I was obliged to wear a woollen scarf instead of a collar. We found the winter very severe and my dear wife suffered much from chilblains.

About this time there occurred a terrible explosion at the Kaitangata coal mines. It fell to my lot to comfort the widows and do all I could to help them.

It was the custom in Balclutha to have an Agricultural Show annually and the Churches in turn got up a bazaar and perhaps a concert and other Churches all co-operated. It was our turn that year. The parsonage was a centre of activity - adults and young people's sewing meetings.

Barr's hall was hired for the purpose and Dunn's new hall was secured for the concert. A glee club was formed and one of the Bank Managers was the leader - a young singer from the country came and the local Brass Band gave their services. Oh! how the parsonage lady worked, and would you believe it, the Bazaar and concert brought in £300 net.

We had been in the District close to a year when two visitors from Auckland - Mrs. Thorne snr. and Mr. Alex Thorne. Oh! how glorious it was to see them; how good of that dear mother to come all that distance - how strong and enduring is maternal love. As a Bible student she was so competent that an Auckland tradesman delighted to sit at her feet; Auckland Ministers have been known to consult her on Bible Exegesis. Mr. A. Thorne was the legal adviser in all Temperance legislation - a great good-templar - a great social worker.

Shortly after this I was hastily summoned by the Nurse to behold one of the finest babies I have ever seen, and this was our son. Everybody was delighted. Mrs. Smith the Doctor's lady said it was perfect. There was a big congregation when he was dedicated to God by the Rev John McAra, Presbyterian Minister. I had received tidings from England that my brother Joe had passed away, and so we called the child Joe after his Uncle and William after his Maternal grandfather.

Months passed away - the 3rd September, Mother's birthday had passed when a dire and unexpected event happened - telegrams from the Lake country were received to inform us the Lake Hawera had risen 12½ feet - it was on the 26th September just as we had finished our lunch when we were startled by seeing the Clutha river overflowing its banks, and I carried Joe to the footpath, when with his Mother on my back I found it was up to my knees - mother and child made their way up the hills. I returned, and with the help of a carter who backed his horse to the front door, I put feather bed, bolster, pillows, blankets etc. on cart - coats etc. in the hall, but the horse wouldn't stand so away they went up to Tosh's. I returned, put books on mantelpiece, lifted piano on table and after fastening doors I made my way up to the gate - water

was up to my neck. I got into a passing cart to help some other people, and so this eventful and disastrous day passed. We spent the night at Tosh's in the hills. I was thankful to get an easy chair, but at midnight we were startled by a sudden fresh roar - the railway embankment had given way. Just before attempting to sleep myself, I had a look at what had been done with the children and I found the mothers had made chaff beds and on these they were lying quite snugly and oblivious. The next day we got away to Kilburn coal shed and there on our own feather beds we endeavoured to sleep, but the wetting of the day before had given me neuralgia. I had borrowed Kilburn's pipe from which I got a little comfort.

The next day a friend from Te Houlla brought us some eggs, bacon, milk and loaves. Ultimately when the waters of the first flood (for there were three) had subsided Rev McAra drove us in his buggy to the Manse. From thence we journeyed to Milton for a few days and I took services in the Church there, but as soon as we could possibly manage it my dear wife left for Auckland. She had suffered unspeakably from exposure to the sun's rays and hot winds - she had busied herself attending to others and working for others and had neglected herself and a change was absolutely necessary. She was loathe to go but she yielded to persuasion. It was very trying to part.

I returned to Balclutha which was a scene of desolation - my library was taken to Mr. Bruce's who dried the books on his verandah. I breakfasted at home, dined at Mr. Brewer's, and got tea at various places. The piano was ruined and the carpet and floor coverings much damaged. After the last flood the traffic bridge was swept away, and the river scoured away much valuable land - much damage was done to the streets in which were great holes - many houses were undermined and some washed away down to the sea. Much labour and money was expended in river conservation, and the Government soon restored railway facilities, and then almost every day there were storms of wind and couldn't eat a steak without grinding also sand.

It was cheering to get occasional letters from Auckland, and to know that the dear ones were gradually recovering, but the greatest news was that a dear baby girl had arrived to cheer all our hearts, and that Mother and child were alright. How grateful we were that by God's kind providence the health of both had been so marvellously preserved.

It was needless to say that our dear ones in Auckland were well provided for, but what about the grass widower in his loneliness and dust. It will be no secret that he was counting the days when the trio would arrive.

It is only fair to say that everything that was needful was done by the members of the Congregation to show practical sympathy with their Minister. Even the Conference sent a cheque to do something towards defraying his expenses and great losses. In the meantime. at the quarterly meeting, Blenheim had sent an invitation to their circuit in April and so only six weeks remained and how delightful everyone was when the trio arrived at Blenheim station - the people forming themselves into an admiration society;

how the dear boy had grown - what a beautiful baby. Oh! that it could have been said that the Mother was A1, but despite the change of air and scene, hers was a path of uncomplaining suffering.

BLenheim

The Conference ratified the Blenheim invitation and was it not singular that again we were faced with a circuit that was subject to floods.

As we took our farewell look at the little parsonage, it recalled memories of our home, sweet home. Oh! the packing business - how glad we were to get settled again in Blenheim. As we had experienced a very sympathetic farewell, so we also had a cordial greeting. We had a good parsonage, but the Church was a disappointment - it was more like a barn. It was an adult congregation - very few young people. The Government had decided however, to take the Blenheim Church property under the Public Works Act, and they offered the Trustees £750 but the Trustees valued it at £1200 - the Government then offered £800, then £850 - so the Trustees then fought them and got £1075. The Church was sold for £35 and we held our services in Ewart's Hall - Trustee, S.S. teachers, Class meetings in the Parsonage, which meant more work for the Parsonage lady.

It was necessary to purchase a site for the new Church and an excellent purchase was made of a site adjoining the Parsonage, on which were situated two cottages. Mr. Colburn's tender for the Church was accepted - he providing a guarantee of good faith to the amount £250 (an idea of my own as he was a stranger). When the Church was within six weeks of completion it was burned down (incendriasm was suspected but nothing was discovered). The £250 was found very useful. We improved the Architect's plan and our second tender was for £1400, and Weymns carried out his contract to a successful completion and the actual debt was small.

As I said, our services were held in Ewart's Hall, and one Sunday night as I was preaching an inebriate sat on the steps, listened, was impressed, and at the close abruptly left. Years afterwards I heard indirectly of his conversion - subsequently Mother was on board a Steamer, and a passenger got her a deck chair and a rug and he explained that he owed his conversion to her husband. His son was a Captain in the Salvation Army at Petone and gratefully spoke of his Father's rescue.

Mother did splendid work in the Sunday School and in a thousand other ways. It was a great place for Garden Parties, and in these she always shone - a bazaar that she organised was pronounced a success.

A series of services to be conducted by the Rev J.W. Williams of Wellington was held, but owing to stormy weather J.W. Williams could not come and the local Preacher and myself conducted in a large room over Girling's shop and there were good results and new classes formed.

Every Good Friday the Anniversary tea meeting was held and Public Meeting generated great enthusiasm. and the Sunday School treat was always a time to be remembered. An excursion to the sounds was also a great success. services in outplaces - Spring Creek., Kentish Town, Tua Marina - in the afternoons were held. At Havelock, a gold mining centre, services were also held monthly necessitating a long ride on bad roads.

At the District Synod I was appointed Secretary - Revs W. Lee and Rainsford Bavin Chairmen. It was very refreshing to meet the brethren from the West Coast. There were good congregations in spite of the fact that the services were held in the hall - the Trustees and Office Bearers were a body of excellent men.

It was here that Milly was born, just a few days before the Church was burned down. I remember sitting on a box in Mother's bedroom and crying like a child, the burning of that Church was such a disappointment and source of grief.

At Tua Marina we took great interest in a School-master, Mr. Peak, a splendid man who we succeeded in rescuing from drink. We brought him to the parsonage, he was suffering from D.T's - it was a mighty but successful struggle.

Our last effort was to open the new Church; Rev Lee taking the evening service. The succeeding Tea Meeting was also a farewell and it was a great time. In spite of occasional floods, which never came into the house and which served to enrich the country and raise the percentage of crops.

I think I did some of my best work in Blenheim. which served to raise the circuit status and the Church which stands today is a monument to perseverance and industry on the part of Office-bearers and people.

We were returning from Tua Marina in the buggy and as we crossed the ford of the Wairau the king bolt dropped into the river and the horse walked away with the two front wheels. I held the reins, steadied the after part as it slipped into the cold stream - Mother caught up her skirt and placed her feet on the splash-board and I, with Joe tucked under my arm, led the horse ashore - Joe held the reins. I returned to fetch Mother and babe and just as we got ashore a man rode up and he helped me drag the after part ashore. With some flax near by we fastened the parts together and proceeded. I left Mother at a house near. where they kindly promised to drive her home and I drove on and called at Tatley's for a good dose of hot Dr C's Powder, and left the buggy at the shop. It was a memorable incident.

We left the people in good heart and were succeeded by dear old McNicol. I left Winnie, a fine circuit mare, and it is related that brother McNicol was driving in the buggy on some shooting excursion when the gun accidentally went off and Winnie was startled and they got home in record time. It was necessary, I am told, after this, to take a kerosene tin in the buggy with them and if Winnie was sluggish to give the kerosene tin a kick and she would speedily increase her speed - she didn't forget the gun.

CAMBRIDGE

Our next circuit was Cambridge, Waikato. I went a day or two ahead of my family and did my best by getting a girl to scrub and clean to make things sweet, but alas, my success was not very great and the girl had to redouble her efforts when the others arrived.

Early after our arrival there was an epidemic of resignations - Sunday School Superintendent and Senior Steward and others left the District. The Choir Master, who was also leader of the local Brass Band, left for Wellington.

There was a large class of young men left without a leader, but my dear wife was persuaded to undertake this work and soon each vacant position was filled. Here, as in Blenheim, there was an old Church building - the Trustees had often tried to effect a sale in vain. One day I saw a stranger in Duke Street, who asked me if I knew of a building that was available for a warehouse. I showed him the Church, and it was very suitable. I took him to Mr. Clark, one of our Trustees and he ultimately came to satisfactory terms. Cambridge was well endowed with a four acre glebe, on which the parsonage was built and there was an excellent site for a Church. Bartley, the Architect, soon provided suitable plans - tenders were called and very soon the building was started.

It is only right to say that it was through the industry and foresight of the Rev Jno Law that the four acres was secured. It meant a long ride to Auckland and considerable energy was required to finance the matter, but in this respect Law was an adept.

It was during my stay in Cambridge that the armed constabulary were making the Rotorua road. In order to minister to these men I rode 23 miles to Major Minnit's camp and then on to Captain Gasgoigne's on Saturday evening and slept in the Engineer's tent. held Parade service at 9 a.m. and then rode on to Major Minnit's in time for Mess with the Officers - then held Parade Service and rode on to evening service at Cambridge. There were two country appointments in the afternoon at Pukerimu and Ohaupo where there were good attendances.

We had a fine Circuit Steward who kindly provided us with a good cow, which was a great convenience. The Conference was in Auckland this year (1881) and owing to the illness of Mrs. Dewsbury we were appointed to succeed them at St. John's Ponsonby and they were appointed to Cambridge. This caused some strong feelings of resistance in Cambridge and I uttered a strong protest in Conference but in vain. As Grandma Thorne had so recently passed away, Mother was very unwilling to go to Ponsonby.

The new Church in Cambridge was in course of erection - it opened shortly after the arrival of Mr. Dewsbury and to him in the Methodist Press was given the credit of its completion. A little incident occurred at one house where we made a farewell call. I drove up to the house and left Mother and baby Milly at the door. When Mrs. Caley

opened the door she was very cool - ultimately admittance was granted; said Mrs. Caley "you've managed it nicely Mrs. Carr to get Ponsonby" - "What do you mean?"

"didn't Mr. Carr go to Conference" - and then Mrs. Carr had to explain how delighted we would have been to have stayed in Cambridge and how I had protested at Conference against our removal etc. and so in this case the atmosphere was cleared.

St. John's - group of Ladies - "Who is this Mr. Carr that's appointed to St. John's." Said Mrs. Harris, " wait my dears and you'll soon know and I'm sure, appreciate." It was trying for Mother but she was brave. Uncle Will and James Buttler were Circuit Stewards and two better Officers there could not be. The Parsonage was fixed up - study and servant's bedroom were added and we were soon comfortably settled.

Rev A. Reid was my Superior and to me it was an inspiration to come into close association with such a man. At this time Pitt Street Circuit took in Mt. Albert, Kingsland, Waikomiti and Henderson and St. John's. I did most of the country work and I found Uncle Will's horse 'Noble' very serviceable but mostly we hired a horse from the Stables.

St. John's entailed a considerable amount of pastoral visitation. Little Wallis was born in our first year and yet Mother found time to teach a class in Sunday School - continual effort was necessary because of the large debt on St. John's, and a great bazaar held in the oddfellows hall netted a satisfactory sum. At this time a Mr. and Mrs. Philips, Evangelists from America held Missions in different Circuits, and at St. John's some fifty were added to the membership. An all-night Prayer Meeting was held one Saturday evening from 7.30 to 3 a.m.. On the Sunday I was at St. John's at 11, Pitt Street at 7 - at the latter service a gracious influence prevailed and at the after meeting the Communion Rail was filled with those who were seeking forgiveness or consecration. On the following Sunday Evening at St. John's eleven young people surrendered to God. A new class was formed and Mr. Souster, Superintendent of the Sunday School and Mr. Field were appointed leaders. Addition of class rooms to the Sunday School were made.

The Choir under the control of Mr. Horsley were very very helpful, not only as a choir but in other ways, and Mother, who was always to the fore, arranged to give them a surprise; so we put a curtain across the school room and thus made it into a dining room and drawing room. Tables for supper were placed in the one and our drawing room suite in the other and we had a glorious time – whilst supper was being laid we had a musical program in the drawing room and it was very enjoyable and had a very encouraging effect on the choir.

I announced from the pulpit that I was going to give a fortnight to a house to house canvass to visit non- church goers, and as I came to one house I found there was a difference between the husband and wife and as the latter was expecting to be soon a

mother, it was deplorable, so I saw the husband and ultimately persuaded him to go back home with me and I left them the quite reconciled.

We had an elderly steward at St. John's - a Mr. Griffith who was indeed a saint - it was his duty to minister to the poor and he was peculiarly fitted for this office and to many of these he was indeed a blessing. When I left the circuit he said "Remember, I shall not cease to pray for you."

It was while we were at St. John's that Dr Kelynack from Australia came to Auckland in the interests of the Self Help Missionary Fund. The British Conference having resolved to cease its grant to Australasian Foreign Missions the self-help fund was organised and it fell to my lot to pilot the Doctor in his search for contributions. In connection with this effort a splendid meeting was held at Pitt Street when Dr Kelynack, Dr Brown and others gave addresses which created great interest.

I omitted to say that when we were at Cambridge, the death occurred of a Mr. Morsehead, a widower who left two girls, Minnie and Mary and at the instance of Rev H. Bull we agreed to adopt Mary, whilst they took Minnie.

It was while we were at St. John's we lost our dear little three year old Wallis. Mother and I had gone to see our nephew little Stuart, at Uncle Will's who was very sick. Whilst there, Joe ran over to tell us that Wallis was ill and we immediately returned, to find that the dear boy had passed away. Mary M's statement was that she went into our bedroom to put some things into a drawer, when she saw Wallis sitting up, black in the face as though he was suffering. She lifted him on her knee and there he was when we returned. Dr Purchas arrived, but pronounced life extinct. A post mortem examination revealed incipient heart disease. To Mother this especially this was a severe blow. It was surrounded by considerable mystery because the little fellow was apparently very bright and healthy.

Just a while before our leaving St. John's Mother presented us with another darling boy. This was on the 14th January and was in some sense calculated to heal the wounds of bereavement.

As the three year term was then in vogue we had to obey its arbitrary action, and as the time for our departure arrived the Rev Rainsford Bavin was very anxious to secure me as his colleague - eventually this was our next appointment. We had a very remarkable farewell ceremony; St. John's being crowded for the occasion and amongst the speakers Dr Moulton, of Tonga, who said he was amazed at this wonderful send off, it was so cordial and hearty.

GRAFTON ROAD

We were next appointed to Grafton Road circuit and our residence was in Scarboro Terrace, Parnell, a rented house. It was during our two years at Parnell that the new Church was built at Grafton Road - Shepherd Allen, M.P. laying the foundation stone. At that time the circuit included Newmarket, Ellerslie, Panmure and Parnell. The

pastoral requirements of these outplaces were fulfilled largely by my efforts. Mr. Bavin being occupied at Grafton Road and being also Chairman of the District.

At this time Parnell was infested with the larrikin element. These mischievous youths would be sometimes very troublesome in Sunday School and in Church services. The Rev Walpole was Vicar at St. Mary's, and there was an old Church building in Scarboro Terrace that was unused, so the Vicar and I determined to end this larrikin nuisance by starting a Boy's welcome. We formed the boys into a corp, gave them drill the first half hour, then music and games; helpers were found, games given, and the local policeman was almost out of a job. The Sunday School was in rather a poor state, but I persuaded Mr. Robinson, the Chemist, to undertake the Superintendency and he proved an excellent Officer. There was a Ladies Guild, and Mother took hold of that and brought it into working order.

An interesting case at Newmarket gave me encouragement. At the close of an evening service a young fellow who worked at one of the Breweries was converted, but he said he couldn't keep on there, so for conscience sake he resigned and the very next week we got him a fine position and he became a capital worker.

Our house in Scarboro Terrace was without any provision for heating except by gas; so as Walpole was vacating Ireland's house in St. George's Bay Road, we removed into that which was extremely comfortable.

At Ellerslie, I persuaded Theo Cooper to take the position of Organist and his home became a rendezvous and intercourse with him an inspiration. It was at Ellerslie I met the De Carterets. Miss De Carterets became Mrs. T.N. Griffin.

There was a Mission Hall in Lower Remuera, which was built by Mr. Joseph Wilson, where Anglican and Methodist services were held - ours was the evening service. Mr. Wilson used to subsidise this service by a donation of £50 a year, so there were no collections - thus the congregation were spoon fed. Associated with the Anglican morning services was the Rev J.S. Hill, a broad minded fully consecrated Minister who was also associated as President with the Y.M.C.A; Mr. Brankewright being Secretary. These two were largely responsible for the services held in the City Hall at 8.15 on Sunday evenings, where incalculable good was done under the auspices of the Minister's Association. Both Mr. Joseph and Mr. William Wilson were noble workers and givers of those days. Mrs. Joseph Wilson was the daughter of old Mr. Martyn of Cambridge - a fine man. The Minister was always welcome at Mr. J. Wilson's Remuera home.

We only stayed two years at Parnell because at the quarterly meeting the four representatives did not vote, they were neutral and as Parnell was my sphere I would not accept the invitation although every other hand was held up for me to stay. Mr. Wilson Hogg and Mr. J. Wilson pleaded with me to stay but I would not.

HAMILTON

Hamilton was our next circuit and here I was my own Superintendent, although it was good for me to be associated with men like the late A. Reid and R. Bavin at Pitt Street and Grafton Road. The Hamilton parsonage was situated on rising ground, commanding a view of the town and only a short distance from the Church. Like most Parsonages of those days it had no bathroom and the front sitting room was unfurnished. The Dellowes, our predecessors had informed us of these facts and Mother and I went to an Auckland Auction Sale and purchased a suite, and to his credit, be it said, Mr. Cooke one of the Ponsonby people, presented us with a carpet and it was not long before a bathroom was provided. We also purchased a study chair that could be also converted into a stretcher, because visitors were numerous. A circuit house was provided, and I purchased from Mr. John Abbott a light cart, in which on occasions I take the family.

During our first year the Salvation Army raided Hamilton and one of our Officials was captured by the sound of the big drum. Mr. Cox was an active Circuit Steward and Mr. Meacham a capital Choir Master. The Congregations were very encouraging, although on account of the number of places in the circuit, a Lay-preacher had to be largely employed - J and G Bycroft, and Harris Brothers did yeoman service. The Church at Ngaruawahia was new, built through the enterprise of Rev Dellow.

It was in our second year that Ivy came to cheer all our hearts. We were thankful that though the nurse recommended to us was inefficient, we had a skilful and attentive Doctor. The anxieties of those days though past are not forgotten, and no words can fully express how courageous mother, under a heavy handicap bravely battled through. There were neighbours such as Mesdames Campbell and Horne whose kindness can never be forgotten. I was fortunate in having Rev Garland as my neighbour in Cambridge, as by his lectures he enlivened many evenings. He also helped me in a series of special services in which much good was done and many decisions recorded.

The Hamilton Hospital was not neglected. I used to take my violin and a few singers on my visitation and so cheer the suffering inmates. Sometimes in my country visitations I would take the family with me and on one occasion as we were ascending a hill, Joe slipped out to lighten the horse's load, and Sis in attempting a like feat was caught by her dress and fell under the wheel, but apart from the shock was uninjured.

During our second year, at Christmas time, through Mother's kindness to the Chinese Market Gardeners, presents were exchanged, Mother cooked some pies for their Christmas dinner and they brought some beautiful fruit arranged in pyramidal form, and one of them gave Mother a gold ring because she had coached him for the S.S. Union examination and had enabled him to pass. During my absence at Conference, a student W.A. Sinclair supplied for me. Being anxious about results of his examination he was about to drive Mother out to see some people, when it was discovered in time that he had neglected to loop one of the shafts in the harness.

When the news came from Conference that we were to be moved, although invited to stay our third year, to Pukekohe, an indignation meeting of protest was held but the explanation was that Rev Lowry who had lost two of his children by diphtheria could not take a Southern circuit because of the health of his family and so he was appointed to Hamilton, but this did not pacify the Officers and members of the indignation meeting and a very strong telegram of protest was despatched. It was while we were in Hamilton that the Rev Dukes rode with me to inspect the wonders of the Thermal regions of Rotorua. The journey was very toilsome, but who could find adjectives to describe the Geysers of Wairakei, although in company with Uncle Will I had seen these marvels before - language failed me as I tried to tell Mother of the Green and Yellow Lakes and of the Geyser close to the Waikato River, the Huka Falls, the ride through the Tikitapu bush by moonlight and the glow-worms of the mossy hillside and those glorious Terraces, White and Pink and the canoe ride from Rotomahana Lake to Tarawera.

I was quite unable to do justice to the weird and wondrous subject, especially because we were packing our things for transmission to another circuit.

We had been torn from Cambridge to oblige the Dewsbury's and now from Hamilton for the sake of the Lowry's. I wonder if either of them realised what it meant to us to be hopping about from circuit to circuit before the proper time, especially when it meant going to one of the most laborious circuits in New Zealand.

FRANKLIN

The Franklin circuit the comprised Pukekohe, Mauku, Waiuku, Karaka, Drury, Bombay, Paparata, Tuakau, Pokeno, Mercer, which meant 24 miles from Pukekohe to Kohekohe and the same distance from Pukekohe to Mercer.

The roads at this time were so cut up in the winter time that work had to be done on horseback.. It was not a convenient Parsonage - the wash-house was an addendum to the stable and inconveniently far from the house - the house was situated in the midst of 4 acres and there was only a mere track to it from the road. The Church was quarter of a mile distance. All the town Churches at that time were some distance from the main street. One of our duties was to persuade the Trustees to consent to remove the Church to a corner of the 4 acres, and now strange to say, the other Churches have all followed our good example. The paddock fronting the house was full of trees that had been felled and left to rot. It was well for me that I had a son that could take the end of a lightening saw and these stumps were converted into firewood, and in their place at the back we planted fruit trees; for others of course to reap the fruit.

It was at this time that Wesley Spragg and John Becroft started the Dairying Industry, and a large butter factory was built.

Tuakau had its flax industry and its rope walk under the charge of Mr. Oldham and his son. The Karaka district has been completely transformed by this dairying industry - indeed the whole district has profited thereby.

I adopted a system of working this circuit, which enabled me to keep in touch with the people. I took advantage of the moonlight evenings and established weeknight services. I would start early in the afternoon and visit from house to house inviting them to the meetings which were held either in cottages, school rooms or church. I kept 10 or 12 of these meetings going during the moonlight unless prevented by the weather and thus I kept oversight of the membership and was able to visit sick and needy ones.

It was not always smooth sailing. On one occasion, in order to save my own horse which had already brought me 14 miles, I swapped horses with young Mr. West. He was put in the stable while I had lunch, but when I mounted him he began to buck - my stirrup leather broke and I fell, because the saddle slipped round. I suffered concussion. I was brought home in Mr. Barriball's buggy - much to the astonishment and grief of Mother. For weeks I lay hardly able to move. Ultimately I went to Te roha, stayed with my friend Rev John Law, and the healing waters soon put me right.

Another experience was when I was riding "Darky". I was on my way home from Pokeno - had just got to the top of the gully and had started to canter the horse when suddenly he swerved round - a white cow was lying in the road, and I came off, scoring my face on the loose metal. The next day I had a wedding at Waiuku, where I appeared in plaster. We put "Darky" in the shafts one day, tied him up by the fence in Routley's place, but he was tormented by flies I suppose - at any rate he broke the rope and careered down the Drive and as he turned through the gate he capsized the cart and there was a smash up,

At Bombay we had a church encumbered by heavy debt, and we determined to make an effort to reduce it. A bazaar was suggested, but this we strenuously opposed and pleaded for straight out giving. It was a big fight but the latter course was adopted and there was a splendid response. We obtained a loan from the Church Building and Loan Fund and debt was not only cleared but there was enough left to paint the parsonage.

I have already spoken of the American Evangelists Mr. and Mrs. Phelps. I found traces of their work in the circuit previous to my arrival both at Pukekohe and Mauku, but at Waiuku arrangements were made for Mrs. Scott to hold special Evangelistic meetings. There was, we found, much prejudice against women preaching but this was soon put down and there were some striking cases of conversion. Visits were also made to the sick. There was there a sufferer from Asthma - the man was a back-slider. Mrs. Scott was powerful in prayer - she prayed and the man was deeply affected - so she said "Pray brother". "I can't" - "I'll teach you - say after me" - and he repeated her first sentence and then proceeded to pray of his own accord and when he arose from his knees, the man was not only restored to the favour of God but his asthma was greatly

relieved. His wife said to Mrs. Scott come and see my daughter she is sick in the next room. When Mrs. Scott spoke to her she found that she was converted too by the same influences that had so graciously affected the Father. "Ah!" said Mrs. Scott, "if this is all its worth while my coming". Tuakau was in an encouraging state at this time. We had to put class rooms at the back of the Church to accommodate increased attendance. On Sunday nights the Church was crowded. We also had good "Band of Hope" meetings - Mathew Gilmore who is now a Missionary in Papua, and the lady who became his wife, were both great reciters.

At Paparata, a new Church was opened, largely through the splendid efforts of Brother Lindsay. Although a comparatively uneducated man and engaged in farming he was a great reader and had been much influenced by Mr. Phelps the American Evangelist. He was so kind to one of his neighbours, a carrier, who was lying with a broken leg, that he actually carried on his business during the time he was laid up - his kindly action being blessed of God to the man's conversion. He asked me to go with him to see the man, so together we prayed with the man and ultimately he decided.

There are those in Pukekohe today who still remember Mother and her Sunday School work and all that she did and we can't forget what the McGowens did at Christmas time.

HUTT

The Hutt was our next location. We had not a very auspicious arrival; our predecessors were the T.N.Griffins. They were flooded out - had to escape by window into a boat, and in consequence when we arrived the Parsonage was in a very damp state and they shipidly prepared a beDroom for us on the lower storey. We found in the morning how dreadfully damp it was. There was a fireplace and the fender and fire irons were rusty and the hearth sopping wet. Mother, as the result suffered from chill and the inner ear ached and the pain was so great that Dr Purdie was called in and I was supplied with a syringe and I became head nurse (as no suitable person could be found). Visiting had to go. Under Mother's direction I pursued domestic duties, or they pursued me. A good thing I had so brave a patient. As soon as Mother recovered she speedily took her place in Sunday School with Mr. James Knight as Superintendent, Mr. Feist as Bible Class Teacher.

The Parsonage was badly worm eaten although it has so often been submerged by floods. We were not long without experiencing them - Saturday came, joint was just nicely cooked when it became necessary to adjourn for dinner upstairs. Pa with pants rolled up to knees transferred dinner to those waiting on the stairs. The poor horse was led to higher ground and from upstairs windows we saw many humorous incidents. What wonder if in later years rheumatism should put in an unwelcome appearance after flood exposure.

Circuit Minister's time is fully occupied; I would take service at the Lower Hutt at 11 o'clock, step into the gig and eat my lunch as I Drove to a point near Upper Hutt where

I left my gig and harness, pop on saddle and ride up the hill and then down to Whiteman's valley to service. Here, there had been a saw mill run by Prouse but that was worked out, but a number of settlers carried on a Dairy industry. My evening appointment was Petone; my horse would be so tired that I would mostly walk. Another Sunday the afternoon appointment would be either Wainui or Taita or Stokes Valley. The visits to these places and often week night services filled the time.

A new Church was put up at Belmont, which meant considerable effort to finance - a very fine old Supernumerary Mr. Nelson, of the British Conference residing at Petone was engaged so as to meet the claims of Petone which was increasing rapidly in population. He made a special study of the Holy Spirit and had a fine library. His health was endangered by a disastrous flood. He was a cheery soul with whom it was a delight to work.

I tried at Conference, with the help of others, to secure a probationer for Petone, but we failed. The Rev W. Kirk a very estimable brother was also a Supernumerary residing at Petone. I suppose there has not ever been in our Ministry one who was more successful in soul-winning the William Kirk; a man of very sweet and gracious disposition. In the earlier part of his Ministry he worked amongst the Maoris by whom he was highly esteemed.

It was during our term at Lower Hutt that we became acquainted with Mr. Mrs. and Miss Angie Dodgshun who lived at Alicetown. Mr. Dodgshun was a wholesale Tailor's Draper. I used to exchange with the Wellington Ministers which was a very agreeable change - Revs Baumber and Lewis being in Wesley Church at that time. It was whilst we were at Lower Hutt that our eldest boy became a clerk in the A.M.P. Society. He had, after leaving day school, profited by attendance on a secondary school conducted by Dr McArthur in the same building as where his Uncles and Mother had received instructions in Upper Queen Street, Auckland. His elder sister we sent to the High School Wellington, where Miss Hamilton was principal. Mr. Webb conducted a school also in Wellington and there for a time Joe attended, and he and his sister by happy arrangement of Mother's obtained a hot dinner, both returning home in the evening. Whilst in this circuit we were able to renew our acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Brittain and family and the Tonks families. Mr.. E. Tonks often coming over and taking appointments in the Hutt and Petone.

With the exception of an enlargement of the Sunday School room at Lower Hutt and the new Church at Belmont there were no material alterations, but a rather humorous incident occurred at flood time just opposite the Parsonage gate. Two Evangelists were being driven to the Station and the driver drove too near the edge and Spooner & Co. had a cold douche and a lost umbrella. Life long friendships in various circuits atone for what is so objectionable in our Methodist itinerancy.

RANGIORA

At the Auckland Conference the Stationing Committee put us down for the three readings for Onehunga, but just before the benediction was pronounced, on the motion of Morlay, seconded by his brother-in-law N. Buttle we were put down for Rangiora. My feelings were somewhat soothed by an introduction to Mr. W.H. Foster, the Rangiora Representative, whose friendship it was a joy to cultivate. His representations reconciled us to our fate, only for Mother it was a move that meant exposure to the vicissitudes of the Southern climate and her poor face had to suffer.

Methodist Union has been particularly consummated at this Conference - the Bible Christians and Free Methodists becoming united with Wesleyan Methodists. As far as our experience in Rangiora was concerned we concluded that it was high time for such a change. The Free Methodist Minister, Edwards, it was evident had to live by his wits. To me it was no great cross to share feelings that were adverse and to cement good feeling all round. At our first quarterly meeting utmost tact was needed and of course, everything was done to promote a conciliatory spirit. It was resolved to add 12 feet to Rangiora Wesley Church and to remove the Free Methodist Church building to Southbrook and place it on a concrete foundation. My Colleague, the Rev J. Dellow lived at Woodland and our relationship was most harmonious until his lamented death in my second year. It was at the time of our General Conference which met in Auckland in November. Mrs. Dellow was at this Conference and so were Sis and I, when by wire we learned that Mr. Dellow was seriously ill. Mrs. Dellow and I immediately set out from Auckland by special boat that left the Sugar Company's wharf. We arrived in Wellington and just as we were boarding the Rotomahanu we were informed by wire of Mr. Dellow's death. We arrived in time for the funeral, at which I officiated. The Rev Joughin was sent as supply until Conference, and well did he perform his duties - living at the bereaved home and by his gracious presence comforting the family. In my absence Mother, acting in concert with Mr. Foster admirably did all she could for old Mrs. Dellow who was in charge at the Woodend Parsonage. The cause of Mr. Dellow's death was a stoppage and ultimate perforation of the intestine. His memory is still cherished by the people of the Rangiora circuit as an able and faithful Minister.

During our third year the Rev T.N. Griffin was appointed as my colleague. We succeeded the Rev S.J. Garlick at Rangiora - he left us a splendid horse named Dick, whose strong objection was to Railway trains. I had fastened Dick with a new rope to a strong fence, when I was summoned and I saw Dick careering off towards Southbrook. The harness was repaired and the gig also and for the future extra care was used. One could recall a number of incidents in relation to Circuit horses, but today our brethren drive their Motor Cars, so we'll let the circuit horses rest.

A pleasing function was held in the schoolroom to celebrate my Jubilee. A number of elderly brethren gathered and one of them, a Crimean Veteran indulged in interesting reminiscences. On another occasion we were saying good-bye to the Cumberworths,

making presentations etc, when some larrikin members of the choir got in by a side door and regaled themselves with the strawberries intended for the guests.

It fell to my lot to visit the Amberley and Waikari Districts as Home Missionary Deputation and en route we observed some remarkably shaped rocks ere we climbed the hills. I lectured, fiddled and sang and the Home Mission pocketed the results.

It would be difficult to find finer country than that existing in the neighbourhood of Rangiora. I had a long jaunt through it with a lantern manipulated by Mr. W.F. Jennings. I also visited Kaiapoi under the aegis of Rev P.W. Fairclough and I went fishing with Rev D. McNicoll.

These were great days and it was no unusual thing to ride on my bicycle to and from the City of the plain and drive the redoubtable "Dick" calling at Ferguson's en route and returning with some fine apples. What a treat it was to have a chat with that grand old couple; Mrs. Ferguson and Mother would talk flowers and Ferguson and I the events of the day, or the glories of old fashioned Methodism.

A marriage took place at Rangiora which I refused to take, but T.N. Griffin officiated. The bride-groom was too much of a larrikin for me and I didn't want to sacrifice a splendid girl to an unworthy suitor. However, Minnie still survives looking as young as ever.

We had a Mission in Rangiora conducted by Mrs. Scott, a saintly women whose praise is in all the Churches. During her stay she occupied a room in the Parsonage and after she had gone there lingered about that room an atmosphere of sacredness. The result of the mission was a deepening of the spirit life. Even her prayers were a Benediction.

Mother was active as usual although at great cost, for the keen winds cut her face and driving meant the interposition of an umbrella and walking for another reason was impossible. "In weakness she was made strong and waxed valiant in faith."

A feature of our parsonage life was that Miss Ethel Thompson who was a teacher in the Rangiora School boarded with us and contributed to the interest of our musical evenings. As regards Methodist Union the two Churches coalesced quite remarkably, but perhaps it was not to be wondered at they should invite the Rev A. Peters, ex Foreign Missions to succeed us as Minister.

At the annual Sunday School examinations it is worthy to record that Sis gained 100% and received a gold medal, also two beautiful books. Milly attended the Christchurch High School, Ivy at Miss Waterson's and Clyde at the Public School, whilst Joe was at A.M.P. Society in Wellington.

The Rev D. O'Donnel also held a Mission; the Rev G. Porter also visited us in the interests of the young people and the Rev held services for Day Scholars in the Public School which was a sort of climax to the Scripture teaching by the different Ministers on Friday afternoons.

RICHMOND

At Christchurch Conference of 1899 we were appointed to Richmond, Nelson, although strenuous effort was legitimately made in Mother's interests to obtain a Northern appointment. I had ascertained that the circuit was in a moribund condition and it was with the greatest difficulty I secured a Home Mission Grant. It was a tedious journey, but we were glad to know we should have as neighbours the Rev J.S. and Mrs. Smalley who we felt sure would do all they could to co-operate with us. The Parsonage was large but poorly furnished and what furniture there was had been badly used, but the Hodson brothers were doing their bit to improve matters and under Mother's efficient superintendence domestic matters were revised. A leaking bath, crippled chairs and shabby couch all yielded to the renovating hand. The dilapidated stable was pulled down and a neat fence erected; a new stable, wash-house with built in copper was erected. a lot of it being gratuitous labour. The front and side steps off the verandah were repaired and the verandah itself.

The debt on the Richmond Church was £200, half of it being accumulated interest. This by the aid of the Loan Fund was dealt with and arrangements made for quarterly repayments.

By Mother's efforts in the Sunday School, a new pulpit cushion was provided. The Spring Grove Cob Church was also renovated, new timbers provided to replace worm eaten ones. The Waititi Church also was dilapidated so an exchange of site was made, the old building abandoned and a new Church of my own design erected.

Mr. Harker, an Ex. Home Missioner I found filling in his time by opening up services in the Tadmor and Sherry districts and I rendered him all the help I could.

A remarkable circuit horse with a Club foot was the one means of locomotion, so I bought a gig and harness also a bicycle, and in consultation with a blacksmith found it possible to much improve the horse's club foot, but he was sometimes very stubborn and on my journey would stop perhaps when I was crossing a river. On one occasion he was thus meditating when I was accosted by a local butcher who told me I couldn't manage the animal, so I retorted "I'll sell him to you." "All right" said he "I'll manage him". Some time after, having secured another horse, just as I turned a corner I saw the butcher sitting in his gig and vainly attempting to get a move on; I laughed and proceeded on my way.

In order to increase the ordinary income of the circuit I opened a service at 88 Valley Rd, and another at a schoolroom near the residence of Mr. Field whose wife was a Miss Lucas. Mrs. Field opened a Sunday School there also. I also arranged for a Social or Concert or Lecture in connection with each Quarterly Meeting and within six months we were clear of circuit debt and the stipend was raised. We formed a large choir with Mr. Edridge as leader and this became a great help.

The Nelson Choir also aided us continually in our special efforts. Rev. McKee Wright, a Congregational Minister who was also a poet, gave us several evenings. The Rev John Crump, a Supernumerary residing at Nelson, assisted me greatly at Socials and taking occasional services.

Two lady Evangelists, Sisters Miriam and Winnie conducted a Mission that was rich in results amongst the young people, and at the request of Archdeacon Wright, the local Anglican Minister, mother started a morning class so as to minister to those young people who had so recently decided and great and lasting good was done by this means - many Anglican young people joining at Mr. Wright's request with the others.

It is well known that in Nelson, Anglicans under the influence of men like Bishops Suter and Mules are broader and more Catholic Spirited than in any other diocese. The Bishop invited the non- Episcopal Ministers to meet him monthly for the study of God's word in his study at Bishop's Court and we dined with him afterwards. He would also invite us to the Garden Party at Bishop's Court in connection with their annual Synod and he would introduce us to his Clergy. Another step that Mother took under the auspices of Archdeacon Wright, was to start a Mother's Meeting in the Anglican Schoolroom - Mother presided and she got Mrs. Smalley, Mrs. Baker (Anglican Minister's wife) and others to give addresses. The Archdeacon would open the schoolroom and place Hymn Books on seats and his daughter would take the harmonium.

Not long after the "Sisters" had concluded their Mission the "Brothers Tonks" from Wellington favoured us with a visit which was attended with good results. Mother was also useful in reviving the Ladies Guild at Richmond and by a sale of work over £25 was raised.

The Annual Synod, held mostly in Nelson was a great occasion and it was customary for the visiting Ministers to take part in Anniversary functions. Revs. Dr Laws, T.R. Richards and others came to our help in Richmond. There was a local Baptist Church and great harmony existed between its members and ourselves and there was a United Endeavour Society which met alternately in each Church.

Nelson is a great fruit growing district, and in our Parsonage Grounds we grew Raspberries, black and white currants, gooseberries, apples etc. The climate was beautiful and there were places near where one could picnic, where rivers meandered and gorges abounding in vegetation, gave shelter from the sun's heat; Oh the miles we travelled. I was invited to conduct a wedding service in Hope Valley - had never seen the couple - was very nearly marrying the wrong man. Oh what tired bones lay on all sorts of beds, and Oh, how the digestive organs were tested by all sorts of cooking. There were candidates for the Ministry to hear preach. I recall one instance when S.J. Garlick was preaching - thunder storms came rattling down on iron roof - Garlick lifted his voice and suddenly storm moderated and he looked so foolish and felt so I expect.

At Brightwater we started a service in the Infant Schoolroom, but before doing so I called on Rev Baker, Anglican Minister, and explained what I was going to do and he agreed that it was the correct thing. The congregation grew and we bought a section for a Church site, and then a very strange thing happened; I got a letter from Baker accusing me of sheep stealing. I asked Baker to allow Bishop Mules and Rev W.J. Williams to decide whether I was guilty and both agreed that I had been most brotherly in my action and therefore without blame. To further justify my action a neat little Church has been erected at Brightwater and I'm told is well attended. So satisfied were our officials that we were invited to accept a 4th year's appointment.

HASTINGS.

Our next sphere of labour was Hastings in Hawkes Bay, from whence we received an invitation, chiefly through the persistency of Mr. Hurley, Manager of Bank of N.Z., a very good understanding was entered into that the two Circuit Stewards were to guarantee to finance the Circuit and I was to do my legitimate work. I found my bicycle a great help in my visitations. Clyde, who had been studying at Nelson College, came with us and took a position with Mr. Hurley in the Bank but we failed to obtain a suitable coach for him so he might have secured a degree. Sis had been teaching music and painting in Richmond and she also took pupils in Hastings. Milly acted as private instructress in the Miller family and then at Gowers and Ivy attended the high school in Napier.

The Parsonage was a comparatively new building and it had an adjoining paddock with a shed. A number of fruit trees (which had been greatly deteriorated because a horse had been allowed to graze), were soon restored and fence repaired and the yield was satisfactory. A portion of the paddock was fenced off and we had a good crop of potatoes.

Hastings was low lying and the soil was fruitful. The front part of the parsonage profited by Clyde's exertions and under his Mother's able supervision it became a perfect floral picture the cynosure of all eyes.

A feature of the work in Hastings was the addition of several out places at Mahora, Papipaki in an old Maori Church and in a schoolroom, and another schoolroom the name of which I forget. In this I way I filled in my Sunday afternoons. The Nelson system was in vogue here as in Rangiora - the Ministers of the district supplying religious instruction. We purchased a horse and light gig which was a great comfort to Mother as well as a great help in travelling to distant places or taking a run into Napier, where my dear old friend Rev C.E. Beecroft was stationed. We entered the Ministry in 1879, both being examined by Dr Osborn in Theology and then sitting for further examinations at Westminster. It was joyous to renew our acquaintance.

Mr. Cunnold, Dr Laws brother-in-law was Junior Circuit Steward and also Superintendent of Sunday School part of our time. Mrs. Hurley was the daughter of

our esteemed friend Mr. Ferguson a Sunday School teacher, whom we knew so intimately when they lived midway between Christchurch and Rangiora.

At one of the Church Conferences we had stayed with the Hurley's who were then living at St. Albans, so that there was a very cordial feeling existent. My predecessor had been but an indifferent visitor and it was my endeavour to in some way make up for his lack. He too had been content with a comparatively small stipend but this did not suit me and my endeavour was by diligence in the pastorate and by widening the sphere of Church enterprise to secure a more adequate allowance.

The Presbyterian Minister was the Rev Comrie and in prohibition matters and in other ways we worked harmoniously. The Rev Hobbs was the Anglican Minister and though somewhat high Church he worked admirably with Comrie and myself in a series of special services on Sunday evenings after the ordinary Church services. On one occasion I was shewn into his study. In one corner was a crucifix on a pedestal, an open Bible and Prayer Book and a hassock - here then was his oratory, the scene of his devotions. The Russell family and the Williams were his principle people. It was to the latter family that Tot Letham came to help them with their dressmaking - she was very skilful with her needle. Gibb also came and stayed with us. When we had our Sunday School Anniversary Gibb managed to slip a saddle and bridle into the gig and subsequently it was his delight to ride the horse on the picnic grounds. He was a boy who knew how to neutralize his handicap for to our astonishment he succeeded by sitting on a kerosene box and digging potatoes, and of course he knew he had Mother's sympathy.

Clyde was Mother's handy man. One Sunday he had brought the gig to the side of the Parsonage and Mother slipped as she was getting in and broke two of her ribs and we had to send for the Doctor, but Oh, how brave she was, making light her injury. Her beloved Sunday School demanded her attention and with her no duty must be neglected, but it was when visitors called that her wonderful hospitable qualities became so resplendent. The Frosts visited us from Waipawa - the Tarrants came, dear old Bessie and no effort was too great for their accommodation. At this time Bro. Beecroft paid a visit to the old country. Rev E.O. Blamires was his supply and at Beecroft's request I presided at his quarterly meetings and at E.O. Blamires request frequently exchanged pulpits.

Both Sis and Milly were in the Choir and Harry Crump was Choir Master. He was a Dentist, and his wife a daughter of the Rev Simmonds. I remember singing in a quartette with Harry and Johnson and a very tall Basso and as we were getting into position the audience were convulsed with laughter.

The R.C. Church bell generally rang at 12 and if a Parson hadn't finished his sermon when that bell tolled, old Cunnold would pull out his watch and shift uneasily in his seat. I would sometimes say, fine congregation, good service and he would yaw, too long! Oh! for the rarity of Christian Sympathy.

We had a visit from dear old Father Hanson, whose daughter Mrs. Anderson lived in Hastings. It was our Anniversary, whilst the tea tables were being cleared I went to the piano and played some old tunes and old Brother Hanson sang at the top of his voice and faces beaming with smiles. He asked me if he could help in any way and I gave him a subscription list and the dear old man succeeded in wiping off an outstanding debt. He was a grand old man.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson were staying at Hurley's for a time and it was indeed a treat to have intercourse with them. He was a great Sunday School worker and his S.S. addresses were very fine.

A very sad thing happened to a Mr. Pepper, a relation of the Farmery's. He came home from harvest field at noon very thirsty, and went to the cupboard where the bottles of homemade beer were kept, and not waiting for a tumbler drank from the bottle, which alas was caustic soda, which of course, burnt his inside and after lingering for some days expired in agony. The only relief he obtained was when Mother brought him some raspberry vinegar, made with ascetic acid and for a time it soothed and comforted him.

We had a visit from the Rev W.C. Oliver, Chairman of District, to inaugurate a new scheme of finance, but I never remember to have come across a more incompetent Chairman - he would have been better at home or else shooting stags.

Brother Frost of Waipawa had a very hard circuit and as he needed help I several times journeyed and lectured, sang and fiddled to raise funds, and we have been friends ever since.

The Frimley orchards were at their best during our time - one of our joys was to be present at the opening of our new Bible Class Room, free of debt. In this effort Mr. Hulbert and others gave unstinted labour. It was during our 2nd year at Hastings that our beloved first born was married to Miss Tonks. It was a great occasion, Rev Fairclough assisting me in the ceremony - the wedding breakfast was in a spacious tent and the Mission Band discoursed sweet music.

MARTON

In 1906 we were appointed to Marton to succeed dear old Father Keale who had retired and was living in Palmerston North. At this time a great deal of activity was taking place at and around the Marton railway station and Marton became a busy centre. The Church was a very fine building with a prominent spire. One of our chief families was the Mossmans. Mr. Mossman was Head Master of the District High School and took occasional services. His daughter was our Organist, she being also a teacher in a neighbouring school.

Tutaenui was the second place in the circuit, up among the hills. The Parsonage was similar to that at Rangiora, but like many of our Parsonages had no bathroom. Mr. White was our Senior Circuit Steward and he had a loose bath that he very kindly

presented to us and with the aid of Mr. Cobham and his sons a room was erected off the scullery. The Rev Mr. Gordon was the Presbyterian minister and there was a cordial feeling between the two congregations.

It was no unusual thing to see members of Presbyterian Church at our Sunday evening service. When I took Tutaenui service in the morning I would ride on to Silverdale for the afternoon and Marton in the evening. The Purewa School room was also an afternoon appointment, and I also opened a service in the Maungatiritiri school room but the Presbyterian having a site near by built a church there and our services were discontinued.

Marton was great on Flower Shows in connection with the different Churches - the Anglican had their bulb show, Presbyterians a Chrysanthemum show, and ours was the Rose show. We arranged with different nurserymen for them to bring their pot plants and they gave us a commission on what we sold. By this means and by sale of work on one of the stalls we made up any deficiency in the Circuit or Trust Account. We generally secured the services of the Marton Brass Band and we had sometimes an Orchestra and Musical programme. Here again our Mother's genius was to the fore. She was a born leader and the Rose shows of our time did not suffer in comparison with the preceding ones but, of course, it meant toil and large effort. Our Parsonage was open to visitors, sometimes weddings were held there and of course afternoon tea, or it was Sunday evening visitors - (Mother counted 1000 one year); perhaps strangers were welcomed in this way. The various Flower shows tended to tone down denominational barriers and it was well.

My bicycle was very useful, but it was also necessary to keep a horse and gig. I managed to secure what I thought was a splendid mare from Palmerston North. When I Drove through the town people came to their shop doors to see how well she trotted. On one occasion I was going to ride her and i led her down to the paddock gate, when to my amusement the bridles bit snapped and I thought what if this had broken when I was on her back.

The Rev D. McNicoll was stationed at Sanson, an adjoining Circuit. I first knew him when I was at Clutha and he at Invercargill, and he invited me to teach the Anniversary Services (Joe was then a baby) then when we were at Rangiora he was at Durham Street, so we occasionally exchanged. I was returning to Sanson after evening services at Rangotea and as we journeyed (Miss Maggie McNicoll was with me) my mare became excited. I tried in vain to keep her in the middle of the road. She would swerve and presently she leapt over the fence at the side of the road. I told Maggie to got out and then undid the breeching and the traces and backed the gig through the paddock gate, took the harness off, put cover on and the owner of the paddock took charge of her - promising to bathe her wounds and as Maggie and I walked homewards we were met by some friends who turned and brought us to Sanson Parsonage. I sold that mare and was glad to get rid of her, for I forgot to say that this was the second time that I had trouble with her. The other time was when she was in the paddock. Copeland,

Beache and Martyn were taking their exams with me, and Beache heard the mare galloping around and as he gazed she leaped over the fence into the road and turned and fell.

Another time Joe was visiting us and he and Clyde went to catch her and she kicked Joe and he had to get the Doctor to put stitches in - so much then for this animal.

It was always Mother's habit to be kind to strangers. Mr. Fox came to a position in a Wheelwright shop and he and his wife were boarding at a house not far from the parsonage. When Mother visited them she became greatly concerned about Mrs. Fox's health and ultimately mother insisted that she should come and stay with us at the Parsonage and in so doing undoubtedly saved the woman's life by her kindly care. That action was never forgotten by its recipients.

Rev William Keall had become a Supernumerary and was residing at Palmerston North. He was very fond of flowers and there were a few plants that he had left behind and so he came to see us and to take them away, but we were rather alarmed when we noted how age and infirmity were so visible. As usual he was working too hard and some weeks after we were not surprised to hear that he was in the doctor's hands. He was a faithful friend and one of the most strenuous workers that I have ever known - a man of incorruptible integrity and of great self sacrifice. He lived, so he died and being dead he still speaketh.

Mr. White was an excellent Circuit Steward and gave a lot of his time to Circuit affairs, although his business was needing all his care. Mrs. White's brother, who was in very poor health, lived with them. I think it was lung trouble - he had been in business in Australia and I suppose he neglected himself. Miss Spence was also acting as milliner.

A fine old lady Mrs. Copeland and a Mrs. Allman were great friends of Mother's and they esteemed her very highly in love for her work's sake - Mrs. Bright also had cause to do the same.

Miss Wilton was an excellent Foreign Mission secretary, Mr. Bright and Mr. Mather were Superintendents of the Sunday School. Miss Mossman was not only a capital organist but was practically Church Steward, although her father was ostensibly.

James McGregor was our Choir Master, although he was in reality a Presbyterian; but our most intimate friends were the Mossmans. Mrs. Mossman was brought up in Auckland and in the early days Mother knew her intimately. It was my privilege to marry two of the daughters, Nellie and Gladys and I also took part with Elliott in the marriage of Lily. These occasions did a great deal to add to our social intercourse.

Clyde, whom we had left in Hastings, got tired of the Bank and we secured him a position as clerk in McEldowney's the Draper for a time until the way opened for him to go as a Home Missionary to Ash-hurst, under my friend Mr. J.J. Lewis.

The Rev Beecroft, who was stationed at Fielding, invited me to conduct the Anniversary service, which enabled me to become acquainted with the Bramwells, Alma Brittain and others.

BIRKENHEAD

It was in 1909 that we removed to Birkenhead, and right glad were we to get so near to Auckland for Mother's sake and to get onto closer relationship with Grandpa Thorne and W and Alick and their families.

When we arrived at the Birkenhead wharf we were amazed to notice that the man who was to drive us to the Parsonage had two stumps, his feet having been severed at the ankle, but it was apparently but little hindrance to him; he whipped up the portmanteaux and boxes as though they were as light as a feather.

We were soon sitting down to a sumptuous repast, Mr. and Mrs. A.L. White, Mrs. Archie Wilson and others being determined that we should have a cordial welcome. The Parsonage was beautifully situated, commanding an extensive view and was close to the Church. The congregation had a sprinkling of Presbyterians and Anglicans, both at Birkenhead and Birkdale. Albany was the most distant afternoon appointment - subsequently I took up work at a schoolroom at Greenhithe, then there was Northcote and Mayfield.

The Wilsons (4 families) were really Presbyterians, but they made excellent Methodists.

There was a peculiarity of the Church. The pulpit had an open space behind it and this led to many readjustments of the choir. Under Mother's genial and hospitable ways the Parsonage became an open house with a cordial welcome for all. Her connection with the Sunday School brought her into close association with the young people. Still further to accentuate this feature a tennis court was made on part of the Parsonage ground.

Mr. A.L. White was Sunday School Superintendent and also Circuit Steward and Mr. Archie Wilson Sunday School Superintendent.

At Northcote Mr. Daniel was Sunday School Superintendent and Sis took charge of the Bible Class. Mrs. Daniel was a very important member of the choir and Rev S.F. Prior, Supernumerary, resided at Northcote, and Mrs. Prior was a very helpful member of the congregation. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. and Miss Thomas also resided at Northcote - we had known them at Addington, Canterbury. They were prominent in the choir.

Mr. and Mrs. Marsden Caughey also resided at Northcote, near to dear old Mr. and Mrs. Thomson.

At Birkdale our great friends were the Levesques. Mr. L. was a great florist and fruit grower and his home was always a rendezvous. Miss Levesque was a prominent Sunday School worker.

The Church was a neat structure the work of F. Souster.

It was during our sojourn at Birkenhead that Millie became a Nurse at the Auckland hospital and it was her delight on off days to visit her own home. Clyde also became a student at the College, but for the first year he was an out student - Mr. Sinclair being Principal. Ivy made use of her time as a musical instructress. Under these circumstances Mother hadn't very much leisure, her sewing machine was kept going. So as to keep her more fully employed, her husband would invite the Ministers Association to Birkenhead and regale them with strawberries and cream, and when these ecclesiastics got to Highbury corner and beheld the land and sea scape they pronounced it second to none and they did appreciate Brother Leveques strawberries.

The Circuit horse, left by our predecessor Rev Cook was of a devotional temperament and on several occasions he went down on his knees and tradition said that young Geo. Cook was responsible because he drove so furiously. On one occasion when the Minister was driving he very suddenly subsided and the Minister was so cut about that he had to return home and neglect his appointment, and on his way home Dame - plastered his nob with suitable bandages. The tidings spread and poor Sis was summoned home from Northcote and Mother from Sunday School, but the evening appointment was duly taken.

At Northcote Sunday School Anniversary Social Sis distinguished herself by producing an Operette in which the Sunday School children, under her tuition did splendidly and so popular was it that it was reproduced at Birkenhead. There was a certain clever young mechanic who assisted Sis and he often used to give sly glances at Ivy in the choir, and indeed it was said that he very much appreciated the hospitality of the Parsonage. There were also Sunday School picnics and launch picnics which gave the young people opportunities for moonlight talks etc.

As the 5th July was the Parson's birthday and as the quarterly meeting fell on the same day it was thought only fitting that instead of the Parsonage providing the usual supper, it would be an excellent thing for the office bearers to do the amicable and so the ladies made a birthday cake, the Circuit Stewards presented the Parson with a beautiful eiderdown quilt, which also shewed how cordial was the relationship between Parson and people, and as a further indication in the same direction an invitation was given for us to remain for a fourth year.

As I have already said, it was a very great joy for Mother not to have only her brothers but her dear father so near to her. He was a remarkable man, very clever with his tools and quite a successful gardener, especially when he so neatly kept the grounds at Vermont. He belonged to the pioneer class that have made New Zealand so famous as a Colony. Although he was deaf, it did not interfere with those regal qualities of mind

and heart which lent such lustre to his character. He met with an unfortunate accident crossing Ponsonby Road, he was knocked down by a motor car, but he had wonderful recuperative power. He also suffered from paralysis, but by a course of sea bathing at Takapuna at Uncle Wills he most wonderfully recovered.

Still these occurrences did something to impair what must have been a most vigorous constitution and to limit his powers of locomotion. He had married for his second wife another Scotch woman, an excellent and thrifty housekeeper, but like Grandpa she was of a ripe age and it became necessary for Miss Emmie Thorn to take kindly care of the dear old couple. Frequent visits were made from Birkenhead and it was Mother's privilege to be with her beloved father in his last earthly moments. He died, trusting in the Saviour whom he had so faithfully served during a long, useful, and honoured life. After his death his widow lived in Paget Street with Mr. and Mrs. A. Thorne and family.

WAIHI

During our fourth year at Birkenhead I contemplated retiring from the active work of the Ministry as I had served for 42 years, but after maturer thought and prayer I resolved to complete another two years, and at the Wellington Conference I requested an appointment in one of the Auckland suburbs that I might secure a home in or near the City but my request was not acceded to and Waihi became our next and last appointment. The year before our arrival Waihi had passed through a period of industrial unrest in which the extreme Labour Party, the red feds had made themselves very obnoxious but when we arrived things had quietened down.

We were very cordially received. The Parsonage had been newly painted but the grounds had a very neglected look and as soon as possible, under Mother's supervision it became more presentable. The soil was poor but it yielded to treatment. It meant hard work to convert the grass in front to a lawn, but it was done and actually a Garden Party was held in the grounds. The Church was in a very neglected condition, it was very disheartening to regard such a building as the House of God and I resolved that my first endeavour should be to renovate.

I found that a small amount was in hand and I proceeded warily to add to it. I got Fred Souster to come along and advise us and he drew a sketch. Trustees accepted his suggested improvements, so they were started and after some delay were happily completed and under favourable auspices the Church was re-opened. During the interval services were held in the Miners Hall. The Parsonage was unfortunately too far from the Church for Mother to walk and it became necessary to hire a horse and gig. Sometimes the horse provided was unreliable and on one occasion the driver must have pulled the wrong rein and the creature ran into the footpath and Sis and Mother got a great shock.

Every month I held service in Waikino on Sunday evening. It was a dreary drive but we had some interesting services there. It was an interdenominational service. The

Sunday School was held in the Primitive Methodist old Church. Mother was able to take a class there, but she formed a class that met in the Parsonage, thus, with her usual genius, overcoming difficulties.

There was a tennis court adjoining the Sunday School where the young people were enabled to obtain relaxation and enjoyment.

Although a great deal of time was spent in visitation, it was almost impossible to secure the attendance of the Primitive Methodists either at Sunday School or Church. I believe the secret was that many of them were red feds and during the strike party spirit was rife. Several families however, came to work at the mines who were recent arrivals from England and they exercised a salutary influence.

The Brother who was in charge of the local Church of Christ was very insistent in his premillenarian teachings which had a bad effect on weak minds.

It was my privilege regularly to visit the local hospital and much comfort and help was rendered - several cases occur to my memory of lasting benefits and those who were victims of accident and especially to those who were suffering from Miner's disease.

We derived a great deal of enjoyment in the summertime from a tent which we pitched in the Parsonage grounds and when visitors arrived or members of the family from a distance it was a very great convenience. We do not forget excursions to Waihi beach and the sensation of seeing those rolling waves as they thundered upon the beach. The trouble was that on Sundays the beach became a very strong rival of the Church.

As far as we could judge 'no license' was a conspicuous success, old residents assured us of this, and although there were cases of sly grogging they were rare or else managed very secretly. To us it was a novelty to live in a mining township and to see the Batteries at work and to go down the shaft and see the miners at work. I still have a photograph of Herman, Foston and myself in our miner's rig. Provision was made for the men as they came up the shaft to have a bath and to change their garments and to leave their old working garb behind. We could not fail to learn many a lesson as we saw the various processes by which pure gold was extracted from the quartz.

In order to supplement the ordinary income, we instituted a Flower Show and a series of musical and literary competitions, which had the effect of stimulating the growth of flowers and the study and cultivation of musical and literary tastes. Gold medals were given as prizes as well as other articles presented by tradesmen and others - good feeling was also promoted with other denominations and the finances of the Church were kept in a healthy condition. Here again Mother and the girls worked splendidly - we arranged for the Levesques to send strawberries, and Brother Fisher's lovely asparagus and several nurserymen sent pot-plants - making altogether a very creditable display.

We were favoured by a visit from the Rev Serpell, from Joe, Hett, Allon and Don and from Clyde and Mill.

The Rev Whites (Presbyterian) was very friendly, and on several occasions lent us his horse and gig. It was our melancholy pleasure to visit him in his last illness and to attend his funeral.

Sister Frances, of Sydney Central Mission, conducted a United Mission in Waihi, and a more faithful or earnest series of addresses I never heard, but although the various denominations – Presbyterians, Baptists, Church of Christ, Salvation Army and Methodists cordially co-operated, the results were disappointing. Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Snowden visited Waihi in the interests of Prohibition and also the Rev Hammond of Sydney.

SUPERNUMARY

As I had now completed 44 years of active service, I could not accept an invitation for another year. When the time came for the final packing we discovered that the worm had got into my book boxes – the shed being riddled with this pest. We had a very cordial farewell gathering and presentations of tray to Mother and the girls received gifts from Sunday School. I might add that a very fine Mission gathering was held when the deputation was the Rev Goldie of the Solomons who made a most remarkable impression by his description of the transformation wrought in the Solomon Islands. He gave Mother a Beautiful series of views of Native Life.

It became necessary for us to visit Auckland before leaving Waihi in order to make provision for our future home. Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. A.L. White we were entertained at their home in Birkenhead, and under the guidance of Mr. Harry Hadfield we visited a number of residences but we were unable to secure a suitable place until the last moment when a tentative offer was made which ultimately we secured, viz, “Wallaceton” 33 Grange Road, Mt Eden.

It is difficult to describe our feelings as we thus ended our active Ministerial Life. It was gratifying to remember that by the good providence of God we had completed the full term of 44 years, and that in sixteen circuits we had laboured for the Master. The scripture speaks of sitting down under your own vine and fig tree. Imagine the scene in Grange Road. Mother had purchased from the previous occupants many articles of furniture at a reduced cost, which was a great advantage, but new bedsteads had to be procured and in this regard Griff was very useful. (Griff, subsequently I mentioned that a young mechanic, Mr. Griff Rennie and Ivy were great friends, and ultimately the friendship ripened into an engagement, but of this more anon.) When things were getting nicely settled, what joy it was to sit down in the dining room for our first meal in our own home in Auckland. For over 40 years we had lived a sort of gypsy life, but now to realise that our wanderings were o'er, no longer were we subject to the whim's of Circuit officials, no longer to be directed by the iron hand of Conference – we were free, our souls disburdened of a load of care and responsibility, and yet we were not

decrepit, not exactly worn out. With the exception of Joe, our children were near us. Mother's brothers and hosts of friends were living near Auckland. As we all knelt in family prayer, how our hearts swelled with gratitude when we thought of the faithful God who had so wisely guided us through all our Circuits, had put his seal upon our labours, had made us a blessing to young and old, had used us as instruments in the building up and the extension of his Kingdom and the glorifying of his name.

When all thy mercies O My God,
My grateful Soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder love and praise.

Shortly after we got nicely settled in our new home at 33 Grange Road, I was appointed Chaplain of the Auckland Hospital and the Costley Home. For me it was congenial work. I was not given very definite directions, but I was of course, to see that the Methodist patients were weekly visited (from their own Minister) and if any desired a visit from their own Minister it was my duty to inform him, or if I had reason to fear that a patient was very seriously ill unknown to their own Minister I was to ring him up. Sometimes I found a patient dangerously ill who had not made his will, and I received his depositions and saw that it was legally signed. In one case a widow who lived at Port Albert (the wife of a farmer) found me out and breathed blessings on my head because I saved her a lot of trouble..

When I went to Wangaroa I got a form from Uncle Will and within a month of my arrival a fatal accident occurred, and I rode up into the bush and just managed to get particulars from the injured and got the thing duly signed and fixed up before the poor fellow passed out and the widow was saved no end of trouble.

I was passing through one of the wards when I saw a group of Maoris gathered round the death bed of one of their number and one of them saw me and said "Meenister", I put up my hand and offered prayer and in a few moments the patient passed out, and the chief grasped my hand most gratefully.

I did not confine my attentions to Methodist patients. A lady in the ward was suffering from meningitis, given up by the doctors, and though a stranger to me she recognised me – "Mr. Carr, will you pray for me?" "Certainly". She was grateful. Some weeks afterwards I was in Dominion Road car and this lady saw me and came and sat by my side and said "I owe my life to you?" After that prayer I got better, to the astonishment of Doctors and Nurses. I found that she was Mrs. Brame Clark, the pianist of the Baptist Tabernacle.

It was a good thing for me that from the first I found Dr Maguire, medical Superintendent of the hospital, very friendly. By his permission I used the automatic lift which saved me many a fag up the stairway. At one time the Doctor invited Rev

Albert (Presbyterian Chaplain) and myself to afternoon tea, where we met Mrs. Maguire and Miss Maguire and became friends for life.

How true it is that in the endeavour to benefit others your own soul is inspired, truths you seek to impress upon others come back with ten fold force for your own edification. Whilst conversing with incurables you are amazed at the grace of God which enables them to triumph over physical weakness and pain and to manifest wondrous cheerfulness and you feel the significance of the Poet' words "Thy Smiling face lights mine""

I met in Ward 5 a striking instance of this – a very severe accident, through the carelessness of a drunken taxi driver had maimed a lady connected with the C.I.M. – a Mrs. Powell. Her ear was almost severed and there was a deep wound in the temple and there was serious injury through shock, but how can I depict that radiant face. She actually praised God for the accident because her Saviour was found more increasingly precious; in her weakness she had been drawn nearer to his strength – "I glorified God in her". Though I endeavoured to help her she more abundantly helped me.

Another case was that of a Country Carter's wife, A neighbour was looking after her children – she was in hospital for the third time suffering from a TB arm, not the slightest hope of recovery so she was returning home. As I bid her goodbye her beaming face showed that she had cast all her care upon him who cared for her. Her husband assisted her into the car with the utmost gentleness – what but the grace of God could have supplied such joy amid hopelessness.

In each case that I have cited the patients were comparatively young, but it is when affliction comes amid the infirmities of age that grace has its crowning triumph. For the 4th time the Mother of one of our young Ministers found herself in hospital. She was on the sunny side of 70; grievous operations and the wear and tear of a large family had greatly reduced her strength, and now to face another and very trying ordeal, found her very courageous – she smiled acquiescence as I quoted:

His love in times past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink
Each sweet ebenezer I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

Her bravery, her strong will power, and the grace of God, despite physical infirmities, enabled this septuagenarian to score a noted triumph. Again, one could not help noticing as one visited the accident wards, what a great handicap the drink habit was.

Let me cite the case of a man who's leg had been twice broken – for the third time there was a compound fracture and yet in seven weeks that man was getting about on crutches. He was a total abstainer and a non smoker whilst others addicted to the drink habit were months in bed and even then the bone was slow to knit.

It was a fortunate thing for me that I was musical. In Ward 14 there was a patient who was known as Paddy. For two years he had been a patient and I really can't say how many operations he had been through, but suffice it that ultimately he was discharged as sufficiently cured to enable him to become a Tally Clerk on Auckland Wharf. Paddy would say when I was going on my rounds, "give us a song" and I would sing "The Village Blacksmith" or "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep", or a Sankey. It got to be known in other Wards that I was musical and thus another avenue of usefulness was opened to me. On one occasion a musical party had been performing and they had left the piano, so I sat down and played and many of the patients joined in. Sometimes I did not hesitate to joke with some of the patients – at all times it was my endeavour to distil brightness wherever I went. A great deal depended upon the Sister in Charge. In some cases the Sister's attitude and manner put the extinguisher on all lightness and mirth. Some of the old wards were so drab as to preclude or render hazardous any attempt either musical or jovial.

A part of my duty was to visit the Costley Homes for the aged poor. It was my custom to visit the men and women alternately – one of my difficulties was that the majority were Romanists, but I made no difference. I used to begin by a service in the dining room for those who were not bedridden. Here was the Harmonium and some Sankey's Hymn Books. I played and sang with them and prayed and gave short addresses and then I made my way to the other wards where I sang a solo, read a few verses and prayed in each ward – five of them, and then visited the consumptives in their shelters where I sometimes sang or prayed or spoke to each patient – this was for the female part. The next week I went to the men, speaking and often distributing literature to those in the grounds, then I sat down to the piano and played and sang and then went along to the seven wards, often singing or praying, or talking of current event; then I went on to the consumptive shelters and had a word, a song and a prayer with them.

It is perhaps needless to say that after nine years of regular visitation I became well known and beloved by many. During these years there was never any friction – the Doctor I found a perfect gentleman – the Matron and Manager treated me with the greatest respect, and on one occasion I visited the women on a Wednesday (Thursday was my usual day) and when I got to one of the Wards there was a Priest there and an Anglican visitor and I got them to join me in singing "Rock of Ages". The next week I was visiting the men and one of them said to me "Mr. Carr, what do you think Father Lyon," the Romish Priest, "said about you? He said that he trusted that if ever he lived to be as old as you, he would be able to do as much good as you were doing" – "very kind of him to say so," I said.

It amounts to a certainty that in great eternity it will be found that a number of these old people though illiterate and ignorant, derived spiritual benefit from words, songs and prayers in that Costley Home, irrespective of whether they were Protestant or Romanist.

I did get into trouble once – a man swore at me and called me a mean hound. This man in former years was a shop-keeper at Te Awamutu when I was in the Hamilton Circuit and he often gave myself and my horse a good feed. He was in Costley Home because of a cataract in both eyes. One day he was out of tobacco and asked if I had a shilling – it so happened that I'd left my purse at home and I told him so and he swore at me and called me a mean hound. I said nothing, but a fortnight after I saw him alone and slipped 2/6d into his palm, and told him how sorry I was that I wasn't able to help him before and he was profuse in his apologies and we were good friends afterwards.

During the last two years a great change had been brought about in the management of the Costley Home – a new and more efficient Matron has been appointed, and a new Manager; large sums of money have been expended in adding to the comfort of the old folks – a new infirmary for the women has been erected and I question whether there is any Institution of a like character better managed in the Southern Hemisphere and a great deal of this is due to the exertions of Mr. Wallace, Chairman of the Auckland Hospital Board, and his fellow members. My last act was to greet the female members in their new infirmary in company with the Rev Mr. Blight, who is now acting as Chaplain in my place. He often tells me that they are continually enquiring after the health of their old friend.

Shortly after taking up residence at Grange Road, I was frequently asked to supply in the different Auckland district circuits, until my dear wife would chide me for my frequent absences, for I would often leave by train on Saturday and not return until Monday morning. The Rev G Frost came to me and asked me if I would supply for him as he was going into a private hospital for an operation. This I consented to do. I used to go to Pukekohe on the Wednesday, take the weeknight service and stay at the parsonage until the following Monday. After his return from hospital, Mr. Frost had still to remain in bed, so I was doing this work for over three months, often taking three services on Sunday.

By this time my friend Frost was sufficiently recovered; I still continued to take services in neighbouring circuits.

Whilst we were in Waihi, Milly, whose term had ended at Auckland Hospital, journeyed to Melbourne in company with Nurses Griffith and Jamieson, and there obtained their Midwifery Certificates. After this Milly took a number of private cases of nursing. She was very favourably impressed with Melbourne and had it not been for home ties in New Zealand, she would have enjoyed a longer stay, but Nurse Jamieson is now in country practice amongst the Maoris, and Nurse Griffith still in Melbourne.

It was good thing Milly returned for her Mother's sake who greatly needed, who for years had most imperatively needed both a Nurse's and skilled surgeon's care. The exigencies of the itinerancy had precluded this, but now that we were in our own home Drs Bedford and Carrick Robertson held a private consultation at Grange Road. The result of which was an operation in Mount Pleasant Home with Milly as the Nurse in

charge. It was wonderfully kind of Joe to run up to Auckland and by his presence to assure his beloved Mother of his sympathy. How delighted we all were, when, after an anxious time the Dr Carrick Robertson was quite satisfied. The dear good man did his work with the utmost skill and without fee or reward and so also did Dr Bedford. There is no doubt that years were added to mother's life as the result – the marvel is how she managed to exist all the years without such relief. None were more delighted than Milly, but great was Mother's astonishment when Milly told her that it would be her turn next, and thereby hangs a tale. After Milly's return from Melbourne, she took a number of cases under Dr Lawry and in doing so must have strained herself and was for a while under Dr Lawry's care, and Mother considered that the Doctor ought to have operated then, but he neglected to do so. The trouble was then in its incipient stages, but afterwards the growth was so considerable as to require a more serious operation.

It was about this time that we had a pleasant surprise by a visit from Mr. C. S. Ayres of Rangiora. There was no word of warning and at first one wondered that so busy a man should have found time to visit Auckland, but when he proceeded to make very kind enquires about Milly our interest was more fully awakened. He seemed relieved when we told him that Milly was nursing at a case in Mt Eden not far from the Three Kings. Whether he had written to Milly I couldn't say, but I believe that that night a couple were walking together in the moonlight discussing topics concerning their immediate future, the outcome of which most intimately concerned a motherless home in Canterbury, which aroused Milly's sympathies. At any rate when Milly came home her Mother and she were frequently found either shopping or turning the wheel of the sewing machine, the whirr of which sounded like "trousseau" and it began to dawn on our minds that we were going to lose Milly. If we spoke to her about it she would only smile, but the rest of us came to the conclusion that she had got a big contract on and that she was a brave hearted soul to tackle it. But you will say, what about that wonderful Mother of hers – the planning, the scheming by night and by day –

Each morning saw some task begun,
Each evening saw it close,
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Talk about whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. What a living exponent she was of the text: from which she told us her favourite preacher, Joseph Berry, once discoursed – behold, is it not noted in the margin of her well thumbed Bible. I've no doubt whatever that Milly would have a well replenished wardrobe. Then there were the preparations for the wedding breakfast, then what a goodly company gathered in the Mt Eden Church on that glorious day in November.

How excited the Rev Father at the prospect of tying the nuptial knot. How charming the bride looked and her queenly sister and Ivy and David Bell. How proud Uncle Will and Auntie were and how gladsome and bright were Uncle Alick and Auntie Bessie,

and how full of life and vigour was the presiding genius at the Grange Road home. How her heart leapt for joy, whilst at the same time there was the anticipation of a great loss – a blank – a vacant place in the home. The bridegroom looked satisfied and as the subsequent years have passed and are still passing who is there that will deny that the marriage that was consummated that glorious day on 27th November 1919 was one ever which everybody has abundant cause to rejoice and perhaps none more so than those motherless bairns in Canterbury. To them indeed a bright era dawned when their new mother was installed in their home and in their hearts, and it is a joy to know that the grandparents most cordially welcomed with open arms the arrival of the new mother.

I have already hinted that Ivy had become deeply interested in a clever young mechanic in Birkenhead, who was prominent in Sunday School and choir and who deeply appreciated the hospitality of the Parsonage. Amid all the excitement of war it was not at all surprising that Griff should catch the war fever and enlist as one of the Saviours of his country – Oh, the stir of those war years. What gatherings at the Auckland Railway Station as the men in khaki entrained for Wellington – the pangs of deep feeling when the time came for the last goodbye and the whistle sounded and the last flutter of a handkerchief meant a long separation and then just letters at long intervals, with snapshots of places en route, and then the papers would tell of submarines and the convoy of armed cruisers that zigzagged and that indulged in camouflage and smoke scenes – then came tidings of Gallipoli and one home in Taranaki received the tidings of one missing. Oh! Those gallant rushes up precipitous heights and that withering Turkish fire. Brave padres who so devotedly ministered to the spiritual needs of the men, yea, even at the sacrifice of their own lives. We had known in previous wars blunders had been made and one had the feeling that surely there was something wrong – but of one thing we were certain and that was that there was nothing wrong with the courage and staunch bravery of the Anzacs. As we sometimes look at Griff now, we find it difficult to imagine that this quiet man ever passed through the turmoil of these war years. To Ivy too, it must have been a severe trial to take that trip to Wellington and to say goodbye, and to watch that crowded troop ship disappear. To the boys all was excitement, but to the watchers on shore, how trying. How eager was the desire for letters and when they came how brief! The landing in France – the first experience of real war – that word Paschendale! Over the top – the bullet that tore the covering off the water bottle – the feeling of something that slid down the spine. The picture of McRoberts receiving the portrait of his child and the next minute shot down – how narrow Griff's escape. One thinks of Will Mackay standing quite still like an inanimate post, thus escaping, then we think of those insanitary French houses – no wonder that Griff should get a microbe and be relegated to hospital and how benign the providence that brought him into contact with Gen Richardson which led to his appointment as Instructor in Industrial craft and so be withdrawn from the heat of the fray to be preserved to return to New Zealand. How kaleidoscopic are life's eventualities, or shall we say how remarkable are God's

answers to believing prayer – at any rate there was great excitement at the Auckland wharf when the Troopship was signalled of Tiritai. How crowded she was and when she ultimately touched the wharf, what a cheer there was – “there’s Griff” says Ivy – the pangs of separation are over, the joy of reunion – Hurrah, Praise be to God. “She loved me for the dangers I had borne, and I loved her because she did pity them”, says Shakespeare. Never mind if the ship’s stores were scant, how the faces of relatives and friends light up, hands clasp hands, heart responds to heart – safe! Safe home.

Rocks and shoals are known no more,
Wars alarms nor oceans roar,
Landed safe on Auckland’s shore

Grand to think that amid all the Dread experiences of war when lives were rudely separated and the connecting link was but a few lines hastily scratched on a slip of paper, perchance when eyes were aching for needed sleep, hearts remained true and loyal and to sit in a cosy corner with a bit of khaki pressed against a bit of crepe-de-chine whilst eyes looked into eyes responsive – and how much there was to tell of those grim years, but still –

“Hearts that have lov’d can ne’er be parted”

There were those who married ere the khaki hero hied him to the war, but Ivy and griff were of those who waited.

Once more the whirl of the sewing machine was heard in Grange Road, and once more those busy fingers were plying their wondrous art, and garments were evolved by mysterious processes and the wardrobe was completed. Of course, it was a Khaki wedding – Frank Graham was best man – Mr. Henderson well represented the Firm.

Mount Eden Church was nicely filled and the ceremony was graced by the benign benediction of Daddy McNichol’s presence and once again the honoured Father tied the Nuptial knot and dear old Uncle Will brought in the bride. It was a very happy gathering at 33, and with queenly grace our beloved mother, as to the manner born, presided over the tea cups. Of course, there were absences that were deeply regretted, but there were wedding presents that in some measure atoned – at any rate they proved that through absence they did not forget.

There was fun too when the bridal couple stole away, but the strains of music did not die away for a long time, but the house seemed very quiet, and it

Might be that oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber’s chain had found us,
Fond memory shed the light
Of other days around us, -

When in 1876 we went off for our honeymoon across the rippling waters of the Waitemata.

My story would not be complete unless I made mention of Mother's Sunday morning class – no weather was sufficiently boisterous or inclement to deter her from this or any other engagement and when one remembers that for over 55 years she had thus shown the depth and reality of her interest in the young life in the Sunday Schools in our different circuits, the wonder is the greater. This is one reason why she kept so young in spirit herself. I don't however mean that it was all smooth sailing – the children were not always ideal in their behaviour and those who were in authority were not always in such sympathetic accord as they might have been, but the dear plodded on – winning the affections of her pupils and teaching them to search the Scriptures and to become more closely acquainted with its sacred characters.

Then year by year there was the celebration of the anniversary and the distribution of prizes – the money for which came out of her own pocket. Pa was called in often to adjudicate as to the merits of the different compositions, and Sis's aid was evoked to make the best brand of lemon syrup, and the children were instructed to bring fruit and scones etc, and a committee was formed to get up the musical and literary programme and the Minister was invited to take the chair, although perchance he had never even looked in on a Sunday morning with his patronage. Pa's fiddle was also called into requisition and he was astonished at the display of talent in recitation and song and dialogue and piano solos and duets. Year by year the happy reunion was repeated and after the last celebration we discussed the question as to whether Mother's resignation should not be sent in. But all this was in higher hands and it may be that she has gathered a class in a higher sphere where she will encounter no opposition and where the atmosphere will be ideal and she will act under the auspices of that Saviour who said "Suffer the little children to come unto me".

It was fortunate that Grange Road was a sort of centre, around which most of Mother's most intimate friends lived and it was her joy to call upon them and thus the links of social life were welded together.

It was a glad day when distant members of the family came to the family home – it was then that Mother's wonderful maternal instincts came to the fore. Oh! How she loved to entertain. When Sir William Smith, one of the friends of my childhood visited us in Hastings, how alive she was to the demands of the typical Hostess. When at Conference time a Minister or a Lady Representative became our guest, she was persisting genius. Although say at a Garden Party in honour of Mark Guy Pearse at Mr. Smith's in Ponsonby, or when the Australian Representatives of the General Conference met at Richmond Arthur's, she would always somehow be conspicuous because of the inherent courtesy of her nature. In this was won her friendships.

Sir James and Lady Gunsen were passing St Pauls in their car when Lady Gunsen saw Mother and self on the footpath. "Where are you going?" "To Ivy's" – "we'll take you." Their little girl saw her Mother and ours affectionately kissing, and she told her Father that they embraced under the mistletoe. At Neville Newcombe's Mother was

the centre of a number of admirers. It was the same at the gate of the Mt Eden Church after morning service. So much then for a vigorous and attractive personality.

The trip to Wangaroa in connection with the Centenary Conference was a redletter day in Mother's life. Often had we spoken of a possible trip of this kind, but to be able to journey in such distinguished company – Dr Laws our own President, the Representative of the British Conference Rev. Dr McCallum, General Australian President, and other dignitaries was no mean honour, and when her husband was asked to speak as the pioneer Minister and then presented with a souvenir by the son of one of his early converts (being a relic of the ship "Boyd"), how proud she was.

How everybody was full of admiration of the Wangaroa Harbour, Okamoka Bay – St Pauls and St Peters Rock then the ceremony at the gathering of distinguished natives – the speeches of welcome – the stalwarts Robt. Haddon and the Maori King's secretary and the replies of the guests – the dedication of the cairn, the planting of the flag by the nephew of the great Chief, and then the Maori Feast with all its peculiar features.

But I must not forget the Bay of Islands where we went ashore and saw the ancient old Church where I had frequently preached 50 years before – to note the marks of bullets on the old weather-boards and the cemetery with its graves of historic interest, and the flag staff Hill where the British Flag was cut down by rebel natives. Busby's House (the British Resident) and the falls of Waitangi, another historic spot and the beach at Pahia. Although our boat was well filled with Ecclesiastical Jonahs, the remarkable feature was that the weather throughout our trip was splendid and the sea almost without a ripple and the whole trip from every standpoint a most pronounced success. I ought to have said that Sis was with us and thoroughly enjoyed especially the artistic features of the voyage, and as she had a camera with her which Griff had kindly lent – she has some noteworthy pictures of the tour.

For the last four years I have been taking services at Parnell on Sunday evenings and visiting around amongst the people every week. The reason for this arose in the first instance from an attempt made to close down Parnell, and I suggested that a youth who was studying for the Ministry with Rev E.T. Cox, Mr. Bycroft, should be employed: Mr. Robinson being willing to give | 50 a year for this purpose. When Mr. Bycroft left Auckland and became a Home Missionary in Mangonui, I offered to take his place and for a year I did so, then Mr. Robinson withdrew his offer and the Auckland East Circuit then requested me to continue and this I have been doing until now.

In the meantime the property being in great need of renovation, I formed a ladies Guild in order that by a sale of work they might raise enough to complete the work of renovation. In the meantime I managed to collect | 25 and the ladies have had a sale of work and raised | 25 also and the property will now be in a good state of repair.

By continual visitation I have brought additional scholars to the Sunday School and many have been induced to attend the services. Many, too afflicted to attend the

services have been also visited and in some cases financial help has been rendered by the kindness of those who have made me their almoner.

My story is about finished but upon the last year there has come to me an unspeakably great loss, and not to me alone but to our dear children. On 21st January 1925, my beloved wife and the mother of my children was translated to her Heavenly Home very suddenly. In the early morning after the enjoyment of a splendid night's rest, she was speaking to me of God's most wonderful goodness to us and ours. She spoke very appreciatively of her home and her children, and then she fell asleep again but about 6 a.m. she woke with a cry of pain – "my head and the back of my neck!" Sis was summoned, restoratives were applied - Dr arrived and pronounced it was blood pressure and immediately applied an anaesthetic and as the Doctor was applying it, she said "Dr am I going to die?" and she sank into what seemed a natural sleep. By this time a nurse was by her side. Then there came a change and the Dr was again summoned and one had only to look into his face to know that there was no possibility of Mother's recovery.

The Nurse reported that Mother's left side was paralysed. The breathing was now short and it became certain that our darling was fast gliding into the haven of Eternal rest. Telegrams had been sent to all the loved ones, which enabled them all to start at once for the parental home. It was 3 p.m. when the dear one breathed her last breath. She was always remarkable for her unselfishness and I can't help believing that she must have had premonitions that she was nearing the great eternity. When one thinks of the many of her dear old friends whom she had visited during the previous month – her own loved ones she had but lately seen – she was at Ivy's to tea only the night before.

It was a great comfort that at the funeral all our children were present – the floral tributes were numerous and very beautiful and the service in Mt Eden Church was worthy of the occasion. The beloved remains were placed in the family vault in Symonds Street. Indescribable and irreparable, as we all feel such a loss to be, yet too wonderful is the all sufficient grace that strengthens our human weakness, so that one can feel that as we gazed on the sweet face even in death the Poet's words were appropriate for –

“As the Spirits loosening hold
Shrank from the uncongenial cold
Of the poor body's clay
Beauties more exquisitely bright
Rays of the true celestial light
Fell on the tranced and newborn sight
Opening on endless day”

The telegrams and letters of condolence were very numerous and of these, whilst it is deemed invidious to draw comparisons I think the most beautiful was from the pen – yea, from the heart of the Rev. W.J. Williams, who married us, but deem it not an

exaggeration when I say that no words can fully express her worth or fully set forth the inherent beauty of her character.

It was suggested that Sis and I should go South for a change, but we preferred to wait until October when Sis would have to go to the Dunedin Auxiliary Conference. After our dear ones had all returned to their respective homes, after making suitable legal arrangements for the future, Sis was able through the kindness of Mrs. Leem to secure a suitable girl as domestic help.

After this my health caused me some anxiety, and by the Doctor's orders my diet was changed. My heart also gave trouble – the pulse being intermittent and the Grange Road hill became a difficulty, so I resigned my position as Hospital Chaplain, and the Rev J Blight was appointed but I still retained the conduct of the Parnell service in the evening.

For some time past Griff's health was affected by asthma, but a sojourn in a cottage on the Waitakeres was helpful, and Sis and I joined them for a few days. The Doctor prescribed a form of treatment by massage, which meant additional work for Ivy, and we all thought how bravely she undertook the additional strain, especially as she was soon expecting to be again a Mother. It was on 7th May that little Estelle was born and the dear Mother was wonderfully sustained – the nurse was quite satisfactory and we were all thankful to God for his gracious care and as to the child I think she is just perfect.

In April 1925 the Rev W.G. Slade was succeeded by the Rev W.T. Blight at Mt Eden. The Rev D. McNicoll also removed from Mt Eden to Pukekohe. He was in his 80th year and the journey must have been trying both for him and Mrs. McNicoll. Their youngest daughter about this time was married to Mr. Arthur – and as their residence was in Pukekohe and as Mrs. McNeil (Maida) was also living there it seemed fitting that he and Mrs. McNicoll should be near them. Still we all knew that the dear man preferred the city and doubtless the excessive quiet in some sense hastened his end. When I heard that he was rapidly passing I hastened to his bedside. His speech was indistinct and his hearing weak but he was greatly cheered by the visit and the next day he cheerfully entered into rest. A beautiful service was held in the Mt Eden Church and it fell to my lot to pronounce a heartfelt eulogium upon my life long friend.

It was on the 22nd October that we left Auckland by the Limited accompanied by Mrs. Stevens and Miss Mather. Joe met us at the Wellington Station and we took Mrs. Stevens and Miss Mather to the "Mansions". We had a very pleasant stay and a good rest at "Valerica" and then boarded the "Wahine" at 14 to 8: I had a very snug berth and plenty of fresh air. We saw Mrs. Bowren at Christchurch Railway Station and Clyde came to the Railway Restaurant whilst we having breakfast and after a nice chat saw us to the Rangiora train. Thelma and Milly met us. We found Edith and Dorothy taller and the boys also had perceptibly grown. Cecil was at Horrelville building a house for Mr. Graham Junr. When we were out for a picnic at Ashley Gorge, we called

in to see Graham's house, and we admired it very much, regarding it as a very creditable piece of work both in appearance and in usefulness in its domestic aspects.

Apart altogether from the Social joys of "Montilla" which consisted not only of the enjoyable meals provided by Milly's housewifely genius – we were continually being reminded of the fact that we were in one of our old circuits by the kindly invitations to afternoon teas and evenings at different homes. Again, at the Church door there were greetings from old friends, recalling fond memories Cecil was glad to avail himself of grandpa's presence and so to get out of his appointments on the plan. Waikuku was the first service he asked to be taken by me, and at the close Cecil and Milly gave us a duet from one of Alexanders collection. Another was at Southbrook and Cecil and I sang "Watchman what of the night" which was also the subject of the sermon.

Cis had a very successful Conference at Dunedin and we were very glad when she returned. She called in at Sumner and spent an evening at "Namosi". Cecil took us for several lovely drives, not only to Ashley Gorge, a splendid picnic spot, but also to the Waimakariri Gorge – a great narrow chasm through which the Waimakariri flows. It is spanned by a tubular bridge and is a great resort of picnickers. We were accompanied by the Rand's in their car, and we further proceeded to Lake Coleridge and the power station. On our way we passed by the Rakaia River into which flows the melted snows from the Southern Alps. The scenery was bold and grand but the day was showery, but the motor car bids defiance to the weather with its closed in hood, and there was a spell of fine and we lunched at the lake. We saw the tunnel where the fatal accident occurred, and the "surge" where the lake waters flow in. The deafening whirl of the generators awoke in one the sense of wonder at the almighty wisdom which has stored the mysterious power for man's use.

Circumstances precluded our domiciling with Clyde and so we arranged to bed and breakfast at a boarding house and spent the intervals at "Namosi" As Clyde was in town most of his time and as Cis had engagements in connection with her auxiliary work, we lunched with him in town two or three times. We called on Miss Pheneay and found her well. Cis met Mrs. Bowron and Mrs. F. Thompson, and I called upon the Fosters. It was sad to see Mr. Foster looking so ill. Cis and I gave them some singing and Ida and Elsie also sang, which greatly cheered Mr. Foster. We had long chats and it seemed to help him. (I forgot to say that they had called at Milly's one afternoon when Milly had invited a few friends and they the urged us to call on them.)

The Thomson's asked Cis and myself to stay with them and we spent the afternoon and evening – Ida Driving me over and in doing so shewed me the country lanes about St Albans, and Mrs. Thompson Drove us through the streets along side the Avon in the evening – Mr. Thompson having a business engagement.

I called in at the Synod and stayed for a morning session where I saw a number of my brother Ministers. Mr. Thompson drove me in to Sumner the next morning through New Brighton. It was a very beautiful morning and the drive was enjoyable, but when I

got to Clyde's a southerly sprang up and as I only had a thin coat on I caught a chill and after dinner I was very sick but had a fair night's sleep.

One night we went to the hall at Sumner to a concert, where Clyde was one of the performers – his was a humorous item and brought down the house. We went on Sunday morning to the Church and heard the Rev T. Fee in the morning and the Rev Peterson in the evening, when Clyde accompanied us.

I also renewed my acquaintance with Mr. H. Buttle whose wife is somewhat of an inventor. On one morning Mr. Parkin spent the morning with me on the Sumner beach and we lunched together at "Namosi". It was very interesting to be with Rae and Betty and to watch their interesting ways – Rae very smart, Betty very lovely. Laurie was not at all well and Clyde was busy. It was evident to me that they were both out of sympathy with christianity, and indeed they have not had a very rosy experience. Clyde was improving the property by boarding in the verandah as a sleeping porch.

After our sojourn with Clyde we returned to Rangiora, but the train journey was wearisome for I was not at all well, and glad I was to get to bed and there for about three weeks I remained, suffering from an attack of jaunders but Dr Allen was very kind and with Milly and Cis to minister to my necessities I had no need to complain, but I'm bound to say that the nights were painful and the days restless, but I had several visitors whose kind sympathy I fully appreciated. I took the advantage of the time to read a large volume of the life of Hudson Taylor – setting forth the marvellous history of the China Inland Mission movement and the unspeakable value of believing prayer. Another book that I read with great interest was Hutchinson's "One increasing purpose". I felt thankful that so popular and accomplished writer should choose such a subject, so intensely scriptural – setting forth the necessity of the cultivation of Christ like qualities.

As we were overdue for our promised visit to Wellington, as soon as I was fit to travel we began our preparations for leaving Rangiora, but Cis spent a day with Clyde and Laurie and took the children for a jaunt to Christchurch, had lunch with Clyde. After her return we took a fond farewell of Milly and Cecil and the children and Clyde saw us on to the Maori and we had a splendid passage to the bracing air of Wellington and the kindness of Het and Joe and Co at "Valerica" soon had their effect and the "earl" car and the splendid Drives, but Oh! How weak I was and how disorganised I felt. I still had restless nights, but a splendid spell of most beautiful weather was persistent and everything was done by social functions, musical evenings, intercourse with friends, and although my poor old back ached considerably, yet as the days so joyously and so quickly passed, I got fast back to normal. What lovely drives we had and the time has simply raced at full speed and now tonight (19th January) we take affectionate leave of "Valerica" and are off home to dear old Auckland.

19th January 1925

Thomas Goodwill Carr